

habit of doing, and which he sanctioned and approved.» † I will merely remark that all this language of the Queen of England and her daughter would be thought very superstitious by most Protestant readers, if St. Joseph's or St. Antony's name were substituted for that of Prince Albert, and if the writer were a Queen of Naples or of Spain, instead of the Queen of England. It is not superstitious, however, but instinctive, in the best sense of the word.

The examples just given of John Sterling, Mrs. Fry, Miss Methuen, and her Majesty Queen Victoria, show that the thought of guardian saints is wide spread among Protestants. A few examples from works of fiction will confirm this view.

A little tale called *An Eventful Night*, originally composed by a German Protestant minister, has been translated and published by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, of which all the bishops of the Church of England are patrons. In sanctioning this publication it is hardly to be supposed that the committee intended to give support to Catholic views on patron saints ; yet such is the force of the following passage, which is part of a conversation between a young orphan lady, a Lutheran, and a candidate for the Lutheran ministry.

« It is the portrait of my poor father, » said the young lady, with tears in her eyes. « I could unfortunately only paint it from memory. » « Is he far from you ? » I asked gently. « Very far, and yet perhaps very near, » she whispered, and pointed with her white hand above. « He is dead, » I replied with emotion. The lady struggled for composure. « Oh ! he is near you, » I said earnestly, while the tears came into my eyes ; « He is looking down upon you in love, *never renounce the belief.* »

A more familiar illustration of filial trust in a deceased parent is found in one of Dickens's works.

When poor little *Oliver Twist* awakes to consciousness after his fever, his nurse exclaims : « Pretty creature ! what would his mother feel if she had sat by him as I have, and could see him now ? »

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† *More Leaves from a Journal of our Life in the Highlands* (1884).