

## THE LEGEND OF COLOGNE CATHEDRAL.

### I.

"Build me," Archbishop Conrad cried  
To the foremost architect of Cologne,  
"Such a church as is not in the whole world wide—  
The dream of an angel carved in stone!"

A glad some man was the architect then,  
Daily and nightly for weeks he wrought,  
Striving with compasses, rule and pen,  
On the parchment to fix his thought.

'Twas a quiet August evening fair  
In the year twelve hundred and forty-eight,  
When the architect to breathe the air  
Wandered out at the city's gate.

He sat down on the river's shore,  
And traced with his staff in the smooth wet sand,  
Portal and pinnacle, wall and tower  
The plan of his cathedral grand.

"It will not do," he said, with a sigh;  
"It should be fairer far, I wis."  
"It will not do," made a voice reply;  
"But say, sir architect, would this?"

A stranger tall with a sneering laugh  
The draughtsman saw at his elbow stand;  
"Give me a moment," quoth he, "thy staff."  
He waved it over the smooth wet sand.

And there the startled builder saw  
Such a church as never the world had known;  
A thing of beauty, and wonder, and awe—  
The dream of an angel shaped in stone!

"Sell me that plan! What'er it cost,  
It must be mine. I will give thee the whole  
Of my fortune. What dost thou covet most?  
My gold is thine—my life—my soul!"

"I have wealth eno," the stranger said;  
"But come to-morrow, when sets the sun,  
And sign this scroll in thy life-blood red  
And the wondrous plan is thine. 'Tis done!"

### II.

Archbishop Conrad sits alone,  
And sees the architect stagger in,  
And fall before him and madly moan,  
"Save me, Lord Bishop, from mortal sin!"

"As I sat at the city's gate last night  
There came unto me the enemy  
And showed a cathedral to my sight  
Such as human eye did never see.

"Pillar and portal and lofty spire,  
As by the fiend they were to me shown;  
Are traced in my brain in lines of fire—  
The dream of an angel shaped in stone!"

"Till I possess it I cannot rest—  
But my precious soul is the fee I pay.  
The sun is hastening to the West,  
And the fiend awaits me at the close of day."

The Archbishop's musing was long and deep;  
At last he answered: "My son, behold  
A relic that demons afar will keep,  
A bone of Saint Ursula set in gold.

"Go meet the Tempter at close of day,  
And snatch the scroll that he offers thee;  
With the sacred relic wave him away,  
And the sign of the cross, and he must flee.

"For ever Saint Ursula hovers near,  
To guard her city of Cologne,  
And 'tis to her honour this pile we rear—  
The dream of an angel carved in stone!"

### III.

Behind the hills dropped the orb of day  
And turned the waters of Rhine to blood;  
Fearful the architect took his way  
To the gate where the waiting Tempter stood.

"Here, master draughtsman," he sneering said,  
Holding forth the plan and scroll;  
"Sign thou this in thy life-blood red,  
And thine is the parchment and mine the soul!"

"Hail! why dost thou fumble in thy vest?"  
The architect, with a desperate hold,  
Clasped the drawing close to his breast  
And waved the relic encased in gold!

He signed the sign that the demons fear,  
And round a sacred radiance shone,  
And in the air he saw hovering near  
Ursula, patroness of Cologne.

The baffled tempter hissed, "I go!  
Beware the church since the saints protect!  
But this is thy doom—no soul shall know  
The name and fame of the architect!"

### IV.

Six hundred and thirty years and two  
Have passed, and at last, the work is done,  
Cologne Cathedral all may view—  
The dream of an angel shaped in stone!

Six centuries have the workers wrought  
With pain and patience to fashion well  
In stone and from the wondrous thought—  
But the name of the builder none can tell!

## ON THE ADVANTAGES OF LIVING IN A POOR NEIGHBOURHOOD.

I have no quarrel with Fortune—quite the contrary—no crow to pluck with the dear old dame, so she need not trouble herself to bring any bag to put the feathers in.

And yet it so happens I find myself residing in a poor neighbourhood, one which at first sight seems, and for all I can tell actually may be, a great drop in the social scale, whilst no proportionate saving is effected, as far as pecuniary matters are concerned.

I gave up a large house—one which, to speak within bounds, was twice too large for my requirements—left a good neighbourhood for one which, though possibly eminently respectable, cannot be called genteel, and the result is that a reduction of expense to the value of perhaps ten shillings a week may be managed.

Still there are advantages, when a man is himself poor, attached to living in a neighbourhood still poorer. It is like putting on an old coat or easy slippers, or taking off one's clothes and going to bed after travelling for a long time by an express train.

If people could only think so, it is better and happier to be a trifle above their surroundings than the same trifle below; it is pleasant to set the feet down firmly after standing on tip-toe—to feel rates, taxes, rent, manageable evils; and to know, if you were sold up for any one of the three, none of your neighbours would regard the operation with amazement, or experience any other emotion as regards such a transaction save the purest and liveliest sympathy.

A locality where, if there be a failure in the water-supply, it is instantly concluded the gracious stream has been summarily cut off; where every one apparently finds some difficulty in making the two ends meet; where, in the simplest and most unaffected manner, people perform their household work for themselves; where no person is ashamed of honest labour, seeming to consider, indeed, the new-comer who apparently does not so labour as an anomaly, is, believe me, a better neighbourhood for the man out at elbows with Fortune than one where all around him are striving to appear richer, greater, grander than they actually are.

In London nowadays so little is really known of the state of any man's affairs, that the mere act of making a show is sufficient to stamp him in the opinion of his neighbours as rich; and it is for this reason that any thoughtful observer who likes to bend his steps towards what is called a good suburb must stand amazed to note the evidences of affluence, the enormous growth of luxury, the last twenty years have produced in the metropolis.

"Who pays for all this?" he asks himself as he looks at the magnificently-furnished houses, at the windows aglow with flowers, at the carriages standing at the doors, at the horses pawing the ground, at the liveried men-servants, the trim maids, the splendidly-dressed ladies, the very little children tricked out as, on the face of the earth, surely children were never tricked out before.

And then he remembers there are certain things called bankruptcies and liquidations and arrangements and so forth; and he knows pretty well what the end of all this pomp and show will be for many, if not most, who are lording it now.

He considers those who flourished like the green bay-tree and then were not; and he knows perfectly well, if he returns to the same neighbourhood in a few years' time, the bulk of its present inhabitants will be gone, and that a number of new-comers will be residing in the old houses, "making believe" more fiercely than the former tenants.

Now this sort of thing does not obtain in our neighbourhood. If there be one extravagance, it is "curtains," they are all the same pattern, and most probably were all the same price; there is some variety in their arrangement, but it only consists in this—that whereas in some of the windows they are drawn close to the glass, in others they are hung so as to form the bay into a species of alcove. The visible curtains are all white; but after much earnest inquiry I find in some houses, indeed in many, coloured drapery likewise obtains. This is, however, in a highly ingenious manner placed against the wall, and thus the diverse beauties of the damask and the lace can be viewed separately. It was an old-fashioned idea that the use of curtains was to insure privacy and subdue the glare of a too strong light. We have changed all that. They are not for use any longer, but for ornament; if they were drawn backwards and forwards, if their trim symmetry were deranged by the hand of reckless man, they never could last a whole season clean, as is the case under the new régime.

It will be admitted, however, that a neighbourhood where "curtains" form the only tax society demands has great advantages over those more exacting localities where a man has to lie awake half the night considering what society may want next. Once concede the curtains, and you are at liberty to do what you like; nay, the curtains, though usual, are not actually compulsory; you would be better thought of if you conformed to this usage, but you may be thought very well of, indeed, even supposing you do not.

In a poor neighbourhood such as this there is nothing short of lying, stealing, or blaspheming you may not do with perfect impunity. You may haggle at the gate with a tradesman carrying his stock about on a barrow drawn by a donkey, and no one will think you mad. If you have a fancy for picking out four fresh herrings for a penny, you can do it an' you please. You may even fetch the dinner-beer or a pint of milk, and the proceeding will not be regarded with astonishment. It is competent for you to go to bed when you like and get up when you like, and do what you like generally if you can. You may have visitors, or you may have none—the mind of our neighbourhood will think either course perfectly natural. You may paint the outside of your house yourself, and society in our neighbourhood will not feel scandalized. If you go out early in the morning it is certain you are in some line of business which compels you to get off by a workman's train, perhaps with a workman's ticket. If you stay at home till midday it is concluded you are out of a situation.

Were you disposed to sit for your portrait as a gentleman of elegant leisure, it would avail you

nothing. In some shape or form we are all workers in our neighbourhood; there are no drones amongst us; we have all to earn our bread hardily; we all know it, and therefore nonsense about the matter would be quite out of place.

It is this total absence of nonsense which constitutes one enormous advantage of a poor neighbourhood to any one accustomed to reside where a certain amount of pretence is more or less imperative. In a poor neighbourhood a man may be not merely honest towards the world at large, but, a far more important matter, be honest to himself. He is relieved from the necessity of keeping up the semblance of competence when his pockets are almost empty, of considering the humours and tempers of tyrannous Mrs. Grundy, of fighting the battle his common-sense tells him is necessary against the foes which spring up at every turn in society to encounter impecunious humanity.

And it is a good thing to dwell for a time in a poor neighbourhood in order to grasp how happy men and women can be on little; to note the simple pleasures of their quiet lives; to learn what a blessing work is; to understand that he who is not afraid of facing Saturday night, who can honestly pay his humble way, may know such peace and contentment as many accounted to be envied sigh for in vain.

There are no pianos in our neighbourhood, an advantage not lightly to be overlooked. After suffering agonies at the hands of performers good, bad, and indifferent, ought the fact not to reconcile one to being poor at once?

Two harmoniums are the only musical instruments within five minutes' walk, and they are only to be heard when the inevitable practising for Sunday's vocal exercises is in progress. A barrel-organ occasionally strays into our neighbourhood, but not often. Happily we earn our pennies too hardly to waste many of them on the interesting foreigner.

Any one who comes to reside in a locality such as that indicated, having been previously accustomed to live in places where there is a gulf fixed between riches (or the semblance of them) and even the appearance of poverty, must find it advantageous to note the strides civilization is making amongst those who are to be our "future masters."

How well they dress; how neat in their persons; how cleanly; how well-housed!

Here, for five-and-twenty pounds a year, or even less, a man may command conveniences and luxuries many a great lady in former times would have sighed for in vain. And above and beyond all external evidences of progress in the courtesy of manner to be noticed in our poor neighbourhood—the carefulness not to intrude, the readiness to help, the kindly thoughtfulness evidenced in the nosegay of flowers gathered with the dew on them, or the basket of vegetables placed in some convenient spot for your acceptance. Now if you think that all these people, and thousands like them, have been and are pursuing their simple way through the world without any assistance from you, it may shake your own egotism a little. Their concerns are as important to them, as deeply interesting, as the Premiership to Mr. Gladstone. Their day of small things is of quite as much account to them as the Eastern question to kings and statesmen.

Not in our particular neighbourhood but close by, a butcher's shop is being built, which excites the admiration of many worthy people, who stand and stare at it as they would not stand and stare at Cleopatra's Needle.

The other evening two old men (gentlemen they are called here, where all distinctions of rank seem to have got shuffled) were discussing this triumph of architecture.

"A splendid shop," said one, "fit for a nobleman!"

And where, the reader may inquire, is this Arcadia? Ah, that is my secret, and one I mean to keep! Were it made public, we should have poor gentility swooping down upon us, and destroying all our comfort.

As already stated, one way and another, the saving to the writer of living in a poor neighbourhood is small; but the mental relief is great. Slippers and easy coats—pooh! What are these in comparison to being free from visitors and Mrs. Grundy, and the thousand and one crazing and irritating demands which, in the routine of daily life, in even moderately wealthy localities, tax the patience and try the temper of a man who has to earn his bread before he may eat it.

## CLERICAL ANECDOTES.

The usually grave character of clerical experiences is sometimes varied by comic passages, none the less amusing, perhaps, from being quite unpremeditated by those to whom they are due. Though few in these days would have had bad taste to joke on things sacred, there can be no harm in noting a few eccentricities and *contretemps* which are said to have occurred in connection with things clerical.

Of the Rev. Robert Stephen Hawker, vicar of Morwenstow, many good stories are told, in his life by Mr. Baring-Gould. When young, he was a very tricky fellow, and kept most people around him in hot water. At Stratton, where his father lived, there was a grocer whom the young trickster delighted in teasing. "He would dive into the shop," says his biographer, "catch hold of the end of thread that curled out of the tin in which the shopkeeper kept the ball of twine with which he tied up his parcels, and race with it in his hand down the

street, then up a lane and down another, till he had uncoiled it all, and laced Stratton in a cobweb of twine, tripping up people as they went along the streets." After Mr. Hawker was appointed vicar of Morwenstow the untidy condition of the church affected one of his curates, a man of a somewhat domineering character, to such an extent that one day the latter swept up all the rubbish he could find in the church, old decorations of the previous Christmas, decayed southernwood and roses of the foregoing midsummer festivity, scraps of old Bibles, prayer-books, and manuscript scraps of poetry, match-ends, candle-ends, etc., and having filled a barrow with all these sundries, he wheeled it down to the vicarage door, rang the bell, and asked for Mr. Hawker. The vicar came into the porch. "This," said the curate, "is the rubbish I have found in your church." "Not all," said Mr. Hawker. "Complete the pile by seating yourself on the top, and I will see to the whole being shot speedily."

The *Literary Churchman* gives an amusing anecdote of Mr. Hawker, who was walking one day on the cliffs near Morwenstow with the Rev. Mr. W—, when a gust of wind took off Mr. W—'s hat, and carried it over the cliff. Within a week or two, a Methodist preacher at Truro was discoursing on "Prayer," and in his sermon he said: "I would not have you, dear brethren, confine your supplications to spiritual blessings; but ask also for temporal favours. I will illustrate my meaning by relating an incident that happened to myself ten days ago. I was on the shore of a cove near a little insignificant place in North Cornwall named Morwenstow, and about to proceed to Bude. Shall I add, my Christian friends, that I had on my head at the time a shocking bad hat—that I somewhat blushed to think of entering that harbour-town and watering-place so ill-adorned as to my head? Then I lifted up a prayer for covering more suited to my head. At that solemn moment I raised my eyes and saw in the spacious firmament on high—the blue ethereal sky—a black spot. It approached—it largened—it widened—it fell at my feet. It was a brand-new hat by a celebrated London maker! I cast my battered heaver to the waves, my Christian friends, and walked into Bude as fast as I could with a new hat on my head."

The incident got into the *Methodist Reporter* or some such paper under the heading of "Remarkable Answer to Prayer." "And," said the vicar, "the rascal made off with Mr. W—'s new hat. There was no reaching him, for we were on the cliff, and could not descend the precipice. He was deaf enough, I promise you, to our shouts."

Archdeacon Wilberforce having come into the neighbourhood to advocate the cause of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, met Mr. Hawker. "Look here," said the Archdeacon: "I have to speak at the meeting at Stratton to-night; and I am told that there is a certain Mr. Knight who will be on the platform, and is a weariful speaker. I have not much time to spare. Is it possible by a hint to reduce him to reasonable limits?" Mr. Hawker said it was utterly impossible—he was irrepressible. "But," he added, "leave him to me, and he will not trouble you." At the meeting, this Mr. Knight was on the platform waiting for his opportunity to rise. "Ah, Knight," said Mr. Hawker in a whisper, "the Archdeacon has left his watch behind, and mine is also at home; will you lend yours for timing the speeches?" With some hesitation Mr. Knight did so, handing him his gold repeater, with bunch of seals attached. Presently Mr. Knight rose to speak. Now, the latter gentleman was accustomed when addressing a public audience to dangle his bunch of seals round and round in his left hand. Directly he began his oration, his hand went instinctively to his fob in quest of the bunch. It was not there. He stammered and felt again, floundered in his speech, and after a few feeble efforts to recover himself, gave in, and resumed his seat.

Mr. Hawker frequently acted as postman for his parishioners; and after service on Sunday, a distribution took place in the porch, when he not only delivered, but had also frequently to read, the letters. On one occasion he was reading a letter to an old woman of Wellcombe, whose son was in Brazil. Part of the letter ran as follows: "I cannot tell you, dear mother, how the muskitties (mosquitoes) torment me. They never leave me alone, but pursue me everywhere."

"To think of that!" interrupted the old woman. "My Ezekiel must be a handsome lad! But I am interrupting. Do you go on please, parson."

"Indeed, dear mother," continued the vicar, reading, "I shut my door and window of an evening to keep them out of my room."

"Dear life!" exclaimed the old woman; "what will the world come to next?"

"And yet," continued the vicar, "they do not leave me alone. I believe they come down the chimney to get at me."

"Well, well now parson," exclaimed the mother, holding up her hands; "to think how forward of them!"

"Of whom?"

"Why, the Miss Kitties, sure. When I were young, maidens would have blushed to do such a thing. And come down the chimney, too!" After a pause, the mother's pride overmastering a sense of what befitted her sex: "But Ezekiel must be rare handsome for the maidens to be after him so. And, I reckon, the Miss Kitties will be quality folk too."