

in a literal sense, for some needy relative, it is stated that the present incumbent is old and infirm, that the stipend is £800 or £1,500 a year, the parish duties light, and the fishing and hunting good. In most cases the bishop has a right to reject the candidate presented, but unless some conspicuous reason exists for such rejection, it seldom takes place. This sale of advowsons seems to us one of the worst forms of simony, against which, it is true, certain laws are made. "These laws, however," says a competent authority, "are more frequently evaded than obeyed." But this is a long digression from Lowther Castle.

The building, it will be seen, has an extremely castellated appearance. The Great Hall is sixty feet square and ninety feet high, adorned with ancient armour, and historic banners, and other relics. The Gothic window of this great hall, especially when lit up at night, as shown in our engraving on page 290, is very impressive. In the State Bedroom is the state bed, a huge catafalque-like structure, hung with white satin, embroidered with black and gold. At the angles are carved and gilded figures of angels, recalling the old nursery rhyme:—

"Four corners to my bed,
Four angels round me spread;
One to sing, one to pray,
And two to carry my soul away."*

One of the finest collections extant of Britano-Roman inscriptions, Roman altars, memorial slabs, and the like, is collected in the museum of this castle. In deciphering these, the Rev. Dr. McCaul, of Toronto, one of the highest living authorities in the difficult science of epigraphy, has won great fame, and has published in Canada a learned volume in elucidation of these distant "finds."

Across the park is Lowther Church, with its quiet "God's Acre," in which "the peaceful fathers of the hamlet sleep"—

A grander, fairer spot of English ground
To rest in till the trump of doom shall blow
From the high heavens, through land and sea below,
In all this ancient realm could not be found.

* Much more beautiful is that other childhood rhyme, "Now I lay me down to sleep," etc., concerning which a great English lawyer, lately deceased, declared that he always repeated it before he went to sleep.