

HOME & SCHOOL

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September.

The harvest is past, the summer is
ended, and we are not saved."—*Jer. 8. 20.*

Not saved! The summer gone!
Sweet autumn, cast the glory of thy days,
The glory of thy mellow-purpled rays,
Around each one!

Not saved! The harvest done!
Haste lest the winter of disease and death,
Shall chill the pulse and hush the failing
breath,
And set, thy sun.

Not saved! The summer gone!
O'twas a gracious season filled with good—
Crowned with beauty—has thy heart with-
stood
These mercies flown!

Not saved! The harvest done!
E'en yet stands open the unbolted
door;
Thou may'st pass in—and grateful
evermore,
Dwell near the throne.

Westminster Abbey.

BY CANON F. W. FARRAR.

I FEAR that on entering the
Abbey you will at first be greatly
disappointed. The grimy, dingy
look of the place will vex you,
particularly if you choose for
your visit a dull day. I grieve
to say that the dinginess is in-
evitable. The Abbey rears its
towers into an atmosphere thick
with the smoke of innumerable
chimneys, and laden with acids
which eat away, with increasing
rapidity, the surface of its
stones.

And yet, as you enter the
cathedral which enshrines me-
morial of nine centuries of
English history,—as you pass
under the roof which covers
more immortal dust than any
other in the whole world,—you
can hardly fail to feel some
sense of awe. And before you
begin to study the cathedral in
detail, I should advise you to
wander through the length and
breadth of it without paying
any attention to minor points, but
with the single object of recognizing
its exquisite beauty and magnifi-
cence.

You will best understand its magni-
ficence as a place of worship if you visit
it on any Sunday afternoon, and see
the choir and transepts crowded from
end to end by perhaps three thousand
people, among whom you will observe
hundreds of young men, contented to
stand through the whole of a long
service and to listen with no sign of

weariness to a sermon which perhaps
occupies an hour in the delivery.

Here the Puritan divines thundered
against the errors of Rome; here the
Romish preachers anathematized the
apostasies of Luther. These walls have
heard the voice of Cranmer as he
preached before the boy-king on whom
he rested the hopes of the reformation,
and the voice of Feckenham as he
preached before Philip of Spain and
Mary Tudor. They have heard South
shooting the envenomed arrows of his
wit against the Independents, and Bar-
ter pleading the cause of toleration.

designedly. The Abbey will remind
us, as no other place could remind us,
that the history of England is no less
the history of America, and the history
of America the history of England.
All that was bitter in the memories of
the American War of Independence
has long been buried in the oblivion of
our common amity.

The most marked trace of the war
is to be seen in the monument of
Major André; and the fact that in 1812
André's body was sent back to England
by the Americans, with every mark of
courtesy and respect, shows how rapid-

ing to him the command, nobly served
as a volunteer beneath his military
inferior. On Pollock's grave is the
appropriate text, "O God, Thou
strength of my health, Thou hast
covered my head in the day of battle."
Under the bust of Lawrence are carved
the striking words, "He feared man so
little, because he feared God so much."

In this Post's Corner is the simple
rectangular slab under which Ben
Jonson was buried upright, having
asked Charles I. for eighteen square
inches of ground in Westminster Abbey.
On this stone was carved the quaint
and striking epitaph, "O rare
Ben Jonson," which, only the
accidental expression of the pas-
ser-by, was afterwards copied
upon his bust in "Post's
Corner."

A little farther on is the
grave of Livingstone, which
records the last pathetic words
found in his diary: "All I can
add in my loneliness is, May
Heaven's rich blessing come
down on every one, American,
English or Turk, who will help
to heal this open sore of the
world"—the slave-trade.

There are, however, two mon-
uments to which I must lead
you before I conclude. One is
the monument of Sir Isaac
Newton, close beside whose grave
were laid the mortal remains of
Charles Darwin.

The following are some items
of history about the Abbey:—

On the site of the present
Abbey, Sebert, the king of the
East-Saxons, built a church in
the seventh century. This was
replaced by an Abbey called
Westminster, to distinguish it
from the cathedral church of St.
Paul, then known as Eastmin-
ster. Edward the Confessor
erected another edifice on the
spot in 1065, and a portion of
that building still remains. The
principal parts of the present
Abbey were built by Henry III.

Succeeding sovereigns added and
improved the edifice till Henry VII.
built his chapel and completed the
interior as it now stands. The only
important additions made since have
been the upper parts of the two western
towers, which were the work of Chris-
topher Wren. There is at present
some talk of repairing the exterior,
but we may be sure that there will be
few changes, as the English take too
much pride in their ancient Abbey to
in any way attempt to modernize it.



WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

They have heard Bishop Bonner chant-
ing the mass in his mitre, and Stephen
Marshall preaching at the funeral of
Pym. Here Romish Bishop and Pro-
testant Dean, who cursed each other
when living, lie side by side in death;
and Queen Elizabeth, who burned Pa-
pists, and Queen Mary, who burned
Protestants, share one quiet grave, as
they once bore the same uneasy crown.

Here, too, you may see at a glance
the unity of our national history. I
use the expression *our* national history

ly all traces of exasperation were
obliterated between brother nations.

Even in walking through the Abbey
to learn its general aspect, you will be
struck by the bewildering multiplicity
of tombs. There is not a valhalla in
the world in which repose so many of
the great and good. It is this which
has made the deepest impression on
multitudes of visitors.

On Outram's monument is a bas-
relief of the memorable scene in which
he met Havelock at Delhi, and resign-