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March.

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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"ONE ANOTHER."

There are two distinct classes of Christians in every community professing Christianity; the one is always wrong, the other sometimes mistaken in the estimate of their obligation to "one another;" the one is centered in self; to improve their own condition, and to gratify their own desire; but, in respect to others they have the same ready reply of Cain, "*am I my brother's keeper?*" From this class little is to be expected, for they have but little to give for the help, encouragement, and comfort of their brethren. But there is a far better hope to be derived from the other. "Who would do good, but, how to perform it they find not;" who caring for others, have no definite plans for promoting their welfare and improvement, and yet for all such there is the never failing remedy prescribed by the inspiration of God: "*Exhort one another;*" "*Pray for one another;*" the one we are to do *daily*, the other we are to practice *every where*, and *here* is the Parish of St. Luke, and at this Eastertide there is a special demand for the exercise of both; and if, in the spirit of our Lord's new commandment, we love "*one another*," we shall not witness the good profession of those who have ratified their baptismal vows and are preparing to make their first communion, without the fervent prayer that He who has begun a good work in them, will perform it unto the day of our Lord Jesus Christ. All, in greater or lesser degree may "*bear one another's burdens*," and so fulfil the law of Christ; the vow to which we are twice pledged, first as the disciples of Jesus, and again as members of our Church association. A glorious promise is made to this communion and fellowship in which we are knitted together; as it is written, "They that feared the Lord, spake

often one to another, and the Lord hearkened and heard it, and a Book of remembrance was written before Him for them that feared the Lord and that thought upon His name; and they shall be mine saith the Lord of Hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels; and I will spare them, as a man spareth his own son that serveth him." —(Malachi iii. 16-17.) The obligation is plain, the recompense is sure. "So let us consider '*one another*' to provoke unto love and to good works." —(Heb x 24)

—o—

FREQUENT COMMUNION.

By a Rubric at the conclusion of Divine service, we are bidden to note that every parishioner "shall communicate *at least* three times a year" "*At least!*" In the commencement of the present century, "*at least*," was the maximum as well as the minimum of the appointed office; and many an indolent and indelicate Priest was satisfied to keep himself up to the absolute necessity, and we do not wonder, that seeing their pastor cared so little for the sacred ordinance, the majority of his parishioners, should care for it less, and that many should not communicate at all. And even now when a higher faith and a holier feeling pervade the Church, and increasing numbers prize the privilege and fulfil the duty of Daily Service in the sanctuary, and a weekly communion, the old leaven still works, and there are some among our own people who sigh for the scant measure of former days, and brand all improvement in the order and decency of worship as innovation, and superstition and popery. We have good reason to be thankful that we have pastors who are not to be hindered by such a reproach, and a company of our people, who

WHAT SHALL I DO THIS LENT ?

TO this plain question we should each of us resolve to give a practical response: for as Lent is a solemn season set apart for fasting and devotion, so we shall most surely have to answer before God for its use or abuse. And yet how constantly persons—members of the Church—excuse themselves from observing Lent at all! Either they “do not approve” of fasting, or are “too weak” to practise it; or they have no time for extra devotion; or they cannot, without offending others, break with the World and its pleasures:—excuses generally altogether false, shallow, and dangerous; for all can keep Lent, though they be young or old, sick or in health, rich or poor. The Church of England, in common with the rest of Christendom, enjoins on her children the obligation of fasting during the forty days of Lent, therefore we will not stay to discuss this law of our Mother (in the observance of which, if such be in our power, we shall gain the blessing of the obedient), but proceed to consider briefly some of those dispositions and practices by which still further all of us may keep Lent holily, to God’s glory and our souls’ eternal advantage.

I. The great work of Lent is to do penance for our sins; and to this end we must examine our lives and actions by the rule of God’s Commandments; confess and forsake our sins, daily laying them at the feet of our adorable Lord, and, with tears of sorrow, ask that they may be blotted out in His Precious Blood. The past may be black; our garments (once cleansed in the waters of Baptism) may be soiled with the filth of sin; but He will wash out the stains, if we are contrite; and if we use the means of grace He has left us in His Church, He will say, “Go in peace, thy sins are forgiven thee.”

II. The true fast of a Christian is to abstain from sin: this is of obligation to all; without this, fasting is a mere pretence and mockery, and, like the fasts of the corrupt Jews of old, will provoke God to anger. Fasting should be not only a restraint upon our appetites in regard to meat and drink, but a real mortification of all our senses—an abstinence from idle conversations, detraction, and evil-speaking; from carnal pleasures and self-indulgence; from worldly diversions and gay company; and, above all, from the indulgence of our besetting sin, of our self-will, pride, and evil tempers. Let it, then, be our work this Lent, with the help of God’s Holy Spirit, to do something more in these respects than we have done before, and to engage ourselves more deeply and solemnly in the service of our indulgent and merciful Lord.

III. Besides the great work of repentance, Lent is also instituted to be a time of prayer and devotion, and preparation for the solemnities of Easter. Away from the world, its distractions and dissipation, taking our station humbly at the foot of the Cross, let us, by daily meditation and constant prayer, contemplate Him Who suffered for our salvation. Christ crucified is our best book of devotions, and Calvary the safest retreat for the penitent.

Christian. Here, in the consideration of what He has done for us, we may learn—for He will teach us—how to be humble, unselfish, and poor in spirit. Here our sorrows will be sanctified, and we shall learn how to bear our sufferings and crosses without murmuring or fretfulness. Here we shall be taught the emptiness of the world, and detachment from it, and to regard every earthly object, in comparison with Jesus and Him crucified, as of no abiding value. And here, above all, we shall learn the love of God and of our neighbour. The Passion is a mystery of love, and the fountain of all supernatural charity, as of all other graces; and at the foot of the Cross, with Mary and John and the penitent Magdalene, we may gain that spirit of Divine love which will transform our souls and make them holy. "We love Him because He first loved us."

With these aims and dispositions let us begin this present Lent, making for ourselves such rules and resolutions as may seem suited to our individual needs, but avoiding, in all we do, singularity and ostentation. The tempter is ever at hand to mar our work; our own evil nature is always striving to turn our good into ill; and Lent, though a season of great blessing, is also a time of special temptation. Let us, then, arm ourselves with a steadfast trust in God, and profound distrust of ourselves, and we shall be secure of victory—for He has promised to help those who put their trust in Him. Very quickly Lent will pass by, with its warnings, and helps, and graces; and if we have used it well the Paschal joys will be ours. God grant us grace so to spend the Lent of this sorrowful life, that it may be a preparation for the glories of the Heavenly Easter, when, in the blissful presence of our risen Lord, all tears shall be wiped away, and the former things will have passed for ever away!

THE GREAT CREATOR.

"And God said, Let Us make man in Our image, after Our likeness."—*Gen. i. 26.*

First father of our mortal race!
A glorious trust was thine,
When dwelt within thy quickened clay
A spirit all divine.

In will, the image of its God;
In love, His image too;
In act the same, by love impelled
Nought but that will to do.

So the far light of hidden stars,
Each star a glowing sun,
Comes down to men a cloudlet pure,
All blended into one.

Unstained thy flesh—the earth unstained,
By foot of sin untrod,
Thy wondrous frame revealed thy mind,
And all, the Mind of God.

Child of to-day! thy living dust,
Thy act, thy love, thy will,
Are one—an erring human soul,
Born in the thrall of ill.

Infinite Good! Eternal God!
Give us Thy Presence when
By Satan's wiles our hearts are tried,
As ore by skill of men:

O Thou! the Will Who planned the worlds!
O Thou! the Love Who came,
Nor felt alone, but seen and known,
Begotten in our frame!

Spirit of Power! O Triune God!
Breathe in our flesh again:
Be Thine our love, be ours Thy will,
And o'er each action reign.

A SKETCH FROM THE WESTERN CONTINENT.

ASSURING the late American wars a troop of savage Avenakis attacked and conquered a detachment of English; the vanquished could not escape from enemies so much more active than themselves, and who were moreover determined to pursue them; they were treated with a barbarity without precedent, even in those countries.

A young English officer, attacked by two savages with raised axes, gave up all hopes of escaping death, but resolved to sell his life dearly. At the same time an old savage, armed with a bow, drew near and took aim at him; but having placed his arrow, he suddenly let it fall again, and threw himself between the young officer and the two barbarians who were about to slay him; these respectfully drew back.

The old man took the Englishman by the hand, re-assured him by his caresses, and led him to his cabin, where he treated him with unfailing kindness, making him less his slave than his companion; he taught him the language of the Avenakis, and the rude arts in use amongst that people. They lived very contentedly with one another. One single thing disquieted the young Englishman; sometimes the old man would fix his eyes on him, look steadfastly at him, and burst into tears.

However, on the return of spring, the savages again took arms, and set out on a campaign.

The old man, who was still strong enough to bear the fatigues of war, went with them, accompanied by his prisoner.

They marched for more than two hundred leagues across forest land, till at length they reached a plain, where they descried an English camp. The old man closely watched the Englishman's countenance.

"There are thy brethren," said he, "waiting to contend with us. Listen! I have saved thy life, I have taught thee to make a canoe, bows and arrows, to ensnare the Canadian elk in the forest, to handle the axe, and to scalp thy enemies.

What wast thou when I led thee to my cabin? thy hands were as those of a child, they served neither to nourish nor to defend thee; thy soul was in darkness. What didst thou know? thou owest everything to me. And now, wilt thou be ungrateful enough to join thy brethren, and raise the axe against us?"

The Englishman declared that he would perish a thousand times before he shed the blood of an Avenakis.

The savage covered his face with his hands, bowed his head, and after remaining thus for some minutes, again looked at the young Englishman, and said in a tone of mingled gentleness and sorrow, "Hast thou a father?"

"He was alive," replied the young man, "when I left my native country."

"Oh, how unhappy must he be!" replied the savage; and, after a moment's silence, he added, "Knowest thou that I have been a father . . . I am one no longer. I saw my son fall in fight; he was by my side, I saw him die like a man; he was covered with wounds, my son, when he fell. But I have avenged him . . . Yes, I have avenged him."

He uttered these words with violence; his whole frame trembled; he was nearly stifled by the sobs he could not keep back; his eyes grew wild, his tears did not flow. He calmed himself by degrees, and then turning towards the East, where the sun was rising, he said to the young man, "Seest thou that beautiful sky resplendent with light? Hast thou pleasure in looking at it?"

"Yes," answered the Englishman, "I derive great pleasure from that beautiful sky."

"Ah, well! I no longer do so," said the savage, shedding a torrent of tears.

A moment afterwards he shewed the young man a mangrove, which was in flower. "Look at this lovely tree," said he, "dost thou take pleasure in that?"

"Yes," answered the Englishman.

"I have pleasure no more," cried the savage, hastily; and added immediately, "Depart, go to thy country, in order that thy father may still have pleasure in watching the sun-rise, and in beholding the spring flowers."—*Translated from the French of Saint-Lambert.*

"GARETH AND LYNETTE."

HERE before us lies another "Idyll of the King;" another piece or part, exquisite in hue, delicately cut, and finely polished, and as perfectly beautiful in structure and finish as the shell of a nautilus, or that only perfect natural object, according to Hawthorne, a rose-bud,—deftly inlaid in its place in the goodly mosaic, whose separate and various parts consist of gems inherently rich in depth of colour, and of the first water and lustre, and which are wrought to the highest finish by the chisel of a great artist, and set harmonious in the great design.

Here we have "Gareth and Lynette," set between the "Coming of Arthur" and "Geraint and Enid;" and, though lacking the power, passion, and pathos of some of its predecessors, it is a delightful story and goodly poem, full of the fresh morning radiance of the early days of Arthur's kingship:—

"When every morning brought a noble chance,
And every chance brought out a noble knight:"

before that baleful time, when the mist arose, which grew to weeping rain, which again deepened to roaring storm.

Gareth, the hero, the last and best-loved son of Lot and Bellicent, Queen of Orkney, brother of cunning Modred and light Gawain, dreaming the dreams of youth, of fame, of love, of glory, is languishing under his mother's prohibition to leave her to go to Camelot. Her other sons have gone from her; his father is in his dotage; he must stay by her in her loneliness. This is selfish and unjust; but, "indeed," says the mover of the puppets in "Vanity Fair," "Whoever accused women of being just? They are always sacrificing themselves, or somebody, for somebody else's sake."

But Gareth pleadeth, and Bellicent persuadeth; he beseecheth, and she, wearied by his importunity, perhaps, consenteth conditionally; he may go, but it must be to win his way to knighthood through the pots and pans of Arthur's kitchen. This, she thinks, will try his princely pride; but

no, his pride is not of so base a metal; for a moment's meditation shews him that "the thrall in person may be free in soul," and he accepts the condition. Arrived at Court, he serves under the hard mastership of Kay, the seneschal, as kitchen knave, quits himself well, is princely in spirit even among the thralls of the spit, until the time when his mother, relenting, releases him from his vow, and he reveals himself and his mystery to his king.

Here we catch sight of Arthur in his great hall, dispensing justice and compensating wrong,—a king, indeed, "beyond all titles;" and of Lancelot, grave, wise, and kind, and whom, after making Gareth a knight in secret, and granting his prayer for the first quest, Arthur makes in some sort the protector of the knight so full of promise, but not proven. For this quest the eager young knight had not long to wait. The same day there comes into hall,—

"A damsel of high lineage, and a brow
May-blossom; and a cheek of apple-blossom,
Hawk-eyes; and lightly was her slender nose
Tip-tilted like the petal of a flower."

A face, surely, to inspire in the heart of a man the "hope that makes heroes."

Accordingly, he, sudden and impetuous, proclaiming himself kitchen knave, springs forth for the quest; to rescue the maiden's sister, the Lady Lyonors, from her Castle Perilous, where she is held in bondage by four strong lawless ruffians. But she, who had asked for the prince of knights, Sir Lancelot himself, turns away in disgust, at having instead this kitchen knave accorded, and flees the court in anger and scorn. Then, behold the transformation of the knave to knight, than whom few were goodlier; with soul, which has lain among the pots, white-winged and gleaming with the rainbow glory of noble impulses. He goes after her, and finds her by the wondrous city gate. But no, she will have none of him. The high-born lady turns from the "dish-washer" in scorn, disdainfully nipping her "slender nose, with petulant thumb and finger," to avoid the smell

of his "kitchen grease." Nevertheless, though she flees from him, he pursues undauntedly the quest of his king. In her anger and rage, she loses her way in a forest infested by thieves, and his presence becomes necessary for her protection; but in nowise has her scorn abated, and she consoles herself for her ignominy with the precedent:—

"Lion and stoat have isled together, knave,
In time of flood."

His prowess remains not long unproven.

By a black mountain tarn, glaring blood-red with the reflection of a sombre red sunset, and weird by its ghostly associations, his valour becomes evident, even to the flashing hawk-eyes of his dainty companion. Of his gentleness, there is need of no proof. He gives not scorn for scorn, but is ever gentle and knightly, though bold and undaunted; his fine manners the fruit of a loyal nature and a noble mind. Only when he meets and overthrows, one after another, mighty foe after foe, does she admit that "the savour of his kitchen comes a little faintlier;" though she impeaches even his valour, ascribing his victories to the mere unhappy chance of the enemy.

But long ere this, though her tongue clangs none the less scornfully, we feel that the bright, proud eyes are gleaming upon him with something not altogether scorn-like. And when he has, in fair field, conquered all but the last of the four knights who hold the three bridges over the three loops of the river which lie between them and Castle Perilous, and who besiege the Lady Lyonors, she has come to glory in her knave, and laments ruefully when the mystery is rather roughly dispelled by the appearance of Lancelot. Ah! how tender she has grown, when, on the eve before his most terrible battle with "Night and Death," she watches him sleeping in a flower-mantled cave, thinking,—

"How sweetly smells the honeysuckle
In the hushed night, as if the world were one
Of utter peace, and love, and gentleness;"

for there has dropped into her heart the seed of a plant which bears for blossom the white flowers of peace, and love, and

gentleness, and emits through the garden where it blows both perfume and radiance. The fastidious maiden has learnt a lesson, too, during her ride most probably.

Here I may leave Gareth with Lynette. The end is not far off, and plainly to be seen. For that, the beauty and power of the narrative, and the fine touches of description, reference must be made to the poem itself, where, to the congenial mind, a word is made to imply so much, and a simile opens out long vistas of thought:—

"'Tis but brother's speech
We need, speech where an accent's change gives
each
The other's soul."

On the other poem, the "Last Tournament," called the tournament of the "dead innocence," which immediately precedes "Guinevere," and which appeared originally in the "Contemporary Review" of last December, I mean only to touch slightly.

In a poem rich in colour, deepening even to darkness the gorgeous autumnal hues, which are the presage of the process of decay, we have the story of the passion and sin of Tristram and Isolt. Going through the Idylls, we are made to feel by subtle gradations the sad process of deterioration, and the doom-like approach of the direful end; here the movement is hastened, and we see the very shadow of doom darkling downward close upon the gorgeous forest, through which the leaf-laden wind is wailing dirgefully, and the rich, heavy odours sadly creeping; though in secret nook, "dark in the golden grove appearing," may still be found some bower of "intertwisted beechen-boughs, furze-cramm'd, and bracken-rooft," where the wind still blows softly, and the odour of the drifted foliage grows dreamy, to blind both sense and sight of voluptuous dreamer to the presence of that "bright white shaft" which is poised to plunge through the forest's density, "feeling for guilty thee and me."

How terrible the contrast; the picture of Tristram, in her sunset tower of lonely Tintagil, dallying with his "glossy-throated grace, Isolt the Queen," with the "blue-black Irish hair and Irish eyes," to the

dewy morning time, when the king unto
his knights was as a god :—

"His hair, a sun that ray'd from off a brow
Like hills now high in heaven, the steel blue
eyes,
The golden beard that clothed his lips with
light."

And, oh! the sorrow of it, to think that
it came,—

"First mainly through that sullying of our
Queen."

Imagine a Lancelot mocked by a Tris-
tram! But, ah! there are chords of triumph
amid the notes of woe. In that land "where
all are pure," all maddened and saddened,
all torn, stained, and blind, Lancelot will
see the Holy Grail, and, kneeling, clasp
again the fingers of his king.

Considered in another light, have we,
amid the smoke and roar, the hustling and

the jostling of our city, no need to be re-
minded of the turrets, and spires, and
palaces, of the dim, rich, enchanted dream-
city, Camelot? What can be nobler than
the delineation of Gareth in kitchen,
among the thralls, performing "all kinds
of service with a noble ease?" Evidently
this is the last instalment of the great
Arthurian series; but who can tell?
Glancing back from the "Passing" to the
"Coming of Arthur," no vacuum is dis-
cernible. Here it lies—the grand epic—
like the brand Excalibur itself, of steel the
truest, finely wrought and tempered, with
something of a mystic power and grace,
the hilt sparkling with similes, like gems,—
"diamond sparks," "topaz lights," and
"jacinth work of subtlest jewelry,"—cast
to us from the "deeps" of a poet's soul.

M. A. R. Y.

HEAVEN'S GATE.

'Tis open wide—the gate of gold,
It leads to peace and joys untold,
To blissful rest.

Why turn ye from the living way,
Why hasten not thy head to lay
On Jesus' breast?

Up there await delights unknown,
Results from seeds full early sown
In courts above.

Glad smiles of joy to thee are given,
There waits for thee a home in heaven,
A Father's love.

Hast thou been sad? Well, weep no more;
Behold! 'tis Christ stands at the door
To let thee in.

Leave all behind: thy hopes and fears.
Leave all in this dim vale of tears,
All stain of sin.

What reek ye now? thy Lord is there,
He doth for thee a home prepare
Of endless peace.

Rise—rise from this dark world of woe;
Rise—rise and ever bolder grow;
Thy woe doth cease.

Thou hast no cause for wild regret,
Though still with tears thine eyes are wet;
Why weep ye now?

Doth not thy Lord in azure skies
Hold up a crown in Paradise
To press thy brow?

And did not He in pity take
The daily cross which sin doth make,
To ease thy load;

And doth He not still stand by thee,
Lest thou shouldst miss Eternity,
That blest abode?

What hast thou done in glad return?
Hast thou remained so cold and stern,
Through all His care?

Ah! think then of that crown of thorn,
The bleeding brow by prickles torn—
So hard to bear.

Think of that hand by iron rent,
That feeble Form by anguish bent,
That blood-dimmed eye;
Think how for thee He bore it all,
To save thee from a greater fall,
Ere thou shouldst die.

Think how beneath the sealed stone
He lay and slept three days alone,
In winding-sheet;
And o'er the place where cold He slept,
The weeping women softly slept
With restless feet.

Art weary? aye, 'tis weary, true,
But Jesus Christ was weary too,
And filled with woe;
And sorrow crowned the tender Head,
E'en from the lowly stable led,
Long years ago.

Let Him be first: thy hope, thy pride.
Remember, 'twas for thee He died
On Calvary's cross.
That He, not thou, shouldst bear the blame,
That was the reason why He came
And suffered loss.

EVA (LETICIA).

OUR OLD CHURCHYARDS.

WE insert the following terse and telling remarks upon a subject on which all, both young and old Churchmen, need information, at the earnest request of a venerated correspondent:—

“We would ask, what was the meaning of the repudiation of Church-rates by the Nonconformist body? That repudiation was grounded upon the injustice of charging upon non-Churchmen the cost of the maintenance of the churches and their graveyards, when the religious views of those so charged were adverse to the teaching of the Church. It is plain that in thus renouncing their share in the maintenance of the Church fabric and its accompanying burial-ground, Nonconformists renounced also all individual claims in that which they thus refused to maintain. They decided that the Church was henceforth the exclusive interest of Churchmen, and not of the nation at large. Otherwise we have this anomaly, that the property of the nation is to be maintained at the sole cost of members of the Established Church! Can anything be more inconsistent than to say in the same breath—‘We Nonconformists renounce all share in the churches and churchyards, and refuse to contribute to their maintenance?’ and again—‘We have an equal right with Churchmen in the churchyards, and therefore claim to bury our dead in them with our own rites?’ Can it be believed that a House of Commons consisting of men who are supposed to be familiar with the common principles of justice and equity, should have given its sanction to the second reading of a bill which embodies so preposterous a claim? And again, Can it be believed that a House of Commons consisting mainly of professed members of the Church of England, should have consented to legalise a concession which will create an amount of irritation and indignation in the minds of

Churchmen such as no previous legislation has occasioned in the memory of man? But, say the advocates of the bill, the laws sanction the burial of all parishioners, without distinction, in the churchyards, and this shews they are the property of the nation, not of the Church. The argument is preposterous. If it shews anything of the kind, it is that the church is the property of the parish, not of the nation. But on what conditions are the burials of Nonconformists sanctioned in churchyards? Clearly under the condition that they shall be buried with the rites of the Church, and as *quasi* members of the Church; showing most clearly that the graveyards are Church property, and not the property either of the nation or of the parish. And it is for the sake of breaking down this distinction that the agitation is made in favour of the use of Nonconformist rites in our graveyards. The plea of a grievance is altogether false. By facilitating the purchase of cemeteries, all appreciable grievance would be removed. The object is, as Mr. Miall confessed, to make way for a large incursion upon the property of the Church. He owned that if the matter went no further than to grant the facilities afforded by Mr. Morgan’s Bill, he cared very little about the matter. If Churchmen, and especially Churchmen in Parliament, are so blind as not to see that in passing this bill they will surrender the whole question of the right of the Church to Church property; and that if the bill becomes law, there will remain no argument but that of expediency to keep dissenters of all sorts from the joint use of the Churches—the fabrics, be it observed, to be still maintained at the sole expense of Churchmen, by the expenditure of millions of whose money they have been built or restored—we fear that a virtual disestablishment of the Church will be inaugurated.”

THE STORY OF THE THREE LITTLE SILVER TROUTS. FROM THE FOOL OF QUALITY*.

I WILL tell you a story, my Harry. On the other side of yonder hill there runs a mighty clear river, and in that river, on a time, there lived three silver trouts, the prettiest little fishes that anyone ever saw. Now God took a great liking and love to these pretty silver trouts, and He let them want for nothing that such little fishes could have occasion for. But two of them grew sad and discontented, and the one wished for this thing, and the other wished for that thing; and neither of them could take pleasure in anything that they had, because they were always longing for something that they had not.

Now, Harry, you must know that all this was very naughty in those two little trouts, for God had been exceedingly kind to them; He had given them everything that was fittest for them, and He never grudged them anything that was for their good; but, instead of thanking Him for all His care and His kindness, they blamed Him in their own minds for refusing them anything that their silly fancies were set upon. In short, there was no end of their wishing, and longing, and quarrelling in their hearts for this thing and t'other.

At last, God was so provoked that He resolved to punish their naughtiness by granting their desires, and to make the folly of those two little stubborn trouts an example to all the foolish fish in the whole world. For this purpose He called out to the three little silver trouts, and told them they should have whatever they wished for.

Now the eldest of these trouts was a very proud little fish, and wanted, forsooth, to be set above all other little fishes. "May it please your Greatness," says he, "I must be free to tell you that I do not at all like the way in which you have placed me. Here you have put me into a poor, narrow, and troublesome river, where I am

straitened on the right side, and straitened on the left side, and can neither get down into the ground, nor up into the air, nor go anywhere, nor do any one thing I have a mind to. I am not so blind for all, but that I can see well enough how mighty kind and bountiful you can be to others. There are your favourite little birds, who fly this way and that way, and mount up to the very heavens, and do whatever they please, and have everything at command because you have given them wings. Give me such wings also as you have given to them, and then I shall have something for which I ought to thank you."

No sooner ask than have. He felt the wings he wished for growing from either side, and, in a minute, he spread them abroad, and rose out of the water. At first he felt a wonderful pleasure in finding himself able to fly. He mounted high into the air, above the very clouds, and he looked down with scorn on all the fishes in the world.

He now resolved to travel, and to take his diversion far and wide. He flew over rivers and meadows, and woods and mountains, till, growing faint with hunger and thirst, his wings began to fail him, and he thought it best to come down to get some refreshment.

The little fool did not consider that he was now in a strange country, and many a mile from the sweet river where he was born and bred, and had received all his nourishment. So, when he came down, he happened to alight among dry sands and rocks, where there was not a bit to eat, nor a drop of water to drink; and so there he lay faint and tired, and unable to rise, gasping and fluttering, and beating himself against the stone, till at length he died in great pain and misery.

Now the second silver trout, though he was not so high-minded as the first little proud trout, yet he did not want for con-

* "The Fool of Quality; or, The History of Henry, Earl of Moreland, by Mr. Brooke." Henry Brooke, born at Rautavan, in Ireland, 1706, died at Dublin, 1783.

ceit enough; and he was, moreover, a narrow-hearted and very selfish little trout, and, provided he himself was snug and safe, he did not care what became of all the fishes in the world. So he says to God,—

“May it please your Honour, I don’t wish, not I, for wings to fly out of the water, and to ramble into strange places where I don’t know what may become of me. I lived contented and happy enough till the other day, when, as I got under a cool bank from the heat of the sun, I saw a great rope coming down into the water, and it fastened itself, I don’t know how, about the gills of a little fish that was basking beside me, and he was lifted out of the water, struggling and working in great pain, till he was carried, I know not where, quite out of my sight: so I thought in my own mind that this evil, some time or other, may happen to myself, and my heart trembled within me, and I have been very sad and discontented ever since. Now all I desire of you is, that you would tell me the meaning of this, and of all the other dangers to which you have subjected us poor little mortal fishes; for then I shall have sense enough to take care of my own safety, and I am very well able to provide for my own living, I warrant you.”

No sooner said than done. God immediately opened his understanding, and he knew the nature and meaning of snares, nets, hooks, and lines, and of all the dangers to which such little trouts could be liable.

At first he greatly rejoiced in this his knowledge, and said he to himself, “Now surely I shall be the happiest of all fishes; for as I understand and am forewarned of every mischief that can come near me, I’m sure I love myself too well not to keep out of harm’s way.”

From this time forward he took care not to go into any deep holes, for fear that a pike or some other huge fish might be there, who would make nothing of swallowing him up at one gulp. He also kept away from the shallow places, especially in hot weather, lest the sun should dry them up, and not leave him water

enough to swim in. When he saw the shadow of a cloud coming and moving upon the river, “Aha!” said he to himself, “here are the fishermen with their nets!” and immediately he got on one side and skulked under the banks, where he kept trembling in his skin till the cloud was past. Again, when he saw a fly skimming on the water, or a worm coming down the stream, he did not dare to bite, however hungry he might be.

“No, no,” said he to them, “my honest friends, I am not such a fool as that comes to, neither; go your ways, and tempt those who know no better, who are not aware that you may serve as baits to some treacherous hook that lies hid for the destruction of those ignorant and silly trouts that are not on their guard.”

Thus this over-careful trout kept himself in continual frights and alarms, and could neither eat nor drink, nor sleep in peace, lest some mischief should be at hand, or that he might be taken napping. He daily grew poorer and poorer, and sadder and sadder, for he pined away with hunger, and sighed himself to skin and bone; till, wasted almost to nothing with care and melancholy, he at last died, for fear of dying, the most miserable of all deaths.

Now when God came to the youngest silver trout and asked him what he wished for, “Alas!” said this darling little trout, “you know, may it please your Worship, that I am a very foolish and good-for-nothing little fish, and I don’t know, not I, what is good for me or what is bad for me; and I wonder how I came to be worth bringing into the world, or what you could see in me to take any thought about me. But, if I may wish for something, it is that you would do with me whatsoever you think best, and that I should be pleased to live or die, even just as you would have me.”

Now, as soon as this precious trout made this prayer in his good and his humble little heart, God took such a liking and a love to him as he like was never known. And God found it in His own heart that He could not but take great care of this sweet little trout, who had trusted himself so wholly to His love and good pleasure. And God went wheresoever he went, and was always with him and about him, and was to him as a father, and friend, and companion: and he put contentment into his mind, and joy into his heart; and so this little trout slept always in peace, and wakened in gladness, and whether he was full or hungry, or whatever happened to him, he was still pleased and thankful; and he was the happiest of all fishes that ever swam in any water.

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

(Continued from page 37.)



"If the girl does love you she'll give in."—(p. 67.)

CHAPTER IV.

TELL you, Jem Barrow, you'll stand in your own light with all that gammon. Catch me letting any girl tie me to her apron-strings in that way; if she's got any spirit in her she'll go too."

"But Cocks," replied James, "she can't leave her mother, you know."

"Oh! her mother will leave her some day, she can't live for ever."

It was a heartless speech, made in a heartless tone, and James Barrow did not respond to it; so Cocks continued: "Besides, you know, Barrow, it really is not

fa'r that a man's prospects in life should be marred by petty hindrances of this kind, (Jemmy insensibly drew himself up); you're a young fellow of intellect, and should not be wasted down here."

"But I shall rise!"

"Oh! yes, you'll rise, I suppose, in the end, to be the Squire's head gardener, or under keeper, and then you'll have a little cottage with hon-suckle creeping up the windows, and there you'll die; that's about the top of the tree you're climbing, my boy! Why, you'd soon be a gentleman in Australia, if you went for a bit to the diggings. Ah! well, it's a pity, that's all I can say," added Cocks, with a little sigh,

whilst he knocked the ash from his cigar; and then he continued, as though talking to himself, "If the girl does love you she'll give in."

"If she loves me?" said James.

Cocks said nothing, and young Barrow continued: "There are no ifs, my friend, about that matter."

"I hope not," said Cocks; "any way it's no business of mine."

"What do you mean, Cocks?" asked James, impatiently, his face flushing crimson; but Cocks smiled, shrugged his shoulders, gave a parting nod to James, and sauntered off to the house of his aunt, with whom he was staying, leaving his friend in a very bad temper.

Somehow, "if the girl loves you" would ring in young Barrow's ears; he felt inclined to go to her at once and ask her what Cocks meant, but he remembered that Mary would never neglect any work to talk to him, and it was doubtful whether he should even be able to see her.

As he was wondering what he should do, he caught sight of her light print dress, and neat bonnet and shawl. She was walking alone, and very quickly, towards the village. James tried hard to attract her notice; at last he succeeded. He made several signs to her to stop, but she only nodded and smiled, and did not for an instant slacken her pace, or turn towards him.

"She might stay for one moment, when I make signs to her," said James to himself.

At any other time, so simple a circumstance would have escaped his memory at once, but, as it was, it served to increase his ill-humour very materially; all the more that, on turning again to look after Mary, he caught sight of Edward Cocks, who had come out again, and was loitering about a little further off with a newspaper in his hand. There was an expression on Cocks's face which convinced James that he had seen Mary's determination not to be hindered, and was amused by it.

Hot, and angry, young Barrow was returning to his work, for he had suddenly recollected that he was to drive over to a village called Little Mowbray, about some cuttings for the Squire.

"Well," he thought, "Cocks doesn't seem so far wrong after all. It is hard to plod on and on without anything to look forward to. Certainly Mary's conscience is very easy in the matter of pleasing me."

His cogitations were unpleasantly interrupted by Hopkins, the Squire's head-gardener, who, though a kind-hearted man, was of a very irascible temper.

"Barrow, what on earth are you about?" he asked. "You've been away all the morning, and you've never been near the hot-houses, though you knew I was out; and you were to have driven over to Little Mowbray in the light cart an hour ago. That comes of your taking up with that fellow Cocks. I won't stand it, I can tell you."

"You won't stand it?" answered James, in a most irritatingly cool manner.

"No, I won't!" exclaimed Hopkins, angrily; "The Squire shall hear of your ways."

James did not reply, but followed the old man, whistling a tune in a very unconcerned and provoking manner; it so exasperated Hopkins that he turned round sharply and said, "You can go about your business for the present; I don't want any more of you this afternoon. I'll speak to you in the morning."

James darted a look of intense scorn at him, and turning on his heel, walked back in the direction of the house occupied by Cocks's aunt.

"A good joke," he thought to himself, "that I'm not to choose my own friends, but to be made a slave of! He shall see if I'll give up Cocks; not for fifty old Hopkins's."

Cocks was out, and James sat down to wait for him, and took up a book to pass away the time. It seemed to be a collection of Essays by working men. They were on various subjects, ranging from Political Economy to Divinity. One was upon the Inspiration of the Bible, and James at first started as he read some of the opinions expressed on this point; not that he was much shocked, but they were strange and new to him. He read on, for he found in the Essays a certain something

which suited the tone of his own mind. Submission was represented as ignoble; a man who believed what was in the Bible, simply because it was there, esteeming it to be the very Word of God, could have neither freedom of mind nor natural powers of reasoning. A thinking man must understand and conclude for himself, and accept nothing as true which he could not understand by the light of his own judgment. The Upper Classes were represented as almost invariably oppressing the poor; and "poverty," it was said, "affords no excuse for one man's placing himself under the control of another."

These, and such-like statements, were the main points insisted on in these Essays; but as James read on, he found holy truths attacked in the blasphemous way in which "fools," as we are told, alone will attack them.

He was so deep in his book that he did not hear Cocks come in, but when at last he did look up, he was met by a glance full of interest. Cocks's whole manner had changed; he drew from James the whole account of his annoyance, and then sighed and said, "Yes, that's what I told you. Poor boy! oppression and tyranny, that's all the reward of a labouring man in England, and I fear with your present resolutions there is no help for you!"

"But," began James,—

"No, no, I don't want to over-persuade you," interrupted Cocks, "you must know best; but I'm very very sorry for you;" and then he added, sally, "My word! what a woman can do to be sure. May she prove true!"

"Cocks!" exclaimed James, "what do you mean by that?"

"By what?" began Cocks, resuming his usual listless manner, till a something in young Barrow's face shewed that he must not be too much trifled with.

"Come, Cocks, I will know."

"Well, if you will, you will. Are you sure you have not a rival in her affections?"

"Who do you mean?"

"Oh! of course I don't know; but may she not care for your brother?"

At once James remembered Sam's look

of deep admiration the day Mary was helping the sick child.

"Have you ever seen them together?" he asked, eagerly! But Cocks would not on any account commit himself to a definite statement, but added what he knew would fill James with vague uneasiness by saying, "I am not the only one in the village who thinks this."

Now James Barrow did really love Mary Melton, but he loved her as selfish and ungenerous natures do love; he loved her for himself; he loved without trusting her: he was indeed conscious of a severe pang when he heard his friend's words, but resentment, wounded pride, and self-pity were the feelings uppermost in his mind. It never once occurred to him that Mary was the one for whom he should be indignant; he did not resent for her sake the cruel report of her inconstancy—a charge which every true woman views as seriously as a man regards the impeachment of his honour.

Cocks looked wistfully at young Barrow, saw that his words had taken effect, and then, laying an arm upon his shoulder, said soothingly, "Now don't take this to heart, old boy!"

"Let me go," James answered, bitterly.

"Not in this mood, Jem," said Cocks, "lest you come across your brother."

At the mention of Sam, a truly dreadful look—a hard look full of hatred—came across James Barrow's face, as though the very spirit which possessed Cain had been then and there willingly admitted into his heart; but he silently disengaged himself from Cocks, and walked sullenly towards home. He had not gone far before he saw Mary and the Squire's children going for their afternoon's walk in the park. James knew that on no account would Mary ever allow him to join her on these occasions; but he was feeling proud and angry, so without giving himself time to think, he strode up to her, and said, sternly, "Mary, I must speak to you."

"Not now! Jem dear, you know," she replied, looking up at him with wonder and anxiety.

"Not now, not now!" repeated James impatiently, but still continuing at her

side. "It's always not now to me, it seems; I tell you what I think, Mary."

But Mary laid her hand gently on his arm and said, "Dear Jen, you know I've promised my mistress not to let you walk with me when I am in charge of the little ones."

"Oh! I'm not fit company, I suppose," he said, fiercely. "Ah! and now I know the reason why," he added, clenching his hand, and pointing towards the lodge-gate,

at which Sam (who had been engaged to fell some trees) was entering. Had James caught Mary's expression of utter amazement and bewilderment, his jealousy would have subsided; but in his fury he could only see in her pale, sorrowful face an indication of her false desertion of him, and looking at her with mingled anger and scorn, he exclaimed: "Mary, you and I are parted for ever!" and then left her immediately.

(To be continued.)

THE PLANT OF PERFECT LOVE.

AN ALLEGORY.

I WISH you could see that scene which I saw once in the northern part of England, one wintry day, when the waves beat against the dark frowning rock, and a cold cutting wind blew strongly from the north, lashing the sea to its utmost fury. I saw far away the waves crested with foam, which increasing more and more towards the shore, broke and sent up several feet of spray. The sky was grey and leaden; I felt sure there would be a storm before evening, so turned my steps towards home, and prepared to descend the cliff, when my foot struck against a large loose stone, which, however, fortunately for my sake, remained stationary. On looking down, I saw it was covered almost entirely by that little plant so commonly called stonecrop; it was in a very exposed position, but seemed flourishing, and being rather sad in mind, I could not help moralising to myself that thus the flower would speak if asked why it grew on that barren soil:—

Questioner.—"Why dost thou prefer to grow on a stone, when thou mightest draw nourishment from the bounteous earth; there can be no moisture or nourishment there?"

The Plant.—"I do not wish for moisture or nourishment, as, though the stone is dry, I still live and grow more and more every day. Heaven sends the beautiful rain to strengthen me."

Questioner.—"But it must be so cold,

and when the wind blows you have no shelter?"

"Ah," replied the plant, "it is true the stone is cold, but in striving to keep it warm I forget about myself. I do wish, sometimes, it were not quite so cold, but feel sure that some day I shall be able to make it warm."

Questioner.—"But still I cannot make out why you love the stone so much?"

"I cannot," replied the plant, "tell you why it is: I only know that all my life is bound round it. Were you to tear me entirely away I should perish, even though planted in the richest soil; if only a part what you take will die, what remains on the stone will grow and spread forth its roots, until I entirely cover it with my moss-like flowers and leaves. Death, which comes to every living thing, shall one day claim me; but even then my withered flowers and leaves shall cling around the stone."

The voice was silent; what could it say to love like this?

As I ended thus soliloquising to myself, the waves came rolling on the shore with long ceaseless sobs, and moaned drearily, but the little flower looked, among all smiling and contented.

Love, of which she is the emblem, wants for nought, through storm and sunshine, pain and trouble, disappointment and sorrow; it alone is secure of happiness, it does not require kind words or caresses to nourish it, or benefits conferred upon it; "for in whatsoever instance a person seeketh himself, there he falleth in love."

Reader, canst thou love father or mother, brother or sister, or friend, whom God has given thee, with love like this? M. B.



"For Heaven's sake, go back to the house. —(p. 71.)

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

(Continued from p. 50.)

CHAPTER V.

A DAY IN JUNE.

"Now is done thy long day's work;
Fold thy palms across thy breast,
Fold thine arms, turn to thy rest.

Let them rave."

Tennyson

WHITE fleecy clouds floated peacefully over Dering; birds soared into the sweet June morning air; the wind, laden with the scent of roses, just rustled the leaves in the avenue. It was early, and Dorothy Lyne was on her way to church; the bell always rang for daily Matins and Evensong, and she went whenever she could, and generally sent some of the servants; besides them, there were always a few village people, old men and women and children, who loved their church and their clergyman. On that quiet morning, before Dorothy reached her own gates, Christopher Wake, tall and vigorous, came suddenly through them, and shut them behind him with an angry clang, startling the sleepy old rooks in the branches above. Dorothy's waiting-woman was with her, and Lion was following close behind: he always attended his mistress to church, and waited for her in the porch.

"Madam, I must pray you to turn back," began Christopher, eagerly. "There will be a riot anon; a mob of rascals are trooping hither from Wybourne. The Rector is at the church: I met him, and he told me you were best away; he said the day was come at last; that you would know—"

"I know, I know! This is Mr. Shipley!" exclaimed Dorothy, with flashing eyes; "come, let us hasten to the church: we may be in time to do some good."

"No, Madam," said Christopher, standing in her path; "he said you were best away."

"Ah! that was his care for me. Hinder me not; I must go. If I am by his side, they will not dare lay a finger on him. I may not save the church, but any blow

aimed at him shall fall first on me. Away, Christopher! I must go."

Christopher Wake looked down from his height on the small slender figure, hands clenched, and cheeks flushed with angry enthusiasm. It was hard to oppose the determination that flashed from Dorothy's eyes, but it would have been still worse to let her go her own way, and rush into the midst of a Wybourne mob.

"What would Sir Marmaduke say?" he began; "and Captain Audley—"

"Captain Audley has nothing to do with me."

"Pardon me, Mistress Dorothy, but there is no one here to protect you but myself,—and I will not let you go on this morning to the church."

Christopher stood bare-headed before his little lady, and his very decided words were spoken almost in a tone of entreaty. Dorothy turned from red to white, and the giant cast down his eyes before her fiery glance. She did not speak, but gathered up her dress round her, and seemed about to sweep past him, and go on her way, when somebody else suddenly came from under the shadow of the trees, and kneeling down, laid a hand on the folds of her gown.

"Mr. Corbet!" said Dorothy, astonished, while the anger faded out of her face, "how are we to hide you, if you come forth in broad daylight thus? For Heaven's sake, go back to the house."

"Not if you go to the church,—assuredly not. I shall have the honour of attending and guarding you."

"It was not that guards were lacking,"—began Christopher, but he stopped in the middle of his sentence. Mr. Corbet's arguments were evidently of so much more weight than his. Old Lion growled defiantly, the waiting-woman looked on open mouthed, the rooks cawed, the leaves rustled, the church bell rang on in the distance, and the young gentleman still knelt, with his disengaged hand on Dorothy's gown.

"But you do not understand," she said slowly; "the Rector is in danger, and I must go to him. A Roundhead mob are coming to destroy the church: is it a time to desert him? Will you not return to the house, sir, and let me go?"

"I have no power to hinder your going," said Mr. Corbet, in the same subdued tone; "only I shall do myself the honour of attending you."

"Oh no, no!" cried Dorothy, distressed; "you cannot—you will be taken, and it will be worse for you than ever. Alas! what shall I do!"

"Send your good fellow there. It may sound uncivil, but I do assure you that he will be of more use to our friend than you could be. If this were a mob of Royalists, you would be all-powerful; but believe me—and forgive me for saying it—these miserable crop-ears have no reverence for a lady: they have left that and all other amenities very far behind them. Your good fellow there would be a far better champion: Goliath was nothing to him."

Christopher was a simple fellow; he did not understand how Dorothy could listen so quietly to Mr. Corbet, towards whom his own feelings were very like those of old Lion. She hesitated a moment, and turned to him.

"Do as this gentleman says, Christopher. Go to the church, save what you can, and stand by the Rector to the last. If any harm happens to him, I shall hold you answerable."

Christopher bowed, and strode away down the avenue without a word, but with a sore pain gnawing at his brave heart. Who was this Mr. Corbet, that he should come between Mrs. Dorothy Lyne and her truest servants? The iron gates clanged again, the rooks cawed, the bell had ceased. Dorothy and her cavalier returned slowly up the avenue, followed by the woman and the dog.

That was a very long weary day; the clouds cleared away, and the sun shone brightly over the village, with its clustering trees and peaceful cottages. Nature was all calm; but men were fighting and struggling and rioting, in the very church of God. Dorothy sent all the servants she

could spare to the scene of action, begged Mr. Corbet to keep himself still in his room, and wandered sadly about the house and garden, waiting for news, which seemed as if it would never come. She was of a variable temper, the little lady of Dering, and her fierce impetuosity of the morning had changed into anxious sadness.

"If Marmaduke were but here! or even Frank!"

So she sighed to herself, as she stood late in the afternoon on the terrace, feeding her pigeons; they were hungry, poor things, and must be fed, no matter what might happen to Church or King. Then she heard a voice at the front of the house asking, "Where is Mistress Dorothy?" She knew Christopher's deep tones, and hurried round to meet him. He looked rough and dishevelled, but had not been hurt in the fray.

"Well, Christopher!" she exclaimed, breathlessly.

"They have not done much harm to the church, Heaven be thanked. We made a good stand, and the rascals are not well trained to their work yet. Some damage they have done, to be sure, and the fellow they call Flail has been stamping and thumping in the pulpit; he went on till I took him by the tail of his coat, and pulled him down, and thrashed him soundly. They broke some of the windows, and roared mightily; little Shipley was bellying like a mad bull. He and his son are the most dangerous of them all: they have such a spite against anything good."

"But the Rector? and where are they now?"

"Safe home again, most of them—we watched them half across the heath. Before they went, some of them got into the rectory, and did a good share of damage afore we knew they were there."

"But the Rector! what of him?"

"He was in the church through it all. He stood before the altar, and by some means he guarded it against the villains. How it was, I know not. I was too busy cuffing them right and left. It can scarce have been respect that saved him, for such an irreverent crew I never saw. But when they

were all gone he fainted right away into my arms, and I carried him to the rectory."

"Fainted! Has he come to himself?"

"Aye! but he seems light in his head, and the place is in a great disorder. The house looks as if a mob of fiends had been let loose in it. He has been asking for you, madam, but I scarce know—"

"I will go to him this moment. Stay for me;" and Dorothy hurried into the house. A few minutes after, she and the housekeeper came out and joined Christopher. Dame Bridget was laden with a basket of necessaries and comforts, which she declined to trust to any hands but her own.

The Rector of Dering was sitting in his own study chair, with a pillow behind his head. The room was all in disorder, pictures torn down, books and papers heaped in the middle of the floor. He was singing to himself in a weak voice as Dorothy came in, and his eyes rested on her without the usual smile of recognition.

"Thine adversaries roar in the midst of Thy congregations: and set up their banners for tokens.

"They break down all the carved work thereof: with axes and hammers.

"They have set fire upon Thy holy places: and have defiled the dwelling-place of Thy Name, even unto the ground.

"O God, how long shall the adversary do this dishonour: how long shall the enemy blaspheme Thy Name, for ever?"

Dame Bridget, shaking her head, advanced to the old man, and took one of his hands in hers.

"Alack, poor gentleman! his brain is gone from very weakness. Mistress Dorothy, my dear, we must give him something to strengthen him, though I misdoubt me whether 'tis not too late. He scarce knows a friend from an enemy."

The Rector feebly tried to shake her off, wandering on with the words which had been the law of his life, and were now the unconscious utterance of his failing mind.

"The floods are risen, O Lord, the floods have lift up their voice: the floods lift up their waves.

"The waves of the sea are mighty, and

rage horribly: but yet the Lord, who dwelleth on high, is mightier.

"The Lord is King, be the people never so impatient: He sitteth between the cherubims, be the earth never so unquiet."

"Ah! 'Nil desperandum!'" murmured Dorothy to herself.

Dame Bridget turned away to wipe her eyes, and then bestowed herself to do all that her good sense suggested for the old man. She could not get him to eat anything, but he drank a little wine, and presently fell into a heavy sleep. Dorothy sat on a stool, and watched him for a long time, while Bridget was busy in the house: the sun sank, sending long rays of light across the garden, and tinging the Rector's white hair with gold; and then the soft blue twilight came on, and the little room grew quickly dark. Still he slept, and still the maiden sat watching him, till presently the door opened softly, and a figure, stealing gently in, crept round to her side.

"You!" exclaimed Dorothy, in a whisper. "Ah, sir, what rashness!"

"Forgive me; I could not rest. I was so anxious, both for him and you, that I felt compelled to come. No one saw me, among the trees in the dark. What ails him? Is he asleep or dead?"

Dorothy started up in a sudden fright. No, the Rector was not dead; he was breathing, though his breath came in short uneven gasps. She sat down again, and Mr. Corbet flung himself on the ground beside her.

"If I were a parson, I might be Rector of Dering," he said presently.

"But you are not. And our dear Rector yet lives."

They sat there for about an hour, scarcely speaking; the moon and stars shone over the quiet country, and the white moonlight streamed in through the leafy veil upon the sleeping face; and filled the little room with a strange spiritual radiance. Then the old man suddenly opened his eyes, and his voice startled Dorothy from a waking dream.

"I am going, my children," he said. "Come hither, that I may bless you."

They drew near silently, and he laid one hand on each of their heads. Dame

Bridget, flying in from the kitchen, stopped at the door in breathless-awe.

"This is not Marmaduke," said the Rector, "but what matter! it is a true heart. You are safe with him, Dorothy, my child. And do not fear what may chance to you in these times; the Lord will deliver His people. I prayed that He would take me away from the evil to come, and of His mercy He has granted my prayer: so best; I am old, and weak, and useless; the young and strong must live to serve the king. God bless, preserve, and keep you; the Lord mercifully with His favour look upon you!"

He sank back, and his hands fell; he drew a long sigh, and smiled contentedly to himself. When Dorothy raised her head, the friend of her childhood was gone where no persecution could reach him any more; "where the wicked cease from troubling, and where the weary be at rest."

CHAPTER VI.

CHRISTOPHER'S TIDINGS.

"Oh how this spring of love resembleth
The uncertain glory of an April day!"
Shakspeare.

THE clergyman of a neighbouring parish came to perform the service, when the Rector of Dering was laid to his rest in front of the altar of his own church, in defence of which the last day of his life had been spent. The same clergyman promised to hold a service every Sunday at Dering, and to visit the sick people, till a successor could be appointed; this rested with Sir Marmaduke Lyne, and was not likely to be done till he returned from the war.

So the summer weeks stole slowly away, and all was quiet at Dering, but it was like the calm that precedes a storm: people went about with grave faces, and though the taking of Bristol raised Royalist hopes very high, it was too well known that the Parliament was gaining a great deal of power in the provinces. Mr. Corbet still remained hidden in the secret room at the Hall, recovering his health and strength by degrees, but seeming in no hurry to make much use of them, letting himself

out now and then to spend the evening with his young hostess in her withdrawing-room, on which occasions Dame Bridget or the waiting-woman sat with their knitting in a corner near the door. He was a very pleasant companion, as loyal as Dorothy herself; and he seemed to be well acquainted with the Court and its ways, and told her stories of the Queen and the royal children, to which she listened always with the deepest interest. Dame Bridget set all her wits to work, but could not discover what were the feelings of these two towards each other,—these two, over whose heads, perhaps unconsciously, the Rector had spoken part of the Church's marriage blessing. Mr. Corbet, certainly, was all courtesy and devotion, and seemed perfectly happy in his hiding-place; but what cavalier would not have been the same? Mistress Dorothy made the good dame a little more uneasy. She had never cared to sit talking to anyone as she did to Mr. Corbet; his opinion seemed to be everything to her, and his safety her first object. She never took half the interest in Captain Audley, the housekeeper reflected, as in this yellow-faced maypole, who had neither his good looks nor his good heart, she was sure. But then, she had known her cousin from a child, and that was not the way to fall in love,—and he was her cousin besides; and after all, this was a fine-mannered gentleman, such as you don't often find in a country place. So Bridget meditated, but could not satisfy herself.

One evening in August, when the golden corn was standing over-ripe in the fields, for want of men to harvest it, Christopher Wake came to the Hall, and asked to see Mrs. Dorothy. She came out to him, leaving the room-door open, so that he could see Mr. Corbet, pale and refined, sitting in the window close to her work-table.

"What is it, Christopher?" said Dorothy, as she sat down in one of the high carved chairs in the hall, and looked up at him with her wistful grey eyes.

"We shall begin on the Long Croft tomorrow, madam," said the bailiff. "I have got a few fellows to work at last."

"Did you come to tell me that?"

"Something else there is—I crave pardon, but if I might shut that door—"

"Leave the door as it is," said Dorothy, a little haughtily. "Anyone there may hear all you have to say,"

Christopher bowed, but a shade of vexation came over his face.

"The truth is," he said, "I have been at Wybourne to-day, and I met a man there who is not so bad as some of them. He told me that Lawyer Shipley has got a warrant from London, declaring Sir Marmaduke's house and estate confiscated, as he is fighting against the Parliament, and appointing him, Shipley, to take possession and hold it for them. Of course, he means to get a grant of it himself. He is a useful man to them. All the summer he has been hard at work; there is not a more pestilent Roundhead in Dorsetshire."

All this Christopher said very slowly, watching his young mistress's face. Her colour deepened a little, and her eyes brightened.

"Come this way," she said. "I must hear it again."

Christopher followed her, somewhat against his will, into the room she had just left. Dame Bridget, whose ears were not so quick as they had been, scarcely looked up from her knitting, but Mr. Corbet's face shewed plainly enough that he had heard every word. Confiscation! what did it mean? "Nothing less than poverty and hardship for the gently-nurtured girl who stood there in her sheeny satin gown, with strings of pearls round her neck, and twisted among her curls.

"Tell me again, Christopher," she said, and the bailiff repeated in substance what he had said before.

"What is to be done?" said Dorothy, turning to Mr. Corbet.

"It may only be a report," said he, with a questioning glance at Christopher. "They would scarce venture anything so rascally."

"As to that, sir, they are bad enough for anything. And I know not what we can do; there are no soldiers to defend us: and though Mistress Dorothy knows well that her servants would gladly be slain in

her service, a warrant like that is sure to be so well backed up that resistance could not last long. But Mistress Dorothy will give her orders, and I shall see them obeyed."

"And how soon—" began Dorothy, faintly.

"I cannot tell, madam. But I will so devise that we shall have fair warning."

So Dorothy's watch-dog left the room, and Dame Bridget went out after him, to pour out the horrified exclamations that she had till now restrained. Mr. Corbet looked at Dorothy, and then out of the window, down the long vista of trees in the park.

"Alas, madam!" he presently said, "you see me here, a man broken in health and fortunes. Would that I dared kneel down at your feet, and offer you the service of this worthless right hand, to keep and defend you as long as life should last! Would that I had a home to which I could carry you, away from this miserable coil! But I am landless and a fugitive: what can I say?"

Dorothy turned to him with a smile, but there was a strange look of oppression on her face.

"It is something to have a friend, when one is likely to be a beggar," she said. "You will pardon me, sir, if I go to my room now: this news seems to call for much thinking."

So with their usual good-night, polite and formal, but with half the stiffness taken out of it by Dorothy's natural grace, they parted. She went upstairs, clasping her hands together, and saying, "Ah, Marmaduke!" and Mr. Corbet returned to the window, and stood looking out into the twilight.

"It might be a sad encumbrance, if this comes to pass," he muttered to himself. "The wild little heart is mine, I see plainly enough. 'Tis a sweet child, and I shall dream of her eyes for many a day,—but beggary! Well, fate must settle it."

Poor little Dolly! had she heard these words she might, indeed, have thought herself alone in the world. This was her lover, the friend in whom she had perfect trust.

A few days passed without further ti-

dings. Then one day, when Christopher Wake was riding slowly over the heath, near Shipley's house, he saw a small grey figure coming towards him, among the long-leaved bracken. It was Adah Shipley, as he saw the next moment. She beckoned to him, and he stopped, gazing at her in surprise.

"You may marvel at me, but I have something to tell you," she said, breathlessly eager with her news. "There is a troop coming to-morrow to occupy Dering—"

"A troop! what, Roundheads?"

"A troop of the Parliament's soldiers," said Adah, gravely. "I heard Simon say so. He said they would do no mischief, provided there was no resistance. And he said—wait a moment, Master Wake, I pray you—that we are to go and live at the Hall, to hold it for the Parliament. And I thought, if I warned you in time, you would ask Mistress Dorothy Lyne not to run away, or throw herself into any danger, but to trust to my mother and me, at least till she has some place to which she

may go safely. We will treat her with all due respect,—we will, indeed,—and no shadow of harm shall come to her."

"Harm! I trow not! She will do as she pleases."

"But you will tell her. And do not blame me, for indeed I am sorry, and so is my mother; it is no doing of ours. I felt I must tell you, though they all might be angry. I think I was in the right. I have been watching for you all day."

"Give me your hand," said Christopher; and, stooping from his high saddle, he kissed the little Puritan fingers. Adah flushed crimson.

"For shame, Master Wake," she said; and pulled her hand away.

"Never mind; no harm done," said Christopher. "Only you are worthy to be a Royalist maiden, and to wait on Mistress Dorothy Lyne." And setting spurs to his horse, he galloped off along the moorland road, to carry the news to Dering Hall.

(To be continued.)

WHICH WAS THE GREATER FOOL?—In a sermon preached by Bishop Hall upon his eightieth birthday he relates the following story:—"There was a certain lord who kept a fool in his house; as many a great man did in those days for their pleasure. The lord gave him a staff, and charged him to keep it till he should meet with one who was a greater fool than himself; and if he met with such a one to deliver it over to him. Not many years after his lord fell sick, and indeed was sick unto death. His fool came to see him, and was told by his sick lord that he must now shortly leave him. 'And whither wilt thou go?' said the fool. 'Into another world,' replied the lord. 'And when wilt thou come again; within a month?' 'No.' 'Within a year?' 'No.' 'What then?' 'Never.' 'Never! and what provision hast thou made for thy entertainment there, whither thou goest?' 'None at all.' 'No?' said the fool, 'none at all? Here, take my staff then; art thou going away for ever, and hast taken no order whence thou

shalt never return? take my staff, for I am not guilty of any such folly as this."

THE SOUL INVALUABLE.—When we endeavour to estimate the worth of an immortal soul, we are utterly lost in the attempt. Crowns and sceptres have had their adjudged valuation, and kingdoms have been bought and sold for sums of money. But who can affix the adequate price to a human soul? The principles of ordinary arithmetic all fail here, and we are constrained to say that He alone who paid the ransom for sinners, and made the souls of men His "purchased possession," can comprehend and solve the arduous question. They are indeed "bought with a price;" but are "not redeemed with corruptible things, as silver and gold; but with the precious blood of Christ, as of a lamb without blemish and without spot." We shall only ascertain the value of a soul, when we shall be fully able to estimate the worth of a Saviour.—*Legh Richmond.*

THE POSITION OF THE CHURCH OF ROME.

By GENERAL BROOK BRIDGES PARLEBY.

THOSE who write on the Church of Rome should remember that, numerically speaking, it is the largest in the world.

Without giving up a particle of our own belief, one or two considerations must present themselves to us. The Christian, who places implicit faith in the wisdom and goodness of God, must see that from some wise motive, incomprehensible to us, it has pleased Him to allow the Church of Rome to plant itself over the most civilized portion of the world. Such being the case, does it not strike the reflective man that the rancour and malignity displayed by the Puritans against Catholicism was, in fact, impugning the wisdom of the Almighty?

To us, many things, both in the worship and belief, appear erroneous; but we only see "through a glass darkly," and what to us appears to be inconsistent with pure religion, would not be allowed were it not for some inscrutable purpose.

It may seem to us unfortunate that in

many of the most powerful kingdoms on the continent, Protestantism appears to be at a standstill, whilst, as is the case in Prussia, the Ultramontane party are endeavouring to carry things with a very high hand; and may prove to Bismarck a more powerful enemy than any he has yet encountered. The result of this contest will probably have a material effect in upholding the Protestant population of Prussia. If Bismarck is successful, we, of course, can only hope that our own faith may be upheld, but this depends on counsels that are far above all human ken.

Catholicism is making great strides in England, and, with the unfortunate dissensions that prevail in the Church of England, may make still further advances. It is melancholy to think that some of the most eminent of those who once belonged to our Church, have joined the communion of Rome; but whatever may be the result, it is our duty to acknowledge an Almighty Hand, with Whom the work rests.

THE RIGHTER OF WRONGS.

1.

Lo! where are God's judgments for sinning,
And what are the wages for shame?
She is pampered with gold and fine linen,
She hath laughter and joy at beginning,
And afterwards riches and fame;—
By my vengeance that never knows sleeping,
By the terrible wrath of my rod,
I will bring down her beauty with weeping,
Saith the Lord God.

2.

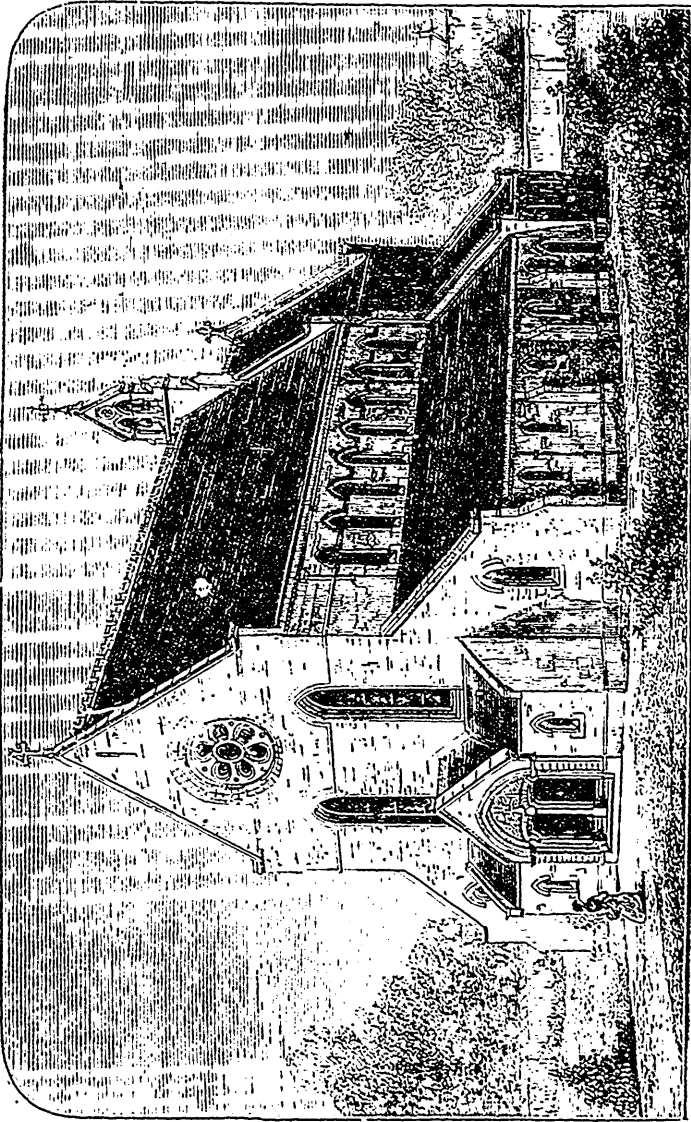
She is fair as the earth after showers,
When the spring and the summer first meet;
She is queen of all seasons and hours,
She is crowned with a crown of glad flowers,
And princes have knelt at her feet.
With tears and sharp anguish hereafter
Shall my wine-press of anger be trod,
When for glory she reaps scorn and laughter,
Saith the Lord God.

3.

One is walking, and no man doth heed her,
In the silent by-ways of the earth;
She is hungry, yet no man doth feed her;
She is weary, yet no man doth lead her;
She is small and accounted no worth,—
She is walking with weeping and fasting,
In the same weary path that He trod.
I will crown her with joy everlasting,
Saith the Lord God.

4.

The world and its pleasures turn from her,
And no man shall weep when she dies;
She lacks glory and worship and honour,
No beauty hath God placed upon her,
To kindle the light in men's eyes:—
Look up, all the bonds will I sever,
That bound thee so close to the sod,
Thou shalt rest in my bosom for ever,
Saith the Lord God.



St. Gabriel's, Newington Butts.
From a design by Mr. J. E. K. Currie, of London.

NEW CHURCH OF ST. GABRIEL, NEWINGTON BUTTS.

THE new Vicar of Newington is making great changes and great improvements in his extensive parish. The old church, a dingy, red-brick structure, very unecclesiastical, is to be pulled down, and a handsome new church erected in the neighbourhood. Mr. Pearson, architect, of Louth, is to erect this: St. Gabriel's mission church is from a design of Mr. J. E. K. Cutts, of London.

We give an illustration of the perspective view of this successful design, as an example of a "mission church," of the kind which is intended to be neither a mere mission room, nor the church of a future independent district parish, but a permanent "tender"—to use a nautical simile—to the parish church. The church, designed to seat 600 people, leaves ample space in the sacristy and chancel, and gives two vestries for clergy and choir, and an organ-chamber, and an ample west porch. Its proportions are spacious and lofty; the architect's intention being to give dignity to his church by artistic design and fine proportions and solid work, and to economise by the use of brick as his building material, and by the avoidance of mouldings, ornamental carving, and such features as require skilled labour. The estimated cost of the building was a little over £3,000; but the site being over the old graves requires a very unusual expenditure in making good the foundations, and the rise in prices in the building trades since the original estimate was given, will

make the probable total cost of the church, including fittings, warming, lighting, &c., about £4,300.

The material is red brick throughout, stone being used only where it is positively necessary: the pillars of the nave-arches are of grey stone, to contrast with the red brickwork. The roofs are of deal covered with slates, finished with red ridge-tiles; the ceiling of the chancel is arched, and shows the ribs on the main timbers only. It is hoped that the ceiling will be decorated with colour at some future time. The floors are of tile throughout, those within the chancel being enriched with encaustic tiles. The seats are simple open benches of deal, stained and varnished. The choir-seats are of the same material, but more solid and ornamental in character. The other fittings, such as altar, altar-rail, pulpit, &c., are of oak. The church is heated with hot air, and lighted with gas.

The nave is 75 ft. 6 in. long, 25 ft. wide, and 54 ft. high, to the ridge of the roof. The chancel is 28 ft. long by 25 ft. wide, and 41 ft. to the point of the curved ceiling. The aisles are 11 ft. wide; clergy and choir vestries and organ-chamber are provided on the north side.

It will thus be seen that a building, simple, dignified, and effective, thoroughly church-like, and well-planned, has been erected at a most reasonable cost by an able and rising architect.

W A S H E D A S H O R E.

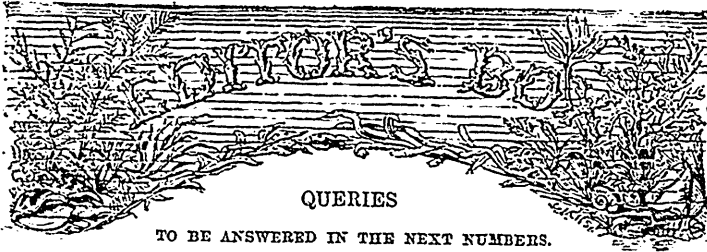
With beat the waves on the sandy shore,
High rose the wind as the ship it tore,
While through the tempest a cry was heard,
Wild, more loud than the white sea-bird.—
"They tell me he's lost, in the storm he died;
They found him washed up by the rushing tide;
But I will not believe till I see his form,
Which they say has been bruised by the angry
storm."

Fiercer the wind and louder the gale
Blew: e'en as a maiden, with visage pale,
Clung tremblingly on to the shattered mast,
Taking no heed of the driving blast;

While, e'en as the winds blew on, and tore
The ship into pieces upon the shore,
Her cry rose louder,—"They say he died,
They found him washed up by the rushing tide."

'Twas night, and the sea was calm and still,
The moon shone softly o'er vale and hill,
No cry of pain or despair was heard,
No sound but the shriek of the white sea-bird;
For, lying quite cold on the moonlit strand,
A maiden was dashed on the soft wet sand;
No sigh from her lips could escape her now,
They were pallid in death as her marble brow.

EVA LETITIA (LETTICE.)



QUERIES

TO BE ANSWERED IN THE NEXT NUMBERS.

FORMS FOR DEDICATION OF CHURCHYARDS.

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

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.

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.

OBSCURE QUOTATION.

18.—*Can any reader of the PENNY POST*

tell me the author of the following lines, and where I may find the entire poem?—

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

“I knelt before mine Holy One,
In summer’s balmy hours,
The winds were hushed, the earth was
flushed
With lavish bloom of flowers;
I heard the murmur of the dove
In forest arches dim,
And as a token of my love
A rose I brought to Him.
Then in that golden light He smiled,
As thus He spake to me,
‘Lo! I alone am Sharon’s Rose
That blossomed once for thee.’”

LOUISE.

REPLIES

TO QUERIES IN PREVIOUS NUMBERS.

66.—*List of Churches having Lights on the Altar, concluded from p. 53.*

DIocese of PETERBOROUGH.

Bonefield, Northampton.
King’s Sutton, SS. Peter and Paul.
Leicester, S. Andrew’s.
,, S. Margaret’s.
Peterborough Cathedral.
Swepston, near Ashby-de-la-Zouche, S. Peter’s.
Warkworth, Northampton.
Woodville, S. Stephen’s.

DIocese of RIFON.

Allerton, Bywater.
Birstall, Leeds.
Bolton Abbey.
Bradford, S. Jude’s.
Horbury Bridge.
Horbury, Wakefield.
,, House of Mercy Chapel.

Huddersfield, S. Thomas’.
Leeds, Parish Church.

,, S. Barnabas’.
,, S. John’s.
,, S. Jude’s.
,, S. Peter’s.
,, S. Phillips’.
Manningham, S. Jude’s.
Methley, S. Oswald’s.
Oxenhope, S. Mary’s.
Penistone, York, S. John Baptist’s.
Rawdon, S. Peter’s.
Shadwell, Yorkshire, S. Paul’s.
Skipton-in-Craven, Yorkshire, Christ Church.
Stanley, S. Peter’s.
Wakefield, S. Michael’s.
Wilsden, S. Matthew’s.

DIocese of ROCHESTER.

Ashdon, Essex.
Braintree, Essex.

Brentwood, Essex, S. Thomas-the-Martyr's.
 Brockley-hill, Forest-hill, S. Saviour's.
 Castle Heddingham, Essex.
 Eltham, Essex, Trinity.
 Foxearth, Essex, SS. Peter and Paul.
 Great Amwell, Herts, S. John Baptist's.
 Great Yeldham, Essex.
 Greenhithe, Kent.
 Hadleigh, Essex.
 Harlow, S. Hugh's.
 " S. John Baptist's.
 " S. Mary Magdalene's.
 Leigh, Essex.
 Lewisham, S. Stephen's.
 Little Bardfield, Essex, S. Catherine's.
 Little Heath, Ilford, S. James'.
 New Brompton, Kent, S. Mark's.
 Northfleet, Kent, S. Botolph's.
 Iastow, Essex, S. Andrew's.
 Springfield, Essex, All Saints'.
 " Holy Trinity.
 Warley, Brentwood, Essex, Garrison Chapel.
 Wicken-Bonant, Essex.
 Woolwich, S. Michael and All Angels.

DIOCESE OF SALISBURY.

Batcombe, Dorset, S. Mary's.
 Catherston-Leweston, S. Mary's.
 Chapmanslade, Wilts, SS. Philip and James.
 Chilfrome Church, Salisbury.
 Devizes, S. Peter's.
 Dilton Marsh, Wilts, Holy Trinity.
 Farley, Wilts.
 Grafton Church.
 Manningford-Bruce.
 Marlborough, Wilts, S. Mary's (ancient).
 Monkton Wyldo, Dorset.
 Orcheston, Wilts, S. Mary's.
 Parwick S. John, Wilts, S. John Baptist's.
 Pewsy, S. John Baptist.
 " All Saints' Mortuary Chapel.
 Salisbury Cathedral.
 Sturminster Marshall, Dorset, S. Mary's.
 Upton-Scudamore, Warminster.
 Warminster, S. Lawrence's.
 West Dean, Wilts.

DIOCESE OF S. ASAPH.

Hawarden, Flintshire.
 Wrexham, N. Wales, S. Mark's.

DIOCESE OF S. DAVID'S.

Angle, Milford Haven, Pembrokeshire.
 Llandfailely, Vach, Brecknockshire.
 Llaugasty, Tallyllyn, Brecknockshire.
 Llanmaddoc, Gower, Glamorganshire.
 Penpont, Brecknockshire, Privato Chapel.

DIOCESE OF SODOR AND MAN.

Isle of Man, Oncham, S. Peter's.
 " Parish Church of S. Michael.
 " S. John Baptist's, German.

Isle of Man, S. John Evangelist's, German.
 " S. Nicholas' Chapel, Bishop's
 Court.

" Sulby, S. Stephen's.

DIOCESE OF WORCESTER.

Atherstone, S. Mary's.
 Birmingham, S. Alban's.
 " S. Paul's.
 Bishopton, Warwickshire, S. Peter's.
 Bordesley, Holy Trinity.
 Charloto, Warwickshire.
 Coventry, Christ Church.
 " Holy Trinity.
 " S. John's.
 " S. Mark's.
 " S. Michael's.
 " S. Peter's.
 Cowleigh, Malvern, S. Peter's.
 Emscote, All Saints'.
 King's Norton, Worcester, S. Nicolas'.
 " Sutton, Warwickshire.
 Lowe, near Coventry (date 1730).
 Nowland, Malvern, S. Leonard's.
 Quinton, S. Mary Magdalene's.
 Warwick, S. James' Chapel.
 Wasperton, Warwick.
 West Malvern, S. James'.

IRELAND.

DIOCESE OF GLANDELAGH, AND KILDARE.
 Grangegorman Church, near Dublin.

SCOTLAND.

DIOCESE OF MORAY, ROSS, AND CAITHNESS.
 Glen Urquhart, S. Ninian's.
 Inverness Cathedral.

DIOCESE OF ABERDEEN AND ORKNEY.

Aberdeen, S. John's.
 " S. Mary's.
 " S. Margaret's.
 Deer.
 Inverury.
 Turriff.

DIOCESE OF ARGYLL AND ISLES.

Cumbrac, Chapel of S. Spirit.
 " Collegiate Church.

DIOCESE OF BRECHIN.

Dundee, S. Mary Magdalene's.

DIOCESE OF EDINBURGH.

Edinburgh, All Saints'.
 " S. Columba's.
 Rosslyn Chapel.

DIOCESE OF GLASGOW AND GALLOWAY.

Glasgow, S. Andrew's Church.

DIOCESE OF S. ANDREW'S, DUNKELD,
AND DUNBLANE.

Perth Cathedral, S. Ninian's.

COLONIAL CHURCHES.

Yorkville, Toronto, Canada, S. Paul's.

ST. HERBERT.*

2. *Will some one kindly give me some information about the St. Herbert who is said to have lived in a cell on one of the small islands in Lake Derwentwater? What is said to be part of the cell is still in existence; but I cannot learn anything about the hermit who inhabited it, beyond the name.* W. E. D.

In a small book called "Loiterings among the Lakes," and published twenty-five years ago, is a short notice upon St. Herbert, which I enclose for your correspondent, W. E. D. The island in the middle of the lake, called St. Herbert's Isle, derives its name from a hermit, who, it is said, bore so perfect a love to St. Cuthbert of Durham, that he prayed he might die at the same moment in which his friend breathed his last.

"Nor in vain
So prayed he: as our chronicles report,
Though here the hermit number'd his last day,
Far from St. Cuthbert, his beloved friend;
These holy men both died in the same hour."

LYDIA.

St. Herbert is known to us only through his connection with St. Cuthbert. He is supposed to have been an inmate of Melrose or Lindisfarne, before adopting an eremitical life on the island in Derwentwater. In this last-mentioned retreat the persecutions which he underwent at the hands of the Cymry gave him a special right to the title of Confessor, by which he is designated in the Martyrologies. St. Cuthbert was in the habit of paying St. Herbert an annual visit, and on the last occasion of their meeting (A.D. 686) predicted their coming departure. The two saints left this world on the same day, and at the same hour, (March 20, 687). St. Herbert is said by the biographers of St. Cuthbert to have almost equalled that great saint in holiness during life, and from the chastening of a long and painful illness, to have attained at death to an equal degree of fitness for future glory. The saint has, I believe, never been formally canonized, but his name occurs in several Martyrologies. The hermitage was comparatively complete eighty years ago. Wordsworth has written some beautiful lines on St. Herbert; *vide* Wordsworth's Poems, i. 299, ed. 1832. F. S.

ST. MARGARET OF CORTONA.

3. *Can you, or any of your readers, give me any account of S. Margaret of Cortona? I knew of only two S. Margaret's, one of Antioch in Pisidia, and one of Scotland, until I saw mention of this one of Cortona. I should also be very grateful for a list of the churches in England dedicated to S. Margaret, with mention of any symbols or pictures representing her.* A WESTERN SUBSCRIBER.

In answer to your correspondent, A WESTERN SUBSCRIBER, I send you the following account of St. Margaret of Cortona, taken from the very valuable work of "Lives of the Saints," by the Rev. Baring Gould, and which is now in course of publication:—

"Margaret was a girl of Alviano, in Tuscany. Her good looks attracted the attention of a young nobleman, and, led astray by passion and love of dress, she deserted her father's house, and followed her seducer for nine years. One day he went out, followed by his dog, and did not return. Some days passed, and at last the dog appeared at the door, and plucking at Margaret's dress, drew her forwards, as though it wished her to follow. She obeyed the animal, and it led her into the wood, and began to scratch where dry leaves and sticks were thrown over a sort of pit. She hastily uncovered the spot, and found the body of her lover, who had been assassinated, frightfully decomposed. The shock was great. She went sorrowfully to her father's house, but he refused to admit his fallen daughter, urged thereto by her step-mother. Then she sought the protection and guidance of the Minorite friars at Cortona, and, after two years, she entered the third order of St. Francis. Her director had now to restrain her enthusiastic self-mortification. Knowing that it was her beauty which had turned her head and led her astray, she wanted to cut off her nose and lips, but was peremptorily forbidden by her confessor. Then she desired to make public confession in Cortona of all her iniquities, but was also forbidden this. She, however, went one Sunday to her native village, with a halter round her neck, and, casting herself down before all the congregation, expressed her deep sorrow for the scandal she had caused there. Her conversion took place in 1274, when she was aged twenty-five. The rest of her life was spent in penance for her sin. At length, worn out by her austerities, she died on the 22nd February, 1297, in the forty-eighth year of her age.

"Her body is preserved at Cortona.

"In art, she appears contemplating a corpse, or, more often, a skull at her feet, whilst a dog plucks at her robe." Vol. ii. p. 371. BOWES.

K. J. W. sends also an interesting reply to the above Query.

Alban Butler gives the names of the saints of the name of Margaret. There are in England 238 churches dedicated in the sole honour of St. Margaret, and several others conjointly with some other saint. These are, of course,

in honour of St. Margaret of Antioch, though it is possible that some may belong to St. Margaret, Queen of Scotland.

The following emblems are from Husenbeth:—

St. Margaret (of Antioch).

- (a.) Piercing a dragon.
- (b.) Piercing a dragon with a long cross.
- (c.) Dragon behind, lamb before her.
- (d.) Dragon at her feet, cross and palm.
- (e.) Dragon near her, angel protecting her.
- (f.) Rising out of a dragon, end of her robe in his mouth.
- (g.) Dragon chained at her feet.

St. Margaret (of Scotland).

Holding a black cross, visiting the sick.

St. Margaret (of Cortona).

- (a.) In an ecstasy, two angels supporting her, our Saviour appearing in glory.
- (b.) Cross and instruments of Passion.
- (c.) Contemplating a cross or skull at her feet, while a dog plucks at her robe. F. S.

The following are churches in Kent dedicated to St. Margaret:—

Addington, Barming, Broomfield, Canterbury, Darent, Halsted, Lower Halstow, Horsmonden, Hucking, Ifield, Lee, Plumstead, Rainham, Rochester, St. Margaret-at-Cliffe, Wichling, Womenswold.

HOLMESDALE.

E. W. G. refers our correspondent to "Lives of the Saints," of the Church Printing Company, for terse information.

ST. SYRIACUS.

4. Can any reader of the PENNY POST give me any particulars of the life of St. Syriac?

SIBYL.

In answer to SIBYL'S Query asking for particulars of the life of St. Syriac, or Cyriacus, it appears from the "Lives of the Saints" that nothing is known of him, excepting that he was a companion of SS. Satyrus and Mosenius, and that they were all martyrs. The date of their martyrdom, and whether they all suffered together, is uncertain.

BOWES.

Another correspondent writes:—If by St. Syriac is meant St. Cyriac, I beg to say that he is likewise known as St. Quiricus, or St. Cyr, and together with his mother St. Julitta is commemorated on June 16. St. Julitta was a noble lady of Tarsus in Cilicia. During the persecutions under Diocletian, she, together with her son St. Cyriac, then only three years old, was arrested and brought before the governor of Lycaonia. Boldly declaring herself to be a Christian, the governor ordered St. Cyriac to be taken from her, and that she should be scourged. While his mother was undergoing this torture, the

little Cyriac exclaimed as loudly as he could, "I am a Christian." The governor, enraged, took him by the foot, and throwing him to the ground from off his tribunal, dashed out his brains against the edge of the steps. St. Julitta soon followed her babe, though by a much longer and more tedious road, into glory. Under the name of St. Cyr, many churches and monasteries in France are dedicated to this saint. F. S.

EMBLEM OF ST. JOHN BAPTIST.

5. Can you, or any of your readers, explain why in windows, &c., St. John the Baptist is represented as bearing a cross? T. U.

In answer to the Query asked by T. U., why St. John the Baptist is represented in windows (stained-glass) as bearing a cross, I should say it is because such is the symbol of victory. It is not the cross of the Passion which he holds in his hand, but the cross of the Resurrection. It is simply a lance, the staff of which terminates in a cross. It is not a tree, like the cross of the passion, but a staff as above described. The first is the cross of suffering, the other is the cross of victory. BOWES.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS,
AND REPLIES.

RECEIVED:—"Tom Neston."—G. CLARK.—C. G. WYATT.—NOEL.—W. F. L.—MISS TANGUERAY.—REV. F. DE CASTRO.—F. R. T.—K. T. W. (Deanery, Llandaff)—J. R. (Oxford).—ARTHUR INGLEBY.—REV. E. W. GORROW.—F. F. G.—H. C. S.—S. P. (your suggestions have our best consideration).—E. H. E.—C. M. H.—S. F. PALMER.—CRUX.—"Wayside Musings, No. III." REV. J. J.—F. C.—E. E. R.—F. C. F.—J. M. T.—REV. M. A. (Church-Lench).—M. HUTCHINSON.—ANNIE A. R.—F. S.—AGATHA.—HOLMESDALE.—E. T.—LYDIA.—R. WARYER.—PUER.—H. McCALL.—G. T. C. D.

T. W. C.—HALLIE.—W. B. X.—AMICUS.—H. P. W. (Cheltenham).—A. RECTOR (York).—P. A. X.—WILLIE.—A. B. C.—HOLLOWAY.—TIMOR. Answered by post.

ST. ANDREW'S WATERSIDE MISSION, GRAVESEND.—The Hon. Treasurer begs to thank M. C. for his, and would acknowledge several packages of books from no definite address. All parcels of books sent to the Mission are acknowledged direct when an address is given; this plan is preferred.

J. F. V. FITZGERALD.—In Tennyson's poem, "Break, break, break."

L. M. B.—The font ought certainly not to be turned into a flower-vase, and consequently floating crosses and other similar inventions ought not to be introduced.

MARY.—See our volumes for 1857 and 1863.

W. P. C.—The Genovifines are a French order of women devoted to educating the poor and nursing the sick, founded in 1636.

In the paper, "All for Jesus," instead of "the softened words, and holy prayer and praise and love," it should be the

"softened words and holy,
Prayer and Praise alone."

Dean Alford's Processional Hymn.

THE very interesting note in your January number, signed PHLOX, induces me to ask that gentleman, through the PENNY POST, to be so good as to communicate to me his name and address. I ask this, as I much desire to see the manuscript copy of "Macbeth" to which he refers.

It is as well to correct one mistake into which PHLOX has fallen, and by his note may lead others. The line—

"Each chalice'd flower supplies,"

is not in Shakespeare's song,—

"Hark! hark! the lark at heav'n's gate sings."

It is a very unfortunate attempt to improve the line—

"On chalic'd flowers that lies,"

and which, I believe, is peculiar to Pope's edition.

C. M. INGLEBY.
Athenæum Club, Pall Mall, S. W.

REPLY TO PHLOX.

You have allowed PHLOX to correct in the current number of the PENNY POST what one of your correspondents stated as to the song of "Hark, the lark," in "Cymbeline." Allow me to correct PHLOX. Shakespeare wrote the fourth line of that song,—

"On chalice'd flowers that lies,"

just as he wrote in "Romeo and Juliet,"—

"Both our remedies

Within your help and holy physic lies."

Dr. Percy and other competent critics pointed out long ago, that in *old English* *es* is often a plural termination of the present tense, third person. In using it, Shakespeare may have been guilty of an archaism, not of an error. PHLOX is not happier in his emendation of the song at the end of "Love's Labour Lost." There is no absurdity in "painting the meadows with delight:" whatever I paint, I paint "with delight," if I delight in painting. Moreover, the suggested stop after the word "meadows" destroys entirely the balance both in rhythm and in point between the first and the second stanzas of the song. I have too great respect for the attachment

which PHLOX shows for his MS., to express my opinions of its *varia lectio* in the passage from Macbeth.

H. W. L.

MISS POWYS.—Answered by post.

W. M. G.—We have no room.

P. E. GEORGE.—To point out the incompleteness of our list is easy (we are quite aware of it), but, as we are neither ubiquitous nor omniscient, how can we make it complete unless correspondents help us to do so?

A. W.—The *Dies Ivæ* was written by Thomas of Colano. It has been translated by several persons,—Dr. Irons, Dr. F. G. Lee, and the Editors of "Hymns Ancient and Modern."

P. S. W.—(1) The Greek saint, St. Marina, is the same as the Western St. Margaret of Antioch. (2) On July 17, in the Eastern; on July 20, in the Western. (3) With a dragon at her feet.

Licences for non-residence are constantly granted by bishops. The Vicar of St. Bartholomew's, London, resides in Bayswater; and the Rector of St. Margaret's, at Upminster, in Essex, I presume by dispensation. These are flagrant cases, identical with the abuses which anciently existed in Roman Catholic times.

QUIS.

A correspondent writes thus: "Hone, in his 'Every-Day Book,' states that the feasts of the Assumption of the B. V. M. (August 15), and All Souls (Nov. 2), are still retained in the Calendar of the Church of England. Is this correct?" To which we answer, See the Kalendar in the Prayer-book.

A. E. I.—Apply to the Archdeacon or Bishop.

A. D. B.—We are unable to answer your question. When you write of a "proper tune," do you mean a special tune, specially written, or a tune which may and can be sung to the words?

SISTER FRANCES.—We cannot answer your question.

INQUIRATOR'S Query can be answered by a reference to the "Clergy Directory" of Mr. Bosworth.

W. D.—"Crouched Friars" is an old term for "Crutched Friars."

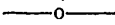
MAGGIE M. N.—Passion Sunday is the Fifth Sunday in Lent, Palm Sunday the Sixth.

A. P. B.—Gypsire or Gycero is a mediæval term for a purse strung at the girdle.

W. G.—A sect of Lutherans founded by Oslander, A. D. 1551.

[We repeat, what we have before stated, that enquiries regarding the origin of obscure verses and quotations are of little interest to the general reader.]

prove by their constancy that they do not receive the means of grace in vain. On every Lord's day we have a faithful band of worshippers at the early communion; while the late celebrations are more fully and punctually attended, and a greater reverence is manifested by all who frequent the table of the Lord.



THE MONTH IN PROSPECT, APRIL.

We read that the Romans called this month Aprilis, from aperio, because it was the season when things opened. The Saxons called it Ostre month, probably from the same word from which Easter is supposed to have been derived. The Dutch and Germans call it Gras month. Its first day has wide observance as All Fools Day, and our young friends are on the watch for its approach. In England and in her colonies one who is tricked is called an April fool,—in France an April Fish,—in Scotland a Gowk. The Hindoos practise similar tricks on the 31st of March, when they have what is called the Huli Festival.

With mingled feelings we look forward through the Lenten haze to the glorious light of the Easter morn. Like the first Apostles, Christians now are engaged in contemplating those sorrows of their Master which preceded, and had their termination in, His last agony. "If we suffer we shall rise with Him;" and obeying the voice of the Bride, whose duty it is to direct her children in the way that leads to everlasting life, we "follow on to know the Lord" in His agony and bloody sweat—in His passion, and on His cross. May we so know Him, that when Easter comes, and we look for Him, He may reveal Himself to us, not as He did to the

heathen soldiers, affrighting them: but graciously, as He did to Mary and others, assuring us of His unalterable love, and of His continued authority as our Lord and Master.

We have nearly two weeks of Lent in April this year, and may we have grace to use them profitably. The last great week of this soul strengthening season we call the Holy Week. In it we draw very near as it were to our Lord, beholding His great sufferings, and deploring our many sins which caused them or increased their intensity. The night of agony is one on which all revelling should be hushed, and we should be watching and praying. The contemplation of our Lord offering himself a Sacrifice for our sins, thereby winning acceptance and reconciliation for us, is or ought to be sufficient to make Good Friday a period of humble and devout prayer. If it be true (and who can doubt it?) that Redemption was then wrought for us, who is He that is taught of God by the Apostolic Church, that will be found seeking diversions at home or abroad on that day.

Easter comes however, and the contemplative mind is passed along from sad scenes to those which cause rejoicing, and strengthen Faith and Hope. An imaginative people, moved by gladsome feeling, might easily be persuaded that they see the sun dance on the Easter morning, knowing that he hid himself when the Son of God was being put to death for human guilt. If this innocent superstition leads to increase of Faith in simple minds, we will not rebuke it. Bl-s't Morn! say we, however, when we hear the Salutation from our Venerable Rector, "The Lord is Risen;" may he be long spared to us that we may have increase of joyful hope through his utterances. We will adorn our Holy Chancel,—and many

ST. LUKE'S PARISH POST.

will gather there at an early hour to feed on Christ, the true Paschal Lamb; and partaking, will go away satisfied.

Rise heart; thy Lord is risen. Sing
His praise
Without delays,
Who takes thee by the hand, that thou
likewise
With Him mayest rise."

April 23rd. St. George's day in our Calendar. He is held as the patron saint of England, and is represented as a man on horseback spearing a dragon. In Russia St. George is as much a favorite saint as he is in England. With a regard apparently to his military character, our Edward the Third adopted his name as his war-cry, and his figure as a badge in connection with the Order of the Garter.

25th St. Mark the Evangelist. It was once customary to bless the fruits of the earth on this day, so we learn from books; and we find the Gospel for the day in our prayer Book has reference to the True Vine, and its branches and their fruit, which may be profitably read on any day in the year;—but as we may go through a year without a devout contemplation of this valuable portion of Holy Writ, the Church would have us take it up on this day, and be impressed with the fact that "the branch cannot bear fruit of itself, except it abide in the Vine? *

OBITUARY.

This month, it is our painful duty to record the sudden death of Thomas Boggs, by which our association has sustained the loss of a worthy member and fellow worshipper. Few persons have passed through life with more to be approved and less to be blamed; and it is not too much to say

that he will be long retained in the memory of all who knew him well, as a devout and modest Christian, an upright merchant, and a good example in all the several relations of life.

"Death cannot come too soon
To those prepared to die."

ST. LUKE'S CATHEDRAL.

The sacred rite of confirmation was administered on Sunday last, when forty-five candidates, after a solemn address from the Bishop received the anointing seal of the Holy Ghost; they had all been carefully prepared in classes by the clergy, and were presented by the Rector two and two at the chancel step. The church was profusely decorated with beautiful flowers. The Litany was sung by the Rev. Mr. Abbott, and the whole service was rendered more interesting and impressive by the assistance of the surpliced choir, which entered the church with a Processional and retired with a Retrocessional hymn.

HEALTH AND HARMONY.

The health of our Parish during the Winter Months, and the harmony that has prevailed, are great causes for thankfulness. We are just now awakened to some measure of dread as to interruption of our health, but may hope that what we fear will be subdued and cast out of the community by means of skill and watchfulness.

We are harmonious among ourselves, seeing nothing that calls for anxious thought, or any new mode of action, in the working of our Parish. We know that what is allowed among us of devotional or other usage in a religious way, is what agrees with the

ST. LUKE'S PARISH POST.

Prayer Book in spirit and in letter. We have confidence that our spiritual guides are doing the best they can to lead us onward in the path of holy living, and using such means as will most effectually inspire us with a love of the beautiful and holy. The appointed means of grace are duly regarded, and we have pleasure in observing that they are, by many, appreciated and followed. Harmony reigns; foolish fancies which some have been moved by, have gradually given way, as the suitability of the course has been examined and proved. We have little or no murmuring, Church usages as adopted and practiced, are seen to be profitable, and the people heartily unite in them.

that our Parish goes beyond any other of the Diocese in promoting the interests and work of the Diocesan Church Society.

CONFIRMATION AT THE CATHEDRAL.

Boyce, James	Daniel, Mary
Cluttenburg, John	Finck, Lucy
Daniel, Charles	Glazbrook, Margt.
DeMill, Arthur	Hennessy, Mary
Finck, George	Henne, Sarab
Glazbrook, Wm	Hiltz, Susan
Henderson, George	Hunter, Maggie
Keating, Arthur	Mails, Emma
Lively, George	Mails, Elizabeth
Rutherford, Robert	Mails, Hannah
Romans, Frank	Murphy, Margaret
Smith, Charles	Noble, Lucy
Silver, Charles	Ross, Emily
Silver, Harold	Shaw, Annie
Stimpson, Arthur	Srupe, Sophia
Wainwright, A. Col.	Smith, Marie
	Smithers, Maria
	Spike, Margaret
	Spike, Charlotte
	Trucke, Anne
	Waterfield, Elizth.
	Wood, Anne
	Wood, Jane

The April meeting of St. Luke's Church Association is postponed, by authority of the President, to the third Monday of the month, the 21st day, when it will be held in the accustomed place.

Allen, Jane	
Binney, Fanny	
Boothe Alice	
Boyce, Fran.	Mary
Cox, Hannah	
Curtis, Annie	

LOCAL COMMITTEE OF D. C. S.

Since our last this Committee has induced a gathering of the friends and supporters of the Society in our Parish, and the occasion proved one of much interest, and has had a beneficial effect. People are warmed towards good institutions and objects when they have met and discoursed about them; dull minds are roused; and many who were ignorant are informed; and the hostile, if any there be, are often won by the representations made, and motives presented. A congregation is moulded into a oneness of thought and feeling, by uniting for objects which lie beyond individual worship and advantage. We rejoice to know

RECEIPTS FOR 1873.

E. D. Tucker, Rev. H. M. Spike, T. Skinner, E. P. Archbold, Miss McPhail, Mrs R. Wentzel, Miss Deblois, Miss M. Bossom 50 c. each.

NOTE.—The issue of this number of the PARISH POST has been delayed by circumstances which could not have been foreseen nor avoided.

BAPTISMS.

Martha Mary Smith
Mill, Mary Elizabeth