

attendant choir at the Nativity for the sake of the shepherds, and the two angels at the Ascension for the sake of the Apostles, and all these things ultimately for the whole Church. The most conclusive evidence of the Resurrection of the Lord is the existence of His Church, for the great doctrine on which it stands is His Deity, and the great fact is the Resurrection. It could never have existed and prevailed and continued if those foundations had not been sure. The Resurrection is the central miracle of all the miracles of the Gospels and Acts. If that be rejected, all the others go with it; if that be established, all the others are easy after it. If Christ did not rise, then we are of all men most miserable; if Christ rose, then shall we also rise through Him.

EASTER DAY.

"Are the gates sure?—is every bolt made fast?
No dangerous whisper wandering through—
Dare we breathe calm, and unalarmed forecast
Our calls to suffer or to do?"

O ye of little faith! twelve hours ago,
He Whom ye mourn, by power unbound
The bonds ye fear, nor sealed stone below
Barred Him, nor mailed guards around.

The Lord is risen indeed! His own have seen,
They who denied, have seen His face,
Weeping and spared. Shall loyal hearts not lean
Upon His outstretched arm of grace?
Shine in your orbs, ye stars of God's new heaven,
Or gathered or apart, shine clear:
Far, far beneath the opposing mists are driven,
The Invisible is waiting near.

J. Keble, *Lyra Apostolica*.

ENGLAND AND THE JUBILEE, AND WHAT WE SAW THERE.

Written for The Canadian Churchman by
Mrs. E. Newman.

(Continued from last issue.)

One hot, dusty day, before leaving Oxford, we drove with a party of friends to Woodstock, a distance of four miles, turned in at the gates of Blenheim park, and up a fine avenue to the porter's lodge, which is under the grand entrance gateway to the palace. We paid 1s. each and handed over our parasols. We were conducted across the court-yard by a splendid fellow in the Marlborough livery, with huge silver-headed baton, to the main entrance to the palace, where a mild young man in plain clothes (a sort of under-secretary he appeared to be), raced us through the State apartments. The family were away; twice a week this part of the palace is thrown open to the public; crimson cloth is laid down through the suite of rooms to save carpets from the tramp of feet, and ropes of crimson silk part off the furniture: the money realized goes towards the support of the Radcliffe Infirmary in Oxford. A fine entrance hall with marble pillars, the floor in tiles of black and white, contains some fine old paintings of kings and queens, dukes and duchesses, handsome bronzes, and statues in marble on pedestals, suits of armour and antlered heads. In the dome-like ceiling is a very beautiful mythological painting, commemorating the battle of Blenheim. One of the party, evidently an American, asked the mild young man how much that painted ceiling cost? He was able, I believe, to gratify her curiosity. We then passed through an ante-room with glass cases lining the walls, filled with rare old china, into three state drawing-rooms, one in crimson, the other two in white and gold, and silk tapestry: the grand salon partly destroyed by fire just after the visit of the Prince of Wales, was closed. A fine billiard-room, and handsome dining-room and carved furniture made from

wood on the estate. Of course everything is gorgeous, white and gold ceilings, gilt furniture, Persian carpets, and exquisite hangings. I wish I could describe the beautiful tapestries lining the walls: they are marvellously beautiful, 100 years old, made in Brussels, commemorating famous battles fought and won (Blenheim, Oudenarde, etc.), by the first duke, his wife, seated on a prancing white charger. Many exquisite paintings, portraits by Sir Joshua Reynolds: the greater part of his valuable collection had been sold by the late Duke, as well as all his magnificent library. A beautifully executed portrait of the present young Duchess hangs in the state dining-room. The library is a very fine room, 100 feet long, with a gallery across one end, the walls lined with book-cases, filled in with crimson silk behind the glass doors to hide their emptiness: a fine organ, and handsome white bear-skins, with heads, and gaping mouths, grace the polished floor. At the entrance to this library is a life-size marble statue of Queen Anne, who gave the manor of Woodstock to the first Duke, in recognition of his splendid services, with £240,000 to build the palace. The private chapel, a plain little affair, but with the most remarkable monument erected by Duchess "Sarah," in memory of her husband, covering the greater part of one wall. We wandered through the lovely park, over a pretty stone bridge, and rested for an hour under some grand old beech trees by the side of a lovely lake and near "Fair Rosamund's" well, watching the swans. We found our carriage waiting for us at the lodge and a friend on his bicycle ready to escort us back to Oxford. We called on our way at a delightful country-house: such a sweet, cool drawing-room, filled with flowers, French windows opening onto a lawn surrounded by roses; roses everywhere. A smart young man-servant brought in tea, rare old china, antique silver, and such cream! It was an ideal repast. We left, laden with lovely bunches of roses and carnations.

Our visit to London I hope to give you in two parts, as we only spent two weeks there at the time of the Jubilee, and six weeks on our return from Scotland between London and Paris, when we saw as much as we could possibly crowd into the time. The country between Oxford and London is very lovely. We passed by many fine old country seats of nobility and gentry, with their beautiful parks and avenues of noble trees, those "stately homes of England." The bustle at Paddington station, and its immensity, opens Canadian eyes. We arrived there on the afternoon of June 15th, and drove to St. George's Road, Belgravia. After four o'clock tea, we walked over just for a peep into Westminster Abbey (we had not time for more that day), entering by the beautiful Solomon's porch, in the north transept, near St. Margaret's church. Over this entrance is the exquisitely lovely rose window, representing in the painted glass our Saviour, the twelve Apostles, and the four Evangelists. To those of my readers who have never been there, I fail to express through the feeble medium of my pen, the feeling of awe stealing over me as I entered that grand old building. I was so overcome that I felt positively hysterical at the first glimpse of its awful grandeur. After wandering through the grand old nave and choir, we stood in the "poet's corner," dear wish of my heart, to look upon the resting place of some of the greatest of the world's great men: dating back to Chaucer and Spenser, are monuments and tablets, and busts, deep in the dust of ages. Of the beautiful chapel of Henry VII. I must say something: it consists of nave, aisles, and four small chapels, the tomb of Henry VII. and his Queen at one end, recumbent brass effigies, surrounded by iron railings. The entire length of this chapel, 103 feet by 70 feet wide, the

finest example of the perpendicular style, the netted vault-work of the roof, and fan tracery, all equally beautiful: the whole chapel surrounded by statues of saints, martyrs, patriarchs and confessors. Each stall is appropriated to a knight of the Order of the Bath, emblazoned with his coat of arms in brass, while his old torn banner hangs above the stall: below are the seats for the knights' esquires, the carving on the "miserere" or hinged seats of the monks, especially worthy of notice. And now down the wide steps of gray marble, under the portico, through the elaborately wrought gates of bronze, and up winding pulpit-like steps into the shrine of Edward the Confessor, pausing for a moment by the side of the old gray tomb in contemplation of the many pilgrims whose feet had helped to wear into hollows that old stone floor. Here is to be seen Edward's sword, a toy affair, only 17 feet long; and more interesting yet, the old coronation chair, with the stone from Scone under the seat, red sandstone, worn and broken at the corners, with a large ring at either end, by the adherents to the belief in Anglo-Israel believed to be Jacob's pillow at Bethel. There are chapels and tombs, brasses and memorials in stone and painted windows, far too numerous to mention, although I could write pages on them. The Chapter-house, once the meeting place of the House of Commons, from the year 1265 to 1547, is entered from the cloisters, under a beautiful old doorway: it is in shape octagonal, with massive buttresses, and stands on a Roman crypt. Various odd documents relating to the Abbey, including the great Charter of Edward the Confessor, are here preserved in a glass case, the walls adorned with paintings, and the old tile pavement covered with heraldic emblems: the windows, restored by Sir Gilbert Scott, represent scenes in the history of the Abbey, as a memorial to the late Dean Stanley. O, for the pen of a "ready writer," that I might tell you more of the grandeur and beauty of beautiful Westminster Abbey. So lost was I to all external surroundings, so living in a past generation, so completely for the time taken out of self, that on coming out into the warmth of the outer air, and amid the bustle in the street, I wondered where I was, and only after a few seconds realized that I was myself, and in old London. To give you some little idea of the size of the Abbey, the following are the inside measurements: Length from east to west, including Henry VII. chapel, 513 feet; breadth of transepts, from north to south, 200 feet; height from the pavement to roof of lectern, 140 feet, and height of towers, 225 feet. A curious old epitaph on a monument in the "Poet's Corner" to John Gay, from his own lines in a letter to Pope:

"Life is a jest, and all things show it:
I thought so once, and now I know it."

HINTS TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

Puff Pudding.—Five tablespoons of flour, five tablespoons of milk, five eggs stirred smooth: turn on a pint of boiling milk, and bake twenty minutes. To be eaten with hard sauce.

Fig Pudding.—Five eggs, one-quarter pound of figs, chopped fine, one-quarter pound of bread crumbs, one-quarter pound of sugar (brown), one-quarter pound of suet, one-quarter pound of candied lemon peel and citron, one nutmeg. Mix thoroughly; put into a mould, and boil or steam four hours.

To Broil Fish.—Any small fish or the steaks of a large fish are nice broiled. Prepare as for frying, rub the bars of the gridiron with butter, then place the fish, skin down; do not turn until nearly done, and broil slowly. Turn up and lay in a dish with butter, pepper and salt.

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