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1873

St. Luke's Parish Post.

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

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THE MONTH IN PROSPECT,
OCTOBER.

The Festivals in October, for which special services are appointed, are those of St. Luke and St. Simon and St. Jude. One Fast of the month is the eve of the latter of these. Every Friday throughout the year is appointed to be observed as a Fasting Day, by those whom we regard reverently as having authority in matters of faith and practice, "for the edifying of the Body of Christ," which is the "Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church."

The 18th of October was appointed to be St. Luke's Festival in the 12th century. Luke, the Physician of bodies and afterwards of souls, was eminent for learning; and to him we are indebted for the book known as "the Acts of the Apostles." Some of the Apostles are spoken of as "unlearned and ignorant men;" but St. Luke was not one of these. The Church for the time in which he lived, and for all time, finds need for the service of learned, and eloquent persons. Because some of our Lord's Apostles were unlearned, there has been an opinion prevailing among some sects that human learning is not needed by Preachers and Teachers in religious matters; but the Church has never decided thus. While it is encouraging to the ignorant to know that such as themselves have been instruments of righteousness in a very high degree, it is surely desirable that all the aids which can be brought to give the instructor and guide power and influence with the masses, should be brought forward. The learning of St. Paul as well as that of St. Luke, we and all Christians are deriving the benefit. It is generally believed that nothing, under Divine Providence, saved our nation from the infidelity that overran France, and caused the

most horrible of revolutions, but the learning and piety of the English Bishops, who were able to combat successfully with the philosophers and literary men of that age. We know that in this day men of great learning and research are required to prevent gross heresies from carrying the multitude away from those wholesome truths which were "delivered to the saints" in former ages, and are unalterable; and our Holy Records would be short of needed information, were the book of the Acts of the Apostles taken from them.

October 23th. Festival of St. Simon and St. Jude.

Simon is believed to have been one of a sect or party called Zealots. These were, so Fleetwood says, a branch of the Pharisees, and ventured to exercise authority even to the inflicting of punishments; but their zeal for religion and order degenerated into wild extravagance, until they became a pest. They were continually prompting their countrymen to throw off the Roman yoke; and Josephus bewails them as the great plague of the nation. St. Simon, having been one of these, after his conversion exercised the lively zeal that was natural to him in behalf of Christianity. Our Lord saw his fitness for zealous action, and called him out of darkness into the marvellous light of the Gospel dispensation; where, under right direction he became eminently useful.

St. Jude's name is found in the catalogue of the twelve Apostles, and his presence at the last supper is declared; but it is not known where or by what means he became an Apostle. There are differing accounts of his labours and death; but most who have written about him say that he suffered martyrdom for the cause of his Lord and Master.

October 31st. Eve of all Saints,

THE WORK OF A GREAT PRELATE^a.

IN the History of the Church, as well as in profane History, there have always been those whose names and labours have stood out markedly as benefactors of their race and time. A crowd of heroes in the records of Greece and Rome will occur to many of us at once. And when, by its own inherent weakness, dissolution overtook that vast empire which had Rome for its heart and seat of power, Christianity met the northern barbarian with such a message of charity as that he and his were won over to the Master, our Incarnate God, great names were in like manner heard in the new centres of life and power, those of prelates and pontiffs, kings, hermits, and virgins, and some of these on the bead-roll of the saints are profoundly venerated still.

Though it is not with the Church of God as it was with the elder dispensations—for the Church is not for one nation and time, but for all ages and for every race, and the Church, moreover, is divine—yet, on man's part, the old sins of indifference, unbelief, destruction of that which is good, and contempt for those who are set over us in the Lord, and the truths they teach, are as rife and rampant as ever. Never were these sins more marked or mischievous than during the religious changes of the sixteenth century. Patient investigators, laborious students, can no longer run in the muddy rut of traditional history, but come forth, with regret and sorrow it may be, but yet valiantly, and in defence of Truth, to tell how their prolonged and judicial investigations tend to reverse many one-sided judgments of old. In one word, a revolution has been effected as to the exact nature of the religious changes in question. Names that were formerly traduced, and characters which were always adroitly blackened, are now properly venerated, or, at least, held in well-deserved respect; while the Philosophy of History has helped to smooth the path of those noble and saintly men of later years, who, having so far reversed the dark deeds of destruction which were wrought out of yore, leaving a black legacy of evils for more than three long centuries, have now well-nigh completed a better and more glorious Reformation.

Practically and efficiently no one has done as much for this constructive work in our National Church, as the great prelate whose sad and sudden death we one and all so deeply and sincerely deplore. It needed master-minds to formulate anew the old and never-changing Catholic Truths of Pentecost, and forty years ago God gave them to the English Church in her long, cold day of barrenness and weakness, and in her dark hour of declining political strength. From the banks of the Isis the blast calling men to a spiritual warfare was clear and shrill. For once, in later years, the trumpet gave a certain sound; and men, independent of each other, but drawn

^a "From a Funeral Sermon on Samuel Wilberforce, the late Bishop of Winchester. By the Rev. Dr. Lee, Vicar of All Saints', Lambeth."

together strangely yet sweetly, but by no concerted action, yet with blended wills, prepared themselves bravely for the battle. The struggle has seemed long and wearisome: for the enemy was powerful, not so much by active aggression, as by passive imbecility and because of a perverted faith. When, therefore, the old truths were won, other master-minds were needed, likewise, in order that actual practice might reasonably follow faith, and the truths in question be efficiently set before men's eyes with precision, with plainness and with power.

No one has done this more successfully than the Bishop whom we have so recently lost. His name and labours will not soon be forgotten. Like Simon the High-Priest of old for Jerusalem, he worked to rebuild the foundations and to strengthen the walls of the English Church; and the diocese of Oxford, over which he so ably presided for a quarter of a century, is an existing testimony of his success. In no sense a party man, he succeeded in drawing together partizans, who, looking at Truth from opposite points of view, were sometimes indisposed to co-operate with those who could not pronounce the same Shibboleth, and who frequently stood in danger of contracting a sectarian or schismatical temper of mind. For such he had a message and a mission. And blessed have both turned out in several of their results. Few there were, we rejoice to remember, who persisted in their rancorous vituperation and sarcastic criticisms to the end; while of these few,—preachers of “another Gospel which is not another,”—almost all preserved the anonymous and spat out their corrosive venom at the bishop from behind a shield.

It is not too much to say that as a Chief Pastor and Administrator not many have approached him. When he conferred the sacred rite of Holy Orders, everything connected with its transmission was observed with a dignity, a care, an exactness, and a devotion, which could not be equalled by prelate in any portion of the Christian Family. I speak what I know, and testify of what I have seen. At his hands it was my privilege, nearly twenty years ago, to receive the gift of the Diaconate, and, in due course, the grace of the Priesthood. And I shall never forget the day on which the latter was conferred. In the grand old sanctuary of Merton College, surrounded by ecclesiastical officers and dignitaries of the diocese, was conveyed to the candidates the power to bless the chalice and break the bread, to speak peace to the sinner, and bind up the broken-hearted, in the Name, and by the enduring commission, of our Divine Redeemer. Never was Episcopal rite more carefully rendered or more impressively done. So was it with Confirmation. With him it was no formal act, for he was ever fresh, earnest, and thorough. The testimony to his foresight and wisdom in these and other particulars, lies in the fact that so many of his episcopal contemporaries elected to follow his example, in the due and reasonable restoration of disused solemnities and valuable ancient customs.

As a preacher he had few equals, and possibly no superiors. Always eloquent and forcible, his sermons were inexpressibly attractive both for

their incisive reasoning, earnest persuasiveness, and hearty personal appeals. A manner most impressive, with a voice of singular melody and unusual compass, naturally added power and force to his earnest and solemn exhortations. His written sermons, in the hands of the public, will long be cherished as setting forth Gospel Truth without stint and without perversion.

As an Ecclesiastical politician the late lamented bishop exercised the greatest influence throughout the Anglican Communion. He gained for the Church power, he secured for her respect. At home he was foremost in advocating needful reforms and practical improvements. Both in Convocation and in the House of Lords he was active, earnest, far-sighted, and full of wisdom, as well in defending the old church of St. Augustine, as in fortifying the temple. Keen and watchful, little escaped him of the clever but shifting tactics of her enemies; so that by his constant care and religious enthusiasm, others who might have been listless or faltering, were pressed forward to the work of defence, and became not unfrequently his most cordial and efficient allies.

But while the temporal accidents of subjects ecclesiastical were those which required his care and demanded his consideration, there was no one amongst the bishops who had a keener instinct for defending the great truths of Historical Christianity, when assailed by those who apparently desired to weaken the Church's hold of them, than our late beloved Diocesan. The case of Bishop Hampden's philosophical speculations, the true character and purport of "Essays and Reviews," the lamentable perversion of Dr. Colenso by a Kaffir, the bitter attacks of living Arians on the late Bishop of Capetown, the attempted repudiation and rejection of the Athanasian Creed by a small but active party of unbelievers, as well as the sacrilegious communion at Westminster Abbey, planned and carried out by its Dean, were each and all met by Bishop Wilberforce, and those who acted with him, with great discretion, consummate tact, and much wisdom. Many amongst us may sometimes have longed for a more open, direct, and bolder policy, but this was frequently the case when the whole wide range of the battle-field was unknown, the various forces on it unnumbered, and the chances of eventual defeat, or victory, uncalculated, save to one who, from his exalted position, had peculiar opportunities of forming a good judgment of what could be wisely and safely attempted. At the present time our dangers thicken. Many of those dangers obviously arise from the composite and comprehensive character of the National Church. Even now dark clouds are gathering. Conflicting and antagonistic schools, in times of great mental activity always stand in danger of becoming destructive. Recent history has shewn us that Protestantism is but undeveloped Infidelity. Now "Catholicism," as a great master-mind of the Oxford Revival told us, "*begins with Faith, while Protestantism ends with enquiry.*" Our dark dangers lie hither from the cold and desolate land of Unbelief. No one saw this more keenly than the late Bishop. No one was more prescient in endeavouring to meet and overcome those dangers than he. Many a heart in the future, low and sad because of

complex difficulties and more bitter strife, will turn in silent sorrow to the Sussex grave of that great man, and newly lament our loss. May God give us all grace to be leal and loyal to His Truth; and help us, each in his own sphere, to hand it on untarnished and untampered with to future generations!

The Bishop, like all of us, had his silent troubles, and perhaps more than an ordinary share of the trials of public life. It must have been a deep sorrow when near relations felt it their conscientious duty to leave the English communion and join the Roman Church; for such action on their part, quite alien to his principles, clouded his public career, and may have been considered a sufficient political reason why to the greatest Ecclesiastic since the days of Laud, were unfortunately denied the three highest places of dignity in the English Church.

But the sad suddenness of his death, the remembrance of his lofty and varied talents, his brilliant oratorical powers, his great personal influence, his social charms and universal geniality and his indefatigable labours, have made all but the narrowest and least attractive section of Englishmen—naturally proud of so eminent a man—heartily and sorrowfully deplore his great loss.

Without any warning, in a moment, as it were, with no time for reflection, save, perhaps, for a mental ejaculation for divine help from the ever-present and always-remembered God of Mercies, he was smitten down by the hand of Death. And the news of that dire accident came to thousands with a shock most rude and severe. The muffled bells of the cathedral-spire of Oxford told the sad story to a diocese which loved him well. The meadows round his own cathedral heard the responsive toll of a solemn knell from the low tower near St. Swithun's shrine; and from our own parish church here, and a thousand other spires, the same melancholy message of a deep loss was borne forth upon the summer breeze. His pastoral staff has been put aside, the sacred ring is withdrawn from the hand so often lifted in blessing. The voice which spoke so well will speak no more. But for him the Lamb of God was pleaded, and the Sacrifice of Calvary applied. He was then carried forth to his last resting-place, where the flowers that hid his coffin, as well as the service of hope and consolation sung over his grave, told of a more beautiful summer than this in which he was cut off, and of a sure and certain resurrection upon a morning yet to break. In such faith and hope let his sorrowing relatives live, and dry their tears.

Now, therefore, while you have life, and health, and strength, while your sun is not yet gone down, nor the grave yawning for you beneath, before Time begin his ravages, and disease sap your vitals—ascend your watch-tower, contemplate the prospect, stretch your thought inward, and determine what the end shall be. You are, in one sense, the arbiter of your own destiny! God has opened the way to Himself by

the mediation of His Son, and by the offers of His Spirit. Through the Son you may be forgiven, through the Spirit sanctified. A feast is spread, to which you are invited; a river of life, of which you may drink; a crown of glory, which is your appointed reward. May God fix your hearts for glory, honour, and immortality, through Jesus Christ our Lord!—

Henry Martyn.

FURNITURE AND ORNAMENTS IN PARISH CHURCHES.

FURNITURE a revolution in feeling, sentiment, and judgment has taken place of late years with regard both to some of the principles and many of the details of the political and religious changes in the sixteenth century. Many opinions in the past were evidently formed upon information which now turns out to have been inaccurate or partial: many judgments have been pronounced upon facts, which, to a considerable extent, are found, after patient investigation, to be rather fictions than otherwise. Strype and Burnet were very valuable when their assertions were based upon unquestioned documentary evidence, otherwise they sometimes led us astray. But recent searches, careful enquiries, and modern discoveries have compelled people to modify their old opinions, and set aside their former prejudices. Some persons may think this a hard task; but they *must* perform it, otherwise they properly find themselves left in the background and altogether distanced by their neighbours.

In no particular has this been more strikingly exemplified than with regard to the wanton and wicked destruction of church furniture, which took place mainly during the reign of Edward VI. Mr. Edward Peacock's volume concerning Lincolnshire, printed from a MS. in the Cathedral Library of that diocese, let a vast amount of light upon this vexed question, and shewed how scandalously the Houses of Almighty God in this land had been rifled and robbed. The acts of the spoilers were enough to have brought down an abiding curse from Heaven. Everything that was of value,—sacred vessels used at the altar for generations; vestments and hangings stiff with gold embroidery, and rich with uncut jewels; candlesticks, holy oil vessels (or *ampullæ*, as the Coronation Service styles them), shrines of precious metal; bells, mitres, pastoral staves, processional crosses,—were deliberately stolen, and sold for the value of the gold and silver; while rich and costly tabernacle-work of marble and alabaster was hewn down with axes and hammers. Leaden coffins were emptied of their contents, memorial brasses were wrenched up from their sockets, and the lead was torn away from the church roofs by persons who were nothing less than selfish "robbers of churches."

Fresh evidence of all this is to be found in a new volume, compact in size and admirably printed, which has quite recently been published, and to which we venture to draw the special attention of our readers^a. Those fond of archæology, church arrangement, or antiquities, as well as those devoted to ritual or ecclesiology, should procure the book referred to, as one of deep and permanent interest. Its main value arises from the important documentary evidence it contains; but the interesting and timely illustrations of this, which Mr. Cussans provides throughout, add greatly to the intrinsic worth of the book.

The "Introduction" is a clearly-written statement, which gives an admirable account of the various steps in robbery and the different gradations in confiscation, which were then taken. Page, date, and document are provided by the Editor for his every statement.

The "Inventory" itself, which occupies about 110 pages, is printed *verbatim* from the original MSS. in the Record Office. It is numbered Vol. 497,

^a "Inventory of Furniture and Ornaments remaining in all the Parish Churches of Hertfordshire in the last year of the Reign of King Edward the Sixth, Transcribed from the Original Records by J. E. Cussans, F.R.H.S." (Oxford and London: James Parker and Co. 1873.)

and labelled "Augmentation Office: Miscellaneous." Of this part we give two extracts, one from that concerning the Abbey Church in the town of St. Alban's, the other from the church of Tewing.

Here is that from St. Alban's;—

"Maid the first Day of Novembre &c And John Edridge of Saint Albonnes &c
 Saint Albonnes yeoman &c Belonginge to the p'yshe church of Saint Albonnes &c.
 pro ecclia Imprimis ij^o Challies of silluer po; xxv one di
 Itm ij Coppes of Blew vellet w^t flowrres wrought vpon them
 Itm one Cope of grene Saye
 iijij table Itm viij table Clothes of Diaper and one plain table cloth
 clothes & Itm v Diaper Towelles
 ij towelles Itm a clothe of red and grene satten of Brudges for the Pulpit
 p' ecclia Itm a couering Lynede wth lyncn and another unlyncd
 Itm a Carpet of Sattine for the lordes table
 Itm ij old Cuysshines of silke and redde vellet
 Itm ij Crismattories of pewdar
 p' ecclia Itm iij pawlles to lay upon the Corses
 Itm a Deske maid wth anegle of Lattyne"

And here is the document relating to the church of Tewing in the Hundred of Hertford:—

"Made the fyrst day of Novembre &c And Edward North of Tewyng &c belongeng
 Tewyng to the paryshe church of Tewyng &c
 Plate one poz vij Itm ij^o Challyces of syluer w^t ij^o pattens to them wayeng bothe
 oz p' ecclia xx ownop iij quat
 Ornaments Itm a crosse of latten Itm a vestymt of white fustyen
 Itm ij candelstycks of latten Itm a vestymt of red dornyx
 Itm a payer of sencers of latten & a Itm a vestymt of blacke satten of
 shippe of latten burgis
 Itm a hollywater stocke of latten Itm ij^o corporaces w^t ther cases
 Itm an old Cope of red Caffa Itm iij olde aulter clothes & xij olde
 Itm an other olde cope of white f styen towelles
 Itm a vestymt of red vellett Itm a byble in ingleshe & a parafrace
 Itm a vestymt of yellow & white in ingleshe
 damaske Itm iij Chestes standenge in the Church
 Itm a vestymt of grene satten of Belles Itm iij bells hangeng in the steple
 burgis Itm a Saunctus belle & ij hand bellp"

One point becomes clear from a study of this volume, viz., that the celebrated rubrical direction in the First Prayer-book of Edward the Sixth, regarding the vestments of the clergy and of the altar, most unquestionably covered the use of chasuble, alb, amice, stole, maniple, tunicle, and dalmatic; and it seems equally clear from the constant recurrence of "censors," "hand-bells," "torches," "crosses of copper gilt," and other *ornamenta*, that all these were *in use* in the second year of King Edward VI. If this be so, they are legal still: for it is to Edward's First Book that we are referred by existing rubrics in our own. We say all this because historical enquiry makes it evident, that (whether people like the facts or not) they do most unquestionably bear out the ordinary assertions of those who maintain that the law of the land was such, and is such; that neither as regards crucial doctrine—the doctrine of the whole Primitive Church, and not of a mere part—as well as actual unbroken practice, the old Church of Eng'land (holding firmly to the three Creeds,)—is alike Catholic, and ever has been, from its first foundation by St. Augustine, until the present hour.

Mr. Cussans' brief "Glossary" will be found very useful; and the "Index" naturally completes the volume.

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

(Continued from p. 215.)

CHAPTER XVII.

PEACE AFTER WAR.

"Death is now the Phoenix' nest."
Shakespeare.

IN his own house at Dering Sir Marmaduke Lyne could not have been more carefully tended, than under the Reverend John Gilbert's humble roof. Nothing was allowed to trouble him: they watched by his side day and night. Dorothy took her full share of the watching and nursing; indeed, it was only Marmaduke himself who could send her away for an hour's needed rest, or for a breath of fresh sea air; and Christopher, whose great strong hands were as tender as a woman's, took her place by the sick bed. Mr. Gilbert had before been both doctor and nurse, but now he was only wanted in the former capacity. Not that his spiritual functions were forgotten. Marmaduke would lie with closed eyes, holding Dolly's hand, and the parson would sit at the foot of the bed reading to them both.

The weather was growing colder, but frost was a long time reaching that sheltered place. Dorothy began to love the little village, and the kind people who looked after her so pitifully, as she passed their doors on her way to the sea. There she would wander up and down, letting the sea-breeze toss her curls, and the merry waves dash up and wet her feet. It was so pleasant to watch them rolling in, one after the other breaking and retiring in their never-ceasing dance; and the wild voice of the sea seemed to tell her such secrets of its own. She would go in and talk about it to Marmaduke, if he was able to listen to her; and they would rejoice together over the peaceful place and the glorious old sea. He often talked of the past, but never of the future; and one day, when Dorothy, wishing to cheer him, spoke of the almshouses they had planned so happily, he only said:—

"When you go back, put my name there with yours, as we meant to have them."

Another day he was talking about the old Rector.

"Do you remember how he blessed us all that morning, Dolly? I have thought of it so often since,—his hand on my head, and the words, 'the peace of God;' you remember? Tell Master Gilbert to say those words over me when I am dying."

"I will tell him. But oh, dearest, if it please God, you will not die. Ah, Marmaduke, what shall I do?"

Her brother turned his face towards her; so young, yet so worn and shadowy.

"Why, Dolly, be brave. You must give me up cheerfully to the will of God, and the service of the King. 'Nil desperandum!' Why, child, 'tis not as if we were parting for ever. Now listen, for I have a charge to give you. When you go back to Dering, if that fellow Flail is still at the Rectory, send him packing, and offer the living to Gilbert. There is no one I'd as lief have there. Promise you will not forget."

"No, that I will not. But tell me, what makes you thus hopeless about yourself? Master Gilbert thinks you may yet be strong again."

It was hard to meet Dorothy's wistful eyes, and to answer as Marmaduke did.

"Did he tell you so, Dolly? Well, I have no special reasons; but I feel very sure that day will never come."

It was very wonderful that this light-hearted boy could face death as calmly and bravely, lingering there on his sick bed, as in the excitement of battle, where there would have been no time for a thought of fear. To him it seemed as if—

"Death, like a friend's voice from a distant field

Approaching, through the darkness call'd."

His pain and weakness were increased by a bad cough, which gave him little rest; and then a wound in his left shoulder, which had always been thought the most

dangerous, broke out afresh, and its state was soon very serious.

Dorothy had been there about three weeks, and she was sitting by his side one afternoon, as it was growing dusk. He had been very quiet for some time, and the cough seemed less troublesome; she had not spoken, hoping that he was asleep, when he turned his head slightly on the pillow, and looked at her for a minute fixedly. She bent over him, for his lips were moving; he could hardly speak at all now.

"Frank must be your brother, and take care of you; tell him I said so. Little Dolly! 'Nil desperandum!'"

There was something in the words, and in the faint smile, still as brave as ever, which made Dorothy start, and look round for Mr. Gilbert: there he was, standing at the foot of the bed. The wind was rising, and a sudden breath from some open door came whistling through the room, shaking the folds of Marmaduke's banner, and stirring the hair on his brow. Mr. Gilbert had his remedies at hand, but he saw at once there was no need of them; the Angel of Death was already crossing the threshold, and the brave young soul was ready to welcome him. Dorothy put her arm round her brother, as if she could not part with him, and then neither of them spoke or moved. Only the clergyman's voice, clear and steady, broke the stillness of the room, as he spoke the pass-word that Marmaduke waited for; the peace and blessing of God went with the young soldier to Paradise, and calmed the tired heart of his sister; she hid her face, shedding quiet tears, and all was still in the room.

But there was somebody at the door, whose entrance had been stayed by the solemn words he heard within. Mr. Gilbert, hearing a sound, went presently out, and found Frank Audley there with Christopher.

"How is it with him?" asked Frank, eagerly.

"Alas! sir, you have come too late. He is no longer here."

Frank, almost too much shocked to speak, suffered the parson to lead him away quietly, while Christopher sat down

on the doorstep and sobbed. Could it be possible that he should never see him, again alive,—the young master he loved so heartily!

"Christopher!" said Dorothy's sweet voice behind him; and the bailiff, starting up, made an effort to check his grief, "Do not grieve so sorely for him. 'Tis a bad world, and he is better out of it. Come in and look at him; you would say he was asleep."

She took Christopher's great rough hand, and led him to Marmaduke's bedside. There they stood gazing in silence; noisy sorrow was impossible in the presence of that 'peace which passeth all understanding.'

"Let them wrap him in his banner, my Phoenix! You will see to it?" murmured Dorothy. "Is Captain Frank come? I heard his voice."

"Ay, madam, too late," sighed Christopher.

"Let him come in here, if he will; and tell him I will see him presently. Now I will go to my room."

She walked quietly away, and Christopher, after kneeling down and reverently kissing the thin white hand that lay outside the coverlet, went out in search of Captain Audley.

The few more days that Dorothy spent in the village were very peaceful ones. Frank, in his generosity, seemed quite to have forgotten their last scene together at St. Anne's. He was as kind and gentle as in the old times, though rather sad and grave. Had he been Dorothy's own brother, he could not have taken more thoughtful care of her; he knew her wishes before she spoke, and she was as much at her ease with him as ever. They wandered about in the lanes, and by the sea, and together they chose the spot where Marmaduke should lie,—in a quiet corner of the churchyard, close to a little grove of myrtles, where the breaking sea might sound his dirge till Time should be no more.

On the evening after his funeral, Dorothy went and sat there by the grave alone, till Frank came to look for her, and persuaded her to walk with him upon the

shore. He wished to speak of their departure, which was settled for the next day but one. Dorothy listened very quietly: her spirit was all gone, and she was ready to agree to anything; but presently Frank succeeded in rousing her a little from her sad indifference.

"The country is safe," he said, "between this place and *Deriz*. Christopher proposes that we should go there on our way to Oxford, and spend a night at his house. It can be secretly done; no one need know, but two or three old friends. What think you of the plan?"

"Oh yes, let us go!" exclaimed Dorothy, joyfully. "I have longed to see the place again. Good Christopher, to think of it!"

"Then so it shall be. The escort you have here will do, with the addition of my servants, and we may find a man or two at *Deriz*, to ride on with us to Oxford. Let us hope that the time is not far distant when you may return to *Deriz* in open day, as its lady and mistress."

Dorothy sighed. "I do not know," she said. "The old house has died with *Marinaduke*."

"Nay, Dorothy! the Phoenix never dies."

"So poets say. I shall be sorry to leave this place, Frank. I love the combe, and the little cottages, and the cliffs, and this friendly sea. Shall I see it again, I wonder, before I die!"

"Why not? It is not so far from *Deriz*."

Dorothy sat down on a fragment of red rock, and watched the little creeping waves, as they sparkled under the early sunset. December had set in, but the weather in that sheltered place was almost warm. Frank stood beside her, and thought of that evening in May, not many months ago, when he and she had parted on the sunny terrace, among the roses and the birds. Poor Dorothy! her brother had left her that morning, full of joyful hope: happy for her that she could not see the future. She was changed; she had grown thin and pale, and the pretty imperious manner had become a sad indifference. Everything was changed, Frank thought, except his affection: that had only grown

stronger with time and adversity. Alas! to what purpose, if Dorothy would have none of it!

CHAPTER XVIII.

HOME.

"My brother; those were happy days
When thou and I were children yet;
How fondly memory still surveys
Those scenes the heart can ne'er forget!

"I feel not now as then I felt—
The sunshine of my heart is o'er;
The spirit now is changed, which dwelt
Within me in the days before."

Rev. J. Moultre.

"The lady of *Deriz* was once more on her native ground: no rebel confiscation could deprive her of that, or of the hearts of her people. Under Christopher's well-thatched roof she was as safe as in Oxford itself; and it was impossible to feel lonely and desolate with him and Frank for her guards, and with good Dame Wake and faithful Bridget to watch over her and care for her as if she was a child. Christopher had ridden on in advance to warn his mother, and to see that the coast was clear; and when, on that cold quiet evening, Frank helped her to dismount at the door, there was something very sweet to her tired heart in the tearful welcome of the two women. All the loyal affection which she had formerly shared with her brother was now concentrated on herself; the last of the *Lynnes*, it was with a scandal, as well as a personal love that they regarded her.

In the evening she sat before the fire in the dame's own chair, and stroked old *Lion's* ears, while he nestled his head in her lap. Her old friends had many questions to ask.

"Frithee, Mrs. Dorothy, my dear," said Bridget, presently, "did you see Mr. Carbet in Oxford, and is he well?"

"No," said Dorothy, feeling that Frank was close by, and bending her head over *Lion*, to hide the colour that rose in her face. "My friend, Lady d'Aubigny, was not acquainted with him. I only saw him one day in the street."

"Nay! but did he see you? And had he forgotten all the goodness?"—began Bridget, wondering.



"For my sake you will not hinder your sister's marriage with my very true friend (Aristotle Wake)."—(p. 235.)

"Yes; he saw me. What news, Christopher?" said Dorothy, turning to the bailiff, who fortunately entered at this moment.

"Tis moonlight, madam, and old Shipley will not be back till to-morrow. If it would please you to walk a little way through the park, and look at the house, we could do it very safely."

"I will come, most gladly," said Dorothy, and she rose to wrap herself in her cloak, thankful to escape from Bridget's recollections.

Out under the trees, the well-known trees which Marnaduke used to climb, and pursuing the path through light and shadow down which they had so often hurried together, he to consult Christopher about some of his many plans, and she to sit awhile with Dame Wake, hear of her aches and pains, and take a lesson in knitting;—here, in her own park, Dorothy's heart was too full of old memories: she could not talk, but leant silently on her cousin's arm, as they followed Christopher through the brown and frosty grass. At last they paused between two great leafless chestnut trees, where they had a view of the whole south front of the house, with its many closed windows, and the old terrace where she used to feed her pigeons, and the stone steps that led into the garden below, with its winding walks among the trees. Frank Audley was scarcely less moved than his cousin by the sight of the house, where all the happiest days of his life had been spent; the sorrowful contrast of past and present brought tears to his eyes. As they stood gazing, there was a sudden rustle in the fern. Christopher sprang forward, and Frank drew Dorothy back into the shadow: but it was a girl's figure that appeared, climbing hastily up the little slope.

"Is she here? Oh, let me pass! I must speak to her," and Adah Shipley, passing Christopher, came towards Dorothy, who instantly opened her arms, and received her with a warm embrace.

"Who told you I was here, Adah?" she said.

"Dear lady, it was Christopher. How knew you would trust me?"

"I should have told Mistress Dorothy the whole truth," said the bailiff, coming a few steps nearer. "This maiden is to be my wife one day, madam: we have so settled it between ourselves."

"Do not trouble Mistress Dorothy with our matters, at such a time as this," said Adah, while Dorothy paused in astonishment.

"Dear Adah, can it be? I am happy to hear such news. But your father and mother,—have they nothing to say?"

"Mistress Shipley is my very good friend," said Christopher. "I have known her since I was a child, and she is willing to give me her daughter. We have not yet asked her husband's consent. He has too much public business to think of such things. And we know that we must wait, these be no days for marrying."

"All will yet be well," said Dorothy, and she pressed Adah's hand with an affection which brought tears to the little Puritan's eyes.

"My father is away to-night," she said. "Christopher knows that; but I came out to tell you that Simon is gone to Wylbourn. He will scarce be back before midnight, and if you care to come into the house, it is all safe, and my mother will be rejoiced."

Frank listened in some surprise to this proposal. He did not know Adah, and wondered that Dorothy should be on such friendly terms with the usurpers of her house. But she turned to him, and put her hand into his arm, saying; "Shall we go, Frank? You will be glad to see it again."

"As you will," said Captain Audley. "Nothing can happen, I suppose? In any case, I am here to guard you."

"Nothing will happen," said Adah, confidently, and she hurried on with Christopher towards the house, while Frank and Dorothy followed them. He felt that it was an adventure of which evil might possibly come, but with Christopher and himself at her side, he thought no harm could reach Dorothy.

They crossed the garden, with its thousand memories, passed up the very path where the primroses grew, and paused a moment on the terrace. The old place

looked so calm, so natural; its change of masters had left no mark upon its walls: It stood up there in the winter moonlight, the dogs bayed in the court-yard, and they half expected to hear Marmaduke's step on the terrace, or his voice calling in the house. Another minute, and they had entered the house by the side-door, and were standing on the threshold of the withdrawing-room. It was dimly lighted by a red flickering fire and two wax candles, which shewed Mrs. Shipley in her plain grey gown, coming forward to receive them. Her stern face softened as Dorothy came in, and their hands met in a friendly grasp, while she noted the changes that trouble and sickness had made in the heiress of Dering. Frank Audley, standing in the background, admired the courtesy with which she spoke.

"You do me an honour, Mistress Lyne, for which I thank you." Dorothy bowed her head. "And I do assure you that I have grieved to hear of your sorrows. You would see the house? Take a light, Adah, and attend the lady whither she will."

"I thank you," said Dorothy, speaking with some difficulty. "You are very good. Will you wait for me here?" she added, turning to her cousin.

He assented, and the two maidens left the room together, while Mrs. Shipley motioned him to a chair, and asked a few questions about Marmaduke and Dorothy. Christopher stood leaning in silence against the wall.

In the meantime, Dorothy and Adah wandered together about the house; everything that might have divided them was forgotten, and they talked like friends. Adah's eyes were full of tears of real sympathy, as she listened to her companion's recollections of each room and gallery. They lingered some time in Dorothy's own old cabinet, in Marmaduke's room, and the more familiar parts of the house, and then descended by the great staircase into the hall.

"I thank you, dear Adah," said Dorothy, as they went slowly down. "This has been a real pleasure, though a sad one. I shall go back into the world more happily, after treading the floor of my home."

"I wish it was your home in reality, as well as by right," began Adah; but she paused suddenly, with a little gasp of consternation. A tall figure, in a slouched hat and riding-cloak, was standing in the hall, looking up at them.

"Your brother, is it not?" said Dorothy, after a moment's pause. "Let us go on; I am not afraid."

Simon gazed at first in astonishment, and then, to his sister's great relief, took off his hat, and made Dorothy a profound bow.

"You wonder at seeing me here," she said, without a sign of nervousness. "I was staying a night in the neighbourhood, and believing that there could be no risk in doing so, I ventured a visit to my home."

"We are honoured by your confidence," answered Simon; and then, as Dorothy walked towards the withdrawing-room door, he stepped forward to open it for her, and ushered her in with all possible respect. He had not forgotten that scene in the garden, had rejoiced in her escape, and had hindered any pursuit, but she did not know that.

Frank and Christopher both started when they saw him come in, but Dorothy's manner re-assured them immediately. The incongruous party sat for some time round Mrs. Shipley's fire, talking on indifferent subjects as they might. Only Simon was silent. But when they rose to return, he followed them on to the terrace, and begged for a word with Dorothy.

"Madam," he said, drawing her out of hearing of the others, "I am here most unhappily placed, and perchance I can hardly expect you to believe that I am not behind my sister in—respect and sympathy. But I told you once that there was nothing I would not do in your service. It is still most true, and therefore, is there nothing I can do?"

Dorothy hesitated a moment. "Nothing," she said, "save this: that for my sake you will not hinder your sister's marriage with my very true friend Christopher Wake."

"It shall be forwarded," said Simon,

quietly. "I thank you, madam, with all my heart, and I wish you farewell."

Frank had borne this little colloquy with ill-concealed impatience. His cousin's hand was now again safe in his arm, and together they passed through the old gardens, and up the long slopes of the park, turning back at the chestnut trees for one last gaze at Dering Hall.

One more scene from 1643, and then the curtain will fall over five years. Having brought his cousin safely to Oxford, and given her back into the kind charge of Lady d'Aubigny, Frank Audley was ready to return to active service. He came one evening to Lady d'Aubigny's lodging, and had a little private talk with her, chiefly, of course, about Dorothy Lyne.

"I understand now," he said, "better than I did, the reason of my rejection. It is all over now, I know; but I cannot ask her, and I will not ask her servants: I entreat of your goodness, madam, to tell me what young Corbet had to do with her."

Lady d'Aubigny hesitated. "I will tell you," she said, "under these conditions,

that you will keep your knowledge strictly to yourself, and not punish the young man for his baseness, which you will feel well inclined to do. You promise me? Then listen."

So Frank, with downcast brow, heard the history of Dorothy's only romance, and its bitter end. He was silent for some time, even when Lady d'Aubigny had paused.

"I thank your ladyship," he said, rising. "Had I known of all this, I would never have troubled her; at least, not till her heart was whole again. Alas, poor child! The villain should be horse-whipped, but you have saved him from that. I leave her now in your hands; she could not be better."

"I will love and guard her," said Lady d'Aubigny, "as if she were my own sister. You may go on I light for the King, with a happy and steadfast heart. All will yet be well."

So Frank went, with her words of kind encouragement sounding in his ears, and fought under Prince Rupert for the King.

(To be continued.)

YOUTH

On maiden! *beauteous, young, and fair,*
 Who knows not sorrow, feels not care:
 Those eyes, how full of light and truth;
 That form, so round with blessed youth;
 Those dimpled hands, so soft and white;
 That voice, so silvery, glad and bright;
 That pretty mouth, all wreathed with smiles,
 That mirthful heart, which love beguiles;
 How happy now thy girlhood seems,
 So full of beauteous heavenly dreams.
 Not one dark cloud has veiled thine eyes,
 Thou lovely "child of Paradise!"
 * * * * *
 Alas! alas! her youth is gone!
 The maiden fair lies ill and worn;
 Her lovely eyes are dim with care,
 Her form, once round, so thin and spare;
 Those dimpled hands lie passive now,
 A thick dark cloud rests on her brow.
 That gentle voice is hushed and low,
 She only prays for strength to know

The "daily cross" she has to bear,
 So full of pain and woe and care.
 Her little ones stand round her bed,
 And in the room so lightly tread:
 "We must not wake her while she sleeps,"
 The eldest says, and softly weeps;
 Scarce knowing why the mother lies
 With weaken'd frame and heavy eyes;
 Yet, conscious that some sudden blow
 Has fall'n, and filled her heart with woe.
 "Our mother's dying!" thus they cry,
 As standing near they hear her sigh;
 And then with gaze of fondest love,
 She bids them "think of her above."
 And rests her weary head awhile,
 Then looking upwards with a smile,
 "I am coming, Jesu, coming fast."
 And softly, gently, breathes her last.

LETICIA.



SAMUEL WILBERFORCE, D.D.
Bishop of Oxford, 1845 ; Bishop of Winchester, 1869.

THE LATE BISHOP OF WINCHESTER.

[KILLED BY A FALL FROM A HORSE, SATURDAY AFTERNOON, JULY 19, 1873.]

THE news of the sudden death of the Bishop of Winchester reached us only when it was too late to refer to it in our last number. It was a painful shock not only to Churchmen, but to all Englishmen; and it is not otherwise than interesting to observe the general expression of admiration, pronounced by public opinion not only in respect of his talents, but of his unceasing labours in his Master's cause.

The "Times," for instance, thus speaks of his work as a Bishop:—

"He really acted as the spiritual chief of his diocese, and did his utmost to awaken religious life in every corner of it. He was not content with acting as a mere overseer; he was its motive power; and the clergy learnt to look to him for constant encouragement and support. He was always ready to help them through a difficulty, and at the special services at certain seasons which have become cus-

tomary of late years, he was ever ready to take the lead. The one thing for which he had no toleration was indolence or indifference, and he always appreciated and honoured good work. The natural consequence was, that he obtained a hold over his clergy rarely gained by a Bishop; and when he left the diocese of Oxford, after administering it for a quarter of a century, it was thoroughly devoted to him."

The "Daily News," too, speaks in the same strain as regards his influence in his diocese:—

"Whenever the time comes for passing an impartial judgment upon the Episcopal career of Dr. Wilberforce, it will probably be found that his great work—that by which, more than any other, he imprinted his own character upon the Church of England—was the course of mingled teaching, example, and administration by which he

formed a body of clergy of a new type, who have well-nigh supplanted the Evangelical clergy, not only in the dioceses over which he presided, but throughout England. . . . It is enough now to recognise the fact that he was the completest Bishop England has seen in the present century."

And the "Morning Post" and "Daily Telegraph" both bear testimony to the high honour in which he was universally held:—

"The unlooked-for death of the Bishop of Winchester in the full swing of his active and brilliant life has been received everywhere with a shock and sense of loss seldom exceeded. He filled so large a space in the Church, in the State, and in society, that in losing him all classes feel that a great light has gone out. Of the many competitors for the honour and influence that belong to great public usefulness and high station, few have achieved a more splendid, and, we may add, a more real reputation than Samuel Wilberforce;

while in the smaller circle of private life none could be more admired and loved."

"We use no exaggerated language when we say that his death will cast a gloom over society, and be a theme of comment in every English household to-day; for he was incomparably the most prominent figure on the Episcopal bench. . . . Although not a theologian in the same sense as Dr. Pusey, he had a power of using what he knew such as no other English ecclesiastic could match."

And lastly, the "Standard" thus sums up his qualities:—

"Few men have been the mark of more abuse, and no man who has been such a mark has more completely outlived it. Through misrepresentation of the grossest kind the Bishop of Winchester steadily pursued the course which his conscience dictated to him. And in that ripe—old age we can hardly call it—let us say maturity, at which he had arrived, he was generally honoured and loved. The Church

of England loses the most eloquent of her preachers and one of the wisest of her counsellors; the House of Lords loses one of its illustrations, and the England of our day one of its glories. But the loss is ours, the gain is his. Death found Samuel Wilberforce, Bishop of Winchester, prepared to meet the Master in whose service he had throughout his life devoted his great powers."

We give a portrait of the Bishop, engraved some time since, when he occupied the See of Oxford; and we have already referred to the work of this great Prelate at considerable length on another page.



The Chateau of Ehrenhausen.

THE CHATEAU OF EHRENHAUSEN, UPPER STYRIA.

THE whole country of Styria—of which the late Rev. F. W. Faber wrote a very striking poem when at Oxford,—is eminently beautiful, more especially where so many rich and smiling valleys run down to the broad plain of the Gratz. Here, in the centre, rises the town of that name, with a considerable fortress erected on a rocky eminence. Around are trees and walks; while the town itself enriches the whole with gardens and orchards, in a high state of cultivation. A short distance from this, in the mountainous part, where the Gleichenberg, Kugelberg and Stradner-Kogel rise to the height of nearly 2,000 feet, stands the noble Château of Ehrenhausen. The hill on which the Castle stands rises

from the right bank of the river Meor, (as shewn in our engraving). It is covered with fine well-grown trees,—oak, beech, pine, and elm, over which the Castle commands a most magnificent view of the surrounding country, especially of the richly-cultivated plain stretching towards the east, where the hills of Gleichenberg are visible, and where the buildings of the celebrated baths of that name shine like a mass of snow. The Château itself is a plain building, with a double row of plain windows on one side; the outline of the roof being broken by a spiral staircase at the corner of the building, and a spirelet at the top. As regards situation it is simply unsurpassed. DE Q.

P E A C E.

GRANT us Thy peace, O Lord, in youth's first morning,

Before we ask for rest,
When radiant smiles are still the lips adorning,
And still the heart is blest;
Before the tired frame can droop or falter,
Ere Life's illusions cease,
Ere we have learnt that those we love may alter,
Grant us Thy Peace.

Grant us Thy Peace whilst the bright sun is shining
Above each youthful head,
When our glad dreams a future lot are twining
Too fair for us to dread;
From Life's enchantments that will pall when
sweetest,
Our wand'ring souls release;
Amidst Life's pleasures that may pass the fleetest,
Grant us Thy Peace.

Grant us Thy Peace when years are gather'ring
round us,
Which gently, day by day,
Sever some link that once too strongly bound us,
And bear some hope away;
Full many a vision from our path is fading,
Full many a joy must cease;
Lord, when the cares of Life our fate are shading,
Grant us Thy Peace.

Grant us Thy Peace, if those we trust should
fail us,

If we are left alone,
If doubts convulse and tempests should assail us,
Lord, keep us still Thine own;
Thou Who canst stir the fury of the ocean,
And bid its murmurs cease,
Quench in our hearts each restless, vain emotion,
Grant us Thy Peace.

Grant us Thy Peace when age is stealing o'er us,
When Life can charm no more,
When the calm haven that is set before us,
Is on an unknown shore;
Lighten the darkness which is round us closing,
Our faith and love increase,
At eventide, from toil we are reposing,
Grant us Thy Peace.

Grant us Thy Peace, when 'neath our steps is
spreading,
The lone and hidden track,
Which, one by one, Earth's children still are
treading,
From whence they come not back;
Then, in the Land where perfect bliss is given,
Where every tear must cease,
Amidst the glories of Thy distant heaven,
Grant us Thy Peace. H. S.

THE HARVEST.

ELSIE'S morning verse had been, "The harvest truly is plenteous, but the labourers are few: pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest that He will send forth labourers into His harvest." And her mother had called her to the window to look at the fields of waving golden corn, and told her that it was harvest-time, for the corn was fully ripe; and that it was God who had caused the seed to grow and bring forth so abundantly, and that now, instead of the suffering and want there had been through the past year, there would be plenty for all. It was only necessary to gather in the corn and house it safely. She also said, that these fields of waving corn were an emblem of the multitudes of men and women throughout the world waiting for the servants of God to gather them into His garner. And she told her of the martyr bishop, who so lately laid down his life whilst binding up the sheaves of God.

Then Elsie went forth for her holiday on that bright autumn day. Through the fields of full-eared corn she passed, murmuring to herself, "'The harvest is plenteous, the labourers are few,' oh why do they not come and gather in this corn; it is fully ripe, it will all be wasted!" So eager was the little maiden, as she looked at the beautiful sight, that she stopped an old man who was passing, and said to him, "Why do you not reap this corn to-day, before the evening comes?"

"Ah!" replied the old man, "we have not reapers enough about here; we must wait for the labourers to come across the sea. It is sad, for I fear the rain will come and spoil the grain."

Elsie's joy in the golden ears was gone. "No one to gather in God's gift! the rain would come and spoil it all!" And Elsie turned away, and wept till she fell asleep. And the old man returning, and seeing her thus, came and sat down beside her, and when she awoke, he was looking kindly at her.

"Why are you so sad, my child?"

"Oh, the corn, the beautiful ripe corn,

it will be all spoilt and lost! Can nothing be done to save it?" she asked.

"Well," said the old man, "there is the great Lord of the Castle, they say He is rich enough to do anything; He could send and fetch labourers from any distance. But then He must be asked."

"Have you ever asked Him for anything?" said Elsie, almost afraid.

"Well, yes," said the old man, "for myself; and He has always answered me most graciously and kindly, one way or another."

"Then," said Elsie, "why not ask Him now for labourers?"

"Ah, right," said the old man, "I had not thought of that; perhaps He is only waiting to be asked. Let us come together, child, and ask Him."

Up jumped Elsie in great joy: "Oh yes, let us come." And as she ran in glee before him, she cried, "Oh, labourers, come, come and gather in the corn before it is spoilt!"

Then coming back to the old man she said, "But are you sure He will hear us? He is such a great man!"

And the old man said, "He has always heard me, for me and mine, and I am very poor. I think He will hear us. He is very kind."

"Oh yes," said Elsie, clapping her hands, "if He is kind, I am sure He will hear us."

So they helped one another up the steep and stony ascent, and came to the great Lord of the Castle, and stood before Him; and throwing themselves at His feet, they begged Him to send His ships for the labourers to come and gather in the harvest. Then the mighty Lord raised them, saying, "You have done well to ask. Now look across the sea. Not only you, but others too, have prayed this prayer, and I have heard them; and the ships are already returning with many labourers, and the harvest shall be gathered in."

And even on their way back they saw the labourers entering the fields; they were even already at work, men and women, and sheaf after sheaf was being gathered.

Oh, blessed sight! The Lord's harvest! the Lord's labourers. "And it shall come to pass, that before they call, I will answer; and while they are yet speaking, I will hear."

H. M.

THE MARIGOLD.
A STORY OF THE FRANCO-GERMAN WAR.
By MRS. ALGERNON KINGSFORD.

(Continued from page 209.)



"She spoke, gazing down upon the Marigold plant at the foot of the two graves."—(p. 246.)

ANOTHER day passed; and little Marie was there again in the burial-place. 'God's Acre,' the Germans call it, and the words carry with them a beautiful and significant sense of beatitude which is pleasant, I think, to dwell upon. Again Hertha came along the pathway under the lindens to meet her handsome friend at their trysting-wicket; and as she passed me, the orphan child looked up from her needlework, and greeted her with so wistful an air that Hertha stopped involuntarily, and answered the salute in quite a gracious mood.

"Is he your brother?" asked Marie,

looking earnestly into the beautiful face before her; 'he who is always with you?'

"No," replied Hertha, with a rosy blush, 'we are betrothed,—we are to be husband and wife.'

"And you love each other very much, then?" questioned the child, naively.

"Oh, yes!" cried Hertha, clasping her hands in the fervour of a passionate nature; 'Hermann is more than all the world to me!' Then suddenly checking herself and resuming her former dignity, she added in a colder tone, 'But you cannot understand this yet; you know nothing of love.'

"Little Marie glanced at the two graves

in silence. *They* spoke for her, and Hertha, seeing the significant look in the child's wounded eyes, made haste to tender some sort of excuse for her impetuosity.

"Such love as mine, I mean!" she cried, reddening. "It is quite a different thing from any other, you know: it is much better and stronger. No other love is to be compared to it: if I were to lose it, I should die."

"She spoke rapidly, with a fervid absorbed expression upon her face, and her eyes stedfastly directed towards the place of trust. Hermann was not yet in sight; how long he tarried!

"Shall you be married soon?" asked the little mourner gently, after a moment's pause.

"Yes, soon; oh, very soon."

"Again the answer was hurried and passionate in its utterance, but it had scarcely died upon her lips before Hermann himself appeared, advancing slowly towards us, and with a cry of joyous recognition Hertha ran to meet him. But the young man's eyes betrayed traces of recent tears, and the hand that was laid fondly in the eager grasp of his betrothed trembled under the power of an emotion he vainly strove to conceal. With passionate love the young girl hung upon his neck, and entreated him to speak; but for a minute he stood silent, straining her almost fiercely to his breast, as though by that tender and ardent gesture he defied some invisible enemy to tear her from his faithful embrace. Suddenly he withdrew himself, and holding her out from him at arm's-length, gazed earnestly into her terrified face.

"The war!" he cried wildly; "O Hertha, the war!"

"I had heard of this war many times lately, from the people who passed to and fro through the cemetery, and talked to each other as they went. And I knew also, from these fragmentary conversations, that it was daily expected some of the villagers would be called to the battle-fields. For in Germany every man is a soldier, and may be bidden to assume arms in the ranks, whenever the necessities of Fatherland demand the lives of its

sons. It did not therefore surprise me to hear Hermann tell the weeping girl who leaned on his bosom, that the Meister of the atelier where he daily worked, had that morning received an official notification claiming for the country the services of his artisans, and warning the young men to hold themselves in readiness for immediate marching orders. But how terrible was Hertha's misery on hearing these evil tidings! In that cemetery I had borne silent testimony to the suffering of many a mourner bereft of his dearest treasure; I had marked the tears of many a sorrowful group gathered about the unclosed grave of a beloved one, but never had it been my lot to witness grief so wild, so intense, so appalling, as that which I now beheld. No anguish of parting from the dead could equal in abandonment or despair the anguish of this farewell to the living! O Love, how sweet thou art in thy delights,—how bitter in thy sorrows! So desperate and profound was the agony of this German maiden, that neither Hermann's tender caresses nor the tearful adjurations of little Marie, availed to afford her the least consolation. Madly she clasped her betrothed to her wounded heart, in a frenzied tumultuous passion of love that had something dreadful in it, and cried aloud upon God to destroy them both with His lightning where they stood, rather than suffer them to be parted thus! Hermann hushed the wild appeal with his lips; he drew down the white lifted face upon his breast, and smoothed the soft disordered hair with his trembling fingers. Then, after a little while, he led her gently away homeward; and hand in hand, as it was their wont to walk together, they went with slow faltering steps down the dark sombre avenue, where no beaming light danced to-night, for the hour was late, and the sun had set;—and so, broken-hearted and silent, they passed out of the cemetery. Never again, O Hermann, to enter it hand-in-hand with thy beloved! . . .

"For many weeks I saw them there no more. Little Marie still came in the evening to her old place by the two graves, and the villagers went to and fro, and talked of

the war, and of the tidings which reached their homes from the camp, and of the great victories which were being won for Fatherland; but, I heard nothing of Hermann.

"Then the days grew shorter; the summer roses around me shed their last blooms and perished; dead leaves fell thickly upon the turf, and I, too, yielding to the touch of doom, latest of all the flowers in the Friedhof, began to drop my queenly head-gear, and to fold the green mantle of shrivelled leaves tightly over my chilled heart.

"Just one golden cresset remained, puny and rusty indeed, but braving yet the early November atmosphere, when on a certain morning a new grave was dug, not far from the spot I occupied, and people gathered round the freshly-turned earth, and spoke to each other in subdued voices, about the death of one whom they had all known familiarly, and who was to be buried here to-day. It was a youth, they said, who had died of wounds received in a recent battle; and an old woman related how his regiment left him to the care of strangers in the hospital of a distant town, and how he begged to be sent back to his own village, that he might look once more on the face of his betrothed, and die. So, said the old woman, his request was granted, for the surgeons knew his wounds were mortal, and that no treatment of theirs could save his life, and they laid him in an ambulance and sent him home.

"But while the gossip still went on, there came up the avenue beneath the shadow of the linden branches,—between which the snow-flakes now began to drop, and the winds of winter to sigh,—a little funeral procession, deeply pathetic in its simplicity, sublimely solemn in its touching reality and earnestness. Upon the violet pall which shrouded the coffin there were laid side by side two garlands,—one of laurel, the other of dried marigolds. The first bore witness to the glory of a dead hero, the other to the heart-rending of her who should have been an artisan's wife. She followed, leaning upon the arm of the good priest who had been so kind to the French orphan, and behind them walked little Marie herself, with her pale face and

her large intelligent eyes, telling her rosary sadly as she went. Then they gathered round the grave, and the promised bride of the dead man raised the black veil which hitherto had covered her features, and stood beside the bier of her beloved, like a marble woman,—white, cold, motionless, and heedless of the falling snow.

"It was Hertha! She had lost all!

"Then arose the prayerful wail of the Miserere; and the storm-wind, moaning organ-like through the tossing aspen-boughs, swept down upon me, and slunk from my withered lips the solemn antiphon: 'Incerta et occulta sapientiæ Tuæ manifestasti mihi!'

"And again in the same plaintive Psalm: 'Domine, labia mea aperies; et os meum annuntiabit laudem Tuam!'

"For it is the divine gift of understanding which alone avails to grasp the true meaning of suffering; to interpret God's hieroglyph of pain, whence charity and sympathy draw their holy being; and to make of the bitter *Souci* a *Gold-Blume* of inestimable price.

"The accents of the concluding responsory died away, borne aloft upon the hurtling wings of the snow-wind, the grave was covered with earth, and the little crowd of mourners and spectators slowly dispersed. Then also went the good pastor himself, not without a kindly benison upon the head of the desolate widow-maid, where yet she stood unmoved beside the resting-place of her lost love; a marble woman, tearless, pulseless, frozen-hearted beneath a touch that was sharper and more icy-keen than that of the frost beneath her feet, or the bitter air upon her brow.

"But when the priest had departed, and the flutter of his black cassock was hidden from sight beyond the farthest tree of the avenue, Hertha, alone with her dead, fell suddenly upon her knees on the crisp hard earth, and tossed her arms wildly upward towards the grey November sky.

"It was a strange picture,—this passionate woman, with the wain-lifted face,

* The uncertain and hidden things of Thy wisdom, Thou hast made manifest unto me.

† Thou shalt open my lips, O Lord; and my mouth shall declare Thy praise!

the shining hair of gold, and the heavy black dress streaming about her upon the blank white ground,—a strange picture, vivid in its contrasts, weird and ghastly in its terrible realism. Then from the pallid lips there burst a sudden cry, a wail of utter despair and agony, more grievous far than any tears,—the cry of a woman's soul in exquisite torture; without hope, without understanding, without human sympathy.

“O Lord, Lord, Thy ways are hard to bear! Men are not cruel as Thou art, Thou Ruler of Life, merciless and uncompassionate! My god is dead! is dead! is dead! I shall hear his voice no more! I have lost all!”

“She fell along the frozen clods of the new-made grave, and moaned.

“Footsteps, swift and soft, came over the snow behind her, and a light hand touched her upon the shoulder.

“Hertha!”

“The gentle child-like voice was familiar to her, and with a slow weary gesture she raised herself, and turned her deathly features upon the pitying face of little Marie.

“I saw you meant to stay here,” whispered the French girl, bending tenderly over the poor mourner, “so I waited till everybody was gone, and then ran back. Take my cloak, Hertha, ’tis bitter cold, and the snow is falling.”

“I don’t care for that! I like the cold! It is nothing to me! See!”

“And she flung back the dark veil from her head, and let the white flakes drop upon her yellow hair. But Marie hastily wrapped her own woollen mantle about the frenzied girl, and warmed the icy hands of Hertha in hers, while she sought gently to draw her away from Hermann’s grave.

“You do not know what you say now,” argued the child, caressively, in her soft Gallic German; and there stole over her tender face the shadow of that serious womanly look I had seen there when first she spoke to Hertha’s betrothed about her dead parents. ‘I know what that is, that you do not care, for I, too, felt just like it once; but time is good to us. You must

trust to God and Time. It is because I also have suffered, that I understand and love you now.’

“But the heart of Hertha was wounded too sorely to feel the sweetness of the dropping balm as yet. She covered her stony face with her hands, and moaned. ‘I want no love but Hermann’s! I never sought any other love, I never cared for any other! I have lost all!’

“Little by little, with mild compassionate words and gestures, Marie drew her companion away, and the falling snow-flakes hid them speedily from sight, as they went down the long white path towards the cemetery wicket.

“Many days elapsed, and they returned not; my last tawny blossom froze in the bleak atmosphere, but still the life was in me, when presently, one sunny noontide late in December, when the frost was yielding under foot, and the birds were chirping faintly in the withered rose-bushes, they were there again. Marie, with her childish figure and her woman’s face, and Hertha, in her widow’s garb, paler and deeper-eyed than she used to be in the old days, but lovelier so and sweeter far, than when I saw her first in the full rose of her selfish, petulant beauty.

“She spoke, gazing down upon the marigold plant at the foot of the two graves, and I noticed that the delicate voice had lost its careless jubilant ring, and had grown subdued and thoughtful; a voice to match the face in tenderness; for speech is made sweeter by tears, as music is sweeter that sounds from the sea.

“Marie, your *Gold-Blume* is dead. See here, not a single flower remains! Alas! how well I recollect our conversation about it that September evening, and my own foolish utterances, and your replies, which then I thought so old-fashioned and incomprehensible! Ah, *Souci!* bitter *Souci du Jardin des Morts!* thou art indeed undying! thou art a real immortelle! for neither heat can wither, nor frost destroy the germs of thy hardy being. Now, indeed, thou seemest to be dead, but the spring will revive thee in fresh youth and vigour; and, while with care one must gather the seeds and foster the offshoots

of the frail blossoms of love, thou, O flower of sorrow and dole, renewest thyself unheeded year by year! To thee the returning winters bring no real decay, for every spring-time finds thee again in thy place, wearing always the same hereditary coronal; self-perpetuating and unchanged!

"Yet," said Marie, softly, as she bent over me, 'tis a *Gold-blume* too, this imperishable *Souci*!

"I thought so once," answered Hertha, in mournful tones, 'but what is the good of sorrow? Am I better off because I have lost my heart's beloved?'

"Yes," responded the child-philosopher, firmly. 'Better off: for now you have an affinity with the universe, and with the grand world of spirit. One with whom you are most familiar, one to whom you are ever the dearest, has passed into the dawning light of the perfect day. Rise with him, through sphere after sphere!'

"But he is lost to me!" cried Hertha, lifting her earnest eyes to the cold blue space overhead, as though she sought to pierce its blinding depths, and find therein some shadowy semblance of the face she had loved.

"Lost!"

"Not so, dear Hertha; the golden *Souci* has taught me a sweeter lesson than that! It has taught me that if grief and care are perennial, so also is the precious treasure of human love! That is the indestructible gold which fire mars not but refines, the flower of gold which dies not with dying spring or summer; which the rank atmosphere of the charnel-house cannot tarnish, nor the bitterness of tears corrode; but which ever blossoms most richly upon the very graves of the dead!

"Alas," answered Hertha, a mist before her jasper-clear eyes, 'I know that your

words are true, but my heart returns them only an uncertain echo! You have learnt more in your fifteen years of existence than I!'

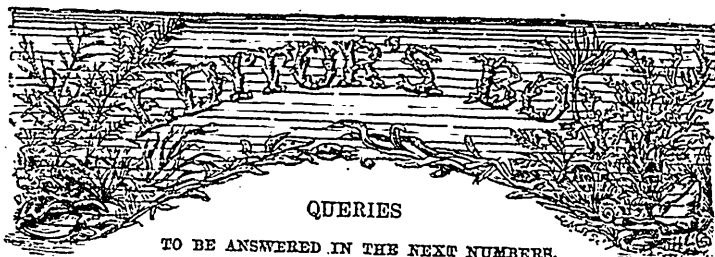
"When one's existence of fifteen years is such as mine has been, one learns many things," rejoined Marie, gravely. 'Human life is not measured by the year, as cloth is meted by the ell. I am older than many a woman whose age doubles mine. To live alone is often to live twice one's time. If, therefore, I seem to assume too much, or to teach when I ought only to condole, you must forgive me, Hertha; for somehow you have always hitherto seemed to me younger than I. But now, we are of equal age.'

"I put the pretty broken German sentences she used into words which I think may render their sense more intelligibly to you, but I cannot reproduce the earnest tones and the simple grace, which gave their meaning its power and tenderness. But Hertha, no longer hindered by a too great happiness, felt the deep force of the pathetic apology, for over the once cold and arid nature of Hermann's betrothed, there had arisen the gracious life-giving warmth of holy sympathy. Not the full light as yet, but the dawning of it. She took the orphan girl to her own bruised heart, and whispered in low tones that she loved her, and that henceforth they would be sisters to one-another. And then they were silent; a quiet brooding sense of serenity descended upon them like a blessing; and there was no further need of words between them for awhile. The communion of sorrow is sweeter at times than even that of joy, for joy leaves nothing to be desired, but sorrow yearns, and seeks redemption.

(To be continued.)

USEFULNESS.—"How barren a tree is he that lives, and spreads, and cumbers the ground, yet leaves not one seed, not one good work to generate after him.

I know all cannot leave alike, yet all may leave something answering their proportions, their kinds."—*Fellham*.



QUESTIONS

TO BE ANSWERED IN THE NEXT NUMBERS.

FUNERAL CUSTOM.

43.—*At Abbots-Anne, near Andover, Hants, it is customary, on the death of young persons connected with the parish, to hang up white gloves in the church in memory of them, their names being written on the gloves. Can you, or any of your readers, kindly inform me what is the origin of this curious custom; also, whether it exists elsewhere?* M. H. R.

ST. CRISTOBAL.

44.—*Can you, or any of your readers, kindly give me any information as to San Cristobal, of whom there is an effigy at Valencia, but the guide-books give no account of?*

SISTER URSULA.

STEPNEY LEGEND.

45.—*Can any of your correspondents furnish the Legend attached to a curious monument on the outside of Stepney Church, at the east end, representing a fish, with a ring in its mouth? The legend was once told me, but I have forgotten it.*

ALPHA.

LITURGY OF ST. MARK.

46.—*Can any of your readers inform me what the distinguishing features of the Liturgy of St. Mark are, and whether this Liturgy is still used in any portion of the Christian Family?*

OXONIENSIS.

SCOTTISH EPISCOPAL COMMUNION.

47.—*I shall be much obliged for correct and reliable statistics of the ancient Scottish Church. I want to know its extent, numbers, influence, and general, as well as particular, characteristics. I desire to be informed likewise, whether it is increasing or decreasing, and whether it is High Church or Low Church?*

VIATOR LONDINENSIS.

THE TOMB OF GUNDEDA.

48.—*Can any of your readers give me a correct account of the opening of the tomb or coffin of Gundreda, daughter of William the Conqueror, at Leves Priory, some years ago?*

ALICUIS.

REPLIES

TO QUERIES IN PREVIOUS NUMBERS.

SERVANTS' TRAINING INSTITUTION.

32.—*Will any one kindly inform S. H. if there are any institutions in connection with the Church, in, or within twenty miles of, London, where respectable girls, in humble life, can be trained for domestic service? From whence can full particulars of such institutions be obtained?*

There is a very good training home for domestic servants at Fulham; for full particulars apply to—

THE LADY SUPERIOR,

S. Cyprian's Home, Fulham, S.W.

ASSOCIATE C. B. S.

Another correspondent writes: "There is a training school for domestic servants at Stockwell, near London;" also, one called "The Blue School," at Newport, Isle of Wight. The latter is conducted on strict

Church principles, the girls attending daily service. In the former they attend church; in both, the pupils are trained to be useful and efficient servants.

A LADY.

HYMN TUNES.

35.—*Can any one inform WILFRED in what several collections of Hymn Tunes he can find the following?—St. Joseph, Wimbledon, Chury, Festival, Theodora, St. Hilda, St. Kilda, Hopkins, Paraclete, Dedication, St. Kevin, Beethoven, St. Austin, St. Lawrence, St. Augustine, Melul, Langran, Truro.*

In answer to WILFRED, I have searched many hymnals, and have found the following. I would, however, point out that St. Austin is doubtless the same as St. Augustine, being a mere contraction, and that Beethoven, Hopkins, Melul, and Langran,

being names of composers, may be used for any tunes they happen to have written, or for any chorale taken from the works of Beethoven, or Mèhul, and used for a hymn. However, in the "Bristol Tune Book" (Novello), will be found a tune called "Beethoven," which is perhaps what is required; but 291 "St. Alban's Tune Book" (same publishers), is also, I think, taken from Beethoven. Mr. E. I. Hopkins, of the Temple, is author of Nos. 36, 265, and 296 in the "Book of Praise Hymnal" (Macmillan); either tune might, I suppose, obtain the name of the composer. A tune in one flat, (metre 8. 7s. eight lines, and set to "Hark the sound of Holy Voices," appeared in the Essex Choral Society's Book for 1867 (Novello), but I have never seen it elsewhere. This was by James Langram, and was very beautiful and effective.

St. Joseph of the Studium will be found in one of the series of Dr. Neale's "Hymns of the Eastern Church" (Novello).

St. Hilda is No. 30 of "Hymn Tunes by T. R. Matthews, B.A." (Novello).

Dedication is 242 of "Hymns Ancient and Modern" (Novello).

St. Augustine is another name for Winchester Old, 130, "Hymns Ancient and Modern," by which I knew it for years. But, after all, the same name sometimes serves for more than one tune. CANTAB.

In replying to WILFRED, the difficulty arises at the outset, that there are so many tunes known by the same name. I have, however, gathered the following out of a numerous collection I possess:—

St. Joseph—by Dykes, No. 30, "Chope's Congregational Hymn and Tune Book."

St. Joseph of the Studium—Barnby, No. 380, Appendix to "Hymns Ancient and Modern."

St. Hilda—No. 2, in a small collection by the late John Ogden (Novello).

Another St. Hilda—No. 30, in a little book by the Rev. T. R. Matthews, Rector of North Coates, Great Grimsby.

Hopkins—Probably one of the numerous beautiful productions by Mr. E. J. Hopkins, of the Temple Church. If that for 4 lines 10s. be meant, it may be found set to "Abido with Me," No. 74 (1), in "The Hymnary" (Novello), and to "Saviour again," in the Rev. R. Brown Borthwick's "Supplemental Hymn Book."

Dedication—Chope, No. 280 in his book.

Another Dedication—No. 242 (2), "Hymns Ancient and Modern."

St. Austin—Lloyd, No. 154, Chope's book.

St. Lawrence—W. James, No. 293, Chope's book.

St. Augustine—Chope, No. 199, Chope's book. Another St. Augustine—No. 8 in John Ogden's collection.

Mèhul—or rather that selection from his "Joseph and his Brethren," set to "Oh, Paradise!" is on p. 40 in the Tune-book, to now Appendix of S.P.C.K.'s book.

Langran—Numerous tunes by James Langran, in Foster's Tune-book to Halévy's "Psalms and Hymns adapted to the Services of the Church of England." No. 100 is the best known, and a gem. It is also in "The Hymnary," No. 223.

Truro—No. 167 in Turlo's Tune-book to S.P.C.K., and in most of the older collections. G. L.

GILBERT can give WILFRED information respecting nine of the hymn-tunes out of the list he requires:—

Name.	Source.	No.
St. Joseph,	"Chope's Congregational Hymn-book."	39
St. Laurence, Dedication,		293
		280
St. Austin,	"Ancient and Modern Hymn-book."	220
St. Augustine,	"Mercer's Hymn-book" (Oxford edition).	393
Cluny,		407
Truro,	"Sunday Scholar's Tune-book."	273
Beethoven,		148
Theodora,		143

A. M. H. and others have also replied to the above.

ST. CUTHBERGA.

36.—Can you, or any of your readers, kindly give me information as to St. Cuthberga, who is supposed to be buried side by side with King Ethelred, in Wimborne Minster (that collegiate church being dedicated to her); also, whether there are any other churches in this country dedicated to the same Saint? J. C., jun.

St. Cuthberga was sister of Ina, the reigning king, and daughter of Kenred, a former king, of the West Saxons. She married Egfrid, or, as sometimes called, Osric, king of Northumbria. He was a bad husband; she obtained a divorce, and exchanged married for monastic life, taking refuge first at Barking in Essex; she afterwards went to Wimborne, where she founded a nunnery about A.D. 700, and passed the remainder of her days in religious exercises. Her memory was celebrated yearly on the 31st of August. In the Sarum Missal a service and Epistle and Gospel are appointed for St. Cuthberga's Day. Probably she was buried in some part of the nunnery which she founded, not a vestige of which remains in the present minster. Etheldred died, or was murdered in the year 871, probably 150 years after the

death of St. Cuthberga; it is supposed that his remains might have been removed into the minster in Wimborne, as a brass effigy and inscription record that his body rests there, though no portion of the edifice in which his remains must have been *originally* interred, is in existence. There is no record of the burial-place of St. Cuthberga that I am aware of. Neither can I inform your querist whether other churches are dedicated to her.

SI QUIB.

FISH AS A CHRISTIAN SYMBOL.

A CORRESPONDENT having asked for some rational, authentic, and authoritative explanation of the Fish as a Christian symbol, we print the following:—

The origin of a fish rudely sculptured in stone, so often met with in the Catacombs and elsewhere, is simply derived from the Greek word *Icthus*. A Greek word, *ΙΧΘΥΣ*, was often used by the early Christians when speaking of our holy Redeemer, as it contained the initials of His name and titles: (I) Jesus, (X) Christ, (Θ) of God's (Υ) Son, (Σ) the Saviour.

Dr. Neale also, in his "Mediæval Hymns" (p. 122), points to another beautiful interpretation of this symbol, so dear to the early Christians. In his note, No. 3, appended to the translation of one of the Easter Sequences:—

"He the Hook that, hid awhile,
Pierced Leviathan with guile,"

Dr. Neale remarks, "According to the Fathers, our Lord's humanity was the *bait*, His Divinity, the *hook*; Satan unconsciously swallowing one, was destroyed by the other."

And again, Dr. Neale quotes in the same passage from St. Hildebert, in his Epigrams (if we may so call them), named the "Moral Interpretation of Scripture":—

"Fisher the Father is; this world, the sea;
Christ's Flesh the bait; the hook, His Deity;
The line, His generation. Satan took
The offered bait, and perished by the hook."

Of course, Jonah and the whale formed also one of the most prominent types of the resurrection.

With regard to Christian symbols in the Roman Catacombs, side by side with their intense mysticism, or rather one of the causes of it, was the stern necessity of baffling the search of the uninitiated persecutors, as well as of using every available means to indoctrinate the unlettered catechumen with the chief articles of the Christian Faith.

A. D.

CAROLS.

I AM induced to inclose the following brief extract, as I think it may prove interesting to your readers; it seems to point to the origin of the curious tablet at Linchmore, Sussex, (mentioned in the February number of the PENNY POST,) although this account differs slightly from that of the tablet in question:—

"Quaint carols were sung at Christmas by shepherds; perhaps the most curious which has been preserved is the following, from one of the famous Coventry plays. It is a sheet of carols headed thus: 'Christus natus est,' with a woodcut ten inches high by eight and a-half inches wide, representing the stable at Bethlehem; Christ in the crib, watched by the Virgin and Joseph; shepherds kneeling; angels attending; a man playing on the bagpipes; a woman with a basket of fruit on her head; a sheep bleating, and an ox lowing on the ground; a raven croaking, and a crow cawing on the hay-rack; a cock crowing above them, and angels singing in the sky. The animals have labels from their mouths, bearing Latin inscriptions. Down the side of the woodcut is the following account and explanation:— 'A religious man, inventing the conceits of both birds and beasts, drawn in the picture of our Saviour's birth, doth thus express them: the cock croweth, "Christus natus est," (Christ is born). The raven asked, "Quando?" (When?) The cock replied, "Hæc nocte," (This night). The ox cryeth out, "Ubi? Ubi?" (Where? Where?) The sheep bleated out, "Bethlehem, Bethlehem." A voice from heaven sounded, "Gloria in excelsis," (Glory be on high!) London: printed and sold by J. Bradford, in Little Britain, the corner house, over against the pump, 1701.'" From an Account of Christmas-tide in "The Merrie Days of England."

A SUBSCRIBER.

OAK-APPLE DAY.

WE give the following, as providing some interesting account of "Oak-Apple Day," in reply to JACOBITE'S enquiry:—On that day, in 1630, Charles II. was born; and on anniversaries of the same day he was restored to the throne, and brought his royal bride to Hampton Court. The special service, which has been abolished of late, tended to keep the day in mind. There are still some who wear oak-leaves, often gilded, to commemorate the concealment of the King from his pursuers among the thick boughs of "the monarch of the forest," but the custom is fast dying out. Even Richard Penderell's tomb, in St. Giles's Churchyard, no longer receives an annual

decoration of oak-branches, and the gilded leaves are likely soon to fall into similar disuse. About a hundred years ago the Royal Oak was still standing, enclosed by a brick wall, built round it for protection. It is said that when Charles revisited Boscombe, after his return to the throne, he took back to St. James's some of the acorns, which he planted in the park itself; but all traces of these trees seem to have been lost. A fragment of the original one, in the shape of a small salver, is to be seen in the Bodleian Library, to which it was presented by Mrs. Lane, one of the family who assisted in the escape of the king. A memorial of the tree is preserved by the Company of Barber Surgeons, as a silver cup, presented to them by Charles himself. The stem and body represent an oak tree, and it is adorned with little acorns, which ring as bells when the cup is used. The cover is in the shape of the Royal crown. An event of such national importance as the restoration of royalty naturally called forth strong feeling for and against it, and party spirit rose high. A poor old woman who went to Wapping to buy flowers for the garlands on Royal Oak Day met with an accident, being knocked down and run over by a cart, and this was at once declared by the adherents of the Commonwealth to be a judgment upon her for her loyalty. There were various local customs observed on this day, of which the "Oliver" of Tiverton and the "L. wless Day" of Exeter seem to have been the most singular. The sign of the Royal Oak is yet by no means uncommon; and here and there "Tumbledown Dick" still commemorates the downfall of Richard Cromwell and the restoration of the King.

THE GLASTONBURY CUP.

A CORRESPONDENT forwards the accompanying account to us as of much interest. We quite agree with him, and insert it:—

A curious relic, venerable from its antiquity, and interesting for its historic associations, is shown in the International Exhibition by Lord Arundell,—the "Glastonbury Cup." It is described in the catalogue as being "probably made of the wood of the Glastonbury thorn," but antiquaries assert it to be of "heart of oak," lacquered with a strong varnish. The cup holds two quarts, ale measure; and the liquor it contained was originally divided into equal quantities of half-pints by means of eight pegs, one above another, in the inside of the cup, of which only the four upper ones now remain. It is richly carved. The lid has the Crucifixion, with the Virgin Mary on one side of the cross and St. John on the other. A star is

over each of the three heads, and a cherub on either side. The knob of the handle consists of a bunch of grapes. Round the cup are carved the twelve Apostles, and the name of each is inscribed on a label at his feet. Their distinctive attributes do not appear. All have books excepting three, whose emblems are indicated in Scripture—St. Peter with his key; St. John with the cup; and Judas with a purse. Under the labels is a wreath of birds, beasts, serpents, and full-blown flowers. Three lions couchant form the feet on which the cup stands. At the general plunder of the Abbey of Glastonbury, when it was dissolved, the cup was rescued by an ancestor of the present Lord Arundell, and it has been carefully preserved ever since. During the civil war of the seventeenth century, Lady Blanche Arundell, in the absence of her husband with the King, was besieged in Wardour Castle by the rebel army, who demanded the surrender of the family plate. The heroic lady, with only twenty-five men, defended the castle against a force of 1,300 for nine days, during seven of which it was cannonaded, and two mines were sprung under it. She had to capitulate, but contrived to conceal the cup. A learned antiquary assigns a very early date to it. It is considered a singular curiosity, "as it illustrates the law of King Edgar, introduced by Dunstan, who attempted to restrain the inebriety of the English (introduced among them by the Danes), by regulating the quantity of liquor to be drunk by one person at one time according to certain pegs, or marks, in the sides of the drinking vessels, which quantity was not to be exceeded under the penalty of severe punishment." The style of the lettering belongs to the time of Egbert; and the arch over the head of each Apostle, with its zigzag indentation, is certainly Saxon. The long hair in which they all appear was much more common in Saxon than in Norman times. Although the cup is not of "thorn," there is little doubt that it really belonged to Glastonbury, the monastery alleged by tradition to have been founded by Joseph of Arimathea, and considered in the time of Henry II. "the foundation and origin of the Christian religion in this island."

NEW BOOKS, &c.

Lessons on the Prayer-book. By A CLERK IN HOLY ORDERS. (Oxford and London: J. Parker and Co., 1873.) This is a modest and moderate manual, following Wheatly in the main, and calculated to be of use to

school-teachers, for whom it was specially compiled.

Sermon Aids. By G. HUNTINGTON, M.A. (London: Hodges, 1873.) This idea, not new, is well carried out by its compiler. Here the clergy may obtain in each part, which costs only sixpence, from eight to ten outlines of sermons, which either the extemporary preacher, or the preacher of written sermons, will find at once orthodox, well-reasoned, and practically valuable.

The Christian Passover; or, Notes on the Holy Communion. (London: G. J. Palmer, 1873.) This is a cheap and concise account of the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, explaining the nature and uses of, as well as the duty of the faithful towards the Holy Communion. We have never seen the common excuses, which are everywhere heard against receiving that Holy Sacrament, so well met and answered as here. The preparation for Communion is very well and lucidly set forth. It would be a valuable, as it certainly is a cheap, book for presentation to children just confirmed.

The Duty of Fasting Communion. A Sermon by the Rev. F. N. OXENHAM. (London: Rivingtons, 1873.) There are at least two sides to this question, and Mr. OXENHAM takes very strongly one side. No person could object to the practice of taking the food for the soul before partaking of the food for the body; but we question the wisdom of enforcing this rule hardly and strictly, where our own Church leaves the question open.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Received with thanks.—G. L.—T. W.—M. A. P.—R. S.—T. A.—ALQUIS.—JOHN C. T.—S. G.—B. B. C.—W. T. M.—W. B.—R. S.—JUVENIS.—A. B.—ENQUIRER.—NEMO.—W. P. R.—H. PEARSON and FRANCES COMMINS, J. HARRISON and J. G. HOLT (too late).—C. D. P.

Miss or Mrs. A. ROBINSON, of 117, Parliament-street, Liverpool, begs us to acknowledge the receipt of £2 6s. 6d. received in response to her appeal in the PENNY POST.

A. B. P.—As far as we can make out, John Hilton, the musical composer, was Organist of Newark, and also of St. Margaret's, Westminster. He was born 1623, and died about 1657.

W. P. C.—The Church of St. Maurice, at Nuremberg, seems to have been erected in the early part of the fourteenth century. Its restoration was effected in 1829, at the cost of King Louis, of Bavaria.

MARY B.—"The Soliloquy of a Sceptical Chicken," is by the Rev. S. J. Stone; and very clever it is.

A. J. DAX.—Thanks. Apply to a local bookseller: Hardwick, Piccadilly.

The question about a dog carved on a monument is unsuitable: the other question can be found answered in Nelson's "Fasts and Festivals."

SUBSCRIBER.—The crucifix is outside the church, at the east end. No one asserted that it was inside.

S. D. H. M.—The letters V. and R. in liturgical books stand for Versicle and Response.

A. X.—The use of the shell in baptism is a question of convenience. By its means sufficient water can always be poured. It should be poured at the mention of each Name in the Blessed Trinity.

MISS CULLING.—The Queen Mary's Psalter, as it is called, in the British Museum (its press-mark is "Cotton, 2 B. vii."), contains the remarkable illuminations of the story of Joseph in Egypt, about which you enquire. Apply to the Principal Librarian.

A. R. B.—Apply to our publishers. If you are making a collection of Oxfordshire books, those recently published by the Rev. E. Marshall should be added.

ALQUIS.—There are several translations of the Eucharistic Hymn, *Fange lingua*; which do you want?

ENQUIRER.—(1.) We believe the cost of the organ of All Saints, Margaret-street, exclusive of the case, was £1,200. Mr. Helmore superintended its erection. Messrs. Hill and Co. built it. (2.) You might obtain one for about £350.

A. B. P.—(1.) Mr. R. J. Withers was the architect of the church of Little Cawthorpe. (2.) We are glad to hear what you tell us.

"One little Flower," wanting in point. Too sketchy and vague.

A. H., F. E. B., R. JUPP, and "The Two Gardens."—Declined, with thanks.

MISS STUART is thanked for her poem, which shall appear. So, too, shall "The Legend of the Strasbourg Clock."

M. J. K., M. L., and "Symbols of Christ."—Under consideration.

The Queries of P. R., AMY, T. T., B. R. W., and DOLLY, are either frivolous or unsuitable. The latter should send her question to the "Lady's Newspaper."

H. B. W. (Sandringham).—As to the cross in nature, the subject is very wide, though very interesting. The following curious ancient verses are powerful and expressive:—

"Who can blot out the Cross, which th' instrument Of God deved on me in the Sacrament?

Who can deny me power and liberty

To stretch mine arms and mine own Cross to be?

Swim, and at every stroke thou art thy cross!

The mast and yard make one when seas do toss.

Look down, then spy'st ever crosses in small

things;

Look up, thou seest birds raised on crossed wings.

All the globe's frame and sphere is nothing else

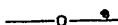
But the meridian's crossing parallels."

On the great majority of the English railways that signal, which is intended to convey the idea of safety; and, seeing which, the engine-driver knows that everything is right and secure, is in shape like a Tau cross, or the capital letter T.

Rev. T. R. P.—The actual Licence to marry is of no use whatsoever after the marriage is celebrated. Being intended as an authorization to the priest who celebrates it, to do so without the publication of banns; when the work is done, the Licence may be destroyed.

SISTER MARIA.—No name being given, we cannot, we repeat, insert anonymous appeals for help.

appointed as a Fast; but from time immemorial we may say has been noted for performance by the multitude of absurd and superstitious usages, derived from peoples dark and heathen, worshippers of Baal and other false deities. The people of Presbyterian Scotland seem to have retained more of these usages than any others in the British Isles.



BLACK LETTER DAYS.

We take a portion of our space to notice some of the days marked in our Church's Calendar, which have not before received explanation from us. Others of these were referred to last year in our September issue.

October 1st.—*Remegius Bishop of Rhemes*: was born in Handou, where he pursued his studies with great assiduity, and was supposed to lead a monastic life. He was subsequently elected Bishop, and is said to have converted King Clodovens and a large portion of his kingdom to the faith of Christ, for which reason he is by some esteemed the apostle of France, and her kings unto this time have been canonized out of the cruse of which he made use, but St. Deny's has the more popular claim to this distinction.

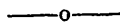
6th.—*Faith, virgin and martyr*; a young woman of heroic piety, born at Vais de Garve, and who suffered a cruel martyrdom about the year 290.

9th.—*St. Deny's, Bishop and martyr*, called Dionysius the Areopagite in the Acts of the Apostles, was converted to christianity by St. Paul. He was one of the judges of the great court, and afterward Bishop of Athens, where he sealed the profession of the faith with the blood of martyrdom. He is claimed by the French as their tute-

lor saint, having as it is supposed first preached the Gospel to them. This however is fabulous, for it is certain that it was not until many years after his death that they were favoured with the Gospel message. Strange stories are related of him, among which the most absurd is the legend, that having been beheaded by the Roman Governor of Paris, he walked two miles with it in his hand to a place called the Martyr's Stile, and there laid down to rest.

13th.—*Translation of King Edward the Confessor*. The Confessor—a name given to him by the Pope, for settling that which in his day was called Rome Scot, but, better known as Peter's Pence, a tribute paid into the treasury of the Vatican. His crown, chain, staff, &c., are still made use of in the coronation of our English kings.

17th.—*Etheldrea, virgin*; was a daughter of Anna, a king of the East Angles, and although twice married, first to Toubert a lord of Licolnshire, and then to King Egfrid, was yet styled a virgin, and became a nun in Coldringham Abbey. She afterwards built an abbey at Ely, of which she was the abbess, where she died, and was recorded for posterity by the name of St. Andry.



In every Parish pecuniary matters claim attention. Material things must be used, and expense connected with their maintenance in good order, is unavoidable. Buildings are ever requiring restoration in some of their parts; and those appropriated for Divine worship, being large, call at times for large expenditure.

The trusty Wardens and Vestry of St. Luke's find that the furnaces for

heating the building are so very defective as to be unworthy of repair. This they could not have foreseen last Easter Monday, and consequently there was no mention of it in the estimate of expenses for this year. Now winter is approaching, and they have no funds to meet the unavoidable outlay. They wait to be supplied by those for whose comfort they would provide, with the amount required, which is about five hundred dollars. There is no person to blame; but the expense, which is unavoidable, must be encountered. The appeal now being made, will doubtless meet an unhesitating and liberal response. *

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THE meetings of St. Luke's Church Association, discontinued in the summer months, have now been resumed. That for September has been held, and matters of great interest and importance were brought forward and discussed. The attendance was small; but while the seeming indifference is to be deplored, it does not alter the value of the works proposed and advocated by those who do come together: nor should it cause a diminution of their zeal and efforts in matters relating to the Church in this Diocese, and our Parish in particular. Good has been accomplished by the few who have met; their own hearts have been stirred in a profitable way, and encouragement and help given to such works as churchmen should be ever

found ready to promote. We hope the approaching winter will see union of effort on the part of many in this Association, for the spiritual improvement of the people resident in the Parish, and the strengthening of our beloved Church.

The Annual meeting for election of officers will take place on Friday evening, 17th inst. A full attendance is hoped for. *

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ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS.

W. J. Wallace, W. H. Stimpson, E. Palmer, F. C. Dimock, George A. Black, H. Found, Jos. Carman, C. H. Carman, J. E. Albro, J. T. Wylde, G. D. Marvin, Miss Grove, B. W. Cochran, B. W. Salter, G. H. Williams, Mrs. Bourdillan, F. M. Passow, C. Netz, G. R. Frith, Rev. J. Abbott, J. Y. Payzant, F. Allison, T. W. Bateman, Mrs. Gregor, Isaac J. Wylde, H. H. Black, 50 cents each; Miss G. Gilpin, J. W. K. Johnston, W. H. Pallister, H. G. Smithers, John A. Stevens, M. B. Almon, Hon. W. B. Vail, Colonel Clarke, H. Pryor, \$1.00 each; J. T. Wood, \$2.50.

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THE members of the congregation of St. Luke's will please remember, that the annual service and sermon in behalf of St. Luke's Church Association, will take place on Tuesday evening, 21st of October, when an offering will be asked for in aid of its funds.