

Blessed Lord bore our sins only during the last three of the six hours of His sufferings on the Cross—namely, the hours of darkness.

Another distinctive teaching of the Brethren is that the law is no rule of life to them—that the law given on Sinai was for the Jews and not for the Gentiles, and that Christ's death has abrogated it totally and finally. They maintain, therefore, in the words of Mr. Darby, that "the men before Moses, the Gentiles since, and Christians now, are not under law. Christians are not under the law in any sense, for they are not under the law, but under grace!" Such a belief must tend to immorality and gross antinomianism, and there are many sincere "Brethren" who grieve at the practical outcome of this doctrine. The mistake has arisen from the Plymouth teaching respecting the two natures—our animal and our spiritual nature—teaching which leads them to be indifferent to all manifestations of the flesh, for (say they) we are "not in the flesh at all."

On the judgment and second coming of our Lord, and also on the relation of the Christian to the world, the Brethren hold most peculiar views. With regard to this latter point, there is abundant evidence to show their practice does not come up to their profession. "They speak of the world being crucified to them (says a leading brother) and of their being crucified to the world; and yet the world is stamped on the very face of their whole establishments, and everything seems designed to minister to the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, and the pride of life."

#### UPSTAIRS IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

WE are so accustomed to the fact that little or nothing remains of most English abbeys except the church that we say "abbey" when we mean "church" in a great many cases. As a good deal remains of the conventual buildings of Westminster Abbey, there is nothing extraordinary in going upstairs or downstairs or in the Abbot's chamber. But such ups and downs within the church itself strike the visitor as somewhat strange. He does not know, or has no means of knowing, that there are some places at least two storeys above the ground floor, that above some of the chapels are hanging chanceries, miniature churches in themselves, and long drawn aisles full of strange monuments. None of these nooks are shown to the public. It would be impossible to show them to more than a very few visitors at a time. The stairs are not only narrow and dark, but fragile in some cases, and when you reach at length the upper floor you often find it a very irregular surface on the top of the groining, without any railing to prevent you from falling into the nave or choir below. Nor is it altogether worth the trouble involved in ascending, for people do not always care to get behind the scenes and be made acquainted with the seamy side of what they only know as the perfection of beauty and order. The most lovely buildings in the world have their uncomely parts, and Westminster Abbey is no exception to the rule. The strange thing about visiting the triforium is the difficulty of recognizing the antiquity, the historical association, the absolute value of every heap of dusty rubbish which has accumulated there in the course of centuries. Here, a bundle of pieces of broken boarding are the canopy of some great king's tomb removed to make way for the burial of a greater. There, a heap of broken stones are fragments of the monuments and chanceries destroyed as idolatrous in fanatical times. A confused collection in a corner of carved and gilded scraps of plaster and wood represents the pomp of heraldic ornament at the funeral of a duke or a general. Nothing is lost that has once found its way into the church; and the storehouse has ample room for everything worth preserving, as well as for much that has ceased to interest the people of this generation.

The ascent is made by various flights of stairs. One of these opens on the east aisle of the cloister, close to the entrance of the Chapter-house. When the ancient church of the Confessor was superseded by the more magnificent building of Henry III., the cloisters, though they abutted on the new groundplan of the western aisle of the south transept, were not removed, and the Poet's Corner is thus defrauded of its full proportions. The cloister is much lower than the aisle would have been in its place; and over it is the muniment room, with its iron-bound coffers. The triforium is another flight above, and the winding stair is steep, slippery, and dark. When at length we stand on the red-brick pavement and look around, we are surprised to observe the great size of the chamber which intervenes between the top of the vaulting below and the timbers of the roof above. Nothing gives a better idea of the vastness of the building than to see the greatness of its minor parts. The pavement, which only dates from the time of Wren, becomes more irregular as we turn into the triforium of the nave. It conceals the "pockets" of the vaulting, receptacles probably filled with fragments of the

statues and altars displaced at the Reformation. At the further end, in the south tower over the Abbot's Chapel or baptistry, the floor was of wood. On its being removed, the remains of Torregiano's images in terra-cotta, for the decoration of the altar in Henry VII.'s Chapel, were found. They indicate rather than prove the magnificence of the whole structure; but are broken into such minute pieces that the united efforts of several antiquaries have so far failed to make up a single complete figure. Among them is the "torso" of a splendidly modelled statue of the dead Saviour, and beautiful are the feet of the angels of the canopy. This altar, which was engraved by Sandrart as the monument of Edward VI., was destroyed in 1643 by one Sir Robert Harlow, who deserves to go down to posterity with Erostratus and Lloyd. Some portions, identified at Oxford among the Arundel marbles of Mr. Middleton, have been recently restored to their place, but it is to be feared that the terra-cotta fragments in the triforium are beyond repair. The chamber over the vaulting of the Abbot's Chapel, in which they were found, was that occupied, it is said, by Bradshaw, President of the High Court of Justice which condemned Charles I. The Deanery, with which by a separate staircase this part of the triforium communicates, was granted to Bradshaw, who died in it in 1659. Constant tradition avers that he actually died in this very room, a room which certainly was at some period used as a lodging, for it contains a fireplace of Late Perpendicular work. Hence, along the triforium his restless spirit walks on the nights of the 30th January and the 22nd November; and in truth a more ghastly-looking corner than this would be difficult to imagine. Little cherubs peep out here and there from behind the marble pancakes removed from the monument below of Admiral Tyrrell. Close by are two wooden obelisks removed in 1775 from the entrance to the choir, where, according to Dart's view, they stood on the summit of a pair of tall classical gateposts. A label on one of them attributes the carving to Gibbons, but this ascription is more than doubtful.

In those parts of the triforium which are over the apsidal chapels some curious collections have been formed. A buttress of Henry VII.'s Chapel long concealed a window here, and in it have been found some panels of original glazing of the thirteenth century, being among the most ancient and complete examples of the kind left. They are very different from most of the modern glass. The delicacy of the design, the moderation in the use of colour, and the evident desire to admit as much light as possible, are all qualities which our glass painters, with a few exceptions, do not care to seek after. In another recess is a ghastly cast in white plaster of the leaden coffin of Henry, Prince of Wales, the eldest son of James I. In a third are the remains of the old pulpit which used to stand in the nave, with its sounding-board and some exquisite carving. Further on are the very similar panels of carving which adorned the organ pipes, and some portions of marble statues and tablets. One of these last seems never to have been put up. Perhaps the fees were refused. On the beams above are placed in two long rows the helmets used at various times in the heraldic decoration of funerals. There are probably as many as seventy of them, but not one of any great value or beauty. Among other relics are two marble slabs long packed up in a box. They are beautifully carved in the late Italian style which Horace Walpole admired so much, and are clearly of his time or a very little earlier. On one is the head of St. Mary the Virgin, and on the other that of the Saviour. There are many points about them unsuitable for the decoration of a Protestant church, and so tradition or some wiseacre assigns them to a destroyed or unfinished monument of Anne of Cleves. But a glance at what does remain of her tomb in the choir below is sufficient to set that part of the question at rest. Near the marbles is a relic both of more interest and of less doubtful antecedents. Bundled up in two or three fagots are the venerable railings of the tomb of Edward I. How it comes to pass that in this "restoring" age they are not set up again in their proper place it would be hard to say. But architects are fond of a kind of restoration which consists of the evolution from their own inner consciousness of a conception of what a thing ought to have been, and are apt to neglect such a piece of evidence as this as to what it was. With regard to these railings, however, there is not any manner of doubt whatsoever, for they are figured by Dart in their proper place. Dean Stanley tells us that in 1764 the mob broke in during the funeral of Pulteney, Earl of Bath, and that the gentlemen who attended his body to the tomb in the Islip Chapel, opposite, tore down the canopy of Edward's tomb, and defended themselves with "the broken rafters." It may be so; but these iron spears, each tipped with its fleur-de-lis, would form much more obviously appropriate weapons on such an occasion. The "wooden hatch put up by Eckenham at the head of the stairs" has been restored, but not the beautiful rails. From the northern side of the triforium a fine view is obtained into the Poet's Corner and the

muniment room, with its great chests and coffers, erroneously described by Scott as being in the triforium itself. But in the upper storey is a quadrant-shaped cope-chest and other vast chests for vestments, interesting in themselves, but not so splendidly locked and barred and clasped as the boxes in the muniment room below.

Another interesting place upstairs is the chantry or Chapel of Henry V. It is kind of gallery over the headless effigy so familiar at the end of the Confessor's Chapel. We are accustomed to admire the swans and antelopes, and the curious scenes from the King's life, which are carved on the high screen under which we pass on the way into the Chapel of Henry VII., without remembering that it conceals one of the most elaborate little buildings of that age now remaining. It is raised so high that people far down in the nave must have been able to see the daily elevation of the host, and with a certain felicity, leading as it does to the Lady Chapel, was dedicated to the Annunciation. Some ingenious person has discovered that the western side of the screen, with its tall staircase towers, forms the letter H, the initial of Henry's name, and unfortunately some still more ingenious person has discovered that the helmet on the cross-beam is not that in which the King fought at Agincourt, but one specially ordered by the undertakers for the funeral. It is more solid, but scarcely more important, in truth, than the threescore and ten we saw in the triforium. When we climb into a neighbouring chantry, that of Abbot Islip, we find it filled with still more singular funeral monuments. The waxworks are no longer shown to the public, yet they are worth seeing, and are probably the most vivid likenesses remaining of the few personages they represent. Dean Stanley strangely observes that "they were even highly esteemed as works of art." No doubt they were. It is unquestionable that the figure of Chatham, with his keen eyes, his bushy eyebrows—features both lost in ordinary sculpture—his great nose, his commanding attitude, is brought more distinctly before the mind by a sight of his wonderfully-speaking effigy. Did Macaulay ever see little William of Orange standing on a cushion beside his tall stout wife, and observe the intensely real look of the slight figure, and the worn yet vivacious face? Certainly these figures were the work of no mean master, and if the Duchess of Richmond and her dead son, lying in state, are not so good, it is rather because the subjects were not equal to the art than because the art failed to do them justice. Even the comparatively faded figure of Charles II., which faces the spectator as he enters the chantry, is startling with its appearance of reality.

#### BOOK NOTICES.

THE RURAL CANADIAN; a fortnightly Journal of Agriculture, Horticulture, and Rural affairs. Toronto: C. Blackett Robinson, 5 Jordan-street. Price per annum, one dollar; with reduction to clubs.

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#### Diocesan Intelligence.

##### ONTARIO.

From Our Own Correspondent.

CARLETON PLACE.—The Rev. G. Low succeeds the Rev. G. W. Grout, who is removing to Lyn in succession to the Rev. H. Auston, who recently went to Gananoque. Mr. Low's place at Merrickville is not yet filled.

BEARBROOK AND NAVAN.—Although the vacancy in the mission of Cumberland has not yet been filled, the congregations at these two stations are being kept together by the services of a lay-reader, recommended by the late incumbent.

BRITANNIA.—This pleasant summer retreat on the rapids of the Ottawa, six miles from the city, is unusually full just now; accordingly, Rev. Mr. Garrett has opened a service here, which is well attended.