

wicked, neither forbids our free intercourse with men as they may be found in society at large.—He who would expect purity of morals from every member of the community in which he lives, and would hold no communication with those who might be less virtuous than himself, would thereby show that he was a stranger to that charity which bears the defects of others and covers besides a multitude of sins. As social beings, we have all to appear more or less frequently on the great stage of human life; nor can we well perform our respective parts thereon without meeting those whose morals are suspicious, and of whose conduct we do not approve. All this we can do and are bound to do without forming any close companionship with the ungodly. When the labors of the day are done, we are free to spend our leisure hours with whom we please, and to our own misfortune will it redound, if we make an imprudent choice. He who then frequents the society of the wicked will be apt to find when too late that his virtue was a house built on sand which will not long resist the waves of passion and temptation.—As the opening flower, nipped by the chill northern blast, droops and decays, so will his virtue sink under the withering influence of bad company—so will he find by sad experience “that evil communication corrupts good manners.”

SENEX.

THINGS LOST FOR EVER.—Lost wealth may be restored by industry—wreck of health regained by temperance—forgotten knowledge restored by study—alienated friendship smoothed into forgetfulness—even forfeited reputation won back by penitence and virtue. But who ever again looked upon his vanquished honor—recalled his slighted years, stamped them with wisdom—or effaced from Heaven's record the fearful blot of wasted life?— [Mrs. Sigourney.]

### WINCHESTER CATHEDRAL.

We were much struck by the annexed sketch, from a Protestant pen, of one of the few remaining old Catholic structures of England, which have survived the *barbarism of sects* and the destructive fanaticism of Calvinist, Puritan and Roundhead, WINCHESTER CATHEDRAL. We take the sketch from the ‘Protestant Churchman’ We have given the descriptive part entire, and have only shorn off a few collateral observations which, rather distinguished for *Protestant* luxuriance, might be offensive to *Catholic* readers, and added in no manner to the force or beauty of the description. We have certainly added to the *character*

of the sketch by curtailing *suspicious* redundancies, but at the same time are conscious of our duty to apologise for the *liberty* taken. The old Cathedral is described as it was together with some of its *modern* additions.—N. F. Freeman.

### INTERIOR OF WINCHESTER CATHEDRAL—ANTIQUÉ FONT—THE CHOIR—THE MONUMENTS OF THE OLD BISHOPS—THE CHURCH OF WAKELIN.—

“Old temple, thy vast centeries seen, but years—  
Where sages, Kings, and spirits, lie & orish’d!  
Our hearts are full, our souls are occupied,  
And piety has birth in quiet tears.”

RICHARD HOWITT.

I noticed in my last number, the impression produced by the first view of the interior of the grand old Cathedral of Winchester. The *impression* is all that I dare notice. To attempt a description of this view, as a whole, would be fruitless, and end in disappointment. No language of men could describe it.

Mine must be the humbler task of noticing merely the striking objects which presented themselves during a somewhat protracted stay, and on repeated visits.

The first object which arrests our attention as we advance towards the choir, is the font. This is of black marble, square in form, supported by a plain stone pedestal. It is supposed to have been erected in the time of the Saxons. The sides are adorned with curious antique sculptures in basso relievo, intended, most probably, to represent the doings of some saint belonging to this Church.

At this point, the attention is arrested by the numerous monuments of prelates, noblemen and gentlemen, which are dispersed upon the walls around.

But let us approach the choir. The ascent to it is by a noble flight of stone steps, which extend across the whole breadth of the middle aisle.—From the top of this ascent arises a Gothic screen, exquisitely carved, which has been made to take the place of one of the composite order, which Inigo Jones, in violation of all the principles of taste, erected here. The screen is now beautifully in keeping with the architecture of the building, and is in itself one of the most elaborate specimens of art in the kingdom. It contains in its niches two fine statues, in copper, of James the First and Charles the First.

A door in the screen admits us into the choir and the view of it as we enter is inconceivably fine. To one who is familiar with the minute and highly-wrought description of the old chroniclers of the Cathedral, a feeling of disappointment will