

St. Augustin, St. Peter and St. Paul. A wall, shutting off the College garden, completes this side. An elegant stone conduit, stands in the middle of the quadrangle. On the west side of the quadrangle stand the warden's, sub-warden's, and Fellows' Lodges, the hall, kitchens, and also the chapel which projects considerably beyond the other buildings into the court.

The chapel is fitted up with great taste. It is raised on a crypt, and is provided with seats in the ante-chamber for lay members of the College, and is furnished with sixty-four stalls in the choir for the Fellows' and Students. The carved stalls, the rich and varied designs of tessellated pavement, the well-arranged altar, which is raised on three successive steps, distinguished by tessellated pavements of distinct patterns, and beautiful east window (part of the tracery of which being of the ancient Greek chapel) forms a house of prayer of singular beauty and richness, and is a spot above all others dear to an Augustinian, wherever he may be.

At no great distance from St. Augustin's is the Mother Church, the Cathedral. Many are the wonderful tales told of the feuds which used to exist between the Cathedral and the Abbey monks. There it stands, still in the heart of the city, the noble old Cathedral with its beautiful angle tower. It is an enormous mass of buildings—the great nave, chancel, sacristy, cloisters, chapter house and side chapels, each have a history in themselves, and are all well remembered by those who have ever beheld them. The spot where the blood of the martyred Archbishop, Thomas a Becket fell, is still visible; the shrine has long since passed away; the high altar stands, if I mistake not, at a greater elevation from the chancel than any other in England, being raised some nineteen or twenty steps. I must not, however, dwell on a spot which brings to me so many recollections, but return to the missionary college.

The object of the institution is to provide an education to qualify young men for the service of the church in the distant dependencies of the British Empire. The staff consists of a warden, sub-warden, and provision for six fellows. The appointment of all the authorities of the College (who must be members of one of the three universities of Oxford, Cambridge and Durham), rests with the Archbishop of Canterbury and York, with the Bishop of London. There are twenty-five scholarships, varying from £40 to £10 per annum, besides 56 missionary studentship associations.

And now to give you some idea of the inner college life, the mode in which we are prepared for the work of the ministry, I cannot do better than describe a week-day at St. Augustin's. I will tell it just as it occurred over and over again; in fact, from day to day during my residence there.

No sooner does the sound of the College clock striking six die away on the morning air, than the bell reminds each member of the college that it is time to rise and prepare for chapel service. The service is at seven precisely, and consists of the usual morning prayer. At eight the bell again calls all to breakfast in the great hall. At nine lectures begin, each occupying an hour, and so arranged as to give variety both to the lecturers and all students, and embracing the usual routine of University studies, but giving peculiar prominence to theology, and including medical science and foreign languages. At a quarter to one you would see all the students diverging in groups from the cloisters and passing through the quadrangle in various directions to the different departments of manual labor. Some become printers, others illuminators, others

carpenters or gardeners; but if you chanced there on a Saturday you find them all assembled for the hour in College Hall with the Warden and Fellows at the high table. The work then is to hear the homilies and essays of three or four students; each has written according to his year a homily on either the collect, epistle, or gospel, of the previous Sunday, and an essay on some subject previously announced.

At 2 o'clock, all are ready to make full proof of the goodness, of the simple yet excellent College dinner, the Warden and Fellows dining at the high table. I may here say that the Fellows take all their meals with the students in College Hall, the Warden dinner only—he takes breakfast and tea in his own lodge.

The afternoon, until 6 o'clock, is given to exercises,—rambles, boating, cricket, and so on,—and rambles round Canterbury are worth taking. In all parts of the city you meet with historic remains. The inn in which Chaucer lodged is still standing, and many are the quaint stories which old residents of Canterbury will pour forth into listening ears. The greater part of two afternoons in the week are devoted by the senior students to district visiting, under the supervision of the Rectors of the various city churches. At six all assemble for tea,—the great gate closes then for the night,—after tea a short musical practice with the Precentor, and on Wednesdays and Saturdays with the Singing Master, Dr. Longhurst, of the Cathedral, and the remaining time is spent in the rooms preparing lectures, one hour each week being devoted to the Student's Devotional Society. Then, as we begin so we end the day, for at nine o'clock the bell rings again for Chapel, and thus with the quiet influence which always creeps over one after the half-hour spent in that sacred place, we are ready for the sound of the Curfew bell at half-past ten, when all the College lights are put out and peaceful rest falls upon the holy ground. Such is the course of every-day life. A change takes place on festival days, for then after morning Chapel the whole day, until nine p.m., is given to the students, and then the rambles penetrate even as far as Deal, Dover, and Ramsgate, and many an ancient church is visited, and ancient brass taken to be preserved as mementos in far off colonial homes. There is one favorite walk to Barham Downs, on the Dover road, and then down a lane with high hedges to a quaint old church in Bishop's Bourne, and what takes us there is the memory of Hooker. 'Tis well to think of him of whom the theologian and poet has sung:

Voice of the Fearless Saint!
Ring like a trumpet when gentle hearts,
Beat high in truth, but doubting, cower and faint,
Tell them the hour has come, and they must take their part.

Of a Sunday then, a writer in the *Penny Post* says "What a holy calm! what an air of reality there is in this place—when the massive gates shut upon me at entering, it seemed to shut out all the world, and one felt as if one had stepped back some hundreds of years into all the solemn seclusion of religious life,—the cloistered quadrangle, the terraced sward, the noble library, the unostentatious and yet conspicuous chapel, the sub strains of an organ—these were the first sounds I heard. The silvery chimes, the occasional call bell, the holy quietude, all made me forget that there is such a thing as a busy world outside."

The early service and the later one at which the warden preached! How very solemn to kneel side by side with those who in a short time would be scattered north, south, east, west, dispensing the bread of life, doing the same work as those who worshipped here in the days long gone by,

when our fair England was little but a desert. At half-past one dinner, and in the afternoon the service at the church of St. Gregory the Great, when the whole service is taken by the students and authorities of the College. A former Rector, then sub-warden of the College, made it a rule to place his church at the disposal of the College every Sunday and Holyday, and his rule has been respected by succeeding Rectors. From nine to half-past ten in the morning and in the afternoon, till church hour, the students are engaged in Sunday-school teaching in other various city parishes. In the evening from time to time all assemble in the reception room in the Warden's Lodge, and after uniting in prayer, letters are read which have arrived from late students and missionaries. Such is the life at St. Augustin's—a "holy round of services." Then we have our high days, e.g., St. Augustin's Day, on the 26th of May, in memory of our founder who died on that day in the year 610. There is a special service in College in the morning, and the remainder of the day, until six o'clock is given to recreation; at that hour the College Hall is filled to overflowing with numerous guests to partake of College fare and interchange kindly words.

Then again, on Commemoration Day, St. Peter's, 29th June, we have the great annual gathering. Bishops from distant sees, and men known in the church from all parts, assemble and find a hearty welcome. It is indeed a day for great missionary union. A colonial Prelate or Missionary is always selected to preach on that day. In the evening there is a missionary meeting on behalf of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, in St. George's Hall. It was at one of these meetings that I first learnt much of the needs of the church in Canada. The speaker was the Hon. J. H. Cameron. Of a recent Commemoration, the warden writes, "our Commemoration was a peculiarly pleasant one. The first arrivals were the welcome guests from Nashotah and Racine in the persons of Professor Ashley and Dr. DeKoven. Afterwards the Coadjutor-Bishop of Barbadoes, with the Bishops of Cape Town, Dunedin, and Honolulu. Our American brethren in college Hall delighted us with their description of American institutions, customs, &c.

Then came in the early morning, the Bishop of Lichfield, who has been aptly called the Apostle of the Southern seas. He often consecrated at the early service. The service at 10 was peculiarly solemn and soul-stirring. Hoods were conferred upon departing students: Dr. DeKoven was the preacher. In the evening, the usual missionary meeting. Truly what a happy day! I would like here to mention one of our customs, and which is on Easter morning, students all assemble together to sing the Easter hymns and chant upon the steps of the Library at 6. Now a word or two on what the College has done. Since 1848, about 220 men have left its walls duly commissioned for the service of their Master in the various fields of missionary labor, besides some 15 who left before the completion of their full college course, and five or six catechists—say in all nearly 240. They are found in the dioceses of India, Africa, Australia, New Zealand, Melanesia, Borneo, Madagascar, Honolulu, the British North American Provinces, Jamaica, Barbadoes, and St. Helena. I could read you many an extract from letters from different men in many lands, showing how dear they hold in their remembrance their Alma Mater, and of their warm attachments to its rules and regulations.—There is one piece of advice contained in a letter from Australia, which I will now give "As soon as you