

And look on me as what all men must come to."

In Worcester Cathedral there is this inscription over the tomb of Prince Arthur, the eldest son of King Henry VII., who died in Ludlow Castle:

"Here lyeth buried Prince *Arthoure*, the first begotten son of the righte renowned King Henry the Seventh, whiche noble Prynce departed out of this transitori lyfe in the Castle of Ludlowe, in the seventeenth yere of our Lorde God one thousand five hundred and two."

This epitaph is somewhat confused in its wording: it means that Prince Arthur died in his seventeenth year, but it does not say so.

The epitaph by Robertson on James II., is one which would be likely to cause much controversy. It reads as follows:—

"Bright is his diadem in heav'n's abode,
Who lost his crown rather than change his
God;
While the perfidious wretch who stole the
prize,
Pines in eternal dread of earth and skies."

Bishop Porteous wrote a lengthy epitaph on George II., of which the following are the concluding lines:—

"—Saw (blest privilege) his Britons share
The smiles of Peace amidst the rage of War;
Saw to his shores increasing commerce roll,
And floods of wealth flow in from either pole:
Warm'd by his influence, by his bounty fed,
Saw Science raise her venerable head,
Whilst at his feet expiring faction lay,
No contest left but who should best obey;
Saw in his offspring all himself renew'd,
The same fair path of glory still pursu'd;
Saw, too, young GEORGE Augustus' care im-
part.

Whate'er could raise or humanize the heart,
Blend all his grandsire's virtues with his own,
And form their mingled radiance for the
Throne.

No further blessings could on earth be given;
The next degree of happiness was —*Heav'n*."

Comment is all but superfluous, when it is remembered that this same King "could see no use in painting or poetry," and also "despised learning and learned men."

Let us now turn to another class of epitaphs, those which pun upon the names of the persons whose virtues

they commemorate. Here is one from Stepney, in the east end of London, on Mary Angel, who died in 1693, aged 72 years:—

"To say an angel here interr'd doth lye
May be thought strange, for angels never
dye;
Indeed some fell from heav'n to hell,
Are lost and rise no more;
This only fell from death to earth,
Not lost, but gone before;
Her dust lodg'd here, her soul, perfect in
grace,
Amongst saints and angels now hath took
its place."

The following lines were written by a Mr. Downton on his father-in-law, the Rev. Mr. Chest, in the latter end of the sixteenth century. Mr. Chest had incurred the dislike of his relative because he had removed from the chancel of Chepstow Church, of which he was the vicar, the remains of Henry Marten, one of the men who was instrumental in bringing Charles I. to the scaffold. He gave as his reason that they polluted the sacred building. The epitaph reads thus:—

"Here lies at rest I do protest,
One Chest within another;
The chest of wood was very good,
Who says so of the other!"

In the Temple Church, there is this on one John White:—

"Here lies John, a burning, shining light,
Whose name, life, actions, all alike were
white."

From punning epitaphs, the transition is easy to those which are in the form of an acrostic. This is to be found in Tewkesbury Abbey Church, on the banks of the lovely Severn. It tells of the virtues of Captain Valentine Pyne, who was Master Gunner of England:—

"Vndaunted hero, whose aspiring mind,
As being not willling here to be confin'd
Like birds in cage, in narrow trunk of clay,
Entertained death and with it soar'd away;
Now he is gone, why should I not relate
To future ages his valor, fame and fate;
Just, loyal, prudent, faithful, such was he,
Nature accomplished world's epitome.

Proud he was not, and tho' by riches try'd,
Yet virtue was his safe, his surest guide;