Dukinfield Old Chapel Sunday-School

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Centenary Souvenir

1900.

THE SCHOOL, CENTENARY DAY, 1900.

DUKINFIELD OLD CHAPEL

SUNDAY SCHOOL.

CENTENARY SOUVENIR.

1900

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PREFACE.

IN sending this little volume to the press, we have endeavoured to make it uniform in size and appearance with the "Historical Account of Dukinfield Chapel and its School," so that it may find a place on your book-shelves beside that interesting work.

In the name of the Committee, who instructed me to collect the information contained in this volume, I take this opportunity of expressing my grateful appreciation of the kindness of the Rev. Alexander Gordon, M.A., for his valuable suggestions. Our best thanks are also due to several ministers, for permission to print their sermons, and to many friends for their help in obtaining the necessary illustrations.

HUGON S. TAYLER.

THE PARSONAGE,
DUKINFIELD,
March, 1901.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

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INTRODUCTION.

A HUNDRED years of faithful and self-sacrificing work form a record of which any human institution may justifiably feel proud. The Dukinfield Sunday School, now known as the Old Chapel Sunday School, was founded on August 10th, 1800, by the Rev. James Hawkes, and it would have been strange if the hundredth anniversary of so important an event had been passed over without special notice. Long before the day, however, various schemes for a fitting celebration were discussed, and a Committee was formed to carry out the plan that best commended itself.

It was decided to celebrate the event by a treat to the present scholars, a procession, a distribution of medals struck for the occasion, by a grand re-union party of former teachers and scholars, and by special services at the Old Chapel, conducted by the former ministers, the present minister, the Rev. H. W. Hawkes (grandson of the founder of the school), and the Rev. H. E. Dowson, B.A. The whole of the programme was most successfully carried out, and bright and happy memories will long be cherished of these splendid gatherings. The hearty greetings of old comrades—former scholars and teachers—were touching to witness. It was generally felt that some memento or souvenir of such an auspicious occasion would prove generally acceptable. These pages are offered with a view to perpetuate the memory of these happy meetings, and

to convey some idea of the proceedings to those old friends of the school who found it impossible to travel the requisite distances. The celebration led to the collection of some interesting documents, that will form the nucleus of evidence for the writing of a history of the school at some future time. It is not easy to record the feelings of the human heart when swayed by deep affections and stirred by the thought of old and hallowed associations; but the reader of the following pages will rightly conjecture that there was something helpful, inspiring, and uplifting in the atmosphere at the time.

The retrospect of a hundred years takes us back through the ministries of ten ministers at the Old Chapel, and bears witness to the devoted labours of more than a thousand Sunday School teachers. The thoughts of many of us must have quickly passed from the seen to the unseen. The long procession of children, teachers, and friends was a beautiful and touching sight, but it was only the foreground of our picture. Looking on the ranks of children and teachers they seemed part of a vaster army behind them of earnest, faithful spirits of a hundred years. Looking from the banner down the avenue, there seemed a further avenue of light, in which stood beneficent and consecrated souls of many former centuries, and at the head of all, far away, yet clear to our spiritual vision, Christ blessing the children.

May the thought of the School's Centenary give to all who toil in the school a renewed sense of consecration and courage! May they devote themselves with increased energy to beneficent work, conscious that they are "encompassed about by so great a cloud of witnesses."

H. S. T.

CHAPEL HILL, CENTENARY DAY, 1900.

CENTENARY CELEBRATION.*

DUKINFIELD OLD CHAPEL SUNDAY SCHOOL.

THE first of a series of festivities to celebrate the hundredth anniversary of the foundation of the above school took place on Saturday afternoon, September 22nd, 1900, when the scholars perambulated the public streets, and afterwards sat down to a substantial tea, after which an evening's entertainment was provided for them. They began to assemble at the Town Lane School soon after two o'clock. Each scholar was presented with a chaste aluminium medal commemorative of the important event. On the face it bore a representation of the frontage of the old school in Town Lane, and the side of the new school in Pickford Lane. It also contained the inscription, "Dukinfield Sunday School, founded 1800," and on the reverse side, "Centenary celebration, 1900, Dukinfield Old Chapel Sunday School." Between six and seven hundred of these mementoes were given out, and pinned to the breasts of the proud recipients. About a quarter to three o'clock the procession was formed in Town Lane. At the head the school banner was carried. It bore the legend, "Dukinfield Old Chapel Sunday School; established 1800,"

* Excellent reports of our Centenary proceedings appeared in the local press—the *Ashton Reporter* and *Dukinfield Herald*—and we are indebted to the former for part of the above account.

and on the other side a beautiful picture representing Christ blessing little children and "Of such is the kingdom of heaven." Then came the Romiley Band leading up the female scholars, who were present in large numbers. After them marched the male contingent, and music was provided for them by the Whaley Bridge Band. The banner was also inscribed, "Dukinfield Old Chapel Sunday School; established 1800," and on the other side a picture of an angel and two children, beneath which was the following: "He shall give his angels charge concerning thee." Amongst the leading members of the congregation and officials present were the Rev. Hugon S. Tayler, M.A., the pastor, attired in cap and gown; Alderman J. Kerfoot, chapel warden; Mr. J. Roberts, Mr. T. Bradley, and Mr. H. Andrew, school directors; Alderman J. Bancroft, Councillor R. Whitehead, Mr. Moses Wild, Mr. John Moorhouse, Mr. Edwin B. Broadrick, Mr. John Jackson (of Stalybridge, the oldest surviving ex-director of the school), Mr. A. Cooper, Mr. W. Shaw, Mr. W. Newton, Mr. A. Atkin, Mr. Eli Cope, Mr. W. Wild, Mr. W. Moorhouse, etc., etc. Alderman Bancroft and Mr. Cooper acted as marshals. The façade of the old school was tastefully decorated with strings of evergreens and cluster of bannerettes, and stretched across the whole breadth was the inscription in white letters on red ground "1800, Centenary 1900." On the roof of the building a large new flag staff had been erected, from which a length of bunting floated. Many of the residents in the adjoining streets took up the spirit of the celebration, and hung out flags and bannerettes from their upper windows, whilst the Liberal Club in Town Lane displayed the appropriate motto, "Success to the Centenary." A large number of people assembled to witness the procession along the following route:

down Town Lane, Oxford Road to borough boundary; return by Foundry Street, Chapel Hill, down Church Street, along Wharf Street, up King Street, along Astley Street, Crescent road, and Chapel Hill. A halt was here made to sing Kethe's hymn, "All people that on earth do dwell," the band being conducted by Mr. John Moorhouse. The scholars then moved on to the school to partake of a free tea. Nearly 700 partook of the hospitality of the directors, their requirements being attended to by the senior scholars and teachers. They afterwards assembled in the new schoolroom to enjoy an entertainment which had been organised for their special delectation. The Rev. Hugon S. Tayler presided. He was supported by the Rev. H. W. Hawkes, grandson of the founder of the school; Messrs. T. Bradley, J. Roberts, H. Andrew, A. Cooper, etc. The proceedings were opened by singing the Rev. J. Page Hopps' hymn, "O lead me, my Father, lead Thou, lest I stray," etc.

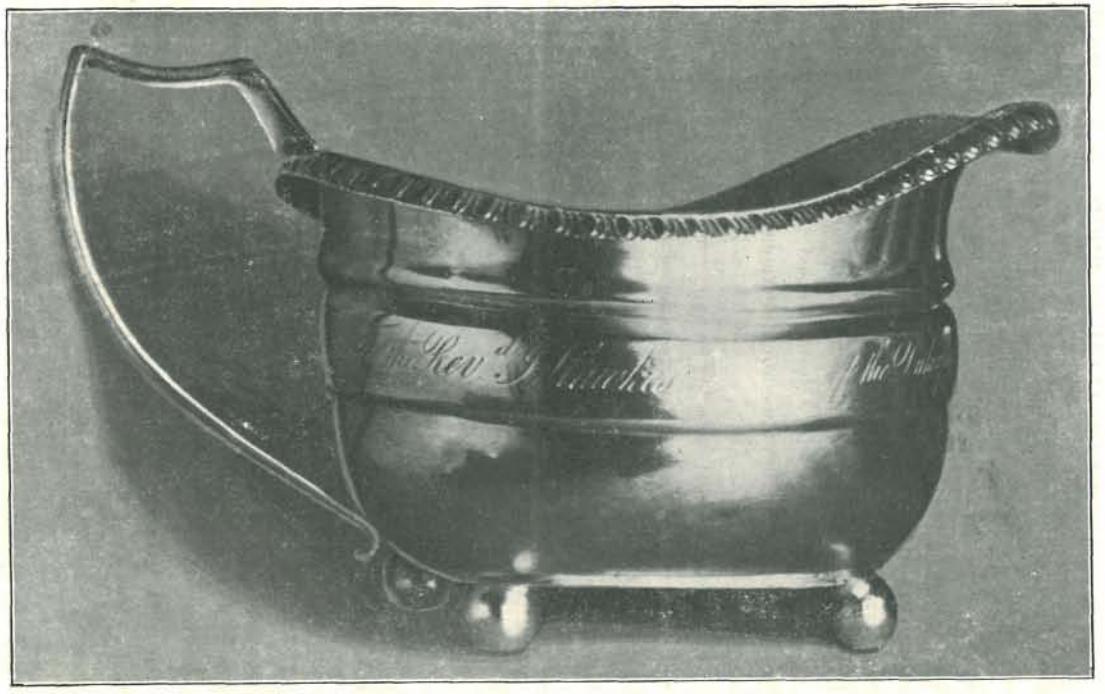
The CHAIRMAN (Rev. Hugon S. Tayler) said he had a rather long programme of enjoyment for them, and the first and least interesting item was the chairman's address. He could only promise them that if they would be exceedingly quiet he would be exceedingly short. He wanted to say, in the first place, that it was the wish of the members of the Old Chapel congregation, the teachers, and the directors, that they should have so pleasant a day and so thoroughly enjoyable an evening that they would remember it the rest of their lives. (Applause.) This year was the centenary of their Sunday School, therefore it was one hundred years old. (Applause.) He thought if they were one hundred years old they would be a little less demonstrative with their voices. He would like to know

from the representative of the founder of the school if he could tell them whether the boys and girls of one hundred years ago made as much noise as they did to-day. (Laughter.) He expected that many of them who looked back upon those hundred years could not realise the changes that had taken place. To bring the date very close to them he would tell them this, that there lived an old lady over the way whose father was in the first class formed by James Hawkes in the first Sunday School, and her father was very skilful in making quill pens for the scholars, and quill pens were very important at a period when so much writing in copy-books was done. It was intended to show them on the screen some pictures of the Old Chapel and School, and some relics of their history, which might possibly help them to realise what was going on in this district a century ago. They had with them that evening a gentleman whom he was sure they would all be delighted to see, and to whom they would all give a hearty and enthusiastic reception, as the grandson of the minister who founded their splendid Old Chapel Sunday School. (Loud applause.) There were people who told them, that there were no days like the "good old days." They were right, because time brought such changes that no two days were ever alike. He wanted those present that night to have such an exceedingly enjoyable entertainment as to be able to say when their hair turned snow-white that there were no such days as those when they were children, and took part in the grand centenary procession and entertainment.

Hymn "All people that on earth do dwell," was next sung, after which there was a banjo solo by Mr. A. Lilley.

The CHAIRMAN said it was not every day they had a representative of the founder of the School amongst them. They

"THE SILVER CUP."



INSCRIPTION.

"To the Rev. J. Hawkes, Institutor of the Duckenfield Sunday School, this Tribute of Gratitude is presented by the joint Contributions of his affectionate Pupils, 1813.

knew that the founder revisited this spot some time after he ceased to be minister at the Old Chapel, and the children loved him so well that they collected their pence and made him a present of a silver cream jug. His two sons, Edward and Henry Hawkes, attended the jubilee celebrations of the School in 1850, and silver medals were presented to them. He now had the greatest pleasure in introducing the grandson of the founder, and whilst he addressed them he hoped they would remain as silent as mice. (Applause.)

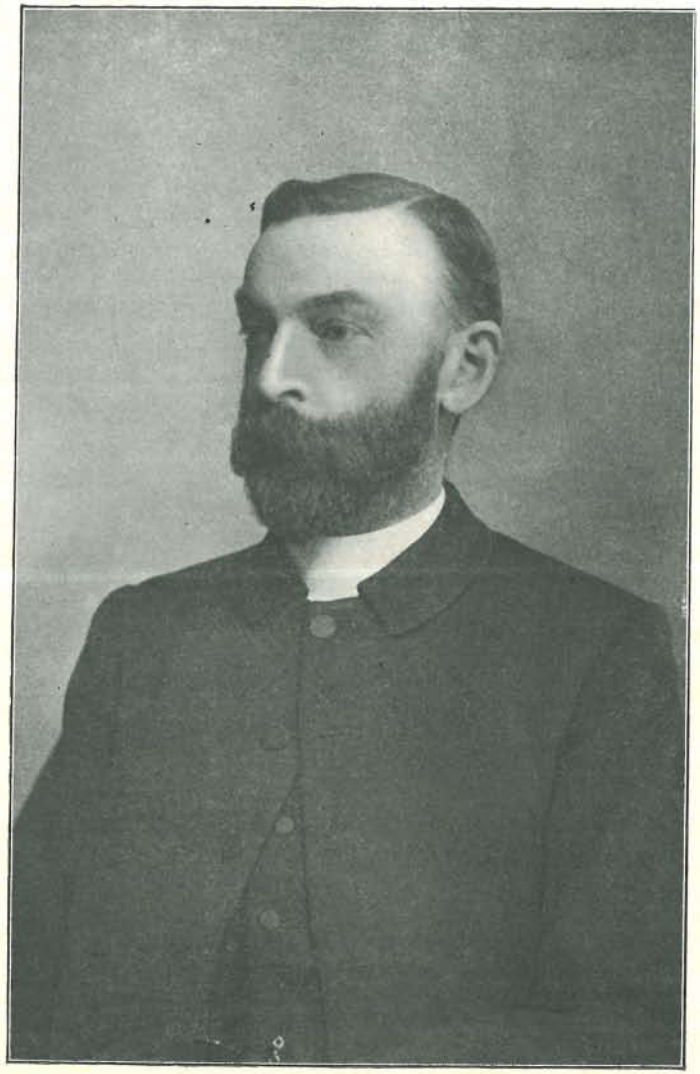
The Rev. H. W. HAWKES, who met with a hearty reception and was awarded an attentive hearing, said, Having been asked to come over from Liverpool to join them in their centenary proceedings, it afforded him great pleasure to be amongst them and to say a few words as the living representative of his grandfather, the founder of the school. Reference had been made to an old lady living opposite, whose father made quill pens for his grandfather, and who also possessed a pair of brass candlesticks which belonged to his grandfather. This put him in mind of the story of the great English martyrs, Latimer and Ridley. One of them said, when they were going to be burned at the stake, "Master Ridley, we are this day lighting a candle in England which will never go out." It was a wonderful thing to light such a candle. In a far humbler way his grandfather lighted a candle in Dukinfield that had not gone out, and was not going to go out for a very long time yet. (Hear, hear.) He did not suppose that many of them came across letters written about their grandfathers or grandmothers, but he had got a letter written to his Aunt Louisa, his Uncle Charles, his Uncle Henry, and his father, who was named Edward. The letter was written by an old

lady named Mrs. Parkinson. It was very kindly written, and the old lady told them what their father had done for Dukinfield. When he came he found a very small congregation in the Old Chapel, and the children ran wild and were noisy and mischievous. Soon after his advent in Dukinfield he got the boys and girls together, and opened a school, just one hundred years ago. Very soon the scholars increased in numbers, and the congregation grew. By-and-bye they had to remove, as the little seed that his grandfather had planted began to grow. He got the children to bring their halfpennies every Sunday. These little subscriptions were supplemented by the gifts of richer people, until at last they were able to erect the building which now faced Town Lane, which, later on, was enlarged by adding another storey. As time went on they were able to build that magnificent schoolroom, and probably in a few years they would want their school extended away backwards bigger than ever. His grandfather did not think it quite enough to get the children into school. He wanted them to receive a wholesome education, and with that object in view he started the first library in Dukinfield. He got together a few books, for the loan of which the children paid a halfpenny a month, and adults paid twopence. This grew so much, that by-and-bye others came to patronise the library from outside the village. Then a public library was formed at a fee of 2s. per month, and an entrance fee of 4d. They had not in those days the wonderful books which they now possessed. In those days Robinson Crusoe was perfectly bewildering, and Miss Edgeworth's moral stories were wonderful books. Such books instilled into the minds of boys and girls what there was in the great wide world, and had a wonderful effect upon their lives and characters. In those

days they read the books, and enjoyed what they read. It was difficult to get books, and they valued them accordingly. Every book was precious indeed. This candle which his grandfather Hawkes lighted in Dukinfield had spread its light on all sides. The school grew larger year after year, and at the same time the congregation attending the chapel increased. When his grandfather came to Dukinfield the congregation all told was not more than 87, and when he left it had grown up to 239. (Hear, hear.) A little while ago, when he was at Bootle, he came across a man who was a member of his grandfather's congregation at Nantwich, and he gave him some pamphlets which his grandfather had written when he was stationed at Nantwich. He found some of the charities intended for the benefit of the poor had been appropriated by the Vicar, who managed to keep money that was intended for the poor, in order to apply it to Church purposes. That pamphlet showed that his grandfather could hit straight and hard, and he had the satisfaction of getting those charities once again into their proper channel. (Hear, hear.) He therefore felt proud of being his grandfather's grandson. When the boys and girls got a little older they would learn to know something about heredity—namely, that what the fathers were was handed down to their descendants. His grandfather was a Unitarian Minister. He had three sons, one a schoolmaster, and two Unitarian Ministers. One of his sons was for 36 years minister of one congregation, and the other 32 years, while he himself had been 26 years minister at Nantwich when he died. It seemed as if the Unitarian Ministry ran in the blood, for, although he (the grandson) was not intended or educated for it, but was put into business, after twelve years of business life he felt somehow compelled to

leave it, and to begin life again as a Missionary to the Poor in Liverpool, and he had now been 29 years in the ministry. So it did seem as if it was a case of heredity. In conclusion Mr. Hawkes thanked them for their quietness and attention to what he had said, and asked them to listen as well when he preached to them the following day.

The rest of the programme was devoted to amusing the children. Mr. J. Johnson, the clever local mimic, delighted them with his comic songs; his sneezing song, imitation of phonograph, one-legged family, and specimens of ventriloquism being particularly enjoyable. He was vociferously encored. Mr. Albert Lilley gave two banjo solos, accompanied on the piano by Miss Hartley. After these attractions there was an exhibition of lantern slides. Amongst the pictures thrown upon the screen by Mr. Herbert Broadbent, who provided the lantern and slides, were St. Laurence's Church, Denton, where the Rev. Samuel Angier preached prior to the ejection of the 2,000 ministers; Old White Chapel, 1708 to 1839; Communion cup presented by the Rev. Samuel Angier; Old Chapel, 1840 to 1892; present day; interior views; school, exterior views; silver cup presented to the Rev. J. Hawkes, founder of the Sunday school; portraits of ministers and directors; portrait of the late Mr. Samuel Robinson. These were explained by the Rev. Hugon S. Tayler. In addition there were a number of views of Dukinfield, Stamford Park, scholars' Whitsuntide procession, and miscellaneous and humorous slides. The entertainment concluded about 9-30 with the evening hymn and the benediction.



HUGON SEAWARD TAYLER.

SUNDAY SERVICES.

On Sunday, September 23rd, Special Services were conducted in the Old Chapel. The morning preacher was the Rev. H. S. Tayler, M.A., and in the evening the Rev. H. E. Dowson, B.A., preached. In the afternoon there was a service for the scholars, conducted by the Rev. H. W. Hawkes. For these services, and the three on the following Sunday, large congregations assembled, and the hymns were heartily sung.

MORNING SERVICE.

SERMON BY THE REV. HUGON S. TAYLER.

"By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another."—John xiii. 35.

If you visit St. Paul's Cathedral, the creation of the splendid genius of Sir Christopher Wren, you may be shown a tablet inscribed to his memory, bearing the simple but eloquent inscription, "Si monumentum requiris, circumspice," *i.e.*, "Do you ask for his monument? Look around." And as you look around and gaze at that grand structure, and up to the wide, spacious, and magnificent dome of St. Paul's, you will say to yourself, "This is one of the noblest monuments ever erected by man."

To-day we would fain honour in memory not the genius of one man alone, but the devoted self-sacrificing labours of

many men and women spread over several generations. If asked by some travelling stranger to point to a monument of the Old Chapel Sunday School, what more fitting reply could be made than this, "If you seek its monument look around you." Look not at this building alone, where some of the sweetest, holiest thoughts of God have been gained, nor yet at yonder sombre building consecrated by many bright and hallowed associations. The task accomplished has been a nobler one than building with stone or brick; it has been the building up of human character! Look around you. In which direction in this land have not our old scholars gone? Look to distant countries of Europe, like Russia. Look further; many have gone to the United States and some to Canada, and to South America, to Australia, and New Zealand, to Africa, to India, and to China. If no cathedral dome has been reared to the religious genius of our school, yet the broad dome of the earth itself bears witness to our school workmanship, and, we trust, the broader dome of heaven.

To-day the thoughts of a multitude turn towards us in our celebrations. If we can point to no monumental tablet, we have in writing and in speech, oft repeated, many expressions of strong and undying affection for this old religious home. Should other celebration fail us, we have, at least, this, nothing can take it from us—the memory of the noble, devoted, and self-denying labours of a great band of teachers who have toiled faithfully for a hundred years. Thank God for the work thus bravely and patiently accomplished. The very thought of it is unspeakably precious to us.

"We may build more lofty habitations,
Fill our halls with paintings and with sculptures,
But we cannot buy with gold the old associations."

This morning I can but briefly refer to the history of this institution; and, indeed, the fullest description would be unsatisfactory, because the real history is written not on paper but on hearts of flesh, not on stone but on lives made better by its presence. It was twenty years after the founder of Sunday Schools, Robert Raikes, had established his school at Gloucester, that the Rev. James Hawkes* commenced his beneficent labours on this hill. A century earlier a school building† had been erected in front of the original "Old Chapel," but the school carried on in it was of a different kind, and the building itself had been pulled down thirty years before Mr. Hawkes appeared on the scene. The earliest Sunday School building was erected in 1810, on land given for that purpose by Francis Dukinfield Astley, the grandfather of the present Lady of the Manor. In 1820, during the ministry of the Rev. John Gaskell, the building was enlarged, and in 1839, when the Rev. R. Brook Aspland was minister, further additions were made, including the "old top room." The school, like a flourishing crustacean, continued to increase its shell; the last enlargement was in 1882, towards the end of Mr. Vance's pastorate, and was aided by his strenuous efforts. It is easy to follow the growth of the outward fabric, but how shall we chronicle the life of the school itself, or measure the good influence it has exerted in this district? This period of a hundred years has witnessed great changes, and it is difficult to realise the peculiar circumstances of former times. How shall we fix this date, August, 1800, in our memory? It was in the reign of George III. Robert

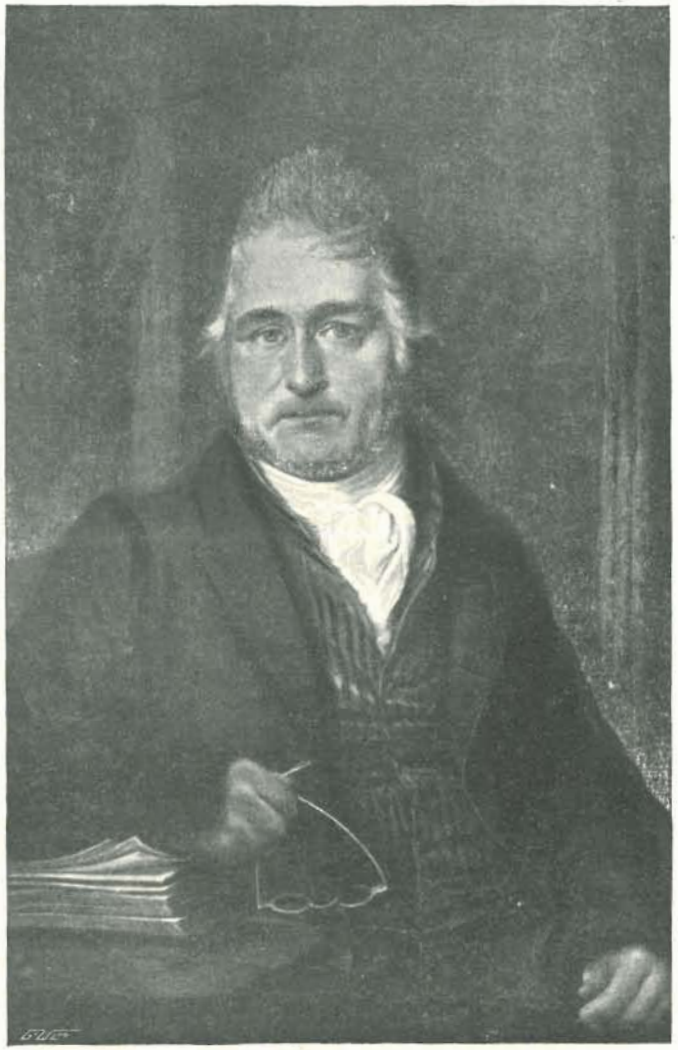
* Born at Buckingham, September, 1771; died at Nantwich, May 19th, 1846.

† The first schoolmaster at Dukinfield was Jeremiah Barlow. A former pupil of his, John Cooper, became the first minister at Gee Cross.

Burns had been dead four years, and Cowper five months. Priestley's house had been burned in the Birmingham riots. The old violent persecution of Dissenters had passed away, but the chapel property of Dissenters was not secure. It was twelve years later that the new Toleration Act was passed, repealing the law against Quakers, and the Five Mile and Conventicle Acts, but this new enactment did not offer full liberty to Unitarians. As to our ministry, Manchester College was not removed to York until three years later. Mr. Hawkes was educated at an academy at Northampton. Perhaps the most remarkable change of all is in respect to ordinary education. A century ago a great proportion of the people of this country could neither read nor write. Teaching was scarce, books were dear, and public libraries unknown. The children were running wild in the fields and streets. What we call our township was a semi-agricultural district with a straggling village.* The advantage of this hill as a site for chapel or school consisted mainly in the fact that it offered a convenient meeting place for those coming from neighbouring towns and distant villages. Before the Hob Hill Sunday School was started, two-thirds of our scholars came from Stalybridge.

Time would fail me if I attempted to enter into details. One important question that may naturally arise this morning is: What is the secret of the success of this school? Why has it won the undying affection of so many who cannot find words to describe all they owe to it? Why has it earned the grateful appreciation of our neighbours? Why has its success been so marked that outsiders point to it to-day and declare

* At that time the "White Factory" was worked by horse power.



JAMES HAWKES.

"the big school has turned out good scholars," and that thrifty, virtuous, successful men and women have come from it? Something might be said about the historical priority of the school, as the first established here; something about its good fortune in securing able leaders in different generations; but the common answer is that, when schooling was scarce, it taught the three R's., and continued to do so for 80 years. This answer is good as far as it goes, but it is wholly insufficient. It does not do justice to the past, and it fails to point a way in the future, even hinting that our work is done! The giving of secular instruction alone is not the cause of this touching gratitude, this warm and unfading affection, this marked influence upon life and character. The answer does not penetrate to the main secret, for the phenomena point to influences distinctly religious.

I find the secret in the *motives* that led to this secular work, making it all sacred. All honour to those pioneers who dared to teach the three R's. when other churches looked askance at them for so doing. It seemed as if they had broken the Sabbath, to those who failed to understand that the Sabbath was made for man; and it seemed irreligious, to those who thought that religious teaching meant learning Scripture and repeating creeds. Our teachers deserve praise for more than a courageous unconventionality. I claim for them they had a deeper insight into the meaning of religion; that their work was based on a belief in the sacredness of human life. They knew that—

> "The Holy Supper is kept, indeed,
> In whatso we share with another's need;"

Men might withhold from them the Christian name; but they proved their right to the title by showing their love of

God in their love of humanity. They proved their discipleship by their loving service. "By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another." They sought not so much to thrust in as to develop, to unfold the innate powers of the child. They did not seek to creed-mark the children, and stamp tender minds with the foregone conclusions of others, demanding an unquestioning attitude that prevents thought and dwarfs individuality. No; our Chapel was founded on sacrifices for conscience sake, and our School was founded on sacrifices for love's sake. And to this fearless attempt to develop the individuality of the scholar, to awaken his thought, feeling, and aspiration, I ascribe the conspicuous success of the School in turning out virtuous men and women. The morally independent are always more likely to make their way in the world, and also to withstand evil temptations. The religion that has been taught is not a sacrament separate from life, but an influence spread over the whole of it. The main aim has been to uplift, to sweeten, to purify the great stream of life, that has unceasingly poured through our School walls.

The earnest spirit and devotion of those workers made secular instruction part of a Divine service. Despite the inkpots and copybooks, and the unmusical sounds of slate pencils and quill pens, those scholars knew they were under the sway of no mere secular spirit; and when they looked up from their tasks to a refined leader and pioneer in education like Samuel Robinson, or to John Whittaker, the John Pounds of Dukinfield, or to such a devoted worker as Samuel Broadrick, or to the humblest toiler who, with scant knowledge, was determined to help others to the extent of what he knew, the scholars felt themselves in a religious atmosphere. It awoke the affections

of the soul; it formed their characters; it brightened their lives.

I find the glory of the School in the fact that the workers understood the meaning of a Christian discipleship. However imperfect their work, it was instinct with faith. They "showed their faith by their works," their religion by their love. Methinks those who have loved the School best were not those who received the most from it, but those who have most given their hearts and found their heavenly treasure. They have been those who have known and felt the real blessedness of giving to Christ's little ones a cup of cold water in the name of a disciple.

The late Lord Tennyson is reported to have said: "It is impossible to imagine that the Almighty will ask you what your particular form of religion was, but rather have you been true to yourself? Have you in My name given a cup of cold water to any of My little ones." These words represent the work of our School in the two main aspects of its teaching—namely, instructing the scholars to be true to themselves, and spreading amongst them a spirit of helpfulness that made them in turn become cup-offerers to those who followed them. So, whether the employment was reading aloud, or dictation, or singing sweet hymns, or fostering social joys, or, like Elizabeth Hall,* wiping away the children's tears outside the School walls, it was all a manifestation of loving and practical devotion.

Old documents speak of our School as *the* Dukinfield School, sometimes as *the charity*. Instead of what we call the School

* See Maria Edgeworth's Moral Tales, "The Siver Cup."

sermons, they refer to the "charity sermon." I like that dear word charity, when its former meaning is retained. By charity was meant not almsgiving, but love, a disposition to relieve, a ministry to the wants of others, a Christlike compassion for man, a yearning desire to bless, help, and redeem. You may dispense with many sacraments and theological distinctions, but this desire to show forth love to man is the essence of pure Christianity and all true religion. What other lasting monument is needed? As Francis Dukinfield Astley wrote:—

"To teach the infant lips to pray;
To lead unthinking youth,
Far from the paths of vice away,
To innocence and truth;

To form with care the growing mind;
To improve the talents giv'n;
To teach goodwill to all mankind,
And gratitude to Heav'n;

* * * * * *

These are the deeds *which shall endure*,
And last beyond the grave."

Words from another hymn suggest themselves as suitable to express our feelings at this hour:—

"Backward looking o'er the past,
Forward, too, with eager gaze,
Stand we here to-day, O God,
At the parting of the ways.

Tenderest thoughts our bosoms fill;
Memories, all bright and fair,
Seem to float on spirit wings,
Downward through the silent air."

Yes, look not only backward but forward too, and with eager gaze, for our Sunday School is still doing a work that merits the sympathy, goodwill, and co-operation of every

right-thinking man and woman. For my part, I believe in no glorifying of the past that leaves us weaker for the present. It is natural for the aged to look back on a golden past; but what is the meaning of the sigh that involuntarily escapes from some lovers of the Sunday School when they speak of the future? Doubtless there are some causes for discouragement. We read in the daily paper:* "Although the population of this country is increasing at the rate of three-hundred thousand a year, the number of Sunday scholars is everywhere declining. In the Church of England they have fallen off by 7,000; the Baptists report a decrease of 7,000; the Calvinistic Methodists of 4,200; the Presbyterians of 1,200; the Free Church of Scotland of 4,300; and the Primitives, with an increase of 20 schools, report a decrease of 177 teachers and 646 scholars. The Wesleyan average morning attendance shows a decline of 8,460, and the average afternoon attendance of 7,042." I fear the same tendency, although not so marked, could be found among our own schools. The figures are disheartening for those who love the Sunday School. It is difficult to account for the change. Some say it results from the apathy of the parents, from a less determined anxiety for self-improvement on the part of the masses, from a decreasing eagerness on the part of scholars to avail themselves of instruction of an uplifting kind—in short, the spread of religious indifference. If these things are so, all the more need for us to counteract the evil influences and persevere with our work. It is said that the passing of the Education Act of 1870 has detrimentally affected our schools. It may be so, but as sons of educational pioneers we cannot wish to recall it.

* *The Manchester Guardian.*

Circumstances have changed, but the religious spirit caught with the old teaching is as needed as ever.

There are wants in human nature unlikely to be ministered to, except by some such institution. These wants are our opportunity. They afford eloquent testimony that our Schools cannot be discarded as useless in the future. Where else are the young learning the grand old truths of Scripture? What good thing have they learnt if they are strangers to holy thoughts, strangers to the desire to help and heal, strangers to a Christlike sympathy? For my part I look forward with eager gaze to the time when the work of our Sunday Schools will be sought after, more appreciated and emphasised; when the moral training they give in the lesson of serving one another will be regarded as the crowning grace of human life; a time when week-day education shall have been carried forward to a higher issue, so that the scholars themselves, with awakened minds, will desire to know what men have thought of the Bible, of God, of Christ, and immortality. Sooner or later, then, will come a larger number of teachers seeking to consecrate themselves to this work of teaching the infant lip to pray, and purifying the joys of humanity. Meanwhile, let us thank God for the past, and take courage. We shall not honour those faithful predecessors, nor ourselves, by "building the tombs of the prophets." We honour them by bringing an equal zeal to our task, however changed the circumstances. Our truest commemoration is in praying for a double portion of their spirit, and in working in our day as they did in theirs, ever looking first for the needs of our time, and then in humble self-consecration crying, "Here, Lord, am I, send me," and so seeking in some humble measure to speed the coming of God's Kingdom upon earth.

"Ho, watcher on the mountain,
What tidings of the day?
When will the rule of God begin?
When will the truth bear sway?

When will the law of love prevail
Supreme in every heart,
And Christly touch of sympathy
New life and hope impart?

When men are true and hearts are pure,
When priest and people find
That the truest service of the Lord
Is the service of mankind."

Amen.

AFTERNOON SERVICE.

Address by the Rev. Henry W. Hawkes.

[At the Afternoon Service the hymns sweetly sung by the scholars were the composition of the preacher. Mr. Hawkes, who had read passages from the book of Deuteronomy, took as his text, "Thou, and thy son, and thy son's son, all the days of thy life."]

When he was living in Japan some years ago he witnessed a very interesting custom. Most of the Japanese had a belief that on a certain day the spirits of their ancestors were permitted to return to earth and to spend three days with their descendants. So, when the time came near, great preparations were made to receive them with honour; the houses were cleaned, the clothes washed, the graves were trimmed, and at sunset the doors were opened wide, and the whole family welcomed their invisible guests with much ceremony. It was in some ways a very beautiful thought. We, here, do not

quite believe like that, but in a certain way we have our ancestors with us and amongst us every day. Our whole life is what it is because of what the bygone generations did and were. The preacher then briefly traced backwards, age by age, till he reached primitive times, and then, reversing the process, he showed how all progress and all civilisation had come by each generation, or a few in each generation, going a little ahead of those who went before, climbing, as it were, on their fathers' shoulders and so reaching higher.

And so they were gathered that day to remember what had been done one hundred years ago, and how they had entered into the labours of their fathers and grandfathers. He (the preacher) had been asked to speak to them, because, as they knew, it was his grandfather who had founded their Sunday School. Who could possibly reckon up the good which had resulted from that small beginning? It was a great thing to add to the world's wealth and comfort. It was a great thing to make scientific discoveries, and to add to our knowledge and power over the forces of nature; but, after all, true religion was the greatest thing in life, and whoever helped to make men and women better, holier, more truly children of God, did the grandest work of all. To build up character was to help humanity in the best way, and when his grandfather started that Sunday School he did a wonderful work for Dukinfield. The influence of that School had gone far and wide. Men and women in all parts of the world looked back to it with love and gratitude. It was for those of this generation to see to it that they handed down, undefiled, what they had received, they and their sons, and their sons' sons.

EVENING SERVICE.

Sermon by the Rev. H. Enfield Dowson, B.A.

"Others have laboured, and ye are entered into their labours."—John iv. 38.

It was with the greatest pleasure that I received your invitation to address you on the occasion of your Sunday School Centenary. You could not have asked anyone more profoundly in sympathy with your Sunday School and its history. We look back together to-night over 100 years of earnest self-devotion on the part of generations of faithful labourers in the vineyard of the Lord. A hundred years ago the great Sunday School system, which now holds in its embrace so much of the young life of England, touching it with the spirit of religion in almost every working-class home, was in its infancy. Robert Raikes and his fellow workers had but recently established it as a new institution, little dreaming, I imagine, of the vast proportions that it would assume in the future. It is hardly possible for us in 1900 to realise the position in 1800, when your forefathers founded your Sunday School. A wonderful century, one of the most wonderful in the world's history, has passed since then. In those days what were the Sunday Schools—born of the efforts of Raikes and his associates—doing? They were among the chief means of educating the children of the masses of the people. It was a new idea that the sons and daughters of the toiling millions should be educated at all. It was almost a revolutionary project. Education, free inquiry, all the life of the intellect, was not for them—it was for their betters. They were

expected to be like dumb, driven cattle, without independent thought or will, in subjection to their "pastors and masters." It was the Sunday School that helped to shed a ray of light on their intellectual darkness. In very humble ways the work began; it was not undertaken by skilled teachers; it was not conducted in fine school buildings like yours to-day. Gatherings were held in any rooms that could be obtained, in dwelling houses very often; and devoted teachers, who themselves had had few opportunities of culture, gave up their one day of rest to the instruction of their neighbours' children. If, at first, these teachers were not all voluntary, but received some remuneration for their labours, it did little to diminish the earnest spirit in which they entered on their task. And if, in many cases, there was not much religious teaching given, none the less was their aim one of Christian love to the boys and girls whom they gathered together. Nothing could be taught with any effect until the means of education had been supplied. When no boy or girl could read a syllable, the first necessity was for them to learn to read; when none could write a word, the next necessity was to learn to write; when none could understand the simplest figures, it was needful to teach arithmetic. When, in fact, there was no mental culture of any kind, the necessity, coming before all others, was to shed some light on the intellectual darkness that prevailed. And there is no picture that, in the year 1900, rises before my mind in fairer colours than that, in many a humble tenement of simple, earnest men and women, with small store of learning, giving what they had with loving, faithful hearts to boys and girls on Sundays. Why Sundays? Why was that the only day when it could be done? Why could not Sunday then, as now, be exclusively devoted to the higher

DUKINFIELD CHAPEL, 1708.

moral and religious training of the children? Why were not teachers more largely found giving elementary instruction on week days and week evenings? It was not only, as we saw, that it was considered that the lower orders had no call for such enlightenment and were better kept down without it; it was not only that in those days, as outcasts from civil liberty, it was thought they had better be ignorant of the rights denied to them; but it was that industrial conditions made week-day education for the children of the labouring class in large degree impossible. What poor little drudges children were then! How, in their early years, they had to toil long hours, day after day! No time for education, only time to eat and sleep! That remained the condition of the vast majority of them well on into the middle of the century, before the beneficent labours of Lord Shaftesbury. All this time Sunday was, to a large extent, the only time available for teaching the children of the people; and these precious Sunday hours were largely devoted by necessity to giving them the means of any culture. And no more religious work, instinct with truer religious spirit, is being done in the most religious schools in our day than that by which men and women, without a moment's leisure all the week, gave up their chance of breathing the sweet air of heaven, and seeing the lovely sights of nature's beauty, in order to give birth to the intellectual life of the poor boys and girls around them. I hold in reverence those men and women; and this Old Chapel Sunday School of yours, springing from their day, is to me one of the sacred places in this district, and the smell of a sweet savour rises from the sacrifices of those true Christians, your predecessors, in the glorious work of your Sunday School. As the century moved on enlightened opinion began to grow,

even in the dark period of the great war with France. In 1808 and 1811 the British and National School Societies were brought into being to provide building grants for elementary schools; and, until the passing of the great Reform Bill of 1832, that was nearly all that was done in the cause by public effort.

But after that period the State, newly awakened into life by the entrance of the great middle class into the rights and duties of citizenship, began to take up the education of the people. At first it was only in a small, tentative degree, commencing with building grants, then going on to annual grants to schools. During all this time, however, it remained true that it was uncertain whether the children of the working men and women entered a day school or not. It was quite a chance whether there were schools for them or not; all was left entirely to voluntary agency, and private schools and dame schools did something; but they were often providing a mere travesty of education. A broken-down working man, with the merest smattering of culture, would open a school because he could do nothing else. The rooms and the buildings were hardly fit for tenancy in many a case; and although the Church of England and other philanthropic bodies made efforts, with the help of the two societies I have named, and although schools thus sprung up in increasing numbers, they nothing like covered the ground; and right away beyond the middle of this century it remained true that, for the majority of the children of the masses, the ever-growing Sunday School system was still an important means of education, even of the most elementary kind. And the system grew by leaps and bounds. Its great necessity was felt alike by teachers and by taught, and none entered into it more

earnestly, or with a more beneficent aim, than our own forefathers in our old chapels.

Your Dukinfield Old Chapel Sunday School was nobly typical of the work done by our "fathers and mothers in the faith." During this century generations have worked faithfully and perseveringly and devotedly in this sacred task; and many and many have been the children who, could they speak to-day at our gatherings, would rise up and call them blessed. My memory, as a member of a Sunday School, goes back more than half a century, and as a teacher almost half a century. I remember desks and slates and copybooks occupying a large place in the work done, and I can see, in my mind's eye, man after man who owed his start in life to what the Sunday School did for him. It is one of the most encouraging things in a Sunday School teacher's life to come across grown men who will tell how the Sunday School had given them the hand-up in their boyhood to a career of useful and honourable activity. I know to-day many men still living in Hyde who say that of Hyde Chapel Sunday School. You know many here who, with their fathers before them, have borne the same testimony. How far and wide has the influence of your noble Sunday School extended? How many there are on distant shores, in America, in Australia, who are in spirit with you to-day in paying your tribute to the memory of this glorious band of workers here through this century, and who can say that, of what is best in their lives, much has been due to your school? It was so in a large and practical manner in the years when, for many, elementary education was chiefly obtained within its walls.

The strength of your Sunday School was immense in those days; the need for it was profoundly felt; the demand for it

was great and decisive, bringing the scholars for their own good to throng its seats. And, I repeat, in those days of an education, largely elementary in Sunday Schools such as yours, the secular nature of the teaching was no measure at all of the influence exerted. Such influence depends not on the subjects taught, but on the spirit inspiring the place, and on the personal character and aims of the teachers. And in those old Sunday School days, when pot-hooks and sums entered into much of the work, the devoted, loving, Christian men and women who stood behind the scholars to help them with their best knowledge, however little it was, were teaching by their lives and actions true Christianity, and touching young souls with a genuine love of God and man like their own. Thank God for such leaders and guides of the young; they are the salt of the earth; they are the hope and inspiration of the future.

I had the glorious and happy privilege, when I was a boy, of having teachers whose every word and look was a benediction, and who breathed around them an atmosphere of religion in all they did or said or thought. I do not remember very much that they taught me; their lessons have chiefly passed out of my mind; but I have never forgotten their beautiful characters, or ceased to be grateful to God for the spirit of truth and purity and love with which they surrounded my young life. So I claim all those faithful labourers in your Sunday School in bygone years, even though they instructed the children only in the three R's, as religious teachers gathering the boys and girls here into the arms of the very spirit of Christ.

A great change, however, has come over the institution of the Sunday School in the latter half of this century; it is

familiar to us all. The great Education Act of 1870 brought about an educational revolution; it, for the first time, brought elementary education to all the children in the country. In a few years after its passage the old necessity of teaching in Sunday Schools the elementary subjects was gone. Was the necessity of the Sunday School gone? Had it lost its occupation? Was the old love for it and devotion to it likely to die? It was a time of trial through which it had to pass; it has come through the trial, and not been found wanting. The numbers of the Sunday scholars attending now are a proof of the continued hold upon the people exerted by our schools, and the function they can fulfil now is a far higher one than of old. Released from the old duty of elementary teaching, with scholars entering their walls already equipped in that respect, they are free to enter upon the more congenial and inspiring task of cultivating the higher thought and life of the scholars, and of imparting all that constitutes religion. It is, moreover, largely the work of Sunday Schools to carry on—beyond the day-school age of 13 or so—the intellectual, as well as religious culture, of the young men and women. Boys and girls, when they leave day school, have obtained little more than the means whereby their education may be carried on. I go back in memory to the time when I was thirteen, and I do not think my real education had begun. I had not much thirst for knowledge, or much interest in its acquirement; to have done my lessons and get out to play was my chief idea. So the greatest opportunity in the hands of Sunday School teachers in our day is with regard to these boys and girls who have left day school, and are growing up into young men and women. It is ours to keep before them the aim of culture, of acquisition of knowledge, of moral and religious growth.

Our Sunday Schools have charge of their higher natures; it is ours to lead them by the hand into the paths of true children of God. All that goes to do this is religious teaching. Nor, in our Sunday Schools in these days, with long evenings and Saturday afternoons for leisure, is this work confined to our Sundays. The Sunday School is a great week-day institution as well. Your own is so. You have splendid premises—a tribute to your earnestness and self-devotion in building them. They are open night after night for various gatherings, they are the social centre of your life, and exert a constant influence upon your young people. They are the sacred and happy home of all that constitutes the higher life of teachers and scholars. I know few things more delightful in this England of ours than such a Sunday School life from week end to week end as yours here; it knits your young people together in true bonds of brotherhood and sisterhood as members of one Christian household, and in the pure, sweet atmosphere that is breathed within it all are quickened and refreshed in the spirit of the better life. Such is your Sunday School at the close of the 19th century. And what is most needed to enable it to fulfil more completely than it does its high and beneficent calling is a larger measure of the spirit of its founder 100 years ago. Those were days of hardness such as we are not called upon to endure. Life is much easier for us than for the grand old self-devoted founders of Sunday Schools, with their long hours of labour and their short hourse of leisure, and their small opportunities of culture. We need to prize our greater privileges, as they did their smaller ones. We need their grit and self-sacrifice in the cause of Sunday School work; we need their earnest religious spirit, permeating even writing and arithmetic. This centenary will

not be misspent if you are re-baptised by it with the spirit of your fathers; and if you keep this celebration with a resolve, everyone of you, to take as earnest and faithful a part as theirs in the work of the School they founded and handed down to you by their labours and their sacrifices.

If this spirit is yours you will be religious teachers whatever you teach; and with the teaching of Christian faith and life, and of all that is true and beautiful in God's universe, and in human story, which is your function to-day, you will breathe upon your scholars an influence better by far than all your lessons—you will breathe the gracious personal influence of your lives. Example is better than precept; and my prayer to God for the new century on which your School is entering is that it may be inspired ever more and more by a personal religion that will live and move, and have its being in the hearts and souls and minds of all who teach or work within its walls.

GREAT RE-UNION PARTY

OF TEACHERS AND SCHOLARS, SEPTEMBER 29TH, 1900.

On Saturday afternoon, in connection with the celebration of the centenary of the Sunday School, a re-union party was held in the Town Lane School. A large number of former teachers and scholars came from far and near, and also the ministers who at one time or other were stationed in Dukinfield. In the reception room there were portraits of former ministers of the Old Chapel, including the Rev. Samuel Angier (first minister), Rev. James Hawkes (founder of the Sunday School), Rev. R. B. Aspland, Rev. John Gordon, and others of more recent date. Here also could be seen a facsimile copy of the Rev. S. Angier's certificate of indulgence, hymn papers used at the school sermons from the year 1808, and other objects of interest. Not the least noteworthy was a printed notice, dated 1845, from Robert Lees and Sons, Dukinfield, setting forth that workpeople would be fined for certain offences, the fine in each case being 5s., "which would be handed over to the treasurer of the Dukinfield Old Chapel Sunday School."

A most substantial tea had been provided, at which there were two sittings, and old friendships were renewed amongst the guests. At 5-30 there was an organ recital in the Chapel by Mr. Eli Cope, at which there was a good attendance. At

SAMUEL ROBINSON.

a quarter to seven o'clock a re-union meeting was held in the large room of the new School. The place was packed, and many could not obtain seats.* The front of the platform was lined with plants and flowers, and presented a very attractive appearance. On the wall at the back was the appropriate motto, "For Auld Lang Syne," and in the spaces between the windows were the monograms, "D.O.C.S.S." The chair was occupied by Alderman James Kerfoot, J.P., chapel warden. There were also present the Rev. J. Page Hopps, minister of the Old Chapel, 1863-9; Rev. Philip H. Wicksteed, M.A., 1870-4; Rev. G. Hamilton Vance, B.D., 1875-84, and Mrs. Vance; Rev. H. S. Tayler, 1885; Mr. Brook Aspland, grandson of the Rev. Robert Brook Aspland, 1837-58; Rev. Alexander Gordon and Mr. T. H. Gordon, sons of Rev. John Gordon, 1858-62; Mr. John Jackson, director of the Sunday School, 1859-63; Mr. Joshua Cartwright, C.E., director, 1871-73; Rev. Lawrence Scott; Rev. W. C. Hall, M.A.; Rev. W. Titterington (Moravian); Rev. J. Magee, minister of Dukinfield Hall Chapel; Alderman James Bancroft, Messrs. Moses Wilde, A. A. Cheetham, John Hall Brooks, and E. B. Broadrick, ex-directors; Harry Andrew, Thomas Bradley, and James Roberts, present directors; Councillor W. E. Wood, Mr. J. O. Kerfoot, and others.

The proceedings were opened by the singing of the hymn, "God's blessing on the gracious souls," composed by the Rev. J. P. Hopps, and sent by him for the occasion.

OPENING HYMN.

God's blessing on the gracious souls,
Who served Him here below,
And sowed for us the bread of life,
A hundred years ago!

* Over 700 were present.

O'er untried fields they ventured forth,
And flung their precious seed,
In faith that shining after-days
God's little ones would feed.

The Master's word, "Go, feed my lambs,"
Few heeded in their day.
They heard the message, clear and plain;
And heard but to obey.
But now ten thousand willing hearts
Are listening to the call;
Ten thousand voices plead his cause:
God's blessing on them all!

Bright memories linger in the past;
Bright hopes before us rise,
That lead us from the toiler's path
Up to the restful skies.
Join voices now, of old and young;
Let love with song outflow,
To bless the hands that wrought for us
A hundred years ago!

Mr. E. B. Broadrick read letters of apology from some of the local clergy and others unable to be present.

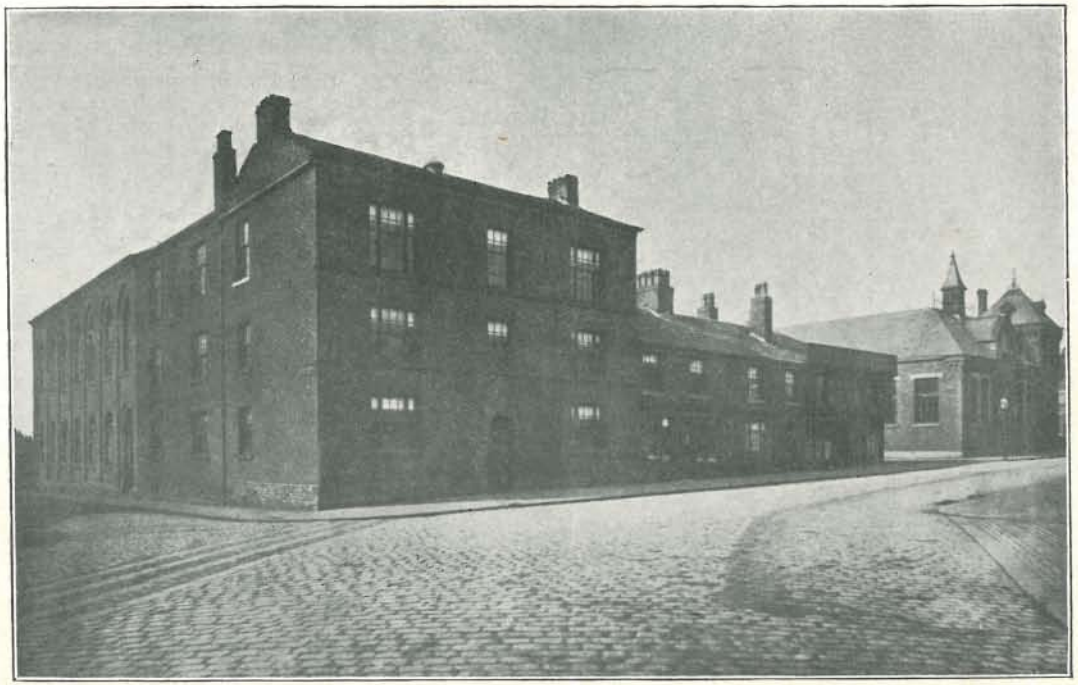
The CHAIRMAN (Alderman J. Kerfoot), who addressed the audience as "dear friends, old and new," said as a humble descendant of James Oliver he was proud to hold the position assigned to him. It was very gratifying for him to know that descendants of James Oliver were continuing active work in this School—(hear, hear)—that they had at the present time a director, who was the great-grandson of James Oliver, a gentleman, who was well fitted for the position he held. Of course, his mind took him back upon that occasion to the time when he entered the School. As soon as he arrived at the age of six he was brought to this School. At that time many of them knew they could not get into the School when they wanted. Very often there was a long list of the names of children waiting for admission, and it seemed to be a very

important thing to get into the Sunday School. Somehow or other the School was always full, and in those days it was impressed upon both scholars and teachers to be up in time and be punctual at school. (Hear, hear.) He was afraid in these days it was not so. They did not come as they used to do, and, therefore, they had to allow them a little more latitude, which he thought was very bad teaching indeed. The more they could impress upon scholars the fact that they should be punctual and regular at school the better, for it was something that went through life with them. It was not only in school life that this feature of punctuality should be carried out, but also in every-day life. He knew young men and young women who left school years back who had been able to get into decent positions, not always because they were exceptionally learned, but because their characters were such that their employers could rely upon them for rendering good service. (Hear, hear.) That was just the difference between past and present. Many of those present were parents, and he would like to impress upon them to send their children punctually and regularly to school. If they would all insist upon that they would have the school full every Sunday. In days past it was insisted upon by parents, and in some instances the children had long distances to come. In winter time they brought their dinner with them, and enjoyed it. (Hear, hear.) In course of time they began to feel it a pleasure, and not at all irksome. In our day schools we did not believe in teaching religion, but in the Sunday School we did, and children went to Sunday School and Chapel longer than they did in the present day. There was a long programme, and he would not detain them. They had the pleasure of seeing some of their former ministers amongst them. Mr. Wicksteed, Mr.

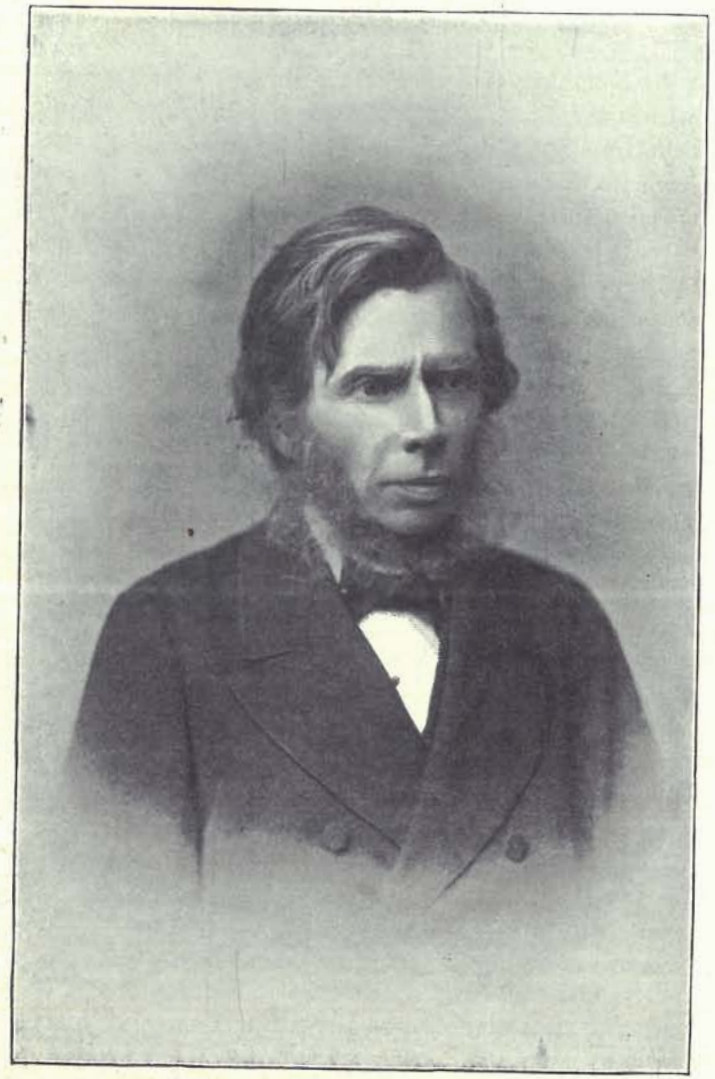
Hopps, and Mr. Vance had come long distances to show themselves and speak a word to them. (Applause.) He was sure they were all glad these gentlemen were living and able to come amongst their former friends in Dukinfield. (Hear, hear.) It was a grand feature of their centenary celebration to have three ministers amongst them who at one time did good work when they were in Dukinfield. The congregation had to thank them for many things they were enjoying at the present time. (Hear, hear.) They had left behind them a work that would last for many long years to come. It was sometimes said that Unitarianism was going out, and that Unitarians were very scarce. That splendid gathering was a flat contradiction to any idea of that sort. (Hear, hear.) There was some good life in it yet, and it was making itself felt in the surrounding neighbourhood. (Applause.)

Quartette, "When hands meet," by the Chapel choir, composed by Madame Herod. Madame Barker, Mr. W. Wild, and Mr. Joshua Garside, with Mr. Eli Cope as accompanist.

Mr. VANCE spoke as follows: Mr. Chapel Warden, Mr. Tayler, and friends, I feel that my first duty to-night, as it certainly is my pleasure, is to congratulate you all upon this magnificent assembly. Coming as I do straight from Ireland, where it has been my lot to reside for the last ten years, I must say that a meeting like this fills me with astonishment; and although in my younger days I seem to remember that I knew something of how it was done, I am to-day lost in admiration for the enthusiasm and the zeal which can suffice to produce a series of gatherings such as those now being held in connection with this centenary.



DUKINFIELD SCHOOL, 1882.



WILLIAM MARSHALL.

We could do nothing like this in Dublin; I doubt whether, even in the North of Ireland, where things are more lively, there are any half-dozen schools of our denomination which, combined, could do it. We are told, of course, that we must not covet another man's congregation or another man's Sunday School; but I can't help feeling that Mr. Tayler is a very lucky man—and I hope he knows it. It will be just 25 years ago to-morrow since I preached my first sermon as Minister of the Dukinfield Old Chapel, and since my eight and a half years here were finished I have had a somewhat varied experience; but I always look back upon those years when I was associated with the Old Chapel and the Old Chapel Sunday School as marking the flood tide, the high-water line of my ministerial life, and as being most full of those rich experiences which come to a man when he is surrounded by others who are as full of enthusiasm and zeal and activity and sympathy for good causes as he is himself. Say what you will, a great deal of what a man can do depends upon those who work with him. A minister may be the leader, but it depends upon the sort of men whom he has to lead what shall be the result of his leadership. And when I look back upon the last 25 of the 100 years of the life of this School, I seem to see that the great things which have been done are not the doing of individual men, but they are the work of a Spirit which resides in the place, and which animates the people of the place. That Spirit may favour and make its home in certain individual men and women more than in others; it certainly does, for you have not all got the zeal of John Whittaker or Samuel Broadrick, the courageous enthusiasm and generous heart of William Marshall, the solid steadfastness of John Brooks. And there are men among you to-day who, when the time

comes, will be equally honoured and singled out from the rest; but still it remains true, I think, that even the leaders could do little were it not that the same spirit animates also those who are led. And therefore it is that I am disposed to tell Mr. Tayler, to remind him, for I am sure he knows it already, that he is a fortunate man. He is a general who has good officers under him, and who leads men who will go anywhere and do anything. I suppose he has his difficulties too! It is not always smooth sailing I know; it did not use to be in *my* time. And sometimes these thwartings and cross purposes loom up pretty big, and cause a certain amount of disheartenment and bitterness. But, after all, these things pass, and are forgotten. Why, I remember when this addition was made to the School building twenty years ago, there were thwartings and disagreements then—plenty of them. But somehow in looking back upon them we see that they all helped on the work; they did not really hinder it. And it is not the least exaggeration to say there is more hope of good work being done when people are not all of one mind, than there is when there is no energy even to quarrel.

Well, I say, we could not get up a meeting like this in Dublin; and though there may be many other causes of satisfaction to one living over there, this is not one of them. I confess I like to look back upon my Dukinfield days; I do not believe there ever was anyone connected with the Dukinfield Old Chapel Sunday School, who took a part in its work and threw himself into its many doings, who did not like to look back upon those days. And I suspect that this has always been true; that it was true 100 years ago of the founders of the School. We always like to look back upon good work done in which we have taken our share; and I like to recall

the faces of some of those dear old friends to whom the Old School was always a chief interest and a first charge, as it were—men and women who have passed away, but who have left their mark behind.

The object of a Centenary Celebration like this I take to be two-fold. We come together to remember and to honour the men and women of the past, who, in their day, did such noble work; and we come together for the sake of the encouragement and the inspiration to ourselves in the continuance of their work to-day, which the considerations natural to an occasion like this cannot fail to produce.

All honour be to those men of a past generation who established this School!

It may be that, in comparison with what we see now, their day was the day of small things. As we learn from those excellent and interesting articles which Mr. Moses Wilde has recently contributed to the *Ashton Reporter*, the School in its earliest days was carried on in a garret in the Half Moon; and even when it rose to the dignity of possessing a building of its own in 1810 it was only a low building with five rooms. But while their day may have been the day of small things, we must remember that it was also the day of difficult things. Leisure time was very scanty; people qualified to teach were very few; there was but small public sympathy with any desire on the part of working people to improve themselves; and the men who gave themselves up to this work gave up that scanty leisure, and defied the public opinion which had not yet risen to the level of thir own conception.

To-day we see that things have greatly grown. The population and wealth of the place, the appreciation of the benefits

of education, the sympathy of the general public for all higher aims—these things are very different from what they were 100 or even 50 years ago. But the men of this later generation have not been unequal to the demands which this great general development has forced upon them. In place of the two-storied structure with its five rooms, we have now this magnificent building, with its many fine classrooms. In addition to the Sunday School we have also now a splendidly-equipped Day School, which, I rejoice to know, is still under the energetic management of Mr. Richard Whitehead and Miss Wood, and the indefatigable supervision of its Honorary Secretary of 30 years' service, Mr. John Oliver Kerfoot; and if I am rightly informed these two institutions, which have grown out of that humble beginning 100 years ago, are the centre of innumerable efforts for the enlightenment, the recreation, and the comfort of the neighbourhood.

There is great encouragement, Mr. Chairman, to be derived from a comparison of the present with the past. We have here a visible embodiment of the successful issue of all self-denying efforts for the general good. Let one and all of the workers of to-day, who have taken upon themselves some share of responsibility for the welfare of the dear Old School, be of good courage. They have received from the past a noble heritage. As the present owners of it, let them hand it on to their posterity, enlarged and beautified, so that a hundred years hence the men of that generation may link our names with those of the founders, as the names of men and women who also did their duty in their day and generation.

The Rev. P. H. WICKSTEED next spoke. He touched on some of the changes that had taken place since he first knew

PHILIP HENRY WICKSTEED.

the School and Chapel, and on the effect of time in sifting out and preserving all that is best in a man's work and letting its weakness and defects drop into forgetfulness, so that the memory and tradition of what an earnest man was and did comes as the years pass, into even closer conformity with what he meant to be and do.

It was very beautiful and very touching, on looking back through a hundred years of history, to see how failures and shortcomings had been forgotten, and misunderstandings, if there were any, had disappeared; and each one who had honestly given his heart to the work might find that his efforts had lived and prospered, that his aim had been recognised, and that the impression he had left behind him was measured rather by his ideals that had been felt than by any imperfect embodiment of them that had been seen.

The Rev. J. Page Hopps was the next speaker. He said he had been lately in Lancashire and Yorkshire doing what he said three or four years ago he should never do again, and that was going about preaching Sunday School sermons. (Laughter.) He did not know what made him do it, except that he had, as Mr. Wicksteed said, by some curious freak, been renewing his youth. But, feeling very much better, the old feeling come over him, and he had made a raid into Lancashire and Yorkshire. (Hear, hear.) In London he had been feeling like a missionary in foreign parts, and he wanted bracing up by the moral and spiritual air of these parts. (Hear, hear.) When he came into the room, for instance, he just got the same impression as he got at Heywood, Burnley, and Rochdale, so that it was not a question of being in Dukinfield. Whenever you put your bucket down into the ocean

you were sure to get some salt water, and whenever you put your bucket down in Yorkshire, Lancashire, and Cheshire you got animation, vigour, enthusiasm, and grit. He had been telling his folks that he was going to have a good moral and spiritual bath amongst these animated people, and he had got it. (Applause.) It was very good for his mind and soul. They were there chiefly to honour the memories of those faithful, simple spirits who began this work one hundred years ago. (Hear, hear.) It was all very well for them to think they had been very clever in managing to make such a big thing out of a very little thing, but he believed in pedigree. He believed in being born right. The men and women in this work at the beginning had no idea at the time of building up such a school out of their little humble effort. An admirable thing to do was the building of a church or school, and, so far as he could make it out, it was the loving and sympathetic desire to do good to the poor little neglected children which prompted the founders of that school one hundred years ago. (Hear, hear.) Therefore, he said the School was born right, because it was a simple humanitarian work, and, so far as he knew anything about it from his own personal recollection, it seemed an amazingly beautiful thing that they had been enabled to keep up that tradition to-day, and to do an enormous amount of humanitarian work. In the Sunday School and Chapel they had a simple faith taught, and, in his opinion, it would be a bad thing for those Schools and the neighbourhood if they descended to the low level of an ordinary cadging Sunday School. (Applause.) He did not believe they would. At the same time he stood by all he tried to do when he was in Dukinfield, when he persuaded them to come out of the Sunday School occasionally, and march right away into the

Chapel. (Hear, hear.) That was a good thing to do, and he thought they still kept to their humanitarianism, because they never taught anything to the children but what belonged to humanity. (Hear, hear.) The chairman had said they were not doing quite as well as they ought to do. That was what people always said when their hair was getting grey. (Laughter.) Of course, he did not know what went on behind the scenes Sunday after Sunday, but he could only say, from what he had seen that day, "go on in your bad way." (Applause.) He believed in humanity. He was a humanitarian in whatever did good, promised to do good, or seemed to be doing good to man, woman, or child, and in everything that did that he was their man. (Applause.) He belonged to that creed. Since he had come into that building and seen its wonderful nest of rooms he had been reminded again of that splendid, sympathetic, enthusiastic temperament of theirs. Keep up the Lancashire, Cheshire, and Yorkshire enthusiasm and grit, and do not be ashamed of showing it. He wished they had a little of it in Croydon. (Hear, hear.) But they could not get it, it did not belong to the people. He dared say they had their merits in other directions, and he dared say in time he would find them. (Laughter.) A blessed work was that of educating the human being in simple goodness and being useful. Of course, they had got in their minds a great deal of what was going on in public around them. He was not going to talk politics. (Laughter.) He had done enough in politics these last 50 years to last anybody—(laughter and applause)—and they could not expect him to talk politics. He was perfectly impartial. What he was going to say was this. He had seen increasingly, he supposed because he was living in London, that what they

would want very badly when the war was over in this country, was solid, serious education. He was as certain of it as he stood there. In spite of the prosperity of the country during the past few years, they would require a more solid and broader education in the next 20 years, if England was to hold her own amongst the countries of the world. He did not want to be an alarmist, but he did believe it was going to be the case; and he believed that nothing but a solid, steady, and wholesome education would enable them to hold their own. Some of them might think the country would go on flourishing in the same fashion. It might seem so for a little time, but as sure as they sat there, that was a fatal blunder. The only way in which a shopkeeper could flourish and make himself useful, the only way by which a manufacturer could flourish, was by making an article of such excellence and with such seriousness and honesty that people would want to go to him again. They would have to do all things in an honest way. They might call him what they liked, but he never felt more sure of it. The only way in which this little country could hold it own was to be in front of all the nations in everything that was good, honest, and righteous in every possible way. (Applause.) That was the only way to be perfectly safe, and to make themselves a real power in the world. When he came to reflect what had grown out of that School since he was stationed in Dukinfield he was simply amazed. (Hear, hear.) Many of those who had gone through the schools were occupying public offices and posts of high responsibility in this neighbourhood, but he believed not one-tenth of them would have been where they were had it not been for these schools. (Hear, hear.) That brought him to the question of the future of Old England, and the question of this school

and education. He advised them to stick to it; they could not follow it too much; and if there was a young fellow or young woman there that night who was thinking of his or her future, he begged them to remember this. The only way they could be worth their salt in this world and make people believe they were so, was to make themselves good and useful members of society. (Applause.)

The CHAIRMAN said the next speaker was a grandson of the late James Oliver, whom he had told them about. After doing good work in this School as a scholar, teacher, and director, he helped to establish the School and Chapel at Stalybridge, and who did not leave the school until it was placed upon a permanent footing, and who was still connected with the Chapel. (Applause.)

Mr. JOHN JACKSON said he stood there with mingled feelings of joyfulness and sadness, but amid it all there was one predominant feeling of thankfulness and gratitude that he had been spared to see that day. (Applause.) He determined when their centenary committee decided upon the various ways of celebrating this centenary he would try to be present at all he could, and so last Saturday he came up and walked with the scholars, as he had done many times before. (Hear, hear.) In walking round the town he saw tears shed by people who were watching the procession; people who doubtless were thinking of the time they were connected with the school, thinking of some brother, father, or sister perhaps, who had been connected with the school. One man he did not know came into the ranks to tell them that his son in America would see in the *Reporter* what was going on in Dukinfield. (Hear, hear.) Whilst the children were marching

along, one of the tunes the band played was "Where are the Boys of the Old Brigade?" Ay! and echo answered, where? Many of them were in their graves, some in watery graves, and a few left behind, of the very old brigade. (Hear, hear.) Another of the bands played "The Vacant Chair." Oh! how those chords of music awakened the chords in one's mind, and caused one to think of the past as well as of the present. On Sunday last he went to hear Mr. Hawkes, the grandson of the founder of that school, address the children in the Chapel, and he related to them a beautiful little story how the Japanese, when he was in Japan ten years ago, had a custom of expecting at certain periods their forefathers coming to visit them, and how they looked forward to take their share in it. They went to visit the graves of our forefathers here, and so on Sunday last he visited the graves of their forefathers in the Chapel yard, and pointed out to his little granddaughter the graves of her great great grandfather and great great grandmother and their children. He saw from the *Reporter* that Mr. Hawkes spoke on Saturday of heredity. It called to his mind the fact that one Sunday morning he attended a Unitarian Church in Manchester, and when service was over he said to a gentleman, whom some of them knew, "James, we should not have been here this morning if it had not been for our old grandfather, who went to Dukinfield Old Chapel." (Applause.) His grandfather was associated with this school as a teacher, and his mother was a scholar and teacher in the bottom school. She brought him to this school when he was six years of age. They did not take them until they were six. They must not make a mental calculation, but it was over sixty years since that occurred. (Applause.) It was one of the proudest thoughts of his life to know and to

JOHN GORDON.

feel that he was brought by that mother. He remembered the time when they used to recite Shakespeare's plays, when John Guinness was there as Hamlet, and he (Mr. Jackson) was officiating as Horatio. (Laughter.) He would not refer to any more, because if he began he would be saying more than he intended to do. They were celebrating the centenary of the founding of the school, since which time tens of thousands of people had come there and been uplifted and benefited by it. In a few weeks they would be celebrating a centenary greater than that of the foundation of the Sunday School—the 19th centenary of the birth of Christ. He hoped they would celebrate the centenary of Christ by living the life and teachings contained in the Sermon on the Mount. Teach children to be good and obedient to their parents. If they fairly tried to do that they would benefit the children who were rising up amongst them to-day. (Applause.)

Song by Madame Barker.

The CHAIRMAN said the next speaker should have been the Rev. Alexander Gordon, to represent his father, the Rev. John Gordon, a former minister, who would be remembered with gratitude and pleasure by the older portion of the audience. He (the chairman) remembered some very stirring lectures that Mr. Gordon gave in the Foresters' Hall, Stalybridge, in anticipation of the establishment of a school there. (Hear, hear.) They must always bear in mind that these big events, such as the establishment of schools or chapels, were not brought about just at a moment. They were prepared for years beforehand. In place of Mr. Gordon he had to ask Mr. Joshua Cartwright to address the meeting. (Applause.) They would remember his presence in the school as a model teacher and director. In addition to his Sunday School work

Mr. Cartwright did a good deal of evening work as well. He ventured to say, as regarded the mechanical and drawing classes, he was actually the pioneer of the work that was now going on at the neighbouring Technical School. (Applause.)

Mr. JOSHUA CARTWRIGHT said he had no idea he should be called upon to speak to them. He was thankful that he was privileged to stand upon that platform along with the gentlemen by whom he was surrounded, especially the former ministers. (Hear, hear.) He thought the deduction they would draw from that meeting was that the work carried on in that school was such as to give everyone encouragement. (Hear, hear.) There must be in the minds of people who had got to the age they had, reminiscences of past friends whom they would like to have seen with them, and to meet them with a joyful voice and a welcome grip of the hand. He could not claim to have had ancestors in that school, but he was proud to wear the medal upon his breast, and claim a half-century's connection with it. (Hear, hear.) Now he had the proud satisfaction of being able to display the jubilee and the centenary medals, and to feel that he was not ashamed of his long connection with the place. (Applause.) He could only say that after an absence of nearly a quarter of a century he came back with great pride and pleasure to see that the work still continued to prosper. (Hear, hear.) He had no doubt the school would go on another hundred years and prosper still, and that there would still be the same zeal and enthusiasm with which it had been administered, not only upon this, but upon all similar occasions. He congratulated them upon that auspicious gathering. (Applause.)

Song, "The Irish Emigrant," by Mr. W. Wild, for which he was deservedly encored.

The CHAIRMAN said a few moments ago he regretted they had not the presence of the Rev. Alexander Gordon. He was now present, and he would ask him to say a few words.

The Rev. ALEXANDER GORDON said he presumed a few words would have to be dropped upon their devoted heads. Not many words were required when the heart was right. There was no riddle about the prosperity and success of the old schools. It meant hard work, hearty zeal; it meant they had taken after their fathers, and that they intended to usher in the new century with a whole volume of helpful results which had been accumulating through the century now closing. He was always glad to be amongst his old friends at Dukinfield, and he recalled with pleasure, and he trusted with some profit, the hours which he had spent in those dear rooms when he fulfilled for a year or two the office of teacher. (Hear, hear.) He was afraid his comrades of those days were unable to do more than be with them in spirit now. They were yonder, and their hearts were here. They had not forgotten the times and triumphs of their existence here. Their memories were deeply endeared to them all, and it was thoughts of this kind which inspired them to go on and do their best, feeling they were not alone; feeling that not only had they visible comrades with them, but that the influence of the departed and their warm tenderness was still shed upon them, as if the days that were passed had not altogether faded out. (Applause.) It was not gone; it lived in their hearts, lived in their lives, helped them to be better men and women than they otherwise could have been. (Applause.)

Song, Madame Herod.

The CHAIRMAN said the arrangements for that splendid gathering rested with Mr. Tayler, who had the lion's share of the work. He would ask him to address them. (Applause.)

The Rev. HUGON S. TAYLER said the centenary celebration had surpassed in success his fondest anticipations. Last Saturday our peaceful army was led to victory by General Roberts himself. (Laughter.) We had an excellent Field Marshal in Mr. Alfred Cooper—and to-day we all agreed to obey General Bradley, and to make sure that honours for past warfare would be justly awarded, we asked Mr. Broadrick, of the War Office, to distribute the medals. (Laughter and applause.) If he were forced to say a few words, he would say this. What a deep pleasure it had given himself and those present to hear the voices of their loved ministers, Mr. Hopps, Mr. Wicksteed, and Mr. Vance. (Applause.) He expected they were all looking forward to grand and enthusiastic services to-morrow. He had not yet turned sufficiently grey to enter into the celebrations of the past, for he rather looked forward with hope to the future. When those friends told them of the grand days of the old school—nothing like it at the present time—he felt inclined to go round and bribe one of those teachers to tell him the truth about the way the scholars once barricaded the doors in No. 7, to prevent the teacher going in. (Laughter.) He had known nothing of that, during the sixth part of a century he had been there. Or the days when they threw the inkpots about—they did not throw inkpots about to-day. (Hear, hear.) He had expected to hear of the time when they brought dinners from far and near, one father taking six dinners from Stalybridge. (Laughter.) He had armed himself beforehand with a little

information from an old teacher, who told him it was necessary for a bald-headed gentleman, named Sammy Newton, to look in whilst the dinners were being eaten, and keep something like peace. (Laughter.) The brass candlesticks in front of him belonged to James Hawkes, the respected minister of the Old Chapel, who founded the Sunday School, and lighted a candle a century ago which was not likely to be put out in this district. (Applause.) It would not appear a long way back when he told them that the candlesticks now belonged to an old lady over the way, whose father was a member of Mr. Hawkes' first class before the school was built. Since then, the changes in the school and amongst the people had been very great indeed. They had a history of which they might be proud, and every teacher and scholar ought to take a pride in it now. There was always plenty of hard work to be done. (Hear, hear.) They could gather enthusiasm, and he thought the present gathering would strengthen the hands of the teachers in the Sunday School. They had a glorious time last Saturday. If ever a difficulty threatened the school they should know what to do—call out the reserves of former scholars, and all obstacles would be overcome. The reservists were called out, and they made a grand impression. In the old days there was a great spirit of conservatism. In the organ-loft there was found a note written by a certain gentleman named Cocks, who recorded in the tune book his solemn protest against the introduction of gas. He said the Old Chapel had done very well for 145 years without any artificial light, and it was a great mistake to introduce it then. (Laughter.) They were, however, to-day prepared to welcome the light. (Hear, hear.) They were all probably aware that the grand gatherings instituted by Mr. Page Hopps, the

old folks' parties, still went on within those walls, and sometimes those old people talked of that party nearly the rest of the year. (Hear, hear.) They need no longer teach in the same way the three R's. They were merely the tools used by devoted teachers. He was convinced that if they asked what were the needs of the young people, what they could do to brighten their lives and give them stability, they would find tools as good as those used by teachers in the past. (Hear, hear). The school had been founded upon the broadest of all foundations. The very first of the rules of the school, passed in 1850, declared that the school existed for children of all denominations, and teachers were enjoined to teach those truths that were held in common by all Christians. (Hear, hear.) It might be difficult to fulfil the latter portion of the rule, but the school from first to last had been carried on in this broad spirit, hence it was that those who had gone out from the school had not belonged to one creed, sect, or political party. (Hear, hear.) The days had changed since the minister could go to what was known as Buckley's Mill, when Mr. Edward Hyde was there, and, getting on the right side of Mr. Hyde, persuade him to stop the mill half an hour sooner, in order that the workpeople might attend a tea party. (Laughter.) Those were, indeed, grand times. He had heard of teachers teaching the young the mysteries of making toffy—(laughter)—and tradition said that one Martha Cheetham even taught on alternate Sundays, at the Old Chapel, and at St. John's Church. (Hear, hear.) They might rejoice in the spirit and breadth of that tradition, and looking back fondly at the past, they might look forward to the future with hope. The same spirit was amongst them to-day that was amongst the gathering held at the jubilee fifty years ago. (Hear, hear.) He

ROBERT BROOK ASPLAND.

was glad to find they had present that night many of the descendants of those who were present then. (Hear, hear.) Amongst those who took part in the jubilee were the Rev. Charles Wicksteed, and they rejoiced to have his son with them—(hear, hear); then they had the Rev. Robert Brook Aspland. They welcomed one of his descendants, Mr. Arthur Brook Aspland, that night, but he made the awkward stipulation that he was not to speak. (Laughter.) They had many other names. One he could not but mention with the utmost reverence, was present at the jubilee, the Rev. J. J. Tayler. (Applause.) Also Dr. Montgomery, Mr. John Brooks, the deeply respected secretary of the school in the jubilee year; the Rev. James Brooks, who came from Gee Cross, and related from his own personal observations of fifty years the changes that had come about in the neighbourhood owing to the establishment of the Sunday School. They all exulted in the present-day prosperity of the Old Chapel Sunday School, and they revered the memory of its noble-hearted pioneers. (Applause.) He (Mr. Tayler) rejoiced with them in this grand history. Many young men had gone out of the school and taken good positions in the world. He had just received a letter from China, written by an old scholar. It was from Mr. James Kerfoot, jun. (Applause.) That letter was not alone. It was his privilege to have letters from time to time from some who had gone out since he had been minister, and he knew the affection of scholars, who left school to go to foreign parts, was as strong as ever. (Hear, hear.) Mr. Tayler concluded by reading Mr. Kerfoot's letter, which was both long and interesting.

Mr. T. H. Gordon observed that he had not intended addressing the meeting, but not knowing that his brother

would be present he did not like the idea that, while there were three sons of the late John Gordon, there should be none of them present. It was first in that school that he had an initiation into the sacred vocation of a Sunday School teacher under the enthusiastic leadership of a lady whose hand he had shaken that night, Margaret Ingham. (Applause.) It was from that platform that he last performed any official duty with regard to the Sunday School; and there were few who felt more deeply grateful to the founders of the school than he did, and with very good reason. It had been to him a home where he had been able to exercise what faculties he had among them all, with all of them striving as hard as they could for the good of others. When, after a very long absence, he returned to Dukinfield, he came with three vows, and one was that he would take no part whatever in either School or Chapel. Fortunately for himself, he was over-persuaded by a lady and gentleman who were close by him—Mr. and Mrs. Vance—to give up that one vow, and join as well as he could in the work of the Sunday School. Through evil days and good days it had been a constant pleasure to be able to be one of them all. There was just one thought that had come to him while looking across that room while the others had been speaking, and that was, how very fully the Sunday School teacher was rewarded. They were apt to complain of how hard their work was—that they had to give up the whole day of rest once a fortnight—and they were apt to think it was a great sacrifice, and no doubt it was; but at that meeting, seeing old friends, they would see and hear of the influence which the school had had over their lives, and all that was reward sufficient for any inconvenience which they might have been called upon to make. And those who were young, whose work in the school

SAMUEL BROADRICK.

was beginning, had only to look back to that meeting of old scholars and old teachers to gain ample encouragement for any annoyance which their work might entail. That the school might long prosper and grow, not only in numbers, but in its truest sense, was his greatest desire. (Applause.)

Mr. E. B. Broadrick moved, and Mr. George Elce seconded, a vote of thanks to the chairman, and it was heartily passed.

The singing of "Auld Lang Syne," which was heartily rendered, the "Evening Hymn," and the pronouncement of the Benediction by Mr. Wicksteed, brought a memorable meeting to a close.

A List of those Persons Present at the Re-union Party who Signed the Roll-call.

Anderson, Nanny,
Andrew, Harry,
Andrew, James,
Andrew, Joseph,
Andrew, John,
Andrew, Mark,
Andrew, Wm.,
Andrew, Mary E.,
Andrew, Edith,
Andrew, John,
Andrew, Sarah,
Armitage, Jane,
Ashton, Olive,
Ashton, Hannah,
Ashton, John,
Ashton, Mrs.,
Ashton, Abraham,
Ashton, Samuel,
Ashton, F. Denby,
Ashton, Mary,
Ashton, Walter,
Ashton, Emily,
Aspland, Arthur Brook,
Atkin, Alfred,
Atkin, William,
Atkin, Edna,
Bagshaw, Martha,
Bancroft, James,
Bancroft, Ellen,
Bancroft, Ann E.,
Bancroft, Ellen,
Bancroft, Elizabeth,
Bancroft, Clara,
Bancroft, Wm. M.,
Bardsley, Frances,
Barlow, Elizabeth Ann,
Barlow, John,
Barlow, Hester A.,
Beaumont, M. Elizabeth,
Beaumont, Frances,
Bennett, Mary,
Bennett, George T.
Bintliff, Mary A.,
Bintliff, Leonard,
Booth, Mrs. Edwin,
Booth, Bertha,
Booth, Wm.,
Borsey, Tom,
Borsey, Hannah,
Bostock, Anetta,
Bowden, Harry,
Bowden, James,
Bowden, Annie,
Bowker, Harriet,
Bowker, Sarah E. S.
Boyes, Wm. G.,
Boyes, Martha Ann,
Bradbury, James,
Bradbury, Mrs.,
Bradbury, Rhoda Ann,
Bradley, Peter,
Bradley, Ellen,
Bradley, Sarah E.,
Bradley, James,
Bradley, Thomas,
Breerton, Sarah,
Broadbent, Joseph,
Broadrick, Edwin B.,
Broadrick, Ellen,
Broadrick, Mary B.,
Broadrick, Sylvia B.,
Broadrick, Ellen A.,
Brooks, Amelia,
Brooks, John Hall,
Brooks, Jane,
Brooks, Sarah E.,
Brooks, Dora,
Brough, Mary,
Brough, Charles
Brown, Isaac,

Buckley, Mary,
Buckley, Lewis,
Buckley, Mary L.,
Buckley, Jane,
Burgess, John,
Burgess, Mary,
Cartlidge, Hannah,
Cartwright Wm.,
Cartwright, Mrs.
Cartwright, Mary,
Cartwright, Joshua,
Cartwright, Agnes,
Caton, Thomas,
Caton, Mrs.,
Caton, George,
Caton, Ann,
Chadwick, Harry B.,
Chadwick, Frederick,
Chadwick, Minerva,
Cheetham James,
Cheetham, Sarah J.,
Cheetham, Edith,
Cheetham, A. A.,
Clayton, Hannah,
Clayton, Samuel,
Clayton, Bertha,
Clough, Samuel,
Clough, Mrs.,
Cook, George T.,
Cooke, Sarah E.,
Cooke, Emily,
Cooke, Sarah J.,
Cooke, Eliza Ann,
Cooper, Alfred,
Cooper, Alice Annie,
Cooper, J. B.,
Cope, Eli,
Cottam, Alice,
Cottam, Annie,
Cottam, Wm. Alfred.,
Cottrell, Joseph,
Cowling, John,
Cowling, Annie,
Cowman, Sarah H.,
Cowsill, Thomas,
Cowsill, Mrs.
Cowsill, James,
Cowsill, Mary,
Crossley, Sarah,
Davies, Harold,
Davies, Sarah C.,
Dawson, Mary,
Dearnley, Mary,
Dickenson, Eliza,
Dimelow, Joseph,
Dimelow, Mrs.,
Elce, Fred,
Elce, Mrs. Fred.,
Elce, Mary E.,
Elce, James,
Elce, George,
Ellison, Emma,
Ellor, M. Ellen,
Fielding, Mrs.,
Fielding, Charles,
Fielding, Mrs. Charles,
Fisher, Martha,
Fletcher, Henry,
Fletcher, Sarah,
France, Dorinda,
France, Ann,
Garside, Mrs.,
Garside, Joshua,
Garside, Ruth,
Gee, Daniel,
Gee, Henry,
Gee, John Franklin,
Gee, Fanny,
Goodwin, Edith,
Goodison, Mrs.,
Gordon, Thomas Hodgetts,
Greenwood, Joseph,
Greenwood, Nellie,
Greenwood, Margaret,
Greenwood, George T.,
Greenwood, Eliza,
Gregory, Hannah,
Hadfield, Edith,
Hague, Henry,
Hagues, Thirza,
Hagues, Eliza,
Hall, Harriet,
Hall, Thomas,
Halliwell, James H.,
Halliwell, Sarah,
Hallwood, Joseph,
Harrison, Walker,
Harrop, James,
Harrop, Anne,
Harrop, Joseph,

Harrop, Edward,
Harrop, Anne Elizabeth,
Harrop, Martha,
Hartley, Amy,
Hartley, Mabel,
Hartley, Ethel,
Harvey, Martha,
Harvey, Mary A.,
Harvey, Ernest Jones,
Haughton, Jane,
Haughton, Eliza,
Heap, Mary,
Heap, John Wm.,
Hibbert, Bertha,
Higginbottom, Clarissa,
Higham, Annie,
Hill, James W.,
Hindle, Mrs.,
Hindle, Mr.,
Hollingworth, Josiah,
Hollingworth, Jane,
Horsfall, Mrs.,
Horsfield, Mrs.,
Horsfield, James,
Hough, Joseph,
Hough, Mr.,
Hough, Mrs.,
Howard, Maria,
Hulme, Harry,
Hulme, William,
Hurst, Mary,
Hurst, M. A.,
Hurst, George A.,
Ingham, Margaret,
Howard, Elizabeth A.,
Jackson, Clara,
Jackson, Mrs.,
Jackson, John,
Jackson, Betty,
Jackson, Mary,
Jackson, Ethel M.,
Jackson, William,
Jackson, Mrs.,
Jackson, James,
Johnson, Alfred,
Johnson, Mrs. J.,
Jones, Joseph,
Jones, M.A.,
Kellett, Sydney,
Kellett, Arthur B.,
Kellett, Sarah,
Kenworthy, James,
Kenworthy, Mrs.,
Kenworthy, Miss,
Kerfoot, James,
Kerfoot, Ann Sarah,
Kerfoot, John Oliver,
Kerfoot, Annie,
Kerfoot, William,
Kerfoot, Anne,
Kerfoot, Sylvia,
Kerfoot, Ralph B.,
King, Clara,
King, George,
King, Mrs.,
King, Harold,
Knight, Samuel,
Lawton, Harriet,
Lee, Harriet,
Leigh, Ellen,
Leigh, William,
Livesey, Mrs.,
Lomas, Margaretta,
Lomas, Sarah,
Lomas, Mrs. T.,
Lomas, Annice,
Lord, Granville,
Loynds, Henry,
Lyne, Ann,
Marsden, Mrs. J.,
Massey, Hannah,
Massey, Sarah Ann,
Matley, Andrew,
Mellor, Joseph,
Mellor, Mrs.,
Midgley, W. W.,
Moore, Mary H.,
Moores, Mary,
Moorhouse, John,
Moorhouse, Ralph,
Moorhouse, Ralph, jun.,
Moorhouse, William,
Moorhouse, Mabel,
Moss, Mary,
Moss, Samuel,
Mottram, David,
Nadin, Mrs. Joseph,
Nadin, Eva,
Newton, Mabel,
Newton, James, Mrs.,

Newton, Tom,
Newton, Wallace,
Newton, Emma,
Newton, Tom,
Newton, Wm.,
Newton, J. Taylor,
Newton, Joe,
North, W. S.,
Nuttall, Mary H.,
Oates, Sarah,
Ogden, Miss,
Ogden, Hannah,
Ogden, Samuel,
Oldham, Mrs.,
Oldham, Mary.,
Oliver, Joseph,
Oliver, Elizabeth,
Oliver, Annie,
Oliver, William,
Ollerenshaw, Hannah Jane,
Ollerenshaw, Septimus,
Parr, Mrs.,
Parrott, Edward,
Parrott, Lucy Hannah,
Peate, Ellen,
Plews, Elizabeth,
Plews, Rachel,
Plews, Jack,
Pollitt, Ellen,
Pollitt, Mrs.,
Pyatt, Elizabeth,
Rees, William,
Richards, Frances,
Richards, John,
Ridyard, Wm.,
Ridyard, Susannah,
Roberts, Jno.,
Roberts, Mrs. Jno.,
Roberts, Jas. O.,
Roberts, Jane A.,
Roberts, James,
Roberts, Mrs. James,
Roberts, Lilian,
Roberts, Mary Ann (Mrs.),
Roberts, Wm. Davies,
Robinson, Mary J.,
Robinson, John S.,
Rothwell, M. Alice,
Rothwell, Geo. Edward,
Rowbottom, Helena,
Rowbottom, Mary J.,
Rowland, Harry,
Sadler, Joshua K.,
Sampson, Robert H.,
Sampson, Sarah E.,
Saxon, Joseph,
Saxon, Charlotte,
Seymour Sarah,
Shakespeare, Josh. E.,
Shakespeare, Mrs.,
Shakespeare, Frederick,
Shaw, Bertha,
Shaw, Mary,
Shaw, William,
Shepherd, Hannah,
Shirley, Sydney,
Shirley, Lizzie,
Shirley, W. H.,
Shirley, Eunice,
Shufflebottom, Elizabeth,
Smith, William,
Smith, Jane,
Smith, John,
Stafford, Florence,
Stafford, Lottie,
Statham, Betty,
Statham, Wm.,
Stone, Wm. B.,
Stone, Lizzie,
Stringer, Mary,
Stringer, Ann,
Swindells, John,
Swindells, Fanny,
Swindells, William.
Swindells, Sarah E.,
Swindells, Emma,
Sykes, Hannah,
Tayler, Jessie,
Taylor, Jane,
Taylor, Mary,
Taylor, Elizabeth,
Taylor, Fanny,
Taylor, George,
Thompson, Ann,
Thornley, Henry,
Timperley, Sarah,
Tinker, William,
Tinker, Anne M.,
Tipping, Mary,
Tipping, Mrs.,

Tonge, Sarah,
Traughton, Mary,
Travis, Eliza,
Vance, Marie,
Wagstaff, Wright,
Wagstaff, Elizabeth A.,
Wainwright, Jno. S.,
Wainwright, Mary,
Wainwright, Nellie,
Walker, Mrs.,
Walker, Mr.,
Walker, James,
Walker, Jack,
Walker, Mary Jane,
Walker, Alfred,
Walker, Mrs. A.,
Walker, Mary Ann,
Walker, Frank,
Walthew, Albert,
Walthew, Annie Hyde,
Ward, Hiram,
Waterhouse, Jacob,
Waterhouse, Mary,
Wharmby, Annie,
Wardle, Sarah,
Whalley, Maria,
Whalley, Bertha,
Whitam, Ann,
Whitam, Alice,
White, Elizabeth,
Whittaker, John,
Whittaker, Mrs. John,
Whittaker, Mary,
Wild, William,
Wilde, James,
Wilde, Elizabeth Hill,
Wilde, Alfred Taylor,
Wilde, William,
Wilde, Joseph,
Wilde, James E.,
Wilde, Hannah,
Wilde, Moses,
Wilde, Harriet,
Wilkinson, Mrs.,
Wilkinson, Samuel,
Wilkinson, Alfred,
Wilson, Jane Ann,
Wilson, Elizabeth,
Wilson, Robert,
Wood, Amy,
Wood, Ann,
Wood, Albert,
Wood, Elizabeth,
Wood, Eliza,
Wood, Emily,
Wood, Hannah P.,
Wright, Albert,
Wrigley, E. H. (Mrs.),
Wroe, Joshua,
Wyatt, Mrs.,
Wycherley, Mary,

MINISTERS (Signatures).

PHILIP H. WICKSTEED, Sydenham in Oxon., Wallingford.
WM. TITTERINGTON, Moravian Minister, Dukinfield.
HUGON S. TAYLER, The Parsonage, Dukinfield.
LAURENCE SCOTT, Great Hucklow and Denton.
JN. PAGE HOPPS, South Croydon, Surrey.
G. HAMILTON VANCE, Ashfield Park, Dublin.
JAMES MAGEE, Old Hall, Dukinfield.
WILLIAM C. HALL, Ashton-under-Lyne.

JOHN PAGE HOPPS.

SUNDAY SERVICES.

Next day, September 30th, the Centenary Services were continued. In the morning the Rev. John Page Hopps occupied the pulpit, and in the evening the Rev. G. Hamilton Vance. In the afternoon the Rev. Philip H. Wicksteed delivered an address.

MORNING SERVICE.

SERMON BY THE REV. JOHN PAGE HOPPS.

For his second lesson Mr. Hopps read the following words:—

THE THREE WAYS.

Upon the journey of my life I came into a place where the road branched out into three ways, and I knew not which to choose. Before me stretched a fair, broad path, whereon were many wayfarers, and I asked of one that was about to tread it, "What path is this?"

He answered with kindling eyes, "It is the path of Art."

"And what lieth at the end thereof for guerdon?"

He answered, "Fame."

Then all my soul was hot within me to follow, but I bethought me of the other paths, and I delayed my choice yet a little while. I turned my eyes upon the road that lay unto the right, and, behold, it was shaded upon either side with fair, green branches. It seemed in sooth, a goodly road

to follow, and many were they that traversed it. I asked of a wayfarer, "What road is this?"

And he answered me, "It is Love's road."

"And what, I pray thee, lieth at the end of it?" I questioned him.

He answered, "Joy."

Then did this road seem unto my enchanted eyes yet more alluring than the first road, and I had already put my foot upon it to follow it, when I remembered me of that other path, and I delayed a moment longer.

Upon this road, the one that lay to the left of me, I cast my eyes. It was a dim and narrow path, leading into the far distance. It was but sparsely travelled, and even of those that set foot upon it, but few kept on their way. For the most part they turned again, and choosing one of the other roads, put the thought of the way that they had tried to follow out of their minds for ever. And of those that did not turn were some that dropped by the way side.

I met a traveller fleeing with his eyes upon the way of Love, and I asked of him, "What road is this?"

And he answered, shudderingly, "It is the path of Duty."

Then I said to him, "What lieth at the end thereof as guerdon?"

And he answered, "The unknown. It is a cold, dim, desert path, and there is no end unto it, save only death."

Then did I turn my back upon the path of Art and the path of Love, and set my face unto the way of Duty, and why I have chosen thus I do not know, but in the watches of the night, when all false values fade away, and good and evil stand forth clearly revealed, my soul approves my choice.—ELIZABETH C. CARDOZO.

SERMON—A SUMMONS TO THE YOUNG.

"I have written unto you who are young, because ye are strong."—1 John ii. 14.

The actual words in the epistle are *young men,* but the distinction is vanishing in the world, and, for our purposes to-day, it must vanish here. Every year, women are taking a greater part in the work of the world—and rightly so; every year they are increasingly concerning themselves with education in the nation's schools, with scholarship, with the guardianship of the poor, with politics, and rightly so; every year they take a greater interest in our dealings with other nations and the weaker races. It is therefore no longer good to say "I have written unto you, young men." So let my revised version stand, "I have written unto you who are young, because ye are strong."

Do you note the pathos in that appeal or reminder? The tradition is that it was written by an old man: so there is something very touching and plaintive in the saying—"I write to you who are young, because ye are strong." What a suggestive phrase that is!—as though the venerable writer had said, "I am old and feeble; my work is nearly done; and I can only sit and look where I fain would go; but ye are strong; and I write to you, to urge you on."

If this be the spirit of the charge, and I think it is, there is much that is charming as well as pathetic in this exhortation. For it is one of the penalties and misfortunes of age, that it is apt to make men nervously conservative—anxious rather to restrain them to urge on, and prone to cry out to the young and the strong to stay where they leave off, and

not to go further on. There are often glorious exceptions; but this, in one form or another, is the rule.

I do not say this by way of blame; for it is quite natural, and, in one sense, desirable, that this should be so. The old man is Nature's own conservative. He has toiled for what he has, and battled for the thing that now is; and it is only natural that he should be content to rest, and that he should look with doubt upon the strong young feet being shod for a day's march further on.

But it is splendid when it is not so—when, like this old apostle, the veteran glories in the strength of those who are to come after him, and appeals to them to use their strength, and to make his place of ending their place of departure. There is something noble and beautiful, something great and wise in this; and in the spirit of the words I desire to speak to you at this time. And as I have referred already to the ground of the apostle's appeal to the young, let us consider that first. "Ye are strong:" that is the reason you are appealed to. "Ye are strong," that is at once the ground of your calling and the substance of your duty.

You are strong in your enthusiasms. Enthusiasm belongs to and becomes youth. It is one of life's forces, and ought not to be either curbed or crushed; and it is a miserable sight to see men ashamed of it or scornful of it. It is a sad sight to see the old hopeless: it is as sad a sight to see the young over-calculating. It is sad to see the fire burnt out; it is even more sad to see the cold and empty places where the fire has never been. It is sad to hope and be disappointed; it is more sad never to hope and dream at all. It is sad to cry out and be answered only by mocking echoes; but it is

far more sad to never lift up the voice at all. Let the nation prepare itself for her burial when her young people grow cynical, and when they learn to laugh at enthusiasm and believe only in pleasure and profit. For, however cunning and calculation may succeed for a time, and succeed, perhaps, in some matters, as long as other things, yet times will come, and duties will arise, and work will need to be done, when only the burning enthusiasm of men's souls will avail—when calculation is baulked, and cunning is powerless, and the light of honour can only be seen by the noble and the good, and the truly great achievement can only be wrought by those who have faith in a cause.

I name enthusiasm as a force, then; and as a source of strength; and on the ground of it appeal to the young.

But again.

You are strong in your capacity for work. The evil days may come when a thousand things that are now an exhilaration will be a burden, when the road of life will be too long, and the rest by the way too short, when it will be a pleasure to leave the plough in the furrow early, and return to the rough fields late, when the old flag will only be handled as something that is heavy, and the old rallying cry be sounded out only as something that requires exertion. But those days are not yet. To the youth who has all the natural forces at his call, and whose forces call him, work is a kind of rest compared with which standing still would be a weary toil. He adds to his day's march and glories in robbing the hours set down for rest. He takes a pride in pouring contempt on inaction. He waves the flag of which he is the bearer as if in scorn of the weight of it; and the battle-cry of his life is rung out as

with untiring clarion tongue. It is a glorious time, but it is a time that endures not. The splendid sun of the youngster's life mounts with hot haste to its meridian, and climbs the heavens with a bound, but the very moment of its brightest glory is the moment of its decline, and at mid-day it dips towards the western hills.

You see, then, what an appropriate, what a forcible, yes, what a pathetic ground of appeal this is—"I write unto you who are young, because ye are strong"—because such as you can do what is needed, because you are part of the strong army of the living God whom He has sent to do the world's work or to fight the battles of righteousness and truth.

But still further.

You are strong in your personal influence. At no period of life is a man so impressible as in youth, but also at no period of life is he so really influential in impressing others. Put a youth, fresh from the pure influences of home, into a strange city among strangers; put him to work and live with a number of other youths whose prevailing characteristics are frivolity, folly, and vice. Do that, and you have set one of God's creatures one of the hardest tasks possible to man. Or if it prove not hard, it will only be because the descent into evil will be so easy and so swift. Thousands of youths go every year from their old homes in the country to the towns to work, to see the tempter face to face. Many an one has gone away with a father's blessing; has gone away with a mother's prayer; but he went to the society of youths like himself, in everything but his simplicity; and these laughed him out of his scruples, made him ashamed of his mother's letters, broke down the barriers of his home-made modesty,

trampled into a hard by-way the good ground in his heart, sown with truest seed, and led him like a sheep to the slaughter. They have done in a month what love and gravity and wisdom could hardly undo in a lifetime. No young person likes to be laughed at; and the laugh of a fool will often spoil the work of the wise. No youth likes to be called a simpleton; and the sneer of the evil-doer will often destroy the influence of a saint.

I tell you who are young that, in this matter, a tremendous responsibility is yours. Not one of you knows what he is doing; all he can know is the character of what he is doing. And that you can know. You can know, you do know whether you are influencing your fellow-pilgrims for good or for evil. You can know, and you do know whether you are laughing simplicity out of its modesty, or scoffing innocence out of its purity. You can know, and you do know whether you are striving as a good soldier of Jesus Christ, or stand a wicked recruit of godliness and sin. You can know, and you do know, whether you have cast in your lot with the friends of human progress and the sons of light, who are ever the sons of God. You can know, and you do know under what banner you stand and on which side you are. O, then, I pray you consider the force of your example, the might of your influence, and admit this ground of appeal. We write unto you, we speak unto you, who are young, because ye are strong.

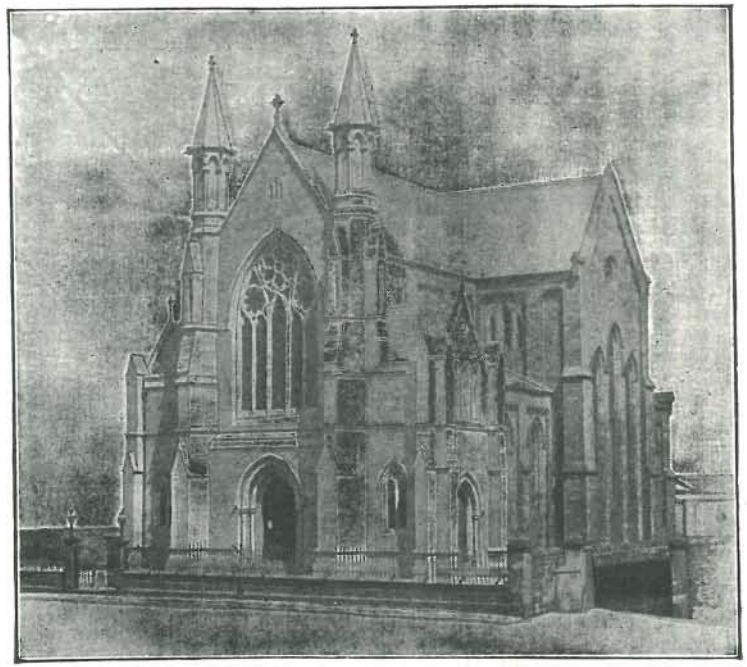
And finally, on this point; *you are strong in your power over the future.* To a great extent, of course, you who are young simply tread the path marked out for you. We inherit certain institutions, customs, and possessions, all of which, to a very large extent, must shape and determine our course.

But, on the other hand, it is not to be doubted that, in a very real sense, the future is in your hands. Who can doubt that the history of the world for the next fifty years will be greatly modified by the views taken, by the enterprises attempted, and by the work done by the men who are now young? To the young, therefore, as strong in their power over the future, we appeal. Here, then, lies your strength—in your enthusiasm, your capacity for work, your personal influence, and your power over the future.

And, now, what do we appeal to the young for? "I write unto you who are young," says the Apostle, "because ye are strong." Strong, what for? What is there to do? What is wanted of you because you are strong?

First,—*The great law of human progress wants something of you.* True, that law will work itself out whether or not, against us if not for us, and in spite of us if not in company with us. But all natural laws work by means; and all laws concerning men work by means of men. And, in one sense, it may even be affirmed that God asks for your help; for His laws do; and what are His laws but Himself in action? And when I used the phrase, "the great law of human progress," I did so deliberately; for the cause of progress is ever the cause of the young. They are nature's natural reformers, and it is an unnatural thing to see the young holding back or obstructing. Indeed, if the young people of any given country become the conservatives of that country, the death-knell of it might as well be rung. It will have set itself against change; and the mighty moving forces of nature, deprived of their natural instruments, would only rot or destroy.

Then, coming to a narrower circle,—*Your country wants you.* There has been and there is much talk of "patriotism"



DUKINFIELD OLD CHAPEL, 1893.

in the air; but it wants watching. Much of it has been as deleterious as it has been vicious. It is a bastard patriotism which means only backing up your side, right or wrong, and backing up your side with the temper and the spirit we have, to our shame, seen so much of here in England. True patriotism should mean a longing to see your country temperate and sweet, just, and beloved by all. What we have and what we are as a nation, we have and we are because of what our fathers did. They toiled and we inherit; they struggled and we possess; they built and we enjoy. And our task is to keep what is committed to our trust, and to perfect what is in our keeping. We must see to it that no ground is lost; that we, in nothing, go back; that freedom broadens and not narrows, and that the noblest characteristics of this united British people are preserved. We come in the great line of march of many heroic souls; we see, in the way, the footprints of martyrs, patriots, and saints, who call to us to press onward, because we are strong; and it will be to our shame if we hear not or disobey.

Then, once more, to still further narrow the circle,—*Your own locality wants you.* And I include this because I desire to speak out against the dangerous course of leaving public affairs in the hands of any who will snatch at them. It is too much the custom to call a person meddlesome or ambitious, if he takes an active part in public affairs. This would not be the case if all did their duty; for, then, what now looks singular and self-assertive would only be the common action of all. I say to the young who hear me now—heed none of the arguments of ease and pleasure, care for none of the suspicions of the envious or the petty sneers of the frivolous; go you down to the war; it is your place; go you and face the work;

it is your duty. Of course you will not have it all your own way there. Of course you will have to give and take blows. Of course you will not live an easy life, and be as peaceful as he who stays at home. But you will have done your share in the world's work, you will have done your duty; and, perchance, in the end, you will have contributed to the triumph of a great cause. In every town there is plenty of public work for the young; and there will be more of it by-and-bye. Let us all be ready to take our side, and to know our leader when he comes. Then, when we gird ourselves up for earnest thought and earnest work, the curse of frivolity, and indolence, and vice, will disappear; and wisdom and knowledge will be the stability of our time and the strength of our salvation.

And now, to narrow the circle to a point,—*Your own life wants you.* Everyone of us has a personality to perfect, a character to complete. With what force, then, the appeal may be driven home—"I write unto you who are young because ye are strong!" You are strong to fight the battle of life, you are strong to resist temptation, you are strong to form habits, you are strong to say yes and no. To you, then, on your own behalf, I appeal. O, beware of that insidious lie which would persuade you that you are the creatures of necessity. You are not. You have a mighty power of will. You can defy duty, you can resist the devil, you can say no to God. I know not how the Almighty God could give such power to a creature; but because He is Almighty He could do it; and He has done it. And you have it. Let not sin cheat you out of it, leaving you with a strangled conscience and a helpless will. Rise up to the grandeur of your own nature, the glory of your own life; and resolve that because you are strong

you will set yourself the sublime task of conquering the evil forces of your nature, and seating upon the throne of your inner being the king whose right it is to reign.

And now, speaking in this much-loved place, how can I refrain from saying that there is something else that wants you, because you are strong? Our great faith wants you, our great work wants you. And, to none do we turn with such hope, ay! and with such confidence as to those I am addressing at this time. For, whether our ideas of God and man and duty be false or true, one thing is certain—they are the ideas that are the outcome of, and that, in the deepest sense, are in sympathy with, the newest spirit of the time. And who so likely and who so fit to be in sympathy with these ideas as the new pilgrims on the road? The men of a past generation are often beyond our reach. The spirit of a past time enfolds them, and the habits of a life restrain them. Hence we find that, in our own day, the old story of the children of Israel in the desert is repeated in the experience of modern men. Forty years in the desert we have to wander, till the men of a past age are changed for men who never knew the House of Bondage, and who will be able to go in and possess the Promised Land. For men are even now wandering about in the theological desert, a dry and barren journey, with only the thunders and lightnings of Sinai to keep them company. But the Promised Land is before us. The long forty years of pilgrimage are almost over; and some of us will see the beautiful Canaan of our aspiration and our hope. Why, it is in sight already; and gloomy Sinai is behind. Almost without knowing it, men have drifted away from the ideas of the old churches; and God is becoming to them a glorious and not an angry God, a generous and not an exacting God,

a merciful and not a cruel God, a pitiful Father and not a jealous King. And who so fit to understand this, and to press on to the good land, and to enter into the spirit of the great enterprise before us, as the young people of our time? It is they who look forward and not backward; and on them is poured out the spirit of the days to be.

I appeal to you then; and for this reason—that you are strong: for strength will be needed in entering into the promised land; strength of will, to make the resolve and keep it; strength of endurance, to press on in spite of opposition that will never cease, till the desert is left utterly behind; strength of enthusiasm, to sweep on the lingerers with the advancing host.

Full well I know that the good land of which I speak will be possessed not only by the church we love; for we are but one detachment of the great army, and we only expect to go into Canaan with the rest. But we are going naturally and cheerfully, where so many are going with amazement, confusion, and dismay. And it is all for you. You are not bound, as so many of the old men are, with prejudices and almost invincible habits. You glory in your freedom, and revel perhaps in the force of your will. O come! consecrate your freedom, and dedicate the splendid forces of your youth to the cause of progress and to the conquest of our true holy land! Refuse to go on wandering in the desert. Come into the bright light of to-day; breathe the fresh air of to-day; look with the open eyes of to-day; be guided by the inspirations of to-day. And all this you can do without irreverence or contempt for the past. I summon you to no revolt against the fathers. You can honour them, without building your temple by the side of their sepulchre. You can venerate

their memories without wearing their chains. You can bless them for their work, without refusing to stir beyond the point at which they left it. Nay! if you desire to honour the men of the past you can do it only by using their accumulations as the materials for making fresh gains; you can do it only by making the place where they ended, the point of your departure. Let us honour the fathers by using their gains for greater winnings: let us venerate them by surpassing them: let us bless them by completing the work they loved—the work they left for us to do. Then, when these bright young days are past, and the grey mists of age creep over you in life's evening, it will be pleasant for you to sit down and feel that when you had strength, you gave it unsparingly to the brotherhood, your country, and your God.

AFTERNOON SERVICE.

The Rev. P. H. WICKSTEED's sermon was delivered without notes. It was based on the ecclesiastical distinction between the "Moral Virtues"—Prudence, Justice, Courage, and Temperance, and the "Theological Virtues"—Faith, Hope, and Love.

He found the glory of the school in the measure of its success in confirming and guiding, generation after generation, the sterling qualities requisite for efficiency and steadiness in every walk of life, and the spiritual graces which must always be rare, but which had animated all those whose names were cherished with grateful affection in the School, and had exerted some elevating influence on all who had passed through it.

EVENING SERVICE.

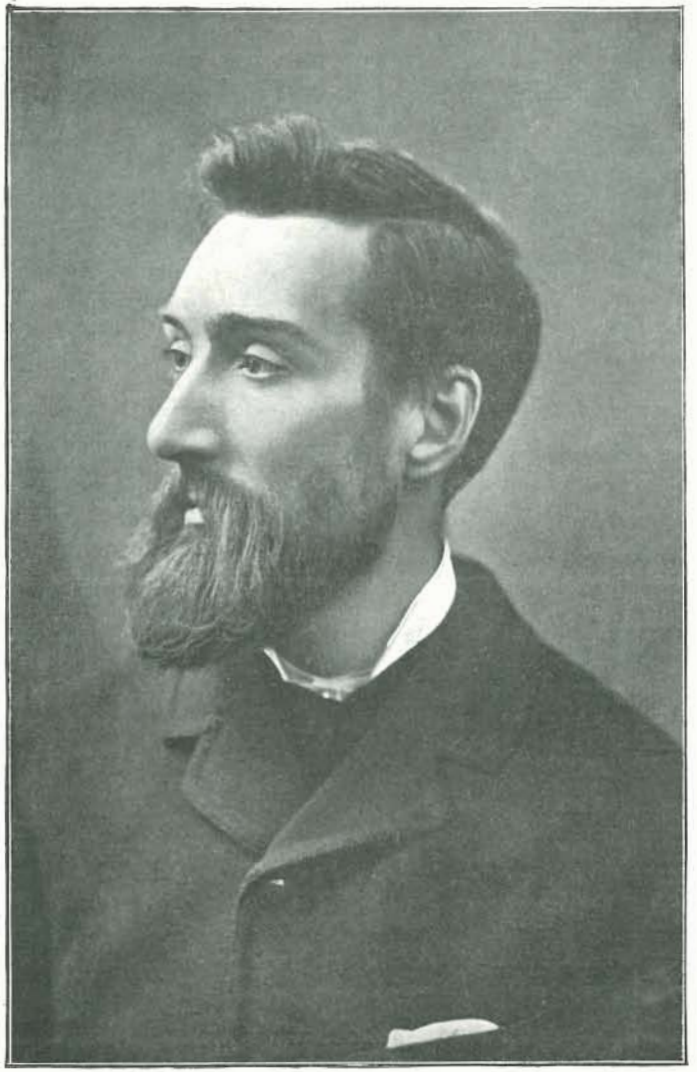
SERMON BY THE REV. GEORGE HAMILTON VANCE, B.D.

"I will show thee my faith by my works."—James ii. 18.

These are the words of an Apostle; but they convey a sentiment which certainly was that of the Master also. No teaching on the part of Jesus Christ is more clear than the necessity of showing forth in act and deed the spirit of love which resides within. Christ teaches this in direct words; He teaches it by parable; He teaches it by the action of a lifetime. "Why call ye Me Lord, Lord, and do not the things which I say?" "This do," he says in another place, "this *do*, and thou shalt live." And who does not remember the parable universally known as the Parable of the Good Samaritan? Not because Christ anywhere calls the Samaritan good, but because the instinct of mankind in reading the story has clearly seen that the character of the man was to be gathered from the actions which he performed, and by an unconscious but universal assent has christened him the *Good* Samaritan.

It is sometimes said—we see it stated occasionally by Secularist and Agnostic speakers—people who stand confessedly outside of Christianity, and view it only as a man on the road views some beautiful domain; that is from without, from behind a hedge, as it were, which intercepts the best part of his view;—it is sometimes said that Christianity is a worn-out system, that its day is past, and that it must give place to something which shall be more in accordance with modern ideas and modern knowledge.

How far this impeachment may be true of Christianity as a system of doctrine, as expressed, that is to say, in the dogmas



GEORGE HAMILTON VANCE.

and creeds of the Churches, let us not stop now to inquire; there is probably a good deal of truth in it from that point of view; and many signs seem to point to the conclusion that the elaborate scheme which some people seem to regard as synonymous with Christianity, embracing doctrines of Plenary Inspiration, the Trinity, the Atonement, Predestination, Original Sin, and the Eternal Fires of Hell, will have to give place before very long in the minds of most thinking people to something which shall not be so hopelessly out of harmony with the spirit of modern thought and the drift of modern aspiration and endeavour.

But if by Christianity we mean, not these artificial dogmas, which the ingenuity of men has made gradually to crystallise around the historic basis of Christ's teaching, but the actual teachings of our Lord himself; if by Christianity we mean the broad principles of love to God, and love to man, then it requires but a brief consideration by every candid mind to show that the impeachment must fail entirely, and that Christianity, in its essential spirit, was never more active, never more widespread—nay, was never so powerful, never so universal as it is to-day; and that so far from being worn out or done for we see its working to-day in a variety of forms, never hitherto availed of. Indeed, if sympathy with all forms of suffering and earnest effort to alleviate misery, to impart knowledge, to increase comfort, and to serve humanity, are evidences of the Christian spirit; are, so to speak, essential elements in Christianity defined in this way as being the simple teaching of Christ, apart from dogma—and who will deny it?—then, I say, it is evident to all that we are passing through a cycle of experience in which Christianity is one of the principal, and most active, most real factors.

For there has been going on in our day, is going on now, an enormous development in men's feelings of sympathy, in the desire to right wrongs, to diminish injustice, to alleviate suffering, to place within the reach of those less fortunate some of the good things of this life, so that they too may taste in more ample measure the sweets of existence which the Heavenly Father spreads out for his children in such ample profusion. And these heightened feelings, these desires for the good of others as well as ourselves, are increasingly taking shape in active efforts towards their end. It may be that in no Christian age has this spirit been wholly absent, or that in certain directions it has failed to accomplish a large amount of good, but never in so large a measure as to-day. And we have but to name some of the methods which this same spirit of sympathy adopts of carrying out its ends—the Parks and Free Spaces in large towns, thrown open to the public; the People's Palaces and Public Libraries, established in the very centre of low neighbourhoods for the uplifting of education and rational recreation of those who get so few chances of rising up out of the slums in which they were born; the cheap evening classes, established now so largely, where youths so wishing may carry on their education at a mere nominal charge; the banding together of men into societies for the prevention of cruelty, and countless other benevolent purposes, to say nothing of the thought, the anxiety, the labour which are expended in all directions by public-spirited and philanthropic men, to promote the mitigation of those mightier evils which grow and fatten so outrageously upon the body of every great civilisation—I say we have only to consider these things to see clearly how firm a hold upon the general conscience of the world this first principle of real Christianity,

sympathy with suffering and desire to mitigate pain, and lessen evil in every shape, has now gained; and how little real ground there is for asserting that Christianity as distinguished from the dogmas of the Churches, has become a thing of the past. Rather say that the future wholly belongs to Christianity.

The truth is that the spirit of Christ in this world has a perennial life and an undying force, and in each age it assumes a shape and a body adapted for the particular work in the education of humanity which lies before it at that time. There is One Spirit, but there are diversities of gifts. In our age, as I have said, the most prominent shape which the Spirit of Christ has assumed among ourselves is this upon which I have been dwelling, sympathy with suffering, the desire to correct injustice, to raise the conditions of living for those who are not so fortunately placed as ourselves. We live in a sort of atmosphere of fellow-feeling. If on our way from Jericho to Jerusalem we meet with a wounded man lying by the wayside—a man who has had a mischance, who has not as we have, so far, escaped the robbers who beset that road—well, we do not for a moment think of continuing our way unheeding, of "passing by on the other side"; no one is there, or very few, who does not cross over and examine into his case, and we are not satisfied with ourselves unless we do something for him. "The love of Christ constraineth us," that is, the love which Christ taught us. For there was nothing corresponding to this great efflux of sypathetic feeling before Christ.

Now, while we thus acknowledge the potency of the influence of Christ in this way, a word of warning here may not be out of place; for it cannot be said that feelings which are unchecked and uncontrolled, even though they be feelings of sympathy,

are always the best of guides, or that we are always wise in following implicitly whither they lead. Far from it! And it is, I think, undeniable that there is in the world to-day a good deal of what must be called maudlin sentiment, mere sentimental sympathy, sympathy which is uncontrolled by reason, and which has no groundwork, so to speak, in truth and righteousness; sympathy which, while assuming the cloak of professed hatred of injustice, itself commits injustice in other ways. When a beggar comes to your door and tells a tale of want and woe, rousing thereby feelings of pity for his suffering, it is very easy to assuage those feelings by a gift; but it does not follow that the whole of your Christian duty is then done; nay, it may be that your action, from want of due inquiry into the truth of what is stated, may really lead to greater harm being done, injustice to others, and a deeper injury to the man himself. So, if a man or a people come and say they are oppressed, defrauded of their natural rights, or dispossessed of what had been theirs, it may or may not be a Christian duty to give heed to the tale, and follow the promptings of pity, which bid you insist upon a more lenient treatment or a restoration of those rights; for there may be another side to the story, which reason would recognise as altering the bearing of it upon your conduct.

And therefore it is that I say it behoves us to discriminate, not to allow ourselves to be carried away by any rush of mere feeling, whether or no it bear the name of Christian sympathy or Christian charity. Christian feeling should have a basis and a ground in reason, no less than Christian doctrine; and we may rest assured that nothing of that flabby sentimentality so common in our day, and which is the product partly of a morbid conscience and partly of defective will power, would

have the sanction, if it could be submitted to Him, of the calm judgment of Jesus Christ.

But however this may be, it seems to me beyond question that at the end of this 19th century it is the Apostle James, with his doctrine of showing faith by means of works, who has the chief place of honour in the world. His is the criterion of which a man is judged worthy or not to-day. Not so much what does he believe, as what does he do. Look around, and on every hand you see that men's consciences are exercised, not by their creeds but by their deeds. The effort everywhere is to do men good, to throw open practical advantages—in a word, to serve humanity.

It is the Spirit of the Age! That mighty Spirit which is indeed the Spirit of God, marching ever onward with majestic step through and above the petty aims of man, towering above and beyond the jealousies of individual men, the rivalries of nations, the struggles culminating in war and awful bloodshed, and the overthrow of peoples—that Spirit whose tendency is ever onward towards righteousness and beauty, and which, with overmastering will, controls the outcome of all individual effort to its own perfect ends.

The Spirit of the Age, as it marches majestically onward, is pointing men with no mistaken sign back to the simple Gospel truth of Christ, and we hear to-day with no uncertain sound the words: I am hungry, give me meat; I am thirsty, give me to drink; I am a stranger, take me in; naked, clothe ye me; sick and in prison, visit and comfort me. There is a return to the old answer which Christ made to the messengers of John the Baptist: "Go and show John again those things which ye do hear and see. The blind receive their sight,

and the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, and the deaf hear; the dead are raised up, and the poor have the Gospel preached to them."

This is the state of things at the end of the century. How was it at the beginning?

During these Centenary Celebrations our thoughts are inevitably carried back to a hundred years ago, and we are led to compare things now with things as they were then, to contrast the several ideals which men put before them respectively then and now, the efforts they made with what we make, the things which they and we respectively regard as of highest importance and most worth striving for.

Now, I say, that a hundred years ago we might look in vain for any wide-spread or general appreciation of those ideals of conduct which hold sway to-day. Soundness of creed was the predominant ideal then. Public opinion required that a man should believe this and condemn that. St. Paul, with his doctrine of faith before all things, rather than St. James with his doctrine of works as evincing faith, was the Apostle most in favour. Little latitude of belief was allowed. If a man associated himself with any body of religious people he was expected to believe as they did, to make the same professions, to go beyond the general creed neither in this direction nor in that; and if he did he was quickly shown that his society there was not welcome. Here and there, of course, we find those who advocated zeal in good works rather than zeal for right belief; but the prevailing ideal in the Church might not improbably be summed up in that refrain of the revivalist common in the middle of the century, "Doing is a deadly thing; doing ends in death."

Where at that time were to be found the People's Palaces in the East End of London, the Art Galleries, the halls for refined and elevating music, the exhibits of the world's productions brought into the very midst of the slums and dens of a hard-worked and over-crowded population? Where were the Acts regulating the employment of women and children, supervising the conditions under which all labour must be undertaken, so that the worker might have the benefit of all acquired knowledge of the laws of health? Where were the Sunday Schools then? Where were the Village Libraries? Nay, where, and of what kind, were the week-day schools for the children of the poor? All these things and countless others of a like nature, of which to-day we so richly reap the benefit, have sprung into existence in obedience to the public opinion whose ideal they have become. But a hundred years ago they were not, except the beginnings of them here and there.

Now we are celebrating the Centenary of the Old Chapel Sunday School. Thoughtful people during these days must often have asked themselves the question: Why should we celebrate this centenary; what is there in the passing of a hundred years that should make us go out of our usual way as we have done? Well, I think the answer to that question is this: The establishment of the Old Chapel Sunday School a hundred years ago was like the cry of John the Baptist. "Prepare ye the way of the Lord; make straight in the desert a highway for our God." It was a forerunner of that mighty wave of sympathy, of fellow feeling and zeal for the good works which crowd benefits and blessings into the lap of those who are born into the world without privilege; that mighty wave on the crest of which we to-day, at the beginning of another

century, are riding—riding on into who shall say what realms of diffused and widespread fellow feeling and universal brotherhood. A hundred years ago the then minister of this Old Chapel, together with the men of that time who spiritually, if not lineally, were the ancestors of the men and women of a later generation, many of whom we ourselves have known as pioneers of good work in the neighbourhood, had the foresight to see whither the Spirit of the Age was tending. They had faith to believe that the Lord would by-and-bye pass along a certain way, and they determined to prepare that way. It was all as yet a desert land; no popular approval cheered them; they were doing what was unexpected and novel—revolutionary, mischief making, I doubt not, many persons thought it. What business had these street urchins to be educated? To know how to read and write would only make them disrespectful to their betters! But no; those noble pioneer workers of the Old Chapel had faith. They would make straight in the desert a highway, for they believed that God had fore-ordained that way for himself to pass along during the coming century.

And they were right! We, to-day, read their action in the light of history, and we know that what yesterday was done by them all the world to-day is doing; and that if there is any indication of God's will in the prevailing Spirit of the Age, those men were among the first to forecast what God's will was to be.

The Old Chapel stood then as it stands to-day, in the van, leading. As from a physical point of view it is a Chapel set on a hill, which cannot be hid, but is seen from all the surrounding country for miles around, so, from a spiritual standpoint, it was in the past, and I trust it may ever continue

to be, like a mighty sign post, pointing out the right way, the way to heaven, and the way which, by-and-bye, men will come to recognise to be the right way and the way of heaven.

Here, then, is the reason why this centenary is worthy of our celebration. The men of that day saw that there is little virtue in creeds, apart from deeds; they began to suspect that the Apostle James was right, and that "Faith, if it have not works is dead, being alone." Holding fast to the simple words and the plain teachings of Christ, they repudiated the dogmas and the Articles of the Orthodox Creeds, and determined that they would instead follow the Light that shone in their own hearts, and show forth their faith by their works.

But it was pioneer work then, uphill work, tentative work. There was little or no encouragement from outside, people were not looking for such efforts; such efforts were out of tune with most of the thought of the time, in advance of the general thought. It is easy to swim with the stream; but at that time there was no stream, or at best it was but sluggish—nay, sometimes the current was in the opposite direction. But those men had faith beyond what they could see; they trusted the impulses of their own hearts, and so they founded the School, and they gathered in the children, and they gave their time, their thought, their energies, to a new kind of self-denying labour, which we to-day, a hundred years later, fully recognise to be the kind of labour which has God's special sanction and is well-pleasing in his sight.

Now, there is always a moral and a lesson to be drawn from the consideration of every subject.

In doing what they did the founders of the Old Chapel Sunday School were simply going back to the Gospel of Christ.

They said: We have wandered away far enough in the realms of theological theorising, and philosophical fancy. If there was anything new in what they did it was not in the principle, only in the method. Long ago Christ had taught the principle. It is there in His own words, all wrapped up in that Love to God and Love to man which were the first and last of His commandments. But the new thing, the heresy, was in presuming to leave the well-trodden orthodox ways which all their neighbours walked in, and go back to the words of Christ for fresh light and for new inspiration.

That, let me say in conclusion, is always a commendable heresy. The words of Christ are a mine inexhaustible, whence every scribe instructed unto the Kingdom of God can bring forth treasure both new and old. You may have confidence in the Church or in the teachers, who themselves have confidence in and for ever recur to the words of Christ. You may be sure that those words will lead you not far out of that way in which the Spirit of God proceeds ever towards His perfect ends. That way is not ever a straight, undeviating way. God changes his methods. While in the century that is passing we have seen how He has given a vast development to the sympathy and brotherhood, there may come a time—it may not be so far distant now—when the feelings of pity, sympathy, and brotherly love shall become degenerate in the human breast, spurious, sentimental, flabby (there are signs of that to-day), and when, therefore, God shall choose to bring about a vast enlargement of some other phase of universal righteousness.

Let us be on the watch for that, so that we, too, in our day may prepare the way of the Lord, and make straight in the desert a highway for our God.

Our Centenary.*

A hundred years! Is it, indeed, so long?
A century! since loving hearts did found
This edifice, and in deep sympathy
And humble fashion here did gather round
The little ones, who then scarce knew Christ's name,
And spoke to them of His dear life and love.
Then unto older ones, oft sad and lone,
Opened the gates of knowledge—golden gates,
Which lead to temples fair and heights sublime,
Whence may be viewed Creation's wondrous works,
Leading "from Nature up to Nature's God."
Ah! small beginnings oft have glorious ends,
And small the seed whence comes the noble tree,
Whose spreading branches reach so far and wide,
Bearing the fruit which nourishes great souls
In regions far away, east, west, north, south,
In continents far distant, old and new.
God bless the mem'ry of those faithful ones,
And grant that we, who have this heritage,
May grow more worthy, rev'rent, faithful, true,
In life as pure, in deed noble as they.

* Written for the occasion by one of our Sunday School teachers.

DIRECTOR.

SAMUEL BROADRICK,
1840-2, 1847-63.

DIRECTORS.

ALFRED BENNETT,
1840-45.

DANIEL HOWORTH,
1840-42.

WILLIAM PITT,
1857-8, 1863-5.

HENRY THOMAS DARNTON,
1857-58.

DIRECTOR.

WILLIAM MARSHALL,
1851-7.

DIRECTORS.

JOHN JACKSON,
1858-63.

SAMUEL MOSS,
1858-9.

ALFRED HARROP,
1859-63.

DIRECTORS.

JAMES KERFOOT,
1863-78.

JAMES WHITTAKER,
1863-65, 1866-71, 1873-78.

JONATHAN RADCLIFFE,
1865-66.

WILLIAM SMITH,
1866-73.

DIRECTORS.

WILLIAM WHITWORTH,
1867-71.

JOSHUA CARTWRIGHT,
1871-3.

JOHN RICHARDS,
1874-78.

DIRECTORS.

GEORGE FARRAND,
1878-80.

MOSES WILDE,
1879-82, 1885-89.

EDWIN BENNETT BROADRICK,
1880-85, 1891-95.

AARON ALFRED CHEETHAM,
1880-83.

DIRECTORS.

JOHN HALL BROOKS,
1882-92.

THOMAS HODGETTS GORDON,
1892-94, 1895-98.

GEORGE ANDREW HURST,
1889-93.

JAMES BANCROFT,
1893-96.

DIRECTORS AND SECRETARY, 1900,

With Year of Appointment.

HARRY ANDREW,
1895.

THOMAS BRADLEY,
1896.

JAMES ROBERTS,
1898.

ALFRED COOPER,
Secretary, 1895.
Secretary to Centenary Committee.

SUNDAY SCHOOL OFFICERS.

DIRECTORS.

Hugon S. Tayler,
Harry Andrew,
Thomas Bradley,
James Roberts.

SUNDAY SCHOOL COMMITTEE.

From the Chapel—
James Bancroft,
Lewis Buckley,
John Stafford,
William Shaw.

From the School—
William M. Bancroft,
Thomas H. Brown,
Harry B. Chadwick,
Ernest J. Harvey,
Joseph Wilde.

TREASURER.
William Smith.

SECRETARY.
Alfred Cooper.

LIST OF TEACHERS.

Mary Jane Andrew,
Clara Bancroft,
Hannah Bancroft,
Amy Beeley,
Annes Bradley,
Alice Broadrick,
Mary B. Broadrick,
Ellen Broadrick,
Sarah Ellen Brooks,
Minerva Chadwick,
Betty Cheetham,
Martha A. Cheetham,
Eliza Ann Cook,
Emily Cook,
Sarah Jane Cook,
Alice Cooling,
Rebecca Davies,
Effie Fielding,
Jane Garside,
Anne Elizabeth Harrop,
Bertha Hibbert,
Louisa Hirst,
Clara Lawton,
Mabel Newton,
Lilian Roberts,
Sarah Sampson,
Annie Gertrude Smith,
Betsy Statham,
Emma Swindells,
Lizzie Whittaker,
Mary E. Worrall,
Lily Wroe.

Herbert Andrew,	Ralph Broadrick Kerfoot,
Frederick Denby Ashton,	William Leigh,
Henry Ashton,	Albert Lilley,
Edwin Bennett Broadrick,	James Whaley Livesey,
Thomas Henry Brown,	John Richards,
George Caton,	James Oliver Roberts,
Percy Davies,	William Davies Roberts,
Ernest Jones Harvey,	William Sampson,
Harry Hill,	Joseph Shaw,
James William Hill,	John Smith,
Edward Kerfoot,	William Kerfoot Smith,

Joseph Wilde.

SCHOLARS' LIBRARIANS.

Henry Gee, Thomas Ernest Coupe.

TEACHERS' TREASURER. TEACHERS' SECRETARY.

John Hall Brooks. William M. Bancroft.

PENNY BANK.

Secretary: Ed. Roberts. Treasurer: Wm. Smith.

BURIAL SOCIETY.

Secretary: Jno. Kenworthy. Treasurer: Sydney Hyde.

SINGING CLASS.

President: T. Bradley. Secretary: T. Jones.

DRAMATIC SOCIETY.

President: Hy. Andrew. Secretary: E. K. Smith.

GYMNASTIC CLASS.

President: T. Bradley. Secretary: A. B. Kellett.

FRETWORK CLASS.

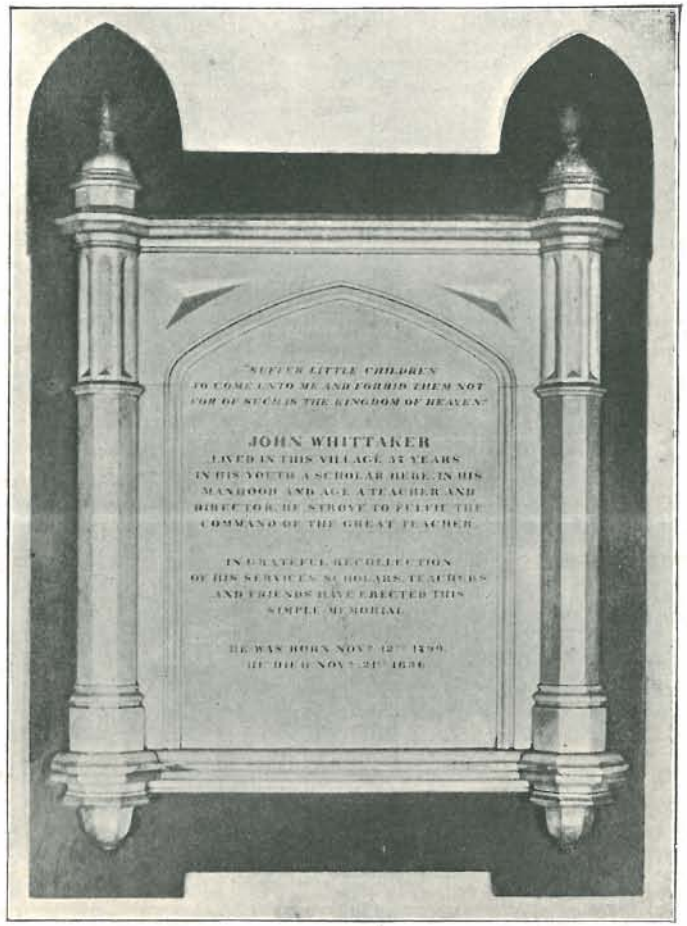
Teacher: James Hill.

CHRISTIAN GUILD.

Secretary: George Caton.

LITERARY SOCIETY.

Secretary: R. B. Kerfoot.



JOHN WHITTAKER'S MONUMENT.

SAMPLERS.

The following are the inscriptions and names taken from the two old samplers now hanging on the school walls:—

I.

"The plan of the Dukinfield Sunday School, built by subscription in 1810, under the inspection of the Rev. James Hawkes (the founder of the School), Mr. Wm. Hampson, and Mr. Robert Lees.

SUPERINTENDENTS.

George Woolley, John Cheetham.

TEACHERS.

Mary Oliver,
Mary Newton,
Betty Godley,
Betty Oliver,
Martha Reece,
Jane Mottram,
Sylvia Bennett,
Lucretia Bennett,
Esther Harrop,
Ann Atkin,
Olive Leigh,
Alice Nuttall,
Ann Nuttall,
Elizabeth Harrop,
Betty Reece,
Mary Gee,
Sarah Bowman,
Mary Ann Reece,
Jane Whittaker,
Samuel Newton,
John Whittaker,
George Harrop,
James Hall,
John Oliver,
John Leigh,
Edwin Harrop,
Frank Parkinson,
Samuel Broadrick,
John Faulkner,
George Leigh,
Samuel Leigh,
Edwin Oliver,
Uriah Harrop,
Thomas Marsland,

George Andrew,
Daniel Marsland,
James Newton,
Thomas Norton,
Thomas Cheetham,
Joseph Newton,
Edward Kerfoot,
William Kerfoot,
Charles Whittaker,
Charles Harrop,
James Oliver,
Thomas Brown.

The Rev. John Gaskell, present minister. This was worked by the female teachers in the year of our Lord, 1827."

II.

"The plan of the Dukinfield Sunday School, built by subscription in 1810, under the inspection of the Rev. James Hawkes (the founder of the School), Mr. Wm. Hampson, and Mr. Robert Lees.

"Lord, let this glorious work
Be crowned with large success,
May thousands yet unborn
This institution bless,
To Thee their best affections raise,
To whom alone belongs the praise."

SUPERINTENDENTS.

John Whittaker,
Samuel Broadrick,
Alfred Bennett,
George Harrop.

TEACHERS.

Jane Rowland,
Mary Newton,
Winifred Norton,
Jane Newton,
Mary Harrop,
Nancy Gee,
Nanny Woolley,
Jane Marsland,
Mary Whittaker,
Harriet Rowland,
Mary Ann Oliver,
Sarah Hurst,
Sarah Faulkner,
Elizabeth Harrop,

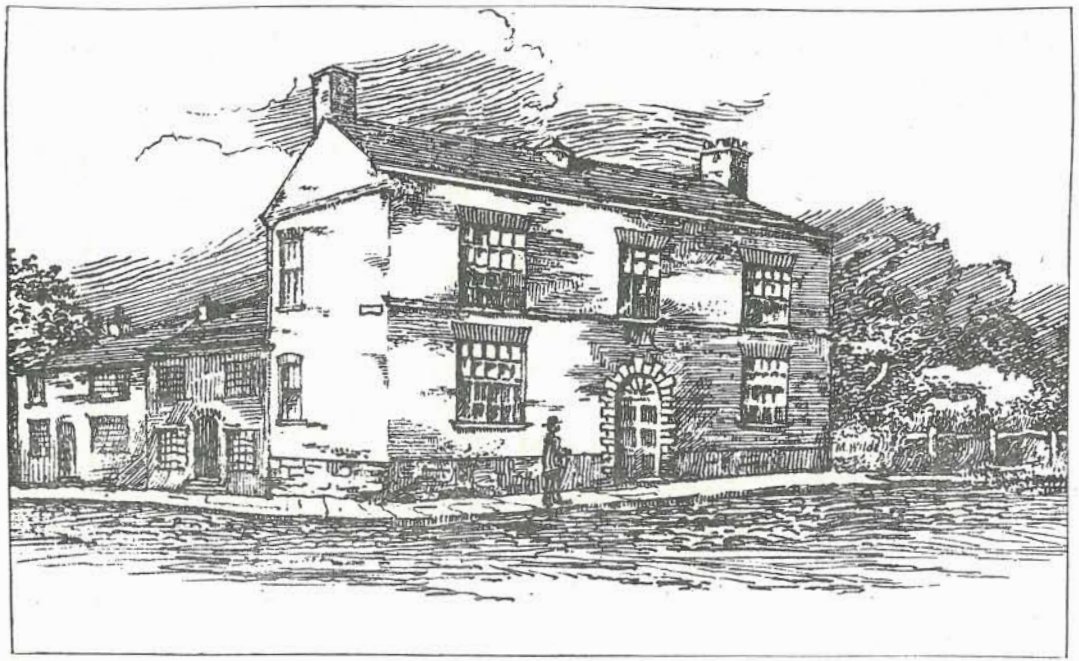
Sarah Matley,
Mary Stanley,
Betty Stanley,
Elizabeth Norton,
Betty Ashton,
Hannah Stanley,
Mary Ashton,
Nancy Bennett,
Ellindia Harrop,
Esther Stansfield,
Hannah Hippenstall,
Martha Horbury,
Grace Hume,
Phœba Ann Dawson,
Jemima Sidebottom,
Sarah Hurst,
Nancy Garside,
Betty Swindells,
Ann Oldham,
John Faulkner,
Edwin Oliver,
Edward Chadwick,
James Brooks,
Wright Rowland,
Thomas Marsland,
Robert Hague,
James Wood,
Henry Hinchliff,
Samuel Oliver,
Allen Harrop,
William Lilley,
Thomas Bennett,
James Harrop,
Robert Gee,
George Newton,
Richard Wood,
Paul Sewel,
John Broadrick,
Joseph Beaumont,
Samuel Moss,
Hiram Lockwood,
Edward Smith,
Lister Ives,
David Castle,
Samuel Newton,
John Pitt,
Thomas Oliver,
John Meadowcroft,
Elijah Thornley,
Joel Bradley,
Thomas Bowden,
Edward Siddall,
Charles Rowland,
Daniel Gee,
Henry Shaw,
Samuel Livsey.

The Rev. R. Brook Aspland, present minister. This was worked by the female teachers in the year of our Lord, 1839."

Important Dates, 1800-1900.

Dukinfield Sunday School commenced by James Hawkes, August 10th	1800
First Charity Sermon by Thomas Barnes, D.D., August 24th	1800
First School Building erected	1810
Scholars presented James Hawkes with silver cream jug, July 14th	1813
The Toleration Act extended to Unitarians	1813
The School Building enlarged	1820
First grant of public money for Elementary Education	1833
The Village Library founded by Samuel Robinson	1833
Penny Postage established, January 10th	1840
Present Chapel built; opened August 26th	1840
Dissenters' Chapels Act	1844
James Hawkes died at Nantwich, May 19th	1846
Celebration of the Sunday School Jubilee	1850
Elementary Education Act passed	1870
Commencement of the Day School	1870
Grand Bazaar for the School, May 16th	1881
Opening of new School Building, May 20th	1882
Celebration of Jubilee of present Chapel, June 18th	1890
West end of Chapel completed and Chapel re-opened, June 14th	1893
Re-union of former Scholars and Teachers, January 27th	1894
Grand Bazaar for Chapel alterations opened by Miss Astley, February 27th	1896
Fancy Fair and Sale of Work for School, March 4th	1898
Dr. James Martineau, born 1805; died, January 11th	1900
Celebration of Sunday School Centenary, September 22nd, 23rd, 29th, and 30th	1900

On the day of the Centenary Celebration the number of scholars on the books was 541. At the time of going to press (March, 1901) the number had increased to 617, being the largest number of scholars in the history of the school.



DUKINFIELD SUNDAY SCHOOL, 1810.

ANN PARKINSON'S LETTER.

The following communication appears in the *Christian Reformer*, 1819, pp. 324-9. The authoress of the address, Mrs. Parkinson, whose maiden name was Ann Potter, was the mother of Rev. William Parkinson:—

BENEFICIAL EFFECTS OF A SUNDAY SCHOOL AT DUCKENFIELD.

SIR,

The following address was written by a member of the Duckenfield congregation, whose children had all been educated in the Sunday School. The affecting proofs which it exhibits of the utility of those institutions, when rightly conducted, entitle it, in my opinion, to a greater degree of publicity than it has hitherto attained. I hope and trust that the worthy individual whose meritorious exertions first gave origin to that excellent institution, and whose indefatigable labours so eminently contributed to its success, will excuse the liberty here taken: he may rest assured that it arises from no other motive than a desire to render his example more extensively useful.

A FRIEND TO SUNDAY SCHOOLS.*

To
MISS LOUISA HAWKES,
And her brothers,
CHARLES, EDWARD, AND HENRY,
These few remarks,
On the Character of their Father,
Are addressed,
By their sincere well-wisher,

October 13, 1816. ANN PARKINSON.

[* Probably Rev. Richard Wright.]

Young as you were when you left Duckenfield, you have not forgotten the scenes of early childhood; but the circumstances that happened before you were capable of observation, may perhaps be acceptable to you, as they will, when connected with those circumstances that you are yourselves acquainted with, show the worth of your father's character as a minister.

When he first came to Dukenfield, he found the village, with regard to regularity, almost a wilderness; the chapel was deserted, and the children of the village left to run wild about the lanes and fields, for want of proper care and instruction; but when he came amongst us, the scene began to change, not instantaneously, but slowly and regularly: he took the only method that was best calculated to forward his work; he set about the education of the younger part of the parishioners, and instead of preaching to empty benches, devoted one half of the Sunday to raising a school, and the other half to preaching the Gospel. The event has shewn his plan to be good, for he not only instructed the youth, but by perseverance raised a good congregation; so that in time there was service both morning and afternoon, and a room was taken for a school. The children going on in regular gradations in learning, in time many of them became able to assist in teaching the others, and of course felt themselves useful, which was a stimulus to their own advancement.

His next object was to procure them the means of improving themselves by reading at their leisure hours; for this purpose he established a library for the benefit of the school, with the assistance of a few donations from the well-disposed, who readily contributed either money or books; by this means a few useful books were got together, which were lent to the

children to read, for the small sum of one penny per month for the younger children, and two-pence for the older ones; for the library was divided into two classes, the senior and the junior: but when, by the admission of members from the neighbourhood, who paid two shillings for admission, and three-pence per month, the number of books was increased, it was thought advisable to separate them, and make two libraries, one for the use of the school, and the other for the public in general.—About a year and a half since the monthly subscription was raised to fourpence; there are now four hundred and sixty volumes of well-chosen books in the public library.

These books are kept in a room appropriated for that use in the Sunday School; there are shelves all round the room to contain the books, and a desk in the middle for the use of the librarian, who attends every Sunday morning, when every member is allowed one volume at a time, and no more.

The librarian has no salary, and there is no expense for the use of the room, so that all the subscription-money is employed to buy books.

The school library is kept in the same room, and contains one hundred and four volumes of useful and instructive books, in which are the entertaining and useful works of Miss Edgeworth, a lady who has spent many years in writing for the benefit of the young, and to whom every parent owes a debt of gratitude for the assistance she has given to their labours of instruction. There are also Evenings at Home, Scientific Dialogues, Wonders of the Telescope, and such like useful works, that are proper for the younger children to read. The teachers are allowed the privilege of having books out of the

public library, without paying any subscription, so long as they continue to be teachers.

There is also a third library kept in the same room, called the chapel library. This consists of between fifty and sixty volumes of theological works, which are lent out to any one of the congregation that wishes to read them, at one penny per month.

Thus, you see, the village is enriched with six hundred volumes of the most approved authors. The poor have the privilege of reading, as well as those in middle life: the subscription is so small, that it can be paid without inconvenience. With what pleasure may your father look back on the times spent in this village, where the seed sown has produced so many hundred fold; and with what regret do we remember his loss!

When, in the course of about two years the number of scholars had become considerable, he proposed a plan for building a school by subscription, which he accomplished by collecting from the scholars one halfpenny each every Sunday, aided by the liberal donations of the public at large. He had the satisfaction to see completed a very handsome edifice, which will accommodate nearly three hundred children; from these he selected a number of boys and girls that were immediately under his own instruction; he gave them (besides the regular attendance on Sundays) one night in the week for particular instruction, for a certain time; and when he found that it was not altogether convenient to continue this practice, he removed it to the Sunday evenings, as being more convenient both for himself and the children. By his taking so much pains with them, and interesting himself

in their improvement, their affection for him was interwoven with their existence; it was not possible for him to know the kind of love they bore to him, nor did they themselves know the strength of their attachment till they were deprived of the benefit of his instruction. With what pleasure and delight did they anticipate the enjoyment of the hour that he usually gave to their improvement on the Sunday evening!

When they have returned from him, they have stopped for half-an-hour at our house, to comment on the enjoyment they had received;—then did their affection to him show itself in various ways, and they would spend over again in idea the precious moments, repeating what they had been reading, or what questions he had asked them, and what kind of answers had been given, and by whom.

But alas! while they were thus in fancied security, looking forward to yet greater pleasures, the sudden and appalling news of his removal from them came upon them like a clap of thunder; it was a real and serious calamity, for which they were not prepared.

The first Sunday night they attended on him after this was to them a night of sorrow. When they returned they did not, as on former nights, come running in to get the best seat at the fire; no, they came in one by one, and seated themselves in solemn silence: there were neither questions nor answers, but every one was in tears; they could not express the anguish they felt.

Before his removal, there was a proposal made amongst some of the scholars to unite in raising a trifle, to present to him as a token of respect; but the time was so short, that it could not be made worth his acceptance, and it was postponed

till the time of his paying us a visit. It was in contemplation to make him a present, not adequate to his deserts, that was not possible,—but something that would keep in mind the gratitude due to him from his affectionate pupils.

The money necessary for this undertaking was collected by subscription of from one penny to one shilling each. The cup* was procured, and the inscription that was to immortalize their beloved pastor, engraved upon it. Everything was in readiness for its due delivery before the arrival of your father. They did not wish merely to surprise him, but to please and gratify him; and I venture to say he was highly gratified. The scene would have done honour to the most polished society; how much more affecting must it be from the humble and industrious poor, who did it from heartfelt gratitude and affection! The stoutest heart could not stand the affecting scene unmoved. To see the chapel crowded with the children and their friends—to see their late pastor, a friend so beloved and revered, about to receive at their hands a token, though in itself but a trifle, yet to those most interested, of inestimable value—the scene was truly affecting. Your father, and the friend that had the honour of delivering it into his hands, standing in the midst—the children all with eager countenances and anxious hearts—the affecting address of the presenter, and appropriate reply of the receiver, which brought the tears in streams from the eyes of every spectator in the chapel,

* It may be proper just to mention that what Mrs. Parkinson here calls a "Cup" was a silver cream jug; and the inscription round it was as follows:—"To the Rev. J. Hawkes, Institutor of the Duckenfield Sunday School, this Tribute of Gratitude is presented by the joint Contributions of his affectionate Pupils, 1813." The scholars had determined to earn the money necessary for this purpose by their own exertions, but in so large a school, of course there were a great number who were too young to do this; these were supplied by the elder ones sitting up and working nearly the whole of several nights, in order that no one might feel mortified at having nothing to offer.—*Note by the "Friend to Sunday Schools."*

altogether was a scene worthy of an abler pen than mine to describe.

This is not a tale invented to flatter the imagination, or please the fancy, but it is a relation of facts that have happened since you yourselves can remember.

When your father once more came amongst us this summer, though we had not, as the time before, the same public testimony to offer him, yet he ever lives in our hearts, and will do so while the pulse of life continues to beat. I went to hear him preach, and an excellent sermon it was; yet I could not pay proper attention to it; for when I saw him in the pulpit, looking so like what he formerly was, my attention was distracted, and the scenes of former times flitted before my fancy.

If he could have heard all the kind and tender expressions that his coming amongst us has caused to be repeated, his vanity, if he has any, could not but be raised; but he will, no doubt, have the reward of his labours amongst us, repaid by more solid and substantial enjoyments,—by the heartfelt delight of an approving conscience.

How extensive might the labours of ministers be made, if they, like your father, would assist in training up the youth of their congregations to a proper knowledge of the Scriptures, and of literature in general! The mind is an active principle, and, if properly directed, will shine forth with a steady lustre, and light the young to an useful manhood and respected old age. But if, on the contrary, it is not instructed, but left to its own bias, or led as accident or chance directs, it is ten to one but it will fail in procuring to persons so neglected their proper share of happiness.

The blessings of a well-spent life are incalculable, for God hath promised that they shall extend to thousands, and in this sense they undoubtedly will; for the good that hath been done by the exertions of your father will, it is to be hoped, extend from generation to generation; and when God shall see fit in his own good time to remove him from his labours here, his good works, in the literal sense of the word, will follow him; and when you, his children, shall look back with honest pride on a life so spent, it will cheer your own passage through this ever-varying world.

I hope this small tribute of respect to your father's worth will be thought worthy of your acceptance; and if it beguiles you of one pain, or gives one pleasure, the writer's labour will be rewarded.

The following letter, referring to the above, appears in the same volume of the *Christian Reformer*, 1819, pp. 389-391:—

Mr. Hawkes on Sunday Schools.

Sir, *Lincoln*, Sept. 8, 1819.

I am sorry one of your worthy and, I am sure, well-intentioned Correspondents has placed me in a situation which may induce some to think that vanity is more prominent in my character than I would willingly hope it is. I of course refer to the address of Mrs. Parkinson, to my children, giving a short history of the rise and progress of the Duckinfield Sunday-School (inserted in your *Reformer*, pp. 324-329). Having been more or less connected with Sunday Schools from the time they were originated by Mr. Raikes, having seen much good arising from them, and being fully convinced that,

if conducted with any tolerable proportion of judgment and regularity, they are admirably calculated to promote the best interests of the lower classes in society, and to increase small congregations, I am always desirous of promoting their increase and success in every honourable way in my power. With this view I was very earnestly requested by our very excellent young friend Mr. B. Goodier,* who was pretty well acquainted with Duckinfield and many of the young people and others connected with the School, to send some account of the School to you for insertion in the *Reformer*, to which I gave him an assurance that I would; but having neglected to do so year after year, I did think of giving you Mrs. Parkinson's account of it, with the omission of names and a few other alterations.

Had your Correspondent, "A Friend to Sunday Schools," furnished you with the statement so altered, you would not have been troubled with this explanation by way of apology, as I think, with that Friend, that such a communication is calculated to promote a cause in which we are both strongly interested. However, as it is inserted at length, I will indulge the hope that it will induce some to take an active part in Sunday Schools who may not have felt a sufficient interest in them hitherto, and encourage those who are engaged in similar plans of benevolence to increase their exertions, in the well-founded assurance that their labour cannot possibly fail of producing much good, though not, perhaps, so much as they may wish.

From having derived very great pleasure from my own personal attention to the scholars and teachers both at Duckin-

[* Rev. Benjamin Goodier, of Oldham, died 23rd July, 1818, aged 25.]

field and Lincoln, may I be excused in recommending it to my brethren in the ministry, to sanction and assist such benevolent plans, as far as their peculiar circumstances and situations are favourable? If persons in more elevated situations were aware of the good they might do by personally visiting Sunday Schools, and encouraging both teachers and scholars, they would, I hope, more uniformly contribute their mite. To those who voluntarily give their time and labour as teachers, I beg to say, Go on in your labours of benevolence in full confidence of a rich reward, arising from the approbation of your own minds, from the gratitude of the better-disposed of the children, from the esteem (however silent) of the wise and good, and from the consciousness of the Divine approbation.

JAMES HAWKES.

Under the heading, "A Wednesday Evening in Lincoln," a most graphic description is given by "A Southern Unitarian" (*Christian Reformer*, 1819, pp. 488-90) of Rev. James Hawkes' methods of teaching and of his Sunday School plans. There is also (*Christian Reformer*, 1821, pp. 213-4) a most interesting account of his setting on foot a Sunday School at Lynn, in July, 1820.

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