

in Travancore), and it is a mean man who does not share his food with the beggar! Or it a friend on a journey drops in he gives up his meal to him. When a man is hungry and is just going to sit down to a well-earned meal, it requires an exercise of self-denial to go without or wait till fresh food is cooked.

A TRAVANCORITE.

A UNIQUE CEREMONY.

BISHOPS AT GLASTONBURY, THE MOST ANCIENT OF ENGLISH CHURCHES.



ALTHOUGH the official proceedings in connection with the Lambeth Conference came to an end on August 2, the visit which the bishops subsequently paid to Glastonbury may be regarded as a part of the programme mapped out for them. They went at the invitation of the Bishop of Bath and Wells to visit the site of "the old church," made originally of twisted wands, that *vetusta ecclesia*, that *lignea basilica*, the foundation of which, in the first century, tradition assigns to Joseph of Arimathea, who, with eleven companions, had been sent to evangelize Britain by St. Philip, then preaching in France. Dedicated to the Virgin, and believed to be of miraculous origin, it was a famous place of pilgrimage in early times. Especially was it dear to the Christians of Ireland, to whom it was sacred as containing the shrines of many Celtic saints, and, above all, of St. Patrick the younger. It is this spot, known as Avalon, the Glassy Isle, or the Isle of Apples, which is familiar to all lovers of Arthurian romance as the resting place of Arthur and Guinevere, and which Tennyson, in his "Passing of Arthur," has beautifully, though fancifully, described as—

The island valley of Avilion.
Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow,
Nor ever wind blows loudly, but it lies
Deep-meadowed, happy, fair with orchard lawns
And bowery hollows crowned with summer sea.

The beautiful abbey, whose ruins stand as a witness to its former greatness, was the successor of that early British church which survived the English, Danish, and Norman conquests, which was revered and enriched by Ine, and worshipped in by Canute when he sought atonement for the murder of Edmund; and beside which long stood the church erected by Glastonbury's greatest son and greatest abbot—Dunstan. "No where else," in Freeman's glowing words, "did the church of the Briton live on untouched and revered by the side of the church of the Englishman, the witness of the Christianity of those ancient times when our fathers still pressed on in the name of Woden and Thor to overthrow the altars and smite the ministers of Christ."

The remains of the great church are sadly mutilated it is true, and yet they bear the unmistakable traces of their former loveliness. The bare walls of gray, weatherbeaten stone, stand exposed to every wind that blows and to every disintegrating climatic influence, but the cunning of the hand which carved the delicate arches is still recognizable everywhere, and renders the devastation the more painful to look upon. The sky overhead was of the deepest blue, and the abbey, encircled as it is by beautiful trees with green lawns all round, and the August sun shining down upon it, was one of the most picturesque ruins that it would be possible to see. Its beauty and its interest were heightened when the procession, whose distant music had been heard for some time by those in the abbey grounds, was seen slowly wending its way over the lawn beside the Abbeyhouse. First came the mayor and corporation of Glastonbury, and they were followed by choristers in scarlet cassocks, one of whom bore a large cross on high, while others carried banners bearing ecclesiastical devices. There were not far short of a thousand persons in the procession, and the effect of this long array of brilliantly-robed bishops, clergy and choristers must be left to the imagination. Such a sight has rarely, if ever, been seen in England. The Bishop of London, in the course of conversation with the *Times* representative immediately after the ceremony, said that probably never since the Reformation had such a procession taken place in this country, and that certainly never did Glastonbury in its palmiest days see anything to compare with it.

The bishops on entering the ruined choir took their places on a dais on either side of what was once the sacarium, while the Archbishop of Canterbury, whose scarlet train was borne by two train bearers, sat in front of the place where the altar formerly stood, having on his right side the Bishop of Bath and Wells. As the choir entered the abbey church the "Litany of the Church" (E. H. Turpin) was sung. When all were in their places the Lord's Prayer was repeated, and then followed the psalms, "When Israel came out of Egypt" and "Not unto us, O Lord." The Apostles' Creed came next, and was followed by three collects, after which the hymn, "O God, our help in ages past," was sung, and probably never has that grand hymn been rendered with grander effect. When its last notes had died away, the Bishop Designate of Bristol ascended the pulpit erected for the occasion and delivered a suitable address. The Magnificat was then sung, and the Archbishop of Canterbury pronounced the blessing. After this came the Nunc Dimittis, and as the bishops and clergy left the abbey the hymn, "Our day of praise is done," was sung. The procession retraced its