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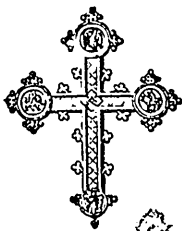
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Dec.

1873

# St. Luke's Parish Post.

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## ON COVER.

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

PUBLISHED BY  
ST. LUKE'S CHURCH  
ASSOCIATION,  
HALIFAX.

## THE PRESENT MONTH.

December is a dark and chilly month in this part of the world; but in every Christian land it is one of warmth and light and joy to the human soul, the inner man, which is not moved in any great degree by external aspects of nature.

“From Greenland's icy mountain  
To India's coral strand,”

the Christian heart is glad in this month of Holy Festivities. The keynote of summons to joyful contemplation is given by the herald of the cross from “the House of God, the gate of Heaven” on Advent Sunday, when we are reminded that the season has again returned in which “Jesus Christ came to visit us in great humility.” A period of calm expectation pervades the Christian world in the four weeks of Advent season, and our forefathers were wont to term the fourteen days before Christmas Halcyon Days. On the 21st we commemorate St. Thomas the Apostle, and devoutly rejoice for that we have a risen Lord, who is also our God. Then comes Christmas Day, which every where in Christendom is a gloriously bright spot whereon even the poorest of our race do rest in gladness; childhood is mirthful, and age rejoices with sober delight. The glad morn brings to view, through the Church's appointments and ministrations, the wondrous spectacle of the Heavenly Host rejoicing in the advent of the Son of God to earth, and singing “Glory to God in the Highest, and on earth Peace, good will towards men.” Love begets love; and the simplicity of the announcements made at Bethlehem, with the ardent love of God thus shown in the condescending advent of His Blessed Son in such humble form and helpless innocency, moves even the most

obtuse of the children of men. Antagonism is disarmed when we recognize the child of promise as He was seen by wondering angels and shepherds, and as He lay in the bosom of His Virgin Mother. He came among the poor of earth, and the poor, who are the many, are never turned aside from His presence by any expressions or features of His, even though he be the King of kings.

The sound of rejoicing is yet in our ears when the Church introduces us to St. Stephen, who when surrounded by persecutors and expecting death, “saw the heavens opened, and Jesus standing on the right hand of God;” thus connecting in our minds the Advent with its great result in the exaltation of Jesus to be a Prince and a Saviour. St. John the Evangelist is next made to appear, who amid persecutions saw the Eternal Glory in its fulness, of which Stephen had but a glimpse; and then we are called as it were from heaven to earth to witness the sufferings of the Holy Innocents, who glorified God by their death. “Joy is in the dwelling of the righteous” at this Advent season; for the display of Divine Love, as brought to notice in the Church's appointments, enables us to contemplate the humiliation and sufferings of our Lord and His loved ones as necessary things whereby we may be influenced to follow Him and them; so as to receive the everlasting reward, and to have visions of glory while here, as many of the saints have enjoyed in the ages that have passed.

Thus this month and this year come to end, and mingled in the tide of time; but happy we, if in their passing, we reach after the fruits of salvation which hang depending from the Tree of Life, along the spiritual highway by which we travel, utilizing them for the best results. The

Church is the Garden of the Lord, and her children enjoy many great and precious privileges.

—o—

The first evening of the "Readings" provided through the efforts of members of the Church Association has taken place, and the good feeling evinced by those who kindly gave assistance to make the occasion a success, claims from us warm approbation. Then there was a becoming zeal for the church, and talent whereby the zeal and kind feeling were made effectual for the object sought, which is to utilize the capacity of friends in the congregation and others for the pleasure and improvement of all, and to show that combination of even a few for worthy ends, can be made advantageous to the many.

The Venerable Dean presided, and introduced the several kind friends whose performances gave so much pleasure. We know that they do not seek applause; the approval of a good conscience, as they look back upon the occasion and see how much innocent pleasure they were the means of creating, will be sufficient reward for them. Our clergy readily came forward as leaders in this little enterprise as we may term it for the promotion of good fellowship, and we anticipate a growth of a feeling for social union among our people, from their meeting together for innocent recreation under such arrangements as their clergy suggest and approve.

The readings, and the musical entertainment both vocal and instrumental, were altogether suitable for such occasion. The people were gathered for relaxation and diversion, and the flow of geniality which commenced from the moment the chairman began to speak, was continued in

lively manner until the National Anthem was sung and the proceedings closed.

Thanks are due to all who contributed in any way or measure to make this first of the series of Readings so exceedingly agreeable. The next will be on the evening of the 30th instant. \*

—o—

### THE MONTH AND YEAR IN PROSPECT.

The expiring cry of the Holy Innocents is yet in contemplation, where we are summoned to witness the Circumcision of our Lord. Though sinless himself as one of our race, He submitted to every ordination of God for our sake. Circumcision of the heart is most fitly urged when we are entering upon a new section of the road that lies before us, and perhaps resolving to walk circumspectly in it. Grave issues are bound up in the New Year to many or most; and while congratulations are passing round, and all our advantages duly and gratefully estimated, there is need for the correcting and chastening of our native infirmities and dispositions; and the Church, with motherly tenderness, earnestly counsels her children to circumcise the heart.

In January we have notice of the first Christian Pilgrimage, in the devout action of the Magi, who travelled far to pay adoration to the infant Jesus. They went not empty handed, but took with them Gold, Frankincense and Myrrh, thus recognizing Him as King, God, and Prophet or Priest. Offerings for Christian Missions are at Epiphany required of us, that He whom the Wise Men honored with gifts, may be glorified by many in our day and generation through our gifts and offerings.

## LET US BE TOLERANT.

We are grasping at a Phantom when we expect that all men will see eye to eye, and form the same opinions and do precisely the same things; and this appears to be the sober judgment of our Canadian Bishop, when in reply to a pamphlet published and circulated by a Church Association in his Diocese, he gives the advice "Let us be Tolerant." This Association has been organized in Toronto, with the avowed purpose to restrain the liberty of the Clergy, and to stay the progress of Ritualism. How far these self-constituted "Defenders of the Faith" have a right to be aggrieved, we may judge by the nature of the offences alleged against the accused, and which are so gently and generously met by the good Bishop, who seems to be about as extravagant a Ritualist as our own Rector, and we gladly transfer his letter to the PARISH POST, as a fair vindication of the use and order in our own Cathedral. But whatever be our opinions upon the order and reverence of worship; upon the opinions and practices of our brethren "Let us be tolerant."

THE CHURCH ASSOCIATION OF THE DIOCESE OF TORONTO.

To the Churchwardens Delegates and other Lay members of the Church of England in the Diocese of Toronto:

MY DEAR BRETHREN,—

There has recently been published and distributed an address to the members of the Church of England in the Diocese of Toronto, emanating from a body designated the "Church Association of the Diocese of Toronto." upon which I feel myself required to offer some remarks

This address assumes that the principles asserted, and the practices adopted, by a party of considerable magnitude and influence in the mother Church in England have such prevalence in this Diocese as to demand

the watchful care and fraternal monitions of a Church Association of clergymen and laymen. But in reply to this, I have ventured already to declare to them my conviction that we have not, in a single instance in this Diocese, an approach to the extravagancies in Ritual which, in many cases, are so painfully exhibited in the mother country. And I may add that I have never received from any congregation in this Diocese a complaint that unsound doctrine was preached by the clergyman set over them.

And, on this point, I would reiterate a declaration already made, that should any deviation from the sober and prescribed form of public service which we are privileged to possess, be complained of, the individual chargeable with this would be more effectually and successfully dealt with by private monitions from his Bishop, than through any intermediate agency supplied by a voluntary association for Church defence.

There are quotations in this address from a Roman Catholic paper in England, entitled the *Catholic Register*, which triumphantly asserts a large gain of converts to Romanism in London through the preaching and practices of the Ritualistic party. I deplore, as much as any one can do, the excesses and errors into which this party have drifted, and the serious injury they are inflicting upon the Church to which they owe allegiance. But I consider it to be neither wise nor just to spread a needless alarm by the unqualified repetition of the statements like these. Those cited by the *Catholic Register* have been publicly questioned and denied; and there can be no doubt that they are exaggerated and magnified probably tenfold. The conductors of such publications are found to be very reckless and unscrupulous; and there are good grounds for believing it to be their policy, through these exaggerated statements, so to

the Church authorities and Churchmen generally in England, and such harsh treatment and persecution of the Ritualistic party, as to drive them into the Church of Rome.

**A** They are not likely to hold up to the public reprehension persons, whom they impliedly regard as friends, without motive.

**G**  
**r**  
**b** It is an undeniable fact that, during the last twenty years, the converts to Rome from the intelligent and educated classes in England have been extremely few; and, amongst the humbler classes there, such is the general repugnance to Romanism that few, except from interested motives, could be gained over. At the same time, the fact should not be overlooked that, through the earnest and devoted efforts of what is termed the "High Church party,"—not necessarily Ritualists—ten of thousands in London and other great cities have been reclaimed from infidelity and all its degrading consequences, and have become devout and well-conducted members of the Church of England.

I am as ready as the authors of this address to condemn utterly the language adduced from the *Church News* and *Church Times* in disparagement of the Reformation, and of the good and faithful men who aided in bringing it about. But the extravagant and eccentric minds which indulge in such language, are but fractional exceptions to the honest convictions and sober practice of the great mass of of Anglican Churchmen all over the world.

I see with regret, on page 4 of the Address, a reference to "Early Communion" as a first step to the revival of "old superstitions." Can it be questioned that, in large congregations, some such provision is necessary, as a compliment of the principal celebration at mid-day; both on account of the great number of communicants, and the impossibility that all who belong to the same household

should attend simultaneously? If this be allowed, the early morning is undoubtedly far better suited for this purpose than any other hour of the day. Better, many think, to enter early than at a late hour upon that holy duty, and so escape the burden which the world's contaminations may accumulate upon the soul in the course of a single day. But we may safely leave a question like this to the instinctive feeling of any religious mind. That the Holy Communion is, at an early hour, received *fasting* is in many cases simply accidental; it is no declaration that the receiver of it regards a fasting communion as obligatory.

On the same page is a citation from "Hymns Ancient and Modern,"—the implied erroneousness of which would be more fairly considered if the whole Hymn had been given. There is no collection of Hymns absolutely faultless; and there is none in which some sentiment or expression will not be found capable of being strained and perverted to a meaning its author never intended. And Hymns ancient and modern,—against which a prejudice is so industriously sought to be created—besides being a compilation surpassing all others extant in the beauty of its poetry, the richness of its conceptions, and the depth of its devotional utterances, contains probably fewer blemishes than the theological or poetical critic would discover in many other of the many collections of Hymns that are before the world. A few of doubtful taste and correctness, as some of its admirers have been annexed to a <sup>case</sup> <sup>of</sup> <sup>these</sup> <sup>Hymns</sup>; but use of these the good sense of the clergy can be relied upon.

The term "altar," referred to the same page of the Address, is the common use of it, simply a verbal substitute for the word "table," to strip the latter of its eve-

who are especially God's care,—His Church and the poor. There will be a general concurrence, I am persuaded, in the dutifulness of such a feeling; for our Lord reminds us of its truth and force when he said, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of my brethren, ye have done it unto ME."

There is great cause for rejoicing that so many have come to a better recognition of the duty of alms giving; that the feeling has caused so much prevalence that, when in the Lord's house a Christian congregation contribute of their worldly means to charitable or religious objects, they do so not from the mere impulse of compassion, but as an offering which is well pleasing to God. They can take to themselves the comfort which the centurion must have felt when he was addressed by the angel in these words, thy prayers and thine alms are come up for a memorial before God." And when, in this spirit and with this hope, the Christian makes his thankful offerings, it is well that this should be done with the solemnity that is due to the recognized part of public worship. The Church expressly provides that "the Deacons, Churchwardens, or other fit person, shall reverently bring the alms to the Priest, who shall present and place them upon the holy table." Can it be unfitting, then, that the reverence and humility enjoined on these officers of the Church should be exhibited by the congregation at large; and can such feelings be exhibited in any more simple or unostentatious mode than their *stipendium* during the presentation?

As at special times, some of God's beautiful flowers and culled ears of the harvest—should be placed upon God's altar, it is meant as a grateful acknowledgement, in a sacred sense, of what we owe him for the beauty and the abundance with which the earth is stored.

The jealous scrutiny which is exercised in respect of the practices of others, and the haste to denounce these practices as novelties which jeopardize the purity of the Church, is, I am satisfied, largely due

to an absence of patient and impartial consideration of motives, and explanation of results. On a general survey of the condition of this Diocese, it may be affirmed,—with all the joy and hope ready to assurance must beget,—that our churches and congregations are, as a rule, in this proved and quickened in their spirit, extralite, as well as better informed on the many fundamental principles of the Church which is their heritage. There is more animation in public worship; a heartier and response; a more general union and warmth in the work of praise. There is more decorum and reverence in the house of God. The young are more faithfully instructed in religious knowledge and religious duties. More care is taken in the preparation of candidates for confirmation; and the consistent Christian life which should follow, is more earnestly, and with a cheering success, insisted upon.

The Church, we are thankful to say, is not stagnant or supine. It here and there we notice signs of lethargy, dullness and deadness; a dumb show of worship, and preaching that is not practical or stirring; and if, on the other hand, we notice here and there exhibitions of zeal which, though irregular, are signs of a healthful life; let us be tolerant. Let us endeavor to correct the shortcomings and irregularities on either side by kind remonstrance, and not by holding up the delinquents,—real or supposed,—to public vituperation and persecution.

With the hopeful signs we have of the Church's work and progress in this Diocese, let us be faithful and united in the endeavor to maintain and extend it. The Church of Christ throughout the world has trials before her; there are ominous signs that she has a battle to fight, not only for her genuine principles but for the truth of the revelations of which she is the authorized witness and keeper. In the contest against these gathering foes let us be all one; not dimming or destroying the love we owe to one another by unkind suspicions or rash accusations; not setting stocks against pastors, or brethren against brethren; but all one in the effort to promote "unity of spirit, the bond of peace and righteousness of life."

I remain, dear brethren,

Your faithful servant and Diocesan.

A. N. TORONTO.

Toronto, Dec. 20, 1873.

[NOTE.—The above can be had in pamphlet form, postage free, for 5 cents each; 35 cents per dozen; or \$2.50 per hundred.—ED.]

## ADVENT, AND ADVENT THOUGHTS.

**A**GAIN we are entering upon the sacred and blessed season of Advent. Advent has been kept as a holy season from very early ages. Some writers say that St. Peter ordered its observance, but this is uncertain. Still, we know that mention is made of its being kept very early in the Gallican Church. Advent was not originally observed as a consecutive fast, but the season began on the Sunday following the feast of St. Martin, November 11th, which was called the "Quadragesima of St. Martin," and the Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays in each week till Christmas Day were kept as fast days. This was especially the case in Spain and in the Gallican Church. At Rome, Advent was not so strictly observed. The four Collects for the Sundays in Advent are very beautiful; those for the first and second Sundays were composed in 1549; the Collect for the third Sunday in 1661; and we must look far back to find the Collect for the fourth Sunday, for it is in the Sacramentary, or Collect-book, of Gelasius, 494.

Again we hear the words of warning, "The night is far spent, the day is at hand."

Words of warning these are, but at the same time of comfort, to those faithful soldiers of Christ who are striving to follow His steps, and "cheerfully to accomplish those things which He would have done," while labouring diligently in His vineyard; to such, wearied with the burden and heat of the day, the words—"the night is far spent, the day is at hand," are full of comfort. They proclaim that the day of toil is drawing to a close, and that soon the Master will return, and His faithful servants will be "safe home" with their Lord, all struggles against sin and the weaknesses of the flesh over.

No one can observe the course of public events without being convinced that the world is indeed hastening on to its end. With thankful hearts we are struck by the great increase of devotion and active zeal shewn by hundreds in the work of our Master's vineyard. To mention but one instance: Fifteen years ago it was comparatively rare that daily service and weekly Communion were to be met with in England; but now, *Deo Gratias*, the change is indeed great. It is rare now, even in the smallest town, not to hear the church bell calling those who value the privilege of daily prayer to come to God's house, and there unite in offering their daily prayers and thanksgivings to Him who has overwhelmed us with His goodness.

Let one word of warning be offered to those to whom this privilege of daily prayer is afforded, but who habitually neglect it. We speak not to those whose ordinary duties prevent their attendance at daily service, but to those who can spare the time, and, either from indolence, indifference, or mere thoughtlessness, never avail themselves of this great privilege. To these we would say, "The night is far spent, and the day, is at hand." And what



excuse can you offer to your Lord when He asks—"What, could ye not watch with Me one hour?" Remember Keble's words,—

"Rouse from your beds of sloth for shame."

And, above all, recollect that our Lord Himself "left us an ensample that we should follow His steps;" and we constantly read of His going with His disciples to the synagogues at the appointed hours of prayer.

But while, with grateful hearts, we return thanks for the increase of devotion shewn in the many who are found willing to give themselves to their Master's cause by working hard in dark lanes and alleys, either as clergymen, lay helpers, sisters of mercy or district visitors, who are willing to lay down their lives at their Master's feet, and devote "body, soul, and spirit" to loving work for His service; we see at the same time, with sadness, the rapid strides which Infidelity is taking. Many hundreds who have formerly lived in indifference, now openly avow their infidel opinions and their scorn of those truths which before they have merely ignored. This again seems to tell us that the time is at hand for our Lord's return, when He will separate the wheat from the tares. So let us, therefore, take every opportunity of joining in those additional services which the Church offers at this holy Advent-tide, and let us offer up fervent intercessions for all who are wandering far from the fold of Christ. And let us not forget to use more strict self-examination, and search our own consciences, whether we have made any real progress since Lent, when probably we made many resolutions to live a stricter and a higher life, endeavouring to do all things in the name of Jesus, and for His sake. Let us now, in this Advent-tide, ask ourselves, how have we kept our resolutions?

## CHRISTMAS BELLS.

HARK! how the Christmas Bells

Peal in glad mirth,  
Telling us yet again  
Of our Lord's birth;

While through the frosty night,  
Brighter, and still more bright,  
Stars shed their twinkling light  
Far o'er the earth.

Sweet are the messages

Christmas Bells bring,  
For rich and poor alike,  
Gladly they ring.

"Hope," to the sad they say,  
"For Christ was born to-day,  
Cast all your care away  
Praises to sing."

They to the weary speak  
Of rest at last,  
And whisper how they may  
Their burdens cast

On Him who, for our sake,  
Did our weak nature take,  
That we might joyful wake  
When death is past.

Brightly the Christmas Bells

Ring in sweet chime,  
Telling of peace and love  
At this glad time.

And joyful voices sound,  
Where thankful hearts abound,  
And praises echo round  
From every clime.

Then, O ye Christmas Bells,  
Ever increase

With your sweet welcome tones—  
Love, joy, and peace;  
Clearer, and yet more clear,  
Let us your message hear,  
Dearer, and yet more dear,  
Till time shall cease.

## FISHER DAN.

BY LOUISA E. DOBRÉE.

*(Concluded from page 285.)*

Dan preparing to rescue the fishermen.—(p. 312.)

**I**T was with a light heart that Fisher Dan set off for Evensong on St. Barnabas' Day. He had been to the early celebration in the morning, and had prayed very earnestly that God would accept his little offering that he would give this evening, and shew him a way in which he could thank Him for His goodness; for he always felt how great a blessing had been sent to him in the shape of the mission-chapel and Mr. Elyot's teaching.

The weather had changed very much during the day or two that had elapsed since my story opened; the heavens were dark with thick black clouds, and a strong

wind was blowing as the little chapel-bell rung for Evensong. The sound of the waves was heard roaring and surging, and the fishermen shook their heads and predicted squalls.

Mr. Elyot's sermon that night was a very short one; only a few simple words from the altar-steps, in which he exhorted his hearers to bear in mind the lessons which the festival they were commemorating, taught. His text was from the Gospel for the day; only a few words: "That ye love one another, as I have loved you." And Fisher Dan's face brightened as he listened attentively when the priest explained it,

and told them that by fulfilling this commandment, by helping each other, by sympathy, by acts of kindness and love, they were using to Christ's glory one of His most blessed gifts to them,—that of being able to follow His example in every sense of the word, by loving one another. And he told them how the word Barnabas signified "a son of consolation;" and how it was in the power of each to endeavour to be a "son of consolation;" how by acts of love, they could offer to God an offering which He would accept if done in His Name.

Fisher Dan dropped his offering into the alms-bag that evening with a thankful heart; for had not the sermon shewn him a way in which he could thank God, by following the command to love one another?

The storm had risen greatly during the evening, and when Fisher Dan went back to his cottage he saw a knot of people assembled on the beach, going up to them at once, a tale of distress was poured into his ear by every one. Two women were crying bitterly, wringing their hands, while the waves rushed up the beach in great swelling masses, tossed by the wind, which was sending them against the rock with great violence. The darkness was fast deepening, and as the clouds gathered over the angry sea, out in the distance near the headland of rock, they were almost losing sight of a little boat that the waves and wind were tossing like a nutshell. The husbands of the two women were in it; they had gone out in the morning, and that the boat was theirs there was no doubt of. Fisher Dan had met them going in the morning, and cautioned them against the weather, but they did not think it looked so bad as he did, and they had gone. They were two fishermen, and had lately, through Fisher Dan's influence, which was great—for they loved him much—been persuaded into going to the mission-chapel once or twice. To go out to them in a boat was nearly impossible, and Fisher Dan thought for a moment what could be done; he was the only man there that had not wife or children depending on his life, and his mind was quickly made up.

If he ran quickly along to the end of the curve of the beach with a very long rope, he might swim out to them, and they could draw it in from the shore.

The rope, of great thickness, was soon got, and he hurried round to the nearest point from where he could swim to the boat, the people following him, and the two women blessing him as he tied the rope round his waist tightly. There was not a man there who would not have gone had it not been for the wife or child, whose means of support would be gone with their life; and they tried to dissuade him from making such a perilous attempt, but it was useless. Amidst the howling wind and breaking waves there seemed almost a temporary lull; for a second, as he paused for a moment before he dashed in, passing his rough hand over his eyes, he prayed a short simple prayer, and quietly making the sign of the cross, with one look round to those on the shore, he swam out. He was a strong, hardy man, well-accustomed to the water; but his arms had hard work that night to do battle with the waves. Never for a moment did he flinch; with the cord girt round him he swam on through the cold, rough sea, which seemed every moment as if it would beat him under in its strength; striking himself against the rocks, almost blinded by the water in his eyes, he struggles manfully. The moon, which the dark clouds had almost hidden from sight, shed a light for a minute or two as they broke away from it, and he found he was near the boat. They had seen him also, and in an instant he had loosened the rope, and flung it to them. A wild, joyful shout broke from them, which even through the noisy tempest reached the ears of those on shore, sharpened as they are wont to be in moments of intense anxiety and suspense. Fisher Dan was almost worn out, but summoned all his remaining strength to attempt to reach the hands of the fishermen, who, by the moon's light, could faintly distinguish him; one instant more, and the clouds passed over the moon, all was darkness again; from the shore they were beginning to haul in the boat; the fishermen strained their eyes in the darkness

in the vain hope of reaching him, a great wave coming then almost upset the boat; and Fisher Dan, who in his bravery and love had risked his life for theirs, lost it that night, and the boat came back to the shore without him.

There was great grief among the people of Lynn Beach; everyone had loved the honest, kindly face of Fisher Dan, and now their love seemed doubled and trebled. Some days after, the body was cast up by the sea, and was buried tenderly and reverently in the churchyard which enclosed the old church.

It is the feast of St. Barnabas again; as the people are going to Evensong, into the church now restored and fit for the holy service of God, they pause instinctively, and some bring a flower to lay on the grave which they all love, and which is marked only by a simple cross, the work of the men whose life he saved who lies beneath it. On it are the words, carved rudely maybe, but by the honest hand of love,—

“FISHER DAN.”

“Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.”

## ADVENT HYMN.

## S. JOHN THE BAPTIST.

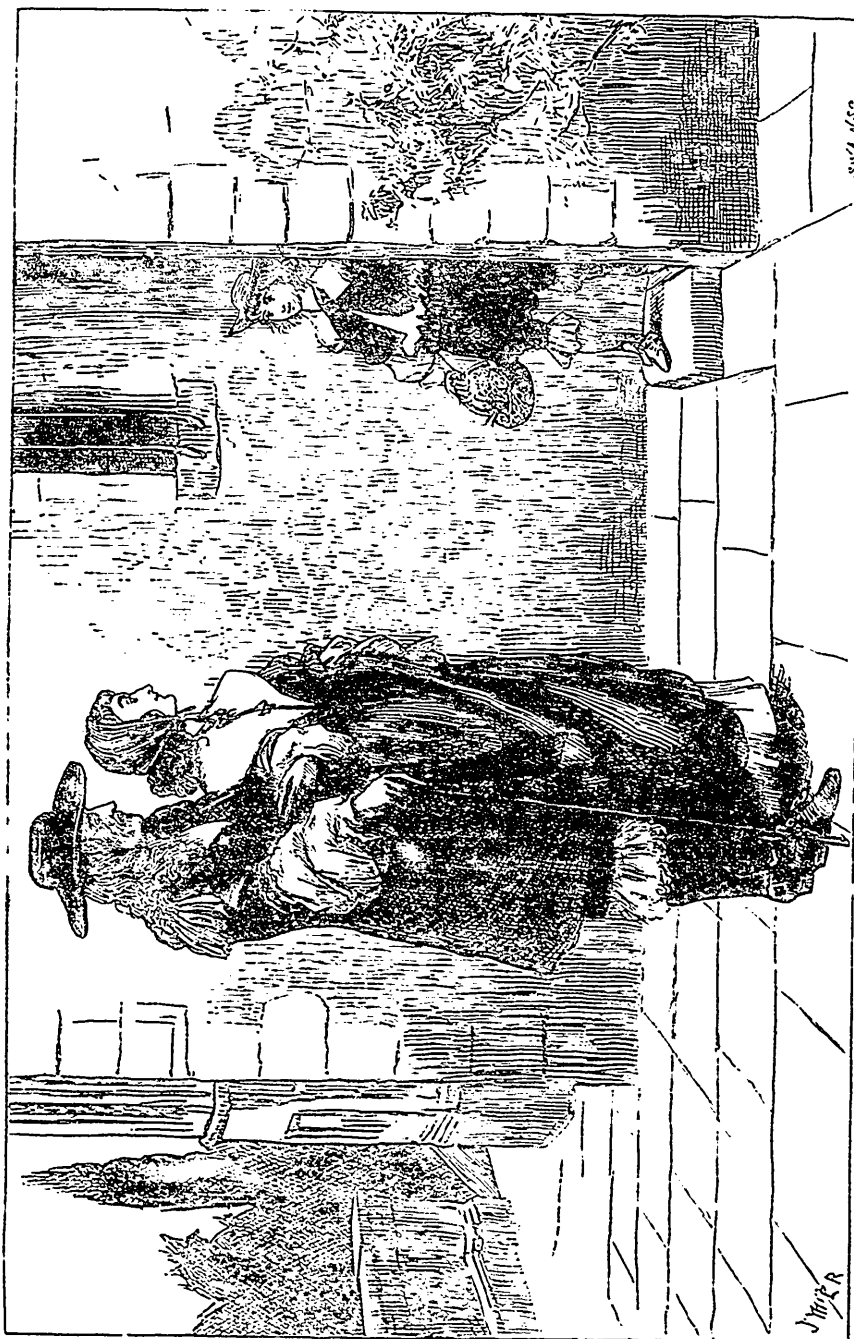
Awake! awake! why idly dozing,  
For fast the day of grace is closing  
Vouchsafed to man, while still benighted,  
He trod his weary way, unlighted  
As yet by Him, whom to proclaim  
The Baptist from the desert came.  
Elizabeth's singular son  
His rapid course had almost run,  
When in the Jordan's glowing stream,  
On One he gazed, so heavenly gleam  
Shone in full glory from above,  
The Light of the mysterious Dove,  
Descending on that form of earth,  
To show the Saviour's wonderful birth;  
While from the Eternal Gates was heard,  
A Voice declaring Him the Lord:  
The Baptist trembling gazed, for he  
Beheld the blessed Trinity.

Thus, deeply versed in ancient lore,  
To Christ, the Baptist witness bore:  
“He comes to bind the corn in sheaves,  
And purge the floor; the chaff He leaves  
To perish in consuming fire:  
A contrite heart He will require.”  
The marriage halls are opened wide,  
The Bridegroom waits; prepare the bride.  
Where are the guests in white arrayed,  
For whom the banquet has been laid?  
Why not to greet him do they move,  
In robes of faith, hope, truth, and love?  
Must the great Master send to seek,  
In highways, for the poor and weak  
To fill His courts; while those first hidden  
Disdain the message brought from heaven?

Long prophesied by bards of old,  
The glorious tidings John foretold,  
Contented to make straight the way,  
Yet not to see the marriage-day;  
Thus Moses from Mount Pisgah's height,  
He viewed the Promised Land in sight,  
But saw the battle scarce begun,  
Which made that kingdom Israel's own;  
‘Twas he to spread the appointed feast,  
Then stand aside, below the least,  
Nor would to it uncalled appear,  
With those most blessed who entered there.  
Enough for him to hear the Voice  
Of Christ the Bridegroom, and rejoice  
For them thought worthy to attend  
On One he served and called his Friend.

Glory to Thee, O God most high,  
Who with the words of prophecy,  
Hast taught Thy people here below  
Thy Majesty and will to know.  
Glory to Him, the eternal Theme,  
Which through the mystic pages beam,  
Of prophets here, while saints above  
For ever praise His matchless love.  
And glory to the Spirit blest,  
Who in their speech Himself confess;  
The promised Comforter who came  
In earthly form at once of flame:  
Glory to the Three in One,  
While everlasting years shall run.

L. J.



SAYRE & CO.

"Marmontel had a box of roses in his land, which he brought to his mother." (p. 315.)

J. M. R.

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

(Concluded from p. 298.)

### CHAPTER XXIII.

#### "POST TENEBRAS LUX."

"After the darkness, light!  
After the long, long night  
Of weeping, and lone watching, breaks the  
morn!" *E. D. Cross.*

IT was a summer Sunday evening in the year 1660. The terrace of Dering Hall was bright with roses, and the sweet scent of pinks and lilies came up from the garden below. The church bells were chiming for service, but their music generally continued for more than half-an-hour, so Sir Francis and Lady Audley were in no hurry to set forth, but wandered along arm-in-arm in the shade of the trees.

Those eleven years had left more traces on him than on her; he looked old and worn, but she was almost as young in appearance as ever, with a happy, contented look in her grey eyes. Tears were not far off, however, while she talked to her husband of the old days.

"To think that we are at home again, Frank! Every day it seems more impossible. When I look back—was ever woman more fortunate than I? I have had many adventures, but they have all ended happily. The most wonderful escape was your return from Worcester fight, and our crossing to France with the two babes."

"Ah! that was a night! Yes, we should be very thankful. If only Lady Kate was alive, to return to England and rejoice with us."

"My best and dearest friend! But I was with her at the last;—and after all, she is happy."

"I shall write to my Lord Newbury," said Frank, "and ask him to visit us here. Is it time to set forth? Here come the babes whom your ladyship mentioned but now."

Out of the side-door came a tall, fair, handsome boy of ten years old, in dark blue velvet and point lace, very like what

his father had been at his age. This was Marmaduke, the heir of Dering. He was followed by his sister Kate, a dark-eyed maiden of nine, who led with a protecting hand her youngest brother Charles, seven years old, a little boy born in France, his small, dark face and jet-black curls giving him a strong resemblance to his uncle, who had died for the King. Marmaduke had a basket of roses in his hand, which he brought to his mother.

"Master Shipley has brought these, with his respects to you, mother. I asked him to stay, that you might thank him, but he walked off as fast as he could go."

"Poor Mr. Shipley! he is very good," said Dorothy, looking up with a smile to her husband: he had long ago heard the story of Simon's unfortunate proposal, down in that very garden, as well as of all his Dolly's other troubles.

"Marmaduke and I will ride over to-morrow," he said, "and carry your thanks to him and his mother. It was well done of them to leave this house even before it was required, and these roses shew that they bear no malice. Run through the house, my boy, and leave them in the hall; your mother will not carry them with her to church."

Marmaduke obeyed, and came springing down the hall-door steps to join the others; they were now setting off on their way to church.

Dorothy Audley walked down the avenue between her husband and her eldest son, while the two younger children trotted along in front. Through the iron gates, which clanged back into their places with the old noise, across the green, and then along the village street, with many smiles of greeting from the people. Dorothy had only been at Dering a few weeks, and she was constantly being reminded of old times.

Could it be seventeen years since she walked through the village on Frank's arm, as she was doing now, to join in the

farewell service for Marmaduke and his troop! In those days she had cared for no one but Marmaduke—he and the King were her only heroes; now her husband, whom she loved with all her heart, was walking by her side, and the three bright children were looking up in her face; they saw Christopher in the distance, and wanted to run after him. She gave them leave, and they scampered on: when she and Frank overtook them, little Charles was on Christopher's lofty shoulder, and Kate was hanging round Adah, his fair, gentle little wife: her two great boys had gone on to the church; they were among the singers, and obliged to be in good time. The new Rector had already re-organized the services, and the church was beginning to be repaired after its long desolation. When Frank and Dorothy came up to the little group, Marmaduke was peeping through the hedge into a green field, where foundations were being dug out.

"Well, Christopher," said Sir Francis, "when will these alms-houses be finished, think you? Old Jasper is very anxious for his room."

"By next summer, sir, if the workmen have luck, and the frost be not too hard."

Dorothy and Adah, with little Kate, walked on together towards the church, while the knight and his bailiff followed with the boys. Lady Audley began to tell Mistress Wake about her brother's present of roses.

"Ah, poor Simon!" said Adah, with a little sigh; "he is glad to do you any pleasure, madam."

"I do not know what claim I have," said Dorothy. "Why does not your brother marry, Adah? It would be good both for himself and his mother."

"I cannot say, madam; but I think he never will."

The last bell was ringing as they passed into the shadow of the church. Dorothy took one of her younger children in each hand, and Marmaduke followed with his father: so they walked up the aisle and into their seat.

"Nil desperandum!" After flights, wanderings, perils, and sorrows,—years of absence and of tossing to and fro in the world,—the little lady of Dering was come back to her own house and her own church, to dwell in peace, honour, and safety for the rest of her life. And the Cause in which so much loyal blood had been shed and over which she had had so much cause to weep, was triumphant at last; the Royal Martyr's crown was on his son's head, and the good old cry of "Church and King" was heard once more in England.

\* \* \* \*

More than two hundred years have gone by since Francis Audley and Dorothy his wife ruled at Dering. But their house stands, just as it did then, with the terrace, the garden, and the avenue. You may even discern the Phoenix crest over the door, with the motto which cheered Dorothy through so much. And in the village, close by the church, there is a row of solid stone alms-houses, still the refuge of old people in those parts; with trim little gardens, and gay flowering-plants in the deep narrow windows. Over the centre archway, the words, "To the Glory of God," are deeply cut in a large block of stone; underneath are the initials "M. L. D. F. A.," curiously intertwined; and then the date "A.D. 1660."

Thus Marmaduke Lyne's plan was carried out by his sister and brother: and thus their three names are remembered to this day at Dering.

E. C. P.

THE process we call idealizing, in painting, is nothing more than a partial closing of the bodily eyes, and keeping the organs of the mental vision very fully opened. There is no distortion of facts, there is no addition of anything contrary to nature.

The effect is but like that of a still autumn day on even the meanest landscape, hiding part in a tender mist, and gilding the rest with a golden radiance; but mist, and atmosphere, and sunshine are all *natural* influences.

## IRENE; OR, HOW CAN I HELP OTHERS?

## CHAPTER I.

"Raise thy repining eyes, and take true measure  
Of thine eternal treasure;  
The Father of thy Lord can grudge thee nought,  
The world for thee was bought,  
And as this landscape broad—earth, sea, and sky,—  
All centres in thine eye,  
So all God does, if rightly understood,  
Shall work thy final good."

*Christian Year.*

**A**EW, I think, who have ever visited Lucerne, can forget the loveliness of its scenery.

There is so much beauty everywhere in Switzerland, but at Lucerne both grandeur and beauty are combined. No one, I should think, could fail to be struck with the grand beauty of Mount Pilatus, rising above the lake of liquid blue, so clear but yet so deep.

To those happy people who are possessed with a poetical mind, the lake and Mount Pilatus might symbolize two characters that are sometimes met with in this world. Mount Pilatus might remind such of one who gloried in his strength, and yet gloried not too much; one who was ever ready to protect and help the weak in the great fight of life; one whose aim was ever to keep the "end in view," and therefore never stooped to waste his talents on the passing shadows, but ever grasped the substance. In the soft liquid blue of the lake one may think of a very different character, and yet not one to be despised, because so different; one whose "lines" are, indeed, laid in "pleasant places," scattering sweetness and love all around.

But now I must come to my story, the scene of which is laid in a little chalet that looks down on the Lake of Lucerne, a very quiet, picturesque chalet. I daresay many people who have visited Lucerne, have never even observed it, as it stands half-hidden by the trees. It is of the inhabitants of this house that I am going to tell you; very quiet, unpretending people they are; so if you want exciting stories I must refer you to novels. I want to try

and initiate you into one of those lives that are lived every day, that pass before our very eyes, and yet we discern not the beauty of those unobtrusive lives of unselfishness that some day we shall fully understand. The sun is casting its parting rays into the windows of this little chalet; let us also look in and see what can be seen.

A small room, plainly furnished; the first thing which strikes one is a sofa in the corner of the room, on which is lying a girl apparently of fifteen years of age. There is nothing striking in her appearance. A small pale face, calm grey eyes, and massive coils of dark brown hair, which was pushed back from her temples. She was lying there all alone; she seemed to be expecting some one, for every now and then she would raise herself slightly to look at the wooden clock on the chimney-piece. Soon after this, the door was opened, and a young man entered and quickly made his way to the sofa, to meet the joyous look of welcome that seemed to light up the pale face of the young girl.

"My Schwesterchen, how glad am I to see you again!"

"Ah, yes! and I to see you also, Cyril, dear. I want to hear your day's adventures, and how you found the old man; you are at liberty," she added wistfully.

"Yes, dear, I am at your service for the rest of the evening. I was so glad I went to see the old man, Irene; it seems a hard case. He is an Englishman, and had one little girl, who was so delicate the doctors ordered her abroad; he brought her here, but the journey was too much for her, and she died a few days ago, and now he is ill himself."

"Ah, Cyril, you always take comfort wherever you go! I do so wish I could do something to help others too, instead of lying here all day long doing nothing."

"Nothing," said Cyril, playfully, "what is this?" (touching a work-basket which was close by her side, and which he knew was full of work for the poor of his flock,



of whom he was the assistant Pastor.) "Is this nothing?"

"Oh," said Irene, blushing, "I was thinking, if only I could write a story it might help somebody."

"So it would, little one;" and a sad look crossed her brother's face, which made Irene ask anxiously what was the matter.

"I am rather anxious," he said, "about that poor old man; he seems so full of earthly things, and whenever I try to speak to him on higher matters, he attempts to change the subject."

Irene did not answer at once. She knew too well, from being so much with Cyril, the anxieties of a pastor's life.

"Shall you be able to take me to the cemetery to-morrow?" she said at length.

"No! I am so sorry, but I promised the old man to take him something he thought he should fancy to-morrow. I could not bear to deary him for my own pleasure; but Rolf will take you, little one."

It was a severe disappointment to Irene, for owing to an accident in her childhood, she was unable to walk at all, and going to the cemetery with Cyril was her weekly pleasure, for there lay the earthly remains of her parents.

## CHAPTER II.

"In little things of common life,  
There lies the Christian's noblest strife,  
When he does conscience make  
Of every thought and throb within,  
And words and looks of self and sin  
Crushes for Jesus' sake."

*Monsell.*

THE next day, when Cyril went to see the old man, Irene lay on the sofa, waiting patiently for the afore-mentioned "Rolf." She had not long to wait, for a knock at the door was heard, and on her saying, "Come in," a tall middle-aged man entered.

"I hope I have not kept you waiting. I was detained by Cyril on the way; but it is now getting late. Are you ready?"

"Oh, yes!" said Irene; and he gently lifted her off the sofa, and carried her in his strong arms to the little wheeled carriage that was at the door; it was not long before they reached the cemetery, and

Rolf had wheeled the little carriage close to her parents' grave.

It was a beautiful June day, and the lake was very still and clear, with all the different lights and shades. Irene never cared to talk much when she was at the cemetery. Cyril knew this, and never urged her to do so.

Rolf was an old friend of their father and mother's: Mr. and Mrs. Graham had both died of a fever that was prevalent in Finelen, when Cyril and Irene were both very young, and they had appointed Rolf as their children's guardian. Rolf was the pastor of Lucerne, and Cyril assisted him.

Irene often said to Cyril she could not understand Rolf, "he looked so grave and stern;" she was, in fact, rather afraid of him, and on the day of which I have been speaking, neither she nor Rolf felt inclined to begin a conversation.

At last Rolf spoke; "Cyril has been telling me that you think of writing a story, can I in any way assist you?"

Irene did not answer at once, but at last she said, "I have been wanting to write a story very much, as I thought perhaps it might help others; and it seems to me I lead such a useless life," she added, half-timidly.

"It is a blessed thing indeed, dear child, to help others," said Rolf, gravely. "We are all members of a large family, and we must try all we can to alleviate the wants and sorrows of others; but don't be vexed with me, if I say this: Can we only help others by writing stories? I believe from my heart," he continued, "that God may indeed bless a story, if written with an eye to His glory alone, but surely there are many in this wide world who have helped others, and yet have not written stories at all; verifying Tennyson's words, 'Kind hearts are more than coronets, and simple faith than Norman blood!' But don't think I am hard-hearted," he added, seeing Irene's grave face, "but believe that I have your interests more at heart than I think you know; great sorrow that darkened my early youth has made me seem grave and stern, but I don't wish to be so; I know you have thought so sometimes."

"I am so sorry you should have thought so," said Irene, colouring.

"Long experience has made me quick-sighted," he said, smiling; "but I have often wished to help you, but refrained, for fear you would not like it."

"Oh! I should be very glad," said Irene, warmly; "but what could I do to help others? you see I cannot walk."

"No, dear child, you cannot; but there are many ways in which you can help. When Cyril comes back wearied, could you not throw yourself more entirely into his interests? Or could you not have a class of little ones, to teach for the Master and in the Master's name. It has often made my heart ache to see the many little children whom one might call the 'waifs and strays' of this large town, who have not the means of attending the Sunday Schools in the neat dress of the higher classes. But I don't wish to give you a lecture; pardon me if I speak my mind too freely!"

"Oh, no," said Irene, impulsively, "I like it so much; it had never occurred to me I could help in this way; it is certainly much more satisfactory than writing a story, for—"

"Yes," said Rolf, "but have you never thought of the responsibility that rests upon us every day of our lives when we say 'Thy kingdom come'? We must act out that prayer by God's help in our daily life, we must try to hasten that blessed kingdom by doing all we can to bring others to serve and love our dear Lord who has done so much for us. But now it is getting dark, and you must be going home."

"Thank you so very much," said Irene warmly. "I will not forget what you have said."

Rolf wheeled her little carriage home, and then, finding Cyril had not returned, set out to meet him.

After Rolf had left her Irene lay on her little sofa, and thought much on what he had said. She felt how true it was, and an earnest prayer went up to her heavenly Father for grace and strength to carry out her resolutions.

She resolved to strive more to be un-

selfish, and to give up her will to others. Her thoughts were interrupted by the door being thrown open, and Cyril coming hurriedly in.

"What is it, Cyril dear?" said Irene, breathlessly; "is the poor old man worse?"

"No, he is better; but the doctor says he must be moved, to the cottage in which he is at present is so associated with the death of his child, that he may probably die if he is not moved at once; and there is nowhere else to move him to but here; the doctor says there is no infection."

"Is he coming, then?" asked Irene.

"It depends on you, my darling; he has no friend whatever."

"Tell him he will find a welcome here."

"God bless you, dearest," said her brother, warmly,—and he was gone.

For a moment Irene could hardly breathe, it seemed so sudden. And it was a real sacrifice to her to give a willing consent; for she knew that if the old man recovered, their home must be his, and where would be all the cosy evenings alone with Cyril?

But then Cyril's last words came back to her, and she thought how little it was, after all, to do for her divine Lord, who had died on the Cross for her, and who had said, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me;" and when she heard the wheels of the carriage that brought to her door the homeless stranger, she was ready to give a hearty welcome.

Much more need not be said. Irene's name has not yet appeared in print, nor will, I think, ever do so. And if you mix in the fashionable society at Lucerne, you will not hear of her there: but if you go and visit some of the poor Swiss peasants you will hear there of the self-denying life, of the warm, loving sympathy that is poured forth at every tale of sorrow. And if you visit the chalet, you will see who is the life of the poor feeble old man, who can scarcely stir from his chair by the increasing infirmities of old age.

And now my story must draw to a close; but if it has made any of my readers think how they can also help others, it will have gained its end; for surely the older and wiser we grow the more we find that it is indeed "more blessed to give than to receive."

# THE CHILDREN'S CORNER.

## AT THE FOOT OF THE CROSS.

BLESSED Cross, before thee kneeling  
Is an infant form most fair,  
With her blue-eyes turned to heaven,  
And her hands upraised in prayer.

Scanty garments clothe her figure,  
Weak and faltering is her tone,  
Yet it reacheth unto heaven,  
Borne like incense to the throne.

"Jesus, tender Shepherd, I am quite alone;  
No one here to love me, and no food, no home;  
But dear mother told me when she should be  
dead,  
I was to ask Jesus for my daily bread;  
And, although I do not quite know what to say,  
Help me, O my Saviour, for to Thee I pray."

Thus she prayed, that tender infant,  
Kneeling on the grassy sod,  
Near a cross of purest marble,  
With her hands upraised to God.

In a pauper's grave beside her  
Lay the mother gone before;  
Kneeling near the cross the child felt  
Nearer the eternal shore.

Precious child, the Saviour hears you,  
Full of pity, love, and care;  
And He sends you, in His mercy,  
Speedy answer to your prayer.

And behind a lofty tombstone,  
Clad in mourning-garments sad,—  
Stands a lady weeping sorely  
For the loved who made her glad.

Striving amidst all her sorrow  
With faith's eye to look above;  
And behold them in their glory,  
These the children of her love.

Then she hears the childish accents  
Of the little one in prayer,  
Who the Lord has sent another  
Tender lamb who needs her care.

Gently steps from her concealment,  
And before the child she stands,  
While with look and tone most tender  
She obeys her Lord's commands.

"Come to me, my precious darling,  
God-sent gift from heaven above;  
Come and cheer me in my sorrow,  
Know again a mother's love."

"Jesus, then, has sent you to me,"  
Said the child with trustful look;  
"He does give to all who trust Him,  
It is written in His Book."

"Yes, my child, to me He giveth  
Yet another child to bless,  
Still another flower to cherish  
On life's weary wilderness."

"Mother said I was to thank Him,  
For she knew He'd hear my prayer:"  
Once again her childish accents  
Floated on the summer air.

And the angels sang in heaven  
Many a sweet and joyful song,  
While they played upon their harp-strings,  
As the sound came floating on.

Came into the child's heart straightway,  
Nestling like the holy dove;  
Sweetest peace, and joy, and gladness,  
God's sweet Spirit from above.

Then she gave her hand most gladly  
To the lady standing there,  
Who caressed her, stroking fondly  
Back her bright and golden hair.

Thus they left the sacred precincts  
Of the holy, peaceful dead;  
Hand in hand began the journey  
Which henceforth they were to tread.

Are we learning the deep lesson,  
Taught us in this infant's prayer,  
At the Cross's foot oft pleading,  
Finding what the child found there?

If, like her, we go to Jesus;  
If, like her, we trust indeed;  
Then, like her, we shall be answered,  
And "find help in time of need."

ANNIE PRESTON.

## CHRISTMAS.

HOY and thanksgiving, peace and goodwill, are the watchwords with which Christmas is heralded; we can almost fancy, as we listen to the merry chimes that usher in the day, that this is the burden of their tones, the message they would fain convey to those who hear them. "Peace on earth," was the message of the angels to the shepherds that first Christmas Eve, and the remembrance of those words comes home to us each year, when we joyfully celebrate the coming of the Christ-Child into the world, and meditate on the benefits that have accrued to us from it; and not to us alone, but to all the generations that have since then come and passed away, and all those still to follow. Each year the sweet story of Bethlehem falls anew on the ears of little children, who love to have it told and re-told until they know it well—the wondrous story, old, and yet ever new. The story of the Infant Jesus, who was cradled in the stable, because there was no room in the inn for Him who was the Saviour of the world; the story which is so simple in its details that it calls forth the sympathies of the youngest child, and that is yet so overwhelming in its perfection of love and of self-sacrifice, that a long lifetime is not long enough to comprehend its full depth and meaning. Perhaps those who have passed beyond the veil of separation between this world and the next, can

now understand more fully the height and depth of that Love that passeth all understanding. Many there are who have thus passed away since last year's Christmas peal was rung: old and young, the rich and the poor, have alike been gathered in by the great Reaper—Death. To us who remain, who are allowed to see the close of another year, is there not a solemn tone echoing from out the gay chiming, apart from it, and yet forming part of it; an echo that seems to speak to our hearts of the uncertainty of the length of the time remaining to any one of us, an echo that urges us to redeem the time—the time present—that we may yet call our own? And how may we best do this, how better than by taking, each one to himself, the Christmas message of peace and goodwill, and prayerfully striving to carry out its teaching through the year that is now opening upon us? For this end we may make the words of the Collect for Christmas Day our own, and pray humbly and heartily that we may "be renewed by the Holy Spirit of God," which shall daily conform us more and more to the image of Christ our Saviour, Who brought peace into the world, Who is Himself the Prince of Peace, and the impersonation of Love so pure and holy, that the least shadow of it falling upon us, would make us to abound in works of good-will and loving-kindness towards all around us. CRUX.

## THE SECOND ADVENT.

"So lay the Pilgrim down,  
Set thou his feet, and face, and closed eyes  
Where they may meet the golden-raying crown  
Of Christ's own great sunrise."—*Bishop of Derry.*

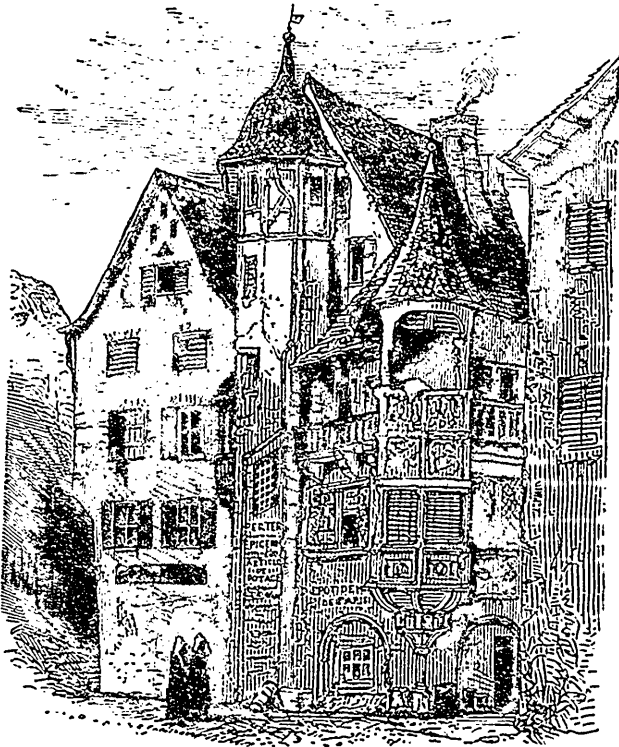
As the green churchyard, where the summer sun  
Floods with its genial beams the peaceful graves,  
Set me towards the East, that my fond eyes  
May note the signs which herald Christ's approach:  
The crimson hues of dawn—the parting clouds—  
The lightning flashed across the firmament—  
And then that sudden blaze, that wondrous sight,  
When He, the Sun of Righteousness, shines forth.  
Set me towards the East, that my quick ears  
May listen for the soft, faint strains of praise  
Borne from angelic hosts athwart the sky,  
And hear the distant murmur of the woeels,

Which warns me that His chariot is at hand.  
Set me towards the East, that my swift feet,  
Quickened by His great love, may start to life,  
And run to meet Him, when He comes on earth;  
Nor lose a moment in their eager haste  
To honour Him, the everlasting Lord.  
Set me towards the East, that I may rise  
Waked by the bright effulgence of the Lamb,  
Waked by His dazzling glory from the tomb,  
And may, as Lazarus of old-adoze,  
With loving heart my Saviour, and my God.

WADSWARD.

## THE ANTIQUARY'S NOTE-BOOK.

LX.—OLD HOUSE IN COLMAR.



**C**OLMAR, in Alsace, anciently the second city of the Decapolis, now contains about 20,000 inhabitants, most of them being engaged in manufacture. Here the upland pastures surrounding the place are left comparatively deserted, the people, as in some parts of England, turning towards the great towns. In Cæsar's time, Elsäss, or Alsace, was inhabited by Celtic tribes called Rauraci, Tribocci, and Nemetes. These were pushed into remote districts, or swallowed up by the wave of Alemannian invasion, at the time when the power of Rome began to decline. The Alemanni had to accept the domination of the Franks in A.D. 496. The name of Elsäss occurs

in the seventh century, united with the Frank empire as an Austrasian duchy. It was divided into the Nordgau, and the Sundgau, one under the ecclesiastical rule of the Bishop of Strasbourg, and the other under the Bishop of Basel. The powerful family of Eticho gave dukes to the province in the seventh century, whose descendants afterwards occupied a great part of the country, as vassal counts. By the treaty of Verdun, Elsäss formed a part of the Lotharingian empire, but by Lothair II. was given as a separate duchy to his natural son Hugo, after whom the Etichos or Athics, the supposed ancestors of Rudolf of Habsburg, bore sway. It seems afterwards to have been connected with the

duchy of Alemannia, but the dukes appear to have had less power here than elsewhere. In 1460 the province became Burundian, having been pledged to Charles the Bold by Duke Sigismund. Its modern history is too well known: the last stage being its transference to Germany after the recent great war.

The Minster at Colmar is of fourteenth-century work, Flamboyant in style. The western doors are very finely carved; while the tall lancet-windows of the choir, filled with good old glass, are remarkable. The nave is bare; the southern tower un-

finished. Equally interesting is the architecture of the Dominican Convent. The town owns a museum of considerable interest, for statuary, church-plate, mediæval curiosities, Flemish pictures, coins, and medals. The house represented in the accompanying engraving is a fine specimen of Domestic architecture of the fifteenth century, in which several pretty foreign features, as, for example, the stair-turret with an over-hanging capped spirolet, and a well-designed wooden balcony, are amongst the prettiest and most characteristic points of interest.

DE Q.

### OLD CHRISTMAS.

MANY hundred years, with their hopes and fears,  
O'er my ice-crowned head have passed,  
Since a glorious Child in the manger smiled,  
Where His earthly lot was cast;  
In a halo bright, on that joyous night,  
I appeared, at first, to men,  
With a dawning grace on my infant face,  
There was no *old* Christmas then.

On the hills and plains not a soul remains  
Of those who had watched my birth,  
They have passed away from the light of day,  
They sleep in the quiet earth;  
But all through their time, in my early prime,  
I came with my golden hair;  
Now they would not know, in the Yule-tide glow,  
The Christmas they deemed so fair.

Now my locks are white and mine eyes less bright,  
Yet my strength can never fail,  
For my voice alone, in its thrilling tone,  
May repeat the wondrous tale,

First by mortals heard, through the angels' word,  
In the ages long ago,  
And my heart is bold if my frame is old,  
My step is light on the snow.

I am here again in my peaceful reign,  
My work has been always blest,  
I have hushed the strife of each stormy life,  
I give to the weary rest;  
When to those in grief ye have brought relief,  
When ye pray for them a prayer,  
When ye dry a tear, when ye soothe a fear,  
Be sure I am with you there.

God bless you all, my Christian friends,  
The times are waxing late,  
Keep my high behest till a Christmas Guest  
Shall stand before your gate;  
My mission will cease when the Prince of Peace  
Descends on the earth again,  
Through eighteen hundred years and more,  
I have come, in joy or pain,  
To tell you the wondrous tale of old,  
So I have not lived in vain.

H. S.

### THE HOLY INNOCENTS.

"And the streets of the city shall be full of boys and girls playing in the streets thereof."—Zech. viii. 4.

Come, ye Saints, come raise your anthem,  
Sweet your lyres, angelic throng;  
Come, ye faithful, come and utter  
Joyfully your sweetest song.

Lift your earth-born gaze to heaven,  
See the saintly bands above,  
Who for Christ, the world despising,  
Gave up all for His dear love.

See them young and old united,  
Men and women, rich and poor;  
And among them little children,  
Playing on the golden floor.

Whence came ye, ye happy children,  
Waving each your martyr palm?  
All so sooth did storms oppress you,  
That so soon ye rest in calm!

And the gladsome answer echoes,  
"Jesus brought us to His home;  
Though we knew not Him we witnessed,  
Now we rest where storms ne'er come.


"Now around the heavenly altar,  
In our infant sports we play;  
Now we sing our childish praises  
Through the never-ending day."

See them, children, hear their voices,  
When you shrink from pain or loss,  
When in anger, fret, or sorrow,  
Ye would throw away your Cross.

All unconscious, ye may honour,  
Like the Innocents, your Lord:  
Then, unconscious, ye may follow,  
And attain to their reward.

H. R. J.

## SYMBOLS OF CHRIST IN THE GOSPEL OF ST. JOHN.

 HE last of the Evangelists, writing many years after the others, applies himself more to setting forth the doctrine taught by Christ, than describing the mere facts of His life on earth. Thus he omits all detail connected with our Lord's birth and early years, announcing merely the fact, that "the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us." In this Gospel only is the doctrine of Christ's Divine nature set forth positively and dogmatically, giving the clue to the intention of the whole book: "that ye might believe on the Name of the Son of God, and that, believing, ye might so have life through Him."

St. John was evidently of a more contemplative turn of mind than the other Evangelists, and where they are content to record Christ's parables and miracles with little comment, his closer and more affectionate intercourse with their Divine Author seems to have given him a deeper insight into spiritual things. "None," says Origen, "can rightly read St. John, who has not lain with him on Jesus' breast." In order to adapt the mysteries of God in some measure to man's finite comprehension, it is necessary to make use of "earthly things with heavenly meanings;" and in these representations, called "symbols," the Gospel of St. John abounds more than any other; that of "the Word," is used by this writer alone.

We shall take the symbols in detail, as they occur in the course of the Gospel; noticing, that some are used by our Lord of Himself, others by the Evangelist only, and others by both.

The book opens with a symbolical expression, "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God." That something more than the mere commandment or law of God is here meant, is evident not only from the employment of the personal pronoun in the 3rd verse, "All things were made by Him," but from the 14th, "the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us." There

was but one, Being to whom these words could apply—the only-begotten Son of God, who became man for our sakes. (Luke i. 35.)

The description of Wisdom in the 8th chapter of Proverbs is very similar to the opening passage of St. John, and has probably the same meaning. Our Lord never applies the expression "Word of God" to Himself, though we may trace a paraphrase of it in His address to the Pharisees: "Him whom the Father hath sanctified, and sent into the world." The Jews were constantly taught in their synagogues that the "Word of God" was the same as God, and that by the Word all things were made. Only that which they knew not was, that this Word was made flesh, and that the Word made flesh was Jesus Christ. He is called the "Word," because God hath spoken to us by Him (Heb. i. 1), and has directed us to hear Him (Matt. xvii. 5). As a man makes known his thoughts and intentions by his word or speech, so is Christ the Interpreter of God's will towards us.

Closely connected with this symbol is another—that of light. By comparing verses 3 and 10, the one assigning the office of Creator of the world to the Word, the other to the Light, we see that both symbols indicate the same Divine Being. Our Lord also frequently styles Himself the "Light of the World" (John viii. 12; ix. 5; xi. 35). In the material world, the creation of light was the first step towards bringing order out of chaos; so, at the time when the Sun of Righteousness arose upon the spiritual world, "darkness covered the earth, and gross darkness the people;" the Gentiles were sunk in cruelty and licentiousness under the name of religion, and the Jews had superseded the pure law of their God by countless human traditions. Then the true Light appeared—first of all as the Star out of Jacob, offering His rays to His own chosen people. But as the most brilliant light is of no use to a blind man, or to one who wilfully shuts his eyes,

so the Jews, with few exceptions, rejected every opportunity of believing on the Son of God. The miracles which brought healing and conviction to the faithful, were wrought in vain for the obstinate and unbelieving. Then the priests and Pharisees sought to quench the Spirit of Israel in blood, and flattered themselves that they had succeeded, when the scarcely-acknowledged "Son of God" was found subject to death as the "Son of Man." But not for long could the darkness of the tomb extinguish the "Light of the World;" bursting forth with fresh splendour, He rises as the "Sun of Righteousness, with healing in His wings." His Gospel is now to be preached to every creature under heaven, causing the rays of truth to penetrate into the darkest corners of the earth.

Christ is a light to the individual conscience of each believer, by purifying and assisting the light of natural reason, originally bestowed upon him by God; by directing him when he prays for guidance; and above all, by brightening his path through the dark valley, which must be trodden by each child of man, on his way to eternal sunshine.

The next symbol which attracts our attention, is that of the brazen serpent. "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up." (John iii. 14, 15.) Had we not found this expression applied by our Lord to Himself, a serpent is the very last figure under which we should have looked for a type of Him, Venomous, malicious, the image of all evil,—how could there be any similitude to the meek and lowly Jesus? Yet in the command given to Moses, and subsequently commented upon by our Saviour, we may learn the important lesson, "All things work together for good to those that love God." The suffering, fever-stricken Israelite, crawling to the foot of the brazen serpent, had but to look upon the image of that which caused his pain, to be at once reminded of his sin, and eased of its sting: thus, as we raise our eyes to the crucified Saviour, we see in the same moment the reflection of our sins which

pierced Him, and the stream of blood which He sheds to wash them away.

"Thy precious things, whate'er they be,  
That haunt and vex thee, heart and brain,  
Look to the Cross, and thou shalt see  
How thou mayest turn them all to gain."

We now come to one of the most important types or symbols, used not only by St. John, but several other sacred writers,—the "Lamb of God." Though the actual words occur only in one passage of this Gospel—ch. i. 29, 36,—the idea is so carried throughout Scripture, as to justify the expression elsewhere used by the Apostle, "The Lamb slain from the foundation of the world." (1 Cor. xiii. 8.)

It has been conjectured that the skins which formed the first clothing of Adam and Eve were taken from animals slaughtered in sacrifice, and that God thus gave the promise, and taught the necessity, of an atonement, immediately on the entrance of sin into the world. The lamb would thus suggest a double type: the blood representing the precious stream which Christ shed for us, and the clothing, the robe of righteousness with which He provides all who trust in Him. (See Matt. xxii. 11, compared with Rev. vii. 14.) But whether this be so or not, we are certainly told of sacrifices very shortly after the Fall, when Abel "brought of the firstlings of his flock, an offering to the Lord." (Gen. iv. 4.) A lamb, on account of its innocence and spotlessness, continued to be the favourite offering up to the time of the Passover, when a positive command regulated the ceremony. And here we pause to remark the various points which made the Paschal lamb a special type of Christ.

It was to be without blemish. (Exod. xii. 5.)—Christ was without spot of sin. (1 Pet. i. 19; Heb. vii. 26.)

A male of the first year.—Christ was put to death at the age of thirty-three, the very flower of His Manhood.

The lamb is brought to the slaughter without resistance or remonstrance. (Isa. liii. 7.)—Christ answered not a word to all the accusations brought against Him. (Matt. xxvii. 12—14; John xix. 9.)

The feast was kept at the beginning of



the Jewish year.—Christ was put to death at the same time. (Luke xxii. 1, 2.)

They were to be specially careful not to break a bone of the lamb. (Exod. xii. 46.)

—This was fulfilled when Jesus was spared the additional torture inflicted on the two malefactors. (John xix. 33, 36.)—It was to be eaten in *one* house; the flesh not divided or carried abroad. May we not see in this an allusion to the one, perfect, and all-sufficient sacrifice of Christ, in contradistinction to the daily and hourly sacrifices offered up in the ancient Jewish Church?

We have purposely left to the last the most important point of resemblance,—the effect of the blood in causing the destroying angel to pass over the houses where it was seen. The author of the Epistle to the Hebrews expatiates at great length on the symbolical meaning of blood in relation to the pardon of sin. (Heb. ix. 11, 22.) But not only at the great feast of the Passover were the believing Israelites reminded of the "Lamb of God," to whom all their prophets pointed. Daily upon the altar, morning and evening, were two lambs offered, and no greater punishment for national sin and disobedience could be held out, than the "taking away of the daily sacrifice." (Dan. xi. 31; xii. 11.) When, therefore, the Jews saw their temple and city destroyed by a heathen power, and their form of worship apparently abolished for ever, it ought to have been a sign to them that the Messiah so long foreshewn by types and shadows had indeed come, when the sceptre departed from Judah; and had they believed Moses and the Prophets, they would have recognized Him in the person of the despised Jesus of Nazareth.

Christ is called "the Lamb of God" because He is appointed by Him, (Rom. iii. 25.) He was devoted to Him (John xvii. 11), and He was accepted by Him: in Him the Father was well-pleased. The lot which fell on the goat that was to be offered for a sin-offering, was called the Lord's lot. (Lev. xvi. 8, 9.) So Christ, who was to make atonement for sin, is called the "Lamb of God."

The temple, used by our Lord as a sym-

bol of Himself, so offended the Jews, that they brought His own words as evidence against Him at His trial. St. John alone records the speech as Jesus made it, SS. Matthew and Mark incidentally, in their account of the trial, the latter, however, more fully. "We heard Him say, I will destroy this temple made with hands, and within three days I will build another made without hands." It shews the bitter animus of the Jews against Him, that such a speech should have been brought before the Sanhedrim as, an accusation. They had just seen His wonderful work at Cana in changing water into wine, symbolizing that the shadowy ceremonials of the Jewish Law were now to give way to the rich realities of the Gospel; they might therefore have believed in His power to fulfil His words literally. But when three years passed, and He made no attempt to interfere with their temple or worship, they might have supposed, if they remembered the speech at all, that it had a figurative meaning. The Apostles frequently speak of *our* bodies as temples, especially after the descent of the Holy Ghost upon the Church. (1 Cor. vi. 19, iii. 16.) Sometimes the word is applied to individuals, to remind them of the great privileges received in baptism; sometimes to the Church in general, as a magnificent building consecrated to the Lord. (Eph. ii. 20, 21.) But Christ's Body was a temple in a higher sense; it was built by immediate divine direction, "a body hast Thou prepared Me," (Heb. x. 5.) From the first moment of His human existence, God the Holy Ghost abode continually with Him, (Luke i. 35.) As the Temple was the place where the true Israelites presented their prayers and praises before God, so Christ is the medium of intercourse between His Father and His people. (1 Tim. ii. 5.)

His death was shortly followed by the literal destruction of the Jewish Temple and worship, and out of their ruins arose, figuratively, the Christian Church.

Our Lord's discourse on the Bread of Life (John vi.) is full of symbolism, of a rather obscure kind. It seems to have been His practice to speak to the Jews in "words hard to be understood," knowing

that they were judicially blinded, and would only have perverted the very plainest addresses into accusations against Him, (John xii. 39, 40; Matt. xiii. 14, 15.)

But even to His disciples He seems on this occasion to have vouchsafed no direct explanation. It may be, that the great mystery, of the *manner* in which we "eat the flesh of the Son of Man, and drink His blood," which has caused so much controversy in the Church, was purposely left in obscurity, to try the faith of her children. In the great day, when the secrets of all hearts shall be revealed, it may be found that many who were looked upon as unenlightened, had a clear and humble conception of the great truth, while those who proudly brought the stores of human learning to bear upon it, will be rebuked for their presumption and temerity in endeavouring to understand, rather than simply believe "the deep things of God."

The discourse of our Lord in the sixth chapter of St. John, is among the many recorded by this Evangelist only. Except in the institution of the blessed Sacrament of His Body and Blood, we do not find Him anywhere else speaking of Himself under the symbol of bread; so it is evident that He here alludes to that ordinance. His remarks were grounded upon the eagerness of the people to follow Him after they had partaken of the food miraculously provided for them. As in His conversation with the woman of Samaria, He sought to lift their minds above the consideration of their bodily wants to their spiritual destitution and nakedness, see Rev. iii. 13; in fact, His teaching in chap. iv. is almost identical with this, only substituting the word "water" for "bread." In what sense, then, did He intend the words, "Bread of Life," to be understood by His hearers? As the manna, which had sustained their fathers in the desert, as the miraculous bread which had lately saved their own bodies from starvation: so a belief in the Divine nature of Christ, a reliance on His word, and an entire dependence on the merits of His atonement, would give and preserve spiritual life in their souls. The close communion with

Him, symbolically expressed in the words, "eating His flesh, and drinking His blood," was as so an earnest of the believer's resurrection, "he should never perish, but be raised up at the last day." For the further confirmation of His disciples' faith, which the "hard sayings" had caused to waver, He intimated that they should see Him ascend up where He was before; which would prove beyond a doubt that He was indeed "the living Bread which came down from heaven."

Perhaps the next figure under which our Lord represents Himself, that of a Shepherd, can scarcely with propriety be called a "symbol," but the idea which it conveys of His tenderness towards His people is too touching to be passed over in silence. He had several times been depicted in this character by the Prophets, see Isa. xl. 11; Ezek. xxxiv. 12, 23; Zech. xiii. 7. The metaphor acquires greater force when we reflect how much more hazardous and wearying was the life of a shepherd in Eastern countries than with us. Where wild beasts abounded, he had to hold his life in his hand, ready to lay it down for his flock, if necessary. The relation between the shepherd and his sheep is also much more tender and intimate. Each sheep has a name, and if called by it, will run up to the shepherd's hand, and caress him like a dog. "But a stranger will they not follow, but will flee from him; for they know not the voice of strangers." In all this, what an exquisite type do we see of "the Lord Jesus, that great Shepherd of the sheep." Having once laid down His life for His people's sins, and taken it again for their salvation, He is ever at hand to guard them from the snares of their great enemy, the devil. Those that know His voice, and follow Him,

"He leads to cool streams, and where Refreshing waters flow."

It would seem as if this was the character in which He most desires us to contemplate Him, as it is that in which He takes leave of His disciples just before His Ascension. His thrice-repeated charge to St. Peter, "Feed My sheep," must have painfully reminded the frail, though loving

Apostle how he "had gone astray like a sheep that was lost," in thrice denying his Master. Probably the same "gracious, chiding look" was again turned on him, as his Lord, still in the character of a Shepherd, addressed to him His last-recorded words on earth, "Follow thou Me."

Closely interwoven with the parable of the Good Shepherd, is the symbol of the door. "I am the door; by me if any man enter in . . . he shall find pastures." The fold is the Church, the Church Militant on earth, the Church Triumphant in heaven. To both, the only entrance is through our Mediator, Christ Jesus. (Eph. i. 13, 18.) He has broken down the wall, and substituted an open door. We enter His earthly fold by being baptized into His name, and the merits of His death obtain for us an entrance into His everlasting kingdom. (2 Peter i. 11.) The last symbol which we shall notice is one which our Lord here applies to Himself, and in no other place is it used in the same sense.

The Church, both Jewish and Christian, is frequently described under the figure of a vine, or a vineyard. (Ps. lxxx. 8, and following verses; Isa. v. 1; Matt. xxi. 33; 1 Cor. iii. 6, 9); her Lord, never, except in this one instance. The fruit the disciples were to bring forth, is that of the Spirit (Gal. v. 22)—love, joy, peace, and all Christian virtues. But in order to attain this end, they must be united to their Master as closely as a branch to the tree on which it grows. The sap rises from the root through the trunk and branches, giving life and vigour to the whole plant—the branch, cut off, withers and dies, and can no longer bear fruit. So we are made members of Christ by Baptism—the Holy Spirit then bestowed on us will keep our hearts in love and obedience to God as long as we listen to His admonitions. But if we wilfully resist Him, and cut ourselves off from God's people, He will leave us to ourselves, till we become

useless, unprofitable, fit only for everlasting fire. More especially do we invite this fate, by neglecting the Holy Ordinance which Christ has appointed for the renewal of our supplies of grace. He who turns away from the Lord's Supper, virtually excommunicates himself, and severs his connection with that Vine, "without whom he can do nothing."

It may be remarked in conclusion, that several of the symbols above described are repeated, in still more forcible language, in St. John's last work, the Book of the Revelation. The Lamb of God is there the central figure throughout. See Rev. v. 6, 12. Triumphant in His heavenly kingdom, He still bears the marks of the sufferings He underwent on earth for us (ch. v. 5). In this mysterious book there is a singular combination of apparently opposite emblems. Thus, immediately before being described as a Lamb, our Lord is called "the Lion of the tribe of Judah," and in ch. vii. 17, "He shall lead them unto living fountains of waters," the symbol of a Lamb is merged in the office of a Shepherd. In ch. xxi. 22, 23, we have the three symbols combined—Light, the Temple, and the Lamb, as if to impress more forcibly on our minds that all previous types converged to a point in the great Antitype. There is also an allusion to the door, in Rev. iii. 7, 8: "He that openeth, and no man shutteth;" "I have set before thee an open door."

But the glowing language of the inspired writer culminates in the magnificent description of the personified "Word" in the 19th chapter. Even more plainly than in the beginning of his Gospel does the Evangelist tell us, that this mighty Being, "whose eyes are as a flame of fire, and who goes forth crowned with many crowns, conquering and to conquer," is the same as that "Word which was made flesh, and dwelt among us," yet was, and is, and shall be for evermore, "King of kings, and Lord of lords." K. I. P.

Few can enter often the fairy-land of fancy and return to earth unscathed; and yet no wounds are received within those magic bowers; that sweet realm itself

never disappoints. It is the step downwards that shakes and chills the frame and dispels the illusion.

## THE ANONYMOUS MASTERPIECE.

**ONE** day Rubens, passing through the environs of Madrid, entered a convent of a very strict order, and observed, not without surprise, in the poor and humble chapel of the monastery a picture which represented the death of a monk. This picture was painted in a sublime manner. Rubens called his pupils and shewed them the picture, and all shared his admiration.

"And who can the author of this work be?" asked Van Dyck, the favourite pupil of Rubens.

"A name is written at the bottom of the picture, but it is impossible to decipher it," answered Van Shulden.

Rubens sent to prevail on the Prior to come and speak to him, and asked the old monk the name of the artist to whom his admiration was due.

"The painter is no longer of this world."

"Dead!" cried Rubens; "dead! And no one has known him hitherto, no one has repeated with admiration his name which ought to be immortal, his name before which perhaps mine would be eclipsed. And yet,"—added the artist with a noble pride, "yet, father, I am Paul Rubens."

At this name the grave and pale face of the Prior was animated with an unwonted glow, his eyes sparkled, and he fixed on Rubens looks in which more than curiosity was revealed: but this excitement only lasted for a moment. The monk bent his eyes towards the ground, crossed on his breast his arms, which he had raised towards heaven in a moment of enthusiasm, and repeated,

"The artist is no longer of this world."

"His name, father, his name, that I may tell it to the world, that I may give him the glory which is due to him."

The monk trembled; a cold perspiration flowed from his forehead over his thin cheeks, and his lips were pressed convulsively together, as ready to reveal the mystery of which he possessed the secret.

"His name, his name?" repeated Rubens.

The monk made with his hand a solemn gesture.

"Listen to me," he said, "you did not understand me rightly; I told you that the author of this picture was no longer of this world; but I did not mean that he was dead."

"He lives! He lives! Oh! let us know him! let us know him!"

"He has renounced the things of earth; he is in a cloister, he is a monk."

"A monk, father! a monk! Oh! tell me in what convent; for he must come out. When God marks a man with the seal of genius, that man must not bury himself in solitude. God has given him a sublime mission, he must accomplish it. Tell me the name of the cloister where he is hidden, and I will go and draw him from it, and shew him the glory which awaits him! If he refuses me, I will procure an order from our holy father the Pope for him to re-enter the world and resume his pencil. The Pope loves me, father; the Pope will listen to my voice."

"I shall not tell you either his name, or the cloister where he has taken refuge," replied the monk in a resolute tone.

"The Pope will command you to do so," cried Rubens, exasperated.

"Hear me," said the monk, "hear me, in the name of Heaven. Do you think that this man, before quitting the world, before renouncing fortune and glory, did not struggle powerfully against such a resolution? Do you think that there must not have been bitter deceptions, cruel griefs, for him to have found out at last," said he, striking his breast, "that all here on earth was only vanity? Let him then die in the asylum which he has found against the world and its disappointments. Besides, your efforts will result in nothing; it is a temptation from which he will remain victorious," added he, making the sign of the cross; for God will not withdraw His aid from him; God, who in His pity has deigned to call him to Him will not drive him from His presence."

"But, father, it is immortality that he is renouncing."

"Immortality is nothing in the presence of eternity."

And the monk drew his cowl over his face, and changed the conversation in such a manner as to prevent Rubens from insisting further.

Rubens left the cloister with his brilliant train of pupils, and all returned to Madrid thoughtful and silent.

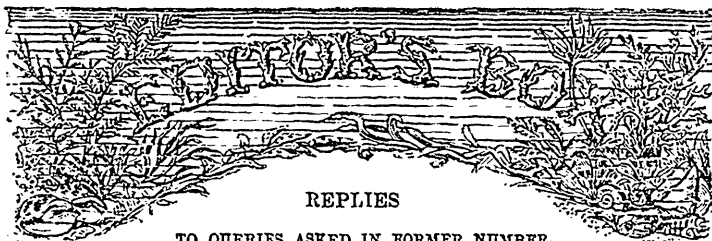
The Prior re-entered his cell, threw himself on his knees on the straw pallet which

served him for a bed, and offered up a fervent prayer to God.

Then he collected some brushes, colours, and an easel lying in his cell, and threw them into the river which flowed under his windows. He gazed for some time with melancholy at the water which carried away these objects with it.

When they had disappeared, he turned to betake himself again to prayer on his straw pallet, and before his wooden crucifix.—*From the French.*

TINA.



## REPLIES

TO QUERIES ASKED IN FORMER NUMBER.

### NEW NAME FOR MAUNDY THURSDAY.

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

In answer to J. B.'s enquiry in your June number, why Maundy Thursday is called in Germany, "Green Thursday," or *Grüner Donnerstag*, I beg to inform him that a German friend of the Saxon Lutheran community, who has studied theology, tells me it is so called because the Jews on that day used to sing the twenty-third Psalm, *Weide mich auf grüner Ane*; or, "He shall feed me in a green pasture,"—as a forerunner of the coming feast of the Passover. J. A. V.

### VESTED ALTARS.

53.—*What churches had altars vested in any other colour than red and blue previous to A.D. 1830?* MOSS.

In answer to MOSS, a terrier of church lands and properties made on July 1, 1777, at Full Sutton, in Yorkshire, has the following entry: ". . . To the church belong a Communion table with a green cloth cover."

At S. John's College, Cambridge, the following was the sequence of colours of altar-cloths in the old chapel: Saturday evenings, Sundays, holy days and their eves, the altar was vested in white. On ordinary days, a red

cover was used, and at celebrations a cover of cloth of gold; it is to be regretted that this latter has been discarded in the new chapel. T. M. F.

The altar at S. Mary, Brettenham, Suffolk, was, according to a terrier of the year 1794, vested in green; and, according to another terrier of the year 1813, was then vested in purple. C. G. BETHAM.

### CHURCH DEDICATED TO ST. ELWYN.

54.—*There is a church at Hayle, in Cornwall, dedicated to St. Elwyn; ROSE EMMA would be glad of information respecting this saint.*

A Correspondent, in a recent number of the PENNY POST, inquired as to the origin of this name as given to a recently-created parish in Cornwall.

Leland, who wrote his "Itinerary" in the reign of Henry VIII., narrates how about the year 460, Breaca, who had lived in the county of Meath, came into Cornwall accompanied by many saints. Amongst them were Sinned the Abbot, who had been at Rome with St. Patrick,—Maruan, Germoch, Elwen, Crewenna, and Helena. They landed on the eastern side of the river Hayle, on a spot then called by the name which it bears to this day, viz., Riviere, in the parish

of Phillack. Either at the same time or about it, came also the saints Budoc, Burion, Piola, and Iii. Now all these names—with the exception of Elwyn—are the names of parishes in West Cornwall. Piola, e.g., is the origin of Phillack, Crewenna of Crowan, Iii of S. Ives.

In fixing, therefore, on a name for the new parish created out of the ancient one of Phillack, S. Elwyn seemed to me to be the most appropriate one to give it: the more especially as some of this company of saints are recorded to have suffered death at the hands of Theodore, king of the country, whose castle stood on the above-mentioned Riviere—a farm, the larger part of which is at present submerged in sand.

THE PATRON OF S. ELWYN.

#### NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ACCEPTED.—MISS KNIGHT (Folkestone).—“Wadmar.”—“Christmas.”—“The Epiphany.”—“New Year's Eve.”—Advent Hymn.—“Irene.”—“Thoughts and Fragments.”—MISS STUART's contributions.—“Christmas Bells,”—and “The Robin.”

DECLINED WITH THANKS.—“Westminster Abbey,” (rhymes irregular).—“How Neville's Temper was Subdued.”—E. S. L.—BOB.—“Walter the Cripple.”—“Magdalene.”—“On the Real and the Ideal.”—“Not Lost but gone before,” (imperfect rhymes, and inaccurate metres).—“He saw them toiling in Rowing.”—“Thorns and Roses.”—“Ivy.”—“A Legend of St. Christopher.”—“A Day a Life.”—“The Two Havens.”—“A Little Trumpeter.”

We rejoice to know that hundreds, possibly thousands, of new churches have been erected during the last forty years in England. If we attempted to print a list of those forwarded, we might fill half a number of the PENNY POST. We cannot, therefore, use the kind contributions of O. L. C., JUVENIS, J. A. V., G. P. G., ALQUIS, MARY B., H. F., E. L., A. B. C., and DODGER; though we thank them each and all for their obliging communications.

CENTURION.—For all information regarding Guilds, apply, with stamped envelope, to Captain Harry Blair, Union Grove, Clapham.

E. M. P., W. C., and A. R. B.—We cannot burden our columns with such queries. Advertise in the newspapers, or apply to the various charities.

H. S. T.—Beautifully written now, and therefore inserted. Thanks.

H. P. W.—The following reliable information will serve your purpose:—

“The Angelical Salutation first appears

liturgically in the Sacramentary of St. Gregory, where it formed one of the offertories for Advent (Ember Wednesday, *Miss. Sar.*; fourth Sunday, *Miss. Rom.*) As such it was used in England throughout the Anglo-Saxon period, and subsequently till the Reformation. It first appears in connection with the Paternoster in 1237, in a Constit. of Alexander de Stavenby, Bishop of Coventry, (Wilkins, i. 642), and shortly after was ordered to be taught to children, together with the Creed and the Lord's Prayer, in the vulgar tongue (Synod of Norwich, A.D. 1257; Wilkins, i. 732; Syn. of Exeter, A.D. 1287; *Ibid.*, ii. 168, &c.) ‘Commatribus injungatur ut doceant infantem Paternoster et Ave Maria et Credo in Deum, vel doceri faciant’ (*Manuale Sar., Ritus Baptizandi*). Its original form was simply this: ‘Ave Maria, gratia plena: Dominus tecum: benedicta tu in mulieribus, et benedictus fructus ventris tui.’ About the middle of the thirteenth century, Pope Urban IV. added the words ‘Jesus. Amen’ (Mabillon, *Acta Sanct. Bened. cin.*, t. vii., Pref., p. lxiii.) It so continued in the various English breviaries, with the exception of the *Brev. ad Usum Sarum*, printed at Paris by Chevallon, 1531, where the addition, ‘Sancta Maria, Mater Dei, ora pro nobis peccatoribus, nunc et in hora mortis nostræ,’ first appears. It is only candid, however, to observe that though this latter clause is hardly more than three hundred years old, its spirit is much more ancient. Compare, for instance, the addresses of St. Ephræm, in his Serm. de Laud. B. Mar. Virg. and elsewhere. It is needless to add that direct addresses as well to our Lady as to the other saints abounded in the old English Service-books throughout this period. From the ‘Myrrours’ (fo. xl.) it appears that the Ave Maria was much interpolated in private use, some saying at the beginning, ‘Ave benigne Jesu,’ and others after ‘Maria’ adding ‘Mater Dei,’ ‘with other additions at the end also.’ Possibly this may refer to some such clause as the ‘Sancta Maria;’ possibly, however, to a mediæval clause beginning, ‘Et benedicta sit venerabilis mater tua Anna,’ which will be found in Dugdale's *Warwickshire* (ii. 998). ”

ALICE must be a very careless reader of the PENNY POST. See p. 331 of the volume for 1872, where a full and detailed account of the Passion Flower is set forth.

M. M., who enquired for a Home for a crippled child, should write at once to Miss Cooper, Weybread Vicarage, Norfolk.

L. L.—We cannot tell.

B. M.—The cupboard is a place for the holy vessels; the stone seats are for the priest,

deacon, and sub-deacon, during the sermon at Holy Communion.

P. C. W.—It is St. Augustine of Hippo who remarked that "Kings wear the cross on their brow, of more price than all the jewels of their diadem."

A. B. WORSLEY.—A fanon is a maniple.

P. R.—Sticharion is an Oriental alb.

W. C.—*Pascha Floridum*, "The Easter of flowers," an old name for the Sunday before Easter.

C. W.—"Bishoping," means Confirmation.

E. R. H., W. V., and CLARA LOUISA.—We have had enough on the subject of hoods at present. We need variety.

SARAH.—You have been hoaxed. Old postage-stamps are almost valueless; perhaps 4d. per lb. is as much as you could obtain.

W. E. D.—Only pressure on our space has caused delay.

LEX.—Only persons ordained; that is, those in Holy Orders: not even Readers could legally do what you specify.

SISTER MIRIAM.—If you are not sure that the quotation is rightly made, how can we or our readers verify it?

RECEIVED with many thanks from A., a parcel of very useful clothing, and 5s. stamps.

SISTERS OF THE POOR,

Mark-street, Finsbury.

T. M.—Apply to the Archbishop's Notary, Lambeth Palace, the proper person to afford such information. We know nothing about it.

We go to press on the 25th of November. Several MSS. and communications have just reached us too late for consideration in this number.

#### NEW BOOKS, &c.

*Twelve short Allegorical Sermons.* Second Edition. (Oxford and London: J. Parker and Co.) The twelve short, telling and forcible discourses here gathered together, are from the pens of two anonymous writers, whose literary powers are considerable, whose theology is exact, and whose taste is admirable. We have seldom read a volume more thoroughly to be commended. The beautiful simplicity in which the excellent subjects selected have been treated, the lucid man-

ner in which the allegory in each is stated, explained and applied, and the hearty and solemn appeals with which each concludes, render them very models. We earnestly commend a volume which, though perfectly original, reminds us a little of some of the late Dr. Neale's best writings, to all our readers, as a truly "golden book."

*The Bells of Botteville Tower: a Christmas-Story in Verse.* By FREDERICK GEORGE LEE. (Oxford and London: J. PARKER and Co.) 1872. We have received an early copy of this new poem by Dr. Lee, too late, however, to criticise its literary characteristics, and give it due consideration in our present number. Here we will only say, that it is a beautifully printed volume, with some finely-drawn illustrations,—that the story is not devoid of interest, and is founded on principles strongly and markedly Christian. It is admirably suited for a Christmas present, being sumptuously got up. Although some of the "Other Poems" have appeared in our pages, they form so small a part of the whole, that we shall not be prevented from reviewing the book at length in our January number.

*Pleas for the Faith. For the Use of Missionaries at Home and Abroad.* By the Rev. W. S. LACH-SZYRMA. (Oxford and London: J. PARKER and Co.) Mr. Lach-Szyrma believes that there is nothing in the world for the Church to fear from Reason, or Science, or Philosophy. We agree with him. But perverted Reason, Science "falsely-so called," and sham Philosophy, are dangerous for the uneducated. The present volume sets forth the true relations of Science with Religion, and taking the whole range of specific Christian doctrine under consideration, provides a valuable and useful manual for missionaries both at home and abroad. The author, evidently well-read, travels over wide fields, and gives the result of his enquiry and labour, in a book of singular merit. Its statements are terse, pointed, and intelligible. The book is well compressed and full of sound wisdom,—likely to be of great service both to Home and Foreign missionaries. The author has consulted many writers, and is considerably indebted to Canon Liddon.

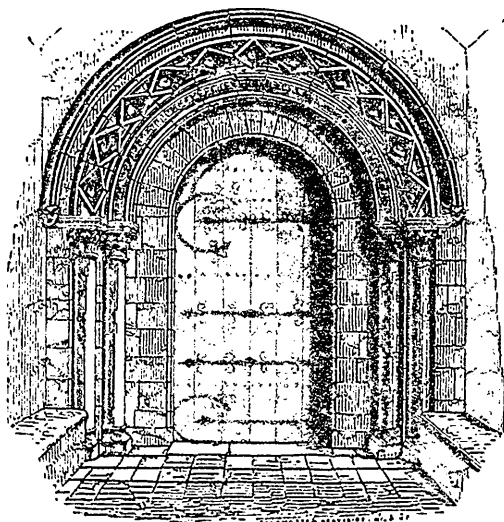
MEN are apt to uphold the opposite of that which they feel in part to be but too true. It is likely that he who sings the loudest of constancy, has known something of the sadness of change. He who

exalts his own merits has probably a lurking consciousness that they are not so apparent as they might be to the world around him.

# THE PENNY POST.

VOL. XXIII.

JANUARY TO DECEMBER, 1873.



West Doorway, Cuddesdon Church.

LONDON:  
JAMES PARKER AND CO.  
377, STRAND.



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## PREFATORY NOTE.

IT becomes our pleasing duty once more to thank our supporters—subscribers, contributors, and readers—for their continued help and valuable co-operation during the past year. To the clergy especially we owe our obligations, and here respectfully acknowledge them. The marked improvement in the number and character of our Engravings, which, as a recent review of the PENNY POST maintained, “would do credit to magazines of twelve times the cost” of ours; together with the increasing interest which is taken in the varied and valuable information given through the Editor’s Box; followed by a corresponding increase in our circulation, proves that the cause we advocate, viz., the greater efficiency of the old National Church, is everywhere being secured. We cordially wish every reader the compliments and graces of the coming Holy Season.

The vignette in the title-page is an engraving of the West Doorway of the Parish Church of Cuddesdon. It will recall to mind the village where the Palace of the Bishop of Oxford is situated,—associated so many years with the name of SAMUEL WILBERFORCE, whom the present year has taken from us.

LONDON: 377, STRAND,  
December, 1873.

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MISSING