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June,

1873

St. Luke's Parish Post.

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

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THE MONTH IN PROSPECT,
JULY.

After the reform in the Calendar by Julius Cæsar, this the seventh month of the year, in which he was born, was in honor of him called July.

The only Festival to be observed in this month besides the Sundays is that of St. James the Apostle which occurs on the 25th. We find this Saint to have been of high repute among the Brethren in his day; he was appointed to preside in the Apostolic Convocations, and gave his decisions as supreme arbiter in words that reveal his right so to do. The Fast preceding this and some other Festivals is important, as the pleasure of a holy feast is ever enhanced by our being prepared for it by self-denial and restraint of our natural appetites, whereby we raise to greater spirituality. St. James was beheaded by order of the Tetrarch Herod.

For information of our young readers, who no doubt puzzle themselves over the Calendar as it stands on the first pages of our Prayer Book, we give the following particulars of what are termed the

BLACK LETTER DAYS,

occurring in the month of July.

In this restless and distracted age, when things which at all times, every where, and by all Christians, have been accepted and believed, are subjected to change and threatened with revision, it is somewhat strange that the Calendar of the Church is left undisturbed, and some of the most doubtful names and ridiculous legends have been preserved, even although they have no real significance, do nothing for edification, and scarcely serve the purpose of amusement. Of such is the *Visitation of the Blessed Virgin Mary*, as it stands on the 2nd of July, of which we have the following

account: "This Festival was instituted by Pope Urban about the year 1338, in consequence of the great schism in the Church of Rome between two anti-popes, Urban VI. and Clement VII., the first chosen by the Italians and the other by the French, among the Cardinals. To avoid in future a similar disorder, Urban set apart a day to the memory of that journey which the Virgin Mary took into the mountains of Judea, to visit Elizabeth the mother of John the Baptist. This was confirmed by Boniface IX., and was ordered at the Council of Basil to be celebrated in all churches, that she being honored with this solemnity, might reconcile her son by her intercession, and that she might grant peace and unity among the faithful.

July 4th. Translation of St. Martin.—St Martin was in Pannonia and for some time led the life of a soldier, but after awhile took Holy Orders and was made Bishop of Tours. He died in the year 100, after he had exercised his Episcopate for 26 years. Formerly he stood first in the estimation of the French people, and his military helmet was carried by the army in battle as a charm. He is twice celebrated in the Calendar of the Church, here and on the 11th November. This day is noted as a memorial of the removal of his body from a humble resting place to a more distinguished and magnificent tomb. St. Martin's at Canterbury, the oldest church in England, derives its name from this saintly Bishop and Confessor.

15th. St. Swithin's Day.—This saint was an eminently learned and pious Bishop of Winchester, and lived about a thousand years ago. He was the diviner and originator of tithes in England. He was by his own request buried in the churchyard of the Cathedral, and a hundred years after, the

ENGLAND'S PROTO-MARTYR.—JUNE 17.

“Valiant soldier, Proto-martyr,
 First of Britain's sons to die,
 Pagan ire and cries withstanding
 By the grace of God Most High,
 By the strength of Him, Protector,
 Who, in strength and power, was nigh.”

Appendix to the Hymnal Noted.

IO all English Church-people, the life and death of their proto-martyr St. Alban must be of deep interest. Alban (a Roman name) was a person of note, and a native of Verulam, now St. Alban's, in the county of Hertford, in Anglo-Saxon, *Wallinga Ceaster*. The river Werlame runs on the east, and the great Roman highway, Watling-Street, lies on the west side of the town. Alban went to Rome in youth for study and education, (as Leland declares, giving his authorities for the statement,) but in due course returned, and settled at Verulam, living in some state and dignity. Though a Pagan, he was remarkable for certain virtues, being compassionate, kind, and charitable. When the Edicts of the Roman Emperors were promulgated, and put into force against the Christian Britons, a certain priest named Amphibalus fled from persecution, and was kindly received and protected by Alban. This priest did all in his power to set forth Christian truth, both by word and deed; and Alban was deeply impressed by his faith and piety, his assiduity at prayer, and his remarkable recollectedness at all times. Alban listened respectfully to instruction, and by the Spirit's grace his heart was opened to receive the blessed revelation of God's incarnate Son. He embraced the Christian religion with ardent fervour, regarding the treasure found by him as the “pearl of great price.” This change was soon noised abroad, and caused great sensation. Soldiers were sent to seek and secure Amphibalus, but he had fled. Our blessed Saviour declared that he who receives a prophet, in the name of a prophet, shall receive a prophet's reward. So was it with Alban. Having entertained and protected a confessor of Christ, he received not only the blessed grace of faith, but the glorious and beautiful crown of martyrdom. Alban changed clothes with Amphibalus, assuming the long flowing garment which the latter wore; and in this he met the soldiers sent to secure the Christian priest. He was at once bound in cords, and led to the judge, who was standing at the pagan altar, sacrificing to false gods. Then the choice was given him of repudiating Christ and joining in the heathen orgies there being carried on upon the one hand, or of immediate martyrdom on the other. Confessing himself a Christian, he absolutely refused to sacrifice to devils, or to take any part in the pagan worship. The judge, terribly enraged both at Alban's fortitude and boldness, commanded him to be severely scourged, and then ordered him to be taken away and beheaded. A great multitude went forth with him to the place of execution. On his way thither

he prayed constantly and fervently to Almighty God. Before they arrived at the place selected, the river Colne had to be passed. It was then overflowed through a great flood of waters. Alban, anxious for his crown, prayed to Christ, the only-begotten Son of God, that the river might be dried up, and this took place immediately, so that the great multitude at once passed over—mightily awed and impressed by this interposition of the Almighty. A spring of water is said to have sprung up in the place of his martyrdom, from which he quenched his thirst. At the sight of this miracle the executioner appointed was converted to the faith. The Venerable Bede, and Gildas the historian, both mention these wonderful occurrences. Here St. Alban was beheaded, but the soldier who did the deed was at once struck blind. This noble martyrdom won thousands to the Christian religion, most of whom were baptized by St. Amphibalus. The town of Verulam was afterwards called St. Alban's, in his honour, and a magnificent church erected there, over the sacred grave of England's Proto-martyr. Offa, King of Mercia, founded the monastery, A.D. 793. When Henry VIII. sacrilegiously sentenced the abbey of England to be pulled down, and their treasures alienated, the inhabitants of the place bought the church, and, thanks be to God! it remains to the present day, and is being now carefully restored. Some think that it may soon be made the seat of a new English bishopric. God grant it! The old shrine over the precious remains of St. Alban was smashed at the dissolution; but the fragments having been found, they have been carefully put together, and this beautiful piece of workmanship is likely to be completely restored.

Thomas Walsingham assures us that the woollen garment in which St. Alban was martyred, was formerly preserved in the church of Ely, in a great chest, which was opened in 1314, the reign of Edward II. The upper portion, even then, appeared stained with the martyr's blood. With regard to the miracles recorded above, that learned and devout English writer, Jeremy Collier, thus remarks:—"As for St. Alban's miracles being attested by authors of such credit, I do not see why they should be questioned. That miracles were wrought in the Church in that time of day is clear from the writings of the ancients. . . . To imagine that God should exert His Omnipotence, and appear supernaturally for His servants, . . . in no age since the apostles, is an unreasonable fancy. For since the world was not all converted in the Apostles' time, why should we not believe that God should honour His servants with the most undisputed credentials? . . . Why [then] should St. Alban's miracles be disbelieved?"—("Ecclesiastical History," p. 52, vol. i. London, 1845.)

The old Church-of-England Collect for St. Alban's Day, anciently observed on June 22, may be thus translated:—"O God, who hast sanctified this day by the martyrdom of St. Alban, grant, we beseech Thee, that we who rejoice year by year on this his festival, may be consoled by his continual assistance, through our Lord Jesus Christ. Amen."

May we all imitate St. Alban in his devotion to, and zeal for the unchangeable Faith of Christ's Holy Universal Church!

DE GUARRENDON.

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

(Continued from page 121.)



"The dame muttered something a little fiercely to herself, and then said, 'Sam, you know I can read you like a book.'"—(p. 145.)

CHAPTER VII.

SAM'S loneliness was to be at an end now. The Squire at once offered him employment on his estate, and this time he joyfully accepted, "so long," he said, "as I stand clear with the folks over there."

How to make him stand clear was the subject uppermost in Mr. Welby's mind. He wanted Sam's innocence to be attested so publicly that none should have it in his power to say a word against him. He and Ada had been discussing all sorts of plans, when at last she exclaimed: "I know, papa! do it when the bishop comes to

consecrate the new church, and all the people meet together in the field for lunch."

"That won't be for a month," said the Squire. But the opportunity was too good to be lost, and so at last he consented to wait.

* * * * *

The bells of the new church were ringing very merrily on the first of September, which was the day for its consecration. Sam was standing at Mr. Power's door in his Sunday best, smilingly telling Mary Melton that the church was so happy because it was going to be christened.

"And we know something else the

church is happy about, don't we, Mary?" said Mercy, in the same tone.

"Well, there ain't much as I care to happen now, save poor Jem to come home," said Sam, with an amount of calm unconscionousness, which half provoked Mercy.

"Poor, poor lad!" he added, with a sigh, and then strolled off by himself in his own peculiar fashion.

Mary and Mercy were great friends. Mary had taken to Mercy ever since the sweet childish words had been spoken in court; and Mercy had warmly returned her love, and had learned to look upon Mary as her sister.

Good Widow Melton had passed to her rest four years before, and Mary was still nursemaid at the Hall. However, of late she had been out of health, and had been sent to stay with Mercy's mother for a fortnight at Brook Farm to obtain rest. The two young women walked to church together, Mary's sober face contrasted pleasantly with Mercy's joyous, girlish looks; although they bore a chastened appearance to-day, for she was one of the candidates for the holy rite of Confirmation. The services were very simple, but very beautiful; beautiful, because they were so simple, because they were so hearty, because those rustic villagers were offering to God of their best. The organist was not a good musician, but he was unpaid; the choir singers were but very little trained, but they made melody to the Lord, and sung their joyous hymns with no thought of emulation or display. Above all, very many knelt at the holy altar as faithful children of their risen Saviour; amongst these were Sam and Mary, not Mercy yet, of course. Many a look was directed towards Sam; I cannot say that every look was kind, but Mary and Mercy felt a certain amused satisfaction at the contemptuous glances which were occasionally cast towards him.

After the Confirmation the villagers assembled in the Squire's park for lunch. The meeting was one of unusual interest, for the bishop himself was present. He was very popular, this bishop, because he was not only true and firm, but so kind, so fatherly, so large-hearted. Nothing was

too small for him to care for; the youngest school-child in a village-school, the most uninteresting "old woman," all had a place in that great, warm heart. Immense tables had been spread for the people, and the bishop was standing at the head of them; his face was beaming with kindness whilst he talked earnestly to Mr. Glover. Both were looking round, seeking some one; that "some one" had been made aware of this fact, and was (I regret to add) trying very hard not to be found; for the "some one" was Sam, who having once been a most unwilling hero on an occasion of this kind, had now escaped at as rapid a pace as his long legs could convey him in anything like a walk. Mr. Glover could not help laughing; it was so like the old Sam to run away just when he was wanted; but he comforted himself with the thought that now the whole case could be publicly and unreservedly stated without endangering Sam's humility.

Touchingly, indeed, did the good bishop tell the story of Sam's innocence to the people, whilst amidst the mass of them hardly a sound was heard; and even after the bishop had ceased to speak, no one seemed ready to break this breathless silence. Sam's condemnation had been universal, and universal was the admiration now felt at his conduct; he had walked so evidently by faith, that every one was impressed. Mr. Glover could not help pointing to his Confirmation as a means of accounting for all the grace and strength he had received. Sam had come to Confirmation in faith to receive a gift as well as to renew his baptismal vows, and the gift he had received having been an Almighty, a Divine gift, Divine strength had been perfected in his human weakness.

As evening drew on, and when all the rejoicings were over, Sam stole away to the cottage of his old friend and ally, Dame Gillan. She had been present at the gathering, and had returned a little tired, but much excited by all she had heard. Sam was the very person she longed to see; and the old woman played with his curly hair and stroked his cheeks, till, had it not been for those inevitably long legs, he would have felt like a little boy again.

"And what did Mary say?" asked the dame; "Have you seen her since the meeting?"

"Mary? oh, she is always kind," replied Sam.

"Now you know, Sam, that is a copy of your countenance, as my old missus would have said; I expect Mary was rather more pleased than any one else."

"Mary never cared for me, dame; why, how could she? She was engaged, and I— I went away, you know, directly after he left."

The dame muttered something a little fiercely to herself, and then said, "Sam, you know I can read you like a book;" and then she whispered something which made poor Sam grow very red. She noticed it, and being in a merciless mood, did not mend matters by adding, "Come, you know I'm right, just make this here bit of toast. Your face can't get much hotter than it is."

Sam set about making the toast; of course he burnt it, and was duly teased. He could not stand this bantering long, and Sam's way out of a difficulty was always to go straight through it; so he looked up at the dame with a half smile, and said, "You know, dame, my caring for Mary won't make Mary care for me."

"Well, I never said it would, but it do seem to me that seeing as how Jem have been married these five years, the hole in Mary's heart may have got mended, and she may be ready to let you—make another."

Sam laughed sadly and said, "I've been a convict, dame."

"Lad, they've convicted you of nought but good as I can see; and the look of the thing ain't what Mary will go for to think of."

The conversation was not quite pleasant to Sam, though it so deeply interested him; so he soon left the dame. He could not, however, forget what she had said. It seemed as though she had awakened feelings and thoughts which he had been hushing to sleep, feeling instinctively that they might disturb Mary's peace; besides he must be quite, quite sure that she loved him ere he could ask her to marry a man

on whose name a shadow had rested, however unjustly.

That night Sam tossed sleeplessly on his bed. Could the dame be right? Could Mary care ever so little for him? Would he not be doing her a grievous wrong by marrying her even if she did? Of course all these were fruitless thoughts. One thing only Sam did not doubt, and that was his own love to Mary; he never had doubted that for ten long years, but he would not tell her so, not yet, he must wait and see. And for a whole year Sam waited. He made a home at Brook Farm with the Powers to be nearer his work; but the Squire wished to make him his gamekeeper, and to have him altogether on the estate, and Sam had promised to accept the offer when Morton, the present gamekeeper, should leave.

Very bright were those days to "little Mercy," for "little Mercy" she was always called in spite of her seventeen years. Perhaps, could she have read the secret of Sam's heart, Mercy might have lost some of her child-like light-heartedness,—for poor little Mercy had a secret of her own, which, with her true woman's nature, she imparted to none, not even to her own mother. Sam loved her truly in his own gentle, brotherly way, and believed that he fully returned all that in love he received from her.

He was sitting one afternoon in the pleasant farm parlour, chatting with Mrs. Power, when Mary came in. She looked pale and ill, and sat down wearily in a low chair near the fire. Mrs. Power's quick eye at once detected that something was amiss with her that afternoon over and above bodily weariness or weakness, but she refrained from remark. She took Mary's bonnet and shawl, having ascertained that she might stay to tea, and began talking about Mrs. Welby's younger children,—a subject which always roused her visitor's interest. For this once it was ill-chosen, for hardly had the little ones been mentioned, than all poor Mary's control gave way, and heedless of Sam's presence, she burst into a helpless fit of weeping. At last Mrs. Power discovered the cause of her grief. The doctor had

seen her that morning, and had pronounced her really too ill for work. Mrs. Welby was kind and thoughtful as ever, and had told her that the Hall should be her home as much as ever; but the thought of living upon charity was a painful one to her, added to which Mary knew that in the spring the Squire and his family were going abroad.

"Come, come, Mary," said Mrs. Power, "you are crying because you are ill; you have not lost your trust in God, child, surely."

The words acted, as Mrs. Power had intended, in the way of a gentle reproof, and Mary soon regained composure. Sam had vanished. It was quite too much for him to see Mary ill, to see her weep, to know that she might soon want a home; all this stirred the very depths of his nature, and he had instinctively taken his hat and wandered away into the woods, that he might be by himself and think. Surely now he might offer a home to Mary; his name was fully cleared, he was in constant work, had good wages, would probably soon have better, and the game-keeper's cottage. Yes! and Sam smiled

to himself. What a pretty little home for Mary! how nice she would keep it, how happy he would make her! and then he saw the force of Dame Gillan's arguments. He thought he would have another talk with Dame Gillan soon. He did not wait for it long. The next Sunday she stopped him coming out of church.

"Sam, will you see an old woman home? I'm getting that shaky on my legs, I'd be glad of your arm."

Sam was most willing, and when they reached the cottage, accepted the dame's invitation to sit down.

"So," she said, "Mary Melton's going to stay at Kirkham for a month with her aunt, widow Blundy, and then she is like to be on the world, poor thing!"

Sam looked uncomfortable, but made no reply; and the dame, fixing her keen, brown eyes steadily upon him, continued: "Sam, my lad, when I want to get an answer I put a question. Now you think of that, and be a man."

He did think of it, and he made up his mind. He would put the question, yes, any way, he would put the question.

(To be continued.)

LLANELIDAN; OR, THE HAPPY VALLEY.

It is a lovely sylvan scene;
So calm, so peaceful and serene,
The spreading landscape, softly green,
The church so white and fair;
The swelling hill-tops crowned with trees;
The cattle lying at their ease;
And drowsy hum of summer bees
Upon the sultry air.

Far winding down the verdant hills
Glance rapid little sparkling rills,
Whose tributary water fills
The streamlet of the vale:
All smiling in the summer sun,
And teaching man his course to run
With cheerful zeal, reflecting One
Whose brightness cannot fail.

Slowly the silent shadows grow,
And overspread the meadows low;
While parting sunbeams upward go,
Till daylight dies away.
As Evening pales the glowing skies,
From some mysterious haunts arise
The cool sweet breeze, that softly sighs
O'er the departed Day.

Insensibly the evening dew
Strengthens each drooping plant anew:
The sounds of life grow faint and few,
And Nature is at rest.
Calm, solemn stars their vigil keep,
To watch and guard her tranquil sleep,
Till smiling sunbeams softly peep,
And Earth awakes refreshed.

"LOWLY OF HEART AND MEEK IN SPIRIT."

CHAPTER I.

"IS this the book you mean, Lena? I could find no other, and must go and dress for my dancing lesson."

The words were addressed by a little girl, in a careless manner, whose eyes were wandering restlessly about while she spoke, and whose small, dainty foot tapped the floor impatiently, to a white-faced gentle invalid sister, who had been waiting till it suited the little girl's convenience to bring her the book in question.

"No, Claudie, that is not the one I want; but never mind, dear, if you are in a hurry; go and dress for your dancing lesson, I can wait."

And glad to be released, Claudia bounded off, unconscious of the pain which her careless indifference had inflicted on the tender, easily-pained heart of the sufferer. Wiping a few burning drops from her heavy eyes, Lena lay back again amongst her cushions, to wait till some one more obliging should come and fulfil her little commission. For six long weary months poor Lena's lot had been to lie on that couch of pain, scarcely even able to raise herself without assistance; and greater had been the trial, with the additional grief of the loss of her mother and father within three months of each other. Though gentle hands and loving hearts had ministered to her sufferings, Lena felt that no one, however kind, could make up for the loss of the dear mother, whose chief delight had been in giving her children pleasure. The uncle and aunt with whom Lena and her little sister had come to live, were good and pious people, loving and fearing God together; and striving, both by their upright examples and gentle instruction, to bring up their own and their adopted children in the fear of the Lord. In Lena they found an ever-ready listener, but not so Claudia. The child's disposition was a strange one, being a combination of the forward, headstrong, and wilful; and many an anxious prayer was breathed by the gentle, thoughtful

creature, into whose hands God had entrusted the orphans, that she might be led to know the child's heart, and thus fill it with the love which was the food and life of her own.

As Lena lay half-asleep on her pillows, with the fading sunlight throwing soft shadows around her, the door opened, and a sunny face and sunnier voice was seen and heard in the quiet room.

"Are you asleep, dearest Lena? I have come to spend an hour with you before tea," and, leaning over the sofa, the new comer pressed a warm kiss on the invalid's pale cheek.

"Yanie, how kind of you; I have been wishing for some one to talk to, and have been feeling so lonely all day."

"How is it Claudie is not with you?" asked Yanie, not unheedful of the exceeding heaviness of Lena's eyes, and the sadness of her gentle, uncomplaining voice.

"Oh, she is young, you know, and likes more lively companions," answered Lena with a faint smile; but the tears came, spite of all.

"My poor Lena," whispered Yanie, tenderly, putting loving arms round the poor girl, "you are low-spirited to-day; is your head bad?"

"It aches a little," said Lena, a poor expression of what her real suffering was; but she never complained or sought sympathy.

"I am afraid it is very bad: there, let it rest awhile, you are tired this afternoon. Have you read anything to-day?"

"No, I could not get my book, and Claudie was so hurried I did not like to tease her about it."

"You are too thoughtful, dear Lena; I wish I could have you in my charge for a time, you would not be lonely or dull for long."

"You are so cheerful and bright, dear Yanie," said Lena, fondly; "but auntie is coming home to-morrow, and I shall have her."

"But you have found comfort in prayer, Lena?"

"Oh, yes, exquisite comfort; one cannot feel dull, I think, when one's hopes are all centred on *Mim*. Do you know, Yanie, I am afraid I am getting too wrapt up in little Claudie; I find myself continually thinking of, and panning for, her future, to the forgetfulness of others. But somehow I cannot get over the feeling of her being the only thing left which belonged to mama, and she loved her so very dearly."

"Yes, true," answered Yanie, thoughtfully; then added, "but it would not do to spoil her, Lena, for to your uncle and aunt she is an anxious charge, and it lies with you a great deal I think, to influence her, and teach her to listen to their gentle teaching."

"You put it so nicely, dearest Yanie, I never like to doubt you; but it seems so hard to talk to her, she is such a bright, high-spirited little thing, and hates what she calls 'sermonizing.'"

"Ah! you must not mind that, Lena; if she will not listen now, she will think of it one day, perhaps, when it is too late, and the one who has said it is separated from her for ever." And as Yanie said this, she thought of her father's words, when he had talked with her of Lena's state, "Mark my words, Yanie, that child has not long to live." And if one might judge from appearances, the good doctor's prophecy was true. Very, very white the thin face looked as it lay wearily back on its pillow, and a vague fear filled Yanie's kind loving heart, that the poor orphan, whom she had learned to love almost as fondly as a sister, might even now be winging her flight to the better land.

"How quickly the dusk has fallen this evening," observed Lena, feeling for the face of her friend that she might press a kiss there preparatory to her departure, for the sound of the doctor's little gig was heard coming up the lane. It was returned with almost passionate earnestness, and then rising hastily, Yanie quitted the room.

Lena listened as the rumble of wheels died away in the distance, and then folded her hands over her pale face, and burst into tears. "Oh mama! mama!" was the longing cry of her aching heart; but no answer came save the rustle of the leaves in the

avenue and the gentle sobbing of the evening breeze, and the orphan girl was left to weep out her grief alone.

CHAPTER II.

SOFTLY, softly rose the tender young moon over the distant hills, and sent a gentle silvery light into the still, still room. But it met with no response there. The pale, fixed face of the dead girl was motionless; no delicate tinge of colour came to relieve the pallor of the marble cheek, no sweet smile stole over the rigid lips to give their sad expression a look of returning life. All was deathly quiet, strangely still; and the shades of night fell fast, and the gentle stars grew bright in the moonlit sky, but all unheeded by that unmoving marble form; the shadows grew paler, and the beautiful dead face looked more ghastly in the silvery, sombre light, but there was no one to note it, save the attendant spirits of the dead, who kept silent watch round the solemn couch where the lifeless clay reposed.

* * * * *

"It is too late now, too late, she will never speak again; oh, darling, darling Lena!" and in her passionate childish grief little Claudia threw herself recklessly on to the floor, refusing all Yanie's gentle attempts to comfort. "I ought to have listened, nasty, selfish thing that I am! she was always telling me to listen while I could; and now I cannot, I would give all the world to have her to talk to. Oh, Lena! Lena!" and the little girl burst into bitter weeping.

"Hush! hush! Claudie, darling," whispered Yanie, raising the crouching child into her arms, and laying her cool hand with its soothing touch to the burning, throbbing brow. "Hush! hush! think who is sending this heavy blow; you should not thus rebel: God is sending it for some good purpose, you may be sure. And Claudie, think of all the pain and suffering which now is at an end. Have you ever realized what it must be never to be able to walk about, and do things for oneself, but to be always laid by, as it were useless and a burden?"

"Lena was never a burden, nor use-

less either!" cried Claudia, indignantly; "what are you thinking about, Yanie?"

"I did not exactly mean that, dear Claudia," answered Yanie, smiling, though her eyes were full of scalding tears, which she would not allow to drop; "I meant to try and make you feel, in a small measure, what poor Lena must have felt. Do you not suppose she sometimes imagined herself a burden to those she loved, and wished herself like the rest of us, strong, healthy, independent? Do you understand me, Claudia, dear?"

Claudia looked doubtful, and Yanie sighed. No one knew what a weight was laid upon that young girl's loving heart, when her one true all-faithful friend had died, though she could guess enough of what poor Lena's life had been, not to indulge in extravagant grief, and wish for her back again.

"Yanie, dear," whispered Claudia after an interval of unbroken silence, "Yanie, do you think if I tried very very hard I might one day be like Lena, 'lowly of heart and

meek in spirit?' I am sure the reason God allowed her to die was because He was so pleased with her love for Him, that He could not wait any longer to let her find her reward, but gave it to her in releasing her from her earthly pain and suffering."

Much surprised, but prudently saying nothing, Yanie answered the little girl by a very loving embrace and silent kiss, which said far more than words.

"I will try, oh, I will!" cried the child, sobbingly; "but let us go together and look at darling Lena for the last time—Yanie." And for the last time they went and gazed, through their blinding tears, on the beloved form with its peaceful, serene countenance; and kneeling at the solemn couch together, they prayed for a stronger faith and more lasting love; that like the bright angel one, whose earthly form of clay now lay before them, they might daily "grow in grace," and possess the priceless ornament of a "lowly heart and meek spirit."

EVA LETTICE.

A MORNING HYMN.

"The Sun of Righteousness."—MALACHI iv. 2.

Draw, my Lord,
Let Thy pure light
Dispel the night
Around me poured.

Lighten mine eyes,
Lest Death should keep
Them bound in sleep
When I would rise.

Bow down Thine ear,
And list my cry;
For I must die
Unless Thou hear.

Clear every sense,
And purge away
All, that doth stay
True penitence.

Teach me Thy ways,
That all I do
May aye renew
My songs of praise.

My God and Lord,
For evermore
Thy Name and power
Shall be adored.

W. M.



My Guardian Angel.

MY GUARDIAN ANGEL.

Nonne omnes sunt administratorii spiritus in ministerium missi propter eos qui hereditatem capient salutis?

KIND Guardian of my youth, still ever
tend,

Dear Angel form,
Who soothed my soul and dried my tears,
a friend
In calm or storm.

Bright Messenger of God, be near me still,
When sin is strong,
Towards the far-distant land in joy or ill
Guide me along.

Lead me to Him, the Source of every grace,
Sweet Mary's Son,
Let me adore His Wounds and see His Face,
And I have done.

But while I linger here, temptations nigh,
Wean me from Earth,
Show me the splendour of God's court on
high—
The second birth.

Tell me of that bright land far o'er the hills,
That beauteous lies,—
Of peaceful grove and music-making rills
In Paradise:

Tell of the City of our Lord and God,
That needs no light,
Show me the emerald courts which Thou
hast trod,
Where comes no night:—

Tell of the crystal sea, and lamps of fire,
That mystic glow:
Speak of the chants that float round
Heaven's choir,
Unheard below;

Save that the eye of Faith can sometimes
glean
A glimpse of light,
A shadowed glory of that heavenly scene
Now veiled from sight:

Save that at Evening's close, or midnight
hour,

These notes are heard,
Now loud, now soft, now deep with
heavenly power,
And souls are stirred.

Strange sounds of moving waves and mystic
songs,
Come floating by;
Angelic whispers from the unseen throngs,
Are heard and die.

Then tell how Martyrs wave their fadeless
palms
Before God's throne,
Teach me the airs you sing—those endless
psalms—
To God alone.

Tell of the Queen of Saints at God's Right
Hand^a
In golden vest—
Of white-robed virgins crowned that near
Her stand
For ever blest.

Show me the Lamb of God, the Light
Divine,
Who pleads for all;
If I am His, rich graces will be mine,
I shall not fall.

And when at last God calls me home to
Him,
Guardian, be nigh,
Shield me when strength is low and sight
is dim.
Then can I die.

The fears will cease, the darkness flee away,
The scales will fall,
Then evermore for me an endless day,
And God, my all in all.

F. G. LEE.

^a *Astitit Regina a dextris Tuis in vestitu deaurato: circumdata varietate.*—"Upon Thy Right Hand did stand the Queen in a vesture of gold, wrought about with divers colours."—PSALM XLV. 10.

THE LAME MOUSE.

IN TWO PARTS.

(Concluded from p. 135.)

PART II.

THE following night the four little mice returned, each with his gift, and all anxious to see the strange giver, which came and went so strangely on the previous night.

Though they waited long for him he did not come, and at last they all agreed to take the journey to the pine hill in company, that each might see his opal burst into a flame, and become the possessor of a star. A day was given for rest and preparation. The journey began with the rising of the moon. The birds and flowers had closed their eyes to dream, and the wind was sleeping softly in the tree-tops, when the four little mice went down the garden-path and out into the open way. They were too anxious to be talkative, and went on through woods and fields and gardens, thinking very much, but saying little.

"Whither bound?" a Glowworm asked, as it lighted them through a dark and thick part of a wood with its tender lamp.

They did not answer. It looked ungrateful, but then they were in a hurry, and had a long way to go. Morning found them in a cottage, beneath some wood which lay in a corner of the room. Weary and hungry they were, no doubt, yet they waited for food until the whole family had gone forth into the fields. The crumbs which lay beneath the table were enough to satisfy Masters Mottle, Grey, and Brown, but not the President. He could not journey to the pine-covered hill with a gold cord around his neck, and an opal in his bosom, on such fare. "The cupboard must be richer," he thought, creeping towards it. A sudden rush of cold air, a black shadow on their faces, and a cry of pain, sent the three with haste and trembling to their corner. They crept forth when the moon had risen, and found their friend stiff and cold amid the

ashes beneath the fireless grate. The gift was gone.

"And ours?" they asked each other with a shudder. Mottle and Grey found their gold cords were tarnished, and the opals very pale. They thought this was so because they kept them too much from the light, so they smoothed down the fur upon their bosoms, and laid the opals on them with the gold cords all in view. The little lame mouse crept behind the baby's crib, and warmed his with a tear.

Their journey on the following night was long and weary. The rain came down in big cold drops until they trembled. Mottle and Grey pushed on, caring little for their poor lame friend, who crept slowly in the rear. Morning found the two in a warm hay-stack, weary, wet, and dispirited, and with longing thoughts for the home which they had left behind.

"Where is Brown?" Mottle asked of Grey.

"I neither know nor care," Grey answered. "He creeps so slowly, there's no comfort in his company. I believe that old white mouse meant us no good when he sent us on this fool's errand. I am for going back again. What say you?"

"And be laughed at for our pains?"

"Let them laugh who win," said Grey. "I thought the hill was close by, but I believe it is as far off as ever. There is nothing for it but back again. See my gold cord: it is as black as ink; and this stone has no colour, and feels like lead upon my breast."

Getting angry, he flung it from him into the field. A lark rose where it fell, and went singing into the clouds.

"Good dog, good dog, well done." Grey stretched himself on the wet grass with a quiver, and then lay still. Snap licked his lips and followed at his master's heels as he went laughing home. Poor Master Grey!

All unconscious of Grey's sad end, the lame mouse lay beneath the hawthorn ledge of the adjoining field. His bed was dried moss and dead, brown, hawthorn leaves. Over him hung ferns of great beauty. The wild roses breathed forth the most delicious perfume, and the blue forget-me-nots, who kept watch whilst he slept. Mottle, after hours of painful wandering, found his friend, and told his tale of woe.

"There is death in the white mouse's gift," said Mottle. "I dread the changing colours of the stone."

"Death or life as it is cared for," the lame mouse answered. "I take mine to the hill where the clouds hang all day."

"But the dark pines roar and quiver in the storm," said Mottle, in a tone of sadness.

"They do; but I shall creep up beneath the flowers until I see the star. When the big pines roar and quiver, the flowers will sing to cheer me on."

"Flowers weep in the storm, they say," Mottle answered.

"So I am told," said Brown, "but weeping flowers sing softly."

The two passed on, and gained the pine-wood which reached to the summit of the hill. The trees stood so close together that they formed a deep black canopy, through which the light could scarcely find a way. Mottle looked into the thick and tangled mass of trees and underwood with a shudder. Dark and damp and

chilly the narrow path wined beneath the trees, on and upward, with scattered bands of light across it here and there.

"Is that the way?" he asked. "If so, I cannot pass it, it is so damp and cold; I am chill to the bone already. Can't we gain the top by skirting the wood? How the pine-trees roar and quiver; it must mean danger; surely there is another way. This path to the left, will you try it with me? It leads out into the sunlight. Hark! there is music, softly delicious music floating up from thence. See, there! what strangely beautiful lights those are which flash and tremble against the sky! Come, come, let us away!"

"I must see the star," the lame mouse said, and crept into the darkness.

"The star!" Mottle murmured. "My gift is only a cold white stone. It can never rise into a star. 'Tis folly to expect it. Darkness like that beneath those trees can never lead to anything worth having. This to the left must be the path. What music! What splendour! I must go,"—and he turned away.

Poor Mottle! He little knew that distance and desire deceive the hearts of many, and that for such there is no star.

"I must see the star," the lame mouse said, and he saw it. Not in the darkness where the pine-trees roar and quiver, but beyond the hill where the clouds hang all day,—far on in a delicious valley—saw it, mirrored in a fountain, and burning on his brow.

ERNEST RETHERMA.

A LESSON FROM IDOLATERS TO CHRISTIANS.—Let Christians learn a lesson from idolaters. They lavish gold out of their purses, and spare no expense for their senseless, useless idol. Their profuse liberality in the service of idolatry puts to shame the niggardly parsimony of those professing Christians who worship the true and living Jehovah with that which costs them nothing. The zeal and lavish libe-

rality of the votaries of superstition in respect to their objects of worship, ought to cause to blush with guilty shame the professors of a pure faith, who yet will make no large sacrifices for the Lord their God. Sin is always a costly service. If we are delivered from sin, let us not grudge to give God an "offering" when we "come into His courts."—*T. W. Medhurst.*



S. 1/4/11 sc

"Dorothy, as she lay thro' . . . suddenly saw the flashing of gold and steel in the firelight, and became aware that her cousin Frank was kneeling by her side."—(p. 158.)

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

(Continued from p. 133.)

CHAPTER XI.

OXFORD.

"He came—he pass'd—a heedless gaze,
As o'er some stranger glancing."

Scott.

THE journey was over at last: they had passed the gates of Oxford, and were in the long splendid High-street, with its moving throng of soldiers, students, townsmen, and wondering country-folks, and the grey buildings towering up above them all into the evening sky. They were in Oxford; they were safe: so Dorothy repeated to herself, but she felt terribly lonely, nevertheless, in the midst of all that crowd, and looked in vain for a friendly face. She was very tired, too; for the troopers who came upon them at the farmhouse had pressed their horses into the king's service, and had led them off, in spite of Jasper's angry remonstrances; so that he and Dorothy had been obliged to walk the rest of the way into Oxford. She was weak and worn, and almost fainting; she leaned heavily on her old servant's arm, and could scarcely answer him when he spoke to her.

"What's to do now, madam?" said Jasper, drawing her aside into the shadow of a college gateway, out of the noisy crowd. "Shall we make a shift to find Captain Frank's lodgings? We must have a place of rest for you, the sooner the better."

"Nay—I know not," said Dorothy, faintly. "I have a friend here, who will commend me to the Queen's care. Once under her majesty's protection, I am safe."

"Where is your friend, madam?" said Jasper, wonderingly.

"I do not justly know," hesitated Dorothy; and then she added with sudden decision: "In any case I must rest a moment. I cannot go another step. I will sit me down on this bench, and when I am a little rested, we will go and enquire for her majesty."

Old Jasper looked gravely down into the pale young face. He said nothing, however, and while Dorothy sat on the stone

bench just inside the archway, and with eager eyes scanned the faces of the crowd, he stood like a faithful watchman a little in advance, so that no one should come too near his charge. Presently a party of gaily-dressed ladies and gentlemen, mounted on spirited horses, came pacing along the street, and turned in under the archway where he and Dorothy had taken refuge. The party were riding two and two, with three armed servants behind; they were all talking and laughing merrily, and the silver bells on the horses jingled in chorus. The first lady rode a beautiful white horse; she was very handsome, and richly dressed, and the cavalier in attendance upon her, who evidently had not a look or a thought to spare for anyone else, was Mr. Henry Corbet.

"There is a pretty face, but it looks sadly distraught," said the lady, as they clanked in over the paving-stones, past where Dorothy was sitting.

"There are hundreds of them," said Mr. Corbet; "a bed in the street here is better than a burning house out in the country: so they fly hither for refuge."

As he spoke, he turned a little in his saddle, and looked at Dorothy. He saw, though his companion did not, the flash of recognition in her eyes, and the sudden colour that sprang into her face; and with a momentary glance he turned his head away, and rode on with his friends through the open gates, into the green quadrangle beyond. Jasper had not been quick enough to recognise him; he failed to see in this gay and splendid cavalier the poor wounded fugitive who had been sheltered at Dering; neither did he see the change in his mistress's face. But after the little company had passed he looked at her, and saw that she had fainted away upon her seat, and was lying back, white and motionless, against the rough grey stones. Two or three of the passers-by stopped to see what was going on, as the old man lifted the maiden tenderly in his arms. *

"Who is she, master? and where be'st going to take her?" asked a motherly-looking woman in a large white cap, and an apron and bib that covered her all up.

"Faith, we have but just come into the town, and she's tired with her journey," said Jasper. "Can any of ye tell me where Captain Frank Audley lodges? The place has clean slipped out o' my head." But no one knew, and Jasper looked up and down the street in sad perplexity, while the woman took hold of Dorothy's hands, and rubbed them hard, trying to bring her to herself.

"Come along with me to my house," she said to Jasper. "I've a baker's shop just by, and I'll give you shelter for the night. This pretty lady can't stay in the gateway here. Come on, master, this way."

Dorothy was small and very light, and Jasper carried her easily in his arms along the street, till they came to the good woman's little dark shop. There was a parlour behind, and here they laid Dorothy on the settle in front of the fire, and set to work to restore her to consciousness; perhaps she would hardly have thanked them for their pains, poor child. But the warmth and the rubbing, and the cordial drops, soon did their work, and brought her out of her fainting-fit, back into the cruel, heartless world. Her first words, as soon as she knew where she was, were of thanks to her kind hostess; then she thought of Jasper.

"You are tired and hungry, my friend. Get food and wine. I will lie here quite still and wait,—unless I incommode you, good mistress?"

Dorothy half rose, but the kind bakeress begged her to lie down again. So she lay there in the ruddy firelight; and their hostess, taking Jasper into the outer room, set before him the best her house could afford. Dorothy, meanwhile, lay still and thought. She had hardly realized the hope which had brought her so bravely through her journey, till it was dashed to the ground with that sudden blow. Alas! there was no faith in the world, no truth in man. Henry Corbet's words and looks had meant nothing after all. He was ready enough to be her friend

and lover while she was mistress of Dering, but now, when she came, a weary wanderer, into the city of Oxford, he had nothing but a careless glance for her to whom he had vowed so much. Dorothy's face was wet with bitter tears, as she lay gazing at the fire, too tired for anything but disappointment.

Just then, there rose a noise of cheering in the street, and a sound of clattering hoofs, and she heard a distant cry of "The King, the King!" Old Jasper opened the low half-door of the shop, and went out bare-headed on the pavement. King Charles, attended by a gallant group of gentlemen, came riding by, often raising the broad hat that shadowed his pale and noble face, in answer to the salutations of the crowd. He had just beckoned forward an officer of his suite, and was talking to him in a low voice; the young man had taken off his hat, and his long fair hair fell down about his face. A few torches were flaming in the twilight, lights were beginning to shine in the houses, and the passengers were pressing to the right and left, making way for the King. Suddenly Jasper, to the good woman's great astonishment, dashed into the crowd, and seized the bridle of the cavalier to whom King Charles was talking.

"Captain Frank! you know me sir?"

"Jasper! wait, good fellow. Come to my lodgings in half-an-hour."

"Ay, sir! I crave your pardon. But Mistress Dorothy is in yonder house, in sore need of help."

Frank Audley flushed crimson as he turned to the King,—

"I pray your majesty to pardon me, and this fellow too. But it is my cousin Mistress Lyne, Sir Marmaduke's sister, and I fear she is in distress."

Jasper fell on his knees among the horse's hoofs, and the King answered with a smile:

"Go to your cousin, sir. Heaven forbid that a lady should be in need of help here in our good town. Bear our greetings to Mistress Lyne."

So Dorothy, as she lay there in the little dark room behind the shop, suddenly saw the flashing of gold and steel in the firelight, and became aware that her cousin Frank was kneeling by her side.

CHAPTER XII.

LADY D'AUBIGNY.

"More chivalrous and wiser than a man!"

E. D. Cross.

LADY D'AUBIGNY was writing in her room in St. Anne's College. She was well lodged, and held in high honour by all the loyal party, for her late husband, the Duke of Richmond's brave young brother, who had fallen gloriously at Edgehill, was of the royal Stuart blood, and she was worthy of it and of him. He bore the character that Lord Clarendon gives of him: "A gentleman of great hopes, of a gentle and winning disposition, and of a very clear courage." When the Court came to Oxford, the Warden and Fellows of St. Anne's, which was a quiet old foundation in a lane off the High-street, gladly received his widow under their roof. The Warden gave up his own rooms to her and her child, and there she lived safely, but not very peacefully, for she was too much engaged with the schemes and hopes and fears of that troublous time to rest herself quietly in the grey cloisters where she lodged. Her husband had died for the King, and she would work for him as long as life and liberty remained: all his best friends talked over their plans with her, and she grudged no risk and no trouble in aid of his cause. She had been in London that summer, stirring about the King's business, and a paper she carried having implicated her in one of the many plots of the time, she had to spend a fortnight in prison: by some means, however, she made her escape, and came back triumphantly to Oxford, where she had left her boy under the Duchess of Richmond's care.

There she sat that evening, writing by the light of two wax candles, all surrounded by the Warden's folios on their shelves, and the black oak furniture. She looked like a beautiful picture in an old massive frame; her face was very young, refined, and delicate; and the quick intelligence of her expression was softened by a look of care and sadness, that suited well with her black dress. A servant came into the room, and Lady d'Aubigny looked up from her manuscript.

"What is it?" she said.

"Please you, madam, Captain Francis Audley asks the favour of a few words with your ladyship."

"Tell Captain Audley I shall be happy if he will come in," answered Lady d'Aubigny. "At this hour! I trust nothing is wrong," she added to herself.

Frank came in, and she received him very courteously, and had a chair set for him opposite her own. He was hurried and agitated, and his usual self-possession seemed to have deserted him, but he began at once on the business that had brought him there.

"Madam, I must entreat your pardon for coming hither at such an unseemly hour; but the truth is, that I am come to ask for help,—and yet I fear I am very presumptuous to trouble your ladyship thus."

"Do not waste time in apologies," said Lady d'Aubigny, smiling. "Let me hear how I can serve you."

"Your ladyship has heard me speak of my cousins the Lynes, of Dering Hall, in Dorsetshire? Marmaduke is away with Sir Ralph Hopton; and in his absence the Roundheads have seized on Dering, and his sister, Mistress Dorothy, has escaped hither. I found her in a baker's shop in the High-street; she is very tired and weak, and my lodging is not fit to receive her. I knew not what to do till I thought of your ladyship, and felt sure that you would help my cousin in so sad a case."

Lady d'Aubigny listened to Frank's hurried words, and saw that in his agitation he hardly dared to let his eyes meet hers. She rose, and began putting up her writing materials.

"Most surely," she said, "any poor help that I can give is at your cousin's service. Be good enough to ring the little hand-bell that is behind you on the shelf."

Frank obeyed, pouring forth a string of confused thanks, and explanations of Dorothy's plight. The bell brought Lady d'Aubigny's waiting-maid.

"There is a lady coming here to-night," said her mistress. "Tell them to have the west room ready. Bring me my hooded

cloak, and attend me yourself, with Gabriel. And tell Jenkin to follow me with the chariot into the High-street. Gabriel will shew him where to stop."

"But, madam, you will not come yourself! I cannot derange you thus," began Frank, eagerly.

"I must do it in my own way. You will not deny me the pleasure of fetching your cousin myself," she said, turning to him with a smile. "I am curious to see her, and shall be honoured by having her in my care. All I shall ask of you is to escort me to this baker's shop."

Frank could only bow, for he knew Lady d'Aubigny well. The waiting-maid brought her cloak; she took his arm, and they went down the old oak staircase, along a stone passage, across the quadrangle, out through the gateway into the lane, and on into the High-street, somewhat quieter now, in the deepened darkness, than when Dorothy saw it first.

She was still lying on the settle in the little back room; it all seemed like a sad dream to her wearied brain; she hardly realized that Frank had been there, talking to her, and she lay there, faintly wondering whether she should see him again, and scarcely hearing Jasper and the good woman as they consulted over her. She was glad, nevertheless, when they closed the door and left her alone, too tired to think or move, with only a consciousness of pain and disappointment weighing on her vaguely and heavily, like a nightmare.

The room was quite dark, but for the fitful flickering of the fire, when the door opened again, and Frank and Lady d'Aubigny entered together, followed by the good baker-woman with a rush-light, which she considerably screened from Dorothy's eyes. She started up, however, on seeing the stranger, but could hardly stand, from weakness and giddiness, and leaned heavily on Frank's ready arm.

"Nay; do not rise, I pray you," said Lady d'Aubigny's sweet voice. "Present me to your cousin, Captain Audley, and tell her how happy I shall be if she will honour my poor lodging."

"It is the Lady d'Aubigny," said Frank to Dorothy, "who is so very good—"

"I thank your ladyship," said the fugitive, with a slight reverence. "I am ashamed to be seen in so sorry a plight, but indeed it is not my fault. They would have sent me to prison, Frank, if I had stayed at Dering."

"Much better that you should come to your friends," said Lady d'Aubigny.

"Friends! Alas, I have none," sighed Dorothy. "I entreat your pardon. I am so weak, I know not what I am saying."

She saw signs and glances pass between her companions, and then found herself left alone with Lady d'Aubigny, who instantly made her lie down again on the settle, and sat down herself beside her, holding her hand.

"Do not disturb yourself," she said, gently: "You are quite safe now, far enough from all your enemies." She looked pitifully at the fair young face, and the wistful eyes that gazed at her so wearily. "Poor child," she went on, half to herself, "you are too young for all this trouble. But no Roundheads can reach you here."

"Ah!" said Dorothy, "there are folk more cruel than Roundheads. But I shall not see him again, to look at me so cruelly! You will not let him come near me? Ah, dear lady, I see him now!" She clasped Lady d'Aubigny's hand in both her own, and pressed it to her eyes.

"My sweet friend, what is this?" exclaimed her protectress, rising and bending over her. Dorothy did not speak, but lay and trembled. Warm as the room was, her hands and face were cold and damp. Lady d'Aubigny gently disengaged her hand, sat down by her on the settle, and drew her into her arms, caressing and soothing her as if she had been a child.

So Frank found them, when he came in to say that the chariot was waiting at the door. Lady d'Aubigny saw his anxious glance, and was much too wise to tell him anything that Dorothy had said.

"This long dangerous journey has been too much for her," she said, gently. "But you must leave her to me, and she shall soon be herself again. My sweet child, can you walk as far as the door? Here is your good cousin's arm for your support, and I will follow close behind."

Dorothy instantly rose, and Frank led her through the shop, which seemed full of people. She had sufficient recollection to turn to her hostess, who was standing there, with a few words of gratitude. "I know not what would have become of me, but for you, kind friend. I will come again, and thank you more worthily."

"Indeed, madam, you are heartily welcome," answered the good woman, dropping a low curtsey; Lady d'Aubigny, Captain Audley, and the servants, had made a strong impression on her mind.

"Jasper may come with me?" said Dorothy, suddenly, as they passed the old man, who was standing bare-headed at the door.

"Most surely," smiled Lady d'Aubigny, in answer. "Look to this good man," she said to her page, "and bring him with you to St. Anne's."

"How can I thank your ladyship!" said Frank, in a low voice, as he handed Lady d'Aubigny into the carriage.

"By leaving your cousin to me," she answered, rather gravely. "Not that I mean to banish you. You may come tomorrow, and see how she fares. Now I will wish you good-night."

Frank bowed, and stood with his plumed hat in his hand, as the chariot rolled slowly away. The light from an oil lamp, which swung over the shop-door, fell full on his fair hair and noble face.

"So, my friend," thought Lady d'Aubigny, "this is why so many fair damsels have spread their nets for you in vain. The star of your heaven, as Richmond would call her, shines upon us at last, and her name is Dorothy Lyne."

(To be continued.)

RULE OF LIFE; OR, THINGS NECESSARY IN THE WAY OF SALVATION.

(From the French of the CURÉ D'ARS.)

1. In the daily walk: consistency, uprightness, profound modesty, gentleness, firmness.

2. In conversation: cheerfulness without lightness, watchfulness in speech, forgetfulness of self.

3. In faults: sincere and humble avowal, deep sorrow, abandonment to the mercy of God.

4. In the use of the Sacraments: purity of heart and intention, fervour, constant and lively faith.

5. Towards God: filial confidence, loving study of His will, peaceful waiting for His visits, prompt and generous obedience, without reserve.

6. Towards others: readiness to succour and oblige, complaisance and deference without flattery.

7. For the body: moderate care, discreet severity, sobriety in all things.

8. For the imagination: unalterable calmness amidst its wanderings, contempt of its images, diversion from its cravings.

9. For the heart: fidelity in banishing all anxiety, watchfulness of its movements.

10. For obedience: to obey promptly and without reserve, perfectly to renounce one's own will.

11. For humility: to prefer others before oneself, to rejoice in humiliations, to love poverty, and to esteem oneself an unprofitable servant, to keep and love silence.

12. For the life of faith: entire conformity of thought and affection with Jesus, continual dependence upon His Spirit.

H. M. L.

A NEW PICTURE IN AN OLD HOME.

PROBABLY most of my readers have heard of, and perhaps some have seen, the fine Brompton Hospital for Consumption and Diseases of the Chest, whilst comparatively few know anything about the excellent but much smaller Hospital of the same kind at Hampstead. I wish, then, to make it better known, and further, to enlist your sympathies in its work.

The North London Consumption Hospital was first started in 1860, by those who felt that some special provision was needed for the thousands of consumptive poor in the northern part of London, and also for those from other parts, who, from the great pressure for admission into the hospitals already existing, might have to wait till recovery was hopeless.

A large house, pleasantly situated on Green Hill, Hampstead, and interesting as being formerly the residence of Clarkson Stansfield the artist, was taken for the purpose, and for the last thirteen years the Committee, Physicians, and Matron have patiently continued their good work, presenting to those who cared to see it a more touching picture than Stansfield ever painted, a picture which, were I asked to name, I should call after Ary Scheffer's beautiful conception, "Christus Consolator;" for surely here, though unseen, is the Presence of Him, Who "Himself took our infirmities and bare our sicknesses." That the artist himself would gladly have seen this picture exhibited in his old house, was testified by one who had spent pleasant hours there in times past, and who, as one of the earliest subscribers to the hospital, visited it in its altered aspect.

But though so much has been done here, the fact is, the work has now outgrown the dimensions of a private house, (the lease of which, moreover, expires this year, and cannot be renewed,) and funds are earnestly desired by the committee, to enable them to build a new hospital specially suited to the needs of consumptive patients. Negotiations are being carried on for a suitable site, and a good sum has been already re-

ceived, but very much remains to be done. The present one only contains between thirty and forty patients, whereas the new one, even to begin with, is intended to accommodate 100; and these, not several together in large wards, but in numerous small ones containing only two or three beds each; this principle having been strongly urged by the late Sir James Simpson, and others of enlightened minds.

Dear readers, such buildings as these stand as witnesses for Christ in the midst of our land, and call down God's blessing upon it. By such national works of mercy we invite the Heavenly Guest, Whose Name is Love, to sojourn among us; for a national work indeed this is,—patients even from Wales, Yorkshire and Manchester having been admitted from time to time, while many have gone up from such counties as Berkshire, Sussex and Kent to share its benefits. But it is less a plea for universal sympathy that the larger number come from London itself, for does not London belong to us all? and has not each one of us an interest in the great city, that beats like a mighty heart in the midst of the nation?

But I referred just now to the great excellence of this hospital, and well I might; the physicians are men of much skill and experience, whilst of the Matron this simple praise may be spoken, that she endeavours to be, what the word itself implies, a mother to the poor sufferers under her charge. A patient, writing of the hospital, says, "I feel I cannot say enough in praise of the kind treatment from the doctors, nurses, and all connected with it." The medicine, too, is excellent; as also the abundant food provided,—so important an item in this wasting disease. There is also another advantage which the patients much appreciate, namely, the liberty granted them to go about and enjoy the pleasant walks in the neighbourhood.

It is not difficult to imagine that such advantages as these, conferred at a comparatively early stage of the disease, prove of the greatest benefit to many a sufferer.

A young woman accustomed to work at one of the principal shops in a large seaside town, went up to the Hampstead Hospital in the December of 1871. She had been quite unfit, and at last unable to work, before this, and though herself steady and well-principled, the house she lived in was, to say the least, one of little comfort. From the hospital she wrote saying she was very comfortable there, and almost ever since her return has enjoyed far better health, and been able to go to work almost constantly, though at some little distance.

An industrious stone-mason, who had been unable for many weeks to earn anything regular for his wife and children, and was moreover suffering very much, found at Hampstead not only great kindness and real enjoyment, but by God's blessing on the means used, great relief and renewed strength; he pronounced himself well on his return home, and though still delicate, has had, with but little intermission, the satisfaction of working throughout the past winter, due care being taken.

In other cases, though the treatment has not been quite so successful, yet much relief and comfort have been gained, and it must be remembered that consumption is no weak enemy to deal with. Then, again, when the complaint has proved too strong for resistance, in cases not a few, the hospital has proved a blessed shelter for the last days of the sufferer. A soldier who had come back from abroad to find scarcely one near relation of his own in England, was received into this home-like hospital. On being visited one day as he lay in bed, almost dying, he exerted his feeble voice to speak gratefully of the kindness he had met with; and indeed he might do so, for that kindness did not fail him even when the feeble voice was silent in death; those who became interested in him whilst in the hospital, with reverent care laid his remains in the grave, and raised over him a simple Cross,—blest mark! which all Christ's soldiers bear on their foreheads, and on their lives. It is recorded of another poor, simple-minded patient from the east end of London, who died here, that she had said she never thought to see anything so like heaven on earth as the inside of that hospital.

But what of those who, though surviving

the time spent at Hampstead, are yet considered incurable? must they return to poverty and discomfort? It is the earnest wish of the Committee to have a home for these latter, attached to the hospital, at least for those who have no homes of their own; and funds are much desired for this object also. Meanwhile a plan has been adopted which serves to lighten somewhat the sorrows of their lot; a Fund has been raised, and is maintained mostly by small annual subscriptions and donations, out of which the saddest cases receive weekly a small allowance. Could you see the grateful, touching letters of some of the poor recipients, I think you would feel this charity well bestowed indeed.

But I must bring this paper to a close, when I have briefly mentioned one important subject which must not be passed over altogether in silence; it is the spiritual advantages enjoyed by the poor consumptive while at Hampstead. Foremost among these are the ministrations of a clergyman, who, like Aaron of old, sometimes literally stands "between the dead and the living," and offers spiritual incense on behalf of those in suffering and in danger; like Aaron, too, he blesses these in God's Name, as, at the close of a holier rite than Aaron ever knew, the words of benediction sink soothingly into the humble and contrite heart. Many another kind friend, too, comes in to cheer the sick ones with consolation and reading, and in this quiet, though cheerful home, free in a measure from care and distraction, such words may oftentimes be dwelt on afterwards, and bear good fruit. There are books, too, which the consumptive now has time to read, and the wholesome atmosphere of a well and religiously-ordered household to influence him for good.

Have I said enough to interest you in this good work? nay, one word more,—“He that hath pity upon the poor lendeth unto the Lord.” “Blessed be the man that provideth for the sick and needy; the Lord shall deliver him in the time of trouble.” Let these be your offertory sentences, and sanctify every gift which God may incline you to offer, by the pure intention of ministering unto Christ Himself.

E. B. C.

Notes.—Donations in aid of the Building Fund of the North London Consumption Hospital will be gratefully received by W. HORNIBROOK, Esq., Secretary, 216, Tottenham Court-road, W.; or by Miss E. B. COLES, 3, Ventnor-terrace, Cliftonville, Brighton; also donations in aid of the General Funds, the Incurable Home, or Incurable Fund. Further information will gladly be given on application to either of the above.

THE CHILDREN'S CORNER.

THE BENEVOLENT DOG.

This incident occurred at Algiers. The dog was one which belonged to the daughter of Sir William Napier.



MORNING after morning,
 'Mid the busy throng,
 With an air sagacious,
 Hied a dog along.

On he went so bravely,
 Never lost his way,
 Ne'er with mind forgetful
 Turned aside to play.

Would you know his business?
 Follow him with me:—
 See, he has a basket,
 Carried with such glee.

Now into a bakehouse
 With it straight he goes,
 And his empty basket
 To the master shews.

Then the baker places
 Twelve hot rolls therein:
 To his friends he takes them,
 Loving pats to win.

Once, to their amazement,
 There were but eleven,
 And the baker surely
 Twelve the dog had given.

And, as every morning,
 Still they missed a roll,
 Sought they then a reason
 For this loss so droll.

So they followed doggie
 Quietly one day,
 With their stealthy footsteps
 Tracking all his way.

Suddenly they lose him,
 Quick they look around,
 Till from out a turning
 Came a feeble sound:

In a sheltered corner,
 What think you they see?—
 A starving canine mother
 With her puppies three:

And their faithful doggie
 To this group stood nigh,
 With a gentle pity
 Beaming in his eye:

But he knew that pity
 Would not serve alone
 For the starving creatures
 That his love had won:

So from out his basket
 Took he straight a roll,
 To the poor dog gave it
 As his loving dole.

Quick he then went homeward
 With his master's bread;
 But of his good action
 Ne'er a word he said!

Then they bade the baker
Thirteen rolls provide,
So that in the basket
Twelve might still abide.

Thus they every morning
Had their number true,
And the dog with puppies
Got her breakfast too.

But at last one morning
Thirteen rolls were brought,
Proving that the patient's
Cure was surely wrought.

Think you not this dog was
Very wise and kind,
And that from his virtues
Teaching we may find :

Like him a good action
Cheerfully to do,
While the path of duty
Faithful we pursue ?

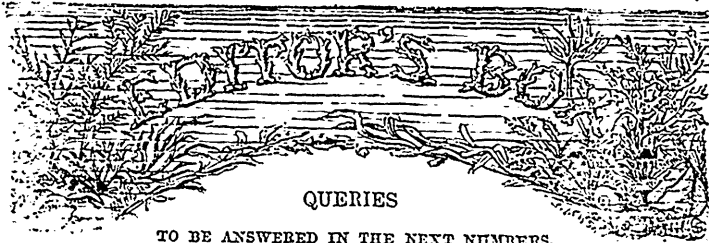
F. Y. S.

THE LIVERPOOL GOVERNESSES BENEVOLENT INSTITUTION.

MR. EDITOR,—In the PENNY POST for 1871 an inquiry was made respecting Institutions for the Relief of Aged and Infirm Governesses; and perhaps your readers, especially those in the north of England, may like to know that there has been established in Liverpool for many years a Governesses Benevolent Institution, which grants annuities of £20 per annum, and also gives relief in cases of sickness or temporary distress. The funds are under the management of Trustees, and a Committee of ladies meet on the first Tuesday of every month to receive applications for relief, &c., at the Bible Repository, 18, Slater-street, where letters may be addressed to the Committee, under cover to Miss Vincent. This Institution has been at work since 1850. It commenced with a Home for Governesses, but as that was not used to any extent by those whom it was intended to benefit, the establishment was broken up, and the receipts from investments and yearly subscriptions were devoted to granting annuities and relieving extreme distress. At present nineteen annuities are paid to aged governesses, who reside in various counties. It is felt that if this Institution was more known it would receive more general and liberal support. Its subscription-list amounts now only to £154 per annum; from the death of subscribers, and removal of others, it has gradually declined for several years. All these

subscribers, with the exception of about twelve, reside in Liverpool or its immediate neighbourhood. The benefits this Institution confers are not confined to a narrow limit; and surely, therefore, we are authorized to claim support from an equally wide range. When an annuity becomes vacant, advertisements for candidates are sent to papers of several towns, and the numerous distressing cases that come before the Committee are truly saddening, and shew the amount of distress that exists amongst a class on whom we are so much dependent for the moral and intellectual training of our children, and whose best years have been devoted to their arduous duties. Too often badly remunerated, and sharing their small earnings with aged parents or sick relatives, when health fails, or old age creeps on, the little they have been enabled to lay by is quite insufficient for their daily need. The misery so silently endured by many of these, our highly-educated, and often well-born sisters, must surely awaken a feeling of sympathy, and constrain those whose attention is aroused to do their utmost to alleviate their sad case. All can do so by making this Institution known, and obtaining donations or subscriptions to be placed at its disposal, or by establishing similar ones in other large towns. When we consider the abundant wealth bestowed on this land, surely we shall not plead in vain.

C. M.



QUERIES

TO BE ANSWERED IN THE NEXT NUMBERS.

NEW NAME FOR MAUNDY THURSDAY.

30.—Can any of your readers inform me why Maundy Thursday is called in Germany Green Thursday?
J. B.

FOLK-LORE—NORFOLK RHYME.

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

Or (another version is)—

"As if he was mad."

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

SERVANTS' TRAINING INSTITUTION.

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

From whence can full particulars of such institutions be obtained?

THE PRINCIPLES OF WESLEYANISM.

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

THE CHURCH MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

34.—Can any of the readers of the PENNY POST furnish me with the following:—1. What is the amount of learning a young man who offers himself to the Church Missionary Society, for Missionary work, or for admittance into their College at Islington, would be expected to possess? 2. What is a Missionary Probationer?
ST. PETER'S, PRESTON.

REPLIES

TO QUERIES IN PREVIOUS NUMBERS.

THE BURIAL OF CLERGY.

6.—When the floor of the choir of Exeter Cathedral was re-laid in 1763, the coffin of Bishop Bitton, 1307, was uncovered and opened; on the right side of the skeleton stood a small chalice, covered with a paten, &c. In restoring the church of Kirby-Underdale, the stone coffin of a former rector was opened, and in it were found a pectoral chalice and paten, &c.; this in 1871. Will you, or some of your readers, give an explanation of the custom of burying the chalice and paten along with the remains of the Bishop or Priest, and give some other instances?
M. D.

Many instances of the chalice and paten being buried with the clergy were discovered by the late Dean Merewether, at Hereford Cathedral; the remains of these vessels being carefully preserved. He wrote full particulars of what he found in the grave of

Chancellor Swinfield, A.D. 1297. Complete details of Bishop Swinfield's tomb, opened 1861, are given in my *Festi Herefordenses*, 4to., 1869. A chalice and paten were found in the grave of Walter de Cantilupe, Bishop of Worcester (ob. 1266), about ten years ago. The chalice was stolen, but the silver paten is preserved at the Deanery, Worcester. See Bloxam's "Monumental Architecture," 1834, for other valuable information on this subject.
F. T. H.

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.

See the "Church Builder" for January, 1872, for description of one on east external wall of Notgrove Church, Gloucestershire.

I believe there is one on the exterior of the eastern end of the choir, Gloucester Cathedral. There is also a very finely carved one on the centre finial of Bishop Aquablanc's tomb (A.D. 1269), in Hereford Cathedral. I have lately found a beautiful MS. fragment in this library, date *circa* 1300, of the crucifixion. It has been photographed, and can be obtained of Ladmore, King-street, Hereford.

F. T. H.

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.

I know of the following churches in which there is more than one altar. In the Diocese of London: St. Paul's Cathedral, (2); St. Augustine's, Kilburn, (2); St. Paul's, Walworth, (3); St. Peter's, London Docks, (2).—Diocese of Winchester: St. Michael's, Southampton, (2).—Diocese of Gloucester and Bristol: St. Mary Redcliff, Bristol, (2).—Diocese of Bath and Wells: St. John Baptist, Frome-Selwood, (3); St. John Baptist, Bathwick, Bath, (2). In the last-named church, when a new chancel was built, the altar was left in the old one for early celebrations.

R. H.

An obliging correspondent writes thus:—I beg to say that there is a second altar in the English church of St. Katherine, at Stuttgart, in South Germany, which was erected by an English lady in memory of her daughter, who died in that place. The church, which is a perfect gem, is of cruciform shape, with nave, transepts, and chancel, the latter terminating in an apse. The south transept is filled by the organ; the north transept is raised by two steps above the level of the nave, and arranged as a chapel, containing an altar, with the usual ornaments of cross and candlesticks, and a dossal-cloth behind it. It also contains a reading-desk and lectern, for use at the Daily Offices. In this chapel (which, it will be seen, forms a part of the original plan of the church) there is no east window, but a splendid one is placed in the north wall, representing the meeting by Martha of our blessed Lord on His road to Bethany, after the death of Lazarus, with the text below, "I am the Resurrection and the Life." The whole of the windows in this church are filled with magnificent stained-glass, the work of Munich artists; and the entire edifice, though small, is remarkable for its gorgeous colouring and elaborate decoration.

M. M.

S. D. B. states that there is a second altar at St. Augustine's, Kilburn; H. W., that the same is the case at St. Mary's, Bloxham, Oxon; P. A. W., that there is a second altar at St. Michael's, Coventry; and Mr. WELCHMAN, that there are two altars at St. Mary's, Warwick.

At Whitwell Church, in the Isle of Wight, there are two altars, one in what was originally the chantry of St. Rhadigund, belonging to Gatecombe; and another in the south aisle, which is the chapel of the "Virgin Mary of Whitwell," formerly in the parish of Godshill.

L. A.

I have seen a side altar (properly furnished) in the following churches:—

St. Michael's Church, Coventry.
Bloxham Church, near Banbury.

There is also an altar in the Lady Chapel, in St. Mary Redcliffe, Bristol, and in the Beauchamp Chapel, St. Mary's, Warwick; these are in addition to the high altar, which is in the usual place.

M. I. C. S.

There are two altars in the church of SS. Mary and Radegund, at Whitwell, Isle of Wight, both of them in constant use. In the new church of St. Augustine, Kilburn, there are also two altars.

F. S.

THE REFORMERS.

19.—*In a lecture by the Rev. S. Baring-Gould, entitled "Protestant or Catholic?" I find the following statement (p. 24):—"Mary the First burned Latimer because he disbelieved in Transubstantiation; and Elizabeth steved the legs off of the Archbishop of Cashel in oil and sulphur, till the flesh dropped off the bones, because he believed in that doctrine." I should be greatly obliged for any further information with regard to the second case, as I had not heard of it before. What history is it to be found in?*

M. I. C. S.

Diarmet O'Hurley, Archbishop of Cashel, was a man more than ordinary learning, and distinguished for his refined and cultivated tastes. He was arrested at Carrick-on-Suir, in September, 1583, and sent to Dublin, where he was confined till Holy Thursday, 1584, in a loathsome dungeon. At the latter date he was brought before the (Protestant) Archbishop Loftus and the deputy Wallop. On his persistent refusal to acknowledge the royal supremacy, he was sentenced to torture and death. He was first bound to the trunk of a large tree, his hands and feet chained, and his legs forced into long leather boots, reaching to the knees, which were filled with salt, butter, oil, hemp, and pitch, and he was laid on an iron grato over a fire, and there tortured for more than an hour; and the pitch and oil boiling over,

the skin was torn off the feet, and even large pieces of flesh, so as to leave the bones bare. The veins and muscles contracted gradually, and when the boots were pulled off, no one could bear to look at the horrible spectacle. He was then cast into prison till the 7th of June, when early in the morning he was carried to Stephen's Green, where what remained of human life was quickly extinguished, by putting him again to torture, and then by hanging.

M. I. C. S. will find further particulars in "Collections from Irish Church History," from the MSS. of the Rev. Laurence F. Renehan, D.D., and edited by the Rev. D. McCarthy, (C. M. Warren, Dublin, 1861); also in "Martyrs omitted by Foxe," (Hodges, 1870); in "Student's History of Ireland," (Longmans, 1870); and at p. 78, of "State Papers," edited by Dr. Maziere Brady, (Longmans).

F. S.

THE SEALED BOOK—BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER, 1662.

21.—*One of the Canons of Carlisle discovered last year in the cathedral library, in a chest, the copy of the Sealed Book which was deposited there. It is in excellent preservation, with the Letters Patent within the covers, but with the seal not quite perfect. I could not point to any list of the Sealed Books known at present. Would any of the readers of the PENNY POST help to form such a list, by stating any copies which have come within notice?*

ED. MARSHALL.

Your correspondent, ED. MARSHALL, enquires as to copies of the "Sealed Book." Your readers may be interested in the following extracts from Stephens' "Book of Common Prayer," relative to this book. It is a copy of the Book of Common Prayer, as revised by the Convocation of 1661, and finally ratified by the Act of Uniformity, (13 and 14 Car. II., c. 4.) This act provides as follows:—"That the respective Deans and Chapters of every Cathedral within England and Wales shall, before the 25th of December, 1662, obtain under the Great Seal of England a true and perfect printed copy of this book, . . . to be by the said Deans and Chapters, and their successors, kept and preserved in safety for ever, and to be also produced, and showed forth in any Court of Record, as often as they shall be therunto lawfully required; which said books shall be examined by such persons as the King's Majesty shall appoint, and shall be compared with the original book, and they shall certify in writing under their hands and seals, at the end of the same book, that they have examined, and

compared the same book, and find it to be a true and perfect copy."

The "Sealed Book," in the custody of the Dean and Chapter of Exeter, is kept in the Exchequer Chamber of that Cathedral Church. It is in excellent preservation, with the letters patent within its covers, and the seal (somewhat broken) attached. At the end of the book are the names of the following persons, under whose hands and seals it was certified.

JOS. HENSHAW, Dean of Chichester.

RICH. CHAWORTH.

WILL. BRABOURNE.

MARK FRANK, Archd. of St. Alban's.

GEO. STRAULING.

H. W.

There is a fine clean and perfect copy of the Sealed Prayer-book in Hereford Cathedral Library, with silken cord, and part of the royal seal. Copies ought to be found in most of our cathedrals.

F. T. H.

THE UTRECHT PSALTER AND THE ATHANASIAN CREED.

23.—*Can you tell me anything about the Utrecht Psalter, which has been mentioned of late in connection with the Athanasian Creed?*

P. J.

In the last Annual Report of the Deputy Keeper of Public Records, Sir Thomas Duffus Hardy writes:—"I had the honour to state to your Majesty in my last report that two facsimiles of the Greek text of the Athanasian Creed, preserved in St. Mark's Library, Venice, had been forwarded to this department from Venice by Mr. Rawdon Brown, as part of the valuable transcripts which he annually transmits. One of these was a photograph of a manuscript of an earlier date than any in England. This photograph was shewn to the houses of Convocation; and the Lord Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol, as Chairman of the Committee of Bishops on the Athanasian Creed, requested the Master of the Rolls to procure a photographic copy of the Creed in a manuscript formerly in the Cotton collection, and now in the University of Utrecht. This manuscript was supposed to be of considerable antiquity, but had not been collated, nor its date palæographically ascertained; it was suggested by the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol that a photograph of the Creed, which was said to be of the time of Gregory the Great, might tend to settle the question whether or not it was a forgery of the ninth century. *Lo. Romilly* thereupon applied to your Majesty's principal Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs for assistance in procuring for this office a photographic copy of the

Creed in the Utrecht Psalter, and on the 13th of September, 1872, a copy was transmitted to the Master of the Rolls from the Foreign Office, which had been forwarded by the Curators of the University of Utrecht, together with a memorandum prepared by the librarian of that university respecting the probable age of the manuscript, and of the miniatures and illuminations. On the receipt of these, the Master of the Rolls desired me to prepare a report to him on the Utrecht Manuscript, which I have done. It is entitled, 'The Athanasian Creed in connection with the Utrecht Psalter,' and has annexed to it photographs of the Athanasian and Apostles' Creeds in the Utrecht Psalter. In my report I have given reasons for coming to the following conclusions:— That the date of the manuscript may be assigned to the close of the sixth century; that there are no sufficiently valid objections against this date; and that as the Utrecht Psalter is a Gallican, and not a Roman, Psalter, objections to it based upon the Roman usage are of no force."

We give the following commencement and ending of the original text of the Creed in question copied from the Utrecht Psalter:—

INCIPIIT FIDES CATHOLICAM.
 QUICUNQUE VULT
 SALVUS ESSE ANTE OMNIA
 OPUS EST UT TENEAT CATHO-
 LICAM FIDEM.
 * * * * *
 * * * * *

HAEC EST FIDES CATHOLICA
 QUAM NISI QVISQUE FREDE
 LITER FIRMITERQUE CREDI
 DERIT SALVUS ESSE NON PO-
 TERIT.

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.

The Augsburg Confession is the chief standard of faith in the Lutheran Church. It took its origin in the following manner. When Charles V. was Emperor of Germany, he called a council together, A.D. 1530, in order to bring to terms of settlement the opposing religious parties, the separation of whom had taken place some thirteen or fourteen years before. This assembly met at Augsburg, one of the cities of Germany. Charles V. demanded from the Protestants an account of the doctrines in which they had departed from the Catholic Church. Accordingly, Luther and the Wittenberg theologians were authorized by the elector, John of Saxony, to draw up articles of faith,

and lay them before the Emperor at Torgau, a town in Prussia. They took as their basis, articles which had been signed in the previous year, by conferences held at Marburg, and Schwabach, against the doctrines of Zwingli. Melancthon, Luther's fellow-labourer in the Reformation, from these articles compiled a document, with the advice of Protestant theologians and others, which he at first called an "Apology," but which subsequently took the name of the "Augsburg Confession." They were written in German and Latin, and the author struggled very hard to improve it, in order to present it to the Emperor, June 25, 1530.

The object of it was, to state the belief of the Lutheran Protestants, proving, at the same time, that the accusations brought against them by the Catholics were false; and also to attempt to lay a foundation for measures of reconciliation. This document, signed by a number of people, was read before the Emperor Charles V., June 25, 1530. Subsequently, Melancthon made several alterations, especially concerning the article on the Lord's Supper, in which he endeavoured to unite the Lutherans and Calvinists. The result soon followed, and much controversy took place between the two parties.

It is uncertain whether the present form of the confession, as used by the Protestant Churches of Germany, can be identified with the unaltered one, as the two original copies laid before the council are lost.

I. T. W. C.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS, AND REPLIES.

Can you, or any of your readers, give me the words of the Bidding Prayer, used before the Dampton Lectures and University Sermons, in St. Mary's Church, Oxford, and tell me whether any part of it could be quoted as an authority for Prayers for the Dead? AVERIL.

The following is from an old Bidding Prayer used at Oxford, as well as in a parish church in Oxfordshire, from A.D. 1795 to A.D. 1841:—"We commend also unto Thy mercy, O Lord, all other Thy servants who are departed hence with the sign of faith, and now rest in the sleep of death. Grant unto them, we beseech Thee, Thy mercy and everlasting peace, that at the general resurrection, we and all they of the mystical body of Thy Son, may together be set on His right hand, and hear that His most joyful voice, Come ye blessed of My Father, receive the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world."—ED. P. P.

A LARGE number of Letters, Verses, and other contributions—Queries as well as Replies—have reached us too late for notice or detailed acknowledgment in this number. Let it be noted, too, that we cannot, except under very exceptional circumstances, undertake to write private letters to correspondents.

RECEIVED WITH THANKS.—ARTHUR INGLEYBY (Cambridge).—MISS STUART.—S. D. B.—H. WELCHMAN.—C. T. (Ferriard Park).—FLORA.—L. A. (Shanklin).—R. R.—CRUX.—MRS. ROBINSON (Liverpool).

L. T. has given us no address, and no name. How is it possible for us to comply with his request?

"A Few Thoughts on Flowers" is declined with thanks.

H. M. (Leicester).—Cleave's Sermons on the Holy Communion (Masters).

M. C. C.—Declined with thanks.

MARIE.—Not of general interest.

MARGHERITA.—No doubt because those who enquired concerning them were ignorant, and wanted the information sought after. This is the only reason which occurs to us.

MISS DAVIS (Tiverton).—Should apply to Messrs. Novello, London.

A. G. D.—We do not often insert music.

MRS. H. COOPER will obtain such from Messrs. Warne and Co., whose illustrated children's books are admirable.

P. M. DUNX.—Apply to the office of the National Society, Westminster.

INES.—Ananias, Azarias, and Misael, are the same as Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego.

ROSEBUD.—(1.) Brett's Anglican "Paradise of the Soul;" (2.) A figure of St. James would be most appropriate for the banner.

PHILIP.—Competent authorities have pronounced the Letter of Publius Lentulus to be a forgery.

LETTERS by post have been sent to Misses EGERTON, DOBBRE, and LEMPRIERE.

J. R. H.—"Even Homer sometimes slumbers." It was inserted by pure inadvertence. We are always annoyed when second-hand contributions are palmed off on us as original. Thanks.

MISS BILLINGS.—Answered by post.

R. METCALF (Worthing).—Thanks for "St. Gudule's Bells," which is retained for insertion. We ought to receive communications appropriate for particular seasons at least two months before they appear.

ALICE's question has been answered, directly or indirectly, at least a dozen times in the PENNY POST. See volumes v., viii., xi., xiii., xvi., xvii., and xx.

E. L.—Apply for the List of the S.P.C.K.

DARK BLUE.—Unsuitable.

MISS EGERTON should apply to the Editor of "Notes and Queries."

MISS CURREY will find what she needs in Butler's "Lives of the Saints," published at 1s. per volume by Richardson.

MISS EMPSON (Lewisham).—Declined, and returned by post.

We are obliged for MISS STUART's poem; for H. M. L.'s translation from the French; also to F. E. B. for her two poems; to R. M. for that on Flowers; and likewise to E. B. A. M. for her musical verses. They shall in due course appear.

M. J. "From the German."—Declined with thanks.

MISS M. L. B. KER has given no address in her letter.

M. H.—Declined with thanks.

WITH every respect for the rights of PHLOX, I must say that he sets a deplorable example in withholding from inspection his old MSS. of "Macbeth." It is fortunate for the republic of letters that a more generous spirit prevails among its constituents. Here is the position. It is asserted and believed that there are extant only two seventeenth-century MSS. of plays by Shakespeare; viz., the Proctor MS. of the "Merry Wives of Windsor," and the Dering MS. of "Henry IV." There is, however, the Bright MS. of the "Eighth Sonnet," which escaped the notice of the Cambridge editors. This was the state of the case when Mr. H. H. Furness was printing his Variorum Edition of "Macbeth." At this juncture PHLOX announces in your columns his being in possession of an early MS. of "Macbeth," from which he cites a curious reading. Naturally, as a friend of Mr. Furness, and a student of Shakespeare, I am anxious to give Mr. Furness's Edition the benefit of this newly-discovered MS., which might possibly turn out to be an independent authority. With this object in view, I asked PHLOX to allow me to inspect it. As he can see no difference between my case and that of "every other person in the kingdom," he refuses me this favour. I am quite sure no other Shakespearean in England would have done so. Will PHLOX state the date, or probable date, of his MS., and give me, privately or publicly, a few of the readings peculiar to that copy?

C. M. INGLEBY.

Valentines, Ilford, Essex.

WILL each subscriber to the PENNY POST kindly contribute six penny stamps or more, towards the completion of the building of the church of St. James-the-Less, Liverpool? There are 10,000 of the very poorest class, and not one person in the parish of any affluence to assist them. Contributions will be most gratefully received by Mrs. ROBINSON, 117, Upper Parliament-st., Liverpool.

priests to do him honour, commenced removing his remains into the interior, but rain commencing which continued forty days, they desisted, believing the displeasure of the saint at their work was thus evinced. Ever since that time it has been held as a maxim, that if there be rain on St. Swithin's day, it may be expected for forty days ensuing.

22nd. *St. Mary Magdalene*.—In the First common Prayer Book of Edward VI. this Festival was observed, and the Gospel appointed for the day was the story of Mary in the house of Simon the leper, (St. Luke vii.) but, upon a strict enquiry, it appears dubious to our Reformers, whether the woman designated in this Scripture was Mary Magdalene or not. The Festival was discontinued, for what reason it is left in the Calendar does not appear.

For what reason St. Anne, mother to the Blessed Virgin, has found a place of distinction is yet more perplexing. She might have been and in all probability she was, a saintly woman, but she is not even mentioned in the sacred Scriptures, and her natural relationship could entitle her to no place of distinction in the Heralds of the Church. St. Ann was the daughter of Matthew the Priest and the wife of Joachim; we know less about her than of Martha and Mary, and Dorcas and Phœbe, all of whom are canonized by the Inspiration of God.

We could say very much more of St. Margaret, the Martyr of Antioch, the daughter of a heathen priest, who converted to the Christian faith, renounced all the temptations of wealth and honor, and proved by her pure life and heroic death, that she was sanctified and made perfect by the spirit of God. The story of her trials and her death has been wrought into a sacred Drama by Deau Milman, and

might be read with pleasure and profit by all who can admire noble deeds, and appreciate beautiful writing.

THE PEW SYSTEM.

The pew system has some serious disadvantages, and particularly where the church has a chancel, and the pulpit ceases to be all that is regarded as worthy of special notice. Then, generally, all are not favorably situated for seeing those who are engaged in performance of Holy services; and what are regarded as the best sittings are anxiously sought. George Herbert says to church goers, "Seal up thine eyes and send them to thy heart;" and were his advice taken, we would hear but little about the best pews.

Among the disadvantages, we find that of persons taking sittings with a proviso that when what is termed a better position becomes vacant, they are to have the offer of it. Suppose there are a dozen such in a Parish; a vacancy occurs, and a stranger desiring to obtain sittings, hears of it and applies. The Wardens have a list of applicants ranged in order of priority as to dates, and they go to the first named. The family are not prepared to answer promptly, and perhaps want a Sunday to intervene, that they may see how they like the pew before they decide to change. They decline, and the Wardens have the remainder of the dozen of dissatisfied people to consult before they can give the pew to the new comer. We have known a lady who lived three pews in succession in one church, thinking by change to find greater convenience for gratification.

There are only two ways of managing the sittings with any prospect of giving satisfaction. One is the system of annually leasing to the highest bidder; and the other is the sup-

port of the Priests and edifice by means of the Offertory, without appropriation by rule of any particular portions of the house. Money governs in the first of these, and those who are poor must stand back; the last is decidedly the best, and those who are first in attendance make choice of what they prefer; and if they are hard of hearing can secure a place near the pulpit. To give satisfaction is a difficult matter, however; though we have hope that the latter system will yet prevail. *

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THE FAITHFUL DEPARTED.

The Burial of the Dead according to the full measure of the rites of the Church of England as they stand in the Prayer Book, has become the rule now in our Parish. This is soothing to those who are mourners, especially when the departed has been removed in youthful innocency, and been but recently, as it were, baptized unto death in the Church where the services are proceeding, or when the loved one has in the fulness of years been taken from the ministrations which gave delight, and which were attended devoutly, regularly and punctually. The bodies of the saints are the temples of the Holy Ghost, and the Church wisely appointed at the time known as the Reformation, the beautiful service in which we find increasing interest, the more frequently we participate in it. All the services of our Church, as found in her manual the Book of Common Prayer, are appointed under direction of those whom we regard as having been under the guidance of Heavenly Wisdom when they compiled them; and are to us of authority akin to declarations of those books which the same persons, or many who were their co-workers, pronounced to be the Word of God; and which

all people called Protestant in these days regard as such without hesitation. *

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HERRING COVE.

We are glad to be able to inform our readers that the Church at Herring Cove is about to be commenced, the people there having been moved to action by Rev. James Breeding, their zealous Missionary. The fact that Terrence Bay and adjacent places must one day form a separate Mission, will lead to Herring Cove being made the centre of operations for the person who will minister to the people of Falkland and Purcell's Cove on the north side, and to those of Portuguese Cove and small Hamlets southward.

We cannot doubt but that an appeal to Churchmen in the City for aid, will be met by a kindly response. Those who live not far from town are often found much worse off for spiritual help than others, who, being quite remote, are forced to make their own settlement a home for the Priest of God. They are usually regarded as part of some City Mission, and supposed to be able to secure needed service in emergency; but too generally, in ordinary circumstances, are left pretty much to themselves, and either become inactive in spiritual matters, or run into the wild forms of excitement which mark some classes of dissent. *

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ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

Messrs. Ratchford, Weatherbe, Taylor, Edwards, Keating, Wallace, each 50 cts. C. Chadwick \$1.00. The Very Revd. the Dean, \$5.00.

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BAPTISMS.

Harry Clifford Stevens, Annie Elizabeth Cock, Jane Stevens, adult.