

on the platform, extreme men, who did not hesitate to speak of the moderate drinker as nearly as bad as, and sometimes worse than, the drunkard. We hope that the utterances of the bishops may do something to stop this mischievous work.

The Conference accepted the report of the Committee by the following resolution: "That this Conference, without pledging itself to all the statements and opinions embodied in the report of the Committee on Intemperance, commends the report to the consideration of the Church; and they further declare "that the use of unfermented juice of the grape, or any liquid other than true wine, distilled and undiluted, as the element in the administration of the cup in Holy Communion, is unwarranted by the example of our Lord, and is an unauthorized departure from the custom of the Catholic Church."

The same subject is dealt with in the Encyclical; and the whole tone of the paragraph on this subject is admirable, dignified, and convincing. While declaring the evil effects of intemperance, and appreciating the noble efforts put forth for its suppression, the Bishops add: "But we are constrained to utter a caution against a false principle which threatens to creep in and vitiate much useful work. Highly valuable as we believe total abstinence to be as a means to an end, we desire to discountenance the language which condemns the use of wine as wrong in itself, independently of its effects on ourselves and on others, and we have expressed our disapproval of a reported practice (which seems to be due to some extent to the tacit assumption of this principle) of substituting some other liquid in the celebration of Holy Communion."

We believe that these utterances will commend themselves to the judgment of sober men. The attempt to introduce unfermented wine as the element for the Cup has given rise to much bitterness and discord in the Churches. It is not only a condemnation of the unbroken practice of the Church for centuries, but it is equally a departure from apostolic practice. No one can doubt that the wine employed for the Holy Communion, at Corinth, in the time of St. Paul, was fermented, and had intoxicating qualities. It was actually misused so as to produce scandalous consequences, and yet St. Paul did not, for a moment, suggest the use of any other liquid. He knew that the Passover wine was alcoholic, that the Lord had used that wine at the institution of the Sacrament, and it was not for Him to change what His Master had ordained.

LONDON LETTER.

THERE are a certain number of magic canvases, painted in colours that will never fade in my eyes, and at which it is my pleasure to look again and again. Many of my treasures you, too, know by heart, for are they not duplicated in your gallery?—how much larger a collection you have than I, it is needless to remind you—and close to the best and brightest light I have no doubt we hang pretty much the same work, though perhaps I give more prominence to the little *genre* panels signed by Miss Austen and her school, to the Danish elves and fairies, to Mr. Gaskell's conscientious painstaking interiors (skying romantic scenery and the Grand School of which poor Haydon speaks) than you may think quite right, while on the line you have pictures the merits of which I am at present too poor a scholar rightly to judge, and I know you would pass by without a glance many of the early daubs, badly drawn and feeble in expression, which I keep for no better reason than that they whiled away many and many a pleasant hour a hundred years ago, when Plancus was Consul, and before I had attempted to learn the alphabet from that patient sorely tried teacher Art. I wonder, do you remember "The Fairchild Family," or "Holiday House," empire pieces both; "Fabiola, a Tale of the Catacombs," in which the Roman toga is the prevailing costumes; the Adams' "Allegories," to be reverently examined of a Sunday; or a special "Dance of Death," through which Rowlandson's fat squires and airy dames blossom in loveliest apple greens, and reds, and sky blues, till the grim skeleton throws his dart from the back of high-swung chariots, or from behind long folded screens, and lays low those feasting laughing lords and ladies? But, far better than these, have you too a little sketch—an Orchardson in quality—of a half-dark room in which sit three people; the chairs are covered with yellow utrecht velvet; there is a table by the chimney, and an old piano, on which the girl idly strums a tune; the father tries to read his paper in the dim light by the window; a lad listens to the music—do you remember? It is by Alphonse Karr, this little commonplace subject—you will recollect the scene with the yellow roses, and the drawing of the enriched woodman's cottage—I think his work is full of grace and feeling, and, as you find in many old engravings his figures are wreathed round about with the flowers of which he was so fond, a mode of framing that charms me. Do you know among the minor names Grant Allen, with his vignettes from nature, Philip Robinson and his Indian sketches, Greenwood's life-size portrait of the "Game-keeper at Home?" Of all the great masters you have copies (I take it for granted you were nourished on Scott, not on Roe; on Shakespeare, Addison, Fielding, Thackeray, Dickens, not on Messrs. Henry James and Howells) and this race of immortals it is needless to discuss; about the new men of to-day who are striving to make themselves famous there must be many a difference of opinion; but, after all, their places will be assigned to them in the future by other judges than ourselves, more sternly critical, more honestly just and unprejudiced.

For I own myself most prejudiced in favour of Mr. Stevenson, whose touch, so delicate and fine, produces effects that are to me quite wonderful and beautiful, and whose originality is such a pleasure, such a continual surprise. Of his faults I choose to think less than nothing, overbalanced as they are by those unique qualities which no reader can fail to taste, and which make his shortest three-paged essay richer than whole volumes of

other writers, qualities so captivating I feel sure that if Mr. Stevenson did but tell us the history of "Mother Hubbard" we should all stop and listen as if he were Orpheus himself touching his lute. Unlike his hearth-critic and in spite of Punch's mock I have been enthralled with the adventures of Dick Shelton (who in vigour resembles a figure drawn by Pettie) over the awful episode of the supposed Leper with his hood and bell, over Will Lawless in his monk's habit stumbling and singing in the corridors of the Moat House, and if, now and again, I have paused to take breath it was only that I might examine more minutely those exquisite water-colour sketches of Tunstall hamlet in which the story is set, of Shoresby, of the wood where the outlaws feasted and some sounded the horn, or that I might again take note of the manner in which perfectly simple arrangements of colour sparingly washed in produce such admirable effects, incomprehensible to the unskilful amateur. Certain scenes will stay by me always: the murder of Appleyard, for instance, just after the startled birds had settled themselves again in the branches; the wake of the dead spy in the church with Dick as an onlooker in one of the monks' stalls; the interrupted marriage—indeed there is hardly a portion of the interests and certainly no portion of the workmanship that has not my profound admiration. *Salut*, Mr. Stevenson! If I say no more it is because I remember a cruel answer made by Dr. Johnson to, I think, the praise of Miss Hannah More, a reply which, no doubt, has crossed your memory while you have been reading this paragraph.

A great company assembled in St. Margaret's, Westminster, the other afternoon, to see Dr. Butler married to Miss Ramsey, filled the beautiful church with all manner of bright colours and the scent of summer blossoms. The bride, charming to behold—to be pretty as well as vastly clever! the gods have indeed been liberal to this fortunate young lady—wore a gown draped with lace of a fine yellow tone, which once adorned the red robes of Cardinal Wolsey. In her dark hair were diamond stars (but diamonds, I submit, do not bear the light of day—sunshine completely puts out their glitter), and she carried a monster bouquet of white flowers. Behind her strode a page in Highland dress as train-bearer, and then two-and-two the bridesmaids came, in white with Cambridge ribbons, forming a group that was very picturesque as they stood before the altar under the light of the famous stained glass window. Milton has been here before Miss Ramsey to plight his troth to his second wife, poor May Powell's successor. And Pepys, with his fifteen-year old bride (would she not have written feelingly to the *Telegraph* on the subject of "Is Marriage a Failure?"); and Campbell, with his cousin, Miss Sinclair. And all these brides with their grooms listened to much the same words as Miss Ramsey and Dr. Butler listened to to-day. Look at those other figures in the glass: what have they not seen? This window was made in Dort, and was sent as a present to Henry VII. The story of the Crucifixion, with a royal blue background, is somewhat grotesquely told: an angel soars up with the soul of the penitent thief, a devil wings his flight down with the soul of the impenitent; in the centre hangs our Lord, a holy choir around him, in drawing like a Cimabue; on the left hand St. George of England protects Prince Henry as he kneels in prayer with his hands folded; on the right St. Catharine of Alexandria is by Catharine of Arragon, who kneels also, in a pointed cap and long-sleeved gown; above are the arms of Granada and a white and a red rose. This wonderful old piece has had a queer adventure or two. Meant for the decoration of the King's Chapel in the Abbey close, by some mischance it was put instead in Copt Hall; then, after the Dissolution, it was set up in New Hall, in the cellars of which it lay concealed for years during the awful times of the civil wars; a century later, after various mishaps it was bought by Westminster parish for St. Margaret's, and was near being displaced again by some fanatical part of the congregation, who objected to its brilliant hues as papistical. However, outliving all *sturm und drang*, to-day the poor Prince of Wales and his ill-fated bride gaze at each other in peace from under their embroidered canopies, and, guarded by their respective saints, need no longer fear the heavy crash of a Roundhead halbert or the cry of "No popery!" from a few narrow-minded Protestants. From the group by the altar they listen, do their Royal Highnesses, to musical intoning and occasional bursts of music with a placid indifference to mundane affairs, never turning their heads to look after the procession as it slowly sweeps down the aisle and goes out among the elbowing, curious crowd, while overhead the sweet bells triumphantly jangling disturb their orisons not one whit. When the last velvet-gowned guest had departed, and the "Wedding March" had ceased to peal, and the guardians of the place were preparing to cover up all ornaments and move away the towering palms, I slowly sauntered round the church, which is as full as it can hold of all sorts of interesting relics, and I found myself continually face to face with those great Dead who lie here so peaceful and so quiet. Caxton is at his printing-press by the font, you can see him in the many-coloured glass; and next comes the large memorial window to Raleigh, with Lowell's lines underneath, which say—

"The New World's Sons, from England's breast we drew
Such milk as bids remember whence we came;
Proud of her past, wherefrom our future grew,
This window we inscribe with Raleigh's name."

Then from the wall an old tablet bids you to remember Raleigh's many virtues, should you feel called upon to reflect on his errors: tells you to consider that he was but mortal: farther on Pope rhymes delightfully in praise of Elizabeth Corbett: and then one's attention is caught, unpleasantly I think, by the jubilee window, at the foot of which is Browning's unmusical verse. I was told that Protector Somerset, envying the white strong stone of which this church is built, was prevented only just in time—indeed his scaffoldings were already fixed—from pulling it down, as he wished to have the coveted blocks for his new Strand palace; and I was