

Westminster Abbey, desecrated though it be, is still an eloquent monument to England's ancient Faith. The noble proportions of its lofty nave, and the magnificent sweep of the arches of its vault, are unhidden and unimpaired by the tawdry modern tombs that render hideous the lower portion of its walls and pillars. The superbly carved ambo whence the monks used to read the Gospel and preach to the people, is still intact. Close by, a mean wooden pulpit serves the preachers of to-day. To the writer these pulpits seemed admirably to symbolize the doctrines preached therefrom; the one cold, cheerless and void of all elevating influence; the other uplifting, beautiful and full of glorious promise. Hence the following

## SONNET.

## WESTMINSTER'S TWO PULPITS.

A lordly Minster with a lofty nave,  
Like Hope embodied in a shape of air;  
Deserted shrines, where once the fervent prayer  
Of ancient Faith wreathed 'round a sainted grave;  
The stone-cut vault, like inlaced boughs that wave  
In gentle breeze,—O, Abbey! thou art fair,  
Though sore defiled; here stands Truth's massive chair,  
And here a shabby desk whence bigots rave.

Approach, nor smile at the poetic thought,—  
Fit emblems these to tell of each belief:  
Iconoclasts, why spare ye, ill-advised,  
The monks' old ambo with true Faith all fraught?  
'Gainst it your pulpit stands in sad relief  
Like your cold forms 'gainst what your Fathers prized.

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