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April,

1873

# St. Luke's Parish Post.

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## ON COVER.

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

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

## OUR PARISH.

Our Easter Mouday meeting of Parishioners, was not as largely attended as on some previous occasions, but the proceedings were entirely harmonious, and the condition of the Parish financially proved to be a little different from what could be desired, but not from what might have been expected. Expenses which were not provided for, but which could hardly have been avoided, have caused a deficiency, which the people will be called upon to make up, and we know they will do so promptly, as there is no blame resting on any on account of it. The annual account, distributed in the pews of the Church, gives full particulars of expenditure and receipts.

Most satisfactory, however, was the account given by our Venerable Rector, whom we may speak of as our spiritual Warden. He has long been in connection with our Parish, and the harmony existing, and the onward progress of the work of which he is the Director, give him pleasure and encouragement. The approval of the people is to him a great reward, for he and his devoted helper, Mr. Abbott, have worked untriflingly and harmoniously together, and we believe, with good effect; while others, moved by their example, and won by their zeal and kindness, have labored cordially with them in various departments of Parish work. The valuable services of the Bishop and Canon Gilpin, as also those of our devoted Organist, and of Choristes, and others, were remembered, and suitably acknowledged. The public Church services have been well sustained and appreciated during the last year; we may hope that attendance on those of the present year will be larger, and more persistent on the part

of many, and that results desired and expected may be more conspicuous than ever.

—o—

THE MONTH IN PROSPECT,  
MAY.

We learn from works received as authoritative, that among the Romans this was the *mensis maiorum*, or month dedicated to the elder persons of their community, while the next was the *mensis juniorum* or month of the younger people, and that thus most probably arose the names of May and June.

May 1st.—May day is yet celebrated with more or less of observances; here our young people go in groups to gather wild may flowers, rejoicing in these first floral tokens of the opening season. There remain yet usages which have had their origin in the worship of the Sun under the name of Baal, by the Celtic nations, hence the festival *Beltain*. In Ayrshire, Scotland, they kindled Baal's fire in the evening of May day, till about the year 1790. The Romans held games called Floralia, from which the May day jollities of Modern Europe seem to have directly descended. Some two or three hundred years ago it was impossible to sleep in some parts of England on May morning. Immediately after midnight the people were all astir, wishing each other a merry May, and went forth with music and blowing of horns to some neighboring wood, where they employed themselves in gathering branches, which they brought home and planted over their doors, so that the village looked quite a bower. The citizens of London went a Maying in this fashion, marshalled in parishes, their Mayor and Aldermen went also, and we read of Henry 3th and Queen Catherine,

## GOOD FRIDAY.

"He is despised and rejected of men."—ISAIAH LXX. 3.

**W**HOM speaketh the prophet this? of himself, or of some other man?" Who is the person "despised and rejected of men?" Who suffered and "died to heal?" These are suitable questions to put to ourselves at this solemn season, when we are called to "behold the Lamb of God" crucified for the sins of the world. It is "of Jesus suffering shame and scorn<sup>b</sup>" that they testify, who, as on this day, hung upon the Cross, and gave His life a ransom for many.

And what was it which caused the Redeemer to endure the pains of death and to shed His precious blood? It was sin, even *our* sin for which He suffered; and we must not forget that sin unrepented of and unforgiven will produce death. Death, therefore, is the offspring of sin. And what is death? Is it merely the close of our present existence? Do we live on earth only for a few years, and then lie down in the grave in endless sleep? If such were the case, death would possess no sting. But if we are Christ's disciples, and have been delivered from the power of sin, and made partakers of His resurrection, we need not fear death, for Christ has taken away its sting, and opened the kingdom of heaven to all believers.

The Eternal Father sent His only-begotten Son into the world to become man, that by His perfect obedience unto death He might "obtain eternal redemption for us." "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners<sup>c</sup>;" to suffer the punishment due to sin in—

"The darkest hour  
That ever dawn'd on sinful earth<sup>d</sup>,"

and to bear in His own sinless person the outpourings of His Father's wrath, which would have descended on our guilty heads.

And this blessed Redeemer is still "despised and rejected of men," they see no "beauty in Him that they should desire Him," they "pass by," and take no heed of His acute pains and sufferings, even unto death; the bitter cry that issues from those sacred lips, "My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?" is unheard and uncared for in the midst of their daily turmoil; it "is nothing" to them, and so they hurry on in the pursuit of

<sup>a</sup> Keble.

<sup>b</sup> Ibid.

<sup>c</sup> 1 Tim. i. 15.

<sup>d</sup> Keble.

<sup>e</sup> Ps. xxii. 1.

wealth and pleasure, and stop not to think of Jesus, their God and Saviour, suffering shame, and sorrow, and death on their behalf.

Let us not be guilty of such ingratitude and indifference; rather, let us follow Jesus through the train of His sufferings, and remember it was "not a vain thing" for which He "poured out His soul unto death," but that it was our sins which nailed Him to the Cross, and made His "soul exceeding sorrowful, even unto death."

Since, then, God has delivered up His own Son for us all, and with Him given us all things, let us open our hearts, and receive Him, and believe in His Name, and strive to love Him, and keep His commandments, which will prove our conformity to His death. And then what will He give us? He will give us power to become the sons of God. Let us, then, receive Christ in His shame and sorrow, and so strive to subdue the power of sin, that it may so languish and faint, until it give up the ghost and die within us. Then we may expect hereafter a glorious resurrection, when we shall receive Christ, not in humility, but in majesty and power, and be made partakers of His eternal and glorious kingdom.

A. R. B.

### E A S T E R D A Y.

Their sleepless watch Rome's soldiers keep,  
The Sabbath hours their moments tell,  
The stone is sealed upon the steep,  
To guard the God of Israel.

The fairest dawn earth ever saw,  
Breaks soft in beauty all untold;  
The soldiers see with breathless awe  
The open grave, the stone unrolled.

Two angels there, in rosy light,  
Close by the trembling women stand,  
And those have shining garments white,  
These, spices in each loving hand.

"Seek not the living midst the dead,  
Come see the place where Jesus lay;"  
Thus rang the hymn, by angels led,  
On our first glorious Easter Day.

The women haste with eager feet,  
Peter the wondrous news receives;  
But John gains first the grave's retreat,  
And "he whom Jesus loved" believes.

But Mary, sinner much forgiven,  
Is wondering, weeping, by the spot;  
The angel's song was, "He is risen;"  
But where is He, she sees Him not.

A voice falls gently on her ear,  
And "Mary" is the gracious word,  
Her love is great, her Saviour near,  
She is the first to greet her Lord.

Since then the years have passed away,  
A thousand Easter Days and more;  
A new one dawns on us to-day,  
And adds another to their store.

And as their golden numbers run  
Fast by us till they shall be full,  
The truth revealed by Easter sun  
Shines forth so vast, so beautiful:

Life here is ours, and life to come,  
His holy life our pattern given,  
Who won for us our Father's home,  
Through death's dark sin-bound portals riven.

I. A. R.

## ALIVE FOR EVERMORE.

## A MEDITATION FOR EASTER-TYDE.

Jesus lives, no longer now  
 Can thy terrors, Death, appal us;  
 Jesus lives, by this we know,  
 Thou, O Grave, canst not enthrall us.  
 Alleluia!

"Alive for evermore."—*Rev. i. 18.*

**H**EN Friday last a great King died.  
 On Friday last a great King was  
 buried. With great weeping and  
 lamentation He was laid in His  
 tomb. Around Him to the last  
 were His faithful followers, taking their  
 long last look of Him they loved so well.  
 And there they left Him, all alone, in the  
 dark gloomy cave, which had been hewn  
 out of the rock.

It is all over now,—that day of gloom, of  
 sadness and mourning,—to Him for ever.  
 Nevermore can that dear body of the dear  
 Lord, which was "clad in the purple rai-  
 ment," be racked and torn with suffering.  
 Nevermore can that dear face be marred with  
 the spitting. Those dear hands can never  
 more feel the sharp nails, which had once  
 themselves handled the workman's ham-  
 mer; or those wearied eye-lids again be  
 closed in death, or that tongue, "which  
 spake as never man spake," be parched  
 with the biting thirst. Yes, they have  
 done their worst, aye, all that man could  
 ever do. The great Captive, our true  
 Samson, can no more grind in the prison-  
 house, for the great temple of Dagon has  
 been cast down; and now o'er the ruins  
 thereof another Temple has arisen, "made  
 without hands," which riseth ever to the  
 everlasting hills. The foe is vanquished,  
 and lo! He that was dead, behold He  
 liveth. Death is overcome by death. The  
 earthen pitcher is indeed broken, and in  
 its stead the brightest form that ever  
 man saw, "the brightest and best of all  
 the sons of the morning." Yes, "weep  
 not." Away with earthly sorrow: cast  
 away all sadness. The Lion of the house  
 of Judah has conquered: He couched, He

lay down; He submitted Himself to the  
 spoilers,—to be humbled, to be trampled  
 on, and overcome. Yet henceforth from  
 very humbling has arisen this Easter Tri-  
 umph and this Easter Victory. Strange,  
 is it not? aye, contrary to all earthly law,  
 He that was overcome prevailing still,—  
 He that was conquered, the Conqueror.  
 Yes, "Death is life's beginning rather than  
 its end." Yes, through this Queen of  
 festivals, this day of all days,—of which  
 the holy Psalmist spake, when he said,  
 "This is the day which the Lord has  
 made, we will rejoice and be glad in it,"—  
 of ourselves also, when we, too, enter into  
 the grave and gate of death, we may  
 say,—

"Soon shall warmth revisit  
 These poor bones again,  
 And the blood be flowing  
 In each tingling vein."

O great mystery, that this should be.  
 That little dust, those few ashes,—living  
 spirits, living bodies, "alive for evermore."  
 But so it will be, through the all-powerful  
 efficacy of the one Great Sacrifice on the  
 sad day,—through the might of the rolling  
 away of the stone of the sepulchre, through  
 Jesu's love, through the power of the ever-  
 blessed Sacrament, through the care of the  
 angels of the Resurrection.

Ah! picture to yourselves the happiness  
 of that most joyful day, the day of the  
 Great Resurrection; dear friends meeting  
 dear friends; dear relations those they have  
 missed in life,—here the father, there the  
 mother; here the daughter, there the son;  
 here the wife, there the husband; all safe  
 in Jesu's love, "alive for evermore."

This will be the day "which the Lord  
 has made." Shall we not then rejoice and  
 be glad in it beyond all earthly gladness?  
 Ah! the angels' music! Ah! the palms  
 of victory! the fond embraces, the sweet  
 kisses of sweet love. You know it not  
 now; the glories of that Resurrection,

the streets of gold, the habitations, passing all earthly grandeur, the going hither and thither in the glorious liberty of the elect of God; no sun *there*, no heat, no hard work, no weary pain, no lingering sickness, no wanting for bread,—all filled, yea, fulfilled for ever and aye with the great All-in-All, the ever-holy, Jesus in His beauty, the true King of saints, the great and glorious Prince! Yes, “the Prince is ever there,” “the daylight is serene.” Strive then, O strive “to win that glory.” Look back to the Good Friday past; look back to the Cross,—to Jesus suffering. Ah! life is hard, life is wearisome: the temptations are many. And so it was with the dear Lord Himself. He “was weary too.” Look at the price He paid: the great ransom; that precious Blood outpoured, that holy life surrendered. Had it not been so hard, so great a price had not been required. And look at the great reward for your poor strivings, your poor works. Ah! rewarded with such a reward! And when you have attained that reward, you will look back upon all this that you are now going through as a mere nothing, for,—

“Oh! the joy upon that shore,  
To tell our voyage perils o'er.”

Is it not life from the dead? Is it not the everlasting life?

Yes, to-day “the Lord is risen, as all things tell;” the sweet flowers, the green trees, the green leaves, the bright sunshine, which come forth ever at the blessed Easter-tyde to welcome in this great festival. “He is alive for evermore.” What that risen life of His is we do not know. St. John the divine has told us of His life in heaven; of His standing there, the great High-Priest, clad in the long white garment, standing, as it had been a lamb that had been slain,—the King in His great majesty.

Yes. He is there “in the royal robe of purple dight,” our true Ahasuerus, with the sceptre in His right hand; and

Queen Esther, His dear bride, she is not there yet,—not till He holds out that sceptre, and the times of the refreshing shall have come, and the ransomed have returned, and everlasting joy shall be upon all heads. His joy is not yet complete, for is He not there, the Mediator now, the true Atoner, “taking away the sins of the world.” And then, when His He has done, His joy will be full; for the true Easter will have come, and the bride, His Queen, will be “alive for evermore,” “Death having no more dominion” over her.

O beloved, are you striving for this? Are you doing all you can for it? Was it so the last Friday past, when the dear Lord said, “O My people, wherein have I wearied thee?” Is it so now at thy Easter Communion, or has there been no Easter Communion to you this year? The saints on high are striving for it, aye, in prayer, aye, in the sad “How long!” Up, then, and be loving thy dear Lord more and more. Life is short; another Easter may not be for you. Put on then the whole armour of the Christian man,—the leaven of sincerity and truth, the lesson of the Lord’s life, of faith, hope and charity. Strengthen yourselves with the “food of mighty men,” “of the pilgrims who have striven;” with contrition, with repentance, with absolution. “Things are not what they seem.” All is dead, “dust and ashes,” save Jesu’s love; the gold is as dross, riches are cankered, the garments are moth-eaten. Live *the* life which is alone worth living, the risen life, the life of your true Pattern, the higher life. And why? Because He that was dead is alive again. Death has lost its shadows, the Grave its sting. Heaven is opened now, and the King is there, waiting for thee, to crown thee, to speak blessed words to thee, to make thee “alive for evermore,” one of the true citizens of the true city of God.

The Lord be with you.

G. C. NIFFAC.

## THE ATHANASIAN CREED.

"When the Son of Man cometh, shall He find the faith (την πιστην) on the earth?"  
S. LUKE xviii. 8.

**I**N the Creed of Athanasius  
Find we no misleading light,  
Guiding, beaming, pointing upwards,  
Lest we faint amid the fight.

All the doubts and sore distresses,  
Which abound on every side,  
Only shew its light more brightly,  
Only toll us to abide

Till the time of His blest coming,  
Which shall gladden all true hearts,  
Who unfaithfully have striven,  
Faithfully have done their parts

Towards upholding and maintaining  
Creeds against unfaithful ones,  
Who would leave us in the quagmire  
Of unholy strife of tongues.

Sweetly let us sing the praises  
Of our dear Incarnate Lord;  
Naming in this Creed's great rhythm,  
Him who shall be aye adored.

Dare we to mistrust His own words,  
(Words so awful, yet so kind,)  
Who believeth in Me liveth,  
Shall most surely mercy find.

Who believeth not in My words,  
Life and mercy shall not see,  
For that thing in which he trusteth  
Never hath he learnt from Me.

To My Church is left the keeping  
Of this treasure of My grace;  
Comfortable words it speaketh;  
It shall lighten every face.

Fainting 'neath life's heavy burden,  
Care we not for this world's fashion,  
Cheered, and comforted, and strengthened  
By the light of Christ's great Passion.

He would not that we should perish,  
But be bold to conquer, win  
'Mid the strife and din of battle,  
Which this world rejoices in.

Lift we then our loving hearts,  
To our blest Incarnate Lord,  
Whose atonement this Creed teaches.  
Let Him ever be adored!

Authorship and all vain questions  
Madly flung against this Creed,  
Only prove its blessed, true worth  
To all faithful hearts indeed.

If we then like "Athanasius  
Contra mundum" now would fight,  
Our most holy Faith must cherish  
Pure, unhurt, as our delight.

Like him speak in living words,  
Full of th' blest Spirit's fire,  
Of the Triune, mighty God,  
This Creed doth our hearts inspire.

Can we part then with our treasure,  
Full of grace, and life, and truth?  
Shall we yield it to the false world,  
Take instead nought but the ruth

Of this earth's cold unbelief,  
Its unsatisfying bread?  
Stones and serpents doth it offer;  
This the warning we have read.

Ever shall the Church's heart be  
Apostles', Nicene, and this Creed;  
Much more dearly let us love them;  
Save them now, Lord, in their need.

Thus the Blessed One in Three  
Will we ever love, adore,  
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,  
Worship ever more and more.

And to Thee, O Jesu Christ,  
For Thy Incarnation given,  
In the Church's Creeds will praise Thee;  
She Thy Bride on earth, in heaven.

His blest Presence He vouchsafes us  
In the Eucharistic Feast;  
There a bright reward of faith  
Gives to all, 'e'en greatest, least.



The Agony of our Blessed Lord.

## THE AGONY OF OUR BLESSED LORD.

**I**N that most awful hour, knelt the Saviour of the world, putting off the defences of His divinity, dismissing His reluctant angels who were ready at His call, and opening His arms, baring His breast, sinless as He was, to the assault of the foe,—of a foe whose breath was a pestilence, and whose embrace was an agony. There He knelt, motionless and still, while the vile and horrible fiend clad His spirit in a robe steeped in all that is hateful and heinous in human crime, which clung close round His heart, and filled His conscience, and found its way into every sense and pore of His mind, and spread over Him a moral leprosy, till He almost felt Himself that which He never could be, and which His foe would fain have made Him. O! the horror, when He looked and did not know Himself, and felt as a foul and loathsome sinner from His vivid perception of that mass of corruption which poured over His head, and ran down even to the skirts of His garments. O! the distraction, when He found His eyes, and hands, and feet, and lips, and heart, as if the members of the Evil One and not of God. Are these the hands of the immaculate Lamb of God, once innocent, but now red with ten thousand barbarous deeds of blood? Are these His lips not uttering prayer and praise and holy blessings, but defiled with oaths and blas-

phemies, and doctrines of devils? . . . His very memory is laden with every sin which has been committed since the Fall, in "all regions of the earth," with the pride of the old giants, and the lusts of the five cities, and the obduracy of Egypt, and the ambition of Babel, and the unthankfulness and scorn of Israel. O who does not know the misery of a haunting thought which comes again and again, in spite of rejection, to annoy, if it cannot seduce? or of some odious and sickening imagination, in no sense one's own, but forced upon the mind from without? or of evil knowledge, gained with or without a man's fault, but which he would give a great price to be rid of for ever? And these gather around Thee, blessed Lord, in millions of ages; they come in troops more numerous than the locust or the palmer-worm, or the plagues of hail, and fire, and frogs, which were sent against Pharaoh. Of the living, of the dead, and of the unborn, of the lost and of the saved, of Thy people and of strangers, of sinners and of saints,—all sins are there. They are upon Him, they are all but His own; He cries to His Father as if He were the criminal, not the victim; His agony takes the form of guilt and compunction; for He is the One Victim for us all, the sole Satisfaction, the real Penitent, all but the real Sinner.

## PENITENTIAL HYMN.

"The servants of sin."—ROM. vi. 20.

SIN follows sin, and as some mighty flood  
Rages unchecked with wild destructive force,  
Leaving rank weeds, where all seemed fair and good,  
And loathsome mud throughout its wayward course:

Thus Satan triumphs; and the wretched soul  
Takes bad for good, and foulest deeds for fair,  
Smothering remorse, and nears the fatal goal,  
Bearing the seeds of death and fell despair.

Jesus alone can stop our mad career,  
Grant true repentance, and with healing hand  
Wash off the guilt of many a misspent year,  
And guide us safely to the promised land.

May Christ, Who died for us upon the Tree,  
Teach us the lesson of His wondrous love,  
And give us grace to keep His Word, that we  
May live and reign with Him in heaven above.

W. M.

"THE SHADOW OF A GREAT ROCK IN A WEARY LAND."

**I** THOUGHT that I was wandering in a weedy plain under a burning sun, my eyes dazzled by the glare of light, my feet tired with long walking. I had but just entered upon the plain, for hither to my way had led through many different scenes, brighter and pleasanter far than this. First of all along a sunny path, with gay flowers springing up on either side, which often tempted me to wander hither and thither out of the way to pluck them; very fair were they to look upon in their varied hues, and there was no drawback to the delight with which I gathered them, until I found that they gradually withered and lost their beauty in the hot grasp of my eager hands, and presently, among the fair green leaves of the one, far surpassing any other flowers in beauty and rich perfume, I found thorns lurking, which grieved and puzzled me, and made me pause warily before yielding to the desire to pluck any more. There were pleasant paths opening out on all sides to be traversed, cheerful glades in forest nooks, soft turf on which to repose, and refreshing streams of water clear like crystal, and keeping up a low under-current of song as they flowed along; while overhead the forest-trees spread out their giant arms, and threw soft shadows on the turf at their feet, forming a tempting shelter from the sun, now mounting higher and higher towards its mid-day fulness of splendour; everything around was fair, and every sense lulled in sweet repose that cloyed not; the birds warbled songs of gladness, and so pleasant did earth seem to me, that as I watched one soaring upward far away in the blue sky, I wondered dreamily why it should choose to leave this fair land for any untried sphere, and what pleasure could be found in winging ever onward through the monotonous expanse of blue, when the earth beneath seemed overflowing with all kinds of enjoyment. Thus musing I wandered on, entering each moment new scenes of delight, now resting awhile to take a refreshing draught from the pearly stream,

now reaching forward eagerly to gather fruit and flowers, lured farther and farther away from the spot I had left in the morning, and so occupied in the pursuit of pleasure, that I failed to think of the good counsel that had been given to me before I set out on my journey. At last, far on in the distance, I espied some tempting-looking clusters of fruit overhanging a large sheet of water, and altogether heedless and careless of the consequences, I left the road, and pressed forward through bramble and briar until, after long toiling, I held them within reach, but at the moment the prize was secured, it fell to dust in my hand; most fair was it to look upon, but its beauty was gone directly my light touch fell upon it; and as with a sense of disappointment I now tried to regain the path, from which I had turned aside in my eager pursuit of this valueless fruit, I encountered many difficulties. The paths which I had trodden with light, easy step when buoyed up with hope and expectation, now seemed steep and rugged, and the lost track I could not again find; it seemed that I had reached the outskirts of the wood, and the way now led on and on through close thickets and underwood, and across an open space with rank coarse grass upon it, and with the vegetation becoming more and more scant, until I at length emerged on a vast tract of sandy waste, with no landmark to guide my steps; I could see the pleasant wood lying far behind me in the distance, but a haze had gathered over it, and there was no path to lead back there, even could I have retraced my weary steps; and though nearly fainting beneath the scorching heat of the sun, I felt compelled to keep moving forward,—to what end I scarcely knew. I fancied that I could discern a boundary to this desert waste, but whether far or near it was impossible to judge, for the distance was as difficult to determine on this sea of shifting sand as it is on the ocean. It was a gloomy river which thus attracted my gaze as it flowed ever darkly along; beyond it everything appeared

wrapt in obscurity and mist; and although I shuddered involuntarily, a fascination seized me and compelled me to watch it, black and cold though it looked, and all unlike the pleasant streams by which I had lingered in the morning. As I toiled painfully on, with sad despondent heart, a sudden memory flashed across me of lessons of loving counsel which had been given me ere I started on this journey, now become so toilsome; how that, not looking back, I was ever to press on in the way which opened before me, rough or smooth though it might be, through sunshine and shade alike; while I was ever to look onwards towards a glad country far away, in the midst of which was a bright, beautiful city, which should be my final home, that "city that hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God;" and that if I steadily persevered, neither discouraged by the cares, nor led away by the pleasures which the land through which I was passing would offer, I should ever be helped by One who had trodden the same road before me, and who ever and again gave strength for the journey to those who trusted to Him for it. But these early lessons had been all forgotten, pleasure had enured my thoughts, and it was not until I came to the dreary, desolate plain, and hope was well-nigh dying out in my heart, that I gave any heed to them. I knew it was even now not too late to call for succour, although by my forgetfulness and heedlessness I had surely forfeited all right to expect it, and with a sad penitent spirit I continued my weary journey; lifting up my heart again and again in a prayer for help, and the help that is ever given to those who humbly seek it came at last. When next I raised my eyes, which, dazzled and blinded

by the sun's piercing rays, I had for some time past kept bent upon the ground, I was able to descry a rock which threw a grateful shadow around it, and towards it with eager, trembling step I hastened; and who shall describe the joy and peace which came upon me, as at length I reached it, and drew in closely under it, clinging with outstretched arms to it, as to a refuge and haven, where after long journeying peace had come? This was the living Rock, the Rock of Ages, the shelter in the weary land: and from out its restful shadow I could gaze at length, and without fear, and could now discern things which had been hidden from me in the dazzling sunlight; there was still the dark river, which I could trace through a valley dim and shadowy; but after it had passed through, I saw that it was bounded on the other side by a land almost too bright and beautiful for human eyes to rest upon, bright with a splendour of whose reflected glory I could at times catch glimpses, a splendour neither of the sun nor of the moon,—there is no need of them there,—for "the Lamb is the light thereof," and the heavenly Jerusalem, the everlasting city is there. Beautiful vision of peace and joy, on which, clinging closely to the great Rock, and abiding under its holy shadow, I can gaze at length, and wait calmly until the day comes, when I, too, shall be called to cross the dread river whose further shore enfolds such glory! And as I gaze, I fancy I can detect the shadowy forms of others who are crossing even now the stream, and can hear as they pass the echo of a low voice which says, "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee." CRUX.

A FAITHFUL BISHOP.—George IV., wishing to take the sacrament shortly before his death, sent for the Bishop of Winchester. The royal messenger having loitered on his way, a considerable time elapsed before the Bishop's arrival, and his majesty, on learning the cause of so unusual a delay, rebuked his servant sharply, and, having peremptorily dismissed him from his service, turned to the

Bishop, and said he was now ready for the sacred offices. His lordship, then, with dignified calmness, remarked that while any irritation remained towards a fellow-creature, he must decline to administer the ordinances; and the King, suddenly recollecting himself, sent for the offending party, and cordially pardoned him, saying to the Bishop, "My lord, you are right!"

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

(Continued from page 69.)



"Just as the whistle had gone, Sam bent forward and thrust a little pocket Bible into Jem's hand."—(p. 95.)

### CHAPTER V.

**A**ROUND a month after James Barrow had broken off his engagement with Mary Melton, his mother, Susan, was sitting sorrowfully over the fire, now coaxing it to burn a little better, as though to comfort her by its warmth and brightness, then hopelessly resting her head on her hand, with an air of utter weariness. She sat for a long time by herself, but at last the heavy creak of Barrow's boots was heard at the door, and he abruptly entered the kitchen where she was sitting. He looked half curiously at her for a moment, and then

said, not unkindly, "Why, missus, what's up with you now?"

At the sound of her husband's voice Susan burst into tears, and explained the cause of her grief as best she was able.

"Our Jem have gone and took up with Cocks, and they're agoing to Australia."

"Softly now, mother, don't take on like that," answered John Barrow, evidently disbelieving the statement; "Jem's a been chaffing you, talking a bit without his book. Why he'd never go to leave the Squire, and Mary too; and then the passage would cost a sight o' money. Oh, no! no! it's all tales," said Barrow, lighting his pipe, and looking wistfully at his wife,

and then at the table, upon which there were no signs of tea. He was just going to try and rouse Susan a little more when James himself entered.

"Look here, Jem," he said fiercely, "keep your fooleries to yourself another time, don't go and worrit your mother and make her fret."

"Women will fret," said James, unconcernedly. "Mother," he continued, "do get tea, and I'll tell you more."

"More of what?" asked Barrow, sharply.

"Of my plans."

"Of your plans, you young idiot, you don't mean you're in earnest;" and then followed a long, angry conversation, during which James explained his full intentions to his father. He, together with Cocks and one or two others, were going to emigrate to Australia; he had the promise of an assisted passage. Cocks would lend him some money for further requirements. He was to go as a gardener, but it was evident that his head was full of a great deal besides gardening. He talked sensibly enough, and at last Barrow yielded a little, for it was clear that his son's mind was made up, and every one knew that what "our Jem" wanted to do, that he certainly would try to do. But the father asked, "How about Mary?"

James flushed crimson, and then said, lightly, "She won't go. There's as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it, you know."

Barrow looked at him wonderingly, and said, "Well, you're a queer chap!" and this is all that passed between the two men upon the subject of Mary.

A few weeks later James Barrow stood at the cottage door shaking hands with his father calmly enough, and looking compassionately at his weeping mother; but when Sam's rough hand grasped his, he turned deadly pale, tried to speak and failed, but finally returned his brother's grasp more warmly than in his life he had ever done.

"I say, Jem," said Sam, with faltering voice, "I'll carry this here for you round to the station, t'other boxes can come after."

"Thank ye kindly, lad," answered Jem, with such a strange look of mingled

wretchedness and affection, that Sam drew insensibly closer to him as he shouldered the great carpet-bag. This little bit of brotherly intercourse was doomed, however, to be interrupted, for Cocks joined them almost immediately, and James then returned to his usual cold manner.

They were soon at the station, and the brothers parted; but just as the whistle had gone, Sam bent forward and thrust a little pocket Bible into Jem's hand, saying, hoarsely, "I say, Jem, take this and stick to it."

Happily for Sam he had not the pain of seeing Cocks's curling lip, or Jem's hasty movement to get the little book out of sight.

For many days Sam was very downcast; it seemed to him as though he had seen his brother carried off by an evil spirit, for without knowing of any crime committed by Cocks, Sam, by instinct, thoroughly distrusted him.

As for Mary, she went on steadily as usual, though she would often get a little irritable with the children, but Mrs. Welby had from the children's prattling gathered some little idea of Mary's trouble, and she bore patiently and tenderly with the girl, trying to help her to bear her grief without directly alluding to it.

It was about a month after the departure of James that Mr. Glover, as he was returning home from visiting a sick parishioner, was attracted by a rather unusual sight in the peaceful village streets,—that of a little knot of persons standing near the churchyard-gate, talking in a very excited way.

"Whoever it be, 'taint him," seemed to be the general conclusion arrived at, and for some time Mr. Glover failed to discover what had been done, and who was accused of the deed. At last an old man turned to him, and replied to his enquiring look, by saying, "Oh, sir! it's some money has been stolen at Sir Ralph Maitland's, and they've been and accused Shambling Sam, 'cause he was a workin' about the place, and he's like to be took up."

Mr. Glover's own immediate conclusion was, "Whoever it be, it is not Sam," but he only enquired where he was.

"That's what looks so bad, sir," was the reply, "him's nowhere to be found, absconded like, not been seen since the morning."

Mr. Glover went at once to Maitland Court, and was met by Sir Ralph, who was looking very serious.

"It's a bad business," he said, gloomily, in answer to Mr. Glover's enquiries; "£35 have been taken from my desk by means of a duplicate key. This day last week the money was safe enough there, for I went to my desk in the morning and saw it there myself. I don't often go to this desk, and it was only this evening, when I wanted to cash a cheque for my sister, that I opened it, and discovered the theft."

"But why fix upon Sam Barrow?"

"Well, I will tell you. I wanted the fixed book-shelves altered, so this day last week I asked my man Collins to recommend me a trustworthy workman; and he sent for Sam Barrow, and here, in my study, Sam Barrow worked the whole of that day. In the evening Lady Maitland and I left for Brighton; I took my man with me, and we only returned this morning, since when I have been sitting in the study myself."

"But the other servants!"

"This part of the house was all locked up in our absence. I had the key of the study myself; I have had the lock examined, and it has not been tampered with. It's a very clear case you see—so much so, that I shall prosecute, which I should not have done had there been a shadow of doubt on my mind as to the offender." Sir Ralph then noticed Mr. Glover's grieved look, and added, "I'm really very sorry for you, Mr. Glover, for I know the pains you take with the village lads."

Mr. Glover silently shook hands, and leaving Sir Ralph, walked back to Sam's home. Here Susan Barrow met him in tears, exclaiming, "O! my poor misguided boy."

"Nay, give the lad a hearing before you call him so," said Mr. Glover, "you cannot feel quite sure of his guilt."

"Ah, sir!" she replied, "I must speak

my heart free out to you, I know you won't go for to say nothing. I durstn't tell his father, but the night afore last, when he come in, he looked so queer like, and "Mother," says he, "get my clothes tight to-morrow, please, I'm going up the country on a little business of my own." So I says to him, says I, "Why Sam, whatever business can you have unbeknown't to me, and you've got lots o' work here;" and he says to me, "Mother, there's reasons why I must go, and such as I can't tell you; but don't you say nothink, only please do as I ask you." Well, sir, Barrow were away, you know, so I couldn't get no advice what to do, and I thought to myself, "Well, he's a honest lad any how, and won't be up to any think bad," and I just did as he wished."

"Did he say where he was going?" asked Mr. Glover.

"Ah, sir! that's where it is," replied Susan, beginning to cry afresh, "he said he were going to Dalton; but bless you, sir, he have never been nigh the place. Oh, my poor boy! There, 'taint my fault, any how, for I always spoke kind to him, and gave him his bit o' victuals at home till he could earn summat for hisself."

"Ah, Susan," said Mr. Glover, mournfully, "there are other duties to fulfil towards children besides feeding them."

The apprehension of Sam proved a very simple matter; he was found wandering about the country about twenty miles off, and was captured at once and lodged in prison.

The greatest excitement prevailed in the village still, for every one loved Sam, and seemed to hope against hope that he might prove innocent after all.

"I'd never believe, Ada," said the Squire, "that the brave fellow who saved your life is a thief."

"Oh no, Papa, of course he is not, I never will believe it," (and she kept her word).

Soon after, however, the Squire and Mr. Glover felt sorrowfully convinced, for in Sam's old blue jacket pocket, where it was least likely to be sought, had been discovered the missing pocket-book, containing now no notes, only two shillings

and a few halfpence. It would be difficult to describe the general disappointment and sorrow. To think Sam Barrow should be a thief after all! He shewed no penitence, no contrition, but was, as Dame Gillan said, with a tear on her honest cheek, "a brazening it out." Mr. Glover went to him constantly; Sam was perfectly respectful in manner, but all his old reserve seemed to have returned, and he could not be induced even to enter upon the subject of the theft.

John Barrow was preparing to leave the village, for every one knew that there could be but the verdict of "Guilty" for Sam; and the carpenter said he could not lift up his head amongst his friends any longer. It would be better, too, for Susan; and as for Sam, no influence would do him any good if the parson's failed.

The night before the trial Mr. Glover made one last attempt with Sam, but alas! all to no purpose. He went back to the lodging he had taken for a day or two in the assize town where Sam had been conveyed, feeling that he could now do nothing but pray for this poor lad, whom he had so earnestly striven to help into the narrow way. Had he peeped into Sam's cell half-an-hour later, he would have seen tears flowing silently and freely down the sunburnt cheeks, for Sam held in his hand a dainty little sheet of paper signed "Ada," on which a large childish hand had written:—

"DEAR SAM,—I don't a-bit believe you did it. I shall pray God for you every day till you come home. ADA."

Sam had no difficulty in reading the little letter, and at last he accomplished the feat of answering it in these words:—

"RESPECTED MISS ADA,—God knows I didn't do it, and I takes it that matters most of all. Thank you, Miss Ada.

"Your humble servant,

"SAMUEL BARROW."

Ada shewed this note triumphantly to her father, who stroked her fair hair, and kissed her, and said, sadly, "Ah, Ada! what faith children have in poor human nature!" and Ada put the note away under the tray of her jewel-box, to the

head nurse's great horror, and with her unconcealed disapproval.

The next day Sam was conveyed in the prison van to the court. As he stepped out of the van some one said, "How bold and free that chap do walk, to be sure, after being clapped into gaol for a month; there's no saying what the pluck of them bad fellows is!" and when he came into court, everyone was struck by his perfectly fearless bearing, and his quiet self-possession. His appearance told decidedly in his favour, but the evidence against him was overwhelming. Sir Ralph testified to Sam having been alone in the study, and had further noticed that he had two small keys in his waistcoat pocket, attached to a thick black cord, which served as a chain for his big silver watch, (one of these fitted the desk). Then there was his unusual and unaccountable absence; the certainty that no one else had been alone in the study, and the all-conclusive point of the purse having been found in the old jacket pocket.

"He hasn't a leg to stand upon, worse luck," said an old farmer.

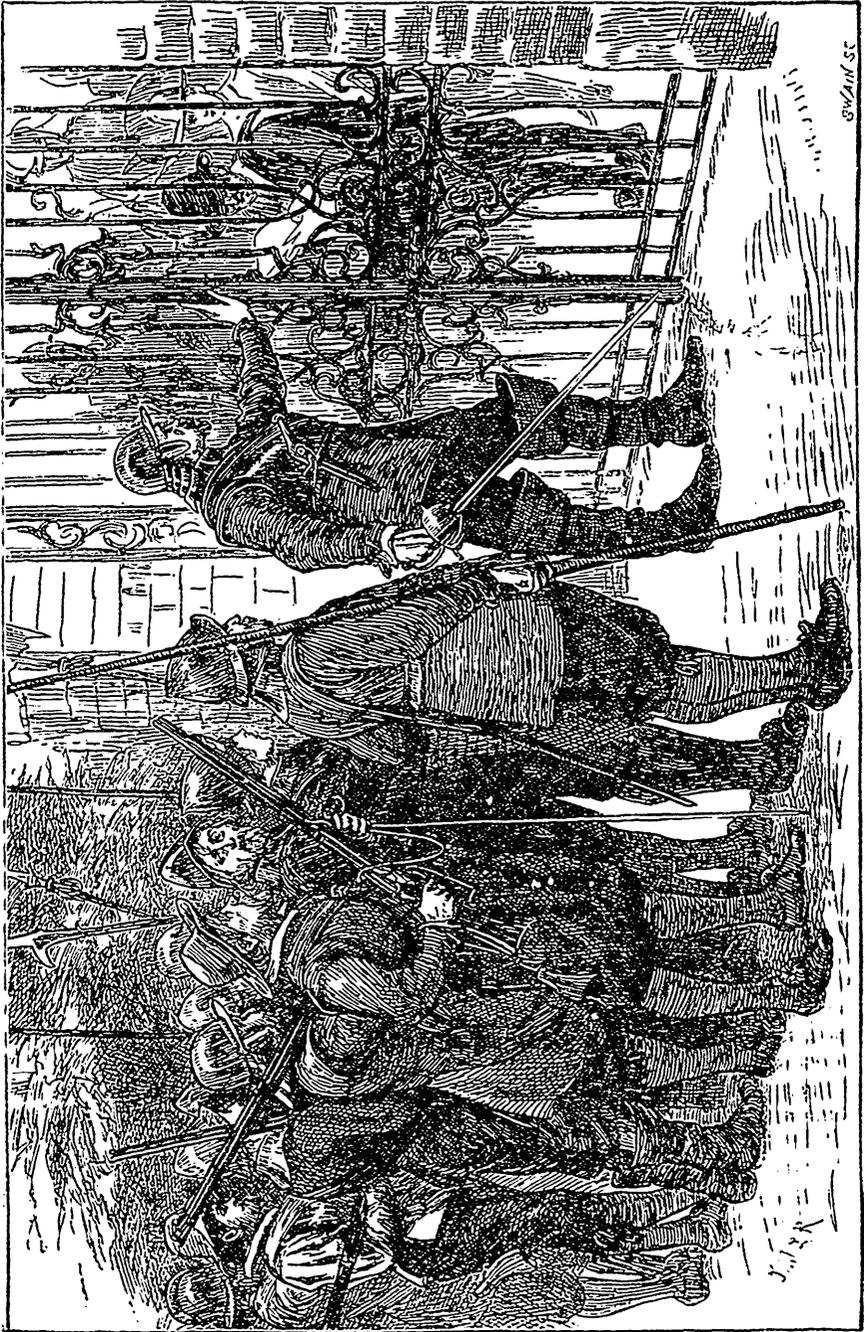
Sam attempted no sort of defence, although he had pleaded "not guilty." He had not been without legal protection and advice, thanks to the Squire; but his counsel soon felt that what he called the prisoner's "dogged reserve," added to the overwhelming facts against him, made, as he said, "a decent defence impossible."

The jury soon returned a verdict of "guilty," and the judge pronounced a sentence of imprisonments with hard labour for six years. There was a dead hush in the court when the judge had finished speaking, but suddenly a sobbing, childish voice called out, "Dear Sam never do nothing to nobody. They shan't take him away; he's the best boy in all the world!"

It was poor little Mercy Power, whose mother, fearful of leaving home without her, had imprudently brought her into court, little dreaming that the little one's love for Sam would make her "forget her behaviour." Sam looked up, saw little Mercy, smiled at her, rubbed his secret across his eyes, and then quietly allowed himself to be removed from the dock.

The convict was soon after removed to Portsmouth, and as it is with most stirring events, so did it prove with this: in a few months' time the interest in Sam had quite subsided, and the villagers said, "Oh, poor fellow, he was always a queer hand;" and the gentry said, "It's hopeless work, the training these rough lads; they are always disappointing in the end."

(To be continued.)



"The soldiers halted, and the parleying began, Simon Shipley came forward, and read the Parliamentary warrant."—(p. 101.)

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

(Continued from p. 76.)

CHAPTER VII.

THE LADY'S WALK.

"A perilous meeting under the tall pines  
That darken'd all the northward of her hall."  
*Tennyson.*

**T**HAT evening all was dismay and confusion in the old house of the Lynes. It would have been madness to think of a regular defence; a few servants and labourers could never hold out against well-trained soldiers. Dorothy had written letters, on the first warning of the danger, both to her brother and cousin, and sent them off by express messengers; but there had not been time for any answer, and besides this, the country was in such a disturbed state that it was doubtful whether these letters would ever reach their destination. The housekeeper and steward bustled up and down, giving contrary orders; nothing would have been done, had not Christopher taken matters into his own hands, packed the plate in a great chest, with all the papers and deeds of the estate, and sent it off to his own house, where, as he observed, they were not likely to shew their noses. He removed the handsomest of the furniture, and a few valuable old books and pictures, into Mistress Dorothy's own apartments, of which he advised her to keep the key. Adah's message was duly delivered. Dorothy listened very calmly; the danger, now that it was come, found her quiet and brave, and ready to do anything that Christopher thought best and wisest.

"I suppose I ought to be grateful," she said, smiling, "for the offer of staying in my own house. What shall I do? Will Master Shipley's wife keep her word, and treat me decently?"

"That she will, madam, I fully believe. Bad as it is, I believe it will be best to make terms with these rascally fellows, that you may have your own rooms to yourself, with such of your own servants as you may choose to wait upon you, and

settle your mind to stay here for a short time. I cannot doubt that you will be safe. They be Englishmen, after all, and not savages."

"I hope we may find them so. If my brother saw how things stood with us, think you he would blame me for letting them in?"

"He could not justly blame you, madam. And if there is any fault, it lies with me."

"No, indeed," said Dorothy. "And remember, you must agree with our enemies, that you yourself and the rest of the servants may be free to go whither you will. Stay a moment, Christopher," as he was moving off, "there is Mr. Corbet. Would he be best away?"

"Surely, without doubt! He should fly to-night, without loss of time. If he was to be caught, it were better in the open field than within these walls."

"Ah! so I thought. But he is not strong enough to walk far. He must have a horse."

"Well, madam, there's Black Edgar he is strong and useful, and would serve well for a flight. Captain Audley rode him for his first stage, when he went back to Oxford last, and liked the beast well."

"But how is it to be done? Can Jasper lead him out to meet Mr. Corbet anywhere?"

"So please you, Mrs. Dorothy, I would bring him myself, an hour after dark, to the north gate of the Lady's Walk. Mr. Corbet will find him there. If he is bound for Oxford, I would counsel him to keep the by-paths: the high road may be dangerous."

"I thank you, Christopher; you are the truest servant that ever lady had."

"Tis my duty to serve you, madam; and serving your friends is perchance the same thing."

He bowed, and went immediately out into the yard. Dorothy looked after him, as though she might have had something more to say; but did not call him back.

After dark in the Lady's Walk; no moon,

and the starlight scarcely penetrating the thick branches of the trees which overshadowed it. This was in the part of the grounds leading away towards the common, a kind of long, sheltered terrace. It was not without its tradition; a white shadowy lady was said to wander there at night, wringing her hands and weeping; and though no one could swear to having seen her, the servants used to listen on windy nights, and declared they heard her wailing voice, as she strayed up and down under the old trees. The legend made her an ancestress of the Lynes, whose husband went to the Crusades, and was never heard of again; she went mad, poor lady, and wandered up and down this terrace till she died.

Dorothy Lyne stole along under the trees that night without any distinct fear of meeting the melancholy ghost: she had promised Mr. Corbet to come there and bid him farewell. She had to wait a few minutes before he joined her, and she stood listening breathlessly to every sound, and thinking of the joyous hopes with which she and Marmaduke had parted; the war was soon to be ended, he and his troop were to return merrily to Dering,—and then the almshouses! How quickly the dark clouds had gathered over that bright hopeful sky! Yet the sky was still there; the clouds could not destroy it, though they might cover it for a time. Dorothy looked up at a bright star, which was shining down on her through a break in the leaves. "Nil desperandum!" she sighed to herself, and even as the words passed her lips, Mr. Corbet was by her side. He was in high spirits, like a prisoner suddenly restored to freedom. Dorothy, with all her faith in his true-heartedness, could hardly understand his joy at going.

"If my cousin Frank Audley is at Oxford," she said, "will you tell him of our sad strait? I wrote to him, but I fear he never had my letter."

"He may have other duties, which hinder him from coming here," suggested Mr. Corbet. "But I will give him your message. I shall soon hear that you are free in your own house again. The war cannot last much longer, I feel sure: all

the best blood in England is up in arms against these overweening villains. Peace will soon wave her olive-branch over us, and then, sweet Mistress Dorothy, your true servant may call this fair hand his own."

She let him hold her hand, and kiss it, without speaking; it was too dark for him to see her pale face, and the tears that she could not restrain.

In partings like this, sorrow and happiness ought to be equally mingled: but poor Dorothy had all the sorrow, without being able to feel any happiness; that, such as it was, seemed to fall to her lover's lot. He was so sure that bright days were coming, so eager to be away and in all the bustle of the world again: and yet Dorothy was angry with herself for not being happy, for surely he must care for her very much; she was the vision that made those coming days so bright. They wandered slowly along towards the gate, where a man and horse were standing like statues in the dim starlight.

"I must bid you farewell," said Mr. Corbet; "you and the old place that has sheltered me so kindly. Whatever happens, and however long a time may pass ere we meet again, you will still believe that you are the star of Henry Corbet's life. You will not forget your unworthy lover?"

"No; never," said Dorothy, and then, as if in a dream, she saw him mount his horse, and ride away suddenly and swiftly into the darkness, while Christopher, tall and silent, came to guard her back to the Hall.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### BARTON'S TROOP.

"Such as do build their faith upon  
The holy text of pike and gun,  
And prove their doctrine orthodox  
By apostolic blows and knocks."

*Butler.*

"HERE they come," said Christopher Wake.

Along the village street, across the green, and up to the iron gates of the Hall came the Puritan soldiers, firm in rank and steady of front. With them was their

Captain, Nehemiah Barton, a square, stern, watchful personage; and there was also little Master Shipley, in a new suit of black, and his son Simon, who kept rather in the background, with a roll of parchment under his arm. All the men Christopher could get together had mounted guard in the avenue; he did not mean to let these fellows in without resistance, if they would not agree to his terms. He himself, as he stood in front of the gate, looked a match for ten ordinary men. The soldiers halted, and the parleying began. Simon Shipley came forward, and read the Parliamentary warrant; it necessary, it was to be enforced by violent means.

"Therefore," said Simon, "you see these men; their purpose is to occupy the village and the Hall. You cannot make any defence; we therefore counsel you to yield quietly, and you shall receive no damage."

"Hear me a few words," said Christopher. "The worshipful lady who holds this house in her brother's absence, has given me power to treat with you in her name. As to defence, I can tell you that these good fellows of mine, were I to give the word, might cost you trouble yet. But we will let you in on these terms:—That Mistress Dorothy Lyne may remain unmolested in her house, and have the free use of her own apartments, with the attendance of such of her own servants as she may choose to keep about her, for as long as it pleases her to stay. That this troop may be quartered in the village; or at any rate, not more than three men at the Hall. That those servants, retainers, and tenants of Sir Marmaduke Lyne who are not required to serve their lady, may be as free as they were before, with full possession of their own goods, and power to go where they will."

The two Shipleys moved aside, and spoke a few words privately to Captain Barton. Then Simon came forward.

"The terms might be accepted," he said, "if it were well understood that my father and his family are to occupy Dering Hall, it now being confiscated to the use of the State."

"It is well understood," said Christo-

pher, shortly; "Mistress Dorothy Lyne is pleased to put such trust in the honour of Master Shipley and his son, as to consent to remain in the house with them."

"Ay? and what if they will not have her in the house?" said old Shipley's harsh voice.

"She will find friends enough to shelter her. And in that case, as you will reject our terms, you will not enter Dering Hall but over the dead bodies of all these its defenders."

Christopher's little guard made a fair show, with their weapons flashing among the green shadows of the trees. Captain Barton interposed.

"My men will not spend their blood in a vain quarrel. You were wise to accept the terms, and make no further coil."

His stern manner and harsh voice silenced little Shipley, who made no further objection; and Christopher, with a slow, unwilling hand, drew back the heavy iron bolts, and set the gates open for the entrance of the enemy.

So the Roundheads had possession of Dering Hall; the feet of rebels mounted the nine stone steps, and passed beneath the Pænic into Sir Marmaduke Lyne's house. Dorothy looked down from her upper window on the steel caps and broad shoulders; she had gone to her own rooms with her waiting-maid, and old Jasper was keeping watch at the outside door. She was well shut out from the rest of the house; a door from the great gallery opened into a kind of vestibule, which led to a suite of three good-sized rooms, with windows looking west and south. Here she had gathered all her treasures, and meant to remain quietly, with these two faithful servants, till some change should come. Marmaduke might arrive, or Frank; and then, if they thought it necessary, she might go to some safer place, but she had a strong feeling that it was better for the Dering people that she should remain there: they should not feel themselves forsaken in these troublous times as long as she could stay.

That same evening, Mistress Shipley and her daughter came jolting in their springless waggon from the old home to the new

one. They brought their own servant with them, and it was a good thing they did so, for all the Hall servants had already left, except the cook and one or two grooms; the former observed that he would bring himself to take orders from a Roundhead or a thief, for the sake of sending up Mrs. Dorothy's dinner; they should not poison her, whatever they did. Dame Bridget had followed the plate-chest to Christopher's house on the edge of the park; his old mother was a friend of hers, and she knew it would be no use for her to stay within the same walls with "that Shipley crew."

So the new occupants of Dering walked in across the hall, and through the stately rooms, without meeting any of the oid denizens of the place. Mistress Shipley was stern, and slightly triumphant. "He hath put down the mighty from their seat," she said, as she stalked along in her grey hood under the old warlike portraits of the Lynes. "Master Flail will find matter in these events for a fruitful discourse."

Adah did not answer; she looked pale and sad as she followed her mother, and seemed to shrink from the light of the long western sunbeams that streamed across the house, reflected in the polished oak floor. Presently her brother came to meet them through the rooms.

"A fine house, mother," he began. "We little thought of living in such rooms as these ere we died. But now that the old tyranny is losing its hold on us—"

"How long shall we live here?" said Adah, softly; she was afraid of waking the echoes in those long galleries.

"All our lives, if we manage it well," said Simon, laughing; "a hundred years hence ours will be an old name here."

"It is no doing of ours," said his mother, gravely; "the good things of this world are taken from one and given to another. We must see that we use them well."

"The Lynes have ever been a proud race, and pride must have a fall," said Simon; "the Phoenix, yonder, and the motto—we will prove them liars yet. Have you seen the caged bird, mother? Mistress Lyne, I mean?"

"Nay, son, how should I have seen her? She is shut up in her own apartment."

"You ought to speak with her, that she and you may know clearly the terms on which you stand. I will go this moment and ask her to see you."

So Simon tramped away upstairs; the two women, as they stood below in the hall, heard him passing along the gallery, and then parleying with Jasper at Dorothy's door. In a few minutes he came down again, looking black and angry.

"The proud minx will not see you, mother," he said. "She sent me out a message that she would fain be left in peace, at least for this one night. They are all the same, these Lynes: too good to speak to their fellow-creatures. Well, she will soon find that she is mistress here no longer."

"Well, son, well," said his mother, "'tis a bitter trial for the maiden, and she has not learnt to bear it yet. What are those doors yonder? I should know the house, if I am to live in it."

The mother and son walked away together, while Adah, feeling unhappy and out of place, strayed through the withdrawing-room and out on the terrace, where Dorothy used to feed her pigeons in the golden evening of days now passed. When Adah appeared, they came fluttering down to their accustomed place, flapping about on the balustrade, and strutting on the grass; little they knew, as they proudly puffed their feathers, of the blight that was come upon the house. "Pretty birds!" said Adah, "you must not be starved." So she made her way round to the yard, and there she met Christopher, wandering with a downcast face from stable to kennel. His look brightened, and he lifted his cap, at sight of the little maiden.

"Good e'en to you, Mistress Adah," he said; "can I help you in aught?"

"I thank you," said Adah, shyly; "the pigeons came down to me, as if they were hungry, and I thought I might find some grain."

Christopher fetched a bag of grain, without a word, and put it into her hands.

"Mrs. Dorothy will take it kindly of you," he said, "if you will have a care of her birds."

Adah smiled, and went back to the terrace. Dorothy looked out of one of her south windows, unseen herself behind the dim diamond panes, and watched the feeding of her pigeons.

The next day was Sunday. A message had been sent to the clergyman who generally performed the service at Dering, telling him that there was no longer any need of his attendance, as that godly and well-learned person, Master Flail, would henceforth feed the flock with sound doctrine; they would no longer stray in the wilderness of Erastianism. However, only two or three of the Dering people, and these half from fear, half from curiosity, attended the new pastor's morning exercise. Mr. Shipley and his household, Captain Barton and his troop,—the congregation consisted of these, and the sermon might well have raised a riot in the church, had any hearty friends of the Lyne family been present. Adah trembled, and shut her eyes at the violent declamations which she was obliged to sit still and hear. Nothing was bad enough for them; they were the seed of Ahab, the wicked generation; all the curses of the Law, Master Flail seemed to think, were denounced expressly against them. He rejoiced that their day was over at last; that their heritage had been taken

from them, and given to the righteous; as for him who had driven them out, he was to flourish like a palm-tree; his house was to be like a cedar of Lebanon. The preacher concluded by inviting his hearers to meet again in the afternoon, to finish the purifying of this place of worship, that good work in which ungodly men had formerly hindered them. Groans of approbation greeted this proposal. Alas for the church, defended by its Rector to the last! its day was come; the enemy was free to work his will. That was a Sunday long to be remembered at Dering: the smashing of old painted windows, the defacing of venerable tombs, the desecration of altar and font, the profaning of the sanctuary. And the old Rector lay in his grave under the chancel-floor; he was at rest; all the havoc and noise could not disturb his happy spirit in Paradise. Dorothy Lyne, as she knelt that evening in her room, shedding bitter tears of grief and loneliness, suddenly bethought herself of his words when he was dying: "The Lord is King, be the people never so impatient: He sitteth between the cherubims, be the earth never so unquiet." "*Nil desperandum!*" The storm seemed now at its blackest, but surely it could not last for ever: "Heaviness may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning."

(To be continued.)

## E A S T E R B E L L S.

Hark! I hear the angels singing,  
Sweet their voices sound, and clear;  
Or perhaps the bells are ringing,  
Pealing softly, far and near.

Easter bells have holy meaning,  
Joyful is the tale they tell;  
Angels down from heaven leaning  
Know the peaceful story well.

Christ is risen! now victorious,  
Over Death our Saviour reigns,  
More than Conqueror, great and glorious,  
He our "Paradise regains."

Tired souls, fresh courage taking,  
Learn to live, and learn to die,  
Then this troublous world forsaking  
Meet their risen Lord on high.

Anxious hearts the echo hearing  
Gather strength, and light, and life;  
Nothing dreading, nothing fearing,  
Brave the battle and the strife.

Voices of sweet souls departed  
Seem to mingle with the throng;  
Those long lost and tender-hearted  
Swell the grand, eternal song.

May we on this day of gladness  
Join the anthem of the blest;  
Casting care aside and sadness,  
Ask for mercy, peace, and rest.

Holy guardian angels guide us,  
May their loving arms defend;  
With their prayer be eye beside us,  
And protest us to the end.

JULIA.

## E P A M I N O N D A S.

## A MONOGRAPH.

**T**HE glory which illumined Thebes at this time was but a light kindled from Athens. After the death of Socrates, his two disciples, Simmias and Cebes, returned to Bœotia, and established Schools of Philosophy in their native city. These schools must have had great influence among the Thebans,—one of them at least rivals the Athenian philosopher in truth, courage, and patriotism.

Epaminondas, the son of Polymius, was of noble blood, though born in extreme poverty. He owed his success in life entirely to his great genius and ability. It is said that from the State he received nothing but the glory he gained in her service.

Lysis of Tarentum was the teacher and friend of Epaminondas. This philosopher, with the two we have already mentioned, made him the most accomplished man of his time. He possessed great eloquence and power of persuasion, a talent almost considered impossible in Bœotia. His words fell slowly and softly, as Homer says of Ulysses, like flakes of snow. He practised gymnastic exercises, those which required skill rather than strength, and he was fond of music, singing, and dancing. A Greek and a Roman's idea of education differed extremely: the latter thought playing the lyre was an amusement unfit for a nobleman, and dancing was pronounced a vice. Epaminondas never told a lie even in jest; though fond of war, he was not cruel, and, unlike the other Greeks, he shrank from shedding innocent blood.

In the year 382, the Spartans had seized the Cadmeia when given up to the women for the celebration of some festival; and by the possession of this fort, they were able to control the government of Thebes. They turned it into an oligarchy, just as they had made Athens one, and were now equally disliked in both cities. Pelopidas, with some other young Thebans, determined to get rid of the foreigners, and Epaminondas was invited to join in the

conspiracy. He steadily refused to do this, for the conspiracy was treacherously to murder the Spartan governor and all his garrison. When, however, the deed was done, he was heartily glad to be free.

In 371, Cleombrotus received orders from Sparta to march upon Thebes, and punish that retractory town. The king happened to be in Phocis at this time, and instead of marching in a south-easterly direction by the usual road, he crossed Mount Helicon, and appeared suddenly at Creusis. Creusis is a small seaport on the west coast, belonging to Thebes. To take possession of her was a master-stroke of policy. The Spartans not only destroyed all the ships in the harbour, but they were now able to open a communication with their own country by sea. Cleombrotus then re-crossed the mountains, and led his army down again on to the memorable plain of Leuctra. It seems to us that many celebrated victories have been won by men not quite certain whether they shall fight or fly. Marathon and Salamis are instances of this, and so is the battle of Leuctra. It was all Epaminondas could do to make his men venture an engagement; and even when they did face the Spartans, it was not with the hope of victory, but with a kind of brave despair. Permission to retire was given to all those who desired to do so, and several hundred Theban allies availed themselves of the privilege. The enemy saw them retiring, however, and sent a body of cavalry to force them to return. We are reminded of the proclamation which Gideon issued to the children of Israel, before his attack on the Midianites: "Whosoever is fearful and afraid, let him return and depart early from Mount Gilead; and there remained of the people twenty and two thousand."

At this time the Spartans were thought to be invincible, and with ordinary tactics so they were; but instead of arranging his men in line as the custom then was, Epaminondas formed his left wing into

a dense column, fifty deep, and led it against the enemy's right wing, broke it by sheer weight of numbers, and routed the whole army. Napoleon gained his victories in nearly the same way. He used to send regiment after regiment to one particular part of the enemy's line, and when that gave way his victory was nearly certain. A serried mass of troops, is, of course, impracticable in these days of gunpowder,—a few rounds of shot would sweep it through and through.

Cleombrotus, the Spartan king, was killed at Leuctra: when mortally wounded, he was with difficulty rescued from the hands of the Thebans. No Spartan king had fallen in battle since Thermopylæ, now three hundred years ago. Only two men cared to survive this defeat. At the battle of Leuctra, three hundred retreated from the field, and fortified themselves in their camp. The victorious Thebans dared not attack them here without further help; so they solicited the aid of Jason, tyrant of Pheræ, the most ambitious man of his age. Jason marched into Bœotia at the head of a large army; but he persuaded the Thebans, nevertheless, to make peace.

The Spartans returned to their own country, where they were not punished according to law, but only suspended. The laws of Lycurgus were made for happier times: even in his day there were only nine thousand Spartans of the first order; ever since then their numbers had been dwindling; and now, at the close of the Peloponnesian war, most of the land was in the hands of women.

Soon after this, to the great relief of his friends and enemies, Jason of Pheræ was murdered. As we said before, he was an ambitious man, and with all Thessaly at his command, and her herds of uncultivated shepherds, Thebes, Bœotia, perhaps Greece herself might have been conquered. Athens and Sparta had each in succession ruled and devastated Greece. Thebes' term of power had now come; but it began and ended with the life of one man. Epaminondas was the first General of his time, and the first Statesman. Some historians have called him the first of the Greek; and, as an advanced and enlightened politician, so he was. We wish, though, that he

had conquered foreign foes instead of his own countrymen; and we wish that he had tried to heal the wounds of Greece, instead of augmenting her misery.

In 369, Epaminondas invaded the Peloponnesus, and led his victorious troops as far southward as Helos and Cythium on the coast. The smoke of burning villages was visible from the windows of Sparta. Caesar calls this the unvarying sign of an enemy's march; and for the first time in her existence, the city was menaced with a siege. She was saved, however, by the energy and courage of Agesilaus. With his cavalry he repulsed the Thebans, and they had to content themselves with ravaging the neighbourhood of Lacedæmon, and with raising up against her two powerful states; one was Messénæ, the other the Confederacy of Arcadia.

A confederacy is a most difficult thing to crush; for while an army is besieging one town, (if there are ten thousand men in it, it will require thirty thousand to do this properly,) it is always liable to be attacked by another. When the children of Israel took possession of the land of Canaan, it was from the Confederacy of the Sidonians in the north, and the Philistines in the south, that they met with most resistance; and later on, if Abimelech had not put an end to the Confederacy of Sucechem, it would most assuredly have destroyed the Jewish nation.

A Republic is much to be pitied in a time of war, for then she has not only open enemies to fear, but she is constantly suspecting hidden ones in her own generals. We suppose it is more difficult to be loyal to a General Assembly, particularly if there be a Cleon in it, than to a sovereign. It seems, at least, that Grecian governments seldom quite trusted their commanders, and limited their power to the shortest duration possible. Epaminondas and his colleagues could not run Sparta in the time allotted them, and had the temerity to prolong the campaign. On returning home they were all impeached for high treason, and tried for their lives.

Epaminondas took the whole blame on himself. "I am content to die," he said, "if the Thebans will record that I was put to death for humbling Sparta, and because I taught my countrymen to face and conquer her armies."

Epaminondas was honourably acquitted, and entrusted again with the command of the Theban force. He was eventually killed in the battle of Mantinea; and with this glorious life ended the dominion of Thebes.

Epaminondas was never married. His friend Peopidas used to urge him to do so, that he might leave children behind him to bear his name; but he always replied, "Leuctra is my daughter." E. S. V.

## THE PEDLAR AND THE CHILD.

NATURE was smiling in all its autumnal beauty. Countless various hues embraced the rich foliage of Harley wood; the noble oak, standing forth in all its stately grandeur; its dark greenish leaves a bold relief to the still equally beautiful autumnal tints of the beech, ash, elm, and chestnut. Nature indeed formed a glorious background to the little village of Sorton. The birds are greeting with blithesome carols the roscate morn; darting swiftly from their nests, to seek the grain, worm, and bud; returning with timid caution, lest their entrance be observed, and thus expose to harm their tender brood. As the eye wanders from one work of the Great Creator to another, the heart is lifted up in thankfulness to nature's God, while the voice is tempted to swell forth into those joyous strains of our *Benedicite omnia opera*.

At the confines of the village of Sorton stood a small gabled-roof cottage, surrounded by a neatly-kept, gaily-stocked garden; the sweet-william, marigold, peony, and poppy, vying with each other in gaiety of colour; while the fragrance of mignonette and carnations seemed to perfume the whole atmosphere. A narrow, winding walk led from a small white gate to the door of the cottage, over which was carefully trained a honeysuckle and a rose-bush. A little lad was standing in the entrance. Presently a pedlar, heavily laden with books, passed down the road: heat and fatigue made him tarry at the cottage wicket: then, imagining that a glass of water might refresh his wearied limbs, he slowly opened the gate, and wended his way to the cottage door.

"Well, little master," said he to the child, as he caught a glimpse of the bright, enquiring little face, "what be your thoughts this sunny morn? Unless thy look belies thy heart, as bright as the day, methinks."

"Good morning, sir," said the child; "hast seen anything of the soldiers in the

village yonder, kind sir? I am tarrying awhile to see them pass. Tommy Dean says they be at the 'Fox and the Grapes,' and will pass to Folkestone this morning; he says they be such gay-dressed men, carrying real swords, and their coats—oh! if ever I be a man, a soldier I will be;" and the little fellow, as though stimulated by the idea, marched up and down the cottage, holding a slender twig over his shoulder, in imitation of the men whose lot he so envied.

"Hast ever heard, little man," said the pedlar (seating himself on a chair inside the cottage), "of the army whose soldiers, as young as ye, yea and smaller too, take their rank?"

The child's eyes expanded, while they brightened; and coming quickly to the old man's side, he eagerly enquired where the army was, and if he might join in it, and fight with a real sword?

"Wouldst like to hear, child, the history of one, who, as young as thou, entered the ranks of this army; and after many battles fought, and victories won, he received as a reward a home in a beautiful country near the King in whose service he had fought, loving to be near Him in whose cause he fain would have shed his life's blood?"

Fixedly had the child's eyes been riveted on the old man's face while he was speaking; the idea of one as young as himself enlisting in a scheme which had always fascinated his boyish fancy, seemed to have claimed his attention.

As the pedlar paused, the child with breathless eagerness exclaimed:—

"Go on sir, but begin from when he entered the army as young as me."

The old man, laying his pack on the neighbouring stool, bent his head, and for a few seconds remained silent, as though to recal the reminiscences of past years, then began his narrative.

"Many a year ago, there lived in a cottage in the south of England (never mind

the name of the village), a man and his wife, the man a carpenter by trade: and a pretty business he did then, before his hands and limbs got stiff with age. They had two bairns, a lassie and a laddie, just such another as thou," raising his eyes to the child's face; "a bonny bairn; the same light curly hair," tenderly passing his hand over the little head; "and eyes that vied with the sun in brightness"—and a tear slowly coursed down the old man's cheek—"too good and beautiful for this wicked world! Well, child, when he was scarce as old as thou, there comes a young lady to stay at the big house, hardly a stone's throw from the poor man's cottage, and she often sees the child, and is pleased with his pretty ways; so perlit as he always was at doffing his little cap whenever he met her: and, as I said, she took to the child, and gave him many a present, amongst others, a book, such a one as this," pointing to one in the pack; "she told him it would tell of a Great, Good Being, who was asking old and young men, yea and little children too, to join His army in fighting a great wicked enemy: little children He liked better than any for His soldiers, He loved to feel how utterly dependent they were upon their King. The book told of many who had joined the army when they were little children, and who all their lives had fought bravely for their King. Many hardships and troubles the faithful soldiers met with, but still they kept true to the end.

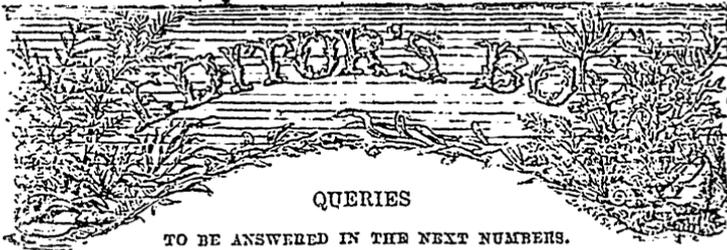
"As each soldier joined the good King's ranks, they received a cross on their foreheads, as a badge and pledge that they were willing to bear any pain or grief while fighting under His banner against the great enemy; so all the men knew that to join the army was not beginning a course free from trouble, or a life of ease; but every recruit was provided with a suit of armour, to protect him from the fiery darts of the wicked one. The bairn's book told of many, who, although they had joined the army, and received the

badge, yet directly the enemy appeared, deserted the ranks; others, although they had received the armour, failed to wear it, they received many a deadly wound from the enemy, not having any protection. Again, some could not withstand the taunts of those who, before they joined the good King's army, had been their comrades and companions—*ridicule* made them deserters. Many, many a tale did the bonnie laddie read: and one night, he calls his mother to his little cot, and says, 'Mother, I be in the good King's army, but I ain't been a real soldier, fighting in His cause against the enemy; but mother, darling, I mean to now, in real earnest.' Such a wistful, tender look, the beautiful bairn had,—and sure he did join the ranks of the child soldiers! and how (God bless him) he loved his King! Fighting, struggling, wrestling; he bravely marched on; each day being a step nearer the promised land. But not for many years was he suffered to fight; the promised reward for his bravery was not withheld for long. As he neared the King's domains, the little frame seemed hardly strong enough to grapple with the enemy, so the good King came, and gently taking his hand, tenderly led him into His bright and beautiful country, where, yielding the sword with which he had won a home,—then it was our soldier bairn received a harp in its place, on which, as a bright little seraph, he sang his Sovereign's praises."

The old man paused, the child's eyes were filled with a bright intelligence, he seemed to have fathomed the allegorical words. Little did the pedlar think he was prophesying the fate of his little friend!

\* \* \* \* \*  
 And now he lives with Jesus,  
 Beside the crystal sea;  
 And sings unto his golden harp,  
 The sweetest melody.

There at the side of Jesus  
 For ever he shall stay;  
 And with the wing'd angels  
 Through the happy hours shall play.



## QUERIES

TO BE ANSWERED IN THE NEXT NUMBERS.

### THE REFORMERS.

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

M. I. C. S.

### ANCIENT STONE.

20.—*I shall be greatly obliged if some of your correspondents can tell me the use of a flat round stone, found in an old church in Cornwall, close to the font; also, in one other old church in England. It is rather more than two feet across; there are seven holes scooped out on the top of it, round, about, or a little more than, two inches across.*

WILLIAM ENDECOTT.

### THE SEALED BOOKS—BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER, 1662.

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

ED. MARSHALL.

### ORGANS.

22.—*Can your readers tell me when, and where, Organs are first mentioned as used for the music of the Church; also, when they were introduced into England?*

A. B.

### THE UTRECHT PSALTER.

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

P. J.

## REPLIES

TO QUERIES IN PREVIOUS NUMBERS.

### THE NONJURORS.

81.—*Wanted some particulars of the Nonjurors and their practices. Also, what connection the Scottish Episcopal Church has with the Nonjurors.*

KENTIGERN.

Will ANNIE pardon me if I venture to suggest that the quotation she offers KENTIGERN, as a reply to his query on "Nonjurors," in your February number, if not bald and erroneous, conveys more than one mis-impression.

First, let us hope that the assertion that the Scottish Primus is "Primate," may soon become a fact, by the restoration of the title of Archbishop of St. Andrew's. At present, however, he is only *Primus inter pares*, without even a casting vote.

Next, I believe that many would take exception to the statement, that "those Scottish episcopalians complain that now that

they have *abjured the Stuarts*, the other episcopalians will not put themselves under their jurisdiction."

The Church in Scotland never "abjured the Stuarts." On the extinction of the male line, and in the absence of any claim on the part of nearer heirs, it felt justified in transferring its allegiance to the then reigning family, as *descendants of the House of Stuart*; but, with the distinct understanding, that doing so, in no way implied recognition, acceptance, or approbation of the revolution principle, which it has always regarded as simply a successful rebellion against constituted authority.

And lastly, it may be questioned whether those independent congregations denominating themselves "Church-of-England," can correctly be classed as "other episcopalians," being under no episcopal jurisdiction whatever; and having no claim to the

distinction beyond the fact, that their ministers may have received orders from English or Irish bishops. REMOR & BOREALIS.

#### ST. MARGARET OF CORTONA.

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

In addition to St. Margaret of Scotland and Antioch named by A WESTERN SUBSCRIBER, there is St. Margaret of Hungary, a princess whose name is still revered by the people of that country. Her royal parents dedicated their child to God before her birth, and afterwards their constant prayers and holy teaching were blessed to their daughter. St. Margaret nursed the sick, comforted the sorrowful, and instructed the young in her father's kingdom.

One more St. Margaret remains to be mentioned, a beautiful shepherdess who suffered martyrdom near Rome, because she refused to become the wife of a wicked governor. Cambrius saw her watching her sheep, and sent to ask her what was her name, and had she given her love to any one; her answer was this, "I have been baptized a Christian, and I love the Lord Jesus only." L. J. B.

#### THE BURIAL OF CLERGY.

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

Your correspondent M. D. asks for an explanation of the custom of burying the chalice and paten along with the remains of the bishop or priest. I imagine it was an ancient custom, and that the chalice and paten, of an inferior metal, were placed in the hands of priests, but that the pastoral-staff was placed in the left hand of bishops. More information concerning this subject would, I am sure, be most interesting to many of your readers. BOWES.

It appears that the occurrence of a chalice and paten in the interment of priests of rural parishes is somewhat rare, though frequently found in those of clergy of high degree. In the August number, p. 218, 1872, of the PENNY POST is an engraving of three chalices and patens, found at various times in the coffins of priests in York Minster. In Cheam church, Surrey, during the removal of the old tower, a stone coffin was discovered seven inches below the level of the floor. The coffin contained the remains, possibly, of one of the Rectors of Cheam, as early as the thirteenth century. A pewter chalice and paten were found on the left-hand side of the skull, apparently in the original position; also fragments of cloth of gold, probably the orfra. of a vestment, and a buckle much corroded. A similar instance occurred in Surrey, in the graveyard of Charlewood Church. (See "Archæological Journal," vol. xviii. p. 276, and No. 83, 1865, p. 92.)

F. R. F.

#### ST. DECLAN.

7. I shall be much obliged if any of your correspondents can give me any information respecting the Irish missionary St. Declan. He is said to have lived before the time of St. Patrick, and to have landed in Ireland at Ardmore, near Youghal. A. C.

In answer to your correspondent A. C. St. Declan, the first Bishop of Ardmore, Ireland, was baptized by St. Colman, and afterwards preached the Gospel in that country a short time before the arrival of St. Patrick, who confirmed the episcopal see of Ardmore in a synod held at Cashel, in 448. The miracles ascribed to St. Declan are legion, and he has ever been much revered in the viscounty of Dessee, anciently Nandisi.

G. T. C. D.

Another correspondent, PBER, writes:—I copy the following from Hon's "Every-Day Book":—"The festival of St. Declan, who was the first Bishop of Ardmore, in the county of Waterford, is held on the twenty-fourth of July. St. Declan is represented to have been the friend and companion of St. Patrick, and, according to tradition, Ardmore was an episcopal see, established in the fifth century by St. Declan, who was born in Ireland, and was of the family of the Desii. He travelled for education to Rome, resided there some years, was afterwards ordained by the Pope, returned to his own country about the year 402, and about that time founded the abbey of Ardmore, and was himself made bishop of that place. He lived to a great age; and his successor, St. Ultan, was alive in the year 550. A stone, a holy

well, and a dormitory, in the churchyard, still bear the name of St. Declan. 'St. Declan's stone' is on the beach; it is a large rock, resting on two others, which elevate it a little from the ground. On the twenty-fourth of July, the festival of this saint, numbers of the lowest class do penance on their knees around this stone, and some, with great pain and difficulty, creep under it, in expectation thereby of curing or preventing, what it is much more likely to create, rheumatic affections of the back. In the churchyard is the 'dormitory of St. Declan,' a small low building, held in great veneration by the people in the neighbourhood, who frequently visit it in order to procure some of the earth, which is supposed to cover the relics of the saint. This abode of the saint's earthly remains has sunk to the depth of nearly four feet, its clay having been scooped away by the finger-nails of the pious."

ANNIE A. R. sends an interesting account of this Saint.

#### THE LOLLARDS' TOWER, LAMBETH.

8. Can any of the readers of the PENNY POST kindly give me any information respecting the Lollards' Tower in Lambeth Palace?  
E. A.

One of the most interesting portions of Lambeth Palace is the Lollards' Tower,—a lofty square embattled structure of stone, from which there is an entrance through an ancient gateway into its lower story called the Post Room, from a stout pillar in the centre, probably placed there for the purpose of securing the unfortunate heretics confined in the room above, whilst undergoing the degrading punishment of the lash. The prison is reached by a very narrow winding staircase, its single doorway, which is so narrow as to admit only one person at a time, is strongly barricaded by both an outer and an inner door of oak, each  $3\frac{1}{2}$  in. thick, and thickly studded with iron. The dimensions of the apartment within are 12 ft. in length, by 9 in width, and 8 in height. It is lighted by two windows, which are only 23 in. high, by 14 in. wide on the inside, and about half as high and half as wide on the outside. Both walls and roof of the chamber are lined with oaken planks an inch and a-half thick; eight large iron rings still remain fastened to the wainscot, and a small chimney on the north part; upon the sides are various scratches, half-sentences, and letters cut with a knife in black letter by the prisoners who are supposed to have been confined here.

This tower was erected by Archbishop Chicheley in the early part of the fifteenth

century, at a cost of £278 2s. 11 $\frac{1}{2}$ . In the *Computus Ballivorum*, or steward's accounts for the year, each item is set down. By these it appears, every foot in height of this building, including the whole circumference, cost 13s. 4d. for the work. The ironwork used about the windows and doors weighed 1,322 $\frac{1}{2}$  lbs., which at 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ d. per pound would amount to £10 14s. 11 $\frac{1}{2}$ , and 3,000 bricks were used for stopping the windows between the chapel and the tower. On the west side was a niche, in which was placed the image of St. Thomas, which image cost 13s. 4d. A bricklayer's and tiler's wages were then by the day, with victuals, 4d., without victuals, 6d.; a labourer's, with victuals, 3d., without 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ d. To make way for the erection of this tower, some other buildings on the same site appear to have been taken down, but whether prisons or not is unknown.

#### HOLMESDALE.

The so-called Lollards' Tower is situated at the west end of the chapel of Lambeth Palace, and is the oldest specimen of brickwork in England since Roman times. It was built by Archbishop Chicheley in the years 1434-45, and derives its name from the Lollards who are said (incorrectly) to have been imprisoned in it. In the front facing the river is a niche, in which was placed the image of St. Thomas; and at the top is a small room (13 ft. by 12, and about 3 ft. high) called the prison, wainscoted with oak above an inch thick, on which several names and broken sentences in old characters are cut, as "Chess-am Doctor," "Peit Iovganham," "Ihs cyppe me ovt of all el compane, amen," "John Worth," "Nosce Teipsum," &c. The large iron rings in the wall seem to sanction the supposed appropriation of the room. The lower room in this tower, called the Post-room, contains an ornamented flat ceiling of uncommon occurrence. (Murray's "Modern London.")

#### F. S.

I saw the tower in question between twelve and thirteen years ago. At the top of the tower, which is of considerable height, is a square room, in which the unfortunate Lollards were confined. All round this room are iron rings fixed in the wall. To these rings the prisoners were fastened in such a manner that they could neither stand nor kneel nor sit, but were obliged to crouch down in the most uncomfortable position. The room has one window looking on to the Thames.

The door of the room has a small grating, which could be opened or closed from the outside. Through this grating food was offered to the prisoners if they would promise

to recant,—those who held firmly to their faith were left to starve. The bodies of those who were killed in this manner were lowered into the Thames by means of a trap-door in the centre of the room.\*

ELIZABETH ALGERNA-MEAKIN.

#### BARREL ORGANS.

11.—*Can any readers of the PENNY POST inform me of Barrel Organs which, on Jan. 1, 1873, were in active use in any churches throughout the land,—dissenting places of worship of course excepted?* S. K. B.

I beg to inform S. K. B. that a barrel organ is still in use in the village of Morton Morrell, Warwickshire. It was presented Sept. 29, 1843, by the sister of the then Incumbent. The organ was made by Messrs. Bevington; it at first possessed only two barrels, but two more have been since presented, and last year the organist, a village man, completely self-taught in this and all other musical matters, himself constructed another barrel, on which he placed some of the tunes from "Hymns Ancient and Modern;" he has also removed some of the very old-fashioned psalm-tunes from the other barrels, and has replaced them with the above. Each barrel contains ten tunes.

RHODA W.

#### 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.

In reply to M. D., several churches belonging to the Anglican communion have a second altar, some of them more than one; and, I may add, all but the very small churches ought to be provided with them; for, in a well-worked parish, it must often happen, that at many of the services the congregations are small in comparison with the size of the building, and it is then convenient that all the worshippers should be together, instead of being scattered over the whole church, or, what is still worse, congregated in the chancel. In winter, too, if the second altar be in a side chapel, that part alone of the church will require heating. Moreover, there will not be so great a strain on the Priest's voice, if he be in close proximity to the faithful, as there is when he is

at the high altar, and some of the congregation, consisting perhaps of a dozen people, are kneeling at the west end.

M. D. asks whether, when a new chancel is built, the old altar should remain in the old chancel, in addition to the new one in the new chancel. To that I reply, that it decidedly should remain, and quote, as an example, St. John the Baptist's, Bathwick; there a new nave and chancel have been built, while the old church is left as an aisle. I subjoin a list of some churches which have side altars, and hope other correspondents will supply deficiencies:—

St. Paul's Cathedral.  
Westminster Abbey.  
Chester Cathedral.  
Norwich Cathedral.  
St. Laurence, Ardeley, Herts.  
St. John the Baptist, Froome Selwood,  
(two).

St. Michael, Southampton.  
St. Peter, Folkestone.  
St. Peter, Claydon, Suffolk.  
St. Paul, Walworth, (two).  
St. Peter, London Docks.  
South Leigh, Witney.  
St. Saviour's Priory, Upper Holloway.  
St. John the Baptist, Bathwick.

C. W. W.

#### NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS, AND REPLIES.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—We contemplate publishing a List of Corrections and a supplementary "List of Churches in which Lights are placed on the Holy Table," in our number for July; and invite correspondents to assist us with accurate information, based not on hearsay or report, but on personal knowledge.

RECEIVED WITH THANKS:—RHODA W.—L. C. (Liverpool).—F. F. GILL (safely received).—S. M. L.—ADA M.—RHODA W.—CHAS. W. W.—C. M.—CRUX.—M. R. WARD.—C. LEWIN.—G. J. L.—JESSIE RALPH.—J. A. R.—A. R. B.—E. R. H.—A. D. B.—F. A. H. V.—G. C. N.—AGATHA.—L. PERKS.—REV. F. HAVERGAL.—EVA LETUCE.—M. I. C. S.—ST. E.—A. R.—NINA.—T. W. M.—E. A. M.

DECLINED WITH THANKS:—MARAH.—EMERALD.—M. HOWARD (came too late).—H. J. W. (returned by post).—"The Tempest."—GABRIELLE.—A SCOTCH CATHOLIC.—PINK MAY.—"In portu quies."—AGNES B.

M. E. S.—Our ordinary staff of contributors is full. We have no room.

E. F. C.—"The Net." Apply in person to the Secretary of the S. P. G. Take with you some clerical testimonials.

\* The persecution of the Lollards took place in the fifteenth century.

GUSSIE.—Apply to your own clergyman for the information.

WILLIAM HORNE.—It is not a question of texts of Scripture, but of common Christian consent and universal tradition.

GERTRUDE.—The mediæval idea was that St. Michael weighed the souls in judgment before Almighty God.

K. H.—“Steps to the Altar,” or, “Bishop Wilson on the Holy Sacrament.”

ANGELA.—We know of no such society.

ELSIE.—Marriage by banns is strictly of ecclesiastical origin.

G. F. L.—Apply to the Editor of “Notes and Queries.” Too complicated a subject for our columns.

MISS CHURCHILL.—Follow the rule of your own church. Do nothing without the clergyman's advice. To kneel at the words mentioned is the custom in several churches, and a very expressive and pious custom it is.

SNOWDROP.—In order that the two sexes may not incommode each other, we suppose. Ask the clergy where the custom obtains.

LENA.—Not for short contributions, and never without special arrangement beforehand.

E. LLEWELLYN.—Apply to our publishers.

MISS MACCACHAN (Bath).—Apply to the sisters in question. They must know.

C. W. V.—“My Sunday Friend Stories,” (Batty), and “The Curate's Badgot,” (Hodges).

A. K.—Apply to our publishers.

J. B.—We do not know.

C. J. D. GRAY.—We have, at present no vacancy.

K. BLAKE KNOX.—Apply to Mr. Hodges, who publishes the “Lives of the Saints.”

SCOTCH CATHOLIC, (Aberdeen).—We have already inserted two réplies. Thanks.

L. C. (Liverpool).—Burgon's “Plain Commentary,” issued by our publishers.

AGATHA.—Not quite up to our standard. Try again, and send us the result.

IGNOTO.—Not of general interest.

C. D. and M. D. A. should apply to a clerical tailor, e.g. Mr. Pratt, of Tavistock-street, London.

A. B. P.—There was once a Bishop of Ramsbury, in Wiltshire. The church is small, comparatively speaking, though interesting.

W. R. (Durham).—Consult Stubbs' and Haddan's “English Councils.”

P. O. R.—Mr. Burgon's treatise on the last chapter of St. Mark, issued by our publishers, is the book to which you refer. It is very learned, and quite conclusive.

A. B. P.—(1.) The *Directorium Anglicanum* is of no authority. You must judge of its

directions by the light of the information conveyed in its pages. (2.) The English Church was certainly not founded at the Reformation. (3.) The validity of Anglican Orders is a matter of fact. No Pope can alter facts. (4.) Take no notice.

CORRESPONDENTS are advised to keep copies of any short poems, essays, and papers which may be transmitted for insertion.

SEVERAL Communications arrived too late to be considered or noticed in the present number.

AGILE sends us the following:—Sir, I was much struck with “What a Farm Labourer can do,” in your number for June. I knew a very similar case. A clerical friend in Sussex, at whose house I was staying, used sometimes to let me accompany him in his visits to his parishioners. On one of these occasions, he took me into a very neat, superior-looking cottage, the inhabitants, a very respectable man and his sister. While my friend was engaged with the former, I had time to survey the contents of the room. On the window-shelf was a nice collection of books, among others I remarked a good large Bible, and a Commentary. On a table near, two *folio* volumes of a work on Natural History, the title has escaped my memory. On leaving the cottage, I expressed my admiration of this comfortable abode and its occupants, who I conjectured to belong to the class styled in the north small “statesmen,” but was surprised to learn the man was only a “Farm Labourer.” By industry and *sobriety* he was enabled not only to maintain himself and his sister, but to purchase the nice collection of books I had observed; from which, in the long winter evenings, he used to read to his companion while she plied her needle. Perhaps recording such instances of self-help may be useful as examples, in spite of the allurements of strikes and public-houses.

#### APPEAL FOR NEW CHURCH IN WALES.

SIR,—Allow me to appeal to the kind sympathy and liberality of your readers on behalf of a Mission Church, which my father is building in a large outlying district of the parish of Festiniog, Merionethshire, bordering on the slate-quarries, and containing a population of about 1,500 souls, at a distance of two miles from a church. For its religious and educational welfare nothing has yet been done; Dissent is strong, and the people rough and ignorant. The cost of the church (S. Martha's) will be £550, and upwards of £100 yet remains to be collected. The inhabitants of the hamlet consist entirely of small tradespeople and quarrymen; the gentry connected with the quarries have given largely, and our last hope lies in an appeal to the friends of the Church in England. The population of Festiniog has increased from 4,451 to 8,062 during the last ten years, owing to the recent great extension of the slate-quarries. The smallest donations will be most thankfully received, either by myself or my father, the Rector.

EMILY E. KILLIN.

Festiniog Rectory,  
Carnarvon.

attended by lords and ladies, joining in the sport. The May pole dressed with flowers and flags became the centre for the dancers in the villages. May poles were suppressed by the Puritans, but got up again at the Restoration, when England became "Merrie England" as she had been before.

The festival of St. Philip and St. James occurs on this month's first day; two noble saints, whose rank in the church, and distinguishing features, invite devout attention. We cannot fail of profit if we look carefully into the character of these men, by the light of Scripture history and of the church's traditions, with a view to finding and following what is revealed as the work of the Spirit. They surely may be said to be Blessed Saints, who were called and employed as these men were.

May 3.—A festival yet in our calendar called "the Invention of the Cross," designed to commemorate the finding of the Cross by St. Helena, on which it was supposed our Lord had suffered. Luther said there was, in his day, as much of what was considered part of the true cross, as would build a ship of war.

May 6th.—*St. John Evangelist, ante Port Lat.*—This day was originally dedicated to the miraculous deliverance of St. John from the tyranny of Domitian. He was falsely accused of Atheism, and sentenced to die in a cauldron of oil, before the gate called Porta Latina; but from which tradition declares he came forth unhurt, and thus obtained a martyr's crown, without the torments of martyrdom.

19th.—*Dunstan, Archbishop of Canterbury.*—Strange stories have been invented concerning St. Dunstan, among the vulgar in his own day, he was esteemed as a sort of conjuror, from his skill in refining and forging metals, Many incredible legends ex-

ist, the most popular is, that while at his forge, pursuing the employment in which he excelled, he was tempted by the Devil in the form of a fine lady, and being moved to holy resistance, caught and held the Evil One by the nose with red hot tongs. This and other marvels recorded of him, are hardly worth repeating, and are not to be believed.

May 22.—*Ascension Day.*—Our Lord's Ascension is an event of unvarying interest, and the Church has ever regarded it as worthy of high commemoration. But her children have been drawn somewhat away from pious usages by dread of Popery, and it is now thought by many, that because the Roman branch of the Church does honour to this and other days for which services are provided in our Prayer Books, we ought to avoid the observance of them, lest we should seem to express approval of Roman errors. Carrying out this view we would neither fast nor pray, observe Sundays, nor keep Lent, nor use any of the means of grace.

The Holy Feast will be provided at St. Luke's on Ascension Day, and we trust that many will be found so well taught and moved, as to be there at an early hour to partake with joyfulness, and so strengthen their faith as to rejoice in the hope that "this same Jesus will (shortly) come in like manner (as He was) seen to go into Heaven."

26th.—*Augustine, First Archbishop of Canterbury.*—He was sent by the Pope to convert the Saxons, from which he obtained the title of Apostle of the English. His mission was ignored by the Monks of Bangor in Wales, who refused any subjection but to God and their own Bishop, and these governed the Church independent of Rome. He died about the year 610. The supremacy of the Pope over all other Bishops was af-

terwards acknowledged or enforced in Britain, but his yoke was ignored at the Reformation, and no doubt will be until the end of time, though some weak people live in continual dread of Papal sway.

27th. — *Venerable Bede.* — This learned and religious recluse was born at Yarrow, in Northumberland, England, where his knowledge and piety gained for him the title of Venerable; but the common legend is, that an angel's hand inscribed the epithet Venerable on the stone which marked the resting place of his remains

29th.—*King Charles 2nd, Nativity and Restoration.*—Until within a few years, "King Charlie's day" was observed as a public holiday throughout the British Dominions: Royal salutes were fired, flags were displayed, school boys rejoiced in the freedom from the birching which was more in vogue then than now, and the church bells summoned the people to solemn service, where they, through their Priests, gave utterance to thanks for the deliverance of the Nation from the miseries and tyranny of Puritan Fanaticism, and for the Restoration of the Royal Family, and of the Apostolic Church with its Divinely instituted Ministry and Holy Sacraments.

Although the special public Church Service has been laid aside, yet we believe that thankfulness for restoration and continuance of England's Monarchy, under which we are living proudly and happily, is not wanting among us; and hope, that the nominal freedom of Republicanism, will never lure our people from their dutiful allegiance to our Sovereign Lady Queen Victoria, who we know will at all times,

"defend our laws;  
And ever give us cause,  
To sing with heart and voice,  
God save the Queen."

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## OUR EASTER-TIDE.

The forty days of penitence and self-denial is past, and having followed our dear Lord and Saviour through all the stages of His bitter Passion, and chanted the dirge of the cross—

"Jesus Christ is Crucified!"

We now are passing the forty days of triumph, and commemorating His return to life and all the blessings of His resurrection. Although Easter day dawned upon cloudy skies, the gloom of the world made no impression upon the Church, where all was bright and joyful; the chancel of our cathedral never was more beautifully decorated, both by art and nature, the whole reared being of chaste and elaborate straw work, which in the sunlight by day and the gas-light by night had all the appearance of burnished gold, only to be excelled by a profusion of the choicest flowers, which gave glory and beauty to the work of loving hands. The floral cross and crown over the altar and the adornment of the Font were exquisitely wrought by an earnest church woman, who although only tarrying with us for a season, has been a constant and exemplary fellow worker with us in the Parish.

But, better than all this, is the spiritual life developed in the worshippers of the cathedral; notwithstanding the cold and rain, with which the day was ushered in, there were 133 communicants at the early, and 140 at the later celebration. Nearly the whole of the young Christians recently confirmed made their first communion, surrounded by the atmosphere of prayer, and the hearty desires of their friends and fellow worshippers that they might continue steadfast in the faith, and "show out of a good conversation their works with meekness and wisdom."

On Easter Monday, the "licence-day of "aggrieved Parishioners," there was nothing to disturb the joyful solemnity of the bright and blessed Festival; no angry discussion, no party complaints, no factious opposition; the whole complexion of the annual meeting was Christian courtesy and church order; and the only contention, who should most effectually promote the cause of Christ and the welfare of the Parish; and it is very pleasant to look back and see that this is a repeat of every year that has passed, and we heartily pray that peace and concord may long continue to prevail; that with one heart and one mouth, we may glorify God and strive together for the faith of the Gospel.

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#### OUR PARISH FUNDS.

Although it is not our purpose to use this sheet for the interests of the Parish pecuniarily, we find occasion at this time to refer to money matters, in order that the majority of Parishioners, who certainly were not present at the meeting on Easter Monday, may not be under any mistake as to the finances.

The Rector, by request of those who met on Easter Monday, called attention of the whole people to the fact, that an expenditure of about five hundred dollars had taken place during the last year, for which provision had not been made by the people. The account distributed by the Church Wardens shows receipts and expenditure; and as the statement is satisfactory, we know there will be no hesitation on the part of the congrega-

tion, as to making up the required sum.

The Wardens of the past year were very diligent, and sought in every way to promote the comfort of the people; and as in this laudable effort they necessarily had to expend more than was contemplated at the previous Easter time, there was not one person at the Parish meeting held this year, who could, or desired to complain, of their work, or the cost of it.

We know that if the pew system were abolished, and the members of the congregation were severally appealed to as to what they would be willing to contribute weekly for the services of the sanctuary, a larger sum would be realized than is now secured for Parish purposes. There is a willingness to give when occasion calls for contribution, as we see when the claims of the Diocesan Church Society are presented; and we are glad to know, that altogether from St. Luke's, that society will receive this year over two thousand dollars.

The Church Wardens for this year are Wm. H. Wiswell and Thomas Brown. The former has done good service during several years past, and will guide his fellow-Warden into the mysteries of Parish affairs, so that he too will become an efficient, and we trust, a willing labourer. \*

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#### RECEIPTS FOR 1873.

C. J. Spike, James E. Stevens, Dr. Crane, 50 cts. each. T. Brown, \$1. W. M. Brown, including 50 cts. from Mr. Noble, \$5.