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Nov.

1873

# St. Luke's Parish Post.

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

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## THE DAY OF INTERCESSION.

It has fulfilled the desire of many earnest souls that the day of General Intercession on behalf of Foreign Missions is to be observed this year; and it is to be hoped that it will be repeated every year, until the earth shall be filled with the knowledge of the Lord, and Morian's land shall stretch out her hands unto God. In the prospect of this approaching solemnity, we offer it to our fellow-worshippers in the Cathedral as a matter of consideration.

The day is dedicated to prayer; Intercessory prayer. Prayer that God will open an effectual door of entrance into heathen lands, and inspire Christian men and women to enter into them with the message of peace and salvation, and so fulfil the command of our Divine Lord: "To pray to the Lord of the harvest, that he would send forth laborers into the harvest."

There is no doubt but that hitherto this great organ of missionary life has been too much neglected, and has been superseded by the active bustle of the platform, or the easy performance of the purse; and we subscribe to Christian missions and read of the work of Christian missionaries as though they were to be created by our own hand and prospered by our own wisdom, and the consequence is that we so often falter and fail; and we are taught prophetic truth, "Not by might or by power, but my Spirit saith the Lord of Hosts" That it is not the patronage of princes, or the contributions of the people alone, which ensure success; but, by that which seemeth to be the very feeblest instruments of all,—Prayer, Intercessory prayer! And this lesson we have learned by experience, no less than from the inspiration of the Almighty; and we are now again called to ratify and fulfil it And so on the first

Wednesday in the coming month, all the congregations in Christendom in communion with the Church of England and America, will meet with one consent before the Throne of Grace, to praise God for the glad tidings of the Gospel, and to pray that the same light and knowledge and salvation may be extended to every nation and people under heaven.

—o—

THE MONTH IN PROSPECT,  
DECEMBER.

Drear though the external aspects of Nature are, the Christian heart is made glad by the dawn of Advent's first day, ere December, which is stern and chill, makes its approach. The season when the Sun of Righteousness is contemplated as rising with healing in his beams, comes as we think it should, in advance of the time when the natural Sun commences anew his annual journey through the heavens. Grace supplants or goes before Nature in those to whose hearts the vivifying warmth of Divine Love has been communicated, in answer to the Church's prayers, and through her well appointed usages and discipline. Blest they who through Faith are led to follow our Lord in the appointments of his loved and devoted Spouse, which is the Visible Catholic and Apostolic Church. She alone has the threefold cord of the Ministry, the Word and the Sacraments, and round her Altars do her children gather, when Holy Festivals, as the seasons run their round, invite to contemplation of His spotless life on earth, and of the devotedness of the many Saints, whom He has, in succeeding ages, brought into His service to do honour to His Great Name.

We, as Baptized members of the

## CONCERNING THE SAINTS AND THOSE DEPARTED IN CHRIST.

**F**ROM the earliest period of the Christian Church, those saints and martyrs who had served God both by their lives and deaths, confessing His Son Jesus Christ to be Very God of Very God and the Saviour of the World, were commemorated with regard and respect, with devotion and with love. All that belonged to them was had in remembrance. Every act, word, and example was duly considered. St. Chrysostom tells us as much, pointing out their deserts, their merits, and their virtues; and when no special day was appropriated to known and venerated saints, there grew up a custom to observe all the unremembered saints at the beginning of November. In the year 610, Pope Boniface the Fourth, the son of a physician in Valeria, consecrated the Pantheon at Rome to the Blessed Virgin Mary and All Saints on the 1st of November in the above year—from which great and important event the observance of this glorious and popular festival dated. Those dioceses and countries into which the custom had not yet spread began to note the feast in the ninth century, when Pope Gregory the Fourth (son of a Roman patrician) issued a solemn decree that All Saints' Day should be everywhere observed. The Greek Church, as possibly was the case with most of the Oriental Churches, kept a similar festival, with the same purpose and intent, on the Sunday after Whitsun-Day. In the old Church of England, All Saints' Day was a most popular and deeply-loved festival, as was also that which immediately followed it—All Souls' Day, a feast in honour of which a college at Oxford and very many churches are dedicated. Thomas Hearne, the antiquary, points out, that, almost into the middle of the eighteenth century, the remembrance of departed friends was observed both with religious and social rites—and charitable bequests for the poor, left years ago, are still distributed in many of our beautiful parish churches on the day succeeding All Saints' Feast.

We should bear in mind that there is a clear distinction between the Saints of God—those whose virtues, graces, and triumphs have been marked and notorious throughout the whole family of Christ—and the faithful departed—the Souls of the righteous in the hands of God:—

The Saints are those so super-eminent for sanctity, that their death-day is observed as an annual triumph by the Church Militant, and their names enshrined in the Church's Sacred Kalendars. We know that they are with God in Heaven, though we know, too (for the Apostle declares as much), that their joy is not yet as complete as it will be, when the number of the elect is accomplished, and all the ransomed are gathered round the footstool of God.

The Souls are those of ordinary Christians, friends loved and lost, who, having served God faithfully, are not yet admitted into the ranks of the

blest, but who will go thither, and have an eternal home; there in God's time, when all are in-gathered at the last Harvest. Our departed friends who have died in grace, i.e. in the faith and fear of Christ, heartily repentant, and loving God with all their hearts (notwithstanding past weaknesses and transgressions), are amongst these. These, therefore, we should remember. These we should name in our daily prayers. These, in the words of the Church-of-England Liturgy, we should pray for, when from the Priest at the Altar goes up the petition—"Grant . . . that we and *all Thy whole Church* may obtain remission of our sins, and all other benefits of His Passion." For Religion not only binds us all to God, but binds every Christian to his fellow-Christian, saint to soul-departed, soul-departed to soul-living, soul-living to saint-triumphing. Death cannot snap the spiritual bonds: it only severs for awhile the temporal.

Finally, let us therefore neither forget the Saints nor the Souls for whom Christ died. The first are triumphing, though their triumph is not yet complete. The second are Patient or Waiting, as David wrote; "Like as the hart desires the water-brooks, so longs my soul for Thee, O God." In the end all will be gathered together in one. All in Christ, whether mighty and renowned, or weak and unknown, will be bound for ever in an eternal and enduring bond, where yet, nevertheless, "one star differeth from another star in glory."

DE Q.

OUR own experience contradicts the very first principle of the objectors, whose chief argument is that prayer implies that God will interfere with the laws of nature. Now, what is the power of man over nature? Lord Bacon said that "Man commands nature by obeying nature;" and thus do we find it to be. It is by obeying the laws of nature and then making them bring to pass what, without man's intervention, they would not bring to pass, that the truth of the philosophic assertion is proved. Nature makes water flow down, but man makes it flow up a hill to fill a reservoir by modifying, not interrupting the laws of nature. So, again, in our application of electricity. Thus we see in ourselves every day the power of the living will, not overturning the law of nature, as by stopping a stone in its fall to the ground, but by so using the elements that we make them do our will. Accepting, then, the fact that there is a personal God, you have only to ascribe to Him the power you know man possesses in order to see how He can

answer prayer. Thus the antecedent objection to the efficacy of prayer vanishes in the light of our own reason. Then there is the second objection, that man by prayer seeks to alter God's will to make it better, as when he prays for the recovery of a sick child. In order to see the folly of such an argument, said the Bishop, when the philosopher urges you not to pray because the child will recover, if God wills it, without prayer, substitute the word "labour" for "pray," and then it amounts to an invitation not to nurse the child or give it medicine, because its recovery will take place without such aid. So again in the case of the fruits of the earth. The philosopher says, "Do not pray; if God wills you should have good crops you will have them without prayer." Substitute the word "labour" for "pray," and let him say to the farmer, "don't labour," and you will at once see the absurdity of the argument.—*The late Bishop of Winchester* on "The Efficacy of Prayer."

## FISHER DAN.

BY LOUISA E. DOBRÉE.



"He was sitting outside his cottage now, mending his nets, with his dog."—(p. 284.)

**I**T was a bright June morning, and the summer sun was shedding its golden rays on the little sea-coast village of Lynn Beach, making the waters of the broad expanse of sea that it commanded a view of glitter with many coloured hues, as the little boats which were moored to a rocky headland danced in the sunshine; it was a very rocky coast, and as the waves came rolling up the beach they dashed over the smaller rocks and ran into the caves and holes of the larger ones with a surging noise that might be heard a good distance off. The village was chiefly composed of fishermen's huts lining the beach, at the back the houses straggled

together more closely in one or two irregular streets. It was miles away from any railway station, and until lately, when the death of the clergyman, who used to open the church for service once on Sundays, had taken place, the Church matters were at a very low ebb; nobody seemed much to care about the spiritual concerns of the inhabitants of Lynn Beach, and the church itself, which was almost tumbling to pieces with age and neglect, did not offer much inducement or encouragement for the people to attend; the one Sunday service was a very cold one, and the people knew little more of the clergyman than he knew of them. But matters were changed

now; he had been replaced by a young, active, energetic priest, who, though he had not much money at his disposal, dedicated what he could possibly spare, together with his whole powers of earnest working, to the service of His Master; and, undaunted by the little assistance he got or sympathy he received, he had made a great advance by establishing a mission-chapel in a large room in one of the back streets, opening it for constant services, in which he taught simply, so that any child could understand him, the doctrines which the service symbolized, and making himself acquainted with the wants of the poor, winning their hearts in many cases by his kind, gentle manner, which was one step towards their ultimately coming to church. Mr. Elyot had had hard work, especially at first, but he was not to be daunted, and he even now admitted to himself a hope that means would be found for restoring the old church, the chancel of which was in such decay that it was positively unsafe for use; consequently the church had to be shut up, for he had received the gift of some money which he at once set aside for the object, and which with a little more, which in time he might collect, would suffice to pay for the restoring and in many ways improving of the old building.

In one of the fishermen's huts that stood rather off from the others lived an elderly man in whom Mr. Elyot took especial interest, for of the Lynn Beach people he was always the one who was the readiest to aid him by a few words of honest sympathy, and who always, whenever he was not out fishing, came to all the week-day services in the mission church; always, too, on Sundays at the early celebration was Fisher Dan to be seen, kneeling devoutly with such an intensely peaceful expression on his weather-beaten, sunburnt face, as he drew near in faith to receive that Blessed Sacrament which he had only so lately learnt to value: for after a long life, in which religion had been neglected and uncared for, he had through Mr. Elyot's teaching and influence been brought to think more deeply than he had ever done before on the subject, and to estimate very highly and preciously the means of grace

which were preached of, and offered at the mission-chapel.

No one knew Fisher Dan's history; he was a lonely man, and though generally beloved in their simple way by the people of Lynn Beach, he spoke little and kept much to his occupation as fisherman; they did not know his name, he was Fisher Dan to them, and since Mr. Elyot's arrival his general kindness and kindly acts had much increased; for though done in a simple unobtrusive way, there were many little things which he constantly did that endeared him to the people; many a time had he swum out to rescue in his strong arms some child who had ventured too far in the treacherous sea; many a time had he carried his own frugal dinner to some one poorer than himself. Mr. Elyot alone knew his life, all its sorrows, its failings, which the old man had confided to him, when seeking that peace which faith in his Saviour's merits had lately brought him. It was the look of a soul at peace with God that rested on his rough, hardy features.

He was sitting outside his cottage now, mending his nets, with his dog, a little rough terrier lying in the sunshine beside him; he had found the dog on the sands one night with its front paw broken, and taking it up tenderly in his arms, he had taken it back with him and nursed it till it could limp about nearly as well as ever; now it was his constant companion. Fisher Dan rose respectfully as Mr. Elyot came up, he was passing along the beach on his way to see some sick person, he stopped and spoke to him, and after some conversation about his fishing said,—

"Thursday is the Feast of S. Barnabas, Dan, you remember I told you about him last Sunday; and now, at Evensong on that day, I am going to ask any of you who can, to give something, no matter how small, so that it is given cheerfully, in the collection which will be put by towards the fund for restoring the old church; it is a sacred object, and I hope they may feel how privileged they should think themselves to offer to God their savings." Mr. Elyot knew that Fisher Dan need not be asked himself, he was speaking more of the general congregation.

"Indeed, sir, you say true, it's a fine thing to think that we may help towards having the old church again for service; it's little enough I can give, but He knows," and he raised his cap reverently as he spoke, "that I would give more if I could; there's nothing I can ever do that will thank Him for all He's done for me; sah, sir, I can't speak grand and tell you all I feel in big words, like the gentle-folk, but I wish I could say how grateful I am to you for all you have done for me." The honest eyes were blurred for a moment, but the priest's words were so sympathising and earnest that he knew he was understood, for his simple words had gone straight to Mr. Efyot's heart.

"Dan, don't thank me for having been the means through God's grace to bring you to your Saviour—thank Him, He knows how thankful you are to Him for having forgiven all your past neglect of Him, and welcomed you to rest and peace, blotting out your sins with His own Blood."

They said little more after that; but

Fisher Dan pondered over the priest's words as he sat in the sunshine, the little village lying so still and quiet, the only sound breaking the silence being the murmur of the waves as they came rolling up the beach, leaving masses of red sea-weeds on the white sands. He soon finished the net he was mending, and then he turned into his little cottage with its neatly-sanded floor, and rude but cleanly contents. Over the mantelpiece, which was high set in the walls, was hung a little black bag, which he took down, and seating himself in the sill of the one window, he emptied the contents in his hand. There were but a few shillings, and they had been his savings towards buying himself a pair of strong boots; but he glanced down at his old ones, and said to himself: "They'll do yet a bit, if I patch 'em here and there, and I will give this to the Church; maybe God 'll shew me the way to do more for Him, for this is little enough."

(To be continued.)

## OCTOBER.

'O Navva seems so bright  
A blessing, small or great, as just before  
It leaves us, and for ever takes its flight,  
To visit us no more.

Most beautifully the Sun  
Lights up the purple hill and grassy plain,  
At evening; when, his glorious duty done,  
He sinks to rest again.

So Autumn's golden brown  
Is grander far than Summer's noonday pride;  
Richer the tints she weaves into her crown  
Than those of fair-Springtide.

We have been waiting long  
To garner in the treasures of the year;  
And now the corn waves ripe, the harvest song  
Is borne upon our ear.

The stalwart reaper cleaves;  
With shining sickle, now the mallow main;  
The merry lassies gaily bind the sheaves,  
Where falls the golden grain.

The Summer blossoms fleet,  
The pimpernel and rose died long ago;  
But 'mid the waving ferns the "meadow-sweet"  
And trailing "bindweed" grow.

The woodlands on the hill  
Are silent now; the nightingale has fled,  
The lark, and thrush, and blackbird, now are  
still,  
The grasshopper is dead.

Though songless, yet not still,  
For laughing children ramble 'mid the trees,  
And merry shoats, as they their baskets fill,  
Are borne upon the breeze.

Although the leaves are sere,  
Rich Autumn sheds her bounty all around,  
And never to the children seems it dear,  
While hazel-nuts are found.



## ALL SAINTS' DAY.

## A SKETCH.

"One family, we dwell in Him,  
One Church, above, beneath;  
Though now divided by the stream,  
The narrow stream of death."

**T**HE first of November dawned bright and clear; it was one of those pleasant autumnal days that we scarcely hope to see again, when October has passed away; but this year the new month seemed determined to greet us cheerily, as we reluctantly crossed its threshold, mindful of the chill, damp air, and the fogs which usually identify themselves with the name of November. Nature had put on her brightest look, as though she would fain chase away the thought that winter days were close at hand; the sky was cloudless, the air fresh and clear, and the sunlight lingered lovingly on sea and land, giving a farewell touch of glory to everything on which its bright rays fell: it lighted the dim valleys, softly touched the mountain tops, and piercing through the branches of the woodland trees, that were gently rocking to and fro in the breeze, turned the leaves that still remained on them to gold; it shone upon the sombre masses of ivy that clustered closely upon the old grey church, towards which I was bending my steps; and rested tenderly on the grassy mounds, where many who had once worshipped in the time-stained walls near at hand now slept their last long sleep, in the spot we love to call by that holy name, "God's Acre;" and it hovered around the path of those who were even now making their way up the steep, winding path that led to the House of God, to offer up their hearts in praise and thanksgiving, as they joined in the sacrificial service of that crown of holy days,—All Saints' Day. In the church the light was soft and subdued, forming a contrast to the bright sunshine outside,—a type, if we like so to think it, of the sunlight and shade, the joy and the sorrow through which all must pass here

below; but the shade formed a holy calm, and a peaceful and restful shelter, it fostered and encouraged good thoughts and prayerful resolutions for the future, which should spring up and bear fruit hereafter in the glare and the toil of every-day life. Old and young, rich and poor, the merry-hearted, the sad, the fatherless, and the widow, knelt side by side in this holy house, while their prayers ascended in glad unison to their one God and Father; many looked weary and care-worn, but they had come to the true Source of help, to Him Who has said, "He that cometh to Me, I will in no wise cast out."

The service throughout was one to comfort those who mourn, and to shed holy peace in their hearts by leading them to look to the peaceful land beyond the dark river of separation, to realise that there and here alike we are all members of the self-same Church, united through Christ in one holy bond of fellowship: and surely a weight must be lifted from many an aching heart, from all who can humbly trust that their dear ones have departed in God's faith and fear; while they are led to look beyond the grave, where the seed of corruption has been sown to be raised at the last dread day in incorruption, and they must find peace in the assurance that, "With His right hand shall He cover them, and with His arm shall He protect them." All Saints' Day is indeed a holy and a happy one; it is meet that there should be one day in the year when we draw near, as One Family, to thank and praise God for those whom in all time and all ages He has seen fit to call to His rest: the servants of God who stand as sacred beacons to light up with their holy rays the paths of those still wandering through Earth's oftentimes perplexing and weary ways, and by their glad examples luring us on step by step in sight of the fair land they have reached,—the heavenly Jerusalem. It is a goodly com-

pany that we are called to think upon, those saints of God now at rest in Paradise, who have been gathered there from the remotest ages until our own days, and whose number is even now augmented with every year that passes; all those who have striven humbly to follow their Saviour, and by His grace have been allowed so to pass through temporal things, that they failed not finally to attain to eternal things: those who were allowed openly to witness a good confession, and went forward without shrinking to seek the martyr's crown; those, too, who meekly bore the cross of suffering, and fought a good fight, struggling bravely through temptations, doubts, and difficulties, unseen, perhaps, and unheeded by any but the God of Love, who upheld their trembling steps, and guided them safely at length to the shores of a better land. Some amongst them were early gathered to rest in the arms of the Shepherd who foldeth the lambs in His bosom; and others passed the space of time usually given to man on earth; but for all, Time has merged into Eternity, and the life which was theirs below, whether long or short as we count time, must appear but as a drop in the ocean of eternity on which they are now launched. It is a sweet and a peaceful feeling that steals over us when we consider that they are all resting under the keeping of the Almighty, and dwelling upon their happiness seems to draw us nearer to them, and to all that is holy and good. These are moments when we feel that the veil that divides us from the world beyond is but a slight one; that

better land is indeed hidden from our gaze, but faith is stronger than sight, and by faith we seem to pierce through the veil of separation, and to realise that we are all members of one body, of whom the head is Christ; through Him we are joined in mystic communion one with the other, He leads us onward in His strength, until, as He sees fit, the members of the Church militant on earth are called to join those of the Church triumphant in heaven.

The service was ended, and as I passed from the holy portals into the outer world I thought of those who since last year's festival had been summoned from earth, and of one especially, on whose peaceful grave in a quiet churchyard in the south of England the sun's rays were even now falling; one to whom many grateful thoughts would on this day turn, who was permitted to labour long in God's vineyard, a burning and shining light, enkindling a flame of love and zeal in many hearts once dull and cold, whose memory will be cherished, not only in this land, but in many others; and in ages far distant will the name of the good Bishop Wilberforce be held in honour and reverence. May the influence exercised upon us by the lives of all the servants of God be such, that being dead they may yet speak to us, and by their examples win us to lead holier and better lives, so that when our summons from this world comes, we may enter in with joy "through the gates into the city,"—the heavenly Jerusalem,—“whose builder and maker is God.”

CRUX.

## A U T U M N.

AND now the glorious harvest-fields are bare  
Of the ripe corn which late so golden shone,  
The reaper's and the gleaner's work is done;  
And in the cottage orchards bright and fair  
Hangs many an apple red and yellow pear,  
Beauteous almost as blossoms that have been.  
On heaths and hedges blackberries are seen,  
And ripe brown nuts are dropping here and there.

Graceful and green the hops no longer twine  
Round the tall poles; but (feast for hungry bird,)  
Red berries on the briar and hawthorn shine,  
And through the woods the robin's song is heard,  
And everywhere, with joyous, grateful sound,  
Harvest Thanksgiving-echoes all around.

MAX.

## HINDOOS AND CHRISTIANS.

**T**HE following conversation\*, between Mr. Robert Shaw, British Commissioner in Ladák, and his two Guddée servants, one of whom, Sarda, is a Brahman, may prove interesting in illustration of the popular line of argument in defence of certain practices nearer home. The opening portion is a striking witness, as coming from a Mussulman, of the truth of the future resurrection of the flesh.

"On another occasion Sarda related to me a conversation that he had been having with one of the Mussulmans. 'He declares,' said Sarda, 'that the Maharáj (God) has a large army of soldiers up there, like the English and the Russians have, and with every drop of rain he sends down five of these servants, who make it descend gently on every living thing, instead of hurting them by its fall from such a height. Then he says that some day one of these servants will roll up the earth like a carpet, after sweeping together the remains of all living creatures like dust. After this a Káfir (heathen) will come and unroll the earth and scatter this dust over it, from which will spring again all living creatures, as from seed that is sown. I think the Káfir is the better of the two; don't you? Why do they call us Hindoos such bad names? We worship God as well as they.'

"I answered, 'Both we and the Mussulmans look upon you as heathens on account of your idols. For once that you worship God, you fall down before stones and images a hundred times.'

"'Those stones,' replied Sarda, 'are only put there as guides or objects to keep our eyes upon. God is in them as He is everywhere else; we cannot worship empty space, so we appoint a stone

as the form we are to worship God in. But we always pray to Him, saying, "Ai Maharáj," and not to the stone.'

"I said, 'We find it possible to worship God without putting up a stone before us; and, moreover, you also worship other beings, and even dead men. Siv and Rám are more on your lips than God.'

"'That is natural,' he answered; 'has not every king his vizier, and he accepts obedience to his vizier as paid to himself? So we have been told, whether rightly or wrongly, that these are his ministers, and that they are easier of access than God Himself, who is too exalted. But even in praying to them, we always take God's name first.'

"Choomároo interrupted my answer by saying, 'That is all very well, but I know perfectly that He will not accept such worship. It is all a pretence. Learned men may make such distinctions, but common folk worship without any thought of God. However, the fault is in our teachers. What can we unlearned men know in such matters?'

"'Besides neglecting God,' I continued, 'you have introduced distinctions of caste among mankind, who are all brethren. What would you think if in your own family two of your four brothers were to say to the rest of you, "keep away from us; we will not eat with you any more; you are vile?"'

"'True,' they both replied, 'our castes are altogether a wrong state of things. But what would you have? We individuals cannot fight against it. The blame lies with those who first made the breach in the family.'

"So ended this conversation for the time."—(pp. 451—453.)

\* Extracted from Shaw's "High Tartary, Yarkund, and Kashgar." (Murray.)

## THE LEGEND OF THE STRASBOURG CLOCK.

IT was a bitterly cold day, which we halted at Strasbourg. The snow lay in large patches on the slanting roofs of the houses, and in the paved streets and in the market-place,—where the Christmas fair was going forward—the peasants hurried to and fro, looking frost-bitten and perished with the cold, despite their valiant attempts at holiday-making.

“We shall have to go on without exploring the town,” said the friend in charge of our party; “it is quite useless to think of standing about in this weather: why, the wind would cut us through, to say nothing of having to wade through the snow.”

But there was an outcry in the camp, for we were determined to see Strasbourg Cathedral with its wonderful clock, of which we had heard so much, and so at length we came to terms with our *chef d'affaires*, who agreed to spend a few hours' solitude in our rooms at the “Maison Rouge,” whilst we were entrusted to the care of a dear little energetic Strasbourgeoise, who was only too anxious to do the honours of her native town, and who, in due course of time, introduced us to the famous Strasbourg clock, of which I am about to tell the legend.

Everybody, I suppose, who has not seen the famous clock in Strasbourg Cathedral, must at least have heard of it; yet, nevertheless, it may not be altogether out of place, if, before proceeding further, I give a short description of the great masterpiece itself.

Strange as it may seem, the name of its maker cannot be given with any certainty, although some people are inclined to believe that one Isaac Hakrecht was the inventor of this fine piece of mechanism; and the exact date of its presentation to the cathedral is likewise open to doubt, although it is thought to have been about the sixteenth century. The clock,—which is immensely high,—is fenced in against the wall, protected on all sides by an iron

railing. In a kind of recess at the top of the clock, is a figure of our Lord, which is always to be seen *standing*; below Him, likewise never changing, is Death, *seated*. At an equal distance again below Death, is a sun-chariot, which is to be seen all day, and which marks the days of the week according to the style of the ancients; as, for instance, Jupiter stands for Thursday, and so forth. This chariot always changes at midnight. Seated on either side of the said sun-chariot are two cherubs: one holds a small gong in his hand, which he strikes at all the quarters; the other has an hour-glass, which he turns when the first cherub strikes his gong.

At the base of the clock, below the cherubs, and standing out rather more prominently than the rest of the figures, are two globes, one to shew the eclipses of sun and moon and the movements of the planets, the other to mark the four seasons.

At the very top of the clock, on the left-hand side, is a cock, supposed to have about nine or ten times the dimensions of an ordinary fowl, since, viewed at so great a distance, it appears to be life-size.

A gong is placed before Death. At the first quarter, a child appears from the right and passes to the left side of the clock, whereupon Death strikes one. At the half-hour, a youth appears and the child disappearing, Death strikes two; at the third quarter, a man moves in, while the youth moves out, Death strikes three; and at the hour, the man is replaced by an aged father, grey-headed and bent, then Death strikes four.

At mid-day the cock crows twice, flapping his wings each time, while from the right of the recess where stands the figure of our Saviour the twelve Apostles appear, following each other. They pass in succession to the left-hand side of the clock, all bending in turn before their Master, only Judas Iscariot turns his back.

After they have passed, Christ raises His arms to bless the spectators, where-

upon the cock crows for the third and last time.

The mechanism of the clock is arranged and wound up for three hundred years, the actual time-piece requires winding once a fortnight.

And now for the Legend, which our Strasbourg friend told us in far prettier language than we could ever repeat; and which agreed almost word for word with the only account we ever met with in print, and which we found some months later in a very old German book of traditions.

Thus runs the legend in question:

In Strasbourg lived a renowned mechanic, who for many years had distinguished himself by his ingenious and skilful workmanship. Clock-making seems to have been his usual occupation, but after a time he began to neglect his former business; and, forgetting the various wants and orders of his customers, would shut himself up for days and even weeks together, and would not allow his only child Guta to come near him. Guta's mother had long been dead, and the poor girl, whose only companion was her father, grieved not a little over the untoward change in his behaviour.

For there were ill-natured tongues in the town, ever busy in spreading unkind reports concerning the master's odd demeanour, some declaring that he had gone mad, and others maintaining that he had some terrible weight on his conscience, which made him shun the daylight.

Poor Guta! not only had she to bear the unkind remarks of her neighbours abroad, but at home she felt daily more and more how greatly her father's eccentric ways were injuring his reputation, and sooner or later, she knew that the whole of his large custom would be gone.

Amongst the many visitors who in better days had flocked to the master's house, only two remained, who had not deserted him.

One was an elderly man, rich, ambitious and scheming, whose great aim in life was to be elected chief magistrate in the city of Strasbourg. Guta's pretty face had captivated the wealthy egotist, and consequently he decided to make her his wife.

The other visitor was a much younger man, Walther by name, and his trade being

that of a clock-maker, formed a great bond between himself and the master. He was very poor, but enterprising and skilful, and passionately fond of Guta, whom, in his turn, he hoped one day to woo and win.

As time went on the master grew more gloomy and morose, and seemed to care less than ever for what was going on around him.

Now it happened one morning that the newly-elected magistrate called and asked to see the master. "I have come, my good friend," he began in the most condescending and self-satisfied tone, "first, to inform you of my appointment to the high office of chief magistrate in this city; and secondly, to claim the hand of your daughter Guta. It will be such a brilliant marriage for her that I cannot doubt her readiness to accept my offer."

"Guta," called her father, whose time was too precious to waste in needless debate, "Come hither, child, and answer for thyself."

But when the maiden heard what had passed, she only hid her head on her father's shoulder, and would neither speak nor look up.

"Well, well, I will return," said the self-satisfied wooer; "Reflect on what I have said, maiden, and recollect that besides the power of making you the most important lady in Strasbourg, I have also that of rendering great service to your father.—*Adieu*."

"Guta, my child, what ails thee?" asked the father, when they were alone.

"Father," sobbed the trembling girl, "I cannot wed that man."

"Then dry thine eyes, my gold-kind," was the answer; "we will tell our good friend so when he comes, and he will understand it well enough," added the honest man, in all simplicity.

So when the magistrate returned to seek his answer, Guta lifted her fair head, and forced her trembling lips to speak the words, "Never, never."

Fall of rage and mortified vanity at finding himself and his high position held so cheaply, the rejected suitor broke out into violent threats of revenge against both father and daughter.

Scarcely had he left the house, breathing out cruel words of vengeance, before the young clock-maker entered, and found Guta sitting alone in her little room, leaning her head on her spinning-wheel, and weeping bitterly.

She very soon poured out her grief to Walther, as well as her fears that the wicked man would seek to injure her father. The young man was deeply touched at the sight of his fair one's distress, and as "pity is akin to love," quickly changed his tones of compassion to those of wooing, and this time Guta answered not, "Never, never."

Thus, amidst tender smiles and loving words, they plighted their troth to each other, in the little chamber which but half-an-hour before had been the scene of such violent discord.

Walther wanted to seek out the master and ask his blessing on their betrothal, but Guta dissuaded him. "The good father has been sorely tried already to-day," she said, "if we disturb him again, he will be beside himself; wait rather till to-morrow."

So Walther consoled himself by proceeding to tell Guta how he had come to offer himself as a partner to her father; for it had grieved him to watch the master's business declining, and he thought that if he might undertake the management of the ordinary work, her father might then devote himself wholly to his mysterious labours without detriment to his custom.

So on the following day, when Walther proposed this scheme to the master, his offer was readily accepted, and his entreaty, that at the close of the year Guta might become his bride, as readily granted.

After this fresh arrangement everything seemed to go on more prosperously. Walther's industry was unfailing, and Guta's pale cheeks grew rosy again, and her voice sounded blithe as the lark's, as she sat day by day spinning her wedding outfit in the soft spring sun-light. One morning when she was thus busily occupied, with Walther sitting opposite to her, engaged in repairing some clock-works, a loud cry of triumph from her father's room made Guta start and let fall her work. Greatly surprised

and in part frightened, she hastened upstairs to learn the cause of this unwonted sound.

The master stood awaiting her on the threshold of the room, which had hitherto been so carefully closed; but now he beckoned to Guta and to Walther—who had followed her—and ushered them into the presence of his great work, completed at last, and surpassing his fondest expectations.

There stood the noble clock which was to be the object of so much wonder and admiration in future ages, and standing beside it was the master, with his grey locks—grown greyer during the many months of anxious thought—all in disorder, his cheeks hollow and sunken with the weary vigils he had kept so long; but withal, his eyes so bright, so beaming with triumphant pleasure, that Guta could only throw herself into her father's arms, speechless with joy and astonishment.

Just at that moment the sun shone in through the lattice, and bathed the figures of the happy three in its bright light, throwing, as it were, a glorious halo round the matchless gem of workmanship.

But Guta's joy was perfect, when almost all the inhabitants of Strasbourg flocked as of old to their deserted dwelling, all hastening to inspect and admire the wonderful clock. Some few, however, distinguished themselves by keeping aloof, and foremost amongst the number was the magistrate, who refused even to see the master's handiwork, for his mean, jealous disposition forbade him to take any interest in his former friend's triumph.

But soon the fame of this grand *chef-d'œuvre* spread far and wide, and clock-makers came from Basle to Strasbourg to examine the wonderful work with their own eyes.

Although at first inclined to underrate the merits of the clock, the "Baselers" were soon forced to declare it to be one of the greatest works of art they had ever seen; and so enraptured were they that they begged to be allowed to buy it for a fabulous price, in order to preserve it in their own city.

But no; although Strasbourg had treated

the master so unkindly, he would not deprive it of the work which had brought him such ill-will.

"This is for my *Vatersladt*," he said; but promised to make a second clock for Basle if his life should be spared long enough.

Meanwhile the Strasbourgeois,—those especially who had at first despised the clock—having heard a rumour of the Baseliers' proposal, lost no time in preparing a place for it in a side chapel of the cathedral, where it is still to be seen, and called upon the master to bring his handiwork without further delay. He did so ungrudgingly, and felt himself more than repaid when he saw how the results of his labours embellished the beautiful minster. Thus, so to speak, the master seemed to have reached the hey-day of prosperity; yet storm-clouds were gathering very fast, and nigh at hand.

Reports went abroad that he was beginning a second clock for the people of Basle, and great was the general indignation which these rumours occasioned.

"What will become of our fame if Basle can boast a clock to match our own?" was the cry.

"Never shall the master build a second clock," said the magistrate; "it would be nothing short of treachery on his part; to prevent it shall be our first duty."

Consequently a court of enquiry was called, at which, of course, the magistrate presided.

The master was summoned, and on his obeying the call he was desired to come forward and swear never to make a second clock, and promise to break his engagement with the Baseliers.

"I cannot accede to your wishes," answered the old man, unflinchingly; "God has given me my talents to use, not to bury; to please my fellow-creatures, not to thwart them. I have been proud to dedicate my masterpieces to my brother-citizens, why, therefore, should they seek to hinder me from repeating my first work? I were indeed a despicable coward did I consent to spend the rest of my life in idleness, in order to appease their unreasonable jealousy. No, no, my talents have been

granted to me for 'the use of mankind, and all alike shall profit by them."

Thus spoke the master firmly and earnestly; and as he stood foremost and alone to confront his cruel enemies—who were intent on working his ruin—even the magistrate himself flinched involuntarily beneath his steady, upbraiding glance.

He bid some of the bystanders remove the master; and this being done, he proceeded to suggest the demoniacal plan of putting out the master's eyes, and thus effectually prevent all chance of his repeating his first great work.

Such was the universal feeling of jealousy and ill-will against the unfortunate man, that this revoltingly cruel suggestion was hailed by the people as a happy inspiration, and it was decided to carry it out without delay.

Once more the master was summoned, and with a bitter smile at the short-sightedness of his fellow-citizens, he heard his cruel sentence without a word or a groan; only over his features there stole a look of the loftiest contempt. His tormentors asked if he had any special wish to fulfil before the execution of his sentence.

After a few moments thought, he begged to be allowed to visit his clock again, and regulate its works for the last time. His request was granted, and the heartless crowd accompanied him to the cathedral.

Long and earnestly did the hapless master gaze upon the fruits of his anxious toils, and a softening look came over his worn features, which must have touched the hearts of his ruthless persecutors had they been much less than fiends. At length he passed his hand over the face of his well-loved clock, as though he would fain bid a lingering farewell to the darling child of his fancy. And now all was finished; the last work had been adjusted, the last look had been taken, and with firm resolve the master turned away "to suffer and be strong."

But at that moment a yell of savage exultation rose up from the crowd.

"See, see, his own handiwork is about to strike the hour of his misfortune; make haste, master, remember the time you took such pains to work waits for nobody;" and

with the like cruel taunts did they mock their unhappy victim.

But they had gone too far; the master's proud spirit was wounded but not crushed, and the thirst for vengeance awoke in his breast.

Unmarked by the unsuspecting crowd, he turned back instantly to the clock, and with rapid sleight of hand, succeeded in completely disarranging the principal works, after which he gave himself up with strange resignation to the hands of the hangman. But scarcely had the cruel sentence been executed, before a rushing, gurgling sound was heard in the clock, and instead of striking twelve, to which the hands pointed, thirteen times a mighty sob seemed, as it were, to escape from the noble work—so cruelly molested—while the thirteenth stroke died away on the spring-tide air like the last gasping sigh of a dying man.

Meanwhile the blinded master, drawn up to his full height, and with a look of revengeful triumph on his tortured face, cried exultingly, "Now rejoice, worthy burgers, in the possession of your property. The clock is ruined, my vengeance wreaked!"

Ere the crowd had had time to recover from their horror and dismay, the faithful Walther had approached the blind man, and led him away safely to his own home, where poor Guta, pale as death, and with eyes brimming over with tears, awaited her father's coming.

As soon as the first sad days were over, the little household began once more to make plans for the future; and now, that

since the master's misfortune both Guta and himself were wholly dependent upon Walther for their support, there was no longer any reason for the postponement of Guta's marriage; and so at last Walther was enabled to fulfil the wish of his heart, and make a home for his bride and her unhappy father.

And so it came to pass that the master spent the evening of his life in his daughter's peaceful home, fondly tended by Walther and his wife, and gladdened by the merry voices of his grandchildren, an enviable fate surely, when contrasted with that of his cruel enemy, the magistrate, against whom the popular fury was not slow in turning. He was degraded from his office, and dragged by the angry rabble through the streets, who beat and ill-used him savagely, and finally left him to die outside the city.

The works of the clock remained in disorder until the year 1842, when Schurlyne, a native of Strasbourg, after much thought and study, ingeniously discovered the means of setting them right.

"Et voilà qu'elle marche de nouveau, cette bonne chère horloge, dont nous sommes tous si fiers," wound up our Strasbourg friend, as she gazed at the magnificent work of art, with tears of proud enthusiasm. And in a letter to us, some years later, at the close of the Siege of Strasbourg, we were as glad to read, as she must have been to write, "Dieu soit loué; notre chère horloge se porte tout à fait bien. Elle au moins ne se trouve point au nombre des blessés." P. A. A.

## SONNET.

*To a Lark at Evening.*

And art thou singing still thy joyful praise,  
As when the morning broke with rosy hue,  
And thou didst dart up from the glistening dew  
With thy sweet song to greet the Sun's first rays,  
The sweetest song that bird in summer days  
E'er sings! Thou mountest from thy lowly nest  
At the faint touch of dawn, leaving thy rest  
That thou mayst carol forth thy matin lays

To thy Creator first. In noontide's sun  
Thy music is not silent, still thou'rt heard  
(Though clouds have gathered) as when day  
began;  
And now that twilight-shadows close the flowers,  
Praising, as if with new-awakened powers,  
Bright, as at morn we hear thee, happy bird!

MAY.





As Frank sprang towards her, she put out both her hands to him.—(p. 287.)

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

(Continued from p. 271.)

CHAPTER XXI.

PARTING.

“Turn, Fortune, turn thy wheel with smile or frown;  
With that wild wheel we go not up or down;  
Our hoard is little, but our hearts are great.”  
*Tennyson.*

**K**ING CHARLES was sadly changed since the days when he and the Queen held their court at Oxford. His face was pale and care-worn, and his hair and beard were grey; he was carelessly dressed, too, having had no good attendance since his own servants had been taken from him, more than a year before. But he greeted his friends cheerfully, and Dorothy saw that he still moved and spoke with the calm dignity she remembered so well. She stood behind Lady Newbury, looking curiously at the strange faces, the troopers thronging outside, and Colonel Harrison with the King, dry and stern, with his dark fanatical face and strict soldierly manner.

Lady Newbury led the King immediately into the parlour, and told him aside, as quickly as she could, of the accident which had befallen Whiteleg, saying, that there were still good horses in the stable, if his Majesty would be pleased to make use of one of them, and still carry out his plan. But the King shook his head.

“Nay, my Lady Kate,” he said, “the fate of Whiteleg has decided me. And to speak truly, I saw as I rode along to-day that such a plan could scarce be carried through. I ride encompassed by a hundred horse, every man, officer and soldier, having a loaded pistol in his hand. It would only be dying a little before my time. I may as well wait.”

Lady Newbury turned away to wipe her eyes.

“Your Majesty will pardon me,” she said; “but truly I had set my heart upon the plan. And here was Colonel Frank Audley, your true servant, ready prepared to ride with you to the coast.”

“There is a service that Colonel Audley

may do me, though not this. I have letters to send to my nephew, Rupert, at Helvoetsluis; he has scarcely yet sailed for Ireland.”

Frank had just entered the room, and came towards them, in answer to Lady Newbury’s sign. The King took out a little packet, and gave it into his hand.

“Will you do your King so much service, sir, as to carry these, without any great delay, to the Prince Rupert, at Helvoetsluis?”

“Most surely, your Majesty,” answered Frank: “I am but now come from the Hague.”

“Ha! and how are matters there? What cheer with my son and his friends?”

“Much grieved at the news from England, and at the sad state of the cause, so plainly shewn in your Majesty’s letter to the Prince of Wales. Your Majesty knows that Monsieur Pau has been sent by the States to remonstrate with these traitors, and desire them to enter into terms of accommodation, instead of this unlawful and wicked prosecution.”

“Ah, ’tis very well,” said Charles, smiling sadly. “This Parliament, I doubt me, will listen to no ambassadors: they will carry out their work to the end. Well, be it as God wills! You, my friends, may live to see this kingdom once more established in peace. The English are by nature a sober people, and will not for ever continue in these fanatic humours.”

So talked the King and his friends before dinner. After he had dined, they passed into another room, and thence through several apartments of his old Lodge; not suffered to remain anywhere without soldiers at the door, so that any private conversation had to be carried on in the lowest tones. They were grateful to Colonel Harrison, who did not intrude himself or his officers into the King’s presence.

As for Dorothy Lyne, she watched and listened with the deepest interest. There was no such hero in the world as this royal

captive, for whom her Marmaduke had given up his life; and Charles, on his part, looked kindly at the loyal maiden, and sometimes spoke to her.

"You do not look so hopeless as the rest," he said; and Lady Newbury responded, smiling:

"So please your Majesty, Mistress Lyne's motto is, 'Nil desperandum!' and a Phoenix rising from the ashes is the crest of her house. They have helped her through troubles enough of late years."

"'Nil desperandum!'" replied the King, thoughtfully. "Ay, the Phoenix will rise from his ashes, if not in this world, in one brighter. But I would fain compare him to this poor realm. Surely she has passed through a sharp fire of suffering. One day she will arise, grander and purer than before, and thus be noble England again. And thus it will be with Mistress Lyne's own fortunes, and with all those faithful ones who live through the bitter struggle."

The afternoon passed on, all too quickly, and it was already dusk when Colonel Harrison sent in a request to the King that he would be pleased to make himself ready for their further journey. It was but a short one, as he was to spend a day or two at Windsor, before he was carried to St. James's; but it was the final parting between King Charles and some of his truest friends. He kissed Lady Newbury on the forehead, also Dorothy and Frank, saying a few words of blessing to each. "He took a sad farewell of them," says the chronicler, "appearing to have little hope ever to see them again." Frank held his stirrup; and they stood watching him with tearful faces, as his escort closed round him and he rode away. Lord Newbury was allowed by Harrison to ride some miles into the forest with his royal master; the others turned back sadly into the old Lodge. All her life Dorothy remembered that last sight of the Royal Martyr, as he turned and raised his hat to her and her friend,—so courteous, so gentle, so grand and kingly, among the rebels and traitors who crowded round him in their glittering steel.

Dorothy had forgotten Henry Corbet's existence, and saw no face in the troop

except that of its prisoner. She returned into the parlour, while Lady Newbury, crying bitterly, went away to her own room. Frank, after lingering a moment in the hall, followed Dorothy.

"It is farewell again, my sweet cousin," he said.

"What! Oh, Frank, you are not going too!"

"I have his Majesty's commission. I must hurry away at once with these letters, or the Prince will have sailed."

"And will you return here afterwards?"

"If I am not sent farther by duty, you will see me again. If the Prince has sailed, I must follow him to Ireland. But if you would have me return, Dorothy, be sure that I will."

"Yes, come back," said Dorothy: "we shall rejoice to see you."

Her cousin looked at her, as if he would have said more, but then he changed his mind. This slight encouragement was enough to send him away with a brave and cheerful heart: the expedition might be perilous, and if any evil befel him, it would be better for his treasure that she should only feel herself to be losing a dear cousin. So Frank, noble-hearted and unselfish as he was, kissed her hand and went away, to pass through the midst of enemies and sail on stormy seas, while she stayed with her friends at Bagshot, and prayed night and morning, though he did not know it, that he might return to her in safety.

## CHAPTER XXII.

### PRIMROSES.

"Sigh not, ladies, neither sorrow,  
To every night there comes a morrow;  
And it may be, o'er land or sea,  
My falcon will come back to me."

*E. D. Cross.*

It was on a sweet soft day in April, 1649, that two ladies in deep mourning were walking together in the garden of Bagshot Lodge. Birds were flying across the blue misty sky; trees were bursting into leaf, and spring-flowers were smiling from every corner; but in spite of all this the hearts of the ladies were heavy, and their faces looked sad. It was barely three-

months since the King they had loved and served so well had laid down his head on the block at Whitehall, and joined "the noble army of martyrs;" and now the royalists sat downcast and despairing, without a ray of hope to lighten their horizon, while Cromwell and his soldiers ruled England.

Lord and Lady Newbury had at last made up their minds to leave England, and join King Charles the Second at the Hague. Dorothy and her friend were talking, as they strolled in the garden, of this departure.

"I cannot go," she said, clasping her hands together, "dear Kate, do not ask me. Let me go to Dering; Christopher and Adah will give me shelter in their house."

"You would leave me then, Dolly! But remember, you are my charge; I am responsible for you. Your cousin trusted you to me."

"The trust will never be claimed, and you know it."

"My child, what sad fancies are these? Do we not tell you that he will return? If he was forced to follow the prince to Ireland, this delay is but natural."

"Then, if he returns here, and finds no one—"

"He will follow us to Holland."

"But he will not return—I know it,—I have lost him, and am left alone in the world. Ah! that I had not been so cold, so hard! I knew not what he was, till I had lost him for ever."

"Tell him so when he comes, and the absence will soon be forgotten," said Lady Newbury, with something of her old brightness. "In the meantime, be persuaded, and come with us to the Hague."

"But I love England," said Dorothy, wistfully; "and if he finds no one here, I believe he will come to Dering. He will never think that I could go so far away. Ah! what a life it is. I must gather some of these pretty primroses; they grew in the garden at Dering."

Lady Newbury stood by, perplexed, while her friend stooped over the flowers.

"Hark!" she said suddenly, "I hear his lordship calling me. Follow me with your flowers, Dolly. Think better of it,

and do not send me abroad without you. Indeed, I cannot part with you now, we are such old friends."

She went towards the house, and turning into another path among the trees, found herself face to face with a tall cavalier, roughly dressed and weather-beaten. Frank Audley had left his courtier self behind upon the sea. This gentleman was very brown and thin, with the lines of the sea about his eyes, and the brightness of the sea upon his hair; he had looked like a soldier when they saw him in the autumn, but now he looked like a sailor, and a storm-tossed one too.

Lady Newbury put out her hand, while her face lighted up with joy.

"We had well-nigh given you up for lost," she said.

"I have been to Ireland, and farther—"

"Ah! so I thought. Your cousin is here in the garden, gathering primroses."

She smiled at him, and hurried on towards the house. Two or three steps brought Frank to the end of the path, and in sight of Dorothy. She was standing upright, listening; she had a few primroses in her hand, while some more had fallen to the ground at her feet; and as Frank sprang towards her, she put out both her hands to him.

"I thought you were dead," she said, as soon as she could speak.

King Charles's soldier had done his duty, and here was his reward; the look of perfect happiness which he had never seen before in Dorothy's grey, wistful eyes, and the flush of joy in her pale cheeks. Without words, almost without a thought, Frank knew that she was his at last.

There was a strange mixture of joy and sorrow at Bagshot Lodge that evening. The loss of the King cast a shadow over their happiness; they talked of his last days, his noble death, and his funeral, of which Lady Newbury was able to tell Frank the particulars, her brother-in-law, Richmond, having been one of those noble-men who bore him to his grave. Then their own plans had to be discussed, and Lady Kate soon saw that she must give up all idea of taking Dolly with her to the Hague.

"There is nothing to be done now," said Frank, decidedly; "I shall live in some quiet corner of England, and be as happy as I may."

"You cannot hope for much happiness, my friend, in times like these," said Lord Newbury.

"At least I will try for it," answered Frank.

That night Lady Newbury followed Dorothy into her room.

"What became of the primroses, my child?" she said.

"Indeed, Kate, I do not know. Frank picked up two or three, I think, to keep with one that he has had for six years past."

"Constancy, indeed, for these times! and without so much as a look of encouragement. Well, Dolly, I wish you joy, with all my heart, and rejoice at such a happy end to my guardianship. You have been very dear to me, child, since the day we met in the baker's shop, you and I and your Frank together. And I was in his confidence from that very day."

"Ah! you were a good friend to him."

"And was I not right?"

"Yes; indeed you were right. I feel as if I ought not to be so happy, when other things are so sad."

"Think not of that, dear child. If his Majesty knew,—as perchance he does—he would rejoice at this happy end to all your troubles."

Lady Newbury had to wipe away her tears, and Dorothy cried too in the midst of her happiness, at the thought of King Charles.

A few weeks later, there was a great stir at Mr. Gilbert's house, in the little village on the Devonshire coast. He and his housekeeper, assisted by old Jasper, were moving furniture and settling rooms. Colonel Audley had brought his wife down there, and begged for lodgings in the house. None of the neighbours had forgotten Dorothy, the sad little maiden who had watched over her dying brother, and all were rejoiced to see her again, and would have set the church bells ringing, if they had not been taken away by a troop of Round-

heads, and melted into gun-metal. This was the only harm that the Rebellion had done to the village; it was too small and quiet to be a field for an independent preacher, or a haunt for any of the rascals who overran England in those days. Mr. Gilbert went on with his services and his work, and had scarcely seen an educated person since the day when Frank Audley took Dorothy away, till this day, when they came back again together.

The place seemed to them like a little paradise, in its still summer beauty, and when the parson had finished his preparations, and went out to look for them, he found them standing together by Marmaduke's grave. The sun was sinking low, but his long rays came sideways across the sea, lighting up the clustering myrtles, and their happy faces: how could they be anything but happy, in spite of sad remembrances?

"Do you remember, Dolly," said Frank, "how you wished once to see this place again?"

"Yes," she said; "Ah! I was very sad in those days."

"Never so sad again, if I can help it," said her husband, and then they were both silent, till a step came slowly up the churchyard path, and Mr. Gilbert, grave and diffident as of old, walked up to them.

"Your rooms are ready, whenever you please to return to them."

Frank thanked him, and then Dolly turned to him with her prettiest smile:

"Could you ever leave this place, sir, or do you love it too well?"

"Madam," was the grave reply, "I trust that I may ever be ready to follow where duty calls."

"Well said," observed Frank. "My wife would gladly know whether, when the King has his own again, and we are back in our home at Dering, you will come to us there, and be Rector of the place, and all your life our good friend?"

The colour flushed into Mr. Gilbert's pale face. "I tender you my best thanks—," he began, and then seemed almost overcome, and unable to say more.

"'Tis but a shadowy and distant prospect," said Frank. "But in asking it of you, we are fulfilling the wish of him who lies here."

Mr. Gilbert bowed, and then turning away, walked with long strides down towards the sea, while Frank and Dorothy went slowly back to the village.

Thus, for a time, the Phoenix had its nest among the myrtle-groves, under a sunny sky, on the shores of the blue sea.

(To be concluded in our next.)

NO CROSS, NO CROWN.



Schraudolph.


Dalsiels.

“Now, Christians, hold your own—the land before ye  
Is open—win your way, and take your rest.’  
So sounds our war-note; but our path of glory  
By many a cloud is darken’d and unblest:  
And daily as we onward glide,  
Life’s ebbing stream on either side  
Shews at each turn some mould’ring hope or joy—  
The Man seems following still the funeral of the Boy.”

*The Christian Year.*

## ARTHUR FERRIS.

## A TALE FOR CHORISTER BOYS.

HE bells of the new church were ringing merrily, calling together its first congregation, and the lanes surrounding it were thronged with people on their way to the service. It was a fine morning in late autumn, and the bright sunshine gave a cheerful look to a neighbourhood which was undergoing great alteration. A desolate scene it once had been, having that weird, unsatisfactory look of a place where the meaner part of a large town is in course of overtaking the country and robbing it of all its freshness.

Inclosures which had once been orchards, and where still some ill-used-looking apple and cherry trees were being perpetually climbed by ragged, neglected children, rows of untidy cottages (some of them unfinished), surrounding a marsh, stony, grass-grown roads leading to nowhere in particular, formed a prospect of which the only redeeming points were a peep of a broad river, and a view of a very distant church.

At the corner of the lane leading into the town lived little Arthur Ferris, a poor child, whose father had some time been dead, and whose mother had since married a man who loved drinking, and who did not treat either her or her children well.

The corner house was a squalid-looking abode, and a dreary life poor Arthur led; but it was not so very long ago since he had a pleasant home away in the country, when his father was able to work and provide comfortably for his family. He was an industrious, God-fearing man, and his earnest-wish was that his little Arthur should love holy things. The child had been sent regularly to the infant-school, and had also been one of the little ones who on Sunday afternoons gathered round the Vicar to hear the great truths of our holy religion made clear to childish minds. The lessons thus early taught Arthur had never forgotten, although he could not clearly remember how events followed each other; how the fresh country meadows, the village

church and school, the kind face of his vicar, and the loving care of his father, had all faded out of his life, and he had found himself a neglected child, only remembered to be made a drudge of, and no thought given to his comfort or education. But although thus abandoned, Arthur had not fallen into vicious ways; he had been a spirited, courageous boy with his old companions, but he shrunk with horror from the unruly lads who would now have fain had him among them; he therefore avoided the streets they haunted as much as possible, and would not join their rough games, or enter into their schemes of mischief; but he had no other companions, and nothing to lighten the dreary toil of his home life.

One afternoon, having a little time to himself, Arthur was wandering in a listless, depressed kind of way about the lane opposite his home, when he became conscious that an alteration was going on in the orchard next his path. It had been enclosed by pailings, the ragged trees were being dug up, and workmen were employed in making a foundation for a building. What was it to be? It looked too large for a house. Arthur mustered up courage, and enquired of a decent-looking man who was employed in overlooking the workmen.

"Why where have you lived, boy, and not know what this is to be?" he said; "haven't you heard there's to be a church built here? your parish church, I reckon, if you live here about. It's going to be a grand one, for it's a rich lady who's going to 'be expose of it, and they say she'll have every thing of the best."

A church indeed it was to be; the neglected portions of two parishes were to be formed into a new one, and it was to have church and parson of its own.

Arthur, as he walked home, thought over what the man had said of the church and the rich lady. What a fine thing it was to be rich, to be able to do great

things like that. What a contrast to a poor little lad like he was, only a burden as he was often called at home, and only seeming to live to endure hardship.

Then there came into his mind the remembrance of the last Christmas-day he had spent in the country; how the Vicar, after Evensong, had given an address to the children; how he had told them of Jesus Christ being born into the world on that day; of the wise men who had come from afar to adore Him, and brought costly gifts to Him as He lay, a little Child, in His blessed Mother's arms. Then the Priest went on to tell the children how they also might each bring a gift to Jesus, a birthday present, so to speak: they might give themselves to Him; give their wills and affection into His keeping; give the qualities of their minds, if they had any special gift or talent; give their best, whatever it was, to God's service, and God would bless them both here and hereafter.

Arthur, as he remembered this, thought there was nothing about him which was worthy to be given to God; but patience, Arthur, you have a gift which no grown person, however rich or clever, can possess, and be sure you will be permitted to devote it to God.

The building of the church, as it went on, had a great attraction for Arthur, and what spare time he had he generally spent in watching it.

One day his forlorn appearance, and wan, spiritless face, devoid as it was of all childish glee, drew the attention of Henry Grey, the workman to whom he had before spoken.

"Why, what do you do here so often, child?" he said; "you ought to be at school this time of day."

"I don't go to school," said Arthur, sadly; "mother is very poor, and she says she hasn't the money to send me; but I used to go when father was living, and I'd like to go again if I could."

"So you've no father," said Grey. "What's your name, child?" and as Arthur told him, the man looked compassionately on him: "It's worse than no father you have," he said, "if you're the boy at the corner house." And Grey, who was a

good-natured, upright man, began to think how he might help the poor boy. "Do you go anywhere on Sundays?" he asked.

"I haven't been to church for a long time," replied Arthur; "mother says it's too far, and sometimes she goes out walking on Sundays, and I have to take care of little sister. But oh! I should like to go, like I used to with father," he went on, looking wistfully up in the kind face of his new friend.

"Well," said Grey, "you may go with me next Sunday, if you like; so go home and ask your mother to spare you."

Arty looked delighted.

"Oh, I'll be sure to come if mother will let me," he said; but—"he hesitated, and his face fell,—“I'm afraid I've no clothes fit, and I don't think mother is able to get me any.”"

"Never mind, Arthur, make yourself as decent as you can next Sunday with what you have, and I'll see about getting you in the way of earning something for yourself, that is, if you are willing to work."

"Oh, I'd like to work," said Arty, "only I must not be away all day from mother; I must help her at home."

Grey was as good as his word; he got some light employment for the child, got his mother to let him go to church and to the Sunday catechising, lent him books, allowed his children to make him their companion, and made life altogether brighter for Arthur, whom, as time went on, he found good and trustworthy.

Meanwhile the splendid structure which was to be the parish church daily grew in form and beauty; fair indeed it looked within and without, as it stood at last, a finished erection, awaiting its consecration. As had been said, all was of the best about it; the architect had given the best of his talent to its design, and ably had the skilled workmen wrought out his plan.

The morning sun of that clear November day, on which this little story opens, shone out brightly through the richly-painted glass of the east window. Its rays fell on the alabaster reredos, formed a halo of glory round the sacred head of the Saviour, as He made Himself known to His



disciples at Emmaus, in the "breaking of bread." It lit up sculptured angel faces, was reflected in rich mosaics, and by the jewelled cross on the altar, and fell tenderly on the white lilies which formed the bouquets; lilies, for the church was dedicated to the Mother of God.

So many had looked forward to this day with interest. The bishop, who was to add another house of God to his diocese; the lady, who had given her wealth to its erection; the architect, who had built it; the priest, he who was henceforth to minister within its walls,—you may think what a deeply interesting day it must have been for him: when first he had seen the church he had loved it, and in consenting to be its Vicar, he had promised to himself that, God helping him, his best should be devoted to its services and to the services of its parish. Then the organist, how he had given his time, and how earnestly he had practised that the best of his talent should be employed in God's praise. What pains he had taken to train his carefully-selected choir, both men and boys; and who should be among the latter but our poor little friend Arthur Ferris. Poor as he was, he was rich in this, that he had the gift of a pure, sweet child's voice, and it was now to be put to the highest, noblest use, that of praising Him who had bestowed it, in His own house.

You know times were beginning to mend a little with Arthur; as he was earning a little for himself, he was not treated so harshly at home; he was more decently dressed, had a cheerful smile, and was a very attractive-looking boy.

One summer evening he was spending with his kind friends, the Greys; the children had been singing hymns; they had just sung one of their great favourites:—

"We are but little children weak,  
Nor born to any high estate;  
What can we do for Jesu's sake,  
Who is so high, and good, and great?"

You know the last verse of the hymn:—

"There's not a child so small and weak,  
But has his little cross to take;  
His little work of love and praise,  
That he may do for Jesu's sake."

"Why, children," said Henry Grey when they had finished singing, "Arty's voice is

the best amongst you all; he's a born singer; but there, I've just remembered something,—Would you like to be a chorister?" he went on, turning to Arthur.

"Oh, I should like it of all things," answered he; "father used to hope I should be one some day. I've heard him say I could sing before I could speak."

"Oh, Arty, wouldn't you like to wear a surplice, like the boys at the cathedral?" cried little dark-eyed Lotty, the youngest girl; "mother says they look just like little angels when they sing."

"Yes, Lotty; but I don't want to go to the cathedral, because I'm going to the new church."

"It's about the new church I was going to speak to you," said the father. "Mr. H., the organist, asked me the other day if I knew of any decent little boys with singing voices who would like to be trained for the choir, and I mentioned you."

Thus it came about that Arthur was a choir-boy at the new church. At one of the practisings he had his first interview with the Vicar, and he and Arthur were much taken with each other. The Priest was touched with Arty's appearance, he looked so frail and yet so enthusiastic; and the boy on his part thought he had never seen a face he could love so well. The Vicar followed up the meeting by visits to his mother's cottage; and by his kindly help and friendly-spoken warnings, soon brought about a better state of things at Arthur's home. His father-in-law became more sober and industrious, and his mother was thus able to give more time and attention to her children.

Arthur was allowed to attend the choir practices regularly, and improved so much, that at the choral services at the consecration of the church his was one of the sweetest, best-managed voices among the singers. He sang his best, his heart went with his voice, and in this he was an example to all little chorister-boys: they ought to remember how gracious God is to allow His little ones to take such an important part in the services of His Church, and rejoice that they can give what is not valueless to His praise.

Arthur was now a happy boy; he took an ever-increasing delight in learning the daily chants, those grand yet simple church tones which children's voices have expressed through so many by-gone ages, and which we may reverently think were once sung by the holy Child Jesus Himself. The hymns, too, the warning notes of Advent, the joyful carols of Christmas, and hymns of the Epiphany, and so on through the following Sundays, to the penitential tones of Lent, and the thrilling sorrow of the Passion; in all this the young voice bore its part, until at last it mingled with the song of triumphant joy, which told of a risen Lord:—

"Mourning heart must needs be gay,  
Nor let sorrow vex it,  
Since the very grave can say,  
Christus resurrexit."

But this glorious Easter festival was destined to be the last service Arthur was to join on earth. The next day he was seized with an illness which proved to be the beginning of a violent fever. He had not strength enough to grapple with it, for his former hard life had undermined his constitution. His mother was struck with horror and remorse at his illness; she felt she had never recognised as she might have done the patient love and ready obedience of her son, who had always been wont to support and comfort her in his childish way. She met the Vicar at the door on one of his daily visits, and told him amidst her sobs that poor Arty was delirious.

On the Sunday after he was taken ill, the boy had been moaning and talking recklessly in the height of the fever, when the sound of the church bells came in through the open window. Suddenly he started up in bed.

"Mother!" he cried, "those are St. Mary's bells, I must dress and be off at once; I must not be out of my place in the choir."

It was with great difficulty he could be kept in bed; but the excitement was soon followed by prostration, and he sank back on his pillow.

Arthur had every attention paid him, and was tenderly nursed; but neither doctor's skill nor mother's care could save him;

and when the fever left him, he gradually sank from exhaustion. At last the day came when the Priest was summoned to the dying bed. He found the child lying perfectly still, with closed eyes. Kneeling by the bed-side, he repeated the prayer for the departing soul, but fearing that even a whisper was more than the dying boy could bear, he was leaving the room, when the clear sweet tones of the voice he had grown so fond of fell on his ear.

"Good-bye, sir," it said in pathetic accents; and turning, the Priest saw the blue eyes fixed earnestly on him, and a feeble hand held out. He returned to the child's side, and took the offered hand.

"Good-bye", Arthur," he said; "God be with you for ever, and receive you into His blessed kingdom, to sing His praise with His holy angels."

As the words were uttered the eyes closed once more, the child sank into a quiet sleep, in which his spirit went to God.

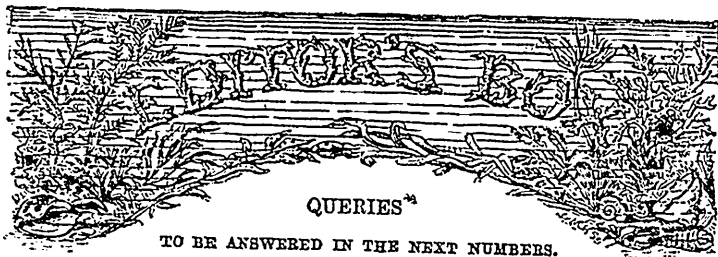
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Some years have passed away since little Arthur's coffin was brought into St. Mary's Church, the beautiful temple which he had loved so dearly whilst on earth. There the surpliced band, whose fellow-chorister he once was, sang sweetly and sorrowfully the hymn for the burial of a child, and then each one placed a wreath of spring-flowers on the bier as it was borne away to its last resting-place.

These years have brought great changes to the parish of St. Mary's, and they have all been for good. Soon, by the parson's exertion, noble-sized school-houses for boys and girls were built, and in full working order; and groups of decent, well-clad children took the place of the ill-cared-for little creatures, who used to haunt the lanes; the half-built cottages were finished, and had neat gardens around them; the wild unhealthy marsh was drained and turned into soft grassy meadows; and when, last of all, the vicarage was built, and with the church became the nucleus of its surroundings, St. Mary's had more the look of a snug country village, than, as it really was, a part of a large city.

Then the choir, how pleasantly it went on, improving year by year, until it was spoken of as the best in the whole neighbourhood; its members were a happy, united band, beloved and encouraged by their Vicar. He, however, still says he misses the peculiar sweetness of Arthur's voice. It was only the other day he was talking of him; and thus I tell the true history of the little chorister boy to you.

1 "Good-bye" is a contraction of "God be with you."



## QUERIES

TO BE ANSWERED IN THE NEXT NUMBERS.

### SIGNS OF THE ZODIAC.

55.—L'AMERTUME would be glad to know what ecclesiastical significance attaches to the signs of the Zodiac. They are introduced in the pavement of the sanctuary of St. John's College Chapel, Cambridge, surrounding figures of the Burning Bush, Melchisedek, and others, whose appropriateness in such a situation is obvious.

### HOME FOR CRIPPLES.

56.—Can any of your readers inform me if there is any Home, conducted on Church principles, where a poor cripple child of twelve years old would be received? M. M.

### THE USE OF SACRED OIL.

57.—Wanted some accurate information concerning the use of Sacred Oil in anointing children at the Font, in the pure and apostolic Church of our baptism, before the innovations under Edward VI. came in.

INVESTIGATOR.

### RULES FOR CHILDREN'S GUILD.

58.—Will any of your readers kindly forward me the rules of any Children's Guild they have any connection with, in order that I may have some guidance in the matter?

D. C. BOSTOCK.

## REPLIES

TO QUERIES IN PREVIOUS NUMBERS.

### MORE THAN ONE ALTAR IN A CHURCH.

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

Ancient altars at present unused having been included in the answers to this Query, I think it worth mentioning that at the beautiful chapel at Rosslyn, near Edinburgh, in addition to the altar which is used now, and which is, like all the fittings, of dark-coloured wood, there are four small stone altars in the eastern chapels. These are vested and screened off, so that although unused, they are not desecrated. There is another in the crypt, but it is larger, and is not vested. I believe the original plan of S. Ninian's Cathedral, Perth, includes two side altars, but the church being incomplete, they are not yet erected. There is a side-altar at Christ Church, Clapham, near London. G. S. P.

### SCOTTISH EPISCOPAL COMMUNION.

47.—I shall be much obliged for correct and reliable statistics of the ancient Scottish Church. I want to know its extent, numbers, influence,

and general, as well as particular, characteristics. I desire to be informed likewise, whether it is increasing or decreasing, and whether it is High Church or Low Church?

VIATOR LONDINENSIS.

I do not know when I have been more surprised or grieved than I was by the uncharitable and untruthful reply of your correspondent S. Y. E. N., to a Query for "reliable statistics of the ancient Scottish Church," as printed in p. 279 of your October number. Having been for about a quarter of a century labouring in Scotland, I am capable of giving more reliable information concerning the Church. Let it be remembered how the Church was disestablished in 1689, and robbed of everything—churches, parsonages, stipends, all transferred to the Presbyterian body. Then, how it was persecuted and oppressed through the whole of last century,—an act of 1746 depriving Episcopalians of all civil rights, and exposing the clergy to imprisonment for the crime of officiating to more than five persons at once. Then, how the acts of 1792 and 1841, while relaxing penal laws, added fresh insulting restrictions to the liberties of the clergy, which were only removed in 1864. Consider these things, and it will be seen

think, that there must have been something better than pitiful mismanagement, lethargy, and ignorance, to have brought about such a marvellous increase as has marked the progress of the Church during the last fifty years, in spite of the prejudice, hostility, and active opposition of the overwhelming majority of the people, aided by the advantages of establishment and the favour of royalty. As an example of this progress, I may say that forty or fifty years ago there were in this diocese five incumbencies: there are now thirty. In this city there was one congregation of about fifty members, there are now three, (though the city is by no means a greatly increasing one,) with an aggregate of above eleven hundred adherents. Any candid person would see that the absence of cathedrals and of a parochial system was the result of the disestablishment and prostration of the Church; and that the retaining the title of Dean, who might perhaps have been better called an archdeacon, though why not archpriest? for the official next in authority to the Bishop, is due to circumstances. What your correspondent means by our churches having only an architectural right to the appellation I cannot imagine. Is it because we are not established, and therefore not parochial. That, as I said, is our misfortune, not our fault. They are applied to all the purposes of a church, and to no other. The "Constitutions" are necessary concordats between the Bishop, the Incumbent, and the congregation. They are subject to canonical interpretation, and any breach of them is liable to legal action. They are as indispensable for the security of the Incumbent as for that of the people. The title "Incumbent" is adopted, because that of Rector or Vicar would be utterly inapplicable. I may add that S. Y. E. N. is wrong in saying that the general Synod meets at stated periods. It is not so: but it is convened only when occasion requires. The numbers of the laity are nearer a hundred thousand than thirty thousand. But supposing them to be so few, it surely makes their zeal and liberality only the more remarkable. This is one of the least numerous dioceses in the Church; not numbering above 5,000 of all ranks and ages. Now imagine, if you can, an English parish of that number of Churchmen, or ten times that number, supporting, as this small diocese does, a bishop, a dean, and thirty-two clergymen, keeping up thirty churches, providing all their own endowments and stipends without a penny of aid from the State, or from Church property, and that besides their necessary large contributions for parochial and other objects in

connection with the Presbyterian establishment, and I think you will see that a community that does all this does not deserve to be branded with scorn and contempt. It is true the stipends of some of the Incumbents are small: but their congregations are small; and there are none of them, I venture to say, so ill-paid as hundreds of most excellent curates, or of beneficed clergy in England. The clergy generally are respected, and if any of them are not, it is their own fault. The fact that, as S. Y. E. N. acknowledges, the Episcopalians in Scotland are "steadily increasing," and that that increase is chiefly from the better-educated classes, is itself an answer to the aspersions of your correspondent.

WM. BLATCH,

Incumbent of S. John's, Perth;  
Synod Clerk of the Diocese of S. Andrew's;  
Acting Chaplain to H. M. Troops.

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

ALLIQUIS.

Gundreda's coffin was discovered, Oct. 28, 1845, by the workmen employed in forming a cutting for the Lewes and Brighton Railroad, through the grounds of St. Pancras Priory at Lewes. It is made of lead, is 2 ft. 11 in. long, 12½ in. broad, and 8 in. deep, and has the word "Gundrada" deeply cut across the lid at one end. It contains a great number of bones. It is now deposited in Southover Church, together with a tablet previously discovered, which preserves part of the mutilated monastic verses that commemorated her virtues. Full particulars of the discovery of Gundreda's remains are given in Baxter's "Guide to Lewes;" Dr. Mantell's "Day's Ramble;" and Mr. M. A. Lower's "Hand book."

ETTA.

#### HOSPITALS UNDER SISTERHOODS.

49.—*I wish to compile a list of Hospitals, &c., nursed by Sisters of the Anglican Church. Would any of your readers help me? The same will be eventually sent to you for publication when completed.*

HENRY SAMUEL PURDON, M.D.

In answer to question 49 of the PENNY POST, I beg to say that there is a hospital at Middlesborough, nursed by Anglican Sisters of the Order of the Holy Rood. The same Sisterhood has also a home for incurables at Leeds, and a convalescent home for sick children at Coatham, Yorkshire.

ASSOCIATE.

CATHERINE begs to add that the All Saints Convalescent Hospital at Eastbourne is nursed by Sisters from All Saints, Margaret-street.

Your Correspondent, Dr. PURDON, will find much information concerning the work done by Anglican Sisters, in "A Kalendar of the English Church," price 1s. 6d., published by the Church Printing Company, 13 Burleigh-street, Strand. AGATHA.

In answer to your correspondent, HENRY SAMUEL PURDON, M.D., I beg leave to say that the nursing at University Hospital, London, is undertaken by the Sisterhood of All Saints, Margaret-street. A. R.

#### DEDICATION IN HONOUR OF THE ASSUMPTION.

50.—*Can any of your readers inform me whether there are any churches in England, besides that of Tysoe, Warwickshire, dedicated to the Assumption of the Virgin?*

I. F.

I beg to inform I. F. that Shareshill and Bushbury churches, near Wolverhampton, are dedicated in honour of the Assumption of the Virgin Mary.

H. RILEY.

The church of Hartwell, near Aylesbury, rebuilt in the last century by the Lees, baronets of that village, is likewise so dedicated.

DE Q.

#### PRIVATE CHURCH-BUILDING.

51.—*Will your readers kindly give me the localities and invocations of any churches they may know of that have been built within the present century at the expense of private persons or families (i.e. without subscription-lists, canvassing, bazaars, or other modern devices), and the founders' full names; mentioning also the dates of dedication?*

A. F. H.

The following churches have been built within the present century, at the sole cost of individuals or families:—

Holy Trinity, Westminster, consecrated 1852, built by Archdeacon Bentinck.

S. Paul's, Bow Common, consecrated Oct., 1868, built and endowed by the late William Cotton, D.C.L.

S. Martin's, Haverstock Hill, consecrated 1855, built at the cost of J. D. Allcroft, Esq.

S. Luke's Chapel, Brompton Hospital, erected by Sir Henry Foulis in 1850, in memory of a deceased sister; this is the only consecrated chapel attached to any Metropolitan hospital.

S. James-the-Less, Westminster, erected as a memorial to Bishop Monk, by his daughters, July, 1861.

S. James-the-Great, Bethnal-green, erected by a brother and sister, friends of Bishop Blomfield, consecrated 1844.

S. Clement's, Barnsbury, built at the expense of G. Cubitt, Esq., M.P., consecrated 1865.

Christ Church, Poplar, erected by the late W. Cubitt, Esq., twice Lord Mayor, consecrated 1857. A. R.

There is a church in Taunton dedicated to St. John-the-Evangelist, built by the Rev. F. J. Smith solely at his own expense, without the aid of subscriptions or bazaars; also one at Highbridge, Somersetshire, built entirely at the expense of a Miss Poole, now Mrs. George Luttrell. M. E. F.

ÆGER begs to inform A. F. H. that the church of St. Martin, Brighton, is being erected at an expense of upwards of £15,000, at the sole cost of the three sons of the former vicar, the late Rev. H. M. Wagner. The foundation-stone was laid on St. Martin's day, 1873. The work is progressing rapidly; the architect is Mr. Somers Clark, jun.

The church of St. Bartholomew, Brighton, now near completion, has been erected at a cost of upwards of £15,000, the whole of which has been defrayed by the Rev. Arthur D. Wagner, of St. Paul's, Brighton. The height of the nave will be 135 feet, and the architect is Mr. Scott, of Brighton.

The church of St. Michael, Brighton, is another instance of private munificence and devotion to the Church of our Fathers. It is too well known to need description here. It was built and endowed at the sole cost of a lady.

St. Patrick's, Hove, a large and handsome church, was built at the sole cost of one individual.

The mission church of St. Stephen, Tunbridge Wells, was built at the sole cost of the Rev. H. W. Hitchcock. ÆGER.

S. Edmund, Falgape, Rochdale, founded by Albert Hudson Roys, Esq., consecrated May 1873, cost £24,000.

S. Mary's, Balderstone, Rochdale, founded by Messrs. Samuel, Josiah, Joshua, John, and James Radcliffe, consecrated July 1, 1872, cost upwards of £25,000.

S. Maxentius, Bradshaw, Bolton, rebuilt by Thos. Hardcastle, Esq., consecrated Nov 9, 1872.

All Saints' Church, Pondleton-in-Whalley, founded by Mrs. Blegborough, consecrated Aug. 8, 1872, cost £3,000.

S. Peter, Bolton, rebuilt by Peter Ormrod, Esq., consecrated June 29, 1871, cost upwards of £30,000.

S. Mary, Ellel Grange, founded by Wm. Preston, Esq., consecrated 1873.

S. Bartholomew, Westhoughton, Bolton, rebuilt by John Seddon, Esq., consecrated Aug. 24, 1870, cost £6,000.

S. James A. & M., Milnrow, Rochdale, founded by the late James Schofield, Esq., Mrs. Schofield, and Captain James Schofield, consecrated Aug. 21, 1869, cost £14,000.

S. Thomas, Moorside, Oldham, founded by Thos. Mellodew, Esq., consecrated April 20, 1872, cost £10,000.

S. John's, Winsill, Burton-on-Trent, founded by John Grotton, Esq., consecrated 1867, cost £4,000.

Being built by private munificence:—

S. Paul's, Burton-on-Trent, founded by M. A. Bass, Esq., M.P., cost upwards of £30,000.

Collyhurst, S. —, Manchester, cost £15,000 for church, schools, and parsonage.

J. HARRISON.

The church of S. Mary the Virgin, at Beech Hill, near Reading, consecrated by the Bishop of Winchester in Oct., 1867, was built at the entire cost of Mrs. Forbes, her daughter Miss Forbes, and her son-in-law. The Rev. E. H. Landon is endowed with the tithes of the tithing of Beech Hill, valued at upwards of £6,000, which were purchased by Mrs. Forbes and her daughter, and by them given to the said church. The ground for the church, churchyard, and rectory-house were given by Mr. E. L. Hunter, of Beech Hill, brother of Mrs. Forbes.

M. B. C.

I think A. F. H. will find the few following notices of churches built by private persons to be correct:—

1. A church at Freeland, a hamlet of Eynsham, Oxon., built by the late William Elias Taunton, Esq.; it is dedicated to S. Mary-the-Virgin, and was opened for divine Service in 1869.

2. A church at Newland, near Malvern, built by the Trustees of the late Lord Beauchamp, in the year 1866. It is a handsome building forming a chapel to some almshouses erected by the same nobleman; I do not remember who is the patron saint of the church.

3. The Church of Holy Trinity, Ventnor, Isle of Wight, built by two ladies, daughters of a late Bishop of Carlisle; I do not know the exact date of the dedication, but the church has been opened about eleven years.

4. S. Catherine's Church, Ventnor, built in the year 1837, by the late John Hambrough, Esq., of Steophill Castle.

5. A church in Oxford dedicated to S. Barnabas, and built in the Romanesque style; the foundation-stone was laid on April 23, 1868; the church was the gift of

the late Thomas Combe, Esq., of Oxford, who also built the chapel attached to the Radcliffe Infirmary in that city; the latter is dedicated to S. Luke. E. H. G.

## NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

RECEIVED WITH THANKS.—“Meditation on All Saints.”—“The Rest of the Blessed.”—“The Wayside Cross.”—“Old Christmas.”—“Turning Eastward.”—“O how amiable are Thy dwellings!”—“Voices: Only Imagination.”—“A Festival Eve.”—“On the Death of the Bishop of Winchester.”—(1.) “All Saints' Day.”—(2.) “All Saints' Day.”—“Mary's May-blossom.”—“On the Education of Servant Girls.” (This shall be used shortly).—“Miss Seymour's Wedding: a Story for Girls.”—MS. from ROSE METCALF.—F. S.—“A Lover of Justice.”—“Invalid.”—Rev. W. BLATCH.—E. H. G.—C. V. G.—H. W. T. (They are all saints, if found in the Kalendar).

F. B. PIERPOINTE.—We have met with two rhyming versions of the same prophecy—a prophecy somehow connected with Cardinal Pole. We believe that Dr. Lee, sometime Hon. Secretary of the Unity Association, discovered one in a MS. Book of Prayers of the sixteenth century. The second is said to be recorded in one of the Harleian MSS. The two versions run thus:—

- (1.) “Full three hundred yeares and moe  
Sixt Edwardes' masse shall be laid low:  
When seventh Edwarde him doth reigne  
Sixt Edwardes' masse shall be said againe.”
- (2.) “Sixth Edward's Masse three hundred yeares  
and moe shall quiet be,  
But Sevnt Edward's raigne anon restord  
it shall be.”

H. B. P.—Contributions for the December number should reach us early in November.

The “OLD SUBSCRIBER” who writes about the Bell-inscriptions at Honiton, is informed that until we have rubbings of the same before us—her transcript is evidently inaccurate or wanting—we are unable to comply with her request.

C. NEWMAN.—We can't make out the name of the saint about whom you enquire. Consult a local guide.

S. HEMBROUGH.—If the church is being restored, and cannot be used, the Bishop will readily grant a special licence for service in a schoolroom or other suitable building. But you must have the Bishop's licence.

MARY ANNE.—It does not necessarily follow that the hat depicted in the engraving is that of a cardinal. A cardinal's hat has five

rows of tassels attached to it, and is of scarlet: a bishop's has four rows, and is green. A foreign prelate's (not a bishop, but corresponding to our dean,) has three rows, and is purple. A provost's, canon's, or archdeacon's, has two rows of tassels, and is black. So, too, is a priest's; but with only one tassel.

H. P. (Sawbridgeworth).—The verses for which you enquire were not from the pen of the late Mr. Welby Pugin, but were written at the time of the publication of his remarkable and valuable book "Contrasts." One verse, descriptive of dissenting conventicles being built like churches, stands thus:—

"Some raise a front up to the street,  
Like old Westminster Abbey;  
But then they think the Lord to cheat,  
And build the back part shabby."

J. J. (Preston).—Accepted with thanks.

We are quite unable to reply to MISS BROWN'S question, as to "What kind of work in a town district (and for the Church in any way) a young lady could do who is quite deaf?"

MARGHERITA.—(1.) Must read her Bible very carelessly.—See St. John xix. 17. (2.) We have no room.

A correspondent writes, "There is a church at Hayle, in Cornwall, dedicated to St. Elwyn; would be glad of information respecting this saint."

CRUX.—We cannot determine without seeing the contribution. Our correspondent does not even mention the name of the church.

P. R. M.—(1.) The arms of S. Alban's Abbey are Azure, a S. Andrew's Cross, or. (2.) The Abbot of S. Alban's was the first in rank, and the Abbot of Westminster followed immediately afterwards; though, in due course, the latter attained to the place of the former. (3.) We cannot tell.

T. C.—(1.) You will find in Brown's "History of York Cathedral," (1845) a record of the localities where the various Archbishops of York have been buried. (2.) Apply to the Dean.

C. W. P.—Consult Haines's "Monumental Brasses," issued by our publishers.

ALPHA.—The ecclesiastical colours commonly in use are white, red, violet, green, and black. Red was the old English colour for Sunday. Yellow, blue, and brown were used under the Sarrim Rile.

E. LESTER (Hounslow).—Hoher's poem on "The Building of the Temple," was a Newdigate Prize Poem, and will be found in the "Oxford Prize Poems," a volume worth about 6s.

E. G.—Apply to a music-seller.

ANNIE, E. F. C.—See Baring-Gould's "Lives of the Saints."

A CONSTANT SUBSCRIBER desires to know if there are any Church-of-England Sisterhoods in Wales.

CAMPUS and BETSY JONES.—We cannot. SOPHRONIA had better apply to Archdeacon Denison himself, as it is impossible for us to know that dignitary's inmost mind. All public reports of speeches are not invariably accurate. There may be some mistake here.

G. S. (Scarborough).—The Finding or Discovery of the True Cross is commemorated by the Prayer-book on May 3. The Exaltation or lifting up of the Cross for the veneration of the faithful, on the 14th of September. See an admirable and learned volume, "Legends of the Holy Rood," edited by Dr. Morris for the "Early English Text Society," price 10s.

F. C.—Neale's "Hymns of Eastern Church," (Hayes).

MARY GERRETT.—Advertise in the newspapers.

H. RILEY.—Refer to the local County Histories. Not of general interest. Our space is too limited.

MISS WATSON.—Apply to your clergyman for advice regarding the meeting in question.

GEORGE.—Study the Services for the Ordination of a Deacon in the Prayer-book.

SARAH MILLER.—The Third Sunday in Lent is called "Oculi Sunday" because the old introit began with that Latin word.

E. C. H.—See PENNY POST for 1858, 1867, and 1870. We cannot repeat information already thrice provided.

C. A. H.—An unsuitable, because an uninteresting query.

A. R.'s question has been recently answered. See "Editor's Box" for this year.

CHANDOS.—See "Wheatly on the Common Prayer."

F. C.—Thanks—will be used.

EDITH HUGO.—We have no time to make the search, which might occupy us for days.

H. F. BUCKLAND, (Bristol).—An ordinary licence to marry is in force for three months.

ADELE.—St. Saviour is our Blessed Lord—the King of Saints, True God and True Man. MAY.—Shall be used. Thanks.

S. U. G., (Marsh chapel).—Not up to the mark. Deficient in rhyme. Try again.

ALIQUIB.—That St. Luke was a physician we know from Scripture: that he was a painter we know from tradition: St. Jerome records the fact that he lived to be 84. He was not martyred.

Church, cannot be indifferent to the call of Her Priests to engage in contemplation of what our Lord has done for us, as the usual seasons come when the inspiring events of His Most Holy Life are progressively commemorated. From His cradle at Bethlehem to His Cross on Calvary, and through the scenes of His Resurrection and Ascension, we follow Him with wondering thought and holy awe; and are led to imitation of Him by what the church in her well arranged services impresses upon us. It can hardly be that a devout Churchman will not get in grace, and in the knowledge of God our Saviour, by due observance of the Seasons of the Christian Year. We hope that daily public prayer, and weekly celebration of the Holy Communion, will become more distinctly features of our branch of the Church in this Diocese and elsewhere, than they have been in days past. These have fallen into disuse since the Reformation; and although we have in many useful things made progress, we have not as a nation and people kept in sight, and practised all the usages, which from the dawn of Christianity, have been considered good, and are enjoined upon us in our Book of Common Prayer.

On Advent's first Sunday we are led to contemplation of our Lord in His "great humility;" on the second, are led to rejoice in the Apostolic Ministry, which our church has ever had within her, as an integral portion of her constitution; and on the fourth we take special notice not only of His coming in the flesh, but also of the most Blessed Sacrament of His Body and Blood, whereby we discern Him as ever among us, spiritually, for our great edification, and growth in grace. Thus are we prepared for a detail of those marvellous events, which they

only who have Faith can contemplate with profit. The church is indeed the Spouse of Christ, and our Mother; let us obediently follow her teaching, as found in our most estimable Manual of Prayer.

#### FASTS AND FESTIVALS

The eves of St. Thomas and of Christmas Day are to be observed with Fasting. Dulness of perception is an attendant on full feeding, and they who would profit spiritually by Holy Festival must keep their body in subjection to the mind and spirit. Wise they who regard devoutly the church's appointments for this disciplining of nature, in order that grace may grow and thrive in them. Gifts and graces come through fitness of the the recipients, and stern discipline is necessary for all. "Prove your own selves," was the injunction of an inspired Apostle.

21st. *St Thomas the Apostle.*— Thomas like most others of the twelve, suffered Martyrdom. He was at first a doubter, as many are now, from natural causes. He was courageous, however, and a faithful servant. His natural infirmity was overcome by the Grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, as ours may be if we follow Him as Thomas was prepared to do. Nature, however stubborn, will be found to yield in those who with firm resolve are prepared to say, as did Thomas, "let us go that we may die with Him."

25th. *Christmas, or the Nativity.*—"Now sire and infant both alike are glad;"—the Sun of Righteousness is seen to have arisen, and the heart rejoices for that the song of Angels is heard to echo over the whole domain of Time. Age has sweet visions cherished from infantile days, naught but good is thought of at Christmas. "Peace on earth" is hoped for—believed in as possible,—and more earnestly sought now than at any other



time. "Glory be to God in the Highest." Reason assents, unbelief is silent; the joyousness of Christmas time is infectious; and those are found passing round gifts who care not for Him whose Advent is then celebrated.

26th. *St. Stephen.*—"Both the Scriptures and ancient writers are silent with regard to the birth, country and parentage of St. Stephen," we are informed by Fleetwood. It is written that he was "full of faith and power, and did great wonders and miracles among the people," and therefore is worthy of being commemorated. His rebuke of those who had contrived the condemnation and death of Jesus, shows his earnestness as a follower of the Crucified; and as His face was seen "as it had been the face of an angel," and he could say, "Behold, I see the heavens opened, and the Son of man standing on the right hand of God," we recognize him as one of the Saints, and his words and doings to be such as will inspire the devout Christian to be courageous and persevering.

27th. *St. John the Evangelist.*—He was the youngest of the Apostles, and outlived them all, escaping martyrdom, but was not less faithful than others. He was present at the Transfiguration of Jesus, and heard that voice which declared Him "the beloved Son of God;" and was favored with a revelation of heavenly things beyond any other man that ever lived. In his Gospel narrative he always speaks of himself as "the disciple whom Jesus loved," esteeming it the highest honor to be thus regarded.

28th. *Childermas or Holy Innocents Day*, observed in commemoration of the first Christian martyrs, whom the cruel Herod, caused to be put to death, in revenge for having been disappointed in his crafty endeavour to obtain possession of the infant Saviour. Jealousy and inhumanity never accomplished a more

barbarous act than Herod then ordered and saw completed. God, who overruleth all events for good, has moved the hearts of the followers of Jesus in all succeeding ages to cultivation of holy sympathy for all children, in every passing year, as the Church calls to prayer for "grace, that by the innocency of our lives and constancy of our faith even unto death," we may, like these holy and unoffending martyrs, glorify the name of our Lord, and by our devotedness cause after generations to venerate the memory of our deeds. "The memory of the just is blessed."

#### ST. LUKE'S ASSOCIATION.

The November meeting found a quorum assembled; and the members, besides receiving reports and suggestions respecting work in hand, resolved on an endeavor to get up a series of Readings, as they may be termed, for employment on some of the evenings of the approaching winter; which it is hoped will yield pleasure and improvement. The Chaplain, the Rev John Abbott, has entered heartily into the views of the originators of the movement, and his geniality and earnestness will be likely to induce assistance from qualified persons, and thus lead to a satisfactory result. We learn that two evenings have been arranged for, to occur in December; the first on the ninth, and the second on the sixteenth, in the Parochial School House. An admission fee of ten cents will be required.

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#### BAPTISMS.

Gilbert R. Frith, Edward R. Brown, Henry E. Gibbs, Frances E. M. Gray, Mary L. Stevens, William W. McCreath, Elizabeth G. Johnson.