

Within her walls, our fathers
Have often knelt in prayer,
And mothers for their children
Have softly pleaded there:
Voice after voice grows silent,
Age after age goes by,
And still our lips are breathing
The same sweet Liturgy.

The Battle-cry is sounding,
Sad schism holds her tryst,
And hell makes fiery onslaughts
Against the fold of Christ.
But like her glorious Master
She scarcely deigns reply,—
And while her foes malign her
She lifts the cross on high.

There may be foes around her
Who make an angry stir,
But thousands more would offer
'Their hearts' best blood for her:
It is not yet extinguished—
The ardour of our sires,
The faith that trod the scaffold
And fed the martyr-fires.

Our Mother Church of England,
O Saviour, keep her pure!
O Holy Spirit, guide her;
And lead her evermore!
O Triune God, defend her
Till earth's long night be past,
And o'er the seething waters
The day-break stream at last!

S. Paul's Cathedral.

A FEW WORDS ABOUT IT.

THIS, the great Cathedral Church of the metropolis, is the third church which has stood on the same spot. The first was built A.D. 610, and was burnt down the year that William Rufus came to the throne.

The second church, called 'Old S. Paul's,' was then built. Poor Old S. Paul's, it had a changeful story! Pious people decked its walls and altars with jewels and hangings, but the State of that day filched the wealth, and Henry the Eighth helped to spend it.

By-and-by came Oliver Cromwell and his soldiers, making sawpits in the body of the church and stalling horses in the chancel, the soldiers thinking they were doing well when they broke the statues and the beautiful carved work of the house of God.

Well, those were rude times. Then came the great Fire of London, and Old S. Paul's lay a heap of blackened ruins on the ground.

Now we come to our S. Paul's, built by Sir Christopher Wren.

The Cathedral took thirty-five years in building, under one architect, one master mason, and one bishop!

I do not know what architects get nowadays for their work, but I am very sure they would decline to enter on any contract on the same terms as Sir Christopher Wren did. 200*l.* per annum only he received during the building of his Cathedral; and 'for this sum he was contented to be hoisted in a basket

to the top of S. Paul's three times a week, at great hazard.'

We all know, however, what it is to love our work, whether well or ill paid, and this architect loved his. He lived to be ninety years old, and his greatest pleasure in his old age was to be carried now and again to look at his cathedral.

Possibly it looked less grim and smoky in its young days than it does now!

A few words put on paper by Sir Christopher Wren more than 150 years ago will interest our readers now. It seems that he was ahead of his day and objected to pews in churches. This is what he says:—

'Since Providence in great mercy has protracted my age to the finishing of the Cathedral Church, S. Paul, I shall briefly communicate my sentiments, after long experience. A Church should not be so filled with pews but that the poor may have room enough to stand and sit in the alleys, for to them equally is the Gospel preached. *It were to be wished that there were no pews, only benches, but there is no stemming the tide of profit and the advantage of pew-keepers.*

As we are only saying 'a few words' about S. Paul's to-day, we will stop here; just adding that if the good old architect can now look down on his dear Cathedral, we think he must rejoice over the ample accommodation provided within it for both rich and poor without distinction.