

seated. At the crossing beneath the great central tower we turn aside for a moment into the south transept to look at two inscriptions of interest in a church singularly devoid of interesting burial monuments. Our attention is caught by the earthy pessimism of the following couplet:

“Thus Death, grand Monitor, oft comes to prove  
'Tis dust we doat on when 'tis man we love,”

no less than by the simple loving faith that breathes through the following:

“Here lies a Marchand who on earth did trade  
To gaine a Kingdome that should never fade;  
An upright conscience, his best chosen Friend,  
Did steere his shipp unto his latest end.

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Uppon Good Friday hee with Christ did die  
That hee with Him might live eternally.”

As we return to the crossing we see in front of us, blocking up the entrance to the North Transept, Chester's magnificent organ, costing more than £2500. Its case of carved oak, richly ornamented screen of red sandstone, with its supporting pillars of Italian marble, constitute a setting of fitting beauty for the organ. Passing beneath the centre of the oak choir screen we enter the choir, the architectural treasury of the Cathedral. The mosaic floor, the old oak choir—stalls right and left, the intricately decorated triforium, the simpler clerestory, the lavish colour representations of the vault,—these form the Cathedral's wealth-centre. The modern pulpit was the gift of Cheshire Freemasons. The Communion Table, too, is worth a moment's consideration, both for its material and design; it is constructed of Palestinian wood, oak of Bashan, cedar of Lebanon, olive from the Mount of Olives; while in its carving are represented plants of the Holy Land—myrrh, palm, hyssop, flax, bulrush. Immediately to the east of the altar and at the entrance of the Lady Chapel is what remains of the shrine of St. Werburgh, shattered in revolution disorders, and carelessly restored from shattered remnants.

Here we must stop without entering the Lady Chapel, and complete our short survey of the Cathedral. We have not visited the Thirteenth Century Conventual Buildings on the north side—the Cloisters, the Chapter House, the Refectory with its rare lector's pulpit whence in the days of the monastery a monk, chosen for the pur-