

what has happened. It is important for the King's service that Lichfield should be kept, if possible. It is told me that you are well thought of, and have considerable influence amongst the people of that place; and from what we know of you here, we count much on your courage and prudence. The King himself has spoken of you. It is his wish that you should go with despatches to Lord Chesterfield, who commands the garrison, and should use your utmost diligence to induce the people to send in supplies, and to volunteer as soldiers to the garrison. The only fear is, that Lord Brooke, with the troops from Warwick, will be there before you. There is no time to be lost. The King depends on your zeal and diligence; you are to take thirty men with you: and here is your lieutenant's commission."

Archbold's heart beat high within him as he received the despatches from the general, together with his commission. He felt that no slight honour had been conferred on him in selecting him for this service, and he resolved to perform it punctually and faithfully. Other thoughts too rushed across his mind, at the prospect of again seeing his home. To return to his dear friends was full of joy; but how sad to think that they were about to be exposed to all the horrors of a siege! How impossible it is for those who live in peace to conceive the painful emotions which must accompany such times of trouble and disaster!

It was on the afternoon of the following day that Archbold and his companions, having ridden hard, drew in their rein, in order to breathe their horses, beside a small lake or pool in the old oak forest of Sutton, having been obliged to make a detour in order to avoid the disaffected town of Bromicham. They had travelled rapidly since break of day, and had still seven or eight miles of their journey to accomplish. After winding for some time through a somewhat intricate path, which from the boggy nature of the soil required great circumspection, lest horse and rider might suddenly be engulfed, they came upon the main road which led to Lichfield, and became immediately aware, from the tracks of horse-hoofs and wheels, that a considerable body of troops had recently passed that way.

"I fear we are too late," said Archbold. "The roundheads are before us, Glasier—that is plain."

"They cannot have passed many hours," said his companion. "It is the track of this morning; for the rain which fell last night would have washed it out, if it had been made sooner."

Archbold looked more carefully at the track. "This is no handful of men; and they have some heavy pieces with them," said he, pointing at the deep ruts. "Poor Lichfield, I fear thou wilt have some rough work! I only wish we had two hundred of Prince Rupert's horse to charge the rebels in the rear."

They rode on for several miles; but with caution, lest they should go too near the body of the enemy; until, on approaching within half a mile of Lichfield, they ascended an eminence, from which, in more quiet times, Archbold had often looked down with a sort of proud admiration on his native city. The scene which lay before them was one of surpassing beauty. There lay the peaceful city clustered round its triple spires, which towered above the rest, and from their graceful dignity well deserved the name by which they had been designated—the "Ladies of the Vale." They looked, as usual, the emblem of calm repose, save that on the present occasion a red flag waved on the highest spire, seeming to bid defiance to the approaching enemy. The city-walls too, where they could be distinguished amongst the gardens and orchards, shewed marks of recent repairs, and, contrary to custom, the old gates—which for many a long year had swung uselessly on their hinges—were now closed and barred. Half-way between the city and the place where Archbold and his companions stood appeared the troops of the rebels. They were drawn up in close order, and engaged apparently in some religious service; for as Henry and his companions gazed upon them, a sound went up from the assembled host as of a solemn psalm, and they could distinctly hear the voice of the multitude as it was borne upon the breeze, though the precise nature of their service was not discernible.

"Hark to the hypocritical psalm-singing rascals," said Glasier.

"I wish they had less hypocrisy, and our own soldiers more religion," said Archbold, gravely.

As they spoke, the sound of horse-hoofs was heard, and a trooper, whom Archbold had left behind, came riding up to announce that a large body of the enemy was in the rear.

"We must make for the Roman road," said Archbold, "and get to Lichfield by Mabel Hayes;" and so saying, he wheeled his troop round, to put his intention into effect. But they were not destined to accomplish their object unopposed. The enemy seeing a small troop of royalists, whom they knew by their red scarfs, had hastened their pace, and before Archbold could get to Watling Street road, a

body of fifty or sixty men had intercepted them, and these were followed at the distance of half a mile by another squadron of about equal numbers.

"We must break through them," said Archbold, "and make for the street road; take the right hand turn, and there halt and form across the lane. Now, my men, keep well together:—on—charge!"

The stout burghers of Warwick, of whom the hostile body consisted, had no notion of giving way before an inferior force. Archbold, however, had every advantage except that of numbers. He charged down a gentle declivity, his horses were in better breath from their halt, and his men were well trained in the management of their arms and horses. The roundheads being recently levied, and not much accustomed to war, were no match for Prince Rupert's troopers. The shock, however, was severe; several of the rebels were cut down, or unhorsed; the rest gave way on each side; and Archbold, not stopping to improve his advantage, as he might have done, had not the second body of the enemy been close upon him, got his troop to the street road without the loss of a man, two only having received slight wounds.

The last of the royalists had scarcely got to the lane, when the second troop of the enemy came up, expecting to find them in disorder, and to charge them in the rear; but were somewhat disappointed to see them drawn up, about a hundred yards down the road, in a compact body, five deep, occupying the whole space, so that they could not be surrounded, for the ground was enclosed on both sides, and the superiority of the enemy's number was of no advantage to them. They looked at each other and for a few minutes, and then the rebels drew off to join the main body, and Archbold with his troop resumed his way leisurely. It was evidently impossible for him to approach Lichfield on the south side, on account of the rebel army which lay between them and the city: being, therefore, perfectly acquainted with the country, he fetched a compass, and crossed the marsh at Mabel Hayes. This circuit occupied of necessity a considerable space of time. Meanwhile the booming of the cannons which struck their ears told them that the attack on the town had already commenced. It was a melancholy and bitter sound to Archbold and those amongst his troop who had left friends behind them in the city; but anxiety to reach their destination caused them only to ply the spur more vigorously to the reeking flanks of their horses.

At length they accomplished their object, and arrived at an ancient cross at the north side of the city, and thence marched in good order up the street which led to the Barbican, or western gate of the Close.

Here they met the royalist troops in full retreat; a mixed multitude of soldiers and citizens, men, women, and children, were hurrying in wild confusion over Bishop Langton's causeway.

The royalists had at first thought of defending the town against the enemy; but when they saw their force, and the power of artillery which they brought to bear upon their old mouldering walls and rotten gates, the extent of circuit which they had to defend, and the small number of troops which they had to man the walls, it was evident the town was untenable; and being unwilling to expose the inhabitants to the sufferings to which they must be subjected, if the town were taken by storm, Lord Chesterfield drew off his forces into the fortress, and sent up a flag of truce to deliver up the town.

It was a strange scene which Henry witnessed when he entered with the press into the Close of Lichfield. The sacred enclosure, which had hitherto been considered holy ground, was now converted into a warlike garrison. The open space before the west front was filled with a mixed mass of baggage and baggage-waggons, horses tethered, cattle lowing. The most respectable families of the town were standing in groups, unable to find accommodation, now that they had taken refuge in the fortress. Then again, there were wounded soldiers, townsmen whose names were well known, brought in by their comrades, which gave a melancholy interest to the scene. The canon's house were full of officers, who were quartered there, and the families of the neighbouring gentry; the Cathedral itself was converted into barracks for the soldiers, and their horses were littered down in the aisle.

After much difficulty and inquiry, Archbold at length found out his father, whom he scarcely knew, so much was he metamorphosed. Instead of his usual grave suit of black, Mr. Archbold had got on a buff coat, with a bandolier strapped round his shoulder, and a musket in his hand, while a large pair of boots encased his legs. However, this was no time for laughing. Archbold learned from him that Mr. Morley and Catharine were not in the Close; nor was his father able to give any intelligence about them, so sudden and unexpected had been the attack.

(To be continued.)

RULES TO HELP ONE WHO HAS BEEN CONFIRMED.

1. Never neglect your prayers, morning or evening.
2. Examine yourself carefully as to your thoughts, and manner of life, at all events once in the week.
3. Read every day, and think over, at least a few verses of the Bible: before you begin, ask God to bless what you are going to read.
4. Come to Church every Sunday, and at other times as you have opportunity. Take care not to be late; kneel when you ought, and join heartily in the service.
5. Come often to Holy Communion (never without earnest prayer and careful self-examination), bearing in mind your Lord's command, "*Do this in remembrance of me.*" To neglect it is disobedience and ingratitude to Him, and loss and danger to your own soul.
6. Let no one persuade you to neglect the services of the Church in which you have been confirmed.
7. Avoid religious disputes and idle gossip; try to think and speak well of every one.
8. Watch and pray against all impurity in thought, and word, and deed. Keep from all places and company in which you are likely to be tempted.
9. Always be strictly honest and truthful, and do your duty wherever you are, as "*a Servant of Christ.*"
10. Do your best to help others by: Your Example; Your Influence; Your Prayers.
11. Try to do some special work for God in His Church.
12. Read these rules at least once in the week; see where you fail, and ask God to help you to keep them for Jesus Christ's sake.

If you have any difficulty about these rules, go at once to your clergyman for advice.

THE ATHENASIAN CREED.

THERE are three Creeds; and the Church uses them all.

The Apostles' Creed is said at daily Morning and Evening Prayer: its use, therefore, is very frequent.

The Nicene Creed is said at Holy Communion: where the Blessed Sacrament is celebrated frequently the people get very familiar with this Creed.

The Athenasian Creed is used less frequently than the others. It takes the place of the Apostles' Creed at Morning Prayer on some appointed days. The days on which the Church orders its use are either great festivals, such as Epiphany, Easter Day, and Ascension Day; or certain Saints' days, which seem to be added with the object of securing the use of the Athenasian Creed in every Church about once a month.

You find the order about the use of the Athenasian Creed in the Rubric before that Creed in the Book of Common Prayer. It is the duty of every clergyman to have this Creed used in his church on the days which are appointed by the Church. You see from this how jealously the Church of England guards the faith. If we were all of us, priests and people, faithful to our trust, and obedient to the rules which our Mother gives us, we should be more strong against the assaults of unbelief. We have no choice in the matter: we have to use the Creeds. We ought to learn more and more the meaning of the wondrous truths which God reveals. But while we are learning, we ought to know that God is true, and that He has revealed to our Mother the Church far more of the meaning of His truth than we, in our little leisure and with our small powers, can understand.

NONE OTHER NAME.

AMID all the dark earthliness and irreligion of this land, there is one thing which seems to have hope in it; that is the almost universal feeling that Christ is a Saviour to be trusted. The feeling may be hidden and disowned; but there it is in most men. Lay the godless and worldly, even the openly profane, on a sick bed; put him face to face with trouble or death; take him away from those things that hide truth from his soul; still the noise of the world around him; there is One to whom he almost always turns. There is one Name which his lips will be ready to breathe. Words about Christ he will hear with eagerness, or at least with no question of their reality. Christ has a hold on men which they often little know of. There would come a chill over the hearts of multitudes of the most ungodly, were they told that there was no hope in Christ. Many a heart would ask in fear, "To whom shall we go in our time of helplessness, in the hour of death, and in the day of judgment?"

But, this faith, after all, what does it do? In many, it but helps to quiet the uneasy heart, and