

any day, on applying to the belfry keeper in the tower," and instantly all our childhood's uncanny feelings regarding the Curfew Bell came creeping over us, and

"Solemnly, mournfully,  
Dealing its dole,  
The Curfew Bell  
Is beginning to toll.

"Darker and darker  
The black shadows fall,  
Sleep and oblivion  
Reign over all."

seemed to ring in our ears with bell-like reverberations. We decided that we were quite as anxious to see the Curfew Tower as the State Apartments, and, inquiring our way, hastened thither. It was only a short distance from the main entrance of St. George's Chapel, and just beyond the Horse Shoe Cloisters. The entrance to the tower proper is by a flight of steps, a second flight leading to the crypt. But at neither entrance could we gain admittance. The wife of an official living in a cottage in the cloisters informed us that the keeper had just gone out, but would return soon, and would gladly show the tower, but we must "give him a little something to buy 'baccy, as it pleased the old man." So we chatted to her while waiting, and the result was that our rather infirm faith in the information of guides in general became a complete wreck, for, said she, as a guide and party passed us: "I have heard a guide tell visitors that that (pointing to a monument near by) marks the grave of the poor Abyssinian Prince who died in England, and it is the grave of a once favourite chaplain of St. George's Chapel." Oh! ye guides, when shall we believe you more? But here comes the keeper, bent with the full weight of three score and ten, and looking like first cousin to old Father Time. A pleasant old man he was, and apologizing for keeping us waiting, took us at once down to the crypt. This is supposed to have been built in 1018, but the earliest reliable date is 1071, in which year William the Conqueror built a fortress and hunting lodge on this ground taken from the monks of Westminster in exchange for land in Essex. The walls of the crypt are thirteen feet and nine inches in thickness, and in a dungeon darker than the blackness of night can be felt, by whoever is brave enough to venture in and explore with umbrella or cane, a hole quite through the wall and admitting

a faint glimmer of light, probably the work of some miserable prisoner who longed for the light of day. Down here, too, stands the old "stocks." We sat down and allowed our feet to be fastened into them, and can now feelingly utter our thanks that such implements of correction (?) are things of the past. We next explored the Tower. The lower room was not of much interest, so we mounted the rickety stairs to the clock, which bears the date of 1689, and has a very musical chime. The original Curfew Bell was not there—we had scarcely expected that—but, said the keeper: "I know where it is; it's in the Deanery, and is the shape of a saucer." We wished ourselves in the Deanery, but as the days of magicians are in the dead past also, we did not find ourselves there. We presently found ourselves, however, in an irregularly shaped cell, which had held many prisoners, among them the notorious butcher who was hanged from the opposite window for daring to remark that the noble Henry VIII. had no right to put away Katharine and marry Anne Boleyn. We turned away from window and cell with a thrill of horror, and silently thanked God that our lot was cast in happier times. Pointing through the loop-hole of another niche and directly commanding High Street, Eton, stands the cannon by which Cromwell gained possession of that town. Old and very rusty, it still points threateningly as in the days when the Lord of the Fens struck fear to the hearts of the Royalists. Long may it be silent, except as it speaks to those who look on it of the name of him who raised England to the highest rank among the kingdoms. The spot where rests the remains of Oliver Cromwell is unknown to the British, who delight to honour their illustrious dead, but the memory of his bravery in the cause of right is being every year more deeply felt and will live as long as the kingdom. We stepped from out of the old Curfew Tower into the light of the nineteenth century feeling that its days are better and brighter than the British nation has ever seen, and that the unspoken "sermons in stones" forcibly remind us of our inestimable blessings and privileges.

M. S.

#### *DOLEFUL vs. HOPEFUL.*

Brother Caleb Hopeful and Brother Jeremiah Doleful were members of the same congregation and took