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Oct.

1873

# St. Luke's Parish Post.

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St. Luke's Church Association	

'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 MONTH IN PROSPECT, NOVEMBER.

1st. *All Saints Day.*—Patriarchs, Prophets, Apostles, Martyrs, and all who have been and are faithful servants of God are this day brought to mind in the services of the church; and in the Collect appointed we pray for grace “to follow the blessed Saints in all virtuous and godly living.” There is no superstition in this, but a very becoming regard for the guiding counsel and helpful grace for which as Christians we pray daily. We contemplate with delight the manifestations of goodness which appear in humanity, knowing them to be proofs of grace imparted from on high.

The eve of this day is much observed by the people of Britain and Ireland by performance of superstitious usages, which are of Pagan origin. In remote villages, these have prominent place as the occasion returns, and are to some extent indulged by those of British descent, wherever they reside. But these doings have no connection whatever with what our church proposes for us on this day. We are not to be turned away from good practices because some people have absurd or evil ones. There are persons who determinedly show their opposition to the Church and her appointments, by providing frolics for Good Friday, but we do not the less regard that most solemn fasting day on that account. The Saints are a brilliant assembly of noble personages, many of whom represent our race in the Court of Heaven; and we may believe that whether they are here or there, their intercession for all whom they strive to love as themselves is continual. We may not address them in prayer, having no warrant for so doing; but in our weakness we are glad for that there

are the elect, who with the angels rejoice over every sinner that repenteth, and that they with their Lord, intercede for those who through waywardness or perversity are offenders against the Divine Majesty.

Nov. 30th. *St. Andrew.*—The eve of this day is to be observed with fasting. The body's subjection contributes to the soul's aid, and certain gifts and graces our Lord declared, could not come save by prayer and fasting. Christianity, some people seem to think, is like civilization, progressive and are prone to consider the old ways as superstitious and unsuited for what is termed, “this enlightened age” In matters purely spiritual we cannot suppose there can be any improvement on what our Lord and His Apostles taught and experienced, and much loss comes from the neglect of Fasting, now so generally prevalent among people who are styled Evāngelical.

St. Andrew was a fisherman, and assisted his father in that calling, until moved by the Spirit to follow our Lord and become a “fisher of men.” He was directed by John the Baptist to Jesus as “the Lamb of God,” and faith was given him to believe. He began at once to make known the great dignity of Him he was prepared to follow, and afterwards going among the heathen to preach boldly the doctrines of the cross, was crucified on an instrument shaped like a letter X, which is this day known as St. Andrew's Cross.

THE publication of the Parish Post will be discontinued after the end of the year, as the expense connected with printing in this country is quite beyond any return obtainable from a small issue. The Penny Post will be imported for those who may apply early, four copies to one address, one dollar.

## IN MEMORIAM

SAMUEL WILBERFORCE, BISHOP OF WINCHESTER.

**O**NCE again the light mysterious,  
Spirit-light, God's holy breath,  
Fades from out a face familiar,  
Leaves the marble men call Death.  
'Twas but yesterday we saw him  
Standing on the sunset verge  
Of his rare God-gifted Manhood:  
All too soon we sing his dirge.

Well, it is the Master's doing:  
Murmur not the while ye gaze  
On the placid waxen features  
Where, in those scarce-vanished days,  
Played the smile that braced our spirits  
For the waiting irksome task;  
Played the genial human sunlight,  
In which thousands loved to bask.

Come and look your last upon him;  
Print the loved face on the brain;  
Then in holy resignation  
Turn to Life's stern work again;—  
Turn to Life's stern tasks and ply them  
With his matchless zeal and grace,  
Till like him we lie in death-sleep,  
"Satisfaction on the face."

Nevermore a living presence  
May he in our lives be sought;  
Henceforth in the aisles of being  
But a memory, but a thought;  
Yes, but still a memory blessed,  
Sweetly sad, thrice hallowed;  
And our lives are all the nobler  
For the sadness round them shed.

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Nevermore that voice may charm us;  
 All its witchery is o'er;  
 Yet, methinks, its tones will haunt us  
 Till we reach the eternal shore.  
 Pregnant words were his and earnest,  
 Words that moulded many a life;  
 Nerved us into holier daring;  
 Made us heroes in the strife.

Nevermore in yonder Abbey,  
 Through the waning summer light,  
 That grand earnest face may move us  
 With its wondrous yearning might:  
 Hushed the thrilling tones for ever;  
 Low in death our leader see,  
 Chrysostom of modern preachers—  
 Flower of English Prelacy.

Come away, the living call us;  
 And we know not, never know,  
 Which loved face stern Death the Sculptor  
 Chisels, as the next to go.  
 Come away, and hold the living  
 Dearer for each fresh-turn'd sod:  
 Shrine the many-sided bishop;  
 Leave the holy clay with God.

F. C.

## SAINT GUDULE'S BELLS.

Five stories high beneath the sky,  
*Saint Gudule's bells were ringing;*  
 Patient, and quiet, and white she lay,  
 And weeping, weeping our hearts away,  
 We stood there watching her die—  
 Dreamily came the hum of the town,  
 And behind the roofs and the gables brown  
 Slowly the summer sun went down.

The people underneath the trees—  
*Saint Gudule's bells were ringing—*  
 Went chatting and laughing to and fro,  
 Strangely their voices from below  
 Came in on the sighing breeze;  
 We seemed more near to heaven so high—  
 The poplars, when the wind went by,  
 Waved dark against the burning sky.

What are these songs I hear? she said,—  
*Saint Gudule's bells were ringing—*  
 Up into heaven they reach—they fade—  
 The dying sunset came and made  
 A glory round her head;  
*Miserere*, she whispered low,  
 Meekly folding her pale hands so,  
 And the people sang far, far, below.

Solemnly died the light away,—  
*Saint Gudule's bells were ringing—*  
 And slowly deep in the far-off skies  
 Closed the sweet gate of Paradise,  
 And sank the twilight grey;  
 But she had gone—our gentle one,  
 Where never sets the glorious Sun,  
 Saint Gudule's sad sweet bells were done.

R. M.

## THE MARIGOLD.

A STORY OF THE FRANCO-GERMAN WAR.

By MRS. ALGERNON KINGSFORD.

(Concluded from p. 247.)



"Hertha has knelt beside many a wounded veteran, friend or foe."—(p. 258.)

THE clamorous voice of the chimes, ringing the four quarters in the belfry of the village church, broke the spell-like stillness, and then came a single reverberating stroke from the brazen hammer of the great clock itself, which evermore looked down from its high tower upon the buyers and sellers in the market-place,—like a round, sleepless, open eye of Time. And while the heavy sound yet thrilled and quelled through the air, a woman's voice from the wicket-gate summoned Hertha to the family *Mittag-essen*; and for that day the conference between the two maidens was ended.

"But soon they were again in the graveyard, very early in the morning, before the red light of the winter sunrise had faded in heaven; and while the glow of the new day was still sharp and pure upon the white crosslets that marked the resting-places of the dead. But the light upon Hertha's pallid face was a light of soul, calmer and diviner in its bright-shining than the inconstant radiance of the sunbeams; a light of springing hope, and strength, and love, which should not fail nor perish for evermore.

"She knelt beside the grave of the artisan-soldier, and her meek jasper eyes

dwelt intently upon the stone cross which was set there, with this inscription graven on its base:—

“OF YOUR CHARITY PRAY FOR THE SOUL  
OF

HERMANN VON FROHSINN.

Arise, shine, for thy light is come;  
And the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee!”

“And she wept as she read; then lifting her gaze to the watchful face of her friend, repeated aloud, in solemn musing tones, that brief exhortation, which of all the little philosopher’s words had most deeply impressed itself upon Hertha’s sorrowing heart; ‘Rise with him, through sphere after sphere!’ And after a little pause, she added, laying her hand upon the cross at the grave head,—as of old the Crusaders, when they made a solemn vow to God, laid their hands on the crosses of their sword-hilts:—

“‘Marie, I am going to do that. I am going to use my adversity as I never thought of using my happiness. My mind is made up to leave the village to-morrow morning, and to go to nurse the wounded soldiers in the towns and hamlets wherever the surgeons will let me go, and wherever I can be of use. Many women have gone already to this good work, and I have no home duties that need keep me here. It will comfort and strengthen me to know that I am treading in the footsteps of Hermann, following where he has been before me, and doing perhaps, for his very comrades, what strangers did for him. And, if among the sick or dying whom I tend, any poor fellow should speak to me of a dear wife or sweetheart, waiting for him at home, I shall know what to say to such an one out of the depths of my own torn heart,—I shall understand his grief by means of mine, and be able to give him, not the barren comfort and surface smile of common nursing cheer, but the need of a living and perfect sympathy.’

“The light of that new day-spring grew brighter in her crystalline eyes as she ceased, and Marie looking upon her, and ‘seeing her face as the face of an angel of God,’ returned no answer in words, but yielded only with silent tears the benediction of her pure and simple heart.

“And again Hertha spoke; while the fresh morning air, floating hither and thither over the grave mounds, bore to her lips the subtle balm of my spirit, and laid upon her brow with invisible lingering hand the strength-giving benison of the Lord.

“‘There is a new world opening to me,’ said the sweet rapt voice, ‘and new thoughts are awakened within me. It is borne in upon my heart for the first time with real conviction, that Hermann is *not dead*. That I have not indeed lost all. It is something to *feel* that, instead of merely saying it, and hearing it said. I see now that I must not lose a day in idle sorrow, but that where I can, I must help others, love them, and thank God I have seen upon earth such a heart as his,—have known, have loved, and have lost it. For not even heaven itself is able to take from me the love with which I have loved; my soul will be richer thereby through all eternity.’ Sister Marie, have you also felt this truth?”

“‘Dear Hertha,’ cried the orphan, weeping, ‘your nature is nobler than mine, and your love was a stronger and a loftier love than that which fell to my share. Last year, you know, you told me so yourself. And because you loved with that mightiest love of all, therefore your discernment now is clearer than mine, and the grace your sorrow brings you is higher and more perfect. To have loved as you have loved, is to know love for ever face to face, to be able for ever to love all beauties of nature and of mind,—all truth of heart, all trees, flowers, skies, hopes and good beliefs, all dear decays, all trusts in heaven, all capabilities of loving men!’”

“And are these too, Marie, among the teachings of your darling *Gold-Blume*?”

“‘Indeed I believe they are,’ whispered the little maid timidly, leaving her brown head upon Hertha’s bosom; ‘for I have often marked how the marigold, though it is the flower of sorrow and loss, yet bears the image and colour of the sun, and itself resembles a tiny luminary upon earth, abiding and perennial as the great Giver-

a “Recreations of Recluse.”

b Leigh Hunt.

of light in heaven, whom it ever adores and imitates. And so also we, even though it be winter with us, and our joys and our loves lie buried beneath our feet, may yet, like the sun, give forth to others our sweetness and our strength, to gladden colder hearts with deeds of charity and words of help. Even as you, dear Hertha, are about to do for the wounded soldiers of Fatherland.

"The answer came with infinite tenderness:

"And as you, dear Marie, did first for me, when Hermann died. From you I learned this lesson of human sympathy!"

\* \* \* \* \*

"The grey keen lines of breaking daylight were low in the bleak east, when Hertha came again, to take her farewell of Hermann's grave. Marie was not with her, for doubtless the instinct of the woman-child withheld her from intruding even her gentle presence upon such a sacred leave-taking as this. Hertha knelt alone by the burial-cross of her beloved; her clasped hands resting on the white stone, and her face bowed down upon them,—the face that had grown so subdued and solemn in its pathetic beauty. No sound of sigh or moan escaped her hidden lips, no passionate sobs disturbed the faithful heart; but I knew that the farewell prayer she prayed, and the farewell intercourse of soul with soul, were a holier oblation and a truer communion for the consecration of that sacramental silence. Then she rose, and mounting a little green knoll beneath the aspen trees, waved her 'good-bye' with a kerchief to some anxious watcher, who waited at a distance for the parting signal; and so, with the dawn upon her face, she went her way.

"Winter wore itself out loitering and reluctantly into a cold and peevish spring. April gave place to May, and summer began with tardy fingers to colour the folded buds of the rose-bushes, and to sow the meadow-grass with silver dew and daffodils of gold. After a while, I too unfold my new-year's vesture, and all around me tiny green heads force their way through the damp mould wherein

my seeds have lain throughout the colder months in darkness and seclusion, and ascend to the surface of the earth, thirsting to behold with their yellow eyes the light of day, and with me to receive into their hearts the low-breathed messages of God's evangelist,—the Wind.

"The campaign is over, and I hear it whispered among the market gossips, that very soon Hertha will be with them again; and they mention her name with reverent love, for she has been good to those of their sons and brothers, whom, like Hermann, the summons of the country has made soldiers and heroes,—not infrequently also, victims. For of late many a poor fellow has been brought home to the village dying or dead, and the graves are close and numerous under the waving lindens; so that here and there the rose-bushes have been forced to yield before the sexton's spade; and on moonless nights the villagers shrink from crossing the Friedhof, because the death-lights<sup>c</sup> upon the new-made mounds are so bright and so frequent.

"Then, towards the close of June, Hertha returns. Again I see her in the cemetery, with the same calm face that since I saw it last has beamed sweet consolation upon a hundred dimmed eyes and stricken hearts, a face softened, made solemn by the double beauty of understanding and sympathy.

"For she has been in many battle-fields, and has witnessed many a strange and terrible tragedy of wholesale death; she has seen the green slopes of Alsace and Lorraine strewn with the writhing forms of dying men; she has found in the stiff grasp of more than one poor boy some unfinished letter traced in pencil with unsteady fingers to the 'licbe Mutter,' or the 'Kleine Trüdchen' at home,—pathetic little messages of only two lines, perhaps,—for then the palsied nerves of the writer had failed, and his dead hand

<sup>c</sup> Death-light or ghost-light;—a luminous vapour caused by the decomposition of the human gases, which vapour is distinguishable on dark nights above new-made graves. In England it is called the corpse-light.

had fallen heavily upon the torn morsel of paper.

"And Hertha has knelt beside many a wounded veteran, friend or foe, and heard him murmur huskily of Vaterland, or of the Emperor, while the slow pulses of his great brave heart beat—beat—beat the continual rattaplan of war for the country or the name that he most loved. And she has bent her pale lips to his ear, and whispered gently that glory and honour cannot always last<sup>d</sup>, that war and war's renown must pass away, and love alone endure.

"And here too is Marie—Marie, child-like in form as ever, but careworn and desolate no longer; for there stands beside her a tall fair youth with beaming eyes that dwell upon her fondly,—a youth for whom all the village has a word of respectful praise and hearty affection; for is he not the pastor's nephew, just returned from a brilliant college career at Leipsig? And all the maids and matrons whisper sagaciously that it is at the feet of little Marie his academic laurels of erudition and honour will ere long be laid.

"The sexton is busy digging under the shade of the shivering aspen boughs, for to-morrow another corpse will be borne to its long home,—the corpse of one whom Hertha has nursed, the last martyr among the village patriots. In the midst of his labour the old delver pauses, wipes his heated visage, and looks appealingly at the little French maiden.

"Fräulein Marie," says he in gruff guttural German, 'your marigold plant is in the way here! I shall have to dig it up. You see there's no room now that the ground's so full of graves on this side, and we are a bit pressed for space.' 'Tis a favourite corner, Fräulein, you know, under these trees and along by the rose-bushes. Folks *will* be buried here!'

"And down goes the spade into the turf with a terrible thrust that is my death-blow. The iron cuts my stalk in twain, cleaving in a moment the tendrils of my infant roots, and I am lifted with a jerk from the severed fibres, and thrown

upon a bank beneath the aspens, amid a heap of torn squitch-grass, and mould, and pebbles, and twisting centipedes. As I lie there, dying under the fierce glare of the midsummer sun, Marie's gentle face bends over me, and her small hand breaks from its stalk the most beautiful of my tawny blooms.

"Ah," sighs she regretfully, 'I am sorry to see thee wither thus, my dear *Souci*! Thou hast soothed and strengthened me in many of my lonely, sorrowful hours!'

"The tall youth beside her stoops and kisses her soft forehead.

"Those hours are past for ever now, he tells her fondly; he will never let her be sad or lonely any more. In the future they two will be all to one another, always together, always glad-hearted!

"She does not answer him, but turns her brightened face timidly upon Hertha.

"Dear sister," she murmurs, caressing the thin white hand, upon which still gleams the gold betrothal ring of former times,—'indeed I feel almost guilty to be so happy and so blest, when thou art alone, and hast lost all!'

"The pallid widow's face lightens with a smile of unutterable trust, the sweet solemn voice thrills with passionate love.

"Not lost," she answers, 'O not lost! Mine for evermore! Hermann has become to me part of the universe; his spirit speaks to me in the flowers, surrounds me in the air, and looks upon me from the stars; and I am never desolate, since earth and heaven alike are filled with the presence of my beloved. And with him I rise! Who therefore can partake in thy joy, Marie, more truly than I, who have suffered with thee? For I, too, have loved and have been happy!'

"She stoops, and taking from Marie's outstretched hand the flower of the marigold plant, fastens it in the folds of her snowy neckerchief, to be treasured side by side with a little silver crucifix, significant and familiar memorial of One 'Who learned upon earth to be touched with the feeling of mortal infirmities,' because He likewise was 'made perfect through suffering.'

"And upon that true and maiden bosom the last blossom of the *Gold-blume* died."

\* \* \* \* \*

There the story ended.

"Then," said I aloud, "I suppose Hertha became a religieuse, and it was she whose sweet calm face I saw in the chapel to-day!"

The sound of my own voice awoke me. The rainbow had vanished, the sun had set, my beautiful phantom was no longer before me, and the whole room was darkened by the drowsy shadows of fast-approaching night.

<sup>d</sup> "Quand un ancien regarde  
En pleurant sa cocarde,  
Au grand nom de l'Empereur  
Quand trop fort bat son cœur;  
Doucement je m'avance  
Et je lui dis,—silence,  
La gloire et les amours  
Ne durent pas toujours!"  
*La Cantinière.*

## POLLY'S MISSION.

By M. E. L.

## CHAPTER I.

HE wind was blowing keenly over the high ground, and a driving mist accompanied it, chilling, if not actually wetting, those exposed to it; it had hitherto been a wet, unhealthy summer, and it was hard to believe that June already had come.

A funeral was taking place in the bleak churchyard, and the beautiful service, raising the thoughts of the mourners above the present gloomy scene, was almost completed. There were several groups of people scattered at hand, all poor, and mostly old men and women or little children. There was not a dry eye present while the Rector commended the now lifeless body of his only sister to the grave.

Twenty years of unwavering help in his parish work was now at an end, and while the poor, to whom she had devoted her life, wept at her loss, he could from his heart thank God she had entered into her rest. Three feeble old women, and about as many men, began, when all was over, to totter down the steps which led into the high road. They belonged to some almshouses about a mile and a half distant, and were representatives of twenty old people, to whose dreary uneducated old age Lucy Vernon had been as a sunbeam of light. There was now no family at the Manor, which in former years had built and endowed the almshouses; no one to look after and cheer the dull monotony of the quarrelsome old people, and by none would Miss Vernon be more missed than by those twenty old bodies. The feeblest of the old women who had attended the funeral leant heavily on a little girl, her granddaughter, who had guided her to the church, and whose small thin face, hidden under her shawl, was pale with crying. These two soon fell behind even the slow pace of the other old people, and old Jenny, by the time she reached the almshouses, was quite faint and ill.

Little Poll settled her comfortable in the old wooden chair by the fire, opposite to the paralyzed woman who shared the two rooms with Jenny, and who was eager to hear about the funeral.

"No one cared to come in and gossip to me about it!" she complained, in a shrill cross voice; "no one would care if I was dead and gone."

"Na, na, old woman," answered Jenny, between her sobs. "We maun now look for to be comfortable one with another, and not quarrel any more, for it won't be long perhaps before we may be carried to our own funeral, and it would be a sorry look out, if after all the trouble which she (who is now dead and gone) has taken with us, we should of our own fault, go to the wrong place. It seems to me, Betsy, that the best way that we can show her that we did love her, is to try and follow her where she is gone."

Little Poll listened in amazement to this speech of old Jenny's, who was generally noted for her uncivil tongue; and she made less noise getting the supper ready, in order to hear the rest of the conversation.

"I'm mighty sorry, Betsy, old woman, for all the sharp things I've said to thee, and to any one else; and I mean to try from this night for'ard to follow one of the last things Miss Vernon ever said to me. She said, she did, just as she was putting on her cloak to go home, that wet day on which she caught the cold that killed her, 'Jenny,' says she, 'It's a pity that we take so much trouble to speak ill of others, when perhaps at the judgment-day all the unkind words we have spoken may condemn us; when, if we had only loved each other a bit more, and spoken a bit kinder to each other, we might have done it unto Christ.' I don't think I'm very much longer for this world, and I can't think of many kind words which I have spoken; but I mean to try from this very moment to be gentler, and for what is passed, I must just leave it unto Jesus, as Miss Vernon used to tell us."

Little Polly's tears only flowed the faster as she heard Jenny repeat Miss Vernon's words. Poor little girl, she had lost almost her only friend. Her father and mother were alive, but neglected her, because of the weakly health which enabled her to work in the factory, and so bring in money. And her occupation of attending to two cross, infirm old women soured her temper, making her discontented and murmuring. Then Miss Vernon had shewn her how that, when she did the least little kind office to these old bodies, she did it unto Christ; and the kind lady had taken great interest in the sickly child, and had taught her to work well, and read, in the hopes that in course of time she might earn a livelihood. Truly Miss Vernon's death was a terrible loss to many a poor neglected soul in this northern district.

It was past eight o'clock when the two old people began to make ready for bed, that old Jenny, quite overdone by the unusual fatigue of the day, fell on the floor insensible. Polly ran for the youngest woman in the almshouse, who lifted her up and restored her senses; but the old woman looked ghastly and deathlike, and could only speak in detached words.

"The parson! the parson!" she murmured, indistinctly, "will no one go for the parson? I must see him before I die."

Polly was the only one who could be sent, and the child, sorry as she was for the old woman, her grandmother, sighed as she thought of the weary three-mile walk. "I am so tired," she murmured; "won't it do to-morrow?"

"She'll be dead before that, wench," replied one woman, roughly; "you can go or not, there's no one to make you."

"Miss Vernon would have gone if it had been still farther," thought Polly; and taking her shawl down from its peg, she started towards the rectory. Besides her fatigue, little Polly feared being alone on the road at night. She had heard stories of rough colliers going to their night-work, robbing people just for the fun, or frightening them—and then ghosts, and fairies. But she whispered over and over to herself

the little hymn-prayer taught her by Lucy Vernon:—

"Oh, dearest Jesus, holy Child,  
Make Thee a bed, soft, undefiled,  
Within my heart; that it may be  
A quiet chamber, kept for Thee;"

and walked as quickly as her tired legs could carry her towards the village. The rain and wind had fortunately ceased, and the stars were now shining brightly, so that Polly's fear of the dark lessened. Then came into her mind stronger than before the realization that Miss Vernon was dead.

"What was the use of trying to be good, now that there was no one to encourage or to praise her? and who would care if she was naughty now? Would it not be better to amuse herself, than always to be thinking of what is right?" At this moment a curious moaning noise, as if from some animal in pain, startled her: it came from the other side of the hedge, and then died away. The child waited to hear no more, but hurried onward, and soon reached the rectory quite out of breath. The servant opened the door, and looked crossly on the child after hearing her message.

"Go down to the almshouse to see a silly old woman at this time of night! No, indeed; master has had enough to wear him out to-day without gadding about now. I shall just say nothing about it."

"You'd better mind what you are about, Esther," said another servant, who overheard the last words. "Nothing vexes master so much as not giving him a message at once. Here, little girl, you'd best step in and give your message yourself."

The door was opened into a small study, and Polly was ushered into the presence of the Rector.

"A little girl come with a message to you, sir."

Mr. Vernon, for once in his life, was sitting perfectly idle by a small fire. The piles of books which usually occupied him were heaped on one side, and his spectacles lay folded on the table. Polly thought he was asleep, and had not heard her announced, for his eyes were closed, and

his head rested on his hand; but in a moment he turned his gentle face (so like his sister's, only so full of grief) towards her.

"Who wants me, little woman?" he said, kindly.

"Old Jenny, at the almshouse, thinks she is dying, sir, and begs you will go at once."

"Why! I saw her only this afternoon," said Mr. Vernon, doubtfully; "she walked up to the—the funeral," he continued in a lower voice.

"Yes, sir, but she has been very ill since."

The Rector felt half inclined to say that he would walk down first thing in the morning to see the old woman, for he really felt done up; but a look at the white, tired little maiden shot a thrill of remorse through him. *She* had been obliged to walk up and fetch him, and it was his duty never to refuse a summons.

"I will come at once, little one," he said, rising; "you may go to the kitchen and ask Jane to give you something to eat, or you may go on first to the almshouses if you are in a hurry."

The child looked at him with a half-shy, half-frightened expression.

"Poor little thing, how heedless I am! It is a long, lonely way for you to walk back by yourself," exclaimed Mr. Vernon, kindly. "Wait five minutes, and I will be ready. You are a little afraid of the dark are you not?"

"A little, sir, and there was an odd noise near the wood, and I was frightened to pass it again," replied Polly, gratefully.

"We will find out what it was; something better than ghosts, or perhaps worse," said the Rector, with a sigh, as he thought of the cruel traps set about by the poachers in the Manor wood. "Wait for me here, it is warmer than the hall."

## CHAPTER II.

THE Rector walked wearily down stairs, pausing for a moment to look through the staircase window at the spot where the earthly remains of his sister had been laid in the crowded churchyard. By day it

had looked so bleak and cheerless, without tree or shrub near at hand; but now, in the bright starlight it seemed to him to be peaceful and quiet. "She always reminded me of a star," said he to himself, turning away; "so bright and full of joy, in spite of the troubles she had had; and then at the same time never wishing to be known, but content to be lost among the multitude. She has, indeed, done the work given her to do in leading others to life."

Calling little Polly to join him, he set out on his way, lost in thought, and almost forgetful of his small companion. He was roused from his meditation by Polly gently pointing to the hedge, and whispering that she still heard a noise from behind it.

"It is only some poor creature in a trap," said Mr. Vernon, listening, "nevertheless I will try and release it; here is a gap in the hedge, which I can get through."

To discover the place whence the moaning came was the work of a very short time, and after a short delay Mr. Vernon re-appeared with a small dog in his arms, whose feet hung down broken and bleeding.

"Poor little wretch, you must have been here some hours, and the damp ground is not so pleasant a bed as you are accustomed to. It is a lady's dog, evidently, by the embroidered collar. What shall we do with it, little girl?"

"May I not take it home with me, sir, to bind up its leg, until the lady hears of it? If you gave it to me, sir, I could make it more comfortable in my apron."

The poor animal looked gratefully at the child, and tried to lick her hand as she stroked its glossy head.

This little episode had aroused the Rector from his reverie, and he entered into conversation with the child by asking her name.

"Polly Day! Then you are the little girl who used often to come up in the afternoon to the rectory to my sister."

"Yes, sir," was the half-sobbing reply.

"I am sure that you will not forget all she has taught you, now that she will not be able to see whether you are a good

child or not; though perhaps after all she may still be near us, nearer than we think."

"Oh, sir, do you think that she still knows what we are doing?"

"We cannot tell, little Polly. God always orders everything for the best; but I think it is a helpful thought to think that she *may* be near; and you know, my child, that One is always near, seeing and knowing all that we do. Look at those bright, shining stars, do they not remind you of the text which says, 'He that turneth many to righteousness shall shine as the stars for ever?' You should think of her shining brightly upon you, even as the stars which you now behold. And, my child, though you are now so young and ignorant, let it be always your aim to help others, not only in worldly matters, but in leading them, as the text says, to righteousness. Even a child is known by his way; and little by little, by good example, and refusing evil even when it seems to be harmless, you may be helping in the good work which she died in fulfilling. Mr. Vernon walked silently on, slackening his pace more and more as he marked little Polly's evident weariness.

An old woman met them at the almshouse-gate, and took charge of the child, saying, "that old Jenny's room was full enough without the bairn, and she had better have her supper, and lie down on a make-shift."

Old Jenny was growing weaker each minute, though clear and sensible, and she brightened up at the sight of Mr. Vernon, who recommended that if half the old people would go back to their rooms, it would give Jenny more air to breathe.

He had not expected to find her so quiet and composed, never having known her very intimately, except when, for the good of her companions in the almshouses, he had once or twice admonished her for ill speaking.

"She was deeply penitent for all her past sins," she told Mr. Vernon; "and if, after all, the Lord should admit her into the kingdom, she should say, she should, that it was just Miss Vernon who had

taught her how to knock at the door, and ask for forgiveness."

"Is there anything that I can do for you?" enquired the Rector, kindly,—*"your family."*

"They'll none of them care whether I live or die, as there is scarcely a thing to leave them when I'm gone," was the reply; "but little Polly, sir, she has been a good wench, and that's what I want to say to you, sir. She's but weakly, but right disposed in her mind, and I'd be sorry to think she went to the bad, like the rest of them. If you'd keep an eye on her, sir, just for Miss Vernon's sake, as was so fond of the lass. That's all, sir; and now will you give me a bit prayer just to keep my head straight."

And while the lips of the old woman tried to move in the prayer, the call came, and old Jenny laid down the weary burthen of her eighty years to tread the borders of the unseen world.

The following morning the thought of what he could do for little Polly rose uppermost in the Rector's mind; he felt interested in the child, and determined not to let her go back to the low haunts where she had been brought up. In the town he was attracted by two or three bills posted up in the shop windows, advertising the loss of a dog. Finding out who the owner was, he immediately set out to relieve the mind of the old lady about her favourite's fate; and promised at the same time to send little Polly (who had at first discovered the poor animal) to restore it to its mistress, and receive the trifling reward.

"She is a nice little girl, Mrs. Matthews," he said, taking his leave, "and I should be very glad if I could find her some safe home; for her parents are not of the best, and the old woman at the almshouse, on whom she attended, died last night."

"Dear me, Mr. Vernon, I'm wanting a little handy lass to open the door when Susan is out, and to help her to wash up. Perhaps the child would suit, though being so young she'd most likely do more harm than good;" and the old lady hesitated between her wish to do a good action and her dread of breakages.

"Well, don't do anything in a hurry, Mrs. Matthews; Polly shall come and see you this afternoon."

Polly accordingly was sent to restore the poor little wounded animal to its rightful owner, and interested the old lady by her pleading little face and gentler manner.

The parents did not require much persuasion to allow the child to engage herself as maid to old Mrs. Matthews, and after the funeral of old Jenny, Polly entered into her new situation.

Mr. Vernon's words during their walk to the almshouses that evening were as a turning-point in Polly's young life. She would most likely, without encouragement, have fallen into her old discontented grumbling habits, without ambition of raising herself above the ignorant, low children of her own class; but the text, "He that turneth many to righteousness shall shine as the stars for ever," sunk deep into her simple heart, and in due time bore fruit. She lived with Mrs. Matthews until the kind old lady's death; and her gentle, and truly sincere attendance on her during a lingering illness, induced the old woman to leave her some of her small savings.

Years passed on, and Mr. Vernon lost sight of the young girl in whom he had interested himself, until one day, visiting a consumptive hospital, he was recognised by the nurse, who proved to be none other than little Polly. She had grown into a strong active woman, devoted to the vocation which she had made her own; and loving to turn the minds of her help-

less patients to the True Physician, who alone could heal their sickness.

Then came a call from home; her father, reaping the consequences of his intemperate life, fell ill; her mother, growing too feeble to nurse him, with none of her children at hand, Polly returned to the humble roof, which had never been a home to her. The work which lay before her was a mournful one; the habits of a lifetime were not to be overcome in a few weeks, and her father's spiritual condition was a far greater sorrow to her than his bodily suffering. But patience at last met with its reward, and before his death the man grew softened and repentant.

Polly never returned to the hospital, she lived on in the town with her mother, and spent most of her time visiting the sick and poor. The almshouses also were her frequent resort, and to many a monotonous existence did she bring comfort. She died suddenly though not unexpectedly, much missed by all to whom she had ministered, and was buried in the churchyard, not far from Lucy Vernon's grave. Mr. Vernon, now a feeble old man, performed the last services of the Church; and on her death-bed Polly recalled to his memory his first interview with her so many years before. A little white cross marks the spot where she was laid, with her name and the text, "They that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars for ever and ever," inscribed on it by the Rector; and the children, who had loved her for her gentle kindness, still lay little wreaths of wild-flowers on the green grave.

## H Y M N.

ALMIGHTY God, enthroned in highest heaven,  
Where ceaseless alleluias rise,  
We humbly lift our weeping eyes  
To Thee, by whom all grace and strength is given.

Thou art our Lord, we watch for Thy commands:  
Do Thou, O God, our sins forgive,  
We wait to hear Thee bid us live,  
Despise not then the work of Thine own Hands.

Spare us, good Lord, spare us who turn to Thee;  
We own our vileness, guilt, and shame;  
Yet, for the glory of Thy name,  
Save us from Satan's power, and set us free.

W. M.

## A VILLAGE SKETCH.

THE Vicar of our parish is the Rev. Dr. Portman, a worthy divine, who has held the living for the last thirty years, and is respected by everybody, even by the dissenting minister, if we may consider that title applicable to one Joe Harris, a small grocer in our village, who has lately announced his intention to expound Scripture to all those who are willing to assemble in his little room instead of listening in the parish church to the Doctor's learned disquisition concerning the force of the Greek Article, which has, unfortunately, been more than once ignored in our authorized version of the New Testament. Doctor Portman, though his partiality for the Greek Article may perhaps somewhat diminish the value of his sermons, is a worthy old gentleman, and an honest, hardworking clergyman, always ready to leave his study on a visit to any of his parishioners who may request his presence, and may be unwilling to wait for his fortnightly visit; and is, moreover, a punctual performer of the rubric which enjoins daily service in every parish church, although the congregation on week-day mornings rarely consists of more than five, and is often reduced to three persons in the afternoon. It is currently reported in the village that Dr. Portman is engaged in writing a book which will supply the deficiencies of former writers on the Greek Article; and, indeed, there is some little authority for the report, as certain manuscript pages, neatly numbered, and tied up

with ribbon, have been seen in his study; but perhaps, as no advertisement of the work has yet appeared, the Doctor has found it impossible to find the requisite intelligent publisher, who may duly appreciate his labours and the value of the subject on which they have been employed. Dr. Portman is a widower, having lost his wife many years ago; and there are some old women in the parish who are never tired of descanting on the beauty of the young bride, brought by the Vicar to his new living when he himself was between thirty and forty years of age. During the few short-months that her life was spared she won for herself the affection of all in the parish, and many were the blessings uttered, and many the prayers offered up, in her behalf throughout the village. But, alas, her course on earth was soon run, and from the simple inscription on her tombstone we learn the death of "Jane, the beloved wife of Henry Portman, Vicar of this parish, in her 21st year;" and own the appropriateness of the text suggested to her sorrowing husband by the sufferer on the bed of death: "It is the Lord; let Him do what seemeth Him good." (1 Sam. iii. 18.)

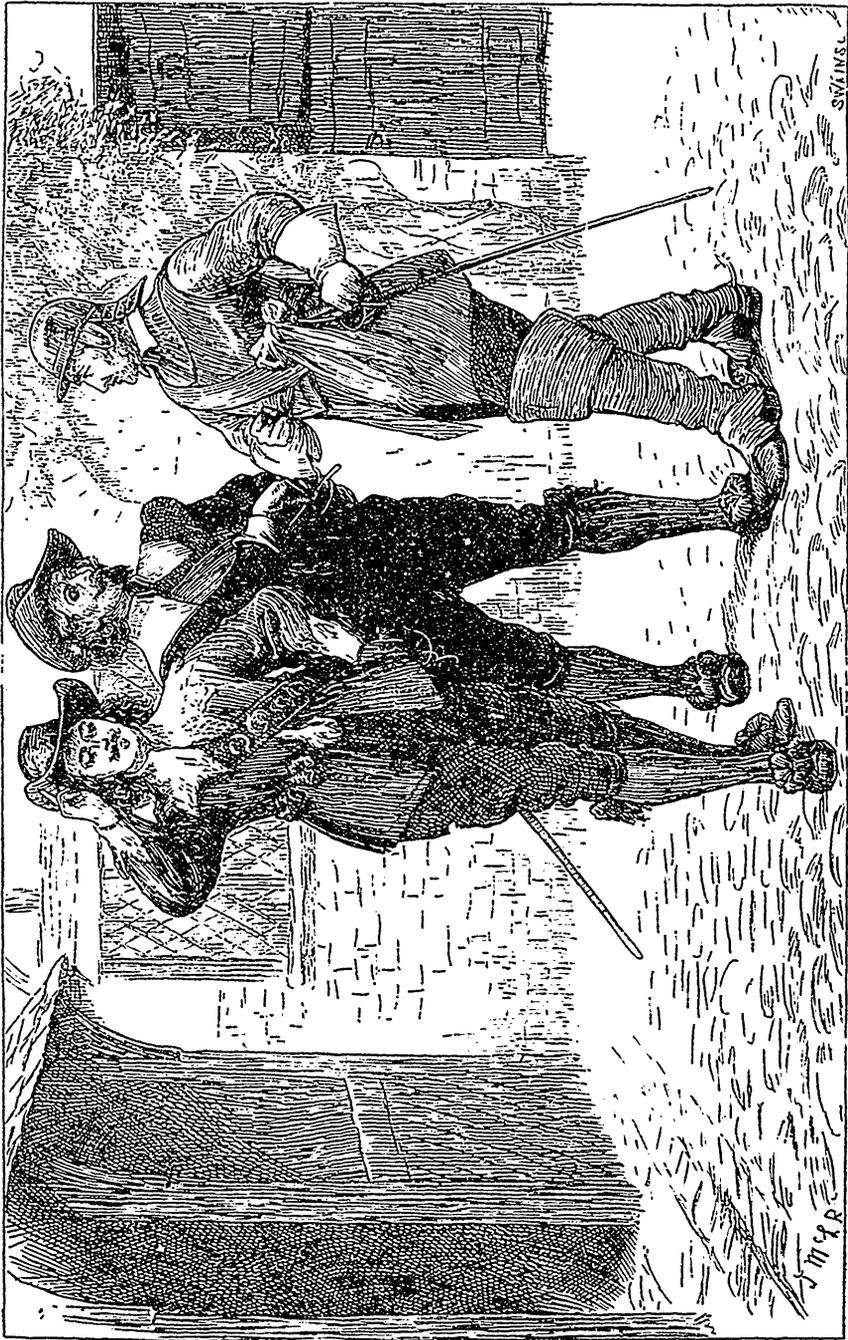
Time has gradually softened the poignant grief of Dr. Portman, but he knew and regarded ancient traditions and primitive customs too well to marry a second time. An unmarried sister, his junior by a few years, keeps house for him, and the vicarage is generally enlivened by the presence of some of his many nephews and nieces.

W. M.

EVIL OVERCOME BY GOOD.—Mr. Deering, a Puritan minister, being once at a public dinner, a gallant young man sat on the opposite side of the table, who, besides other vain discourse, broke out into profane swearing, for which Mr. Deering gravely and sharply reproved him. The young man, taking this as an affront, immediately threw a glass of beer in his face. Mr. Deering took no notice of the insult; but wiped his face, and continued eating as before. The young gentleman presently renewed his profane conversation, and Mr. Deering reproved him as before,—upon which, but with more rage

and violence, he flung another glass of beer in his face. Mr. Deering continued unmoved, still shewing his zeal for the glory of God, by bearing the insult with Christian meekness and humble silence. This so astonished the young gentleman, that he rose from the table, fell on his knees, and asked Mr. Deering's pardon; and declared, that if any of the company offered him similar insults, he would stab him with his sword. Here was practically verified the New Testament maxim, "Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good."—*Buck's Anecdotes.*





"In the course of the morning, Lord Newbury and Colonel Audley met him in the stable-yard."—(p. 270.)

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

(Continued from p. 237.)

CHAPTER XIX.

AFTER FIVE YEAR.’

“Absence, hear thou my protestation  
Against thy strength,  
Distance, and length;  
Do what thou canst for alteration:  
For hearts of truest mettle  
Absence doth join, and time doth settle.”

LADY D’AUBIGNY had at last rewarded Lord Newbury’s devotion by marrying him, and together they worked in the royal cause, with energy which seemed only strengthened by the defeats and losses of that disastrous time. Every fresh disappointment, every new reason for hopelessness, seemed but to make them more hopeful, and to suggest some new and promising scheme to Lady Kate’s mind. Living in the deepest retirement at Bagshot, a royal hunting-lodge on the outskirts of Windsor Forest, the young lord and lady appeared to have given up, like so many of their friends, all idea of resistance to the victorious Cromwell and his army, who kept the whole country in check, and King Charles a prisoner. But in reality their zeal never flagged. They had succeeded in keeping up a correspondence in cipher with the King, through all his imprisonments, and had thus given him notice beforehand of many changes of fortune. Most of the letters between the King and the Queen had also passed through their hands.

It was a December afternoon, and the oak parlour at Bagshot Lodge would have been nearly dark, but for the pine-wood fire that crackled behind the dogs, and filled the room with its fresh pleasant smell. Dorothy Lyne, in a blue satin gown, and a large yellow deer-hound, were sitting together in front of the fire. She was not much altered, except that her face was thinner, and not so childlike, and her eyes were graver and darker; the troubles of that time had had a more visible effect on her than on her friend Kate, who sat a little further from the fire, reading a letter by its light. There

was something in the air of plotting and cipher that agreed with her ladyship; she looked almost younger than Dorothy, and wonderfully bright and handsome, now that she had laid aside her widow’s dress.

“Listen! he is come,” she said, holding up her finger; “safe across the heath, in spite of all your fears, Dolly.”

“Nay; I was not afraid.”

“Did I not hear you this morning asking my lord about the roads across the heath, and all their dangers? But here they are. Keep your friend still, lest he offer too warm a welcome.”

“Ivor knows an honest man,” said Dorothy, as she put her arm round the dog’s neck, and laid her cheek upon his noble head.

There were steps at the door. Lord Newbury opened it, introducing a travel-stained gentleman, whose clothes bore marks enough of Bagshot Heath, and many a soil besides.

Five years of a cavalier’s life, hard fighting, and travelling by land and sea, with no shelter from sun, wind, rain, or snow, had bronzed his fair face, and darkened his hair and beard. His voice had a rougher, deeper tone; his shoulders were broader, and his whole bearing was less courtier-like than of old; but Dorothy, as she rose from Ivor’s yellow head to receive his greeting, felt that she liked her cousin Frank none the less for the change that those years had wrought. As he talked to their friends, she sat down again in the chimney-corner, and occupied herself with the dog; a sudden fit of shyness seemed to have come over her; but she knew by instinct that Frank’s eyes were fixed upon her, and he was thinking of her, while he told them of his journey from Holland, his narrow escapes, and how he had received Lord Newbury’s letter at a London coffee-house the night before; mine host, though outwardly a Puritan, being a friend to the good cause.

“And what new plan is this, in which I am to take part?”

"Nothing less than a plan for his Majesty's escape," answered Lord Newbury, in a low cautious tone. "They are bringing him from Hurst Castle to Windsor, and this seems the last chance of rescuing him from their rascally hands. We had knowledge of the intention, and sent his Majesty word of it, begging him to find some way that he might dine here, which advice he has taken, for there came a messenger this very afternoon, saying that he will be here by noon to-morrow."

"But what of his escort? And how will you manage the escape?" asked Frank, eagerly.

"We have settled that," said her ladyship: "he shall be carried off in spite of Harrison and all his crew. We have begged him to take occasion to lame his horse,—the poor beast must be content to suffer for his master's sake,—or to find such fault with his going, that he may ride one of ours for the rest of the way. And we have Whiteleg in our stables, the fleetest creature in England, I believe."

"He has no match in Europe," said Lord Newbury, confidently. "Do you see, Audley? His Majesty will seize the right moment, set spurs to Whiteleg, and dash away into the forest, where they will scarce follow him; he knows every path and winding so well. Three or four good horses will be laid in several places; you, if you will, shall join his Majesty on the outskirts of the forest, and you and he shall be guided by a servant, whom I will send with you, to a place where a boat is ready to cross over at once to France."

Dorothy looked up at her cousin, her eyes shining, and her face alight with loyalty. Could there be greater happiness than to ride with King Charles, under the cold December sky, over wild heaths and through forest glades, down to the sea, beyond which lay freedom and safety! Frank caught her eye, and answered her thoughts with a smile, which yet had some sadness in it.

"I am at his Majesty's service, and yours, my lord," he said. "It is a well-planned scheme, and any risk is welcome in such a cause. I see in my cousin's face that she envies me."

"I will answer for it she does, and so do I," said Lady Newbury. "Ah, if we women were more of Amazons!"

"Nay, my lady," said her husband, laughing; "you cannot be both head and hand. I need not tell you, Audley, that all this scheme is of her ladyship's planning. Whiteleg might have stood in the stable many a day, ere such a noble use for him would have dawned on my brain. But now come, my friend: you must pull off those boots and make yourself trim: 'tis nigh supper-time."

The young men left the room together, and Lady Newbury drew nearer to the fire and her protégée, who seemed to be plunged in thought.

"Why, Dolly," she said, "your cousin was always a noble gentleman, but now he seems to me something more. That fine brown face belongs to a hero. His voice is fiercer, and rings like a soldier's voice. What thinks my child of the change?"

"I like it. He looks as if he had fought for the King. And it is all outside, the change. Frank himself is the same as ever."

"I believe it," said Lady Newbury, and then she sat quite still for a few minutes, thinking of the old Oxford days; they seemed more than five years ago; when Frank had gone away to fight for the King, leaving his treasure in her keeping. And she had not been false to her trust: Dorothy could not have been more dearly loved, or better guarded, had she been her own sister. As to her child, Lord d'Aubigny, the Duke of Richmond's heir, he had been sent with a tutor to the Hague, to be out of harm's way. His father and two of his uncles had died in the war; only the Duke remained; and this child, the only hope of that branch of the Stuart line, was safer out of the country which treated his name so ill.

Colonel Frank Audley could not sleep that night. He pushed open the lattice, and leaned out into the frosty air, under the silent stars. It was not the enterprise of the morrow, ready and eager as he was for that, which kept him awake and filled his thoughts. He looked up at the stars,

and thought of the dear star of hope that had lighted him through all his wanderings. Surely by this time she must have forgotten that villain Corbet, and if he could only speak to her now, she would not send him away again! But when could he speak? for to-morrow he must follow his royal master, and forget everything but his safety. Frank sighed, but he was not a man to shrink from his duty, whatever he might be called on to give up for its sake. He turned away from the window, and walked restlessly up and down the room.

"Ah, little Dorothy, to be under the same roof with thee once more! Sweet eyes, that have seemed to watch me all along these weary years! sweet face, dearer than the brightest beauty under the sun! Sleep peacefully, my only love, and dream of thy poor Frank!"

## CHAPTER XX.

## UNDER THE WINDOW.

"I, passing, saw you overhead."

*R. Browning.*

In the clear steely light of the December morning Frank Audley left his room, and overtook Dorothy in the corridor; she was going to her friend Kate, to ask if she could do anything to help her in the preparations for his Majesty; so she told Frank, when he asked whether she was hurrying.

"Her ladyship will surely spare you to me for a few minutes," said he. "We were once such dear friends, Dorothy, and it is so long since we met. If you will do no more, stay with me awhile in this window, and tell me something of our old friends. Lady Newbury has servants enough to attend her, and I must away with the King."

Dorothy smiled, and turned at once into the window. Though she would hardly have owned it to herself, the claim of long affection sent a thrill of happiness to her heart. Then the tears came to her eyes, at all the memories which Frank brought to mind: ever-living memories, indeed; but roused to sudden strength and vividness by his look and voice, so familiar in the old days of Dering, when

he and she and Marmaduke were the three children of the house. Frank saw the tears, gently took her hand and kissed it, and then asked her in a cheerful tone how things went with Christopher.

"Oh, Christopher," said Dorothy, smiling again: "he is as happy as a man can be, who is a true Royalist, and lives under this Parliament. I wonder Jasper did not tell you—you saw him last night? He is married to my good little Adab, and lives still in his own house."

"Indeed! And how does he make out matters with his father-in-law?"

"Mr. Shipley is dead: he died before they were married; and Simon and his mother live at the Hall. They are very peaceable, and things go on quietly. Simon has to pay the chief part of the rents to the Commissioners, but he employs Christopher to manage the land for him."

"I wonder that such a staunch fellow as Master Wak should take service under a Roundhead."

"It was my wish that he should do so," said Dorothy. "He came and asked me before he accepted Simon's offer. You see, Frank, he keeps the place in order till the good times come round again."

"You do not think they are gone for ever, then? You keep your hopeful spirit, and believe in the old Phoenix still?"

"Surely, Frank. 'Nil desperandum!' Ah, heavens, who is that?"

The window looked out on a quiet piece of garden ground, and there on the grass stood a Puritan officer, gazing up at them. His orange scarf shewed his party; but the face under the steel cap was well known to both Frank and Dorothy.

"He has found his place," muttered Frank, after a moment's bewildered silence, as the officer turned and walked away. "Dorothy, my dearest, what ails you?" for she had sunk down half-fainting on the window-seat. "Let me take you to your room: shall I call Lady Newbury?"

"No, no; I am better—I am well; only do not let me see him again. Frank, you must be my brother, and take care of me; Marmaduke said so. You will not let him come near me?"

"Not if my sword can keep him away.

What can bring the fellow here—and in that dress?"

A door at the end of the corridor flew open, and Dorothy, without stopping to see who was there, darted away to her own room. Frank, flushed and agitated, stepped forward to meet Lady Newbury, who was herself looking terribly disturbed.

"Ah, Colonel Audley, you have heard it, I see by your face. Was there ever such a misfortune? Alas! how shall we tell his Majesty?"

Could it be possible that Lady Newbury was talking of Mr. Henry Corbet's defection from the royal cause? "No great loss," Frank thought, and was beginning to say as much, when she went on, silencing and puzzling him completely.

"It was my unhappy palfrey that did the mischief. How shall I ever ride him again? How he got loose no one can discover; but poor Whiteleg will wear his mark for many a day. Dead lame, I assure you, and not a horse in our stables to approach him for fleetness. Little chance now of his Majesty's escape."

"A terrible mishap!" exclaimed Frank, at length understanding what had happened. "Where is Lord Newbury? Can no other plan be devised?"

"You will find him in the stables. We have other good horses, no doubt, but not one that will distance pursuit. And the place is surrounded with soldiers—Harrison's spy troop—so that one dares scarcely speak."

"Ay: your ladyship noticed that I met you in some agitation. A moment since, as I stood with my cousin in that window, we saw a rebel officer standing on the grass below. The face was that of Henry Corbet."

"Did you never hear of his treason? Ah, you were out of the country, and I have taken care not to mention his name in Dolly's hearing. What! then he is in command of this troop: I marvel he dares to shew himself here. What said your cousin at the sight?"

"She prayed me not to let him come near her; and I promised to keep him away."

Lady Newbury's sympathy with her

friends was never wanting, in her own most trying and anxious moments. She smiled brightly, in spite of her distress at the misfortune of that morning.

"Well, go to Lord Newbury, and console him if you can. I must tell Dolly my news, and teach her to forget her own troubles in his Majesty's. Farewell."

Frank bowed, and passed on.

Half-an-hour later, when the four good Royalists met at breakfast in the parlour, they had all regained some degree of calmness. Lord Newbury was eager in the idea that the King might yet make his escape; for there were good horses in the stable, though the best was so unfortunately disabled. Frank was ready to enter into any plan, and to risk twenty lives, if he had them, for the King; Lady Newbury was for once in her life inclined to be hopeless, and Dorothy was very silent, listening to every sound, and watching the door, every time a servant opened it, in fear that the man who had once been her lover might come in, and even speak to her. False every way; how could she ever have believed in him! But he made no attempt to force himself in; he and his men contented themselves with guarding the outside of the house.

In the course of the morning, Lord Newbury and Colonel Audley met him in the stable-yard. The nobleman, who had known him very slightly in times past, touched his hat as if to a perfect stranger, and Frank would have done the same, but Corbet stepped forward and spoke to him.

"Good-day to you, sir. How fares it with your gentle cousin, Mistress Dorothy Lyne? I owe her much gratitude for kindness in years past; and changed as all things are since then, I would gladly see her again, and tender such thanks as she will accept."

"At your peril, sir," was Frank's answer, as with flashing eyes he laid his hand on his sword-hilt. "Dare to enter Mistress Lyne's presence, or to speak to her, and you gain the punishment you have so long deserved."

Lord Newbury, hearing these angry words, turned round in astonishment; they were so unlike Audley, generally the calm-

est of men, and courteous even to his enemies. Mr. Corbet drew back at once, with a slight bow, and a smile of affected surprise.

"I have no wish to intrude myself. I was not aware that in these days opposite parties ignored the simplest courtesy."

"Enough, sir, I have no need to explain myself;" and Frank turned away to his friend.

"On my word," said Lord Newbury, laughing, as they walked on, "advancing age has not smoothed your worship's manners. Was ever gallant so crushed before?"

"Would you suffer a traitor rascal to speak to your wife as an old friend?"

"Well—no. And I suppose you consider yourself in the light of Mrs. Dorothy's guardian?"

It was said with a smile, of which Frank was very well aware.

"I am the only relation she has in the world: Lady Newbury has more claim to the title of her guardian; but I have certainly a right to guard my cousin from what I know would be displeasing to her."

Dorothy knew nothing of her danger, and was forgetting her fright of the morning in all Lady Newbury's preparations for the King. Noon was fast approaching; the servants were ready in their best liveries, and dinner was laid in the parlour for his Majesty, and in the hall, where a great fire was roaring, for his escort. Everything was ready, and the ladies had no-

thing to do now but to wait, sadly enough, for their captive King.

As they stood together by the parlour-window, Dorothy suddenly began: "Dear Kate, I must say one word to you: what can Frank think of me!—this morning, when we saw that man under the window, I forgot he knew nothing, and behaved in my amazement most foolishly. He must have marvelled at me. What can I do?"

"You never told him," said Lady Newbury, slowly.

"No; how could I? You know I never told any but you; yet, now I think of it, he scarcely seemed surprised. 'Tis very strange."

"Truth will out," said her friend, smiling, and colouring a little. "I told him, Dolly, five years ago, before he left us for the last time. Do not be angry with me; I did it for the best; it explained his rejection, and he was satisfied. And you know the secret was safe in his keeping."

"Yes, indeed, and I am not angry, though I certainly once thought I had the truest of friends: but it seems to me that you are Frank's friend as well as mine, and if you tell him my secrets, you should tell me his."

"He has but one, and you know it already. But hark! his Majesty is arriving. Come, rosy cheeks, let us to the hall to meet him. If loyalty has vanished from the rest of England, he shall find it in his own lodge at Bagshot."

(To be continued.)

## THE TWENTY-FIRST SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

### "Pardon and Peace."

LADEN with sin, to Thee, dear Lord, I cry;  
Hear me, oh hear me from Thy throne on high;  
Pardon, and wash me free from every stain,  
And once again Thy wandering child reclaim.

Grant us, O Lord, Thine own sweet peace, I pray,  
To guide us safely through life's checquered way;  
Calm us, O Jesu, by Thy grace divine;  
O let Thy love for ever o'er us shine.

O Holy Spirit, fill us with Thy love,  
Help us to serve Thee as Thy saints above;  
Let no sad discord keep us far from Thee,  
From strife and envy, Lord, oh set us free.

And when from this bleak world we take our  
flight,  
And soar above, to dwell in realms of light;  
Peace ever reigns; our cross we then lay down,  
And change it, Lord, to wear a golden crown.

Amen.

SPES.

## THE PASSION PLAY AT BRIXLEGG.

SIR.—Having been abroad for some time, I do not know whether any account of the Passion play at Brixlegg has appeared in your paper. If not, it may interest your readers to hear of it.

The primitive little village is most beautifully situated in the Unterinntal in Tirol, about an hour by railway from Innsbruck. We obtained lodgings in the house of a photographer opposite the large wooden theatre, which would contain, I should say, 1,000, though there were only about 300, all farmers and peasants, in their picturesque costume, except ourselves. The dresses were beautiful, exactly correct as to period, both Jewish and Roman; the colouring was most harmonious; the chorus, in Roman mantles and flowing robes, arranged in the same succession of colours as the rainbow, sang remarkably well, indeed, like all the actors, really seemed to live their parts, not merely to act them. The types were very well chosen, and the perfectly motionless stillness observed by all, even the smallest children, whilst the leader of the chorus explained the tableaux, was extraordinary; the acting in these was in dumb show, at the sound of a bell.

Thus, in the first picture, Adam and Eve plucking an apple in the background; on the left, Abraham about to sacrifice Isaac; in the foreground, the cross surrounded by adoring angels. The leader of the choir, a noble-looking man in a long gold-embroidered white robe and scarlet mantle, explained the types. The bell rang: Eve presents the apple to Adam, the angel appeared to Abraham, and the angels lifted their hands in supplication towards the cross. Not one of the large group of kneeling children made a false or ungraceful movement in this or in any other scene, and, in all, the expression of face was wonderful.

So in about five hours we passed through the Life of Christ, from His entry into Jerusalem to His Resurrection, each scene

preceded by the Old Testament type, and the singing of the chorus. After the agony in the garden, the chorus wore black mantles till the closing chorus at the Resurrection. Every thing was done so reverentially, with such deep feeling of Whose Life they were representing, that it did indeed tend to "increase of devotion, and elevation of soul," as stated on the little books of the Passion play.

I never, for my part, realised before so fully the way in which the types and promises of the Old Testament were fulfilled in the New; or what our Saviour's Life must have been, and still less the full awfulness and agony of His sufferings and Death. First, the parting from His Mother when He makes known to her His mission; then the agony in the garden, the betrayal, the meek silence with which He endured the blows and mockery of the soldiers, and the taunts of the high-priest, the scourging, the crown of thorns, and finally the Crucifixion. Oh! the horror of it, hearing and seeing the nails hammered into the tender Hands and Feet, the spear thrust into the Side, the last loving words to the sorrowing Mother and St. John, all produced a feeling too deep for tears. One could only feel that this was indeed the Son of God, and no man only, to have suffered thus for others, and those others sinful men, of His own free-will. Not a sound was heard, but all over the building was dead silence, expressing more than many words; it was unbroken, till after the Resurrection, when the priests and Pharisees offered the Roman captain money to say his men had dreamed; then, when flinging the money at their feet, he declared his belief that the Man they had crucified was indeed their expected Messiah and King, there was an irresistible burst of applause, though it was instantly hushed.

The Passion play is given every Sunday in August and September, having begun in June.

MARY CONYBEARE.

*Brixlegg, Aug. 4, 1873.*

## HARVEST THANKSGIVING.

PAST are the days of toil and tribulation,  
 Gathered the harvest of the ripened grain,  
 Now with one voice, a grateful congregation,  
 Pours forth a glad thanksgiving-song again.

He who at morning went forth sadly weeping,  
 Scattering the seed around him far and wide,  
 Who through the Summer has been long watch keeping,  
 Brings home rejoicing sheaves at eventide.

So we would bring our offerings to Thine altar,  
 Hearts overflowing with their love and fear ;  
 What though our words for very weakness falter,  
 Thou still art ready each poor prayer to hear.

Lord, now we thank Thee for Thy constant caring,  
 Thou by Whose Providence the birds are fed,  
 Praise Thee, and bless for raiment we are wearing,  
 For Thine unfailing gift of daily bread.

Be Thou with us, and we with Thee for ever ;  
 Then, when the loving Angel Reapers come,  
 Thou, Whose long-suffering mercy faileth never,  
 Gather us safely to Thine Harvest's home.

M. J. K.



The Angel of Death.  
(After Kaulbach.)

## THE ANGEL OF DEATH.

## I.

**S**ILENCE in the chamber,  
 Sorrow-smitten hearts;  
 Darkness o'er the city,  
 Silence through its marts.  
 Human links now broken,  
 Where once sunshine shone;  
 One more soul departed,  
 Two sad hearts alone.

## II.

O'er tall towers and spirelets,  
 Through the gloom of night,  
 Up, where stars are trembling  
 Beautiful and bright:  
 Where the air grows chillier  
 And weird music flows,  
 On, through cloud and cloudlet  
 To where glory glows.

## III.

Angel! bear him God-wards,  
 And console the sad,  
 Wipe the tears of mourners—  
 Sorrowful make glad.  
 Smites the breast of Ocean  
 Beam of silver moon,  
 Aureole of glory,  
 Crown that pure heart soon!



## QUERIES

TO BE ANSWERED IN THE NEXT NUMBERS.

### HOSPITALS UNDER SISTERHOODS.

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

HENRY SAMUEL PURDON, M.D.

### DEDICATION IN HONOUR OF THE ASSUMPTION.

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

I. F.

### PRIVATE CHURCH-BUILDING.

51.—*Will your readers kindly give me the localities and invocations of any churches they may know of that have been built within the present century at the expense of private persons or families (i.e. without subscription-*

*lists, canvassing, bazaars, or other modern devices), and the founders' full names; mentioning also the dates of dedication?*

A. F. H.

### PATRON-SAINT OF MINERS.

52.—*Will any of the readers of the PENNY POST kindly inform me if there is a Patron-Saint of Miners; and if so, what is his name and history, and are there any churches dedicated to him?*

ANNE.

### VESTED ALTARS.

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

MOSS.

### 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.*

## REPLIES

TO QUERIES IN PREVIOUS NUMBERS.

### MORE THAN ONE ALTAR IN A CHURCH.

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

M. D.

Diocese of Exeter: Cathedral Church, Lady Chapel; Crediton Parish Church, north aisle.

Ely: Cathedral Church, Lady Chapel, used as a parish church; Bp. Alcock's chantry, an ancient stone one unvested.

A Correspondent, "INVALID," thus writes: "In your List of Churches having more than one Altar, occurs St. Martin's, Brighton, Diocese of Chichester; the statement is erroneous. St. Martin's is at present but a small

temporary church, without aisles, and having but one altar. A large and costly church is being built by that excellent and esteemed Priest, Chancellor Wagner (of St. Paul's, Brighton) and his brothers, in memory of their father, the late Vicar. The foundation-stone was laid last St. Martin's day, but the roof is not yet on. The church will cost, I believe, about £15,000, and be entirely free and unappropriated. It may have been intended that there should be two altars, I rather think it was; but whether there will or not remains to be seen."

A correspondent, D.J.S., also writes, "You have been misinformed as to two churches mentioned in this month's list as having two altars,—in the Church of the Annunciation, Chiselhurst, there is only one; also in S. Saviour's, Hoxton, where, however, there is a sort of oratory set up in the south aisle, with an oaken cross upon a bracket, but no altar;" also, as regards altar lights, "There

are none in All Hallows Barking Church, nor S. Mary's, Kilburn, nor Christ Church, Hoxton; but of this last I am not quite certain."

## HOODS.

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

In the volume of the PENNY POST for 1863, p. 139, this question is answered, and as far as Dublin University is concerned, correctly answered; which is not the case in the attempted answer given last month. Neither is the list of Oxford hoods, and the materials of which they are made, correct, as given in the reply of the July number, though that printed in August is correct.

With regard to doctors in the three Universities, Oxford, Cambridge, and Dublin, they all wear scarlet cloth robes, (in full dress) and scarlet cloth hoods. The different faculties, *Divinity, Law, and Medicine*, are distinguished by the linings and facings only. Thus:—

D. D. (In Oxford and Dublin). Scarlet cloth lined and faced with black velvet.

D. C. L. (Oxford). Scarlet cloth lined and faced with crimson silk.

LL. D. (Dublin). Lined and faced with pink silk.

Dublin hoods can generally be distinguished from Oxford or Cambridge ones, by the tip-pet being cut square, instead of the corners being rounded off, and also by the silk lining being turned over the edges of the cloth. G.

*Edinburgh University.*

LL. D. Black cloth lined with blue silk.

LL. B. Black silk lined with blue silk, and bordered with white fur.

D. D. Black cloth lined with purple silk.

B. D. Black silk lined with purple silk, and bordered with white fur.

M. D. Black cloth lined with crimson silk.

M. B. and C. M. Black silk lined with crimson silk, and bordered with white fur.

Sc. D. Black cloth lined with lemon yellow silk.

Sc. B. Black silk lined with lemon yellow silk, and bordered with white fur.

M. A. Black silk lined with white silk.

The gowns are all of black silk or stuff, with long sleeves.

Copied from the Edinburgh University Calendar. G. S. P.

The list of Oxford hoods given by ZEBEDÉE appears to be pretty correct, but that of Mr. ARTHUR W. NEWITT for other Universities and Colleges is not so accurate. In the list

of Cambridge hoods, Mr. NEWITT omits the important item of the material, while his list of London and Durham hoods is very meagre. I venture, therefore, to supply the deficiencies, so far as my own knowledge enables me to do so.

*Cambridge.*

D. D. Scarlet cloth lined with rose-coloured silk.

B. D. Black silk.

LL. D. Scarlet cloth lined with ermine.

LL. B. Black silk.

M. D. Scarlet cloth lined with rose-coloured silk.

M. B. Black silk.

Mus. Doc. Buff silk lined with cerise silk.

Mus. BAC. White silk lined with cerise. (Formerly a hood of blue silk lined with black was worn for this degree.)

M. A. (*Regent*). Black silk lined with white silk.

M. A. (*Non-Regent*). Black silk only. (This ought to be worn by all Masters of five years standing.)

B. A. Black stuff lined with lamb's wool, or, less correctly, white fur.

*Durham.*

D. D. Scarlet cloth lined with purple silk.

B. D. Black silk.

LL. D. Scarlet cloth lined with white silk.

LL. B. Purple silk trimmed with white fur.

M. C. Purple cloth lined with scarlet silk.

M. 3. (?)

Mus. Doc. Purple cloth lined with white silk.

Mus. BAC. (?)

M. A. Black silk lined with purple silk.

B. A. Black stuff lined with white fur.

L. TH. Black stuff edged with black silk velvet.

M. E. (?)

*London.*

LL. D. Blue cloth lined with blue silk, edged with two stripes of blue velvet.

LL. B. Blue silk edged with a stripe of blue velvet.

M. D. Violet-coloured cloth lined with violet silk, edged with two stripes of violet velvet.

M. B. Violet silk edged with a stripe of violet velvet.

M. S. Black silk lined with violet silk.

Mus. Doc. Puce silk edged with two stripes of puco velvet.

Mus. BAC. Puce silk edged with one stripe of puco velvet.

M. A. Black silk lined with lavender silk, and bordered with two stripes of lavender velvet (?).

B. A. Black silk bordered with black velvet (?).

A.K.C. Black silk lined with mauve.  
 Sc. Doc. (?).  
 Sc. Bac. (?).  
 D. Lit. (?).

To the list of Scottish hoods should be added the following:—The M.A. of Aberdeen, is of black silk lined with white silk; the M.A. of St. Andrew's, is of black silk lined with red silk. If an LL.D. or D.D. of Glasgow is also M.A., he is at liberty to add the red silk lining to his black velvet hood.

The B.D., M.A. (*Non-regent*), and other pain black silk hoods in the list above, are generally made of corded silk lined with *glacé* silk.

The Lampeter (St. David's College) B.D. hood, is of black silk lined with purple, and edged with white silk.

The hoods of degrees conferred by the colleges of the Queen's University in Ireland are identical with the Dublin hood. The B.A. hood should properly be made of stuff, but custom has sanctioned the use of silk.

All hoods should properly be cut and worn tippet-ways, as is still the custom in the Roman Catholic Church; in some places among ourselves an attempt has been made of late years to return to the proper shape and mode of wearing. By the canons, "literate persons" are permitted to wear a "tippet" of black stuff, and a stuff hood is often worn, but it is very doubtful if this is at all within the meaning of the canon. (See Mr. French's paper on the "Tippets of the Canons Ecclesiastical," in the "Journal of the British Archaeological Association.")

JOHN WOODWARD.

#### ROMAN CATHOLIC FALSIFICATIONS OF HISTORY.

40.—*Will any of your readers kindly inform me concerning the alleged "consecration by Queen Elizabeth, of an English Bishop?" This subject forms the frontispiece to a Roman work on Anglican Orders, once exhibited in the window of a Roman bookseller in this town. I have a pamphlet on Anglican Orders, refuting some of the charges of failure, but no mention is made of the absurd act above referred to.*

INVALID.

The book INVALID refers to must be, I think, "Cobbett's History of the Reformation," which has a frontispiece representing "Queen Elizabeth consecrating an Archbishop," with this verse underneath:—

"At which her Majesty expands  
 The thumbs and fingers of both hands,  
 And in a solemn manner laid  
 All her ten digits on his head."

WARD.

#### FUNERAL CUSTOM.

43.—*At Abbots-Anne, near Andover, Hants, it is customary, on the death of young persons*

*connected with the parish, to hang up white gloves in the church in memory of them, their names being written on the gloves. Can you, or any of your readers, kindly inform me what is the origin of this curious custom; also, whether it exists elsewhere?* M. H. R.

The old English custom of carrying a funeral garland to church when a village maiden was buried, formerly existed at Minsterley, Salop. Until lately some of these garlands remained in the church. They are composed of hoops connected by strips of wood; in the middle hang papers cut in the shape of hands; flowers and ribbons are attached to the frames, but they are much faded and discoloured with age and dust. They were suspended from the top of the church walls by iron rods, bearing on the end a heart-shaped plate, on which are inscribed the initials and date. None of them seem to be earlier than the eighteenth century. Some time ago "a chaplet and pair of gloves" were placed in Shrawardine Church, Shropshire, in memory of a young woman of the parish, who was drowned in crossing the Severn. An illustrated description of some funeral garlands in Derbyshire is given in Chambers' "Book of Days."

R. E. D.

#### STEPNEY LEGEND.

45.—*Can any of your correspondents furnish the Legend attached to a curious monument on the outside of Stepney Church, at the east end, representing a fish, with a ring in its mouth? The legend was once told me, but I have forgotten it.*

ALPHA.

I have found the legend attached to the curious monument outside of Stepney Church, in a volume of the "Mirror," for the year 1833.

"The marble slab on the outside of the chancel is to the memory of Dame Rebecca Berry, wife of Sir Thomas Berry, 1696; with the following inscription:—

'Come, Ladies, ye that would appear  
 Like angels fine, come dress you here;  
 Come, dress you at this marble stone,  
 And make this humble grave your own,  
 Which once adorn'd as fair a mind  
 As ere yet lodg'd in woman-kind.  
 So she was dressed, whose humble life  
 Was free from pride, was free from strife;  
 Free from all envious brawls and jars,  
 Of human life the civil wars;  
 These ne'er disturbed her peaceful mind,  
 Which still was gentle, still was kind;  
 Her very locks, her garb, her mien,  
 Disclos'd the humble soul within:  
 Trace her through every scene of life,  
 View her as widow, virgin, wife;  
 Still the same humble she appears,  
 The same in youth, the same in years;  
 The same in low and high estate,  
 Ne'er vexed with this nor mov'd with that.  
 Go, Ladies, now, and if you'd be  
 As fair, as great and good as she,  
 Go learn of her humility.'"

The arms on this monument are,—Paly of six on a bend three mullets (Elton), impaling a fish; and in the dexter chief point an annulet between two bends wavy. This coat of arms, which exactly corresponds with that borne by Ventris of Cambridgeshire, has given rise to a tradition, that Lady Berry was the heroine of a popular ballad called "The Cruel Knight, or Fortunate Farmer's Daughter," the story of which is briefly this:—A knight passing by a cottage, hears the cries of a woman in labour, his knowledge in the occult sciences informs him that the child then born was destined to be his wife; he endeavours to elude the decrees of fate, and avoid so ignoble an alliance, by various attempts to destroy the child, which are defeated. At length, when grown to woman's state, he takes her to the sea-side, intending to drown her, but relents; at the same time, throwing a ring into the sea, he commands her never to see his face again on pain of instant death, unless she can produce that ring. She afterwards becomes a cook, and finds the ring in a cod-fish, as she is dressing it for dinner. The marriage takes place of course. The ballad, it must be observed, lays the scene of this story in Yorkshire. The incident of the fish and ring occurs in other stories, and may be found in the "Arabian Nights' Entertainments."

It must be added, painful as may be the information to the legend-loving reader, that the leading incidents of the above story are of far greater antiquity than the age in which Dame Elton flourished; as Hamlet says, "The time is out of joint." The well-pointed moral of the epitaph remains, though the romance of the tradition be marred by sober, stubborn truth. MARY ANN, NAMBLY.

Answered also, by HOLMESDALE, JANE, and MISS HARDY.

#### SCOTTISH EPISCOPAL COMMUNION.

47.—*I shall be much obliged for correct and reliable statistics of the ancient Scottish Church. I want to know its extent, numbers, influence, and general, as well as particular, characteristics. I desire to be informed likewise, whether it is in-cresing or de-cresing, and whether it is High Church or Low Church?*

VIATOR LONDINENSIS.

In reply to the queries of your correspondent concerning this Church, I would beg to say, that having for a length of time taken a great interest in its history, condition, prospects, and mission, I am able to afford some reliable information on the subject. Formerly there were fourteen dioceses, governed by two archbishops and twelve

bishops. Several of these dioceses being now united, the number of bishops is reduced to seven, and the title of archbishop has been dropped. The priests are in number rather under two hundred. It is exceedingly difficult for an English Churchman, either by reading what little literature exists on the subject, or by a sojourn in the land, to arrive at a just estimate of the strength, influence, and character of the body, lay and clerical, or to understand the system, or want of system, on which the unhappy army of Christ in Scotland is mismanaged; and this chiefly because the names of ecclesiastical persons and things are misleading to an Englishman who is naturally accustomed to call the right thing by its right name. In England our bishops and deans, churches and chapels, archdeacons and parish priests, are realities, and we possess a correct nomenclature for their designation. In Scotland things are otherwise; for instance, in every Scotch diocese there is a dean, but in only two of them is there a cathedral; and stranger still, in neither instance has the dean anything to do with the cathedral, which is governed by a provost. In each diocese there is a synod, at most of which the laity are at least allowed to be present. A general or national synod meets in Edinburgh at stated periods. There is no attempt whatever to carry out anything approaching to the parochial system; and it seems to me that this, coupled with the fact that hardly any of the buildings denominated "churches" have any but an architectural right to the appellation, is at the bottom of the present pitiable plight of Episcopacy in Scotland. Each Church possesses a "constitution," i.e. a concordat between the founders of the Church on one side and the bishop on the other, by which the future "incumbents" of the Church are to be appointed and regulated, as also the services. Thus, with a pre-arranged style of service in the church, a cut-and-dried theology in the synod, a committee of lay infallibles in the vestry, a bishop *in nubibus*, and possible and probable starvation in the parsonage, it is no wonder that the priests of our holy Church should present to the semi-heathen Scotch a most depressed and deplorable figure. The number of the laity does not probably exceed thirty thousand, and they are doubtless the worst instructed, and the wealthiest laity which the Church embraces within her pale. There is no missionary spirit extant, though, unaccountably enough, the numbers of Episcopalians in Scotland are steadily increasing. The present mission of the Church of Scotland seems to be

to lull the occasional religious fears of a few great people to rest: I can assure your correspondent that, except possibly in the diocese of Brechin, it performs that mission remarkably well; and it does nothing else.

S. Y. E. N.

#### NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

RECEIVED.—“The Sisters.”—“All Saints’ Day.”—“Basil Leslie; or, The Chorists.”—“I don’t like the Athanasian Creed.”—“Norman’s Charge; or, a Sister’s Ministry.”—“Confirmed in Heaven.”—“The Three Angels.”—“Margaret’s Cathedral Cross.”—“An Old Man’s Retrospect.”—“In Memoriam; or, My Picture Gallery.”—“Thoughts in my Library.”—“After Evensong.”—“My Lesson.”—“A Dream.”—“Clever People.”—“Fancy and Imagination.”—“Three Dreams.”—“A Sea-side Sketch.”

WE earnestly request our Correspondents to write proper names and places plainly and intelligibly, to write only on one side of the paper, and to keep copies of all short contributions which may be forwarded.

P. C.—ALPHA.—MARY.—ANNE.—P. W. R. (Peterborough).—L. WEATHERBY.—C. (Stoke-Lyne).—C. W.—JANE.—H. W.—PARVUS PUER and TANDERLOTT.—Answered by post.

H. S. T.—Your writing is so unintelligible that we cannot read what you have been kind enough to send.

G. R. P. C.—Such an idea is good; but it would be very costly, and could not become remunerative.

J. ROBSON.—Send them, and they shall be considered.

PARVUS PUER.—(1.) There is an account of the church of Corpus Christi at Posen, published there A.D. 1840. The only copy of it we have ever seen is in the British Museum. (2.) There are colleges with this dedication both at Oxford and Cambridge. (3.) We are unable to help you as to your third question.

ENQUIRER.—The information, if our memory does not fail us, has been given more than once before in the PENNY POST, but we repeat it. Our Correspondent asks for the names of the various contributors to *Lyra Apostolica*, and their signatures. They are as follows: (a) John William Bowden. (b) Richard Hurrell Froude. (v) John Keble. (s) John Henry Newman. (e) Robert I. Wilberforce, and (z) Isaac Williams.

ETONA.—Apply to Mr. Cook, the tourist, of Fleet-street, or consult a foreign Bradshaw. We cannot burden our columns with such facts.

LAURA A.—A List of Churches where there are Early Celebrations would fill too large a space.

BETA.—H. RILEY (too long).—FANNY.—H. E. B.—E. R. (a pure matter of taste).—LAURA.—CATHERINE.—C. F. H.—ALPHA.—Your questions are either trivial, uninteresting, of too local a character, or not of sufficient general importance to warrant our inserting them.

IRENE (Brighton).—The “Corporal” referred to in the “Churchman’s Diary,” is a square piece of linen spread over the centre of the altar, on which the Chalice and Paten are placed: the “Burse” is a square flat purse, to contain the Corporal.

NATALIE (Woolwich).—Consult Mr. Pratt, the tailor, of Tavistock-street.—The Book of Common Prayer.

ST. ANDREW’S WATERSIDE MISSION.—Received five shillings with good wishes from a Reader of the PENNY POST.—J. S., Hon. Sec.

MARY WHITE.—We have no room for what you propose, being more than full.

MISS EMILY.—Thanks. It shall be inserted.

H. A. W.—The PENNY POST.

E. F. V.—Full of good feeling and true devotion, but wanting in poetical power. Declined with thanks.

M. CONYBEARE and “A VERY OLD SUBSCRIBER.”—We are obliged.

M. P. C. (Eton).—E. B. T. (Chichester).—and ELFIE.—Not up to our standard. Try again.

T. W. MARTYN.—Many thanks. They shall, in due course, be printed.

ALL SAINTS’ DAY: A Sketch.—Will appear. We thank a “HIGH CHURCHMAN” for his Letter.

T. H. W.—“The Sunday Friend” (Batty).

FAITH.—Apply to your clergyman.

A. G. DAVIS.—Apply to a second-hand bookseller.

CAMPUS.—Buy and study Nelson’s “Fasts and Festivals.”

ROSEBUD.—There is no direction for the whole congregation to say the General Thanksgiving. It is better perhaps to follow the Priest in silence, and respond “Amen.”

MISS RAINES.—Consult volumes x., xvi., and xviii. of the PENNY POST.

F. GRANT.—See our two previous numbers. You must be a very careless “Constant Reader.”

S. K. B. is informed that barrel-organs are now in use at the parish churches of Begbroke, near Woodstock, Oxford; and at Ailholt near Bridgewater.

ALICE W.

ST. LUKE'S CHURCH ASSOCIATION.

The Annual Meeting of this Association took place on the eve of St. Luke's Day—Officers all present and several members.

The Report read by the Secretary of the doings of the Association during the last year, gave evidence of the usefulness of such organization, and shows that by unity of thought and action, much good may be done for people within the borders of the Parish, and helpful aid given to the church. The funds in hand after payment of all claims, amount to forty dollars.

The Association has not had any one large work in hand. The review by the Chairman of the places and projects resolved upon was such as to awaken desire for opportunities to be useful, and as there cannot be a better system under which to work for Parochial objects than the Association presents, the members will of course continue their efforts, hoping for accessions to their ranks, and for more power for extensive action to arise therefrom. Such organization under the direction of the Clergy must be useful in any Parish; but numbers and zeal corresponding with their increase, are both necessary for any great results. The nature of the work is not changed because that few are found to engage in it; and those who are conscientiously alive to the claims of their church and clergy upon them will not discontinue their humble efforts as member and officers of St. Luke's Church Association.

On Tuesday evening the Very Rev. the Dean gave an excellent discourse in the Church, setting forth the merit of such work as the Association proposes for its members. A choral service preceded the sermon, and an Offertory was presented, but

the weather being unfavorable, the congregation was small, though the occasion was throughout one of great interest and satisfaction to those who regard with favour the effort being made to make our Parish abundant in works of piety and love.

The officers are as follows:—

OFFICERS.

Very Rev. Dean Bullock, *President*.  
 W. H. Wiswell, *Vice President*.  
 Thos. Brown, *Sec'y and Treasurer*.  
 Rev. J. Abbott, *Chaplain*.  
 W. C. Silver, J. A. Stevens, W. H. Keating, J. T. Wood, C. B. Bullock, *Council*.  
 W. H. Wiswell, C. J. Wylde, W. M. Brown, W. C. Harris, J. F. Carman, *Local Com. D. C. Society*.

Before closing the meeting on Friday evening there was an unanimous vote requesting the President to confer with other clergymen on the desirableness of a United Service of Prayer on the part of all our congregations in this neighbourhood, to take place on the evening of 3rd December, the day of Intercession for Missions.

In the revival of political pilgrimages and deceivable legends we have reason to be thankful that our calendar has been purged of many names, whose doubtful sanctity gave them but little claim to the title of saints; and even to some which have been retained, there are such silly and superstitious stories appended as to make us wish that all the Black Letter saints were blotted out of the Book of Common Prayer,—and when we read of the romance of an Prevert Archbishop and learn that intelligent English gentlemen have set off on a pilgrimage to worship at the shrine of the visionary Mary Margaret Alacoque, we shall have no great reason to marvel if fanatical protestants are found kneeling at the grave of Johanna Southcote,

the pretended mother of the Messiah.

*Nov. 5th.* Until very recently observed in England with religious services, in commemoration of the rescue of the King and Parliament from Popish plotters in 1605

*6th* Some legends belong to the days of the present month: the first is Leonard the Confessor, who, has been claimed as the Patron of Prisoners, and who is reported to exercise miraculous power in their favor, and we are told by the monks of Himosiu, of which place he was the Bishop, that if any one in prison had called upon his name, his fetters would immediately drop off, and the prison doors fly open; inasmuch as many came from far countries and brought their fetters and chains which had fallen off at his intercession and presented them before him in token of gratitude

*11th. St. Martin's or Martinmas.* Popularly this is one of the most remarkable days of the year in Britain, especially in Scotland, where Whitsunday and Martinmas are the two great terms for leases, and engagement of servants. Martin, originally a soldier, died Bishop of Tours in the year 379.

*13th.* Britius, successor to Saint Martin in the Bishopric of Tours: It is hard to say on what account this Bishop has been canonized, for all that is related of him, is a reported scandal, and a pretended miracle to remove it, which only made the matter worse, and exposed him to the accusation of sorcery. But by an appeal to Rome after a seven years suit, he was restored to his Bishopric, and canonically sanctified about the year 440.

*15th.* Machutus, Bishop. All that is said of this saint is, that he was famous for several miracles, and that he flourished about the year 500.

*17th.* Hugh, Bishop of Lincoln. We know something of the history of this Bishop from our own records, and from the fact that he not only built

the famous cathedral of Lincoln. but, governed the See with great wisdom and success. But on what plea he was canonized at Rome, twenty years after his death we know not, except that the Carthusian monks, of which order he was a canon, have ascribed several miracles to him. He was buried in Lincoln Cathedral, to which his body was borne on the shoulders of King John of England, and William King of Scots.

*20th.* Edmund, King and martyr. This Royal saint when his kingdom was assaulted by the Danes, and not being able to hold out, offered his own person, if they would spare his subjects. But his heathen conquerors first endeavoured in vain to make him renounce his faith, then put him to cruel tortures, and shot him to death with their arrows. The town which has been built where he suffered, is now called St. Edmund's Bury.

*22nd* Cecilia, Virgin and martyr. A Roman lady who refusing to renounce the religion of Jesus Christ, was thrown into a cauldron of boiling oil, in the year 225.

*23rd.* *St. Clement* is spoken of by St. Paul as one of his fellow labourers. Monkish imagination has supplied him with a history and a martyrdom. He is said to have been thrown into the sea with an anchor about his neck. An anchor forms the vane of the Church of St. Clement Danes, in the Strand, London. He is held as the Patron saint of Blacksmiths.

Catherine. Virgin and martyr. This noble lady was born at Alexandria, and was numbered among the literati of her day. About the year 305, she was converted to Christianity, which she professed with great courage and constancy, which led to her martyrdom, being put to death by rolling a wheel of spiked iron over her body.

BAPTISMS. -- Ghas. Crosby, Alice Maud Howe, Charles James Annand, Alice Beatrice Annand, Percy Wetherall Annand.