

hedral. He was ascending the steps of the choir, when the four knights, with twelve companions, all armed, burst into the church, exclaiming loudly, "Where is the Archbishop? where is the traitor?"

"Here is the Archbishop," answered Becket, looking loftily on them; "but he is no traitor." At that moment the knights fell upon him, and knocking him down with repeated blows, he expired at the foot of St. Bennet's altar.

Thus died Thomas a Becket; and his death, besides being an act of murder and sacrilege, was productive of very unhappy consequences to both the King and the people. The Clergy threw all the blame of Becket's death upon Henry; and the people, believing them, were henceforth less inclined to think favourably of their King than before. The next act was to rank Becket with the saints and martyrs, and to build a sumptuous shrine in Canterbury cathedral to his memory: here wonderful cures were said to be wrought; even dead men, we are told, were brought to life by touching the sacred tomb.

And for three or four hundred years afterwards troops of pilgrims constantly resorted to the tomb of St. Thomas, kneeling, and making confession of their sins, and appealing to him for help, as if he was their intercessor with God.

Richer people brought with them gifts, which they offered up at the shrine, and which amounted to a very large sum in the course of a year; in one year to as much as eight hundred and thirty-two pounds, and in another to nine hundred and fifty-four.

The shrine of Thomas a Becket is still standing in his cathedral; at the time for pilgrims to kneel and pray and offer gifts there, is one by; and those who now visit the place may well be thankful that it is so: they have the clear language of the Bible to guide them, and they know that "there is but one Mediator between God and men, the man Christ Jesus."

And no monks stand about the shrine now, persuading the people to believe in the miracles performed there; but the beautiful building remains, and every one who goes may still lift up his heart in silence to God, and pray to be cured of his infirmities: and where is he who does not believe that those prayers, if offered in faith, will be heard?  
*England and its People.*

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## SELECTIONS FROM A MINISTER'S MANUSCRIPTS.

### No. I.

#### THE FEW MINUTES.

In the night-season of the cold, dreary month of February, a Minister, in a populous town in the West Riding of Yorkshire, was roused from his peaceful slumbers by loud rapping at the door of his dwelling. On opening the window to inquire who was there, the voice of a female, evidently in great distress, imploringly said, "O do, Sir, come