

as rests for tired priests during the lengthy monastic services, and are so named because of the pitying intention of the designer. Only at Exeter and in Henry VII's Chapel, Westminster, are found misericords of equal antiquity. The carved figures are interesting as giving evidence of the wide interests of the monks, not unmixed with subtle humour. In one of these groups is represented a domestic quarrel; a wife with her husband on his knees at her feet; with one stout hand she is holding him by the mantle about his shoulders, with the other she is bringing blows upon his head with an instrument from the kitchen. Designs of the forty-eight misericords are taken from numerous human pursuits and activities: from the fighting of men and animals; the chase; figures in Church history, modern, mediæval and ancient; royal personages—all testifying to the vigorous outlook upon life of their monastic designers.

We might long delay here, scrutinizing these details; or passing on to examine other features, but we are only tasting Chester's food, curious to know the truth in the judgment about it of that fictitious friend of yours. One day you may return to feast upon it. The oldest of the eight cathedral bells date of 1604, bears the inscription:

"I, sweetly tolling, men do call

To taste the meat that feeds the soul"

Imagine ourselves completing our hasty visit as the shadows lengthen into evening twilight, and the sombre toll of this aged bell and ominous silent movements of the black-gowned verger remind us of approaching evensong. Let us tarry in the 'dim religious light' and rest ourselves, while the harmonious voices of choir and priest, and the full-toned notes of the organ fill every darkening corner of the Cathedral with a melody of prayer and praise. When the last tones of the service have died away, we depart in the quietness of evening, feeling, we believe, that we have dwelt a short space upon holy, historic ground.

"Nature never did betray
 The heart that loved her; 'tis her privilege
 Through all the years of this our life to lead
 From joy to sorrow: for she can so inform
 The mind that is within us; so impress
 With quietness and beauty; and so feed
 With lofty thoughts that neither evil tongues,
 Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men
 Shall e'er prevail against us or disturb
 Our cheerful faith that all which we behold
 Is full of blessings."

—WORDSWORTH.