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Aug.

1873

St. Luke's Parish Post.

CONTENTS:

PAGE.		PAGE.
197	St. Laurence: Deacon and Martyr. August 10...	206
199	"Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord.".....	210
201	The love of Jesus, and what he did for me....	216
202	In the Hayfield.....	217
204	Little Elsie and her mirror.....	218
	The Marigold.....	219
	"Nil Desperandum;" or, The Fortunes of a Loyal House.....	
	Abdallah.....	
	The Children's Corner.....	
	The German Knight's Ave	
	Editor's Box.....	

ON COVER.

.....	The Month in prospect,.....
.....	Black Letter Days.....
	The Ember Days.....	
	Baptisms.....	

"Stand fast in one Spirit, with one mind striving together for the Faith of the Gospel."—PHIL. i, 27.

PUBLISHED BY
ST. LUKE'S CHURCH
ASSOCIATION,
HALIFAX.

THE MONTH IN PROSPECT.

September, so called, from having been the seventh month in the Roman year before the Julian reform of the Calendar, is the ninth in ours; and is a most delightful period in the Maritime Provinces, as well as other parts of this Dominion, and in the neighboring States. The vernal season has run its course and now terminates. The hay and grain harvest is now gathered—the root crop comes to full growth, and waits to be drawn forth and stored—the orchard's latest ripening treasures are well-nigh perfected—and the abundance of the year's whole yield is at hand for export or home consumption. The Harvest Home glad and thankful festival should not be omitted. The fruit of the earth is for all, and we may say to each

"Think, O grateful think,
How good the God of harvests is to you."

21st. *St. Matthew the Apostle.* Our Blessed Lord, walking by the sea side, saw Matthew sitting in his office, and called him away from the employment he was following, which was that of a collector of tribute for the Roman Government. The Pharisees used this fact as an argument against becoming disciples of the Saviour; but He replied that such as these were sick and needed a physician. Publicans were usually oppressive exactors. Like others of the Apostolic Band, St. Matthew went forth to preach the Gospel to every creature, and sealed his testimony with his blood. Forsaking a lucrative employment to follow a lonely and despised Master, he evinced the sincerity of his faith. His having been a Publican, an office most offensive to the Jews, was no hindrance to his selection to the Apostleship by our Lord, who was himself of the stock of Israel. Fleetwood remarks that "the rest of the Evange-

lists are careful to mention the honour of his Apostleship, but speak of him in his former course of life only as Levi, while he himself sets it down under his own Christian name of Matthew. The eve of St. Matthew's Day is appointed to be observed with fasting. All the church's arrangements are made for the benefit of her children, fast as well as festival.

The great Festival of this month is Michaelmas Day, 29th, which brings us to devout contemplation of St. Michael and all the Holy Angels. We believe there are good spirits abroad, to "minister to those who shall be heirs of salvation;" and teach our children to have faith with reference to their guardianship. The idea is a consoling one, and well warranted by scripture testimony; and the oldest among us are moved soothingly, when the little ones address their evening hymn to the Lord of angels, singing

"In the long night watches,
May thine angels spread
Their bright wings above me,
Standing round my bed."

Great is the help that may be derived from the belief that our gracious Lord has provided pure, faithful and loving messengers and guides, to attend, comfort and support those who are reaching after perfection, and striving to do what will commend them to His favor. "The angels of the Lord encamp about them that fear Him, and deliver them."

Michaelmas has been distinguished from an early period as the time for the annual election of corporation officers, and other civil guardians and administrators. It is remarked in Chamber's "Key to the Calendar," that the selection of the day for this purpose might arise from the old opinion of tutelary spirits, who have, or are thought to have, the particular charge of certain bodies of men, or districts

ST. LAURENCE, DEACON AND MARTYR.—AUG. 10.

ST. LAURENCE, who on this day is commemorated by the whole Church, is one of the most illustrious of the early martyrs. Of his birthplace and early life nothing is certainly known, though the Spaniards have claimed him as their countryman.

In the third century of the Christian era we first hear of him as a youth, whose extraordinary virtue and piety attracted the notice of St. Xystus, then Archdeacon of Rome, who instructed him in theology and the maxims of Christian perfection. St. Xystus, being made Bishop of Rome in 257, ordained Laurence deacon, and though extremely young, appointed him chief of the seven deacons who served in the Church. This was a very important and responsible office, for to him were entrusted the care of the riches and revenues of the Church, and the distribution of them amongst the poor. In 258, a fierce persecution having broken out against the Christians, St. Xystus was led out to receive his crown. St. Laurence followed him weeping, and filled with a holy envy and a burning desire of sharing his martyrdom, cried out, "Whither art thou going, O my father, without your deacon? You were never wont to offer sacrifice without me, your minister! Wherein have I offended you? Try me now, and see whether you have made choice of an unfit minister to dispense the Blood of the Lord." The holy bishop, moved with tenderness and compassion, and filled with the spirit of prophecy, answered him, "I do not leave you, my son; but a greater trial and more glorious victory are reserved for you who are strong and in the vigour of youth. We are spared because of our weakness and old age. You shall follow me in three days." He then charged Laurence to distribute the treasures of the Church amongst the poor, lest this their patrimony should fall into the hands of the persecutors. This Laurence immediately did, full of joy at the prospect of speedily following his beloved bishop.

The prefect of Rome, hearing of the considerable riches thus distributed, imagined the Christians were possessed of hidden treasures, and desired to secure them. Laurence was summoned to his presence, and mildly invited to deliver up these supposed treasures. He replied, "The Church is indeed rich, nor hath the Emperor any treasure equal to what it possesseth. I will shew them to you, but allow me time to set all in order, and make an inventory." Three days were allowed him, during which interval Laurence sought out the poor who had been supported by the Church, and on the third day gathered them all together before the Church,—the lame, the blind, the maimed, the lepers, widows, orphans, and virgins,—a vast company; and then brought the prefect to the place, pointing out to him the treasures of the Church. "The gold you desire," said he, "is a vile metal, and incites men to crime and sin: but these are the children of light, which is the true wealth, and cannot be destroyed. The Church hath no other riches."

The prefect, inflamed with anger and disappointment, threatened Laurence with protracted torture. He caused a large gridiron to be made ready, and live coals to be placed under it, that the holy martyr might be slowly roasted. On this Laurence was placed, and the awful agony was endured with joy and tranquillity. It is recorded that his face appeared surrounded with a beautiful light, and his body exhaled a sweet and delightful odour. Having suffered a long time, he said to his tormentor with a smiling countenance, "Let my body be now turned; one side is broiled enough." And when the executioner had turned him, he said, "It is dressed enough; you may eat." At last, breathing out earnest prayers for the conversion of Rome, the sacrifice was completed, and the saint, lifting his eyes to heaven, went to his reward.

We who read this record cannot wonder that such prayers were in due time heard, and that the blood of the martyrs should have been the seed of the Church. Wonderful conversions followed immediately upon his death, and idolatry began sensibly to decline. Prudentius describes with what devotion the Romans frequented the church of St. Laurence; and St. Augustine mentions that God wrought many miracles in Rome through the powerful intercession of this great saint. In the reign of Constantine a church was built over his tomb, which is one of the five patriarchal churches of Rome.

We, in these days of self-indulgence and corruption, may take our lesson from the lives and deaths of the holy saints and martyrs of other times: for although we may never be called upon to lay down our lives for the Faith, yet we are called upon to resist the incursions of infidelity, and to bear witness to the Truth by purity of life, self-denial, and steadfast faith. Whatever trials and difficulties meet us while thus taking our course, we may learn from the example of the Saints, that the grace of our divine Lord and Master is able to lighten the heaviest burdens, and make the bitterest lot sweet and agreeable. He will be with those who suffer for His sake now, as He was with Laurence; and cause the afflictions of the present time to appear light, compared with the glory which shall be revealed.


PRAYERS FOR THE DEPARTED.—The following explanatory passage, setting forth the belief of the Primitive Church on this subject, may interest some of your readers:—"The needs of the departed were an increase of light, refreshment, and joy, an augmentation of that restricted degree of glory which could only be obtained in all its fulness at the consummation of all things, and a hastening of the Day of Judgment in order that they might have that final consummation the sooner. As

all were equally concerned in this, all were alike prayed for,—Martyrs, Saints, Apostles, nay, the Virgin Mother herself, not less than the most ordinary and imperfect Christian. And this is still the practice of the Eastern Church. The West, while shrinking from praying expressly for the Saints, holds, equally with the East, that the accidental glory of the Saints is increased by good works, prayers, and sacrifices done in their honour."

OXONIENSIS.

"BLESSED ARE THE DEAD WHO DIE IN THE LORD."

CHAPTER I.

HE day had been very sultry, and more than once Mrs. Robin had been obliged to lay down her iron, and rest her weary limbs before going on with her work.

The poor woman was slowly dying, she knew that, and each day labour became too much for her; the iron felt so heavy, and her frame so feeble, that sometimes she gave up almost in despair. I say "almost," for Mrs. Robin, though a helpless, dying woman, was very *strong in faith*, and rested all her hopes and fears on that rock which is Christ. She knew there was One above, who, in "perfect wisdom, perfect love is working for the best;" and so, humbly and trustingly, she laid her aching heart before Him, content, though "storms should beat, and tempests swell," to let Him do "as seemeth Him best."

The sun was going down in solitary splendour behind the "distant hills," and the faint sweet smell of honeysuckle and roses came in at the open window, as, wearied and heart-sick, Mrs. Robin sat down, and watched for her daughter's return. The latter was a gentle, pale-faced girl of seventeen, who was daily nurse at the parsonage, where there were eight young children, and twin babies. She appeared presently, coming quickly up the lane, with a large bunch of hothouse grapes in her hand. New life and energy seemed to come into the quiet little cottage with Helen. Her smiling, though rather careworn face, was gladly welcomed by the sick woman, who rose and lifted the singing kettle off the fire, made the tea, and prepared a dainty little tea-cake for the new comer.

"Have the children been good to-day?" asked Mrs. Robin, as they sat down to their comfortable meal in the fading sunlight. The soft warm rays fell aslant the little room, lighting up the mother's white face, and shewing Helen, more distinctly

than she had ever dreamed of, the cruel ravages which disease had made there.

With a slight tremor in her sweet voice, she answered; "Yes, dear mother, very good." Dear little things! they hardly give me any trouble, and little Miss Amy is such a handy child, she helps to amuse the lesser ones, when I am attending one of the babies. Mrs. Beresford is in the nursery almost the whole day, now she is well enough, and the children are so quiet and good, I quite love to be amongst them."

"Are the babies' names settled on yet?" asked Mrs. Robin, who was always interested in little children.

"Yes, Ethel and Mabel: they are to be baptized next Sunday morning; I shan't be able to go, I am afraid, as there'll be no one to mind the children."

"Look here, Nellie," exclaimed Mrs. Robin, eagerly, "if you like to go to the baptism and help your mistress with the babies, instead of one of the other maids, I'll gladly undertake the care of the nursery while you're gone."

"Oh will you, mother, thank you; I never thought of that, and I know mistress will be only too glad to have you. I'll tell her to-morrow;" and so saying the young nurse rose, and began washing up the tea-things, humming softly the words of a hymn she had been teaching the clergyman's little children. She knew it would be a real pleasure to her mother to take her place in the parsonage nursery; and besides, it would be a change to the poor sickly woman, after her lonely existence in the tiny cottage, to have youthful faces and childish voices around her. It would be quite an event in her life. But (and the aching thought would come) was she strong enough for it? Her health seemed in a very frail condition, and she could bear but a very little exertion. Helen's tears sprang forth, and fell thick on to her wet hands. She was glad her mother was gone upstairs, for then she could weep in peace; she felt at

that moment the keenness of the trial God was sending her, and the tears which she shed in those few minutes were the bitterest she had ever shed before.

Presently she heard Mrs. Robin's slow step on the stairs, and hastily wiping her eyes, she busied herself over the fire.

"How warm it is this evening," observed Mrs. Robin, seating herself, work in hand, at the open window. "You may let the fire out, Nellie; I can do no more ironing to-night."

"Yes, mother!" was the quiet reply, but Helen's eyes were swimming. Murmuring something about "mending," she made an excuse for leaving the room, and rushing away into the little garden at the back of the house, she fell on her knees on the soft grass, and told out her great grief to God.

CHAPTER II.

WHEN Sunday came, Mrs. Robin seemed much stronger than she had been for a long time, and quite elated at the prospect of going to the parsonage, and of seeing new faces and forms. Dressed in her neat black bonnet and shawl, she set out at seven o'clock with Helen, whose fresh young face looked unusually sweet and gentle, though her heart was filled with many misgivings. She knew it was only excitement which rendered her mother so much stronger to-day than of late; and that when she returned home in the evening she would relapse again into her former weak state. But as Helen was not given to looking forward, nor of "taking thought for the morrow," she put away such sad surmises, and talked cheerfully to her mother, as she walked along the grassy lanes, till the parsonage was reached.

The house was all astir, and Helen and Mrs. Robin hurried to the nursery, where Anna, the housemaid, had kindly laid breakfast. Low bright and cheery it all looked to be sure, with the pretty pictures on the walls, and the large low windows opening on to the grass. Mrs. Robin could almost have envied Helen being in such a room as this all day long, surrounded with comfort and love and merry faces.

But her attention was mostly attracted by the beautiful pictures, especially one of the infant Saviour, smiling, on His mother's knee. She was standing looking at it, lost in thought, when she felt a little hand laid on her own, and a silvery voice say, "Is it not beautiful? I love that picture better than any of the others," and found that little Amy had stolen away from the night-nursery, in search of Helen's mother.

"It is indeed lovely," was the earnest reply; but Mrs. Robin could not help thinking how beautiful was the face beside her, with its gentle blue eyes and golden hair, and stooping down to the fair child, she imprinted a warm kiss on the pink cheek. In a minute Amy's little arms were round her neck, and the kiss returned therewith, sealing a friendship which was never broken.

The day passed happily and slowly; the little twins were baptized, Helen carrying one, and Mrs. Beresford the other, and Mrs. Robin remained with the older children in the parsonage nursery. As Helen prophesied, her mother was very wearied when they returned to their humble home, and a restless night succeeded. However, next day she rose at her accustomed hour, and commenced her week of labour again with a cheerful spirit. She felt that "the time was short," and that very soon she must lay by everything of earth, and fix her mind on her future home; so, with a patient smile and fervent blessing, she dismissed her young daughter to her daily charge at the parsonage, and herself set the little kitchen straight, and put the cottage in order. The dying woman's heart felt strangely happy, and a kind of heavenly peace stole into her soul; she knew she was hourly advancing towards the dark, dark way of death; but a faint sweet light seemed to have broken softly over the darkness, and shone tenderly on the narrow path she was treading. That day there was a great change in the sickly woman, and Helen's searching eyes noticed it directly she caught sight of the pale, transparent face through the window. The white cheek was sunken, the trembling hands which tried hard to ply the needle failed entirely, and the dim eyes

were almost closed with weariness. With a bursting heart and gushing tears Helen went up to her mother, and laid her arm round her neck.

"Mother, mother, darling," she whispered tenderly, "you must go and rest; you are ill and faint, and should not be up;" and unable to resist, the weary mother allowed herself to be supported to bed, and there lay in a heavy stupor, utterly helpless. She lingered nearly a week, while Helen nursed her with untiring devotion and care. Several visits the good clergyman and his wife made to the little cottage; and once, when the end was very near, little Amy was taken to the bed of death, and received the dying woman's last blessing.

* * * * *

The shades of evening fell softly, and the gentle rays of the setting sun cast long shadows across the silent chamber, where one loving watcher sat: she held the chilly hand in a tight clasp, and noted every change in the dying face. She waited deathly still, while the sable-winged messenger softly entered and stole the happy soul away! Then, kneeling a long time beside the open window, in the stillness of the warm July evening, she raised her wounded heart to God, and found the comfort she sought.

I lay my griefs on Jesus,
My burdens and my cares;
He from them all releases,
He all my sorrows shares.

LETITICE.

THE LOVE OF JESUS, AND WHAT HE DID FOR ME.

How great the love of Christ must be,
To do so many things for me;
For me He left His heavenly home,
And to this sinful earth did come;
For me, although the Son of God,
He took upon Him Flesh and Blood;
For me was born a little child,
Of Mary, maiden undefil'd;
For me, when snow lay on the earth,
He in a cattle-shed had birth;
For me He in a manger lay,
Upon a bed of coarsest hay;
For me He into Egypt fled;
For me a wand'rer's life He led;
For me He slept 'neath rock and bower;
For me o'ercame the tempter's power;
For me among the poor He dwelt;
For me the pangs of hunger felt;
For me He griefs and scoffings bore;
For me was worn with sufferings sore;
For me His final meal was made;
For me by Judas was betray'd;
For me hequeath'd His Flesh and Blood,
My soul's support, my heavenly Food;
For me a night of agony
He spent in dark Gethsemane;

For me great drops of blood He sweat,
Was taken before the judgment-seat;
For me of blasphemy accus'd;
For me was mock'd and much abus'd;
For me by all His friends forsaken;
For me away to die was taken;
For me the heavy Cross He bore;
For me the crown of thorns He wore;
For me He to the tree was nail'd;
For me the thief upon Him rail'd;
For me was pierc'd His precious side;
For me He bow'd His head and died;
For me His body lay at rest;
For me His soul dyelt with the blest;
For me from death He rose again,
And did on earth sometime remain;
For me He did to heaven ascend;
For me the Comforter did send;
For me He sits at God's right hand,
Surrounded by the angelic band.
May He God's sole begotten Son,
Who for mankind so much hath done,
And for me so much suffering bore,
Help me to love Him more and more. Amen.

W. F. V.



In the Hayfield.

IN THE HAYFIELD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PETRONILLA, AND OTHER POEMS."

RICH uplands slope down towards a watered vale,
 Where a still stream moves through the grassy meads.
 All day the lark sings out his praise to God :
 And all day long the sunshine falls in gold,
 Upon the cut-grass drying on the slopes ;
 And all day long the maidens turn the grass
 In steady silence, or with cheerful laugh ;
 And all day long the swallow skims about,
 And the swift breasts the sluggish waters near.

At noon, when skies are bright and no cloud nigh,
 The maidens rest from work. Though shades are not,
 For few trees stand within this broad expanse,
 Save spreading elms around one pleasant home,
 Low nestling in the valley's purple deeps.

One noon a maiden, resting from her work,
 Seated on bank, with rake unused close by,
 Took from the rough hand of admiring youth
 The tendered offering of a pluck'd wild-rose.
 While he, with palm on cheek, and upturned gaze,
 Telling a tale by glance or hand or sigh,
 Dreamed of unending Summer and no cloud.

But Summer fadeth with the hopes of youth ;
 Sunshine is chequered in the after-months ;
 Sorrow thrusts Joy aside ; and swallows go
 To other climes, when all the fields are brown.
 O youth, when youth is thine and hopes are high,
 Press that wild-rose within some book's hard fold :
 Let colour fade and odour pass. Yet Joy
 Shall live in memory of that Summer gone.

DE Q.

LITTLE ELSIE AND HER MIRROR.

Come hither, little Edith, and have your merry play,
And listen for a minute's space to all that I shall say,—

To a story, not of fairy life, with its marvels ever new,
But a common, simple tale of a little girl like you.

She was the daughter of a King,—a little royal child,
With heart as gay as summer birds that sing their carols wild ;

With scarce a passing thought to bring its tiny meed of care,
And scarce a fleeting cloud to spread its gloom o'er aught so fair.

Yet lived she not at home just yet; through many a teaching year,
There were lessons, hard and easy, to reach her infant ear ;
And days of training and of care had yet awhile to come,
Before the little royal child was ready for her home.

Still was her heart a happy one, with those who loved her well,
Who taught her infant tongue to lisp, and infant lips to spell ;
And the words they taught her first to read were letters from the King,
That she might learn her Father's will in every little thing.

They called her little Elsie here, but I cannot hope to tell
What name she would be known by in the home where she will dwell :
They called her little Elsie here,—it was her Christian name,—
To remind her of her Father's love, and its never-dying claim.

Yet Elsie was not always good ; she was just like every child,
Who is passionate and hasty,—not gentle, loving, mild ;
And Elsie fancied, so she said, that she could not always see
The difference between herself and what she ought to be.

Sometimes, when she was naughty, she would forget the King,
Forget His letters and His words, and scorn upon them bring ;
And then her little heart would ache when the naughtiness was past,
And a half-despairing thought would come of getting home at last.

But the good King her Father sent her not words alone,
To reprove her with His wrath when the evil deed was done,—

He sent her these, with many a line to warn her of her way,
That she might come to Him at last in His royal home one day :

But He gave her also for her own a mirror bright and clear,
Which shewed her in reflection plain just how her deeds appear,—
That whatsoever she might do, whatever think or say,
She might have a little glass within which should the truth display.

So, when Elsie heard a word of praise, and her heart beat warm and high,
And some heedless look of flattery had not escaped her eye,
The mirror told her just the worth of what she so much prized,
That the King her Father hated pride, and vanity despised.

When Elsie's cheek with anger flushed, and words of temper came,
Provoked by some companion's look, or by some failing game,—
The mirror that she glanced at reminded of the King,
Who counted every angry look a most discordant thing.

When Elsie's little tongue refused the word of truth to tell,
And falteringly she uttered it, although she knew it well,—
The mirror darkened over, as if her Father's eye
Had dropped a tear upon the glass to mark His misery.

And ever at the night-time, when Elsie went to rest,
She looked upon her faithful glass, and every spot confessed ;
And asked her Father's tender love to cleanse each guilty stain,
And make the mirror He had given a perfect glass again.

Yet Elsie knew that even now, to be a royal child,
By daily spots less frequently that glass must be defiled ;
And that the marks, if suffered long upon the glass to rest,
Would tarnish all the brilliancy that made its truthful test.

So every night the little girl drew water from the spring,
The only one, her Father said, whose stream could cleansing bring ;
And full upon her mirror flowed the rich and precious flood,
Dyeing the many-tinted spots in one full stream of blood ;

And when the little girl lay down to happy, quiet sleep,
She knew her Father's watchful eye would faithful vigils keep;
She never feared,—because her glass, bathed in its crimson tide,
Folded all her daily faults, yet shewed a Friend beside.

When morning dawned and sunshine kissed her little opening eyes,
And daylight with its golden glow came richly o'er the skies,
The little girl awoke at once with all the birds and flowers,
To sun herself in summer-time through daylight's joyful hours;

But first, before she thought of aught, of plaything or of game,
The mirror of her Father must her first attention claim,
And she asks Him in a childlike voice, and with a childlike prayer,
To keep it true and clean and bright, with His holy watchful care.

And—"tis no fairy tale I tell, nor full of marvels new,
'Tis the story, just a simple one, of a little girl like you;
But whenever she had asked to have the mirror clear and bright,
There was less to stain its brilliancy when she laid her down at night;

And often through the busy day, just when a spot was seen,
It faded, and the glass became as clear as it had been;
And Elsie felt that every day was bringing her more near
To that Father's love and tenderness, to the childish heart so dear;

And if no fairies helped her through when things were going wrong,
It was an outstretched Hand more sure, a loving One more strong;
It was her Father's guiding eye, wherever she may roam,
Conducting her, through many a path, straight onward to her home.

And now to Elsie's daily life 'tis time to say adieu,
For I promised but to tell you of a little girl like you;
And Elsie's road was very long, before, all dangers past,
In the mansions of her Father her happy lot was cast.

But, little Edith, you and I are children of the King,
Not dwelling with Him yet on high, but learning everything;—
Learning His will that He has given in letters of His own,
That we may one day stand around His holy heavenly throne.

And, little Edith, you and I have got a sense within,
Which whispers to us plainly of every thought of sin,
And tells us how we daily grieve that holy God of love,
Our Father, who would have us all a gathered fold above;

So you and I, dear Edith, our conscience-stains will take,
And many a full petition to God our Father make,
That every sin-spot wiped away, and every fault forgiven,
We may all reach our Father's home, and dwell with Him in heaven.

F. E. D.

WHEN WE ARE ALONE.—Sickness takes us aside and sets us alone with God. We are taken into His private chamber, and there He converses with us face to face. The world is afar off, our relish for it is gone, and we are alone with God. Many are the words of grace and truth which He then speaks to us. All our former props are struck away, and now we must lean on God alone. The things of earth are felt to be vanity; man's help useless. Man's sympathy deserts us; we

are cast wholly upon God, that we may learn that His praise and His sympathy are enough. "If it were not for pain," says one, "I should spend less time with God. If I had not been kept awake with pain, I should have lost one of the sweetest experiences I ever had in my life. The disorder of my body is the very help I want from God; if it does its work before it lays me in the dust, it will raise me up in heaven."

THE MARIGOLD.

A STORY OF THE FRANCO-GERMAN WAR.

By MRS. ALGERNON KINGSFORD.



"In the evening, when it was fine weather, a little French peasant girl came, . . . to sit upon the soft dry grass beside the two graves."—(p. 207.)

"I never felt my nature so divine
As at this saddest hour."

Lovell Beddoes.

SOME time ago, I sat reading at evening time beside an open window which gave upon the picturesque street of a little German town.

Between the leaves of my book lay a dead and faded marigold, whose history I did not know, for it had dropped, just dried and shrivelled as it was, from the pages of a nun's Prayer-book, as she rose from her devotions before the altar of a neighbouring church. And I, interested in the incident, and impressed by the beautiful pale face of the young "religious"

herself, had carefully lifted the flower from the stone pavement, and ever since had treasured it as a memorial of sacred, and perhaps melancholy associations. Rapidly the time of sunset approached, and as the golden doors of heaven opened in the far west to admit the angel of the Day, a beam of mellowing light fell upon the leaves of the volume I held, and attracted my attention to the glories before me. The afternoon had been one of brief and sudden showers, and now, round the shining lake of sunset radiance, lay shadowy continents of grey cumuli, with dusky fringes and inner tracts of dark hill-like circles, over which was flung, distinct and beautiful, its

topmost height lost in heavenly glory, the seven-coloured bridge of the angels of God.

Then, as I sat gazing dreamily at this beautiful scene, there stole upon my senses the reposeful, insidious drowsiness which comes of silent contemplation; the rainbow faded, the sun sank, my book glided slowly down upon my knee, and I, yielding to the mesmeric influence of the balmy air and soothing hour, passed contentedly into the land of slumber.

And, presently, I dreamed that adown a ray of golden light there came floating into the room before me a lovely spirit, with airy arms extended downwards towards the earth. She was covered with a veil, like a mourner, but beneath the tawny web-like tissue I could see that all her cloudy limbs glowed through and through, as though with hidden fire. Then in a sweet voice, low and tender, as the wail of an eolian harp, she thus revealed to me her name and story.

"I am," she said, "the spirit of the dead marigold, which lies between the pages of your romance, and I dwell in the garden of the rainbow, the paradise of flowers, where the faded blooms of earth are renewed in undying beauty, to give eternal joy and refreshment to the holy angels of the Lord.

"Just outside the walls of this German hamlet there is a little Friedhof, a garden full of crosses pointing heavenward over many long green hillocks. Wreaths of immortelle flowers and tiny pictures of saints have been laid by pious hands upon most of the graves, and around some of them are planted shining rings of yellow marigolds. There, once, in the midst of such a group, I also bloomed,—the flower of grief and pain, whose petals are bitter as aloes to the taste,—fit emblem of care, and mourning, and desolation. In the evening, when it was fine weather, a little French peasant girl came, with her book or needlework, to sit upon the soft dry grass beside the two graves close to the spot where I blossomed. I believe she planted me there with her own hands, before I opened my great golden eye upon the world at all; but, be that as it may,

I knew that now she took much care of me, and never suffered me to droop for want of water, nor to be devoured by noxious insects.

"Sometimes, when she came to see me, she brought white or yellow garlands of immortelle flowers, which she hung tenderly about the little wooden crosses at the heads of the two narrow mounds; sometimes her offering was a posy of wild blossoms, or even a little chaplet of rosary beads, which the priest had blessed for her. She was an orphan, and it was her father and mother who rested in those two long graves.

"A sorrowful little maiden she was,—small and shrivelled in stature, but sedate beyond her fifteen years, and I never saw her mingling with the noisy children who often passed me on their way home from school, for there was a shady footpath through the cemetery, and people came and went along it all day, as they do along the paths of any other public garden.

"Sometimes, indeed, on very fine evenings, a few merry voices called to her from the meadow beyond, or from the stile at the end of the long avenue: 'Marie! Marie! we want you! Come and help us to play!'

"But she never went, and I think they only invited her out of kindness, for the cry was seldom repeated.

"Among the many villagers who trod the cemetery path, two figures were especially familiar to me, for I saw them there every day, and always at the same hours. One of them was a tall stalwart youth of about twenty-two, with a handsome frank face, and a smile as bright as the sunshine, fair brown curls, and German blue eyes; a boy to make any father hopeful, and any mother proud. The other was a maiden of some eighteen years, golden-haired and fair, too; but there was no likeness between them save the likeness of a happy fellowship, which illumined their glad faces, and beamed in their radiant eyes. Every evening, when the young man came home from his work, the maiden went to meet him by the stile at the end of the footpath, and they walked

through the grave-garden together on their way to the village. Strange, indeed, and pathetic it seemed to me, to behold youth and love thus walking hand in hand between the rows of low silent habitations wherein the dead lay evermore so lonely and regardless.

"These young people called each other Hermann and Hertha, and I thought they had neither ears nor eyes for anything except themselves. But, at last, one evening, when the young man's work was over earlier than usual, and Hertha met him at the stile a full half hour before the ordinary time, they loitered in the beautiful cemetery-garden, and seated themselves on the green turf, in the shadow of a quivering aspen-tree,—the tree which is always shuddering and sorrowing for the terrible part which it had in the Passion of the Lord*.

"And while they rested there, Hermann, lazily toying with the daisies around him, turned his bright eyes from Hertha's smiling face, to the face of the orphan child, where she sat, like a little guardian angel, beside the two graves she loved better than anything else in this world. And he asked her gently, whence she came, and why she always spent her evenings there, instead of playing or rambling about the meadows with the girls and boys of the village. Little Marie looked up from her knitting shyly, and told him that her father and mother lay buried there. That they were Alsatian peasants, who had travelled with her to this neighbourhood in search of employment, and that, while they were still strangers in the place, God took them both in one week; and she was left in the wide world with no friend but the curé of the village, and he was only a poor man. But he sent her to school, said Marie, and she was earning something now,—very little it was,—by her needle-work, and by minding the babies at the cottages while the mothers were away, or

helping the housewives in their business sometimes. But when her day's work, whatever it chanced to be, was over, she always came to sit by the place where they had laid her father and mother; for she loved those two low graves too much to leave them for any dances or games or merry sports in the world.

"And as she bent over her shining needles again, she began to weep, silently and intensely, out of the bitter depth of a grief which had already bleached to winter ash the gold of her brief April life, and changed the tender-hearted child into a sorrowful lonely woman.

"Hermann watched her awhile without speaking, but his large blue eyes were full of compassion, and he would have said something to comfort her, had he only known what words to choose. But Hertha plucked him sharply by the sleeve, and her beautiful face looked vexed and peevish as she whispered to him that he ought to talk only to her, and not to interest himself in strangers. Marie did not catch the rebuke, for it was uttered in low, suppressed tones, but the marigolds heard it well, and they perfectly understood what baneful emotion it was that was busy in Hertha's heart. *She was too much blessed.* She was so happy in her full possession of Hermann, and in the knowledge of his great love for herself, that she had no sympathy to give to anyone else, and she grudged every word and look which he spent upon the little French maiden. Hertha thought that all Hermann's tenderness was due to her alone, and that none other than she had any claim on him. Her felicity had made her selfish and hard, so that instead of opening her heart to all the world, and crying,—*'See how happy I am; come and drink of the abundance of my joy, come and be cheered by the sunlight that brightens my life,'*—she chose to shut herself up with her treasure in a strong room of her own making, and cared nothing for the poverty and desolation of the souls outside in the cold. *'I have my happiness,'* she said, *'I have my prize, what are the misery and bereavements of strangers to me? I am going to enjoy myself, and have no taste for doing anything else. And Hermann shall not*

* It is related in the folk-lore of Germany, that the cross upon which Christ suffered was made of aspen-wood; and that in remembrance of the fact, the awed tree has trembled ever since, and is thence regarded as the emblem of lamentation and fear.

sully my pleasure by importing into it the woes of others, nor bestow on them any part of a love and sympathy which I claim to be wholly mine by right.'

"And while the ruddy-hued marigolds looked up in Hertha's face, and saw these cruel thoughts reflected in her fair maiden eyes, the evening breeze passed swiftly over the shining petals and stirred them as with a strong emotion, giving them power to utter the words of God. And the flowers stretched their slender throats, and raised their tawny faces to Hertha, and murmured sadly,—'Bear ye one another's burdens: weep with them that weep.'

"But Hertha heard only the sound of the breeze among the leaves, and knew not that it was the breath of the dear God, whispering to her dry and hardened heart, and bidding her to bend like the yielding grasses and field-flowers, before the gentle influence of sympathizing love. Her ears were deaf to the many voices of nature, and my tender reproof was uttered in vain for her.

"But the rustling which the wind made among the marigolds attracted Hermann's attention towards them, and without answering the complaint of Hertha, he continued as he bent towards me, 'Are these flowers also your care, little Marie? you appear to have bestowed great pains upon them.' And when she answered 'Yes,' he added with gentle tenderness, 'You have chosen well, my child, for marigolds are hardy plants, they brave the bitterest winters, and are self-sowing, so that they do not need replacing every year like other blossoms. Did you know that when you chose them to put here?'

"'Surely,' interrupted Hertha, interested in spite of herself, because Hermann was interested, and resolved to play a part at least in a conversation which she had failed to terminate, 'surely that must be the flower of Love which endures all storms, and renews itself spontaneously every year!' And as she spoke, she blushed and laughed, and let her silky hair drop over the young man's shoulder.

"'Alas, no, Fräulein,' answered Marie, bending her sorrowful eyes upon me; 'it is the flower of grief and bitterness; and in France we always plant it about the graves of the dead, to signify the pain we suffer in being parted from our dear ones, whose bodies lie at rest beneath the earth out of which all the flowers spring. And we call it *Souci*, for care and regret are perennial to souls on this side of death.'

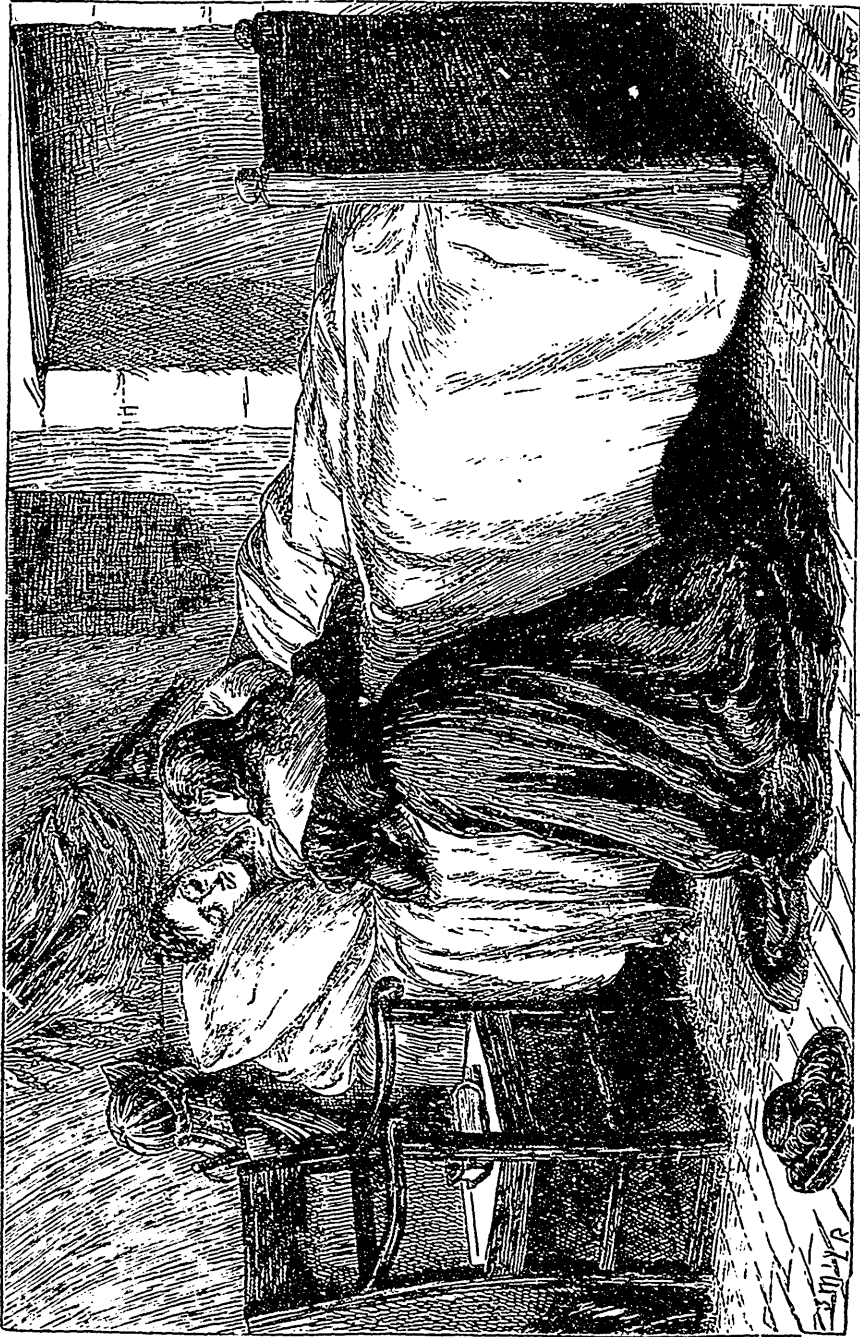
"Hertha looked in surprise at the little homilist. It was very strange, she thought, to hear a mere child discourse in this grown-up fashion: even she herself, who was so much older, knew nothing of care or regret.

"'You French have droll notions, then,' she rejoined, shortly, addressing Marie for the first time. 'We call this flower of the churchyard *Gold-blume*, the golden flower.'

"'It is both, I think,' answered little Marie, in a thoughtful, musing tone, that made Hertha wonder at her more and more: 'care and sorrow first, that turn to gold for us by-and-by, and that are gold, too, all the time, if only we understood their ministry and their meaning rightly.'

"But all this was sheer folly to Hertha. What had she to do with grief or bitterness while Hermann was beside her? Impatiently she turned to him again, and urged him to rise and come away.

"'The sun is setting,' she cried, 'and the old grandmother will be expecting us home. Come, dearest, I am sure you have rested here long enough.' And nodding her head carelessly at Marie in token of farewell, she led the young man off down the avenue; and as they went, the dying, inconstant sunshine peeped between the branches upon their retreating figures and danced delusively before their feet, as gaily as though it were going to last for ever, and had no intention at all of passing away. And yet, even then, the sunshine was fading fast, and before long the last streak of daylight would have utterly sunk in the west, and night would have enveloped earth and heaven in her melancholy gloom and silence.



"She knelt down by Marmaduke, with one arm round him, and laid her cheek on his."—(p. 214.)

71 "NIL DESPERANDUM;" OR, THE FORTUNES OF A LOYAL HOUSE.

(Continued from p. 187.)

CHAPTER XV.

NEWS.

"I slept, but waked amazed;
With sudden noise frightened,
And voices without, and a flash that dazed
My eyes, from candles lighted."

Jean Ingelow.

DURING those autumn weeks, Dorothy's life flowed on much the same; quiet, yet full of interest, for many of the Royalist schemes of the time took their rise in Lady d'Aubigny's rooms, and all were canvassed and talked about there. Neither the lady nor her young guest went much beyond the precincts of St. Anne's; Dorothy visited the Duchess of Richmond, and one or two more of her friend's friends, besides the worthy baker-woman, who had been so good to her in the troubled time of her arrival at Oxford: but this was the extent of her acquaintance. Her spirits improved with her health, however; she never saw Henry Corbet, and learned to look upon him as unworthy of a thought; and she went singing about the old college, flitting like a sunbeam along the cloisters, like a flower growing in the midst of the grey walls.

She was very fond of little Lord d'Aubigny; and they two went racing across the quadrangle, and hiding from each other in the long galleries and little dark staircases, while Lady Kate wrote her letters, and talked politics with the friends who came to see her. But cheerful as Dorothy was, the anxiety she felt for Marmaduke, and for poor Frank, too, sometimes weighed upon her heavily enough. Then it was a comfort to go with Lady d'Aubigny to the chapel, and kneeling there in her carved stall, to commend them to the care of Him who could preserve them, even in the manifold dangers of the battle-field. They were serving the King; and as long as they served him well, so Dorothy told herself, it was weak and selfish to be too much troubled by fears for their safety.

She felt that St. Anne's was a haven of peace, and she was happy and restful under the kind care of her friend; but her courage and endurance were to be still further tried.

One night, being tired, she had gone to her room earlier than usual, and was in her first sleep, dreaming herself a child again. She was busy gathering flowers for the Rector in his garden, when she suddenly heard his voice close to her ear, "Dorothy, my child!" and opened her eyes to see Lady d'Aubigny bending over her, and as she stooped and kissed her, to feel a tear upon her cheek.

"Kate! what is the matter? Can I help you? has anything happened?" exclaimed Dorothy, starting up.

"No, my sweet child: but a friend of yours is in Oxford, and cannot wait till the morning to see you."

"A friend! What, Marmaduke? Ah no, you do not look happy enough. Then it is a messenger with ill news—news of him. Kate! is he dead?"

"No, no," said Lady d'Aubigny, turning away from her earnest eyes. "You must see the messenger, and hear the story for yourself."

"Is it Christopher?"

"Yes, sweetheart, and he deserves his name. The saint can scarce have been taller."

Dorothy was soon dressed, and went with her friend into the ante-room, where Christopher was called to see her. The good fellow had ridden far and fast, and was covered with mud of various colours. He threw himself on his knees before Dorothy, and kissed her hand with hearty devotion.

"Make haste, Christopher," said she, breathlessly. "You have brought me bad news, I know. Tell it at once."

The bailiff did not waste words, but told his story plainly and at once. One of the fellows who went with Sir Marmaduke had come back to Dering, bringing

the news of a defeat. The division of Sir Ralph Hopton's army, to which the Dering troop was attached, had been obliged to move off to another part of the county, pursued by the enemy, and Sir Marmaduke had been left, badly wounded, in a little village on the Devonshire coast. Will Ford, the trooper who had brought the news, had stayed with his master at first, but could not bear to hear him continually crying out for "Dolly," and so had set out for Dering, thinking that, as the country was quiet between, perhaps Mistress Dorothy would go to her brother. He found sad changes at Dering, and Christopher thought it best to bring him on straight to Oxford, that Mistress Dorothy might hear the news, and do as she thought well.

"Where is Will Ford?" said Dorothy.

"He is here, madam, below; but we thought you'd sooner hear the tale from me."

"Yes, yes; but I must see him. Let him come; he has seen Marmaduke so lately."

The trooper was sent for, and came into the room, worn and tired from his days and nights of hard riding. He was a man of still fewer words than Christopher, but he had a loyal and tender heart; and tears rolled down his weather-beaten cheeks as he told of the weak and suffering state in which he had left his young Captain.

"But tell me, is there no one to take care of him?" said Dorothy, raising her sad and anxious eyes to his face.

"Well, 'tis a queer place down on the coast, you know. Doctors and nurses are hard to be come by; not that they'd do the young master much good. He's in the parson's house, madam, and they take care of him as well as they can, poor creatures."

"I shall be with him soon," said Dorothy; "you were very right to come to me at once. I will be ready to go with you as soon as it is light."

The men bowed and left the room.

"My sweet child, what do you mean?" said Lady d'Aubigny, putting her arm round Dorothy. "Surely you are not strong enough to ride so far,—and think

of the dangers in the way. Truly, I think, I cannot let you go."

But Dorothy smiled, and answered her in an assured and resolute tone.

"I am strong and well, dear Kate, and I am afraid of nothing. With Christopher beside me, I would ride through a Round-head camp. I must go to Marmaduke; he shall not think that his sister is unworthy of him and of her name."

The spirit that had led her ancestors to the Crusades and the French wars, was flashing in Dorothy Lyne's eyes.

"The child is an Amazon," said Lady d'Aubigny: she had a good portion of the same spirit herself; ordinary dangers had no terror for her, and she could not say another word against Dorothy's design. On the contrary, she set to work at once to forward it, by sending a message to her brother-in-law, the Duke of Richmond, who came to her lodgings that same night, accompanied by Lord Newbury.

Dorothy had gone back to her own room, and Lady d'Aubigny received them alone in the Warden's library.

"Will eighteen or twenty men be a sufficient escort?" said the Duke, after listening silently to her explanation. "I can easily draw together so many; but they should have a commander."

"Ah! and to whom can we trust her, now that Captain Audley has joined the Marquis? Think, Richmond: have you no influence with any steady officer?"

The Duke, though brave and wise, was very diffident of himself and his own judgment. He hesitated, and Lord Newbury, who had till now been silent, looked up and spoke.

"Will you trust your fair friend to me, madam?"

"I would, my lord, most joyfully. But you would not surely care for such an enterprise, in which no glory is to be gained, and no special service done to the cause?"

"It is the duty of a knight to help a lady," said Lord Newbury, smiling: his chief ambition, as his friends well knew, was to be like a chivalrous paladin of the olden time. "There is enough of adventure in such a ride, and—if it will pleasure

you, madam,—I am ready to escort any friend of yours to the Land's End."

"You are very good, my lord. She and I are much beholden to you," said Lady Kate. She could not help being aware of the young man's devotion to herself, but disliked any expression of it, especially in the grave presence of her brother-in-law.

The duke, however, seemed relieved by Lord Newbury's proposal, and it was agreed that the little troop should be ready as early as possible the next day. The gentlemen took their leave, and Lady d'Aubigny went to tell Dorothy what she had arranged for her. The idea had at first crossed her mind of going herself with her young friend, but she gave this up, feeling sure that she would be well protected. The parting next morning was brave and cheerful: Lady d'Aubigny held Dolly in her arms, and kissed her many times.

"I shall hope and pray for you sweet-heart," she said. "And remember, when your brother is well enough to be brought so far, I shall gladly receive you both here. As long as I have a roof to shelter my boy and me, it shall shelter you."

"I will tell Marmaduke how good you are. And, if Frank comes back, you will tell him whither I am gone."

"Most assuredly. Farewell, Dolly; I love you dearly, child. See, your horse is impatient to be gone; old Jasper can scarcely hold him. And here is Lord Newbury, coming to look for you. Here she is, my lord: I give her into your charge, and shall hold you responsible for her safety."

A few moments more of confused leave-taking, and Dorothy found herself riding away up the lane, surrounded by her clattering steel-capped escort, while Lady d'Aubigny looked after her from the old gateway of St. Anne's.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE VILLAGE IN THE COMBE.

"The autumn winds rushing
Waft the leaves that are serest,
But our flower was in flushing
When blighting was nearest."—*Scott.*

THERE was a little village on the south-west coast, so hidden among rocks and

trees, that its existence was hardly known, even in its own country and neighbourhood. A stranger, riding on the high ground inland, would probably have passed it by unnoticed, had he not happened to see a thin blue smoke curling up in the clear air through the midst of the tree-tops, between himself and the great bright sea that rippled away to the horizon. Even in this autumnal time, when many of the trees were leafless, their interlacing boughs sheltered the village; its low mud cottages, with their thatched and mossy roofs, nestled down in the combe, at the foot of the red sandstone rocks, and the people lived their quiet lives, without troubling themselves much about the war; they heard very little of it there. Those who had any opinions followed their parson's lead, and were loyal to the King. And the bells of the small old church, which stood close to the sea, under the shadow of a great red cliff, rang out their summons to the old services, as well as their warning to mariners on stormy nights and foggy days. No commissioners were likely to interfere there; the place was hardly known at Exeter, much less in London.

On that clear autumn afternoon, the usually quiet village was thrown into a state of excitement by a troop of horsemen, which came clattering down the combe. The people were frightened at first, and thought the Roundheads had found them out, but they were soon reassured by the sight of their acquaintance, Will Ford, acting as guide to the party, and their alarm was quickly changed into the warmest hospitality. Will had come there with the poor young gentleman who lay so grievously wounded in the parson's house, and whom he had left in their care while he went to tell his sister of his state. Will was very welcome, and so were all his comrades. The soldiers dismounted to rest and refresh themselves, while Dorothy went to her brother, attended by Lord Newbury, Christopher, Jasper, and Will. The parson's house was only a cottage; but it was larger than the rest, and built of stone, with a carefully-tended garden round it, where myrtles grew.

The parson himself met them in the

garden; he was a young man, with a plain pale face, and a grave and diffident manner; but his people loved him. Lord Newbury told him who they were, and he turned to Dorothy, a look of kind sympathy lighting up his face.

"Will you go in? Your brother is in this front room. It is better that you should go by yourself; he should not be disturbed by many faces."

"I thank you for your care of him," said Dorothy, and she hurried on towards the house. Her cheeks were burning, and her eyes bright with anxiety; the clergyman looked after her, and sighed as he turned to the others.

Marmaduke, white and wasted, was lying on a small low bed in a shady corner of the room. His long hair had been cut off, and he was only to be known by his eyes, which smiled welcome, for he could not speak above his breath.

"Why, my Dolly! have they brought you after all?"

His sister could not answer; something choked her; but she knelt down by Marmaduke, with one arm round him, and laid her cheek on his. There was a great stillness, for no one had followed her into the house; the people in the garden talked low and softly, and only the voice of the sea, as it broke in long curling waves upon the beach below, fell on the ears of the brother and sister in the hour of their meeting again. The banner, with its gold Phoenix and its crimson motto, hung on the white-washed wall over Marmaduke's head; it was torn, and there were dark red stains upon the royal blue; the Dering men had wrapped their young Captain in it, when they carried him from the field.

Where were now the bright visions, the hopes of a happy return, with which Dorothy Lyne had given that banner to her brother's troop! Never, in all her troubles, when she was driven from home, when her lover had proved false to her, had she felt so utterly cast down as now, when she knelt beside the bright young soldier, whose loyalty had brought him to this.

"Nil desperandum!" murmured Marmaduke, after a long pause. "Look up, Dolly, and let me see your face. Why,

where is all the courage gone? Cheer up, little sister; tell me how you came here, and all about it."

Dorothy raised her head, and made a great effort at self-command. "Oh, Marmaduke! to find you thus!"

"Ay; and with my love-locks gone; cut as short as any crop-ear of them all. I was properly angry when I found what Master Gilbert had been about."

"The clergyman? Has he been good to you?"

"As to that, Dolly, your own self could scarce have nursed me more tenderly. I fear I have been a great trouble to him. You must ask him for a history of my illness, for I cannot give it you. Tell me, how fare they all at Dering?"

"You had none of my letters, then?"

"None; since you told me of our good Rector's death. What happened afterwards? let me hear."

Dorothy told him how the Shipleys had taken possession, and how she had escaped to Oxford, in as few words as she could, enlarging a little on Jasper's faithfulness, and Lady d'Aubigny's goodness to her. Marmaduke lay still listening, and clenched his long thin hands.

"It is not I alone who have suffered for the King," he said, at last.

"Nay; I do not complain. I would do anything for him still; more, if possible, since he spoke to me so graciously."

"Ah! there was a fellow in Hopton's force whose motto was 'Loyal à mort.' He was struck down beside me in this last tussle, and died on the field. Hark! is that Gilbert coming to stop my mouth? he'll not have much talking. But in spite of him, I must see that good fellow, Lord Newbury, and Christopher, and Jasper, and Will. By the bye, Dolly, where's Frank? He would have been a likelier escort for you."

"He was away in the field."

"I would give something to see him again."

"When you are better, we shall carry you to Oxford. Lady d'Aubigny made me promise to bring you to St. Anne's, and by that time Frank may be there again."

"When I am better!" repeated Marmaduke.

duke, and the smiling light went suddenly out in his face. He sighed, and closed his eyes.

Mr. Gilbert came in, treading as lightly as a woman across the brick floor. Dorothy turned to him with an earnest, questioning glance. He gave her no answer, but took Marmaduke in his arms, lifted him like a baby, settled his pillows, and laid him down again.

"Will you see Christopher Wake?" he said to him, in the low clear voice of one accustomed to sick rooms.

"Ay; bring him in," said Marmaduke.

The bailiff came to his young master's side, with his honest face full of sorrow. Dorothy went out, leaving them together, and joined the parson and Lord Newbury, who were in the garden.

"Tell me, Mr. Gilbert," she said, "is there any hope of his life?"

"Truly, madam, I scarce know what to say; I have done my best, with my poor skill; I was brought up to some knowledge of medicine; but he was much weakened by his wounds, and the fever, which only left him yesterday, has taken away his little remaining strength. Still he is young, and very patient. I do not despair of his recovery, now that you are here to nurse and cheer him; but it will be long ere he can move."

"I thank you," said Dorothy; but it was with a very hopeless face that she turned to Lord Newbury.

"Your lordship will see my brother, and you will tell Lady d'Aubigny in what state we found him, and what this good gentleman says. When do you return to Oxford?"

"I shall leave six men as a guard for you, madam, and shall set off to-morrow morning with the rest. If you find, as I trust will be the case, that your brother is shortly well enough to travel to Oxford, send a messenger, and you will have a fitting escort."

Dorothy smiled and bowed her head, looking away at the sea, whose rippling surface was all brilliant with the light of the setting sun.

"It will soon fade away into grey darkness," she said, half to herself.

"A pretty place," said Lord Newbury, "but sadly out of the world. Have you been here long, sir?"

"Since I was ordained; and I do not care to leave it. A peaceful corner of England is Paradise, in times like these."

"There are those who would not care for such peace, and I am one of them," said Lord Newbury, smiling. "So I need not offer you the post of chaplain to my troop."

"If duty called me to such an office," said Mr. Gilbert, colouring slightly, "I should not shrink from it. But as it is, I have no call to leave my sheep without a shepherd."

Dorothy had been gazing thoughtfully at the sea, spread out in its frame of red rocks at the foot of the combe, and had not heard a word of their little conversation. She now turned, and went back through the garden to the house, back to Marmaduke, her only object in life now, as she had ever been his. Through all his hard riding and fighting, that dark curl which his sister had given him had been next to the young soldier's heart.

(To be continued.)

CONTENTMENT.—"If we might pick out of all men's estates that which is laudable, omitting the inconveniences, we would make ourselves complete; but if we must take all together, we should, perhaps, little advantage ourselves with the change; for the most-wise God hath so proportioned out every man's condition, that he hath some just cause of sorrow inseparably

mixed with other contentments, and hath allotted to no man living an absolute happiness, without some grievances; nor to any man such an exquisite misery as that he findeth not somewhat wherein to solace himself, the weight whereof varies according to our estimation of them."—*Bishop Hall.*

A B D A L L A H.

(From the German.)

APERSIAN Shah once indulged in the fancy of wandering in disguise through the provinces under his rule. One very warm day in summer he came, in the course of his travels, upon a young shepherd who was resting under the luxuriant shade of some over-hanging trees, and amusing himself meanwhile by playing on a flute. The appearance of the lad pleased the lord of Ispahan, and, on entering into conversation with him, he found him possessed of so great an amount of good sense, and of integrity and honesty likewise, and this, as may well be supposed, without any advantages of education, that the Shah at once determined to take the youth back with him to his palace, and to see what could there be made of so fine a disposition. Abdallah, as the shepherd was called, left the happy pastures and the home of his childhood with a sorrowful heart; but when he was installed in his new career he strove earnestly to do what was right, and fulfilled every expectation of the prince, who gave him no small share of his favour, and treated him with almost fatherly care and tenderness, which made him an object of envy to every one about the court; but he often longed to be back again in his peaceful cot, and sighed as he looked at the simple shepherd's dress which he had exchanged for the purple kaftan and grey tarban.

The Shah raised his favourite from one post of honour to another, until he made him the keeper of the imperial treasury. In vain Envy shewed its teeth, in vain were evil reports carried to the prince. Abdallah the Just scorned their evil designs, and the monarch well knew that the trust and confidence which he placed in him were deserved. But after a time the Shah died, and the throne was left to

his son, a youth of twenty, whose ears were open to flattery, and his heart to wrong impressions. Envy darted forth its poisoned shafts, and hissed loudly:—"Abdallah has enriched himself at the cost of the crown; he has made over the treasure entrusted to him by your father to his own use; he has divided the crown jewels, and more than that, he has in his house a hidden vault guarded by three keys, where he often passes hours together looking over his ill-acquired riches."

The credulous young monarch believed the words of his courtiers, and surprised Abdallah one morning by an early visit.

"Give me the key of the secret vault at the end of yonder gallery," he said, in a commanding voice, "where you spend so much of your time, and where no other foot is allowed to enter."

Abdallah saw at once through the malicious designs of his enemies, and smiled at his accusers as he handed the keys to the prince. The vault was opened; they found in it a crook, a shepherd's dress, and a flute.

"Behold here, my lord, the tokens of my former happy life! I guard them here, and come here often to gaze upon them, and to picture to myself once more the joyous early days which I spent amongst those dear to me; take away everything that your father gave me, if you desire to do so, but leave me, I beseech you, my shepherd's crook and these few treasures."

The young prince was deeply moved; he looked angrily round on his followers, the envious accusers of Abdallah, and embracing the latter, he expressed a wish to raise him to greater honour and power: but Abdallah asked only the permission to throw aside the purple kaftan, and to resume his shepherd's crook and dress in the peaceful home of his youth.

CRUX.

THE CHILDREN'S CORNER.

PRAYER IN VERSE, FOR A CHILD.

I.

TENDER Shepherd,
Lead me,
Feed me,

Or I famish by the way;
For I faint for Heavenly manna,
And I need it
Day by day.

II.

Tender Shepherd,
Watch me,
Guide me;

Rough and dark I find the way,
And I need Thee close beside me;
For I wander
Day by day.

III.

Tender Shepherd,
Take me,
Keep me,
When I lay me down to die;
For I'm lost, unless the Shepherd
Takes me to the
Fold on high.

THE PRIEST AND LEVITE PASSING BY. ON THE OTHER SIDE.—And if we behave in any such way, shall we not be condemned ourselves? I do not of course mean that we should behave exactly like this Priest and Levite, and “pass by” a poor wounded man on the road without offering any help; for we may never be placed in such circumstances as these: my object rather is to urge upon you not to act in this kind of way in the circumstances in which you may be placed. Now in our journey through life, we are likely, may sure, to meet those who are not so well off as ourselves. We are sure to meet with those who require some help, or advice, or sympathy—some expression indeed of Christian love. We are sure to meet with those who are in sickness and distress, those who are hungry, thirsty, naked, wearied. If we pass by these, then, who are laid in our way and require our help, without giving it, I do not see that there is much difference between us and the Priest and Levite in the parable, who passed by the poor wounded traveller. Look at some rich man who has himself every thing that money can procure him, who is surrounded with comforts on every side; but then he is surrounded also with those who have nothing, those who are in want of even the necessaries of life.

Well! does the rich man pass these by without giving them the help that he can? Does he know that such distress exists without even going to look upon it, or does he simply look upon it and pass by on the other side? Does he see or know of sickness, disease, poverty, famine, and yet leave the sick man, the diseased patient, the poor starving, famine-stricken, fellow-creature, just where he found him—groaning, suffering, bleeding, half-dead, in the public way? If so, then he is much like the Priest and Levite in the parable before us. The rich man neglected Lazarus who sat at his gate, and he was much the same. Then there is the man or woman who has time at command, and thus can go and visit those who are sick or in prison; he can go and read to the aged, sympathize with the sorrowful, shew his love to the needy, for Christ's sake; and the little cup of cold water that he is able to give, will gain a reward for him in heaven, as great as that which the rich man can buy with his riches: and if he does not do this when he might, if being an idle man he does not spend his time in some good object, then surely he “passes by” the wounded, bleeding man, without giving that help which he might. It is the same with all of us; the poor and the rich man, and the man of business. Does ever a day pass without

our hearing some tale of woe, without some sound of distress coming to our ears,—the moan of the sick, the crying of the poor, the wail of the helpless? Do we then help in the best way that we can? If we do not help—there is but one other thing—we “pass them by;” we are like the Priest and Levite; we are at the very place, we see distress and pain, but we pass by on the other side. I cannot do much, nay! but I can do something! There is somebody worse off than I. A piece of bread, a cast-off garment, five minutes’ help,

a soft word, a hopeful expression, a cheerful smile; it may be little, but it is the cup of cold water which our Saviour speaks of. And in effect it may be as valuable, as precious, as a cup of cold water to a thirsty, half-perishing man. It may save a life, it may raise the hopes of the despairing, keep the bruised reed from breaking, or the smoking flax from being quenched. “If thou hast much, give plentifully; if thou hast little, do thy diligence gladly to give of that little.” E. F.

THE GERMAN KNIGHT'S AVE.

After the German of Geibel.

“Sir Otto, in this our strait so sore,
Thy valor I charge thee shew;
Crimson the field, our comrades dead,
Behind us pressing the foe.

“For many a riven shield I mourn,
For many a broken spear,
Yet greater my care for this holy Cup
In my mantle’s folds so dear.

“On the battle-field we drank thereout,
For our peace with God Most High;
Shall the heathen hand now hold it aloft
In his feasting and revelry?

“Sir Otto, now by thy youth and strength,
Turn once more thy steed aside,
And seek with the sharp and circling sword
To hinder the foeman’s tide.

“And canst thou stay it yet so long,
By the space of an ‘Ave’ spoken,
The rapid flight of my faithful steed
Shall rescue the sacred token.”

No time for thought did Sir Otto take,
But answered a simple “Yea;”
Then forward sped the master’s horse
In the moonlight far away.

And when the cross on his mantle white
Could scarcely more be seen,
Onward came rushing the heathen horde,
In hot pursuit and keen:—

And when in the air, like a flying straw,
The mantle flutter’d at last;
Upon the youthful knight they fell,
Their blows raining thick and fast.

“Ave Maria!” spake boldly the knight,
And dealt a fearful blow,
From his saddle down the leader fell
With a cloven skull laid low.

Another word the hero utter’d,
And it fell on the self-same manner,
The standard-bearer stagger’d back,
Upon him falling his banner.

A valiant prayer was that in sooth,
Blow following close on word,
At every clause a heathen foe
Lay stretch’d on the fair greensward.

Yawning wide was his coat of mail,
Its links with life-blood red,
Yet from the strife he gave not o’er,—
At each stroke one more laid dead.

On foot he now must e’en fight on,
Spent his horse, and burst his shield;
Yet in the strength of that holy prayer
His good sword he still did wield.

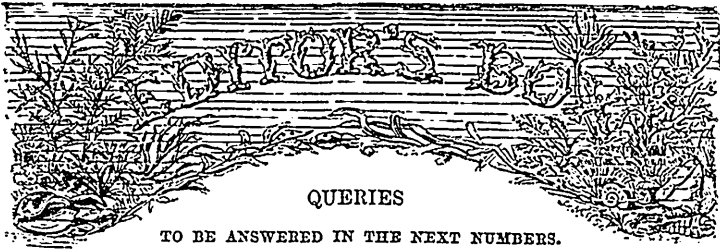
As now to an end the “Ave” came,
He swept yet another blow,
Then dying to the ground he sank
In the corpse-ring of the foe.

His mouth was dumb, his heart stood still,
By his side his arm did hang;
That his lips to utter “Amen” did fail,
Was his last and greatest pang.

The heathen turn’d their horses round,
They cared no more to fight;
And rescued was the precious Cup,
By the prayer of the faithful knight.

Above the tumult and strife of war,
May a place to him be given,—
Who thus on earth a prayer has prayed
May in bliss say *Amen* in heaven.

M. A. E. C.



QUERIES

TO BE ANSWERED IN THE NEXT NUMBERS.

ROMAN CATHOLIC FALSIFICATIONS OF HISTORY.

40.—Will any of your readers kindly inform me concerning the alleged "consecration by Queen Elizabeth, of an English Bishop?" This subject forms the frontispiece to a Roman work on Anglican Orders, once exhibited in the window of a Roman bookseller in this town. I have a pamphlet on Anglican Orders, refuting some of the charges of failure, but no mention is made of the absurd act above referred to. INVALID.

WALLING UP.

41.—The church of Purton, in Wilts, was some years ago restored. In the course of restoration, a portion of the tower wall was pulled down, and in it was found, in an upright position, as I am told, a human skeleton. The then Incumbent, an aged man, was heard to say that connected with it was "an ugly story;" and by his advice, I am informed, it was again recalled up. Now, was Purton Church ever connected with a Religious House; if so, is this to be taken as one of the few remaining instances of the punishment sometimes inflicted upon nuns who broke their vow of chastity? The description of this punishment is given in a note appended to Stanza xxx. of Canto 2 of "Murmion."

"A small niche, sufficient to contain their bodies, was made in the massive wall of the

convent; a slender pittance of food and water was deposited in it, and the awful words, 'Vade in pace,' were the sequel for immuring the criminal. Among the ruins of the Abbey of Coldingham were some years ago discovered the remains of a female skeleton, which, from the shape of the niche and position of the figure, seemed to be that of an immured nun."

The poetical embodiment of this prose is:—

"For there were seen in that dark wall
Two niches, narrow, deep and tall;
In each a slender meal was laid,
Of roots, of water and of bread:
Hewn stones and cement were displayed,
And building tools in order laid."

In Rogers' "Italy," in the poem entitled "Coll' Alto," is a graphic description of the immuring of "Christine," in consequence of jealousy on the part of her mistress; the description is put into the mouth of the aged steward, who related the traditionary tale to the poet:—

"Fresh as a flower just blown,
And warm with life, her youthful pulses playing,
She was walled up within the castle wall.
The wall itself was hollowed secretly,
Then closed again, and done to line and rule."

A brief note says "Murato" was a technical word for this punishment. Can any of your readers or correspondents furnish any instances discovered of this fearful mode of punishment? A.P.H.A.

REPLIES

TO QUERIES IN PREVIOUS NUMBERS.

MORE THAN ONE ALTAR IN A CHURCH.

17.—Are there any instances of more than one Altar met with in the same church in the Anglican Communion of the present day? Where a church is enlarged, and a new chancel built, ought the former Altar to remain in the old chancel, as well as the new one in the new chancel? M. D.

S. James', Hatcham.

S. Andrew's, Plaistow.

T. H.

The Church of the Annunciation, Chiselhurst.

S. John Baptist, Kensington.

S. Martin's, Brighton. G. J. D. GUY.
Chichester, Salisbury, Oxford, and Lichfield Cathedrals.

Holy Trinity, Knowle; Bristol.

North Morston, near Oxford.

Dorchester, Oxon.

Ewelme, Oxon.

Fyfield, Berkshire.

A. C. W.

S. Saviour's, Hoxton.

S. Chad's, Haggerstone.

J. A. RENAL.

Malvern Abbey Church.

S. Cross, Winchester.

A. J. INGLEBY.

Westminster Abbey.

P. T.

Perhaps this comes too late for you to care to insert it; but if not, it may be interesting to your correspondent M. D. Three weeks ago I was at Frome-Selwood. In the parish church of S. John Baptist, there are three altars, one in each side chapel; one of which, that on the south of the chancel, is dedicated to S. Andrew; the other, on the north side of the nave, to S. Nicholas. This latter is also called the Lady Chapel, and was used for the 7 o'clock celebration the week-day I was there. I believe the daily celebrations are always said in one of the side chapels, the altars in which have cross, candlesticks, and flowers, like the one in the chancel where the Holy Communion was administered at the high celebration at 8 o'clock on Sunday.

A. K. M.

There is a second altar in the church at Burford in Oxfordshire, in a small chapel, which I was told was dedicated to St. Peter. I believe Holy Communion is celebrated there on Saints' days; the chapel has lately been restored. I do not know its date.

GAMMA.

ANCIENT STONE.

20.—I shall be greatly obliged if some of your correspondents can tell me the use of a flat round stone, found in an old church in Cornwall, close to the font; also, in one other old church in England. It is rather more than two feet across; there are seven holes scooped out on the top of it, round, about, or a little more than, two inches across.

WILLIAM ENDECOTT.

I believe the stone mentioned by your correspondent to have been a part of some stoup or font for Holy Water, set up at the entrance of our churches in pre-Reformation times,—so constructed as to enable several persons to use the Holy Water at one and the same time.

F.S.A., Lond.

At a meeting of the Archaeological Institute, July 7, 1865, "A drawing by the Rev. Frank Newington was exhibited, of a block of stone found lately in the south wall of a small chapel on the north side of the chancel of Wool Church, Dorset. The stone, described as of coarse Purbeck marble, had been used as wall material, and placed, it is believed, in an inverted position. The dimensions are 10 in. by 5 in., height 5 in.; on one face there are four cup-shaped cavities, each 3 in. in diameter and in depth: the surface of these cups is blackened, as if by unctuous matter burnt in them; it has been supposed that they may have been used as crucets or lamps. In the dormitory at Durham, there was a square stone at each end, wrought with

twelve holes for tallow, for lighting that chamber. We are, however, indebted to Caution Rock for the suggestion that these cavities in the stone found at Wool were intended to hold the three *ampullae* for the holy oils, and the vessel for salt used at baptism. The constitutions and ordinances give special instructions for custody of the oils: 'Chrisma, oleum sanctum et infirmorum . . . sub fideli custodia, seris adhibitibus, conservantur b.' For carrying out this precept, Dr. Rock states that he has noticed several singular appliances in the walls of ancient English churches, and he is of opinion that the singular stone found at Wool may have been originally placed in some cavity or place of safe keeping for a like purpose."—*Archaeological Journal*, No. 88, 1865, p. 339.

M. D.

HOODS.

25.—What are the different Hoods worn by the members of the Universities? or can any one tell me whether there is any book published shewing the various Hoods? F. G. C.

In reply to F. G. C.'s query, I send the following:—

Cambridge.

- B.A. Black lined with lambswool and rabbit's skins.
- M.A. Black lined with white silk.
- B.D. Black.
- D.D. } Scarlet lined with pink.
- M.D. }
- LL.D. }

Durham.

- M.A. Black silk lined with lavender.

London.

- B.A. Black edged with brown silk.
- M.A. Black lined with brown silk.
- M.S. Black lined with violet.
- A.K.C. Black lined with dark mauve.

Dublin, Trinity College.

- B.A. Black lined with white fur.
- M.A. Black lined with blue silk.
- M.B. Black lined with scarlet.
- M.D. Scarlet cloth lined with rose silk.
- LL.D. Red cloth lined with white.
- D.D. Black lined with red.
- Mus. Doc. Red lined with white fur.
- Mus. BAC. Blue lined with white fur.

* Davies' "Rites and Ceremonies of Durham,"
 † "Constitutions of Walter, Bishop of Durham, 1252," &c.; and Canon Rock's "Church of Our Fathers," vol. iv. p. 69.

† Mr. Newington states that many of the stones used in the fabric may have been obtained from Bindon Abbey.

M.S. Scarlet bound with blue and lined with white.

M.E. White tabinet lined with green silk.

Glasgow.

M.A. Black silk lined with red purple.

L.L.D. } Black velvet lined with black silk.

D.D. }

M.B. Black silk lined with white silk.

M.D. Black silk lined with red.

B.D. Black silk bordered with black velvet, lined with red purple silk.

Edinburgh.

D.D. Black cloth lined with violet silk.

M.D. Black silk lined with scarlet or crimson silk.

St. Andrew's.

M.D. Black lined with scarlet and crimson.

St. Bees, Cumberland.

Black poplin lined with darkish mauve to the depth of three inches.

St. Aidan's, Birkenhead.

Black silk lined with darkish mauve.

Queen's, Birmingham.

Black lined with either violet or lavender.

Trinity College, Glenatmond.

Black silk lined with green.

ARTHUR W. NEWITT.

In answer to F. G. C., I have, after enquiry, compiled the following description of the academical dresses worn in the University of Oxford.

HOODS.

D.D. Scarlet cloth, black silk lining.

M.D. Scarlet cloth, pink silk lining.

D.C.L. Scarlet cloth, crimson silk lining.

Mus. Doc. White damask silk, crimson satin lining.

B.D. Rich black silk, glossy black silk lining.

All the above hoods have the remains of the tippet, as in the Cambridge hood, but the liriippo is shorter.

M.B.

B.C.L. } Blue silk, white fur edging.

Mus. Bac.

M.A. Black silk, crimson silk lining.

B.A. Black silk, white fur edging.

S.M.

S.C.L. } Blue silk.

Undergraduates have a right to wear a black stuff hood, plain.

None of the above hoods have any remnant of the tippet, even if they ever had any: the liriippo is cut half circular.

Dress gowns of the doctors of the three superior faculties are of scarlet cloth with large round sleeves. That of a D.D. being faced with black velvet, of a D.M. with pink

silk, of a D.C.L. with crimson silk. A D.D. wears also a black cassock and cincture.

Doctors of music wear a similar gown of white damask silk with crimson satin facings.

The doctors of the three superior faculties wear a Congregation habit of scarlet cloth without sleeves, but worn over the undress gown, with the sleeves of the latter coming through the armholes.

This habit is similar to the black satin chimero now worn by bishops, who before the time of Elizabeth, and now in Convocation and Parliament, wore a scarlet chimere, which was in reality their Doctor's Congregation habit.

The undress gown of a D.D., B.D., and M.A., is of black silk, or stuff, with long sleeves cut circular at the bottom.

A D.D. wears a black scarf with all his gowns, being the remains of the amyse of dignity. They are also worn by canons and rectors. They were formerly of fur, as was also the amyse, as may be seen on pictures of Cranmer and others of that time.

The undress gown of a M.D., D.C.L., Mus. Doc., are of black silk, richly embroidered with black silk braid, with long sleeves not circular at the bottom, and with a collar.

M.B., B.C.L., Mus. Bac. gowns are similar, but less richly embroidered.

S.M., S.C.L. gowns are similar, but without embroidery.

Gentlemen-Commoners, and Commoners' gowns also have collars with plaited rappots, which in the former case form part of the sleeve.

B.A.'s and Scholars gowns have no collars, the former has long pointed, and the latter short round sleeves.

Gowns with collars are theoretically lay-gowns, and those without collars clerical.

The Proctors wear gowns with large sleeves and facings of black velvet.

Pro-Proctors' gowns are faced with black velvet merely, they wear M.A. gowns. All of these have a little purse attached to the left shoulder.

On dress occasions the Proctors wear white fur hoods, lined with black silk. A Pro-Proctor may wear this at sermons in the absence of the Proctor.

A Proctor's gown is, strictly speaking, the full-dress gown of an M.A., and was worn by them all when the allied Sovereigns visited Oxford in 1814.

It may not be out of place here to add that the trencher-cap as at present worn, is a corruption of the biretta and zucchetto.

The zucchetto being a scull-cap, and the biretta worn over it, when the head was un-

covered in choir at mention of the sacred Name, for convenienc' sake the two were sown together, so as to take off both at once. The close part round the head was the zuchetto, and the square part the birretta with tassel. These properly were only worn by clerics, and till quite lately the doctors of the lay faculties, when they appeared in full dress, wore round caps, such as are now only worn by the Bedels. It is needless to add, that the faculties mentioned in this account are Divinity, Medicine, Civil Law and Music. ZEBEDEE.

PORTRAIT OF S. EDMUND OF CANTERBURY.

27.—Will any of the readers of the PENNY POST inform me where an authentic portrait of S. Edmund of Canterbury (Edmund Rich, of Abingdon, 1244) is to be met with? The body of the Archbishop was deposited in the church of Pontigny, Normandy. S. M. P.

I do not believe that S. M. P. will be successful in obtaining an account of any authentic portrait of the above saint. It is doubtful if any portraits of so early a date as the first part of the thirteenth century now exist. F.S.A., Lond.

THE LITANY.

28.—Can you, or any of your readers, kindly inform me whether the Litany may be said daily during Lent as a separate service, under any circumstances; or only on Sundays, Wednesdays, and Fridays? S. B. ROMAINE.

There is nothing in the Rubric of the Book of Common Prayer to forbid S. B. ROMAINE, or any body else, from saying the Litany as often as he pleases. Nor, as it seems to me, can its use be wrong even in public daily during Lent. If there be a doubt on the latter point, or if Mr. ROMAINE be over-scrupulous, the best plan would be to get the consent of the bishop of the diocese. CLERICUS WINTONENSIS.

FOLK-LORE—NORFOLK RHYME.

31. "First comes David, then comes Chad,
Then comes Winold, raving mad;"

Or (another version is)—

"As if he was mad."

Can any of your readers tell me who St. Winold was? The above rhyme I find amongst the household words of East Anglia; St. Winold's Day is March 3, and Winold Fair is a horse fair, held on that day near Downham, in Norfolk. I cannot find any mention of him in Timbs' "GARLAND FOR THE YEAR."

I venture to reply to this query of who St. Winold was? From the information I

have found in Hone's "Every-Day Book," this saint is called Winwaloo by Father Cressy, and Winwaloko by Father Porter. St. Winwaloo's father, named Fragan, or Fracan, was nearly related to CATHANN, one of the kings or princes of Wales. In consequence of Saxon invasions, Fragan emigrated from Wales to Armorica, where the spot he inhabited is "called from him to this day Plan-fragan." Whether Winwaloo was born there, or in Wales, is uncertain; but he was put under St. Budoc, a British abbot of a monastery in Isleverte, near the Isle of Brebat, from whence, with other monks, he travelled, till they built themselves a monastery at Laudevenech, three leagues from Brest. He died in 529, at an advanced age.

Father Cressy says, that St. Winwaloo worked many miracles, among which, the most stupendous was his raising a young man to life.

A priory, dedicated to St. Winwaloo, was founded by the family of the earls of Clare, before the seventh year of King John (1206), in a hamlet (thence called, by corruption, the hamlet of Whinwall, Winnold, or Wynhold) belonging to the parish of Wereham, in Norfolk, as a cell to the abbey of Mountstroll, of the order of St. Bennet, in the diocese of Amiens, in France. In 1321, the abbot and convent sold to Hugh Searlet, of London, who conveyed it to the Lady Elizabeth de Burso, the sister and co-heir of Gilbert, Earl of Claro; and she afterwards gave it to West Dereham Abbey, situate a few miles from Wereham. At the general dissolution it was valued, with West Dereham, at £252 12s. 11d. (Speed), and £228 (Dugdale). Little of the priory is now remaining, except a part which is thought to have been the chapel.

A fair for horses and cattle on this day, which was originally kept in this hamlet of Winnold, has existed, probably, from the foundation of the priory, as it is mentioned in the tenth of Edward III. (1337), when the priory and the fair were given to West Dereham Abbey. Soon after the dissolution, it was removed to the adjoining parish of Wimbotsham, and continued to be held there till within the last thirty years, when it was again removed a few miles further to the market-town of Downham as a more convenient spot, and is now kept in a field there, called, for reasons unknown, the Hodwell; it still retains its ancient original appellation of Winnold Fair. (Published date, 1827.)

This fair is perhaps of greater antiquity than any now kept in the kingdom, and will probably preserve the memory of St. Win-

nold in the west of Norfolk, and the adjoining counties, for centuries to come, above the whole host of his canonized brethren. He is also commemorated in the traditional West Norfolk proverbial distich mentioned in the query signed, GARLAND FOR THE YEAR.

M. A. N.

THE PRINCIPLES OF WESLEYANISM.

33.—Will any reader of the PENNY POST give me reason why the usual belief is that the "Sect," called Wesleyan, are followers of John Wesley, if (as in "A Changeful Life," No. 33, "Our Curate's Budget." *Hodges, Frome; Simpkin, Marshall, and Co., London,*) "he never counselled his congregation to desert the Church of their Baptism," but said, "When they left the Church, they must expect God would leave them?"

O. C.

In answer to O. C., I hold that the chief reason that the so-called "Wesleyans" flatter themselves that they are followers of John Wesley, is ignorance, both wilful and unintentional. Wilful, as regards the heads of the sect, for they suppress, and have suppressed, any and all portions of Wesley's works likely to injure their influence over the people; and unintentional, as regards the people, who, for the most part, being uneducated, content themselves with the books put into their hands, without doubting their authenticity, or investigating their veracity. One instance will suffice. About three years ago, in a controversy in the "Cornish Times" (newspaper) between a Wesleyan and a Churchman, the former, to prove some point, quoted passage after passage of what he said was Wesley's statement on the subject. The Churchman, in reply, cited the true words of Wesley, as different as light from darkness from those supposed to have been written by him. This man is a fair type of the Wesleyan preacher, so if he would not hesitate to print misstatements regarding Wesley's sayings, it is not likely he would tell the people the truth in his discourses. With such teachers as these it is little wonder the people are ignorant of the true state of the case.

R. E. S. B.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

RECEIVED WITH THANKS.—A. R.—B. P. D.—A. C.—W. M.—A. W. M.—A. B. P.—W. P.—G. E. M.—MISS HENLEY.—MRS. TALBORT.—W. P. C.—A. W. W.—R. C.—W. C.—G. W. P.—ALQUIS.—NEMO.—T. T. W.—SI QUIS.—A. X. and P. T.

A. R. B.—This correspondent enquires of

us, "Why Bishop so-and-so does this, that, or the other?" and "Why the cathedral authorities at St. Paul's leave undone something else?" On second thought, he will see that his queries are such as can only be answered by those to whom they refer. How, in the name of Common Sense, can we answer them?

The Rev. R. ELIOTT (whose signature we mistook, not being able to decypher it, and consequently misprinted in July,) requests us to state that there are no lights on the holy table of St. Leonard's, Malton. We fear that some correspondent intentionally misled us in this case.

A. W. N. states that altar lights are placed on the holy table at Barcheston, and Long Compton, Warwickshire, both in the diocese of Worcester.

The Rev. HENRY BURNAY informs us that lights are placed on the altar in Wavendon Church, diocese of Oxford; the Rev. H. J. DAY,—whose previous note never reached us,—that the same is the case at Barnsley Parish Church; and the Rev. R. E. BATTY informs us that lights are used at Holy Trinity, Birkenhead, and at Towyn near Rhyll.

MARTHA PARNHAM informs us that there are lights on the altar at Rolleston Church, Nottinghamshire.

EDITH SLADE and HOLMESDALE.—Thanks; but other similar replies were in type.

W. B. and C. O.—Many thanks.

E. E. O.—Answered by post.

ELLIS LISLE.—We have no such MS.

M. BILLINGS.—We regret the non-delivery of our letter to you; but, with so large a correspondence, cannot now recollect what it was about.

F. M. S. and ENQUIRER.—See vols. x., xiii., and xviii. of the PENNY POST.

E. R. H.—If they have their degree, and have attended some Theological College—for Theology is not taught at the University of London—any bishop would ordain them, subject, of course, to their passing his examination.

C. TALBORT (we cannot be certain that we read the signature), Sherborne.—Returned by post.

A. BEVAN, E. A., S. C. S., and G. RADFORD.—Your letters came too late. The list is published.

SIGMA.—The information has already reached us, and been printed.

JONIA, C. JICKLING, and "A Prayer by Nancy," "By-gone Days," "Rest," by A. P.; "Resignation," by W. J. M.—Declined, with thanks.

P. T.—Repoussé work is hammered work.

A. X.—The Consecutinary of Salisbury

to which you refer, (a most valuable and interesting MS.,) is being prepared for publication by J. D. Chambers, Esq. M.A., Recorder of Salisbury.

An anonymous correspondent asks for information about St. Elidan.

G. I. MURDOCK.—See our volume for 1872, where the subject was treated.

J. B. HARPER.—(1.) Apply to the preachers themselves; (2.) Consult Maitland's "London," where you will find every particular you need.

D. A. (Pudding-lane).—Read Pearson on the Creed.

C. A. W.—Apply to a bookseller and you can easily obtain it.

T. B.—We are not aware that any particular-shaped surplice is ordered by the Church of England. Tastes vary, fashions change, and tailors exercise their ingenuity, sometimes with success, sometimes with failure. We cannot solve your difficulty.

O. E. G.—John Newton, the Olney poet.

Mrs. ROBINSON acknowledges with sincere thanks the kind response she has received to her appeal for the Church of St. James-the-Less, Liverpool. £1 2s. 6d. has been already sent this month, in sums varying from 6d. to 2s. 6d.—117, Upper Parliament-street, Liverpool.

G. E. MOSSE.—It may be used next Passion-tide. Unsuitable now.

A. B. P.—The Queen of England is called "Defender of the Faith," because the title was given first to Henry VIII. The King of France is called "the Eldest Son of the Church," and "Most Christian;" and the King of Spain, "Most Catholic."

W. P.—A "cresset," is a standing-lamp. The term is not obsolete.

HAMLET, (Tewkesbury).—*Sudarium* is a mantle, or sudary.

The information which our obliging correspondent, Miss KATE THOMAS, gives us regarding a training-place for servants, had been already supplied by another, and will appear in our next number.

NEW BOOKS, &c.

WE have received from Messrs. F. Warno and Co. a batch of Christmas Toy-Books, which will be a welcome addition to the literature of the Nursery. They are most admirably got up, with pictured covers, and beautifully illustrated in colour, and cost only the small sum of one shilling. Their titles are as follows:—*The Nursery Alphabet*, *Dame Trot and her Cat*, *Home for the Holidays*, and *Bruin the Bear*. Another set, *Children of the Old and New Testament*,

illustrated with great spirit and power, deserve to be widely known by all.

A Tale of the Crusades, by Miss CROMPTON (London: Wells Gardner), is an attempt, by no means unsuccessful, to adapt incidents in a well-known historical tale to the capacities of young children.

The Story of the Domus Dei of Portsmouth, commonly called the Royal Garrison Church. By H. P. WRIGHT. (Oxford and London: J. Parker and Co., 1873.) The *Domus Dei* was founded by Peter de Rupibus, Bishop of Winchester, about A.D. 1205. It was a hospital for the sick, served by religious, and a vast amount of good was effected by its establishment, for three long and important centuries. At the Reformation it was suppressed, A.D. 1540. Although its property was seized, and most of its lands went into the Powerscourt family, yet in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, when it was found necessary to fortify Portsmouth, the *Domus Dei* was carefully repaired at a cost of £500. In the reign of Edward VI. the Church of the Hospital was converted into a store for munitions of war. Later on it was happily used again as a church, the family of Staniford of Portsmouth having aided in the beautifying of the interior. Quite lately it has been restored, and almost rebuilt, by Mr. Street, forming one of his most successful works. No words can describe the contrast between what it was, and what it is. Every visitor to Portsmouth should see it in its present glory and completeness, for the interior is most beautiful. Archdeacon Wright's volume is a truly delightful and very complete record of all the changes it has undergone. It is very carefully and pleasantly written, full of maps, plans, and illustrations, and gives a thoroughly reliable account of its interesting subject. Although the book was evidently printed in the country, and is not quite as well got up as it might have been, it is one which we commend to our readers as exhibiting a striking feature in the efficient restoration of these days.

The Orphans, by E. C. PHILLIPS, is a very good children's story, in which a valuable lesson is conveyed in a very attractive manner. There is nothing strained or unnatural in the characters, and the style of writing is pointed and simple.

Our Church Schools and the New Code. A Lecture. By the Rev. W. MICHELL. (London: Hodges, 1873.) This is an admirable lecture from a very competent hand, setting forth the duties of Churchmen at the present crisis. If we would maintain the Christian character of our schools, a policy similar to that sketched out here, must be carefully observed; so we confidently commend this lecture, delivered before the Taunton School Union, by the Bath and Wells Diocesan Inspector, to schoolmasters as well as to the clergy.

of country; as also that every man has his guardian angel, who attends him from the cradle to the grave. *

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We refer to some of the unnoticed Festivals in our Church's Calendar occurring in September, called "Black Letter Days."

The Holy Festivals had become so very numerous, that as the world grew practical, and other avocations besides those of the Priest and the Soldier engaged the attention of the educated portion of society in Britain, it became necessary to ignore many of them, and at this time none are generally observed, save those which have services appointed for them in our Book of Common Prayer. We do not advocate a renewal of the observance of what are known as "Black Letter Days," nor belief in the legends which give detail of miraculous revelations and visions presumed to have been heard and seen by ardent devotees in times long past. It is better to hold fast by the written Word of God, than be led by the fanciful imaginings of devotees. Men, on becoming aware of their responsibilities do not lay aside all their weaknesses. The credulously disposed will have many vain imaginings, and perhaps some very absurd ones. We find among sects which encourage sensational preaching and public extempore prayer, some ludicrous relating of experiences, which are as unmeet for being received in a serious way as are the nightmares and uneasy fancies of our sleeping hours.

September 1st is St. Giles' day.—This saint was Abbott of Nismes in France in the eighth century, and was a native of Greece. He made unreversed distribution of all his means for the benefit of the poor.

If a community of individuals are agreed to help each other by distribution of their private means for the benefit of their whole number, it is well that they should; their doing so may prove a great advantage to the whole; but if any make indiscriminate disposal of all their property among those who will ask for and take it, even though these be sick and needy, the donors will not confer much benefit on the masses, but will speedily impoverish themselves, and become disqualified for further generous distribution. We approve of almsgiving, but not the bestowal of all a person may have on those who are not only poor but worthless. The sick and crippled have abiding claim on our sympathy and aid. *As is written of the wise and good man, that*

"His liberal favours he extends,
To some he gives, to others lends;
Yet what his charity impairs,
He saves by providence in affairs."

8th. Nativity of the Blessed Virgin.—According to Roman Tradition, a monk or some other recluse heard sweet music on this day in succeeding years, with great rejoicings of angels; and it was revealed to him that the birth of the Blessed Virgin was being commemorated in heaven; after which Pope Servius instituted a festival to hold it in honour.

14th. Holy Rood Day, or the day of the Exaltation of the Holy Cross, celebrates an appearance either real or imaginary, of a cross in the heavens, by which the Emperor Constantine was much moved and led on to victory.

In those ages when authority was centered in the Pope, there were many things appointed which have no scriptural foundation; and in our day when individuals and sects think and act for themselves, we find Spiritualism, Mormonism, and other isms, all more

or less removed from the truth, exercising a sway in no less fanciful and absurd way than was seen a thousand years ago in darkened Europe. The secular education of men in America, has not corrected their native infirmities of mind, and errors of judgment. Sects, having every kind of oddity, as absurd as any thing authorized in ages past, are found, where individuals take full license to think and act for themselves in things spiritual. While some trouble themselves much about the Ritual which a revival of spiritual life has brought back into use in our services, they fail to notice the irrational proceedings which mark the course of the many diverging sects, and are allowed and approved. There appear to be many who think that if they hate the Pope they are good Christians; and that all who are termed Protestants are entitled to have their usages tolerated, provided these are not such as are found among Romanists. We wonder some do not refuse to kneel when they say their prayers, because the Romanists do so. Fasting has disappeared from Protestant bodies, for no other reason that we can find, but that Roman Catholics practice it.

THE EMBER DAYS.

We had the privilege of witnessing an Ordination at the Cathedral on Sunday, the Feast of Bartholomew; and impressed with the solemnity of the service, and the awful mission entrusted to our Priests and Deacons, we were led to the consideration of our Ember days, as set apart for special prayer and fasting: an order in the church framed after the pattern of the primitive and apostolic christians, who ever prepared for the ordination of elders and the work of their missionaries with fasting and prayer.

We are forever complaining of the clergy, their insufficient qualifications and

the failure of their work. "Aggrieved parishioners" are to be found on every side, and everywhere some faults, real or imaginary, are to be resented or to be removed. And to what cause are we to attribute this evil, and what is to be the remedy? There is no doubt that in some cases the complaint is just, and that the wrong is with the Clergy; who through insufficiency or indolence or worldliness, are faithless to the trust, and fail through their own fault; but, even then, they are not always without accomplices, and it will be well to consider that we may be involved in the evil; and we can hardly acquit ourselves, when we notice the prevailing indifference which attends our ordination. Now few care to understand what is meant by the Ember days, and how fewer still observe the rule of the Church respecting them, and treat them as special seasons set apart for prayer and fasting. But for this neglect we should be without the same occasion of complaint, and we should have less of failure in our Pastors and less of fault-finding in our congregations.

There is great uncertainty as to the derivation of the word "Ember." It has been thought to come from a German word signifying *abstinence*; though others are of opinion it is to express the humiliation which the ancients symbolized by sprinkling ashes upon their heads and sitting upon them. But the most probable conjecture is that it is derived from a Saxon word importing a *circuit or course*; so that these fasting days being not occasional, but returning every year in certain courses, may properly be said to be *ember days*, that is to say, *fasts in course*. One of these Ember seasons occurs in the month of September.

In observing them, let it be our first and most earnest prayer that God may be glorified in all his ministering servants, and that a double portion of His Spirit may rest upon our own Pastors; and then that our Bishop may lay hands suddenly on no man, but make choice of fit persons to serve in the sacred ministry of His Church; by which the day may be hastened when there shall be a catholic thanksgiving throughout the world for the means of grace and for the hope of glory.

BAPTISMS.—Charles Sedley Keating, Alfred W. Purcell, Ida Brunt, Ella Eliza Shymour Bond, George Edward Lively, Lucy Victoria Spike.