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May,

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 BLACK LETTER SAINTS.

It is frequently asked why it is, that while protesting against Romish error and superstition, we retain in our Calendar, the names of those whom Rome has canonized and given to them the distinctive title of saints. And to this question we have no satisfactory reply; although various reasons have been given for the adoption of them. In all probability they marked the observance of some events in political or civil life which it was convenient to notice; and they were commonly distinguished as Black Letter Days, but, without any regard to their being made special holy days by the Church. Of these we have four noted in the coming month of June: the first is Nicodeme, a Roman priest and martyr, who is said to have been converted by Saint Peter; and having been discovered as a disciple of Christ, by the honourable burial he gave Felicula a Christian martyr, was beaten to death with leaden plummets by the sentence of Domitian the heathen Emperor.

The next in order, is Boniface, Bishop of Metz, a Saxon priest born in England. His proper name was Wirsiel; but, being sent by Pope Gregory the second, to the north of Europe, from the success of his mission he obtained the name of "the apostle of Germany." He is represented to have been a great friend and fellow-worker of the Venerable Bede. He is said to have obtained a martyr's crown in Frisia in the year 755.

We could almost wish that some greater honour had been put upon the 17th day of this month; as dedicated to the memory of our first Christian martyr St. Alban; who, if not distinguished by the fabulous achievement of St. George on the battle field of the Crusades, far excelled him in the self-devotion of pure life and Christian

love. He owed his spiritual life to a Welsh priest, and he bravely laid down his own natural life to save the persecuted man who had converted him to the faith of the Gospel. The story of his death may be acceptable to our young parishioners, as showing the power of a practical faith. Amphialus having fled from persecution into England, was hospitably received and entertained by Alban at Verulum in Hertfordshire, now called from him St. Albans; in which there still remains the noble church dedicated by the same name. There, when by reason of the strict search made for his guest, he could entertain him in safety no longer, he dressed him in his own clothes and by that means gained him an opportunity of escaping. But this being soon discovered, the furious pagans summoned him to do sacrifice to their gods; and on refusing, they first miserably tormented him and then put him to death. The only traditional history we have of King Edward is that he was barbarously murdered by his mother-in-law; for what cause we are not told; and it is very difficult to assign a reason for glorifying him in the Calendar of the Church.

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THE DAYS AND SEASONS OF THE CHURCH.

The branch of the Christian Church now found existing in England, we believe was planted there by one or more of the Apostles. When Augustine came over from Rome in the year 590, he found there the three orders of clergy, and a faithful people attending their ministrations. Roman power overawed these, and England's Apostolic Church was subjected to foreign power for a thousand years, when the yoke was broken. At the Reforma-

ASCENSION-TIDE.

“Jesus Christ: Who is gone into heaven, and is on the Right Hand of God.”

1 PETER iii. 21, 22.

UCH constitutes the grand closing scene of the life of Jesus, after enduring shame and reproach, and dying on the Cross for the sins of the world. Therefore, having complied with the conditions which in the covenant of redemption were laid upon Him, He is now entitled to live and reign in heaven. He had borne the shame, now He must share the glory; He had endured the sorrow, now He must experience the joy. And with such convictions, and under the influence of such emotions, the angelic hosts command the heavenly portals to lift up their heads, that the Lord of angels and the Saviour of men might enter in.

And what a reception there awaited Him! The command issued by the celestial hosts was not in vain; the gates are thrown open to receive Jesus, now “by seraph hosts adored^a.” He enters, and what a form of majesty! On His brow, once pierced with thorns, is the mediatorial crown, resplendent with many gems; in His hands are the palms of victory; and at His girdle hang the keys of death and hell. And as He enters, the Eternal “I AM^b,” the Everlasting Father, rising from the celestial throne, welcomes His return, and proclaims with ineffable benignity, “Thou art My beloved Son, sit Thou on My right hand, until I make Thy foes Thy footstool.” Thereupon, we may hear the joyous song of thanksgiving as it bursts forth from those who stand around the throne, ascribing “Blessing, and honour, and glory, and power, unto Him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb for ever and ever^c.”

If, then, we are risen with Christ, it should be our aim to “seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth on the right hand of God^d,” to “mortify our members which are upon the earth,” and not be forgetful of all that Jesus suffered when on earth. Now that He “ever liveth to make intercession^e,” let us give Him our cause to plead: God has “exalted Him with His right hand to be a Prince and a Saviour, for to give repentance unto His people, and forgiveness of sins^f,” let us then look to Him, that we may be made partakers of these blessings. “It is expedient for you,” He said to His disciples, “that I go away: for if I go not away, the Comforter will not come unto you; but if I depart, I will send Him unto you^g,” He has ascended in order to bequeath the gift of the Spirit: let us then beseech Him to pour His Spirit upon us in all His convincing, regenerating, en-

^a Keble.

^b Exod. iii. 14.

^c Rev. v. 13.

^d Col. iii. 1.

^e Heb. vii. 25.

^f Acts v. 31.

^g John xvi. 7.

lightening, and sanctifying operations. He has promised to "give the Holy Spirit to them that ask Him^b."

Another lesson which we may learn from the fact of our Saviour having gone into heaven is, that He is able to sympathise with us in all the trials and infirmities of life; often they are irksome and painful to bear, but they will not last long, in heaven we shall find rest and peace. Jesus, our High Priest, will bear our infirmities, and vouchsafe such a degree of grace and strength, that shall enable us to bear them patiently, and resignedly to His holy will. And as we look up to heaven in faith at our ascended Lord, we shall behold the accomplishment of the work He begun on earth; but the effect of that work, as regards ourselves, will not be completed, until we shall enter upon our perfect state of "consummation and bliss, both in body and soul, in His eternal and everlasting glory."

One thought more. The Ascension of Christ should remind us of the glorious yet awful truth of His second coming. "This same Jesus, which is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye have seen Him go into heavenⁱ." And as He was the King of glory on the former occasion, so He will be in a manner more conspicuous and awful on the latter; He will "come in the glory of His Father with His angels."

God grant that we may be of the number of those who shall then meet Him with joy and confidence, and "not be ashamed before Him at His coming."

A. R. B.

THE DEW OF HEAVEN.

SEEST thou yon tender bud its leaves unfolding,
 Attracted by the radiance of the sun,
 While still a dew-drop clear its cup is holding,
 Though many hours since morning's dawn have run ?

Methinks 'tis like a maiden fair and lowly,
 Advancing onwards to maturer youth,
 But yet retaining, midst a world unholy,
 Her childhood's happy innocence and truth.

Ah! thus upranted by the World, unswerving,
 May we our stedfast course of life pursue,
 Still in the Cross upon our brow preserving
 The purity of our Baptismal dew.

NINA.

^b Luke xi. 13.

ⁱ Acts i. 11.

A D R E A M.

IT was Sunday afternoon,—service was over, and I had watched the last of my congregation pass from under the old-fashioned church porch into the bright, warm sunshine of a July afternoon. The sound of voices had almost died away, and the churchyard was occupied by a few stray lingerers only, when leaving the church, I turned aside from the beaten thoroughfare, and took a path which led through the meadows, and which from its privacy was just then specially welcome to me. For my feelings were little in harmony with the peace and beauty which reigned around. I was weary and desponding now, even at the commencement of my work.

It was but three months since I had entered upon my pastoral duties in a quiet country parish, and then, full of hope and energy, had determined to devote my life to the service of my Master. It was not without a struggle that I had done so, for I was called upon first to sacrifice much that was very dear to me,—to leave a temple in which, indeed, nothing external was wanting to do honour to the great Invisible,—a service which had been my delight, but in the midst of which there had crept over me occasionally a feeling of weariness and dissatisfaction, that had led me to ask myself—is this all?—the end of religion?—is the spirit within indeed dependent upon externals? and should I, without these, find my religion cold and dead, a burden to my weary soul?

Then had come the test, and I thought that in the quiet service of a country church I should find a peace which must be the essence of religion. I pictured to myself a Dreamland Church, the low benches, the rustic congregation, the reverent and devout conduct. I thought, indeed, that I was prepared to encounter difficulties in my work, but now I was dispirited at the onset; dispirited, and why? because I had met opposition in what I believed to be the essential commencement of my work—viz., the resto-

ration of God's house, the making beautiful of His temple. Could I indeed teach reverence to my people, and speak of the close analogy between the visible and the invisible, the earthly dwelling-place and "that tabernacle not made with hands," when the former stood in the midst of us, unrestored, and partly ruined, a by-word among men? This then was the cause of my depression,—I had raised opposition where I meant to gain help, and my zeal had offended many. Sunday after Sunday I had urged my parishioners to lay aside all false prejudices and petty differences, and to come forward as one man to the work; but I had found little response. I felt my spirit becoming cold and dead within me, and I yearned for the stirring influence of external ceremonies, to quicken me, to give me more life, more love, more devotion. It was but that afternoon that I had preached from the words: "This is none other than the house of God, this is the gate of heaven." I had spoken more earnestly than ever of the privileges which they, as God's people, were permitted to enjoy, and I had entreated them, in return for His many mercies, to unite in this great work for His glory. But I expected little result, and weary and despondent I cast myself down by the river side, and in the spirit of Elijah exclaimed: "Where, O Lord, are Thy true worshippers? surely I alone am left that have not forgotten Thee, and bowed the knee to the Baal of this world." And perhaps I was to learn the same lesson, not indeed in the fierce wind or the raging tempest, for all around, from the soft rustling of the forest trees to the gentle murmuring of the river at my feet, taught more of that still, small voice, speaking indeed to the inmost spirit of man.

But now I could not read the lesson aright. The calm beauty of the world around called forth in me impatient thoughts, and I murmured,—“These Thy creatures, then, the works of Thy hand, each in its way shews forth Thy glory, and gives Thee thanks, for the life which Thou

hast given; and shall Thy greatest work, man created in Thy image, alone be insensible to Thee? Can he, to whom Thou hast given all, give to Thee no fit dwelling-place?" At last came an answer, and soft indeed at first, as the whispering of the trees, I heard the words, "The Most High dwelleth not in temples made with hands,"—but gradually becoming louder and more distinct, as the sound of many voices. Looking towards the trees from whence it appeared to come, they seemed to take the form of a large cathedral-like edifice, and many people were thronging to it. I also entered, and found myself in a spacious building—a temple beautiful indeed; veiled as it were in a dim mysterious light, which could not fail to inspire the worshippers with deep thoughts of awe, and reverence for that Presence they felt to be so near. To the full rich notes of the organ the white-robed choir were chanting the words that I had heard, as they walked in procession up the aisle. Then, as the last notes died away, there was a deep pause, and involuntarily I fell on my knees in prayer, and my prayer was, "Let me dwell in the house of the Lord for ever." But even whilst the words were yet on my lips, the lingering sounds of music seemed again to be strangely mingled with the soft whispering of the trees, and looking up, I beheld the building, the choir, and the worshippers gradually fading from my sight. I longed to retain them, but nothing was tangible, all passed away as shadows before the sun. A sense of great weariness and disappointment crept over me, and I said, "Is this, then, the answer to my prayer? Where can I so fitly serve God as in His holy temple? Where, but in the midst of the outward ordinances of His Church, can I find that peace and rest which my soul longeth after?" As I questioned thus with myself, the sound of a church bell broke upon my ear, and I found that I was drawing near to a small village church, almost hidden among the trees, where the bells were calling worshippers to evensong. Again I entered, and stood within the house of God. It was a small, low building; the walls were old, and in many places the ivy from without

had crept in through the crevices which age had made in them, yet there were no signs of negligence or want of care, for all seemed in harmony with the look of quiet reverence depicted on the faces of those gathered there. They were mostly of the poorer classes, but here there was no respecter of persons, all were alike, and rich and poor sat side by side on the low wooden benches, and joined their voices in one prayer to their common Father. I thought to myself,—here, at least, there is nothing external to divert my mind; here, in the calm quiet of this country service, I shall find peace; for surely "this is none other than the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven." The service drew to a close, the priest had pronounced the blessing, and the congregation were leaving the church,—yet I lingered, thinking within myself that I would come here daily to join in that service, which had been so specially soothing to my restless spirit. But it was not to be so. Again the church and congregation passed from my sight, and I was alone. Alone indeed, and in the loneliness and bitterness of my spirit I prayed God to let me die, for I felt that my life was a burden too heavy for me to bear. I longed for rest, even if it were the rest of the grave, when, as an angel's whisper soft and clear, I seemed to hear the words, "Come unto Me, and I will give thee rest." And I cried, "Teach me, O Lord, where Thou art to be found." Even whilst I uttered the words I was conscious of a change in the scene before me: I seemed to be all at once in the midst of a lonely plain, over which the darkness of night was gradually closing, and where a man slept, his head resting upon a stone, the only pillow which the place could give. Yet his sleep was calm and peaceful, as the sleep of one to whom God hath given rest. A strange halo of light hovered around, and looking up to ascertain from whence this came, I beheld a ladder, reaching from earth to heaven, upon which the angels of God were ascending and descending. "This is none other but the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven." The words sounded upon my ear, clear and distinct at first, but gradually becoming fainter and

fainter, until they were lost in the murmuring of the river at my feet,—and the vision was gone.

It was, then, only a dream, but one from which I might surely learn a profitable lesson, for it had shewn me that the spirit of my life and teaching was wrong. How much had I to learn from those words, in which I had sought to teach others. I had insisted upon the outward ordinances of religion,—upon “the place where men ought to worship,” and I had been taught that these things are but shadows, acceptable to God only so far as they are the outward expressions of the life within,—the means to an end, and that end the devotion of the soul to God. In the loneliness of the desert a truly penitent spirit had learned that “surely the Lord is in this place;” and I also had learned, that as the soul, from

constant communion with God, passes into that consciousness of His indwelling, where love takes the form of restfulness, and faith becomes sight, then, indeed, we cease to look for the outward symbol of His Presence; for we cannot limit that Presence to one place in particular, if we realize that the whole earth is God’s footstool,—that in the world at large there is indeed

“No place so alone
The which He doth not fill.”

And as this thought becomes a reality to us, so will our lives themselves be faithful prayers,—prayers such as are most acceptable to Him. Each duty will be a sacred one,—each work a work for God; and thus may we dwell for ever within “the house of God, and at the gate of heaven.”

CATHOLICUS.

ST. MARY MAGDALENE.

“Wheresoever this Gospel shall be preached in the whole world, there shall also this, that this woman hath done, be told for a memorial of her.”—*St. Matt.* xxiv. 13.

Tearful Mary! is thy friendship
Still within a sister’s reach?
In the sacred tale I’ve learned
What thy varied sorrows teach;
Would my heart a gift could pour
Like thy precious spikenard’s store;
Maria Lagrimosa!*

Tearful Mary! when the perfume
Of thy costly unguent shed
Fragrance round the Banquet-supper,
Streaming o’er Messiah’s head,
Could you deem the tale would be
Help to sinner frail as thee,
Maria Lagrimosa!

By those burning tears which fell,
Wrung by virtue’s sacred spell;
By thy floating tresses bright,
Waving now in realms of light,
From His toil-stained feet, which swept
Off the tears in anguish wept.
By the deep respect which prest
Kisses on the heavenly Guest,
When in sad despair I bend,
Comfort, succour, guidance lend,
Maria Lagrimosa!

Tearful Mary! on dark Calvary,
When that highly-favoured band
All forsook their dying Master,
You could truthful, faithful stand;
When temptations dark assail,
May my faith like thine prevail,
Maria Lagrimosa!

Tearful Mary! ere the sunrise
Of that blessed morn awoke,
O’er the mournful mists of dawn
Thy sad sobs the silence broke;
When my Easter morns arise,
May they beam on prayerful eyes,
Maria Lagrimosa!

By the blinding grief which hid,
From thy tear-wet drooping lid,
He, whose bitter loss you wept,
At the tomb where late He slept;
By that favour blest bestowed
When your Lord His presence shewed;
By the rapture chaste which woke
In your breast when Jesus spoke;
When the last great foe prevails,
And my flesh and spirit fails,
May the sepulchre’s dark bourne
Lead to Resurrection’s morn.

Maria Lagrimosa!

KATHERINE BLANE.

* The Italian for “Tearful Mary.”

SHAMBLING SAM; OR, A CLUMSY FOOT MAY TREAD THE RIGHT ROAD.

(Continued from page 97.)



"There was a cry of 'Madness, madness! you'll lose your own life and not save his,' as a tall, active man rushed up the ladder."—(p. 119.)

CHAPTER VI.

ONE night, eight years after the departure of James Barrow and his brother's trial, the inhabitants of Petersley were aroused out of their first slumbers by stirring and alarming sounds. There were loud rattlings and rumblings in the quiet streets, cries of dismay and excitement, and above all was heard the one terror-striking call of "Fire! fire!"

Yes, fire at Maitland Court. The night had been calm and still, but soon the clear air was clouded by the approaching smoke, and then lurid and devouring flames be-

came visible in the distance. Sir Ralph's beautiful mansion, the inheritance he was so proud of, the home he loved so well, bid fair to be ere morning but a frightful mass of charred wood; and he was not there, and not one of his family or of his attendants was there. His house had been closed, and none could fathom the mystery of the conflagration, for Sir Ralph was not a man to have enemies; he was a kind master, a faithful friend, a good landlord. He had been telegraphed 'or, and no one who saw, ever forgot his first look of speechless agony when he witnessed the gradual destruction of the house of his fathers. Helpful, cheerful workers were not wanting. Every man

in Petersley had turned out, and one subject of congratulation, at all events, there seemed for all, that no life could be lost, for, as we have said, the Hall was at that time untenanted.

The greatest efforts were being made to prevent the flames from spreading to the south side of the building. All the engines were at work specially with that view, and all eyes were intent upon one spot where danger was apprehended, when at one of the highest windows which the fire had not yet caught, the figure of a man suddenly appeared. He was in the greatest extremity of distress and fear, shrieking wildly for assistance. Assistance was at hand, but he seemed to have no power of motion, but to be thoroughly paralyzed by terror. Means of escape were put within his reach, almost a child might have used them, but in reply to the cries to use the ladder at once, he only shrieked and wrung his hands. At last the crowd became indignant, an angry motion was made as of a threat to withdraw the ladder, but still the wretched man could not, or would not, move.

The danger, which at first could scarcely be said to exist at all, was now getting great for him. The window-frames near him were catching fire, in a few moments escape would be impossible. Then there was a cry of "Madness, madness, he deserves it; you'll lose your own life and not save his," as a tall, active man rushed up the ladder, and literally forced the man upon it. Great was the peril of both; but they had got half way down when the rescued man, as though suddenly seized by a phrenzy, forced himself from his friend's grasp, and losing his footing, fell heavily to the ground. A policeman turned his lantern towards the face and muttered to himself, "Hem! I shouldn't have guessed that!" but the poor wretch was in no condition to be taken into custody. Not only were parts of his body fearfully burnt, but he had received the severest possible injury from his fall.

He must be removed somewhere. "The parson's away!" exclaimed the villagers, as though the parson's house would be the most natural hospital.

"Just take him to my room," said the tall man, who had saved him; and accordingly they took the sufferer there, for he was too bad now to offer any resistance, and then Sam Barrow (for it was he) nursed and tended this poor madman, as he believed him now to be, with a woman's tenderness.

The south side of Maitland Court was saved, thanks, under God, to the activity of the villagers, and then people began to speak of the mystery, as they called it. How did Maitland Court catch fire? and who was this man who had so nearly perished in the flames?

Sam's guest was in no condition to make any confession. He had been carefully visited by the public officers, but the doctor reported that at present it was impossible, and it seemed likely that the poor man would leave the world with a load of unconfessed guilt on his conscience. A week passed, and his chances even of partial restoration seemed smaller and smaller. A few days later he was a dying man. About that time Mr. Glover returned; he almost immediately came with the Squire to Sam's room. Sam had most carefully avoided Mr. Glover since his release from prison, where he had fully undergone his sentence. He would touch his hat when he met him, but had never yet spoken either to him, or to the Squire. To many persons, Sam's return to Petersley had been a matter of great surprise; but then his father and another had at last returned to their own home, and Susan's heart had so yearned over her younger son, and Susan had so intreated Sam to come and live with them once more, that he had determined to let no personal pride or feeling allow him to add to the grief of his poor mother. He did not live with her, but he worked with his father, and had a room close by of his own. Barrow was far from cordial, but still was not unkind to Sam; and he, never having experienced any affection from his father, was not surprised at the absence of it now.

Some kind of interview with Mr. Glover was now inevitable, for he and the Squire came to Sam's own room and asked to see the dying man. Sam brought them in, lit

a candle, for it was late at night, placed a prayer-book at Mr. Glover's side, and was about to leave the room, when, to the surprise of all present, the sufferer, with an imploring earnestness of manner, made signs to him to raise him in his bed. Mr. Glover approached to render assistance, but from Sam alone was it accepted; the poor man held out both hands feebly towards him, and he tenderly raised him, pillows and all, and seating himself on the bed behind him, rested the feeble form against his own breast. Mr. Glover glanced at Sam; there was no defiant, no distant look in the young man's face now, it was full of soft pity. For some minutes the sufferer leant back gasping for breath. The Squire gently opened the casement, the cool air revived him a little, and then he tried to speak. The Squire took out his pencil and pocket-book, and bent low to listen, but not a word was intelligible; at last the man said distinctly, "Something to do with Sam Barrow."

A thought flashed across Sam's mind, which brought the burning, crimson blood into his pale cheeks. Squire Welby and Mr. Glover saw the effect those few words had produced. The former looked fiercely at him, for in his mind at least entered a suspicion that Sam was about to be proved implicated in a fresh crime, whilst Mr. Glover's countenance was clouded by an expression of intense pain. Sam's perceptions were quicker now than they once had been. He saw how his two companions were interpreting the dying man's words, and an agonising dread seized him. Would the stranger speak again, or would he die, leaving upon his mind a burthen, which he, strong man as he was, felt wholly unable to bear? The man tried to speak again; this time he wholly failed. Sam, in his extremity, covered his face with both hands, and ere he looked up again, words, all-powerful words of faith and prayer had ascended from his aching heart to the mercy-seat of heaven.

This time the answer needed not to be watched nor tarry'd for. The death-like silence was at once broken by feeble but distinct words, which fell like music, like heaven-sent music, upon young Barrow's ears.

"Edward Cocks and I set Maitland Court on fire. We had got in to Sir Ralph's study to—rob him. We got drinking, and a candle fell on some papers." He stopped speaking, and they thought he had stopped for ever, his face looked so ghastly; but he rallied, and whispered hoarsely, "More to tell! eight years ago, before he went away, Cocks stole the money Sam Barrow was imprisoned for. I surprised him taking it the day Sam was working in the study, and whilst he was gone to his dinner. I was in Cocks's power; he could have ruined me if he had told tales, and he vowed he would tell tales unless I helped him in the matter. I concealed his theft, and I brought poor Sam Barrow, against whom I had a grudge, under suspicion. I sent him an anonymous letter from Dalton, saying he had better come there to his father, who was like to be in trouble. I met him going to Dalton, and I said I had just seen his father at H-lylen, and that I knew his father had taken some money from Sir Ralph. That night after Sam Barrow had been taken up, whilst his mother was out, I got into the cottage and slipped the purse and odd money into Sam's old coat pocket. Sam quite thought his father had really stolen the money, and so, to save his father, he would not say a word to clear himself."

"What became of Cocks?" whispered the Squire; "how long has he been in England?"

"Just a month, he died that night of the fire. He was too tipsy to get out of the study, and he must have been burnt to death."

"Is that all you know?" asked Mr. Glover, for the man's strength was failing fast.

"Yes," he said, feebly; "but I want you to tell Sam Barrow that I confessed. Oh! if Sam Barrow were only here! if he would forgive me!

Sam leant gently down.

"Sam Barrow does forgive you; I am Sam, you know; you are here in my room, on my bed, Collins; I recognised you at the window. I knew who it was, all along."

Collins took Sam's proffered hand, and

whispered, "God thank you, God reward you, God pity me!"

They all, as with a common instinct, knelt and prayed for the dying man; and then Mr. Glover's voice became audible, as he said, softly and distinctly, "Have mercy upon me, O God, after Thy great goodness: according to the multitude of Thy tender mercies, do away mine offences."

They all took up the holy words of penitence, and when the Psalm was said, Mr. Glover spoke tenderly to Collins: the Guiltless One, who, hanging on the Cross, had saved at the last hour the guilty one hanging beside Him. Five minutes later, all was over; but Sam's hand remained within that of Collins to the last, and as his spirit passed away, Sam, unconscious of those around him, fervently prayed, "Lord, have mercy upon him."

It was a sad, a solemn death indeed. There was no assurance of hope, and there had been no blessed Communion in this death-chamber; the man had been struck down in his sin, and Mr. Glover had only felt able to do what Sam said, to pray, "Lord, have mercy upon him!"

When Sam Barrow raised his head at last, and tenderly loosened the dead man's grasp, Mr. Glover was standing alone in the room. The Squire had left, and Sam had become so oblivious of the presence of either, that he almost started as Mr. Glover came behind him, and placing his hands on his head, solemnly blessed him in his Master's name. Then the thought of his acknowledged innocence burst most sweetly upon his soul, and Sam thought of the verses upon which he had so frequently meditated: "Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in Him, and He shall bring it to pass. And He shall bring forth thy righteousness as the light, and thy judgment as the noon-day." He had indeed passed through a fiery trial, but the Son of man had been with him in all, as truly as He had been in the furnace with these three of old. The conscious-

ness of his Lord's presence, of Him, the God and Man, had supported him through all; and the fire of Sam's trial had lost its power upon him, save in its purifying work. Sam had cared for God's judgment only, and so he had borne the contempt of men, without the burthen having unduly weighed upon him; indeed, his spirit had gained vigour and had wholly lost its dogged stubbornness, its gloomy abstractedness.

Sam felt as if Mr. Glover's blessing had spoken volumes to him, and when he rose from his knees, he looked into the face of his best earthly friend with the old confiding look of past days. Mr. Glover answered it in words:

"My lad, you were wrong in one thing; you should have told me ALL you knew, when I saw you in prison."

"Yes sir, I should, I have often thought so; but you know now whom I believed to be guilty, and that sealed my lips."

Yes, all was explained now, and Sam spoke freely of his prison days; for, as he said in his simple way, "I had not done the wrong, so it didn't matter much." On two subjects he dwelt very fondly; one was Miss Ada's letter, "she always trusted me, bless her!" And the other was that of the baby-voice, which had spoken out so touchingly for him in open court. The two simple children had been his earthly comforters, just for this reason, they trusted him, when none who had possessed reason were wroth to judge him and felt that they could trust him and be true; but a gleam from heaven would seem at times to light up the minds of little children, making clear to their innocence and faith that which is hidden from us.

Mr. Glover and Sam could not remain talking in the chamber of death, so for a while they parted, these two friends, the refined gentleman and the rough labourer; these two men who so heartily respected and loved each other; these two whose friendship should now endure, true and faithful to the end.

(To be continued.)



The Lost Chaplet.

THE LOST CHAPLET.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE KING'S HIGHWAY, AND OTHER POEMS," ETC.

OVER the hills, Spring-sunned, where gorse was gold,
 And round their bases, where the orchids sprang,
 Near babbling brooks, where willow-blossoms hung,
 And then by rocky precipices, where
 The orange-lichen year by year spread out,
 Rode Conrad, valiant Conrad, noble knight,
 Loyal as brave, leal to his master-lord
 As any knight that ever drew a sword.

He rode his old horse Fairy-faithful, while
 Behind, or round in circles in the fore,
 Swept the hound Bob, swift to his side again.
 And so the horse-hoofs made monotonous sound,
 And so the hound ran panting by his side,
 And so the golden gorse was left behind,
 The orchids, babbling brooks and spring-green grass,
 Gay meadows where the cowslip-flowers were thick,
 And chiming monastery-bells in yonder vale.

He rode; and coming where the rugged rocks
 Broke suddenly, revealing hill and slope,
 (The morning sunshine burst in golden gleams,)
 Saw on the pathway of the castle road
 A tangled rosary of glittering beads,
 Old Fairy-faithful, feeling bit and rein,
 Sharp turned, and sideways suddenly up-plunged,
 Then stopped for his good master, who there leapt
 On to the greensward, where the jewels lay;
 These taking, wiped the dew-drops from the chain,
 And folded it secure within his breast.

Thus ran his inmost thoughts in these same words:—
 "What power hath Prayer, bonding things high and low;
 Linking the weak and strong, man with his God;
 Joining the glistering bands around the Throne,
 With weary mortals tramping o'er Life's waste;
 Making between the quick and dead a link
 Which time nor space can break not, bonding those
 Gone onward towards the everlasting hills,
 With us still lingering in the valleys here."

Mounting his horse he rode the Castle towards,
 Behind, or round in circles in the fore,
 Swept the hound Bob, swift to his side again;
 Then reached the moat where water-lilies grew.
 Dismounting by the portkoles, led the beast
 Up to the cloister of the entrance-hall.
 There Lady Gwendoline, and younger twins,
 With slender forms and mindful shrinking glance,
 Each like the other, Lady Bertha fair,
 (Her mother's autumn-picture limned in spring,)
 And the pale Lady Mary with clasped hands.

To whom Sir Conrad, holding forth the beads:—
 "O Ladies, passing where the rugged rocks,
 Down in yon valley break beside the gorge,
 And where the eastern sun first smites the path
 Hither, I found this prayer-chain. For my Lord,
 Chief of the Christian folk who dwell around,
 Lord of the vale, the Hamlet' and the slope,
 Owner of brae and corn-field, moor and mill,
 I bring respectfully this treasure-trove."

"O blessed beads," the Lady Mary said,
 "Well-used and deep-loved for a whole spring-life,
 My thanks, and all our thanks, Sir Knight, for this,—
 A rosary of garnet and of sard.
 And blessings follow sword and plume and arm
 From Michael, Raphael, and all their host,
 For thou hast given this lost and loved again."

The Knight, with lifted plume on bended knee,
 Turned from the faces and their smiles that spake.

Then she,—when horse-hoofs, raising dusty clouds,
 Decreasing down the valley, towards the gorge,
 Made sounds no longer on the slanting road,
 And the returning Knight had waved adieu,—
 The Lady Mary, with her rosary,
 Turned towards the lowly castle chapel-door.

Silence there was and gloom—for now the sun
 Gilded the courtyard, and the air was bright.
 Silence and gloom. A tremulous gleam of light
 From silver lamp hung between roof and floor,
 Fell on the form of Christ-upon-the-Cross.

Prostrate she prayed, and this her prayer to Heaven :—
 “ Lord Christ, great King, here these lost beads I hold,
 On them I glorify Thy Holy Name,
 Pray Thine Own Prayer, again and yet again.
 I say that prayer, unwearied, o'er and o'er,
 For it is Thine. None is of greater power.
 And I forget not Gabriel's Nazareth-words.
 Remember me, good Christ, for Mary's sake,
 And all the mysteries of Bethlehem;
 Remember me, because of Thy dear wounds;
 In desolation heed, for Thou wert lone;
 In hour of sunshine let a shadow fall;
 In day of shadow send Heaven's sunbeams down;
 In weariness and painfulness and woe,
 In weakness and in strength, close not Thine ear;
 Hear, O most merciful, and shed Thy peace.
 So, when Life's shadows darken, and the cord
 Snaps suddenly, or wears itself apart
 In days and months of lengthening loneliness,
 Bid those who do Thy bidding, messengers
 Of mercy from on high, protect and guide,
 Leading me safely to mine own true Home.”

The outer sunshine stole through quarried pane,
 And tintured picture of the Shepherd True;
 The chaplet glistened in her marble hands;
 And Heaven's light illumed her trusting soul,
 Prayer's present answer pledge of peace for aye.

F. G. L.

EVERY furrow in our fields is loaded with evidence of a Divine power: and not “five thousand” only, but millions of millions, to whom God gives meat in due season, are sustained by Omnipotence, and not one of them ever feeds at less expense than that of wonder, nay, of an infinite train of wonders. But the creatures are His, and therefore to be received with thanksgiving; this our Saviour performed with great seriousness and zeal, thus teach-

ing us, when “looking up to heaven,” that “the eyes of all” ought, in the most literal sense, “to wait” upon that Lord “who gives them their meat in due season.” A secret sense of God's goodness is by no means enough. Men should make solemn and outward expressions of it, when they receive his creatures for their support:—a service and homage not only due to Him, but profitable to themselves.—
Dean Stanhope.



"A strange wooing, this! Dorothy's eyes flashed: she no longer leaned against the tree, but stood very upright and dignified."—(p. 120.)

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

(Continued from p. 103.)

CHAPTER IX.

THE CAGED BIRD.

"Prince or princess in dismal durance pent,
Victims of old Enchantment's love or hate,
Their lives must all in painful sighs be spent,
Watching the lonely waters soon and late,
And clouds that pass and leave them to
their fate." *Hood.*

DOROTHY soon found herself more of a prisoner than Christopher had ever intended her to be. Mr. Shipley, reporting his proceedings to the powers that were, announced that he had "caught the heiress of the house, a most malignant damsel," and this news being received with satisfaction, he thought he might as well keep Dorothy where she was, as a hostage for the good behaviour of her tenants. So, when she wished to send a letter to her brother, he would not allow it to go, to the vexation of his wife and daughter, who had no wish to tyrannise. Dorothy bore her captivity very well for a few days, received visits from Mistress Shipley, and talked to her civilly, and to Adah kindly; but then, as the glorious August weather glowed over the fields, and the waggons, laden with golden corn, rolled home into the yards; when the blue sky was as bright, and the harvest moon as red, as in former happy summers, before ever a Roundhead set foot in Dering; when she thought of old harvest-homes, where she and Frank and Marmaduke had joined in the country dance, and listened to the reapers' songs, then the caged bird, as Simon truly called her, began to chafe and pant and beat against the bars. She could not bear it, this confinement to three rooms, with the option of guarded walks up and down the terrace. She could not embroider for ever; she had no heart to sing to her lute; and her waiting-maid, though faithful and good, was not a lively companion; she was never strong, and the agitation of these times made her ill. One day she failed altogether, and Dorothy was obliged to send Jasper to Mrs. Shipley,

with a message that the girl must be sent home; she wanted her mother's nursing. Her home was at the other end of the village; she was sent there and for a few days Adah went every morning to see how she was. on one of these occasions, as she was coming back by a footpath across a field, which avoided the main street, she met Christopher Wake, marching along with old Lion at his heels. The dog had a wonderful knowledge of character; he ran up to the little maiden, and began licking her hands, while Christopher took off his hat and stood smiling in the path. Adah, in her prim grey gown and hood, looked as fresh as the dewy morning that was lighting up the green fields and orchards all round.

"How fares it with Madge, to-day?" said Christopher.

"Bad enough," answered Adah, shaking her head. "She is so weak, poor thing, she can scarce walk across the room. I cannot see when she will be well again."

"And what does Mrs. Dorothy without her tire-woman?"

Adah looked up wonderingly at such a question from a great rough manly person like Christopher Wake. He was quite in earnest, and waited gravely for an answer.

"Well," she said, "she herself gave orders that Molly Dalton—one of the house-maidens, you know—should wait upon her in Madge's place. She is not stupid, and loves Mrs. Dorothy right well; but still," and Adah smiled as she went on with her details, "methinks her curls have not looked quite so dainty since Madge went away. Molly is a good girl, but she has not been used to dress her lady."

"Curls, Mrs. Adah! Why, what do you know of curls? Have you ever worn such things yourself?"

Adah coloured, and looked down.

"No, never. I would not wear them myself, of course; but that does not hinder me from loving the sight of Mrs. Dorothy's pretty hair. And what is more, I would

willingly wait on her myself, if she would have me,—wait on her, and do everything for her that Molly could not do,—only I fear she would not care to have me about her."

"And wherefore not? It is a good thought of yours. Do it, and all her friends will be obliged to you. Her days would be less dreary, if she had anyone to whom she could talk."

"Ah," said Adah, "I have often thought what a different life it must be to her. I wish we had never come to Dering."

"No fault of yours. It cannot be like the old days, with Sir Marmaduke calling about the place, and all the dogs baying, and the horses trampling so merrily. Thinking on't will never bring it back again; so all I have to say is, Mistress Adah, make her life as bright as you can, and one, at least, of her servants will be yours for ever."

Christopher and Lion were gone, and Adah, bewildered, but very happy, tripped on to the Hall, went straight to her mother, and begged that she might wait on Mistress Dorothy Lyne. Mrs. Shipley was at first inclined to object; it was low-minded of Adah, she thought, to wish to tender her service to their prisoner, in whose house they were living, "a proud little piece of malignancy." But Simon came in as she was talking, and his opinion turned the scale.

"If there be such things as ladies," said Simon, "she is most surely one of them, and Adah had better be with her than with the village girls. And it will also be a means of keeping her safely; one of us being always with her. Take my word for it, mother, and let the maiden have her will."

Mistress Shipley yielded, as she generally did, to her son's judgment; and as they settled such things as these without consulting the violent little lawyer, who was always busy with his out-door affairs, there was only Mrs. Dorothy's consent to be gained. And this was no difficult matter; she liked Adah, and had not found Molly a good exchange for Madge. So the two maidens sat together, and wandered in the grounds, where Christopher often lay in wait for them, bringing old

Lion to meet his imprisoned mistress. Dorothy was pleased, and as for Adah, it was a new life to her. Though much of the lady's talk, and many of her occupations, were what she had been taught to think wrong and trifling, there was a fascination about Dorothy, an engaging frankness and generous enthusiasm, which it was impossible to resist. Her little Puritan follower, like the Cavalier Frank Audley, thought her charming in any mood, and was only happy in doing what she wished: it was a strange friendship that sprang up between the two, considering their relative positions.

One day, when Dering had been for three weeks under the rule of its new masters, Mistress Shipley was sitting alone in the withdrawingroom, busy with her knitting, while Dorothy and Adah wandered about in the lower garden, sometimes coming into sight for a moment, then disappearing again among the trees. Simon Shipley, looking flushed and excited, came into the room where his mother sat, and stood still before her, till she looked up and asked him what he wanted.

"There is an order come from London," said Simon, "requiring us to send Mistress Dorothy Lyne thither at once, to be kept in prison as a dangerous malignant, aiding and abetting her brother in his treason."

"Heaven forefend!" exclaimed Mistress Shipley, dropping her work, and clasping her hands together in most unusual agitation; all her womanly feeling and sympathy were aroused in behalf of the persecuted girl.

"It is so," said Simon. "And my father says he cannot disobey."

"I say that such orders are cruel and wrong. What harm can she do to the cause, poor child! And prithee how is she to make the journey?"

"Captain Barton is to carry her to London, with such soldiers as he thinks fit."

Mrs. Shipley sat quite still, and her son stood still before her.

"Tell me, son," she presently exclaimed, "is there no way of avoiding this?"

"One way there is," answered Simon, casting down his eyes.

"What is it? What do you mean?" said she, rising suddenly from her chair.

"Why, mother, if Mistress Dorothy would consent to— to marry me."

"To marry thee!"

"It's the only way," said Simon, gaining a little courage from her astonishment, and looking up. "Sue would be safe then from all her enemies. Being one of us, we could save her from any danger."

"Ay, but do you think of what you are saying? You, Simon Shipley, the lawyer's son, marry Mistress Dorothy Lyne! What will she say, think you? The boy has lost his wits."

"Well, she may make her choice," said Simon, a little sullenly; his mother's manner was not flattering. "Either that, or a Parliament prison. After all, Lyne though she be, we are all made of the same dust. I have as strong an arm to fight for her as any Cavalier in the land; ay, and as true a heart to care for her. Adah can wait on her still, and she may be lady of Dering all her days."

"Yet think a little, my poor Simon," said his mother, more gently. "'Tis no life of ease that thou art preparing for thyself. Think of the vengeance of Marmaduke Lyne, and of that long-legged Francis Audley. You care not for them? Well, try your fate, as you must; but be not amazed if the young madam contemns your offer. How soon do they carry her to London?"

"In two days. This is Monday; on Wednesday they go."

"And what says thy father to this mad scheme of thine?"

"That I may do as I will."

"'Tis a foolish business. There is no happiness in it, for she is as proud and as wilful a maiden as any in Christendom. Neither has she the beauty that drives wise men mad."

"Adah loves her."

"And so dost thou: hey? In spite of that, my son, I would sooner see thee married to a simple village maid."

Mistress Shipley said no more, for she saw that remonstrances were useless, and so Simon went down into the garden, where Dorothy and Adah were still wan-

dering among the trees. What had seemed easy in the house was a thousand times more difficult here in her presence, when she returned his bow with her slight dignified curtsy, and looked as if she expected him to pass on and leave them in peace. Simon grew wildly nervous; he felt it must be now or never, and turning to Adah, told her, rather roughly, that he had somewhat to say to Mistress Lyne, not meant for her ears.

"Leave us for a moment, Adah," said Dorothy, carelessly, in answer to her companion's inquiring look. "I will call you back, as soon as Mr. Simon has finished his discourse. What is it, sir?"

Her long eyelashes drooped wearily, and there was a sad expression in the grey eyes, half-impatient, half-resigned, which it was very hard to look up and meet. Simon hesitated, and Dorothy grew a little alarmed.

"Have you bad news for me?" she said. "Do not fear to say it. I have borne much, and must learn to bear more."

Simon still hesitated, but it must be done. What a fool his mother would thank him, if after all his bold professions, a look from Dorothy was enough to silence him! So he forced himself to speak, and the very fact of being so nervous made him speak roughly.

"They have sent to have you carried prisoner to London," he said. Dorothy put out her hand, and leaned against a tree, with her eyes steadily fixed on him. "And I earnestly pray you," Simon went on, "to let me save you from this imprisonment. There is but one way. Hearken to me, Mistress Dorothy. If you will be my wife, no one shall lay a finger on you to take you away."

A strange woe, this! Dorothy's eyes flashed: she no longer leaned against the tree, but stood very upright and dignified. She thought of Mr. Corbet, and of her brother Marmaduke, and was very angry at the insolent presumption of this Puritan; almost too angry at first to speak to him. But then her native nobleness came to her aid; she thought that after all he might mean well; it might readily be the only way in which he could save her from

the coming trial. She had never liked him, but still he was Adah's brother, and her rejection must not be too scornful. So it was with a grave sweetness of manner, just as dignified, but more gentle, that she gave him his answer.

"Sir, I thank you. I must assure you that such a thing is totally impossible. If I must go to prison, so be it. I may die the sooner. This life is very troublesome."

"Hear me one moment!" exclaimed Simon, as she turned to go away. "I pray you to believe that there is nothing on earth I would not do in your service."

"You are very good," said Dorothy, and she hurried suddenly away through the trees, leaving him standing where he was. He was not angry, and not surprised; he had perception enough to admire her more than if she had accepted him. "If there be such things as ladies," he had once said, "she is most surely one of them;" and now, as he looked after the small slight figure flitting through the shadows, his conviction was strengthened, and he called himself a fool for his presumption. As for Dorothy, she went back to Adah, and without saying anything about her brother's proposal, told her of the threatened imprisonment. The maiden wrung her hands in terror.

"Dear lady, must you go? Cannot we by any means keep you here?"

"No: there is no staying here," said Dorothy, decidedly. "Yet methinks there may still be a way of escaping this imprisonment. Say not a word, Adah; but I must speak this very day to Christopher. Do not weep, child. Only be true to me, and all may yet be well."

CHAPTER X.

HOMELESS.

"But the breezes—what say they?—
Fled away! Fled away!"

Barry Cornwall.

THE nights were growing cooler, as August passed into September, and the heiress of Dering was glad to wrap her cloak tightly round her, as she hurried that evening along the Lady's Walk. It was time to escape, now that the terms of sur-

render were broken, and that she could only save herself from a Parliament prison by accepting Simon's offer. She must go to Oxford; she was sure, as she said to herself, to find friends there; true hearts who would find her shelter, and protect her with their own lives against her enemies. Mr. Corbet might recommend her to the Queen, of whom they had so often talked; her Majesty would be glad to protect a fugitive Royalist. All would be well, if only she could reach Oxford. Christopher agreed that she must go, though he did not know the condition on which she could stay. She would not hear of his attending her himself, and decided on having no one but her old groom, Jasper, who knew the roads well. So Christopher saw to the horses; Adah, with tearful eyes, packed the few little things that Dorothy would take with her; and that same Monday night, bidding her little Puritan friend farewell with an affectionate embrace, the maiden stole out from a garden door of her old home, and hurried away under the trees to that same north gate where she had parted with Henry Corbet, not a month before.

There were Christopher and Jasper and the horses, waiting in the same place. Old Lion had been tied up, for fear his voice might betray his mistress; they could hear him moaning dismally in the distance.

"Send me any tidings that come from your master, good Christopher," said Dorothy, holding out her hand to the faithful bailiff, who stooped and kissed it reverently. "Carry my greetings to Adah. I trust no harm will come to her, when this my escape is discovered."

"None, madam, I am sure. No one will touch a hair of her head."

"They must not. You know the road well, Jasper?"

"Ay, madam, I could find it with my eyes shut."

"Farewell then, Christopher. All will be well at last. Let us not forget our motto. And now we must go."

No time for any more lengthened farewell to the dear home; the moon would soon rise, and they must be safe away in the lanes. The next day, if anyone in-

quired for Dorothy, Adah was to say that she did not wish to be disturbed; thus they would gain a good start, and pursuit might happily come too late.

They rode briskly along, and were soon out in the lonely country, choosing the most unfrequented ways, where they were pretty sure to meet no one, especially at night. Rough stony paths up steep hill-sides, or along the edge of a rustling wood, or lanes sunk deep between fern-covered banks, and shadowed by arching trees. They were on high ground, perhaps three miles from Dering, when the moon rose red in the east, and just then coming out from a ferny lane, and crossing a little heath, which pushed itself boldly out between two woods, and commanded a wide southward view, Dorothy paused a moment, for from this place she could bid farewell to her old home. The rising light just caught the buildings at Dering; there was the church spire, pointing steadily to heaven in spite of all; there was the Hall beyond, and the dark trees standing up against the sky.

"'Tis the last sight we shall have of the old place," said Jasper, as he and his mistress both gazed across the shadowy landscape.

"Ah," said Dorothy, "till we return. You will be glad of that, Jasper."

"As to that, madam, if I had my way, I'd wait till those Roundhead fellows were cleared out. I've no wish to see the Hall again, as long as Lawyer Shipley gives his orders there! Well! things may turn round yet."

Dorothy sighed; she did not feel hopeful just then; but she sat gazing at the distant roofs, as if she could not tear herself away, and at last Jasper grew impatient.

"So please you, madam, it might be as well to ride on. Hard as it may be to leave Dering, 't would be harder still to be caught and taken back there by force."

"Right, Jasper," said Dorothy, as cheerily as she could, and patting her good horse's neck, she rode forward.

The trees, in the little wood through which they had to pass, soon shut out the last glimpse of Dering, and then, for the

first time, Dorothy felt herself really out in the wide world.

Most fortunately for them, the country they had to ride through was not just then occupied by soldiers; it was all quiet and rural; the tinkling of sheep-bells was the liveliest sound they heard; the harvest was over, and the leaves were beginning to be tinged with their autumn colouring. They rode on all that night, and early in the morning the rough track they had been pursuing brought them down into a quiet little valley, where a stream ran dancing over white chalky pebbles. Here they dismounted, ate some of the provisions they had brought with them, and turned the horses loose to graze on the fresh grass; then, as it was a warm bright morning, Dorothy lay down in her cloak under a tree, and slept for an hour, as peacefully as if she had been in her own room at Dering. When she woke, she wished Jasper, who had been watching her, to do the same, but he declared he was in no want of sleep, so he caught the horses, and they rode on again, following the course of the little stream.

The old man's knowledge of the country stood them in good stead: over wild commons, through intricate lanes, under the limestone and granite rocks which stood out here and there from the soil, he guided Dorothy and himself, with never-failing sagacity and care. They avoided villages and houses, which was not difficult, as the country was very thinly populated; and they never ventured on the high roads. The second night they rested a few hours in a deserted barn, and the next evening, as twilight was closing, they came in sight of a church and churchyard on a hill, standing quite alone, without a sign of any house near. As they passed under the brow of the hill, Dorothy looked longingly up at the church; it had a great deep porch, which seemed to invite them in.

"Jasper," she said, "that church is very lonely. Can you fasten the horses to the trees in yon little hollow, and let me rest up there in the porch?"

"Ay, madam; if you are not afraid of the spirits," said Jasper, in a low voice.

"No harm will come to me in the

church; it is the safest place," answered Dorothy.

"Then, if you will not fear to be left alone, I will e'en go on to a farm that I know of, and buy some bread."

"Oh, Jasper, is it safe? Should you shew yourself? Suppose they are Round-heads at this farm!"

"No, madam; they are honest; have no fear. We must have food, and there is not a better place to get it."

So the travellers parted. Jasper left the horses under a tree, and hurried on himself down the hill, while Dorothy slowly climbed the steep path, looking round at the grey sky and the grey distance; everything of an uniform tint, except the long western streak of gold, which shewed where the sun had gone to his rest. Before her there was the church with its long roof and square solid tower: all round were the graves of the people, and a soft west wind came lightly up, blowing the long grass before it, for the churchyard was not carefully kept. Dorothy passed into the porch, and sat down for a few minutes on one of the stone seats there. Then she got up suddenly, and tried the latch of the church door. She lifted it easily, pushed the door a little way open, and stepped into the church. It was almost dark, but there was light enough to see that no Puritan destroyers had been there; the echoes in those old aisles had been awaked by the howlings of no Master Flail. The altar, covered with a richly-embroidered cloth, stood in its right place; the white marble cross above it was just caught by the last gleam that fell through the west window; and all about there was rich carving in oak and stone, the work of old reverent days. Dorothy crept slowly up the church, starting at the sound of her own light footsteps on the pavement, stood a minute in the chancel, and then went on to the altar-step, and knelt down there. It was a month since she had been inside a church, or joined in any service; the deprivation had been painful to her, and she felt happy and safe once more as she knelt alone in that great empty chancel. There Jasper found her, half-an-hour later, when he came back from the farm; she was crouch-

ing in the same place, half asleep, resting her tired head against the cold stone wall. Surely, in that dark church, though she could not see them, there were angels watching round the fugitive child. Jasper found it difficult to rouse her, and was frightened; but as soon as she understood that he was come back, she rose and followed him to the porch, with slow steps and trembling limbs, for those many hours of fatigue and exposure were beginning to have their effect on her slight frame. She would not eat much, and insisted on going back into the church, and sleeping on the chancel floor. The moon had risen, and one of its rays fell on the gilded inscription round a tomb, and lighted up a name: "Heribricus Corbet." What was this? Dorothy trembled, and turned to Jasper, who had followed her into the church.

"Does this place belong to the house of Corbet?" she said.

"Not now, madam. They had land here, but 'twas some years ago to the Headingleys. Some of them may like enough have been buried here."

"Ah! Where will you sleep, Jasper?"

"In the porch, madam, so please you; that is, if you do not fear to be left here alone."

"I have no fear," said Dorothy. "I will lay me down in this corner, and sleep right peacefully."

Certainly the ghosts of Henry Corbet's ancestors would do his lady-love no harm; at any rate, she had no fear of them, but lay down upon her cloak, and slept sweetly and quietly, till the grey light of morning began to steal into the church, and Jasper came to tell her that they must ride on their way. So they left the place, after another hurried meal in the porch, and pursued their journey, leaving the wild commons and limestone hills behind them, and advancing into a more cultivated country as they drew nearer Oxford.

They had only four or five miles further to go, and it was noon: the sun was very hot, and the travellers and their horses were very tired. A little white farmhouse, shaded by trees, stood in a hollow near their road, and here Jasper proposed

to rest and refresh themselves, that they might ride on more cheerily to Oxford in the afternoon. Dorothy assented, and they turned down the stony path, past the green duck-pond, and on to the house door, from which a little old woman came out to receive them. Jasper knew her well, or he would not have trusted her.

“Any Roundheads about, mother?” was his first question.

“I’ve seen none,” said the old woman. “Bless us! and who be ye?”

“You know me. I’ve been this way before, and eaten of your bread, too,” answered Jasper. “This lady’s in trouble; she’s fleeing from her enemies, and going to her friends in Oxford. Will you give us an hour’s rest, and a morsel of food?”

“That I will. Come in, my pretty lamb: this rough work shouldn’t be for the likes of you;” and the old woman led the way into her kitchen.

Dorothy was almost too tired to answer her questions, or to do anything but sit still. Jasper soon came in, after fastening the horses into a shed, and giving them such hay as he could find.

“The crop-ears don’t come this way, then?” said he to the old woman, as he sat down to his bread and cheese, which Dorothy begged him to eat without thinking of her; she was not hungry, she said.

“Nay, they don’t strew their faces among honest folk hereabouts. We have some ranting fellows here sometimes, though. There be King’s men that have nought good about them but their cause.”

“Ay,” said Jasper. “Wild sparks, many of ‘em.”

“Marry! they’ll have what they want, or burn the house about your ears. And if my old ears tell true, there be hoofs clattering e’en now down the lane. We shall have ‘em here, sure cuow, and they’ll drink every drop o’ cider in the house.”

“Royalists as they are, my lady will be safer out of the way,” said Jasper, anxiously. “Is there no place where you can hide her, dame?”

“Come up hither with me, my lamb,” said the old woman to Dorothy, who rose and followed her up a kind of ladder, which led to a little room under the thatch. “They’ll ne’er find you here,” said their hostess, and without stopping to be thanked, she closed the door and descended, just as a number of clattering hoofs were coming down the dell.

Dorothy sat still in her shelter, and listened to the sounds below. From the little window in the roof she could see nothing but the waving tops of trees: downstairs there seemed to be a frightful confusion going on: such a stamping and thumping, and shouting of rough voices, and now and then loud bursts of laughter; but no one came to molest her in her hiding-place. Presently the noises all mingled together, like the sound of a rowing sea, and Dorothy, worn out with fatigue and excitement, fell asleep on the foot of the old woman’s low straw bed.

(To be continued.)

“EXCELSIOR.”

If thy life seems dull and dreary,
And thy path beset with care,
Raise thine eyes above to heaven,
All is bright and peaceful there.

If the sun has hid his splendour,
Far beneath his western home,
Firmly fix thy gaze the higher,
One by one the stars will come.

For as darker grows the landscape,
Brighter still the stars will shine;
And as earthly pleasures fail thee,
Thou wilt taste of joys divine.

When life’s little constant trials
Press upon thee day by day,
And a weary sense of failure
Tempts thee almost to give way;

Do not let thy fears unnerve thee;
Do not let thy courage fail;
Look beyond each cloud of trouble,
And thou surely shalt prevail.

Though our work on earth is given us,
Our reward is held above,
Purchased not with worldly motives,
But by faith and heavenly love.

Earthly hopes will disappoint us—
Not for earthly hopes we live—
We must take a higher standard
Than the World will ever give.

Onward! onward! ever onward!
Is the aim it would impart:
Upward! upward! ever upward!
Is the language of the heart.

NINA.

THE LAME MOUSE.

IN TWO PARTS.

PART I.

IT was an old house, very quaint and very pretty in its foliated framework of grand old trees. Beech Hall, the farmer called it from the fine old tree which grew before the door, and shook its blood-red leaves, like a princess's tresses, in the wind. Around the diamond windows the ivy grew, and white and red roses nodded against the glass when the wind breathed softly, and threw kisses to the children, night and morning, when they knelt to pray.

The farmer's barn was farther on, amid the trees. It had been full of golden grain, but was empty now, for summer had come, and it was cleared for the coming harvest. The floor was clean and polished. Above, in the roof, the beams were dark and dusty, and it was only when the sun shone in that one could see that they were hung with curtains of silk and gold. The farmer said, "Hem, what a lot of cobwebs;" but the little mice, who sometimes saw them in the sunlight, were not convinced for all the farmer said.

Some of those little mice made the barn their banqueting-hall and council-chamber, and many a merry night did they pass there. They loved it, and their love made them think it fit for a king. 'Tis true, they had never seen a king: he might have been as big and as fine as Master Tom, the farmer's cat, for what they knew; but then, mice have their thoughts, their laughter, and their tears, and Master Tom, who slept upon the big red rug before the kitchen fire, was something to wonder at and to fear.

One night, when the farmer and his big sons were gone to bed, and all was calm and still, four of those little mice came from their holes to hold high carnival within the barn. The moon was high in the heaven without, and the stars were gazing down with a tremor of delight upon the sleeping flowers. The pale light

crept in through the openings in the shutters, and made lines of silver light upon the floor.

"A merry night to us all," said the first which came. He was a very handsome mouse, very dark, with long silken whiskers, and a noble tail. "A merry night to us all," he repeated, and sat him down with the grace and dignity which became his rank and beauty. It needed only a glance to tell that he was President of the Council, and a mouse of some repute.

Master Mottle and Master Grey, two dapper mice, smiled, bowed their heads, and sat down too. The fourth was Master Brown, a delicate and refined mouse, and one which, though young, had seen something of the world. He lay on his breast in the moonlight, and from the heaving of his little bosom seemed in pain.

"I am glad to meet you all again," said the President, "and trust you are all well. But why so sad, Master Brown? Body or mind, aye? Not wise, my young friend, not wise to lie there in the moonlight, and to turn your face from your friends. Remember Master Tom. Don't seek danger, though meet it bravely when it comes. You must be equal to your gifts and reputation. What say you, my friends?"

"Yes," said the other two.

"Reputation! I've lost mine," said Master Brown, with a sigh.

"Lost it? It cannot be," said the President.

"No," answered the other two.

"'Tis too true," and he lifted his head and turned his face towards them with a cry of pain.

They started to their feet, thinking that Master Tom had come. But no, Master Tom was far away and fast asleep on the big red rug, and they sat down again.

"I am wounded," he continued, "and am so ill. I thought to come to-night with a noble tale of daring and success, but I am here to tell of pain and disgrace. Early to-night I crept to the larder over the way

to do something noble, and to get something good. I went to the larder as softly as I could, and there, right beneath the window, was a grand new cheese. 'Oh,' I thought, 'won't they envy me to-night'; and I crept on, with the vision of your disappointed looks and watering mouths, and the grand new cheese dancing before my eyes. I think it made me dizzy, for in a moment after there was 'click,' and a sharp pain went through me, many times worse than the sharpest thorn. I left the cheese, and got away at once, disappointed and disgraced for life. This is the witness," and he held his right fore leg up into the moonlight. It was red with blood, and without the foot.

"Sad, very sad, and most disappointing too," said the President, nodding to the other two. "We might be envious of something more praiseworthy, but not of such a leg as yours."

"No," said the other two, nodding back again, and looking with half a smile and half a shudder at their right fore legs.

"Oh that tears and shame could bring it back again," sighed the poor lame mouse.

The others smiled, and rubbed their faces with their feet to hide it, for they were glad to see him dishonoured, even at so great a cost, but had not courage to say it out.

"Prudence is better than cunning, and repentance cannot recall lost honour, nor lost feet," the President said, with a sneer. So cruel can even a mouse become over a rival's fall.

"Prudence is better than cunning," was echoed from behind the farmer's flail. "I thought to find you here," the new comer

said. He was a most beautiful mouse, pure white, with bright red eyes. Around his neck there hung a golden cord, forming a loop upon his breast, and crossed with the finest hair—a harp, strung with silver strings, it seemed, and on his brow there shone a lovely star. He carried with him a curious bag, woven of the finest hair, and dyed a blood-red colour.

"Here is a gift for each," he said. "It must be watched with care, and be kept warm whilst you have it. It must be carried to —"

"I'll carry it," said the President, eagerly, without knowing its destination.

"And I,"

"And I," said the other two.

Upon his bleeding leg the lame mouse dropt a tear.

"Whither?"

The three were silent; they had thought only of the gifts.

"There is one for each," the stranger said; and opening his mysterious bag he took therefrom four opals, strung on cords of gold. "Each a dewdrop crystallized, and within a ray of light. The warmer you keep them the more beautiful they are, for then the light shines through, and makes them beautiful, as you see them now. Carry each to the hill beyond the pine wood, where the clouds hang all day, and it will burst into a flame and become a star." And placing one around the neck of each, he disappeared.

"How beautiful!" exclaimed the three.

The lame mouse dropt a warm tear on his, and hid it in his breast.

"Harness the horses, boys." It was the farmer returning to his labour. They knew it, and crept away.

(To be continued.)

THE WAYSIDE INN.

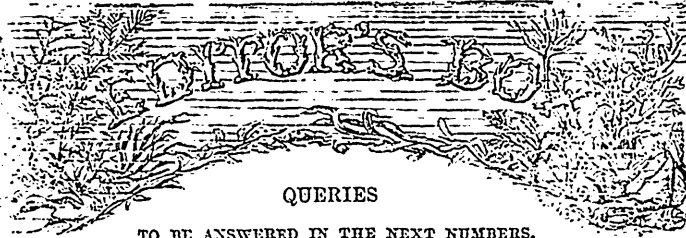
Linger not at the wayside inn,
Though pleasant its rest may seem;
Temptations and trials are hid within,
And pleasures of which we dream;
But oh! beware that ye do not sink,
Ye are wandering close to sin's dangerous
brink.

Be not deceived by its dainty joys,
Lest, knowing thy weakened state,
The tempter should picture dread sin's alloys
In colours that have no weight;

Beware! weak one, that ye do not fall
Beneath the stones of death's gloomy wall.

Be strong, and battle with fearful strife,
Look onwards towards the "end:"
Consider the joys of eternal life,
And the voices which soon will blend
In the joyful song which the angels sing,
"All glory to Thee, our Almighty King."

EVA LÆTITIA (LÆTITIA.)



QUERIES

TO BE ANSWERED IN THE NEXT NUMBERS.

PRAYER-BOOK PHRASEOLOGY.

24.—Are the "devotions" in the Post-offertory Rubric gifts *de voto*, and is this the proper channel and encouragement of their outflow—thus purified from a heathen and a Roman superstition? M.

HOODS.

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

INSTITUTION FOR THE INSANE.

26.—Can you tell me of any institution into which, for a small payment, a poor girl could be received and taught, who is slightly, and only slightly, weak in intellect, and who from want of proper training is unable to earn her own living? She is nineteen years old, but in appearance and manners much younger, and is quiet and tractable. B. A. B. W.

PORTRAIT OF S. EDMUND OF CANTERBURY.

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

THE LITANY.

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

THE AUGSBURG CONFESSION.

29.—Can any of your readers give me a terse and accurate account of the Augsburg Confession, together with the circumstances under which it was drawn up and set forth. WALTER W. ELLYS.

REPLIES

TO QUERIES IN PREVIOUS NUMBERS.

BARREL ORGANS.

11.—Can any readers of the PENNY POST inform me of Barrel Organs, which, on Jan. 1, 1873, were in active use in any churches throughout the land,—dissenting places of worship of course excepted? S. K. B.

I beg to inform S. K. B. that a barrel organ is still in constant use in the parish church of Tasley, near Bridgenorth, Shropshire. GERARD A. WARD.

A barrel organ is now in use in the church of S. Mary, Hoo, Kent. E. C. W.

ABSENCE OF SPONSORS.

12.—Can you, or any of your readers, inform me if a parish priest is justified in refusing to baptize the children of those parents who object to sponsors; the parents themselves being willing to act in that capacity for their children? ALPHA.

One of the canons of 1604 forbids parents to act as sponsors to their own children. F. S.

ST. HERMES.

13.—There is a church near Truro "dedicated to the blessed Martyr Saint Hermes, who was beheaded at Rome on the 28th day of August, in the year of our Lord 132." What other churches in England are dedicated to the same saint, and what is known of his history? ST. E.

* The Roman Martyrology says that S. Hermes was "an illustrious man, who (as is recorded in the Acts of the blessed Pope Alexander), after confinement in prison, suffered martyrdom with several companions by means of the sword, Aurelian being judge." His martyrdom took place in the Fourth Persecution, under the Emperor Hadrian. Butler states that his tomb on the Salarian Way was ornamented by Pope Pelagius II. (578-590.) This S. Hermes must not be confused with S. Hermas, the celebrated author of "The Shepherd," who is mentioned by S. Paul. A. B. C.

FORMS FOR DEDICATION OF CHURCHYARDS.

15.—*Can you inform me where and how I can obtain a collection of Forms of Prayer, now in use, for the dedication of churchyards?*
W. P. C.

In answer to W. P. C.'s query in this month's number of the PENNY POST, I beg to say that in 1871 I was present at the consecration of additional burial-ground by the Bishop of Exeter, and the Form of Prayer then used was printed by W. Roberts, Broad Gate, Exeter.
W. W.

ANCIENT CRUCIFIXES.

16.—*At Rochester Cathedral and Bathampton Church, Somersetshire, there are ancient sculptured Crucifixes remaining—can your readers supply me with other examples?*
RHODA.

In the parish church (S. John Baptist), Wellington, Somerset, in the centre mullion of a chantry chapel adjoining the south aisle, is carved a very singular crucifix. The cross is budding into five lilies, symbolical of the life in death, and the purity imparted through the same. The buds are five, representing the five wounds. Below the feet is a pedestal crushing a grotesque head, which may signify Christ's victory over sin.

ALICE M. K.

In reply to RHODA, there is an ancient crucifix over the south porch of Stogumber Church, Somerset, and another on the inside of the old gateway of Cleve Abbey, Somerset.
JAMES E. VERNON.

In reply to RHODA, I beg to state that there is an ancient crucifix on the exterior of the north aisle of Seand Church, Wilts.
A. H. W.

There are stone crosses in the form of crucifixes on the eastern gables of the churches at Great Cressingham and Watton, Norfolk. The latter was originally on the gable of the porch. It was figured, I think, in one of the editions of the "Glossary of Architecture." The former is a double crucifix; i.e. the figure is sculptured on both the eastern and western sides of the cross.
C. J. E.

MORE THAN ONE ALTAR IN A CHURCH.

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

In Ely Cathedral, besides the high altar in the choir, there is an ancient stone altar, with its five crosses, in Bishop Alcock's Chapel, at the east end of the south aisle. In Norwich Cathedral there are altars in Jesus Chapel and S. Luke's Chapel, on the north and south sides of the apse. S. Luke's Chapel is the parish church of the precinct. The altar in Jesus Chapel consists of the original massive Norman slab, which was found beneath the floor a short time since, and is now placed on stone pillars in its original position.
C. J. E.

In Higham Church, near Gravesend, Kent, which has been restored, besides the altar in the usual position at the east end, there is in the north aisle a raised altar-tomb, upon which is the old altar slab with the five crosses upon it. Also at Dorchester Abbey Church, Oxon, besides the altar at the east end, there is a modern altar in the south chapel (used for daily prayer), and on the wall at the back of the altar, a very curious old fresco of our Lord upon the cross.

ROWLAND SMITH.

In answer to M. D.'s query concerning two altars in a church, I beg to say there are two in the church of S. John the Baptist, Bathwick, Bath. The old altar remaining in the old part of the church, while there is a new altar in the new chancel. The latter is used for Sundays, festivals, and octaves. I should think when once an altar has been erected, it ought never to be removed.

S. B. ROMAINE

Romsey Abbey, Hants.
S. Cross, Hants.
Hereford Cathedral.
Bangor Cathedral.

In the following there is a second altar, but ancient, of stone, wholly neglected, and therefore not strictly within the limits propounded:—

Arundel, Sussex.
Christ Church, Hants.
Peterchurch, Herefordshire.
Grantham, Lincolnshire.
Solihull, Warwickshire.
Dunster, Somerset.
Patricio, Brecknockshire.

W. D. S.

I beg to say that there are two altars in Fyfield Church, Berks, which has lately been restored. The one in the Lady Chapel is decorated with a cross and vases of flowers, and service is held there on ordinary days; but in the chancel on Sundays, festivals, and evens. This is the only case I know of an Anglican church having two altars.

E. H. A.

OBSCURE QUOTATION.

18.—*Can any reader of the PENNY POST tell me the author of the following lines, which appeared in the April number, and where I may find the entire poem?*—

"I knelt before mine Holy One
In springtide's early days,
I worshipped there, the very air
Was tremulous with praise;
The song of birds was in the land,
The wind was cool and sweet,
I carried lilies in my hand,
And laid them at His feet.
Then in that morning light He smiled,
As thus He spake to me;
'Lo, as the lily among thorns
Must My beloved be!"

LOUISE.

A. N. P. informs LOUISE that the verses about which she enquires are to be found in a small book, called "Psalms of Life," by Sarah Doudney.

ORGANS.

22.—*Can your readers tell me when, and where, Organs are first mentioned as used for the music of the Church; also, when they were introduced into England?* A. B.

The organ originated in one of the oldest instruments, viz. the simple *pipe*, invented, as we read in the Scripture narrative, by Jubal, the son of Lamech. From this single one it has gradually extended to those large and splendid instruments made at the present time. In ancient times the organs were called "portatives," i.e. capable of being carried about, in distinction from the "positives," or fixed ones. Many centuries elapsed before this instrument was introduced into churches. I am happy to say that England was the first country where this was done, in the year A.D. 640. On the continent, Pope Vitalian I. introduced it into his churches to improve the singing of the congregation. This circumstance happened about the year 670 A.D. As years rolled away they became more common and better known. In 756, the Emperor of Byzantium, Constantine VI. (sometimes called Copronymus), presented a large organ of lead-pipes to Pepin, King of the Franks, successor of Childeric III. This was placed in the church of S. Corneille, at Compiègne. Ancient historians say that in Germany these instruments were very common in the reign of the emperor Charles the Great, who erected in 812 one at Aix-la-Chapelle. Tradition states this to have been the first one that acted without the use of water, for hitherto they were influenced by it. At the end of the tenth century Germany could boast of a great number. All the vast improvements

which finally led to the construction of such organs as were exhibited in the beginning of the seventeenth century, were made during the interval of 1270—1520. About the thirteenth century, in the Greek and Latin Churches the clergy deemed the use of organs in divine service as "profane" and "scandalous." However they may have felt there, we know that in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries these invaluable instruments were universally adopted, and great care was taken, and money spent, to improve their external as well as internal appearances, especially the former, by ornamenting them with statues, foliage, and figures of animals. Such is a brief history and origin of organs, which have in our age arrived at the highest state of perfection.

J. T. W. CLARIDGE (Birmingham).

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS,
AND REPLIES.

RECEIVED WITH THANKS.—A. A. W.—GILBERT (too late; ought to have reached us two months ago).—H. S. PURDON, M.D.—A. R. B.—J. A. R.—A. E.—SOPHIE ETHEL.—C. J. FULLER.—J. T. W. C.—G. A. W.—E. C. W.—D. WHIPWELL.

DECLINED WITH THANKS.—G. HANSELL (we do not).—M. H. C.—M. C. C. (Hillingdon).—SISTER FRANCES (it will not be found easy to improve on the received translation).—M. J. KENNEDY (MS. at publishers).—GARMUD.—J. M.—C. M. B.—E. W. W.

UNDER CONSIDERATION.—Ellen Davis: a Tale.—M. F. D.

For the information of a correspondent who asks, Is it correct "that the feasts of the Assumption of the B. V. M. (August 15), and All Souls (November 2), are still retained in the Calendar of the Church of England?" will you allow me to quote from the Bishop of Brechin ("Explanation of the XXXIX. Articles"), as follows:—"The Feasts of Corpus Christi, the Assumption, the Commemoration of All Souls . . . could up to 1832 claim the quasi recognition of the Anglican Church, since they were always inserted in the almanacks issued by the Stationers' Company, which, until that date, possessed such ecclesiastical sanction as could be imparted to them by the formal imprimatur of the Archbishop of Canterbury." Adding, the "Feasts of S. Thomas of Canterbury, S. Joseph, the Guardian Angels, and the Commemoration of S. Paul," he says, "although the observance of these days is not explicitly ordered by the English Church, yet they are of . . . universal observance in Western Christendom, and are . . . frequently commemorated by pious persons

and religious communities among us, by way of special or private devotion. . . . It should not be forgotten that almost all the less ancient Festivals of the Church (e.g. Trinity Sunday, Corpus Christi, &c.) took their origin from private or local devotion, and afterwards gradually obtained public and general sanction." ALPHEGE.

M. C. B. S.—The question you enquire about concerns the clergy; leave the matter with them.

S. F.—Apply to the Secretary of the Society for the Maintenance of the Faith, Soho-square, London, W.C.

AGATHA.—There are more Agathas than one in the world: hence the mistake. Westminster Abbey is dedicated in honour of St. Peter.

A. P.—We cannot read your name, and therefore cannot privately answer your query.

ETHEL.—(1.) Apply to a bookseller. (2.)

Batty's Sunday Friend Stories.

J. H. D.—There are so few. Make a list and send it to us, and then we can determine the point.

As MARAH gave neither name nor address, the Editor is not able to see how he could have replied privately.

E. A. H.—Declined. We are quite full.

CAMBRIDGE.—We cannot. Apply to those who row in it. We do not row ourselves, nor do we attend the race.

BESSIE.—Because they are both Saints of the Catholic Church.

AUGUSTINE.—A very ridiculous question. Possibly because they have a large family.

CATHOLICUS JUVENIS.—Read Wilberforce "On the Holy Eucharist."

LLANDAFF.—Write to the authorities of it.

F. W. W.—We cannot. See Parker's "Calendar of the Prayer-book."

H. S.—Apply for our publishers' list of such works.

E. T. R.—You have our full permission to do so.

W. P. H.—Guildhall is literally the hall or meeting-place of a guild.

ALICE W.—"Orthodoxy Sunday" is the Oriental style for the First Sunday in Lent, when the overthrow and discomfiture of the Iconoclasts or image-breakers is commemorated.

PAULINUS.—The title of "Eminence" is given to certain Eastern bishops, and also to Cardinals, which latter received it about 1630.

SEVERAL communications remain unacknowledged, and some Queries are pressed out for want of space.

WITH every sentiment of respect for Mr. M. Ingloby, I must, nevertheless, decline to gratify his desire to see the old MS. in question: in fact, I could not do so without

establishing a precedent which would entitle every other person in the kingdom to see this MS. who "much desired" to do so; and this, I need hardly say, might prove a troublesome act of complaisance to me. For the rest, I am content to follow the footsteps of Mr. Pope, and the common rules of grammar. In reply to your other correspondent, H. W. L., I will merely remark that he has both the power and the right "to paint with delight," if he so pleases; but this has nothing to do with the matter in hand. The question is, Do flowers take a delight in painting? Do "Daisies pied and violets blue," &c., "paint with delight?" and does "the cuckoo sing on every tree" during this delightful process? I am as willing as any one to admit the claim of poetical licence, but I think it uncalled for in this instance; nor am I the first person who has held that opinion. PHLOX.

SIR,—The following extract from *Dictionnaire Encyclopédique des Sciences Médicales* may interest some of your readers; however, I would first remark that the office of priest-physician, or of monks trained as physicians, was continued through mediæval times, till Henry VIII. laid hands on the abbays, &c., and deprived the land of all medical relief for the poor. Priests were forbidden to practise surgery, as it involved the shedding of blood, but they were always allowed to practise physic, when it was not done for gain. M. D.

"Among the number of fortunate ones whose names the Church inscribes upon its tablets in letters of gold, there have been several who have made medicine their favourite study and the object of their saintly ministry, and who have been honoured by physicians everywhere.

"The following is the catalogue of these beatified physicians, ranged according to the months and days consecrated to their memories:—

"January 31. *Saint Cyrus*.—Celebrated for his services in taking care of the sick poor, whom he followed to the tomb, and then exercised the same care over their remains. He is represented as curing divers maladies, not so much by medical prescriptions as by miracles from above, *Aggritudines corporis varias non, ut antea prescriptionibus medicis, sed virtute divina editis miraculis curabat.*" He was decapitated at Alexandria under Diocletian (284—305). His office was thereupon changed to a temple, where crowds thronged to implore his intercession for the cure of their infirmities.

"February 3. *Saint Blaise*.—Bishop of Sebaste in Armenia, under Diocletian. He

was martyred in 316, by order of Agricola, governor of Cappadocia. His murderers tore his sides with iron combs. It was for this reason that the comb-makers chose him as their Patron Saint.

"February 6. *Saint Julian*.—Martyred by the emperor Maximian about 236.

"Feb. 26. *Saint Cæsarius*.—He was senator of Byzantium and brother of St. Gregory of Nazianzen. So great was his reputation, that the inhabitants of Byzantium offered him, but in vain, the highest public offices, a marriage with a lady of noble blood, and the senatorial dignity. The period of his death is not stated. It was probably from natural cause.

"Feb. 29. *Saint Denis*, deacon.—He was persecuted in 410 by Alarie, King of the Goths. A long epitaph written upon his tomb commences with these two lines:—

"*Hic Levita jacet Dionysias artis honestæ
Functus et officio quod medicina dedit.*"

"March 10. *Saint Quadratus*, of Corinth.—He was martyred in this city, with other worshippers of Christ, under Decius and Valerianus (249—266) and under Judge Jason.

"March 15. *Saint Joachim*.—He was of Japon, and was killed in May, 1613.

"April 13. *Saint Pappus*.—Crucified at Pergamus in the year 164 under Emperor Commodus, with his sister Agathonice.

"May 3. *Saint Juvencal*, bishop of Narnia.—Pope St. Damasus (366) canonised him in retiring him to a monastery, of which he was the zealous and assiduous physician.

"May 6. *Saint John Damascen*.—Died in 1754. He is said to have written several medical works.

"May 20. *Saint Bernardin*.—Issue of one of the most illustrious families of Sienna. Born in 1380, died in 1444. He consecrated himself to the service of the sick, to whom he shewed entire devotion during the pestilence which desolated Sienna in 1400. Saint Bernardin has left several spiritual works, which were published in 1591.

"June 2. *Saint Alexander*.—Phrygian practitioner of medicine. He was delivered over to wild beasts at Lyons by order of Marc. Aurel. Antoninus (161—180).

"June 13. *Saint Basil the Great*.—Father of the Greek Church. Born in Cesarium in 329, died in Cappadocia in 379.

"June 16. *Saint Sanctus*, physician under Antoninus. He was put to death by order of a certain governor named Sebastian, who subjected him to the most horrible tortures.

"June 19. *Saint Ursicin*.—He was a Ligurian, and suffered martyrdom under Judge Paulin under the persecutions of Nero. (54—68.) One miracle took place after his head was cut off: "Statis, ac si viveret, surrexit et utraque manu caput suum a terra elevans, in eum locum ubi postea humandum fuerat, detulit."

"June 29. *Saint Samson*.—He first practised medicine at Rome, then, having been consecrated a priest, he gave his whole attention to the unfortunates in the hospital at Constantinople. Saint Samson lived under Justinian, whom he once cured of a grave disease. He made a speciality of desperate diseases. "Morbos curans ab aliis deploratos." It is said that shortly after his death, his tomb exuded a fluid which was of great value in the cure of diseases.

"July 15. *Saint Antioche*, physician of Sebastian. He had his head cut off by order of Judge Adrien. But the decapitated body discharged milk instead of blood, a circumstance which so profoundly impressed his executioner that he immediately became a Christian himself, and was in turn put to death.

"July 17. *Saint Pantelëon*, highly honoured by the Greeks. He suffered martyrdom under Nicodemus in 303, and was dragged at the tail of a horse. This was caused by jealousy of his confrères, who denounced him and destroyed him. They could not pardon him for having set the slaves free and for curing all diseases.

"July 23. *Saints Ravenna and Rasplais*.—They were brothers, Britons, and were martyred at Sez.

"August 16. *Saint Diomed*.—The emperor Diocletian cut his head off at Nicée in Bithynia.

"August 17. *Saint Philip*.—He was of Florence, practised medicine in Paris, and died in 1285.

"August 20. *Saint Leonstius and Carpoporus*.—They were killed in Arabia under Diocletian.

"August 25. *Saint Gennadius*.—A very skilful physician.

"September 27. *Saints Cosmo and Damian*.—"Sacris litteris eruditi, artis medicinæ clarissimi." They were martyred under Diocletian, towards the end of the third century. It is well known that in the thirteenth century a society of surgeons, under the protection of these two saints, was called the society of St. Cosmo.

"September 27. *Saint Eusebius*.—He lived under the emperor Maximin. His end is not known.

"October 18. *Saint Luke the Evangelist*.—This is the great Patron Saint of the Faculty of Medicine of Paris, the 'patron des médecins orthodoxes,' as it was said. He was of Antioch, accompanied St. Paul into Macedonia, went preaching alone to Corinth, and was put to death in Achaia at the age of eighty-four, about the year 60.

"October 29. *Saint Zenobius*.—"Medicinæ preceptis optimo imbutus." He was decapitated with his sister Zenobia under the emperor Diocletian.

"November 2. *Saint Theodotus*, of Laodicea in Syria, 'Medicus et episcopus.'

"November 19. *Saint Orestes*, of Cappadocia.—He was martyred under Diocletian, and so rooted was he in the faith, that while dying he traced the name of Jesus with the blood that flowed from his wounds.

"December 5. *Saint Emilien*.—Was crucified on the soil of Africa under King Adrian Hunnericus."

tion Bishops and people claimed equal right with the Pope to govern church affairs; no new Church was formed; but a true branch of the Catholic Body was freed from a domination which its members were not willing any longer to allow. Usages of worship were then decreed; Holy days were lessened, and only those retained which have reference to our Lord, His Blessed mother, Angelic ministrations, and the Church herself in the Festival of All Saints; Sunday the week's first day had been appointed in the earliest time of the Christian dispensation; the Apostles, having all power given unto them, gave up the Jewish Sabbath; and their successors the Bishops used their transmitted authority in appointing such other holy seasons as we in these late days enjoy the privilege of with large profit. The rulers of the British branch of the Catholic Church, acting on her rights, by the Spirit of wisdom, chose out from a mass of presumed valuables, what is acknowledged by all even those who are termed Dissenters, as well as ourselves, the treasure of the Divine Word; and we recognize the right of those to whom such wisdom was given, to appoint days for holy observance; and in consequence attend to our religious duties, profitably we trust, as these come round. We may not appoint other days and omit notice of these; as dutiful children of our Lord and His Spouse, we discern the voice of the Spirit in the command given us to observe the days and seasons commemorative of events connected with the accomplishment of the world's salvation; and believe that a special blessing comes through due attention to the Fasts and Festivals of the Christian year.

THE MONTH IN PROSPECT, JUNE.

1st. Whit Sunday.—This glorious festival, commemorating the descent of the Holy Ghost with miraculous manifestations, cannot be regarded with indifference by any Churchman. The event to which it has reference was not an isolated one; a continuous flow of richest blessings upon the Church has been experienced in all ages since the Apostolic period; and we, if faithful, and found assembling for the breaking of bread, will receive outpourings of grace, making our works to shine as the sun, and our speech to distil as the dew, to the glory and praise of Him who hath redeemed, called and sanctified us. Three days are appointed for special consideration of the marvellous gift of the Holy Ghost. The congregation of St. Luke's have abundant aids to contemplation in daily morning and evening prayer, and we trust the Whitsun week will see a large number in attendance on the appropriate services.

8th. Trinity Sunday.—This great Festival, that which comes latest of the High Festivals in the Christian Year, is the fitting termination of the exercises we have been called to by our mother the Church. Year after year are we informed of our pedigree, relationships, and expectations as Christians; we wait like children by her side, and listen to her utterances as she in winning and guiding counsel and instruction tells us things to which humanity would be a stranger without her teaching. Blest we, who can with right intelligence, and with hearts warmed by grateful love, contemplate the Godhead in all the infinity of Perfections employed in and with us, accomplishing our salvation, and making us one with Divin-

ity through the relationship we acquire in Jesus, and the indwelling of the Holy Ghost. God our Father,—Jesus our Redeemer,—and the Blessed Spirit our Sanctifier, are all seen as engaged to bring us heavenward, the heirs of glory. We are filled with wonder and awe as we contemplate these things, and are moved to cry out, and echo the words of the wondrous beings which are ever before the Throne of God in Heaven, “Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty, which was, and is, and is to come;” and to speak in grateful joy of

‘God in Three Persons, Blessed Trinity.’

11th. *St. Barnabas the Apostle.*—In the days of old style the 11th of June was the longest day in the year—hence an ancient rhyme:

“Barnaby bright,
The longest day and the shortest night.”

St. Barnabas was of the tribe of Levi, and of a family that settled in Cyprus. His parents, finding him of a promising disposition, placed him in one of the schools at Jerusalem, under the tuition of Gamaliel, St. Paul's master; an incident which, as Fleetwood writes, in all probability, laid the foundation for that intimacy which afterwards subsisted between these two eminent servants of the Blessed Jesus. St. Paul, three years after his conversion, coming to Jerusalem, sought St. Barnabas, who introduced him to the Brethren, and gave them assurance of his conversion and Apostleship. Mails and newspapers were not then as now. These two Apostles afterwards travelled and laboured together. Separating after some time, Barnabas and Mark with him went to Cyprus, where certain Jews fell upon him as he was disputing in the synagogue, and dragged him out and stoned him to death.

24th. *Nativity of St. John the*

Baptist.—Many superstitions were connected with the observance of this Festival in olden time, but with these we have nothing to do. Men in their ignorance are ever prone to absurdities in religious observances. We know that the study of Biography is among the best means of instructing youth; “the proper study of mankind is man;” and the Christian can best and most easily perfect himself by contemplation of those holy men and women, whose lives are recorded in scripture for our examples. St. John's Nativity is an event which has ever been joyfully commemorated; “Come ye thankful people come,” and join in the Church's thanksgiving for the dawning of the pure day of the reign of Christ, which was heralded by St. John, whom our Lord pronounced to be “a burning and shining light.”

29th. *St. Peter's day.*—This most conspicuous Apostle is well known to all readers of the New Testament. His faults and failings, as well as the courage and zeal manifested in his later days, are fully recorded; the former of which we may learn to avoid and the latter to imitate. There is much to meditate upon in his character and doings, and we cannot fail to profit if we devoutly contemplate his labours, sayings and doings, from the time of his employment as a fisherman of Galilee to the end of his earthly course. His life was too full of incidents to allow of more than the bare reference to them at this time. The Church invites our contemplation of this Great Apostle, and has selected readings and prepared petitions for her children calculated to awaken in them caution respecting such shortcomings as he evinced, and desire for the great gifts which he in his later days was the possessor of. We may help ourselves towards perfection by

devout observance of the Festival of St. Peter. The events of his life would serve for profitable employment of the mind for many days. Our "spiritual Pastors" will be waiting for us in our Holy House; let us not fail to be with them there, on this and other days when the Church appoints special service.

The Church appoints two special Fasts in June, by which it is intended to prepare the souls of her children for profitable exercises when devout contemplation of saintly lives is to occupy their hours. The eves of the Nativity of St. John the Baptist and of St. Peter's day are thus appointed, that those who are thus desiring to "work out their own salvation with fear and trembling," may in unity of spirit effectually subdue and drive away all hindrances to communion with the Blessed Saints, who having borne good testimony and suffered, have entered into rest. *

THE MAY MEETING OF ST. LUKE'S CHURCH ASSOCIATION was not without interest and useful work. The venerable President was there, giving encouragement to those who have united for Church Work in the Parish. Accounts were read and ordered to be paid, and among these was one for tuition of a promising lad whom the Association is pleased to help forward towards the Ministry. Testimonials concerning him thus far are satisfactory.

The President gives now encouraging expression concerning the long contemplated Church in the Fields, that it may soon be put forward as a work for the Association. Its importance becomes more and more apparent as days and years increase, and

habitations multiply in the neighbourhood where it is contemplated to make the erection. We trust that ere long, the Association will show an increase of usefulness through the members finding more opportunity for such work as they can give help and attention to under the direction of the clergy. Meanwhile it is necessary to obtain increase of members, that work may not be checked for want of suitable men and sufficiency of money to bring good projects to successful issues. *

RITUAL.

The craving for expression is natural to those who feel on any subject; and speech is not found all sufficient for this purpose. We have heard of people termed New Lights, whose doings when excited, might well be considered ludicrous. The sect known as Shakers have what appear to us as strange usages of worship; and those termed Methodists have at times been very demonstrative, and have been prone to define the public services of our Church as cold, formal, and wholly ineffective for producing earnest piety. These and others have had their own rapturous or sad modes of expression; which in each age and country are found to vary; and in different grades of society are different usages to be found in the same country. Among a rude people loud utterance in prayer is effective for excitement; the more cultivated dislike this. What is termed the Blacksmith Preacher suits in some conditions of society.

The manner of performing public worship can never suit everybody, whatever the form may be. Well bred people who have learned pro-

priety of behaviour, will never be uproarious, but will express themselves fully by decorous modes; in their religious performances they will have regard to order and rule; and as society changes there must and will be found changing modes of public worship. The Church music of the last century would not please the people now; nor would the Duet of the parson and clerk, which was practised in our public services. The people now want their voices to be heard, and hymns with ardent expression take the place of the staid Psalm version of Brady and Tate. In our houses we are more decorative, and in the Church also. There is an endeavor to make appearances express the feeling that moves the heart, and cause instrumental sound to utter gladness or grief as occasion may require. Wisdom is necessary for guidance in such matters, that what is fitted for the age may be adopted, and good results obtained. Ritual there must be; what is best is for our Rectors to decide, after due consideration with regard to the welfare of those who look to them for example and guidance. *

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The payment of dues through the offertory is recommended, and we are pleased to notice that there is a growing tendency towards this mode of contributing towards support of the Church. It appears unseemly for those who understand their privileges as members of the Catholic and Apostolic Church, to regard her claims on their purse as like to the demands made by the Butcher and Baker, and wait to receive quarterly bills for that which should be the prompt offering of a free and grateful spirit. In the ordinary business of life people wait

to receive value before they tender compensation, but in their dealings with their Lord for support of His House and Ministering Servants, they may be expected to have confidence sufficient to pay at such times as will serve to make the work of providing ministrations and attendant comforts an easy matter for Wardens and others, who without pecuniary reward, labour for their benefit and the good of the Church. It is certainly something incomprehensible to find as we sometimes do, those who profess to appreciate the public services of the Church, determinedly reserving their quarterly contributions until they have got to the last week or beyond it, and regarding the claim as an uncalled for exaction. "The Lord loveth a cheerful giver." *

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MARRIAGE.

Our faithful and much loved Curate has gone into matrimony. One who has so often declared to others the duties of married persons cannot be deficient in knowledge of the duties of the connubial state, and we have no doubt he will prove a good husband. As our spiritual helper we all have occasion to esteem and love him; and we pray that all good qualities may increase and grow in him through the loving aid and wise counsel of a wife.

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BAPTISMS.

Frances Guy,
Hannah Cox,
Florence Sarah Thorne,
Alva Bertram DeMill,
Georgina Anderson,
Harry Clifford Stevens.