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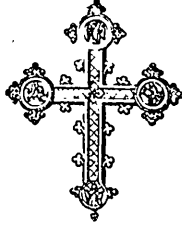
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Feb.

1873.

St. Luke's Parish Post.

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ON COVER.

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The Month in prospect, March Services at the Cathedral....	Parish Post Receipts.....
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"Stand fast in one Spirit, with one mind striving together for the Faith of the Gospel:"—PHIL. i, 27.

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CANDIDATES FOR CONFIRMATION.

The clergy of this and all our city parishes are now fully occupied in preparing the candidates for confirmation previous to the approaching Easter, and classes have been already formed for instruction and devotion. Among all the opportunities provided by the Church for the revival and edification of her members, there is not one more sure and effective than the administration of this sacred rite; which, although not numbered or recognized with the Sacraments of the Gospel, yet possesses very much that is sacramental in its nature, being an outward visible sign of an inward spiritual grace, the outward sign being the laying on of hands, and the inward grace the reception of the Holy Ghost (Acts viii.)

Whatever may be said by those who set aside this Apostolic ordinance, and however frequently we may be disappointed of our hope of improvement, the faithful Christian can have no doubt of its efficacy, and conscientious sponsors and loving parents will put forth all their influence upon their children, "when they come to age;" and it is not parents and sponsors only who are concerned: as members of Christ and children of the household of faith, the sacred obligation is upon us all, and no Christian man or woman can urge as a plea for neglect, "*Am I my brother's keeper?*" This is one of the special objects for which our Church Guilds are formed, and which at this time ought to occupy the thoughts and call forth the exertions of our Church Association. All, more or less, may engage in it, not by intrusion into private life and home, nor by an ostentatious parade of zeal for the Church, but by a quiet, unassuming influence among kinsfolk

and companions and friends, a certain measure of which is possessed by every devout and consistent member of the Church; and beside these, there are many who are friendless and uncared for in the world, to whom a word spoken in season may be as bread cast upon the waters, to be found when a supreme blessing shall be bestowed upon the faithful disciple who has converted the sinner from the error of his ways. The invitation of the Spirit and the call of the Church are published and proclaimed, and we are all bound to adopt and reiterate it, "The Spirit and the Bride say come; and let him who heareth say come, and let everyone that is athirst come: and whosoever will let him take of the water of life freely!" O, we give to the Order of Confirmation no fictitious importance when we assume that it may be the crisis of spiritual life, and that upon the manner in which it is determined and done may greatly depend whether they shall cleave unto the Lord, or forsake Him; whether they shall continue His for ever, or be cast off and disowned and dishonored in this life and in the life to come. Then if we can do nothing else, we can and ought to pray for God's blessing upon the holy service, and upon all who are engaged in it. We can pray for our pastors, that their work may prosper, and that their words may be with power. We can pray for the candidates, that in their first public acknowledgment of Church principles, and in the first personal act of Church membership, "the heart may believe unto righteousness, and with the mouth the confession may be made unto salvation."

THE PRESENTATION OF CHRIST IN THE TEMPLE.

FEBRUARY 2.

AND was thy building saddened, holy house,
By recollections of the days of yore?
And did the aged shed unwilling tears,
Helpless thine ancient beauty to restore?

And did the hymn fall gloomily on ears
Wont, in time past, to hear more glorious song?
And seemed the Lord all absent from the home
Where the bright presence erst had dwelt so long?

Ah! had ye seen what we in faith behold,
(Maybe ye saw it from your resting-place);
Your voices too had joined the thankful strain,
No tear-drop sure had stained your joyous face.

For now He comes more truly than of old,
More brightly e'en than in Shechinah-flame,
Now comes He as He never came before,
And in His holy temple sets His Name.

O Simeon and Anna, blest above
All that e'er waited for the expected Lord;
O lowly faith, O lonely widowhood,
How great the bliss He doth to you accord!

He Who ne'er faileth, now His word fulfils,
Ye seek Him, and He suddenly is here:
Never more mightily did God approach,
Ne'er lowlier Babe did lowlier mother bear.

O ye, who rest-of all earth's fleeting joys,
Helpless and aged, love the Church's shade;
Take courage, love it more: your weariness
Shall never want the Lord's almighty aid.

But not alone to age, to youth He comes,
He comes to manhood, comes to all who seek;
Most nearly in His own sweet altar-feast,
To cheer the weary and to help the weak.

H. R. J.

A VISION OF LENT.

"Think not of rest; though dreams be sweet,
Start up, and ply your heavenward feet.
Is not God's oath upon your head,
Ne'er to sink back on slothful bed,
Never again your loins untie,
Nor let your torches waste and die,
Till, when the shadows thickest fall,
Ye hear your Master's midnight call?"

CHRISTIAN YEAR.

IT was the day before Ash-Wednesday, I sat alone, feeling oppressed at the thought of the six weeks of self-discipline which lay before me. The feasts of the Church I could rejoice in, but I murmured at the fast of Lent, and began questioning its uses, when a deep sleep overpowered me.

I slumbered, but the eyes of my mind were opened, and I thought that I saw before me a landscape, over which the shades of evening were falling; I could, however, distinctly discern the figures of two men, clad in the garb of pilgrims, walking across some fields.

The foremost of them was tall and slender, and a lamp which he held in his hand illumined his pale face and dark thoughtful eyes; he was ever a few steps in front, and seemed to be continually checking his speed, that he might not leave his companion altogether in the rear; at length I heard him say, in tones of entreaty, "I implore thee to hasten, Wilfred, or we shall quite lose sight of the Master; even now I can but see the hem of His garment."

"I can see nought in this darkness," grumbled Wilfred, "now that one star in the sky is gone out, and my limbs ache with this untoward haste; I pray you let us tarry awhile."

Even as the first pilgrim spoke, I could see that One went before them in shining raiment to guide them on their way; and now I heard his voice again answer, "The Epiphany star has indeed vanished, Wilfred, it was but lent for awhile; and now through the gathering darkness I hear the Master call, let us hasten, or I must proceed alone."

"No, no, good Gabriel," cried the other, "leave me not; I follow as fast as I can."

They were come now to a desert place strewn with sharp stones, the wind arose and whistled round them; Wilfred cowered beneath its searching blast, but Gabriel moved on steadfast and uncomplaining. At length, from the second pilgrim there broke a cry of pain; "These stones pierce my feet, Gabriel! let us search for some easier pathway, surely there must be turf on one side."

"Do as thou wilt, friend," replied Gabriel; "though the whole world beside were strewn with flowers, yet would I choose the path my Master has trodden."

"I have no more wish to leave Him than thou," rejoined the other, "only I would fain find some softer path that will join His at the end of this wilderness." And lifting up his lamp, which I observed cast but a dim and uncertain light, Wilfred strayed to one side, and his companion went on alone.

By keeping in His footsteps, Gabriel's view of his Master was unimpeded, and through the storm and darkness his heart glowed with a holy joy.

Once the light of his lamp fell on blood-traces left by those sacred feet, and pausing a moment, he knelt down to kiss them earnestly.

At length, as he followed thus alone, the darkness became so thick, that his guide was quite hid from him, and he could only find his way by searching for footprints painfully with his lamp. Hunger and weariness oppressed him, and just then Wilfred's voice was heard calling, "Hither, Gabriel, I have found a grassy path, and my wallet of provisions is full, come and share with me."

The pilgrim's feet were bleeding, and he felt very faint; for a moment he was tempted, but the words, "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him," came to his mind, and he rejected the offer and toiled on.

The wind was abating a little, when he

beheld a man advancing towards him, who said in soft, winning tones, "Good pilgrim, what makes you in the wilds such a night as this, and on such a rough path, too; your comrade is surely the wiser man, for who would not tread soft when two roads lead the same way?"

"Stranger," answered Gabriel, "I trace the steps of One I am bound to follow."

"Bound I art thou a slave, then?" said his interlocutor, with a sneer.

"Nay; but a glad servant," replied Gabriel, with a joyful smile, "as thou might'st have known by this sign;" and he pointed to his forehead, whereon I perceived a shining mark in the form of a cross.

The stranger winced; then, with a mocking laugh, he said, "If thou art fool enough to take rough ways for choice, far be it from me to hinder thee; but I pray thee to compassionate thy weary body a little, and taste some refreshment," and he opened a basket, displaying a variety of richly-dressed meats and wine.

The pangs of hunger, which Gabriel had almost forgotten, now assailed him with an intensity that amounted to pain; the fumes of the rich viands made his lips water: he looked, longed, and doubted.

"Thou hast often spoken of thy Master's love," whispered the tempter; "He will not surely deal harshly with thee."

Gabriel, hesitatingly, stretched forth his hand; but even as he would have touched the food, he saw the stranger's eye sparkle with fiendish delight, and suddenly perceiving his danger, with one blow he hurled the basket to the ground, and fled on, while with a cry of rage his tempter vanished.

Prayerful, humbled, and deeply thankful, Gabriel toiled on. Leaving him for awhile, let us return to his fellow-pilgrim.

Wilfred was not long in finding the easier path he sought for, and congratulated himself on the comfort his weary feet experienced from it; but he was a little troubled to find that he had quite lost sight of his guide, and almost entirely of his fellow-traveller. These scruples, however, soon vanished, and he jogged on as slowly as he pleased, now there was no Gabriel to quicken his movements.

Like his companion he, too, met the unholy stranger; but to Wilfred, who was himself well provisioned, his basket of good things offered no great temptation. When, however, the tempter prepared a couch for his accommodation, and begged him to rest awhile, he listened to his words, and felt that he had never before been so weary. A few minutes ago he would have been shocked at the idea of so stopping his journey, but now rest seemed to his drowsy mind the sweetest thing life could offer him.

He hesitated, objected, and finally sank down overpowered, and slept.

At length he was awakened by a voice stern and sorrowful, that said in his ear, "What, could ye not watch with Me one hour?" and started up bewildered.

All was darkness, his lamp had been taken from him; in an agony of terror he rose, staggered forward, and falling on his knees, cried aloud to his Master for pardon and help. Bitter, how bitter were the tears he shed, as he thought of what his heavenly guide had endured, while he gave himself up to base sloth; and beating his breast, he cried, "God be merciful to me a sinner."

Weak and erring, as the pilgrim had proved himself, he called in his misery to One who is ever ready to hear the cry of a sinner, and beyond his hope his prayer was answered.

A light appeared in the distance, which, as he advanced to meet it trembling, he found proceeded from the lamp of the pilgrim Gabriel, whose voice he heard calling, "Wilfred, Wilfred, where art thou? the Master has sent me to seek thee; take courage and hasten, for the dawn is at hand, and we are near the end of this wilderness."

"And did the Master, indeed, think of me?" said Wilfred, in tones of remorse; "of me who feared to follow Him because of the rough path He trod? is He in sight? canst thou see Him, Gabriel?"

"But dimly," answered the other; "yet methinks His footprints are clearer to me than before."


"Alas! I have lost my lamp, and see them no longer," said Wilfred; "I can but follow whither thou leadest me."

With firm step, and face set heavenwards, Gabriel moved on, supporting and guiding his feebler companion: his countenance beamed with a serene, beautiful smile, and I heard the voice of the Master saying, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

The sun was rising as the pilgrims left the wilderness, and the brightness of His beams awoke me; but it was with different feelings that I now looked forward to the privileges and opportunities of the six weeks of Lent.

M. J. K.

STONES.

F all the proofs which Christians can bring forward to shew that there is a God, there is perhaps none more striking, none more all-convincing than this,—that every atom in creation has its “word to the wise” to speak; that each tiny morsel is, as it were, part of that great lesson which man may learn, “Know thyself; but look not within, look around.”

Let us for a few moments consider the different kinds of *stones* which meet our eyes during a short walk in London, and see whether they have not some deep meaning which we, at best, can but try to fathom.

First, the common stones used for mending the roads,—ugly, uncouth, rough-looking things they are; but they have their use, and no other kind could effectually fill their place: next, the hard, durable, paving-stones: here a heap of what we should apostrophize as rubbish—stones, various and many, each uglier than its fellow, for what are they intended? for the foundation of a large house. Here is a church built almost entirely of stone; and yet a little farther on is a cemetery, wherein may be seen many a stone cross, which, pointing upwards, would lead our hearts from the grave beneath to the glorious heaven above, where “the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.”

If we will but consider, we can read a lesson in every one of these stones which have been mentioned; nay more, we can trace in each a likeness to the life of man.

To begin, then, with the common road stones: how many are there of us who are not possessed of many talents, riches, beauty, wit, &c., and therefore imagine that there is nothing for us to do in the world; and so we fold our hands and are content to say, “I have had no advantages, and can do nothing; I am useless.” Not so! to those among us who feel thus, the common, ugly, every-day stones would say, “Mend the roads! You are not fit to be one of the pillars of Christ’s Church, but

you can lend your hand to mend the roads for others; smooth down the sharp points of contention, fill up the vacancy in some sorrowing heart, and lend your little help to make smooth the rugged road which leads to heaven. Do not lie with your sharp points upwards to cut and wound some passing foot, but turn the points downwards, and present a smooth surface, on which some tired wayfarer may rest. Do not be like the chance stones which lie here and there on the pavement out of place, and neglectful of the use to which they were destined; but seek your sphere, and keep to it: you will thus do your duty as fully as the noblest piece of marble that ever adorned a palace.”

And what say the paving-stones?

“We are thought worthy to be put here because we are durable; but we were not always as smooth as we are now, we have had many a sharp blow, many pieces chipped off here and there to make us lie close together.” They are symbols of those people who have a large sphere of usefulness, perchance a nobler work to do for Christ. But *because* theirs is a nobler work, they have need of more preparation for it; many a rough spot must be rubbed smooth, by trials, by prayers, by watchings; many a piece must be chipped off, much of selfishness, conceit, pride, or harder still, some much-loved treasure, which clings so closely that it is really a part of themselves: these must all be torn away, before they can sink into their proper place and fulfil their mission.

Let us hear now what the heap of mixed, and apparently worthless, stones can teach us. They seem to speak to those among us who have sinned much, and while smarting under the stings of penitence, dare not hope to be of any use, or ever to do more than strike our breasts and murmur, *Mea culpa, mea culpa*. To those they seem to say, “Look up, poor sin-stained soul; deep is thy guilt, but deep is thy contrition; sink deeper, deeper still into true repentance; bury thy sins

at the foot of thy Saviour's Cross; and then, after the blessed words of absolution, from the lessons taught thee from those very sins, there shall rise a new house, to be indeed the temple of God.

Few in number, compared with others, are the stones used for building churches, and they are emblems of God's Priests, who devote their lives to His service, and cluster round their chief corner-stone, Christ.

The quiet gravestone is a symbol, too, of those whose lives are not *active*, but *passive*; who through weary days and wearier nights of pain and suffering have yet their work to do,—to point ever upwards, and by their silent example to lead others to fix their hearts on heaven.

There is yet another thought which one

may gather from stones. What stone is there which does not look prettier in water? So the waters of regeneration beautify our souls, and as that beauty gets marred by sin, the tears of penitence have power to bring back that beauty again.

Let us now learn a lesson from the "precious" stones. They are emblems of the precious virtues which every Christian should strive to gain. There is the blue turquoise, a symbol of the earnestness and heavenly-mindedness we all need; the green emerald, fertility in good works; the red ruby, faithfulness even unto death; the pearl, purity; and, lastly, the diamond, which can reflect all these hues, and is a symbol of that "holy, heavenly love," which is the "very bond of peace and of all virtues."

LENA.

AFTER COMMUNION.

JESU Most High! my Saviour, can it be
That Thou hast found a temple within me?
Is there an altar, Lord, within my breast
Whereon Thy Sacred Heart can find a rest?

In me! where sin hath found a home so long,
Whence right so often hath been chased by wrong!
In me! where self hath ruled and sin's dark night
Triumphed against Thy grace, Thy love, Thy
light?

O great, O awful guest, wilt Thou indeed
Tarry within my soul? Lord, how I need
Rich tapestries of graces to adorn
The home a saint or angel well might scorn.

I know that Thou art here, in breathless awe
Low at Thy feet I tremble and adore;
I ask not how Thou comest, well I know
Nought but Infinity could stoop so low.

Who, then, since thus it is, who, who can part
Me from the refuge of Thy Sacred Heart?
Who drive away the Guest that willed to come,
And find beneath my roof His chosen home?

Hath sin the power? sin's Conqueror is here;
Yea, tribulation causeth me no fear:
The cross is joy, whate'er its weight or size;
Death but the opening gate of Paradise.

Trembling I came, naked, defiled, poor,
Craving one crumb of grace at mercy's door;
Now, having nought, I yet have all, for He
Deigns to share with me His infinity.

O weary, doubting heart, cast fears away;
Hope on! trust on! in patience work, watch, pray
More than thou longest for thy future rest,
Thy Saviour longs to take thee to His breast.

If even now, though thou be worst and least,
He spreads for thee Himself a heavenly feast;
How will He welcome thee when thy feet come
Within the mansions of His Father's home.

I dare not doubt Thy love—am I not nought?
I would forget myself—if, as I ought,
I could return Thy love; what, what am I
That Thou should'st look upon me, God most
high?

Life of my life! all I have called mine,
Each thought, desire, henceforth be only Thine;
For I am one with Thee, the Lord of Heaven,
To Whom all power above, below is given!

Then in Thy presence hide me, Life Divine,
I would not live—live Thou—be my life Thine:
Till, earthly shadows past, Thou bid'st me see
Light in the light of Thy eternity.

E. G. H.

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

(Continued from page 12.)



"Good-natured Sam had just mounted one of them on his back."—(p. 36.)

CHAPTER III.

A FORTNIGHT afterwards all the young people who had been confirmed were permitted to approach for the first time the Altar of their Lord, there to participate in the blessed Sacrament of His Body and Blood; but James Barrow was absent, and when, later, Mr. Glover spoke to him about it, he said he had had a cold and could not come out. The answer was unsatisfactory, as James had been seen out elsewhere that Sunday.

"Why was your son so desirous of being confirmed?" inquired Mr. Glover of the father.

"Well, sir," answered the man, unblushingly, "you see the Squire likes the young folks all to be done, and Jem likes to stand well with he; and—" but Barrow winked and smiled, and stopped short.

"And then, what?" said Mr. Glover.

"Why, sir, young folks will be young, ye know; and Mary Melton, the under nurse at Welby Hall, Jem's regular soft on she, and her's very pious."

"She is a modest, well-behaved young woman; one whom I believe to be really sincere," said Mr. Glover. "Did she influence James?"

"Nay, she never said a word, she keeps so quiet to herself like, and she ain't much

in the way of our Jem; but I takes it, he wanted to get in her good books."

"And you let him be confirmed from such motives, and you never told me," exclaimed Mr. Glover.

"Why, sir," said Barrow, disrespectfully, "I thought parsons don't care much for nothing, if folks keeps the forms like."

"Barrow," replied Mr. Glover, "you are forgetting yourself, and I fear you are deliberately saying what you know to be untrue." He did not trust himself to say more, but walked away, infinitely pained.

Mary Melton was the daughter of the former sexton at Petersley. Her mother was a widow with several children, and had been left in very straitened circumstances. Mary, the eldest child, had therefore been most thankful to obtain regular wages as well as a comfortable home and moderate work at the Hall. Mary had no secrets from her mother, and so widow Melton knew quite well that James Barrow admired her child, and that Mary was not at all indifferent to his notice. Mrs. Melton therefore watched the young man even more closely than Mr. Glover had done, but without detecting anything amiss.

Mr. Glover did not fail to speak earnestly to him about the purity of motive required in the service of God. He questioned him also about his absence from Holy Communion; but James answered him so quietly and so well, and seemed so sorry for his neglect, that it did not seem expedient to take any further notice of the matter; and he became a regular attendant at church, and a more regular one at Holy Communion than any of the other youths in the village.

In the meantime Susan Barrow confided to Dame Gillan that she strongly suspected Jemmy wanted "that nice Mary Melton;" so Barrow had thought, she said, for a long time, but neither he nor she could make out whether he were quite in earnest; "for," added she, "our Jemmy is so close."

"And I say," answered the dame, "that isn't right. I tell you what it is, truth's truth, and there's no call whatever for to go and make grand fussy secrets; besides, young folks are always better for their father's and their mother's blessing; and

how does James know that some one else may not go and break his heart for the lass, if there's no saying whether she has given her word or not? Why, there's your own Sam!"

"Sam!" laughed Mrs. Barrow.

"Yes, Sam: do you suppose the lad has no heart because he is rather rough like? I tell you, Sam was listening to something she was saying in her sweet way to Mrs. Dale's sick boy the other day, and I couldn't a help seeing a wonderful look in his eyes. I wasn't born yesterday, neighbour; and I tell you if you care for poor Sam, you'd best tell him at once that you believe Jem's a-courting of her."

Susan could not, however, realize the possibility of Sam's hoping for Mary, and so she forgot all about the dame's advice, the sooner, perhaps, because Barrow himself walked in to tell Dame Gillan a bit of news.

A meeting was to take place at the village inn, "an independent meeting, he called it," because every man might say what he liked; and "no parsons," he added, "nor gentry are to speak, which, I take it, is the reason why our parson don't hold with it."

"If," answered the dame, "our parson sets his face agin it, I'm thinking there must be something wrong in it."

"Oh, nonsense," replied Barrow, "none o' your church talk now, I know what's what; the parsons are always for teaching us, and we know a thing or two ourselves, we do."

"I'm afraid you don't yet know how to serve God in an humble spirit, John Barrow," said the old woman, sadly; and something in her tone caused John to drop the subject.

The meeting took place on the day appointed, and a good deal was said by the chief speaker, Edward Cocks, about the age of reason, and the rights of independent Englishmen, and about resisting oppression from the clergy and upper classes, casting off the trammels of social distinctions, &c.; and then he dared to speak on subjects still more serious and more dear to every faithful heart, shewing clearly that he entertained as little respect for God's holy Word, as he did for the social laws of men.

Several other men addressed the meeting, saying a great many words, which, however, conveyed but little meaning.

The Squire and Mr. Glover took not the slightest notice of the meeting; this was a real annoyance to the principal movers in it, as they had courted opposition, hoping thereby to enlist a larger number of supporters from the labouring class. However, most of the Petersley farmers and labourers were too intelligent and respectable and faithful to be caught by the shallow arguments of such as Cocks. Very few of them went to the meeting at all, and they had good cause to rejoice over this fact, when they found that the proceedings had terminated in a disgraceful manner, by Cocks and his allies making too free a use of liquor at the "Gulliver Inn."

The cricket-match day came round again. Of course Sam was not one of the Petersley eleven; of course Jemmy was one. For an instant Sam watched his brother as he walked towards the ground with Mrs. Melton and Mary; then his eye turned to the latter. She was talking to a child, the identical sick child of Mrs. Dale, and her face was beaming with tenderness and pity as she stopped to lift the little cripple in her arms, and insisted on carrying him herself to his roughly-made cart. Sam gazed on her as though she had been an angel, till at last she turned round, caught sight of him, called out, "How do, Sam?" and walked on at once with her mother.

Then Sam went off by himself, with a bit of twig in his mouth, towards the lake, carefully avoiding the road the others were taking. He sat down on a bank and began to whistle a tune, and as long as he rose and picked blackberries for little Mercy and Johnnie Power, two little children who had found him out in his retreat. Sam was always kind to children, and the little ones knew their power, and used it rather unmercifully. It was continually, "Tam, more back-bedgies;" and then came the rather startling announcement, "Tam, me want mammy, me want my tea."

Good natured Sam had just mounted one of them on his back to carry to "mammy," when a loud scream from the lake made

him almost drop the child in his alarm. Leaving it at a safe distance from the water, he ran to the edge of the lake. In a small boat he descried a little girl with an oar in her hand, drifting away from the bank, apparently helpless from fear, whilst a hat with a blue veil was floating on the surface of the water.

"She's in! she's in! save her!" shrieked the poor little maiden, when she saw Sam; "there's a deep hole somewhere there," continued the child, half frantically.

Sam was anything but a good swimmer, and that hole was generally esteemed "a nasty p'ace," but with one jump he was in the water, plunging and diving as best he could, and only wishing from his heart that he knew where the deep hole was. He was almost despairing, when a light garment rose to the water's surface, some short distance from him. Inexpert as he was, he exerted himself to the utmost, and at last his strong arm was round a little cold, wet body, which he held with an iron grasp. He regained the bank, how, he could hardly tell, (except, as he said afterwards, that "God helped him,") and was quite surprised to see that some people were running towards the lake, one of whom snatched the little recovered one from his arms, leaving him not a little bewildered.

The little maiden in the boat was soon helped to land, and told how she and the Squire's little daughter "Ada," had gone "for fun," by themselves in the punt, and how, as Ada was trying to jump out on to the bank, the boat had drifted and she had fallen into the water, not far from the dangerous hole. The child had been so frightened that, losing her presence of mind, she had made no effort to save herself, and, as the event shewed, had narrowly escaped drowning.

Sam was marching off by himself to change his clothes, as though nothing had happened, when he found his cold hand tightly grasped, and turning round he was amazed to see the Squire at his side.

"My boy, you've saved my child's life God bless you!" he said.

Sam pulled a lock of his wet hair, and, to use his own words, felt "dreadful funny."

However, he had to be a hero whether he liked it or not; and after having been duly dried and warmed, was not even allowed to slip away, but was constrained to hear on all sides, "A plucky chap that Sam Barrow!" and worse than all, had to be thanked by Mrs. Welby, and to hear "Three cheers for Sam Barrow!" at which he was so utterly bewildered, that he began to cheer also, which, as Jemmy said, "was, of course, a great mistake on his part."

Before the evening was over, Sam somehow found himself at Mary Melton's side; and when she said in her gentle voice, "Sam, I shall always respect you," he positively blushed with pleasure, and then she whispered, "I shall be your sister now; Jemmy said I might tell you to-night; I have wanted you to know ever so long."

Sam gave a violent start, and said nothing; and Mary fancied that he thought his brother might have looked higher, and feeling uncomfortable, soon made an excuse to get away from him.

Sam had lived so much to himself, that

he had never guessed the state of affairs between his brother and Mary Melton; nor could he at first fully understand the strange pain, so sharp and so new, that Mary's words gave him. He returned home sad and spiritless.

In the afternoon of the next day, the Squire sent to him, and offered to take him into his own service. The advantage to Sam would have been very great, both as regarded wages and position, but he would be often seeing Mary, and although he had not sought to analyze his own feelings very minutely, a certain instinct taught him that if he were to be brave and honest, that must not be; so he gratefully declined the offer, thereby greatly irritating his father.

"Thank ye, father, I'd rather stick to my work," was all that could be got from him: and steadily, though wearily, he worked on, till at last people began to say, "How that young Sam Barrow has altered; he's got to be quite a man since he pulled Miss Welby out of the water."

(To be continued.)

OLD HEBREW MS.—A find, which may turn out to be an interesting one, has been made by Dr. Grant, of the American Mission at Cairo, in the shape of a Hebrew MS. of portions of the Bible. It was found in a synagogue in the neighbourhood of Cairo, reported to have been built forty-five years before the Second Temple was destroyed. It was carefully deposited in a niche in the wall ten feet above the ground, and had to be secured by means of a ladder. Portions, at least, of this MS., which still awaits proper examination, are supposed to be very old.

AN ECCLESIASTICAL CURIOSITY.—In the village of Liuchmere, Sussex, is a singular and quaint representation, referring to the birth of our blessed Lord, and which, for its peculiar treatment of the subject, is perhaps unequalled.

A considerable portion of the once important priory of Sheldred is situated in this parish, which, having been converted into a farm-house after the suppression of the monasteries by Henry VIII., escaped

the fate of many other religious establishments of that period. In one of the rooms is a large square tablet. Along the top runs this inscription: ECCE VIRGO CONCIPET ET PARIET FILIUM, ET VOCABITUR NOMEN JESUS! Below is represented a cock in the act of joyfully crowing, and from his widely-extended beak is a label with the words CHRISTUS NATUS EST! Next is seen an anxious-looking duck, from whose open bill issues another label, inscribed with the obvious enquiry, QUANDO? QUANDO? which is answered in like manner by a sedate raven, with flapping wings and open beak, IN HAC NOCTE! Near at hand a cow appears to bellow the eager question, UBI? UBI? This latter, and most important query of all, is readily answered by the appropriate figure of a meek and gentle lamb, who replies in the simple, but significant and striking words, IN BETHLEHEM! As a representation, having reference to one of the most solemn and sacred episodes in Scripture history, it is certainly unique in its way, and it is impossible to help admiring the whimsical and most original fancy of the artist who could portray such a scene in such a manner. G. B. G.

IDA; OR, THE SAVED CHILD.

CHAPTER I.

"At daybreak, on the bleak sea-shore,
A fisherman stood aghast,
To see the form of a maiden fair
Lashed close to a drifting mast."

Longfellow.

EVERY thing that could be done was done to try and save the ship, "The Crossbar," which was wrecked off the coast of Cornwall one cold December night. All the passengers were lost save one—and that one lay in the arms of an old fisherman in the early grey dawn of the dreary winter's morning. He was looking intently into the small pale face of the saved child he held in his arms, waiting patiently for the closed eyes to open; but the small waxen features lay quite still, and the long lashes rested in perfect calm on the pale cheek. It was a very tiny child, and she did not look certainly more than eight or nine years old, despite her profusion of chesnut colour hair, which lay in tangled masses on the fisherman's rough coat.

"Take her to your wife, Tom," presently said another sailor near, "and see what she can do for the pure wee bairn;" (and he brushed away a tear as he spoke, for he remembered his own dear ones at home). And as a crowd had already begun to collect, and were looking with wondering eyes at the tiny form he held in his arms, Tom Heather thought it was about the best thing he could do; and covering his fisherman's coat over the child, he wended his way towards his home. Mrs. Heather was already stirring, and a bright fire was burning, and the kettle singing on the hob, when her husband entered with his burden.

"Why, Tom, what is it, what have you got there? My! what a darling child," exclaimed the good woman all in one breath, and holding up her sunburnt hands in astonishment at the fair vision, now laid on the settle by the fire.

"Don't stand there wondering, Polly, but just make her warm and comfortable, and try and get her well again; poor dear,

she's well-nigh frozen," was all the answer Polly got as she set about obeying her husband. An hour or so had passed away, when she was suddenly startled by hearing a little weak voice cry gently, "Mamma, mamma, where am I?" and to see two large blue eyes fixed with great intentness on her own face, as she sat watching beside her little charge.

Polly could not help the tears coming to her honest eyes as she beheld the poor little orphan, who was now quite alone in a strange land. "Not that she ever shall be that as long as I'm Polly," she thought to herself.

"Where am I, and who are you?" now asked the child, stretching out her tiny hands; and then pushing back her hair from her forehead she gazed wildly around her.

"Hush, darling," whispered Polly, "you're quite safe now, I'll take care of you; only do try and be quiet, and good, and go to sleep again."

"I can't sleep any more, let me get up. But where's the sea? why this is not our lovely room; and where is my beautiful mamma? aren't we home yet? why is the ship so long?" and she rambled on, not hardly heeding Polly, who explained it all to her as easily as she could until her husband came in.

But when the child saw him, she said, pointing to where he stood, "Come here, I remember you, you saved me, I remember;" and then Tom, going to her, took her small white hand in between his two large brown ones, and said gently, "You remember me, do you, little lady; and will you try and like your new home, and stay with us always."

And then calling Polly into the next room, he told her all about the wreck, and where he had been. "Look here, Polly," said the old man, as opening a large check handkerchief he shewed her some rings and a well-filled purse; "All these things," he continued, "were found on the dead body of a lady washed ashore last night from the wreck; and from her clothes

being marked with the same name, 'Asheton,' you know, (I think they call it,) proves her to be the mother of our little lady yonder; so we must keep the money for her, they tell me, and the child must bide with us. I heard something too about securities, or something of that sort, Polly; and that, they tell me, would bring in more money, but we shall hear more of that by-and-by; meanwhile the little one must stop with us, and we must get every thing she wants to make her comfortable." And having ended this long speech, the fisherman whispered to Polly to go back to her charge, while he brought some nets out of a cupboard in the wall, and was soon busy mending them.

"And what is your name?" asked Polly, as she returned to the room where the little stranger was.

"My name, why it's Ida Asheton; do you think it pretty? But will you tell me yours too, please," she added, "for I don't know what to call you yet."

"Thank you, dear," said Polly; and she then told her her own, and husband's name, and then went on to explain how that now she was left alone, and had come to live with them; and ended by saying, "So you will try and love us, darling, won't you, and not mind our being poor."

But little Ida had laid her head on Polly's shoulder, and was crying as if her heart would break. "What never, never see my own darling mamma again, who loved me so," she kept saying, between her sobs; "Oh, I want her so much, why did she die?" and then recovering herself a little, she said, lifting her blue eyes, wet with tears, to Polly's face, "Oh, I will love you very much, if I can; but you must try and love me too;" and then the tears began again. Polly soothed and hushed her as well as she could, while her own tears fell fast too, and then she began rocking little Ida gently to and fro in her arms, singing all the time in her sweet, low voice some well-known songs, until at last she stilled the bitter sobs, and presently, bending over her little charge, she found she had at last fallen fast asleep.

So ended the little orphan's first day in the fisherman's cottage.

CHAPTER II.

"Oh, what could heal the grief we feel,
For hopes that come no more,
Had we ne'er heard the Scripture word—
Not lost, but gone before."

Hon. Mrs. Norton.

FOUR winters have now passed away since that dreadful wreck, and little Ida Asheton is now thirteen. She has not grown much during these years, and is still a small, slight child, looking not much more than half her age. She was sitting one lovely summer's morning by Tom Heather, as he mended his nets in his fishing-boat. Ida was looking far away into the sea, and she watched the waves as they glistened in the bright sunshine.

"Well, little missy," presently said Tom, "and where may your thoughts be?" and he smiled down upon her as he spoke.

"Well, I was wondering," answered the little girl, "why God didn't take me, too, when mamma died, I wonder why I was left. Do you know?" she said, looking up with earnest eyes at the fisherman.

"Yes, I guess I do know, little one," he answered, and he looked grave for the moment, as he said, "because there was some work still for you to do; and when anyone gives us work to do, we must finish, and not lay it by and rest until we are told; and so, missy, depend upon it, you were saved from that fearful wreck for a purpose, and if you wait He will shew you what it is. But come," he added, "I see Polly's signal, it is dinner-time." And then, after he had gathered up his nets, they walked towards the house.

Ida lived a very quiet, peaceful life. The clergyman of the little village, on hearing of the orphan child, had been very kind to her, and even offered for her to live with him, and be like one of his own family; but when Tom Heather told his little charge of the kind offer, she only said, "You saved me, let me stay with you;" so after that nothing more was said about it, but many little presents had been given, and kind words spoken. And then, as Ida grew older, the clergyman wrote one day and asked whether she would like to come and learn with his little ones, who

Ida did not go to school, but were taught at home. And so it had just been arranged, and Ida was going next week to begin to have lessons for two hours every morning. Mr. Leslie (the clergyman) was a kind, good man, and he showed his warm heart by this arrangement, in trying to benefit in some way the little orphan child.

"Only one more day left, Polly," said Ida that morning, as she entered the cottage with the fisherman; and she threw off her large hat as she spoke; "I don't think I shall like to learn, Polly; I like the air so much better, and being with Tom down by the waves."

"Yes, but you can do that, dear, all the afternoon; and besides, it is very kind of Mr. Leslie," answered Polly, gently.

"Kind, oh yes, so kind," echoed Ida, the tears filling her blue eyes. "Mamma would have loved him very much, I know she would."

Sunday passed quietly away, and Monday came, and soon after her breakfast, Ida started with Polly for the Rectory. Mrs. Leslie seemed very pleased to have her, and told Nellie and Kathleen, her own two little ones, to go and kiss and make friends with her.

They were all rather shy together at first, but Ida thought the time passed very quickly, and before long she was wending her way home again. But as she passed down the pathway leading from the Rectory, and stood trying to undo the gate, through which she must pass to reach the road, she suddenly heard some one say, "Here, little one, let me open the gate," and the gate was pushed back before she had time to say "thank you;" and then, glancing up, Ida saw a kind face looking at her, and she afterwards knew it was Mr. Leslie's eldest son, Percy, who had helped her.

But from that day she never had any more trouble with the hard gate, for it always stood open, ready for her to pass through. Ida soon got very much attached to her new friends, who were all so kind, and took so much interest in her, and the hours passed at the Rectory were some of the happiest of her life.

Mr. Leslie's son, Percy, had long since

asked about the little stranger, and found out all they knew about her, and he often came and talked kindly with Ida. But one morning, on coming into the room as usual where they studied, he saw his little friend sitting by the open window in tears.

"Little one," he said, going up to where she was, and laying his hand gently on her shoulder, "why are you crying, what is the matter? do tell me."

Ida started up when she heard that kind voice, and pushing back her rough hair, said, between her sobs, "I can't learn it, oh, I can't learn it, Mr. Percy; what shall I do?" and the tears came again.

"Hush! hush! dear, don't cry any more, let me see what I can do to help you; but where are the others?" he said, looking round the room.

"Why they are gone out, but I must not go home, Miss Tracy says, till I know this; and I'm so tired, I can't learn any more." And Ida rose as she spoke, and the lesson-book fell at her feet.

"Come, come, do let us try once more," persisted Percy, drawing the little girl to him, and smoothing back her tossed hair; and Ida came, and under his kind teaching the dreadful lesson was learnt at last; and by the time Miss Tracy and the children came in, she was sitting by the window quite happy, with the open book lying in her lap.

Percy Leslie was ever afterwards Ida's great friend, and he would often walk home with her to the fisherman's cottage, carrying his little friend's books; and when there, would always have a kind word or two to say to Tom and Polly, who gave him a hearty welcome for their little charge's sake.

CHAPTER III

"When Time, who steals our years away,
Shall steal our pleasures too,
The memory of the past will stay
And half our joys renew."—*Thomas Moore.*

FOUR more winters have again passed away, and it is now eight years since Ida first came as a stranger to the fisherman's cottage; and the place looks brighter, too, for her being there; for flowers are in the

windows, and a bird that Percy Leslie gave Ida on her last birthday is singing loudly in its cage, and pluming itself in the warm sunshine. Polly sits working by the open door, and in the distance she can see her husband in his boat down by the waves mending his nets.

Ida Asheton is at the Rectory, for she still goes there, and learns with Nellie and Kathleen, now both grown up fine, tall girls. Their old governess, Miss Tracy, is still with them, but she acts more as companion than anything else to them; and they have masters for music and drawing.

Ida, though never very clever, had a sweet voice, and got all the praise from her teacher, who was delighted to have such a promising pupil; and as Mrs. Leslie saw that music was what Ida seemed to like most, she had the small harmonium, which had usually stood in their study, removed to the fisherman's cottage—much to Ida's delight; and many were the pleasant evenings spent by Tom and Polly as they listened to her sweet singing, and especially as Tom was now getting an old man, and he was not so often seen in his boat by the dancing waves; for seven years had turned the old man's hair quite white, and brought wrinkles to his smooth brow, while they had only heightened Ida's beauty year by year, and brought the bud to the full-blown rose. Polly, too, was altered, although the difference did not show so much in her as in her husband, for she had lived a peaceful, quiet life, and it had kept her fresh and strong till now. She had been a kind, good friend to Ida, who loved her dearly, and who tried, now as she grew older, to repay her for all her tender care; and although she was very fond of her rich friends at the Rectory, she never forgot her poorer ones; and if ever asked to leave them, she only said the same words she had used when a child, "Let me stay with Tom, for he saved me."

But the summer days soon began to grow

shorter, and the long autumn ones began, and the leaves fell off the trees, and lay in silence on the damp ground. The sea, too, changed—changed from its calm, blue colour, to a deeper grey, and the tiny, peaceful waves came dashing up the shore. But it was not always so, and some days the warm sun shone, and the sea was calm again, and the fisherman was to be seen still at his work, and Polly at her post in the cottage door. And in this quiet way the days flew rapidly by, and Ida Asheton grew, meanwhile, towards womanhood.

* * * * *

But there is one more scene before my story closes,—one more scene; but it is not in the fisherman's cottage this time, but in a small, prettily-furnished house standing near the sea; and in one of the rooms of which, close to an open window, sits my young heroine, Ida Leslie, for so she is now, with just the same sweet smile her gentle face always wore, and the sun is shining on her rich chestnut hair. By her side sits Polly, and in her arms she holds, so tenderly, and with so much pride, a little child, who is smiling with great contentment at a toy she holds in her hand; Percy is there too, watching them. Yes, Ida's life is indeed happy now, and she feels, oh! how grateful, to the two faithful friends who have led her through it all—Polly, who is now by her side, and Tom, who is sleeping peacefully in the churchyard yonder, his honest, true heart at rest for ever.

And in after years, always on her way home from the village church, Ida Leslie would stop and shew her little ones the simple graves; and then during the long winter evenings, as they gathered round the fire, she would tell them the story of the little child the kind fisherman saved from the cruel, angry waves one stormy night long ago; and then explain in her sweet voice, as she drew them closer round her, how that that same little orphan child was their own mamma.



.. 'Ride on, madam!' exclaimed Jasper, entreatingly. 'We shall have a deluge anon. Noah's flood was nothing to it.'—(p. 44.)

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

(Continued from p. 20.)

CHAPTER III.

A PURITAN HOUSE.

‘ Comes a vapour from the margin, blackening
over heath and holt,
Cramming all the blast before it, in its breast
a thunderbolt.’

Tennyson.

DERING HALL was about five miles from the coast, and its nearest town was Wybourne, a little fishing borough, the road to which lay across a wide desolate common, swelling into grassy downs near the sea. Marmaduke and Dorothy often rode that way, in spite of its loneliness; they liked to canter on the smooth turf, and their horses and themselves enjoyed the fresh salt air; besides which, Dorothy had several objects of charity in the little town, who rejoiced in her cheerful visits. The road across the common passed by one lonely, grim-looking house, with barred windows, looking like a prison, and surrounded by walled yards; here lived Mr. Shipley, a rich lawyer, who had great influence with half the neighbourhood, and was hated by the other half, being a strict Puritan, and a violent partisan of the Parliament.

A few days after she was left alone, Dorothy ordered her horse one bright afternoon, and set off for the town, attended by the old groom Jasper, who was always with her in her rides, mounted on an old favourite horse of the late Sir Marmaduke Lyne's. Dorothy and Jasper were great friends; he had lifted her for the first time on her pony's back before she was three years old, and had led the animal till she could guide him herself. They rode on that afternoon at a brisk pace, and were some little way past Mr. Shipley's house, just leaving the common for the downs, when Jasper pointed out to his mistress the heavy lurid clouds which were rising in the south-west.

“I doubt we shall have a storm, Mrs. Dorothy,” said Jasper. “Twill be a heavy one, and before we get home too.”

“But we cannot turn back now,” said Dorothy, decidedly. “That bundle you are carrying is for widow Hurst, and she must have it, poor old dame.”

Jasper grunted, but he did not dispute her will; he had lived too long at Dering for that. Just then, a tall young man dressed in grey came striding up the steep ascent from the town, and startled Dorothy by seizing her bridle. Her eyes could flash with anger when occasion served, and they certainly did not smile on him, for Master Simon Shipley, the lawyer's son, was no favourite of hers. He was civil enough, however, and touched his hat before he spoke. Anyone else would have stood bare-headed, thought Dorothy, but she said nothing.

“I am sorry to stop you,” said he. “Are you on your way to Wybourne?”

“Yes, sir, I am,” answered Dorothy, sitting very upright.

“What's that to you?” grumbled Jasper in the background.

“Then you had best turn back at once. The town is in no state for you to venture into it. The people have been raised to fury by the exhortations of godly Master Flail, and he and they have set to work to thrash out the chaff from the wheat. The church, as you call it, is even now being purified, and there will be more to follow. 'Tis a wholesome work. But the town to-day is not a place for weak women and old men,—especially such as you.”

“The church! what are they doing?” exclaimed Dorothy, forgetting in her horror to whom she spoke.

“I say they are purifying,” answered Simon, grimly; “and that if you are wise you will go no further.”

Dorothy hesitated a moment, half inclined to disregard his warnings, and to go on fearlessly to widow Hurst. But then she thought of Marmaduke, who would be angry at her running into danger, and determined to follow her enemy's advice.

“I thank you, sir. We will return, good

Jasper," she said; and as they turned their horses' heads to the hill, Simon Shipley dashed on with his long strides, and was over the brow and out of sight in a moment.

Dorothy and her groom exchanged a few horror-struck words on the state of things at Wybourne, and rode on as briskly as the bad road would let them. Behind them, the great clouds crept higher and higher up the sky, till they blotted out the sun, and shrouded all the blue in heavy black. They had not ridden a mile when a flash of vivid lightning darted across their path, making the horses start and rear, and followed by a great peal of thunder, which seemed to shake the ground.

"Ride on, madam!" exclaimed Jasper, entreatingly. "We shall have a deluge anon. Noah's flood was nothing to it."

On they went, as fast as they could ride, while the sky grew blacker and blacker, and seemed to stoop down to the dreary heath. Neither Dorothy nor Jasper spoke again; she rode with her head a little bent, and her good horse seemed to know what cause there was for speed, and to strain every nerve to place her in safety before the storm grew worse. The flashes of lightning and peals of thunder did not startle him again; but then suddenly down came the rain, descending like a waterspout, and drenching them in a minute to the skin. They slackened their pace, for it was impossible to ride fast, with those sheets of water coming down on them. Just then, the dark gables of Mr. Shipley's house loomed through the storm.

"Turn in under the shelter of this wall, madam," shouted Jasper to his mistress. "Neither you nor the horses can go on in this."

Dorothy, shivering with wet and loneliness, was fain to obey; but just then Simon Shipley, whom they had passed without seeing him in the sudden darkness, came up to his gate, giving a loud whistle, which instantly brought a boy to open it.

"Madam," he said, coming close up to Dorothy, as she sat crouched on her saddle, "it would be well if you could forget our differences, and take shelter in this house

till the storm is past. You know my mother."

"There can be no harm in it," thought poor little Dorothy to herself, for the spirit was well-nigh washed out of her. "I thank you, sir," she said in a low and faint voice, and Simon Shipley, taking hold of her bridle, led the horse at once into the yard.

Jasper followed, muttering a protest between his teeth: he himself, like a true servant of the house of Lyne, would almost sooner have been drowned in a waterspout than have entered Roundhead doors. And here was little Mrs. Adah Shipley, Simon's sister, coming to the door to receive the unwonted guest, while Simon himself made the old groom tremble with rage by lifting her from her saddle, and half leading, half carrying her into the house. What would Sir Marmaduke Lyne and Captain Audley have said, had they beheld such a profanation?

Adah Shipley was a prim, pretty little Puritan. She took Dorothy's cold wet hand, and led her into the parlour, where her mother, a tall gaunt woman, was seated at her spinning-wheel, and her father, a small foxy old man with red eyes, was buried in a large parchment book. They both looked up from their occupations, and took off their spectacles.

"'Tis Mistress Dorothy Lyne, mother," said Adah. "She was out in the storm, and Simon brought her in for shelter."

Now Mistress Shipley was a Dering woman, and Puritan as she was by connection and principle, the old name still sounded kindly in her ears. The Lynes had been good masters to her forefathers for many a generation. So, while her husband glared rudely and angrily over his book, and said nothing, she rose from her wheel, and came round the table to where Dorothy was standing.

"Verily we will give thee shelter, maiden," she said, "and change of raiment beside. Thou art wet to the skin. Follow me."

Once out of the pelting storm, Dorothy regained her presence of mind. She stood still, and made Mistress Shipley a dignified little curtsy.

"I thank you, madam; I will change nothing. My groom and I will ride on our way in a very short time,—as soon as the storm is a little abated."

"Groom, hey! where is the fellow? I'll have no prying malignants here," exclaimed old Shipley, rising, and hurrying out.

"Never fear, maiden! my son will see to the man," said his wife, in answer to Dorothy's look. "And now be pleased to follow me upstairs. You cannot ride home in this plight."

"One of my gowns, lady, if you would not despise it," said Adah, looking pitifully at the slender figure in its drenched garments. "I have one that is long enough for riding."

"I thank you," said Dorothy again: "I will not change. Let me but wait here for a few moments, till the storm is less furious."

Mistress Shipley looked at her from head to foot. Here was wilfulness indeed, in a girl not twenty years old. She felt half inclined to carry her upstairs by main force, like a naughty child, and change her wet clothes for dry ones, whether she would or not; but there was something in little Dorothy Lyne, straight and dripping, with her wistful eyes gazing out at the rain, that checked even Mistress Shipley, automatic as she was in her own house.

"Well, if you will not change, at least come to the kitchen-fire and dry yourself," she said, after a moment's astonished pause.

Dorothy had no objection to doing this, and followed her hostess into the large stone-paved kitchen, where she stood in front of a great fire, and steamed so marvellously that she could not help laughing. Even prim little Adah could not preserve her gravity. Mistress Shipley took no notice; she was busy in the preparation of a hot posset, and too much occupied in driving her mob-capped servant-girl hither and thither, to have leisure for anything else. Presently, when Dorothy was sitting on a stool in front of the fire, getting dry by degrees, and obediently drinking her posset, a great clatter of angry voices was heard outside. The women looked up and listened, and in a minute or two Simon Shipley came into the kitchen.

"What is all this, son?" said his mother.

"'Tis Christopher Wake," answered the young man, "come to see after Mrs. Dorothy Lyne. My father will not let him in."

"Where is Christopher? I will go to him," exclaimed Dorothy, springing up; but the sturdy giant had prevailed over the ill-will of the little master of the house, and just then came clanking into the kitchen. Frowning at Simon, he crossed the floor with one stride, took Dorothy's hand and reverently kissed it, an act of idolatry which scandalised Mistress Shipley terribly; she groaned, while little Adah opened her blue eyes in shocked amazement.

"Have you come through the storm to look for me, Christopher?" said Dorothy, graciously: "you see I am well sheltered. Has Jasper told you all?"

"Ay, madam; right glad am I to find you safe. Is that your father coming?" added Christopher, turning to Simon; "he had best keep his hands off me."

In hurried the little lawyer, wielding a great bludgeon in his bony hands.

"Out of my house, foul malignants that ye are! Away, I say, or ye shall be driven forth with blows. We shall be masters of you all some day, and then these misproud papists shall pay for their insolence. Get ye gone, I say!"

He stood in the middle of the room, shaking his weapon, and glaring at them fiercely. Dorothy looked at him with fearless eyes, and Christopher made a step to place himself between her and the angry little Roundhead.

"Come into the parlour, I pray you," said Mistress Shipley, moved by her husband's violence to extra civility.

"The storm is well-nigh over," said Christopher; "I would ask Mrs. Dorothy to ride home with me; she will be better at home."

"She is safe here, sir," burst out Adah, instantly silenced by a tap from her mother.

"She would be safe everywhere if I could make her so," said Christopher. "Will it please you to come, madam? Jasper has the horses ready."

"I will come at once. Farewell, madam; I thank you for your kindness. Fare-

well, Mrs. Adah; do not fear to take refuge at Dering Hall, if you are surprised in a storm. Farewell, sir."

With a gracious curtsy to Mistress Shipley, a smile to Adah, and the slightest inclination towards Simon, Dorothy walked out of the kitchen. She deigned no notice to the master of the house, who still stood glaring angrily, perhaps surprised by the coolness of his malignant guests. It was still raining a few drops, and heavy black clouds were hanging in the sky. Simon Shipley followed them into the yard, where Jasper was waiting with the horses, and was ready to help Dorothy into her saddle; but Christopher, seeming not to notice his intention, stepped before him, and lifted her like a feather from the ground into her seat. Simon opened the gate for them, and stood bare-headed while she rode past, a wonderful piece of civility for a Puritan. Dorothy breathed freely when once she was out of those grey stone walls, and cantering along upon the heath.

"It was a very good shelter from the storm, Christopher," she said, turning brightly to her guard; "but I feel as though you had rescued me from a Parliament prison."

To which Master Wake could find no better answer than, "Heaven forbid!"

CHAPTER IV.

THE FUGITIVE.

"He ventures in: let no buzz'd whisper tell:
All eyes be muffled, or a hundred swords
Will storm his heart."

Keats.

ONE hot, still afternoon in June, Dorothy Lyne walked down her avenue, followed by the great mastiff who attended her in her walks, and carrying a letter in her hand. Her eyes looked bright and satisfied, and she stepped along lightly and easily through the deep shadows of the trees. She passed out of the tall iron gates into the sunshine that streamed across the village-green, where geese and donkeys were grazing, and children playing about the cottage doors, and went on down the wide irregular street, past the church, nodding cheerfully in answer to

the curtsies of the village women, who were sitting on their doorsteps, and rose as she passed.

Beyond the church was the rectory; a long low thatched house, standing in its own large garden, full of fruit-trees and sunny spots, where bees hummed and birds sang and built their nests, safe from marauders in the parson's ground. The front of the house was covered with an old vine; its large leaves drooped over the latticed windows, and obscured the light in the small low rooms; but the Rector could not bear to have them cut away.

Dorothy turned in at the gate, and passed slowly up the mossy path. As she approached the house, the Rector came down one of the other garden walks and met her. He was dressed in the cassock that he always wore, and the sun shone on his white hair.

"Good day to you, dear sir," said Dorothy's sweet voice.

"Good day, my child," said the old man, kindly, but with a slight nervousness of manner, which Dorothy did not at the moment notice. "What, have you a letter from your brother?"

"Yes: he is well, and they are driving the Roundheads before them everywhere. Here it is; will you read it?"

The clergyman took the letter, thanked her, and asked if she would come into the house. She followed him into his study, the little dark wainscoted room, where he had his small library of theological books, and his two or three valued pictures, and where his large tabby cat lay purring in the window. Old Lion, Dorothy's dog, had laid himself down to wait on the doorstep. She herself sat down among the shadows of the vine-leaves, and stroked pussy, while the Rector in his arm-chair read Marmaduke's letter. Then his young friend, watching him, became aware that he was very pale, and that there were dark lines round his eyes, as if from anxiety and want of sleep. He finished the letter, gave it back to her, and talked a little cheerfully over its contents. Marmaduke and Dorothy were to him as his own children: he had christened them both, and since then they had never had any tutor but himself.

Dorothy talked about her brother and the Cornish army, till her eyes filled with loyal tears; then she suddenly got up, came across to the old man, and laid her hand on his shoulder.

"Dear sir, you are ill; tell me what is the matter."

"No, no; I am well enough," said the Rector, nervously, putting his thin hand on hers, and grasping the little fingers as if they were a weapon of defence. "No thing is the matter; only these be such times—such times—from hour to hour we know not what may happen."

"And what is to happen now?" asked Dorothy, looking down upon him with an air of grave penetration, which in former days would have made him smile. "I must know, dear sir; tell me, I beseech you."

"Why, only this,—what I might have looked for. A letter from Lawyer Shipley, telling me that he is coming, with the godly, as they call themselves, of Wybourne, to work the same reforms here at Dering as they have done in their own town,—to purify the church, and put a stop to superstitious practices; and unless I follow their ways, and perform the service according to their will, they will soon find a better-minded man to put in my place; so he says, my child."

Dorothy's eyes flashed, and she stamped her foot.

"Lawyer Shipley! What right has he to meddle in our matters at Dering? Christopher shall take men with him, and keep good watch at the church; we will have no Puritan destroyers here."

"He will scarce find men enough for a guard; they are all gone to the war," said the Rector, sighing. "Let us trust that before they are ready to work their will upon us, news may come of some successes of our army, so that they may hold their hands, and be satisfied with what they have already done. But we have entered on evil times. Surely King David prophesied of such days as these when he wrote the 74th Psalm. I was reading it this very day: 'Yea, they said in their hearts, Let us make havock of them altogether.'"

Dorothy did not know what to say; she

stood still by the old man's chair, and the wind rustled the vine-leaves, and the shadows flickered and danced on the floor.

"Shipley and his crew will pay me a visit here, I doubt not," said the Rector, presently.

"Oh! will they do you any mischief? Come back with me to the Hall."

"They will not hurt me; but they may search the house; and there is somewhat here, which—to say the truth, my child,—I would not willingly have them find."

"What is it?" said Dorothy, puzzled by his mysterious manner. "Shall I take it with me, and hide it for you?"

He smiled as he answered, "I fear me 'tis not easily hidden. Ha! and your dog has found it out."

An angry growl from old Lion, and a voice talking to him in low and soothing tones, made Dorothy start, and turn towards the door.

"Stay a moment," said the Rector, "I will go myself;" and rising slowly from his chair, he went out into the hall. Dorothy stood waiting where she was, and heard him say, "Why will you shew yourself at the door? Be wise, and come hither. I must speak with you."

"Whose dog is this?" said the voice in answer; "Is he a Roundhead beast, that he suspects me so shrewdly?"

"No, indeed; Lion is as true a Royalist as yourself: but will you come this way?"

The Rector came back into his study, followed by a young man in the dress of a king's officer, his coat stained and torn, and his right arm in a sling, with such a deadly paleness in his face as might be the effect of long illness or imprisonment. Dorothy raised her eyes and met his; they looked at each other curiously, and the Rector introduced them.

"Mistress Dorothy Lyne, let me present to you Mr. Corbet, an officer in his Majesty's service. He has met with sad misadventures; was taken prisoner by Waller's troops, and kept some time in hard du-rance, from which he has made his escape. The wolves are on his track, and he has taken refuge here with me."

The young gentleman and lady exchanged grave reverences.

"I should have been in a sad plight," said Mr. Corbet, in a deep, pleasant voice, while a smile lighted up his pale face, "had it not been for your kindness, good sir. You well understand, madam, that your Rector has brought himself into danger by sheltering an escaped prisoner."

"What could he do?" said Dorothy, flushing with loyal enthusiasm; "the king's soldier has a claim to his subject's help. But, dear sir, what will become of this gentleman, if Mr. Shipley and his folks find him here?"

"In truth, my child, I hardly know," said the Rector; and Dorothy saw that he was perplexed.

Mr. Corbet looked at the old man's benevolent face, and then at Dorothy's bright countenance, scarcely beautiful, he thought, but full of spirit and loyal sympathy.

"'Tis plain to me," he said, "what I must do: you shall not be in danger, sir, on my account. I will leave Dering, and find shelter somewhere else. The good county of Dorset is not so overspread with these ragged rogues, that a wounded cavalier may not find a place to hide his head."

There was a moment's pause, and Dorothy considered. Mr. Corbet was as much of a gentleman as Frank or Marmaduke, and more courtly in his tone. He was

a Royalist soldier, an escaped prisoner, wounded, and in distress: it was clearly her duty to do all she could for him, as well as to relieve her old friend from a dangerous charge.

"If this gentleman will come to the Hall," she said, turning to the Rector, "there are secret rooms there to hide him from all his enemies, and men enough to guard him, till he is well enough to return to the army."

Mr. Corbet went down on his knees, and kissed her hand. The Rector hesitated.

"I know how generous you are, my child; and your brother would be the same. Truly I am tempted, for Mr. Corbet's own sake, to bid him accept this offer of yours. But will you do this? Go home, consult with Christopher Wake, and if he sees no harm in the plan, send him in the dusk of this evening to fetch my friend."

"I will speak to Christopher, since you wish it," said Dorothy; "he will know better than dispute my will. Rise, sir, I pray you; I have done nothing to merit such homage."

"Back to your room, my friend," exclaimed the Rector. "Old Lion is growling; there must be some one outside."

Mr. Corbet left the room by a side door. The dog was silent again, when he had quite disappeared. Old Lion evidently took this Royalist for an enemy.

(To be continued.)

THE VALE OF DEATH.

THERE is a stream we all must pass,
Ere we can reach a heavenly home;
It is no play, no foolish farce,
For through it each poor soul must roam—
The vale of Death.

'Tis dark—the way is black as night,
But at the "end" a something gleams,
A glorious, sparkling, shining light,
Far, far beyond the darksome streams—
A blood-stained cross.

We need a Hand to help us o'er,
Our footsteps slip—our hope is gone,
When in the gloom a golden door
Gently loosed, the toil is done—
Oh! home at last.

EVA LETITIA (LETTICE.)

AN ALLEGORY.

I DREAMED, and in my dream I saw a lovely plain that stretched far off to the shores of a mighty ocean; sweet-smelling flowers grew on its smooth grassy surface, merry rivulets gambolled through the pleasant meadows, now softly, now hoisterously; but ever, as they approached the broad river which was to carry them to the sea, slowly, as if reluctant to leave that sunny, peaceful spot for the tossing, restless ocean.

In striking contrast to the luxuriant plain, with its many orchards filled with fruit-trees, was a lofty and barren mountain, which met my view as I turned my eyes to the east; its sides were steep and rugged, sharp stones and briars were strewn upon the narrow path which led to the summit; but in spite of the dark and lowering cloud which hung over the mountain, I felt myself attracted towards it, for a bright and glorious cloud shone immediately in the East, and shed a bright track of light in the centre of the otherwise dark and gloomy path.

As I turned back to look at the plain, I found it was no longer uninhabited, groups of people were wandering about, and, as I watched them closely, I saw all had not the same gay holiday look, which had attracted me at first. Some with anxious faces were digging pits, from which they extracted the earth; and this seemed very precious to them, for they clutched it with greedy hands, and carried it about their persons. All had, or appeared to have, some object in view, which they never seemed to attain: all had a restless, longing look, which was never satisfied. The young people were freest from this expression, but even they, as they wandered gaily through the orchards plucking the rosy fruit, or ran races by the merry streams, or chatted together, were not quite without it, for often I noticed that same half-frightened shadow pass over them. I determined to watch one particular figure, and I soon fixed upon a boy, whose open and handsome countenance especially took my fancy. He was

walking with another boy towards the foot of the mountain, which they began to ascend, each first taking up a staff fashioned like a cross, which was provided for them before they began their journey, and on which, I afterwards remarked, they ever in any difficulty or danger leaned, and whatever the trouble was, they seemed to gain fresh strength.

At first, Hector and Walter, for so I named them to myself, walked on bravely with unflinching steps; but as the path became more difficult, and the stones sharper, and the briars tore their tender flesh, Walter's steps lingered, and he now and then relinquished his hold of the good staff, and sat down to bind up his bleeding limbs; and when Hector stopped a moment to comfort him, and bade him take his staff again, and look to the glorious light where his home was to be, he answered sharply, and reproached him for bringing him up such a path, and said the home he had left was far better than any to be found beyond such a rugged barren mountain. And as I drew nearer, for I was anxious for Walter, I saw a dark spirit walking near the boy, who whispered to him of the pleasant plain, the lovely fruit, and the merry companions he had left; but a radiant presence also stood beside him, who reminded him of the "joy that was before him."

Alas! the boy would not listen, his heart was with the companions he had left, and in spite of Hector's entreaties, he began to retrace his steps.

I shall never forget the fiendish expression of joy on that dark spirit's face as Walter turned, or the bitter tears shed by that glorious one, who now watched Hector only.

Hector looked wistfully after Walter, and would have been tempted to follow him, perhaps, but for the words whispered softly by his guardian spirit: "No man having put his hand to the plough, and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of God." Then the boy grasped his staff tighter, and walked bravely on.

The path became wilder, and more dan-

gerous each step he took. Here pit-falls and precipices stared him in the face, and now and then vast blocks of granite—set in motion by the myriads of evil spirits hovering around, mocking him, and, trying to make him turn back—came rolling down, threatening to bury him beneath them; but his guardian angel saved him from all, guiding his steps like a little child's, and reminding him of the glorious home prepared for him. The hot noontide sun poured down upon the poor boy's head, and I could not wonder, as I saw him cast a half-regretful glance behind, down the cool glades where he had wandered so often with Walter; his steps became less careful, and I saw with shuddering that his feet were wandering to the edge of the path; for I saw what Hector's drooping eyes could not, an enormous block of granite descending close upon him with frightful rapidity; it came nearer and nearer, and I shut my eyes to prevent myself from seeing the noble boy crushed beneath it. When I opened my eyes again, Hector was in the bright spirit's arms, snatched from death; but he had not wholly escaped, a sharp point of the granite had struck his forehead, and I

could see he was in dreadful pain; but the listless look had gone, and a thankful expression had taken its place, as he knelt and thanked the great King for His protecting care.

By this time many were ascending the mountain, and of these some walked steadfastly onward, looking upward to the bright light, others soon returned to the more attractive plain; but I did not watch these long, for my attention was fixed on Hector, who was now nearing the end of his journey, his face was much brighter, and his eyes were often lifted longingly to the home whither he was fast approaching.

But before he could reach that wished-for haven, he had to cross a wild mountain-torrent, which threatened to bury him beneath its remorseless waters; but even here his courage failed not, and he plunged in, still supported by the loving spirit, and disappeared from my sight.

Whether Hector ever reached the heavenly city I know not, but methought I heard a faint echo of heavenly voices singing, and welcoming him into the Eternal City. And with those glorious strains still sounding in my ears, I awoke.

A. E. G.

THE CITY OF GOD.

My feet are worn and weary with the march
Over the rough road, up the steep hill-side;
O City of our God, I fain would see
Thy pastures green, where peaceful waters
glide;

My hands are weary, ever toiling on
Day after day for perishable meat;
O city of our God, I fain would rest—
I sigh to see Thy glorious mercy-seat.

My garment, travel-worn and stained with dust,
Oft rent with briars and thorns which crowd
my way,
Would fain be made, O Lord, my righteousness,
Spotless and white in heaven's unclouded ray.

My eyes are weary looking at the sin,
Impiety and scorn upon the earth;

O City of our God, within thy walls
All—all are clothed again with thy new-birth.

My heart is weary of its own dark sin,
Falling, repenting, sinning yet again;
When shall my soul Thy glorious Presence know,
And find, dear Saviour, it's cleansed from stain?

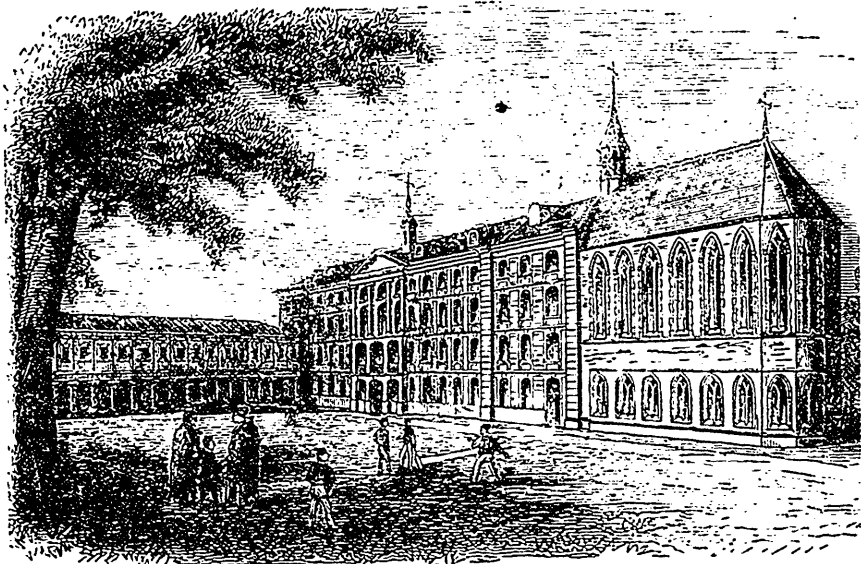
Patience, poor heart! Thy Saviour's feet were
worn;

His Sacred Heart and Hand were weary too;
His garments stained and travel-worn and old;
His vision blinded with a pitying dew.

Love thou the path of sorrow which He trod;
Toil on, and wait in patience for the rest;
God grant us soon that City to behold,
Its peace to have—home of the loved and blest?

THE ANTIQUARY'S NOTE-BOOK.

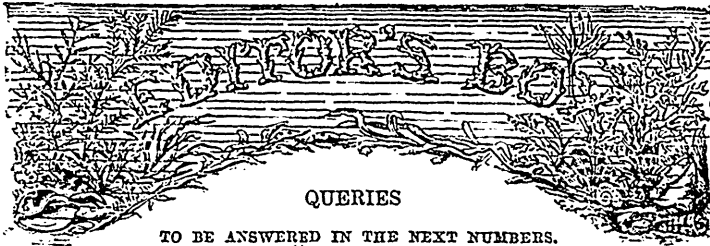
LIX.—THE ENGLISH BENEDICTINE COLLEGE AT DOUAY.



THE quaint old city of Douay, in France, whose history is one of extreme and stirring interest, is chiefly associated in our minds with its celebrated English college. At the accession of Queen Elizabeth, whose rancour against the Roman Catholics was fierce and bitter, the clergy of the old religion were obliged to seek a refuge in foreign countries. One of them, Allen by name, a Professor of Theology, conceived the idea of founding a college for English ecclesiastics at Douay, and in 1562 this project was, on a small scale, carried out. A house was purchased, and ere long, old students of Oxford and Cambridge became its chief inmates. Here, under the protection and patronage of Philip II. and Pope Gregory XIII., the college flourished and was enlarged, and soon had its branches at Rome, Paris and Lisbon. From thence in due time, as their ardent zeal led them, and the necessities of their afflicted fellow-countrymen seemed to require, many of these learned and devoted priests came over, to England, at the risk of their lives, to minister to their old friends and co-

religionists. Amongst the most celebrated Douay priests who suffered torments and death for their faith were Edmund Campion (who had also graduated at St. John's College, Oxford), and Robert Southwell, the author of several beautiful religious poems, and of the well-known hymn, "Jerusalem, my happy home." At Douay also Daniel O'Connell studied as a boy, and there Alban Butler wrote his remarkable "Lives of the Saints."

The original building having been seized by the government at the period of the French Revolution, and turned into an artillery barrack, various colleges were from time to time set up; none of which, however, now exist, excepting that of the English Benedictines, which was built in 1818. The Gothic refectory and chapel, of more recent date, (which may be seen in the sketch given above,) were built by the late Augustus Welby Pugin, Esq.; and are decorated with excellent stained glass, by Messrs. Hardman, of Birmingham. The college accommodates, we believe, upwards of 100 students, and is in every respect an excellent establishment, exercising a great and beneficial influence; while the good Fathers of the house enjoy a reputation for generous hospitality, unstinting liberality, and blameless life.



QUERIES

TO BE ANSWERED IN THE NEXT NUMBERS.

MARRIAGE BELLS.

9. I heard a piece of poetry read two months ago by Mr. Bellew, entitled "Marriage Bells, by Charlotte Griffiths." I want to find the poem, and cannot. Can you, or any of your readers of the PENNY POST, inform me soon?

R. P.

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.

ABSENCE OF SPONSORS.

12.—Can you, or any of your readers, inform me if a parish priest is justified in re-

fusing to baptize the children of those parents who object to sponsors, the parents themselves being willing to act in that capacity for their children?

ALPHA.

ST. HERMES.

13.—There is a church near Truro "dedicated to the blessed Martyr Saint Hermes, who was beheaded at Rome on the 28th day of August, in the year of our Lord 132." What other churches in England are dedicated to the same saint, and what is known of his history?

ST. E.

ST. MINVER.

14.—Can you, or any of your readers, give me some information respecting St. Minver?

A. E.

R E P L I E S

TO QUERIES IN PREVIOUS NUMBERS.

PASTORAL STAVES AND CROZIER.

55.—What is the exact difference between a Pastoral Staff and a Crozier; and (2.) how many old Pastoral Staves exist in the National Church.

ANTHOPOS.

In reply to No. 55, (1), I beg to say that there is no difference between a pastoral staff and a crozier. That eminent archaeologist, Mr. Albert Way, writes: "The pastoral staff with a curved head was called croce, crosse, croche, or crutch, words derived from the French *croce* or *croche*. At the consecration of a church, according to the *Legenda Aurea*, 'the bysshop gooth all aboute thre tymes, and æt every tyme that he cometh to that dore, he knocketh with his crosse,' in the Latin original, *baculo pastorali*. In Ang.-Sax. *cruce* signifies both a cross and a crook, and from similarity of sound between cross and croce, words perfectly distinct in their derivation, some confusion of terms has arisen, especially as regards the usual acceptance of the word crozier, which has been supposed to be incorrect. Crozier, however, properly signifies the pastoral staff or croce, the incurved head of which was termed in French *crosseron*, part of the in-

signia of bishops: thus in Brooke's 'Book of Precedents,' it appears, that at the marriage of Philip and Mary in 1554, the bishops present had their 'croziers carried before them.' (Lol. Coll., iv. 398.) Fox says that Bonner, who was then Bishop of London, at the degradation of Dr. Taylor in 1555, would not strike him with his 'crozier-staff' upon the breast, lest he should strike again. Minshen says that 'croce is a shepherd's crooke in our old English; hence the staffe of a bishop is called the crocier or crozier.'" (*Promptorium Parvulorum sive Clavicorum*, &c. Edited by Albert Way. Part I., pp. 103, 104, note. Publications of the Camden Society, No. 25, 4to., 1843.) According to ancient rule, the staff held by an archbishop is surmounted not by a cross, but by a crook,—the archiepiscopal cross he never ritually touches; when used, it is always carried before him by a cleric appointed for the purpose, who was formerly called a "croiser." Thus, e.g., in the relation of the martyrdom of S. Thomas of Canterbury, it is said that "one Syr Edward Grymo that was his croiser put forth his arme wth the crosse to bare of the stroke, and the stroke smote the crosse on sundre." (The "Golden Legend,"

fol. cviii. 'Caxton's edit. of 1483.) At the first progress of Henry VII. after his coronation, during the solemnities at York, the archbishop's "suffragan was croysier, and bar the archbishop's crosse." (Leland's Coll., iii. 192.)

(2.) An ancient crozier is preserved in the Cathedral Library, Winchester; at S. John's College, Oxford, is a pastoral staff, which is reputed to have been used by the martyr, Archbishop Laud, and is of Queen Mary's time. The Ashmolean Museum contains another, which, it is said, was Latimer's. The College of Corpus Christi, Oxford, possesses one which belonged to its founder, Fox, Bishop of Winchester; and at New College, Oxford, is preserved the beautiful crozier of its founder, William Wykeham.

J. FULLER RUSSELL, F.S.A.

66.—*List of Churches having Lights on the Altar, continued from p. 26.*

DIocese of Hereford.

Brampton Abbots, Ross, Herefordshire.-
Bucknell, S. Mary's.
Church Preen, Shropshire, S. John Baptist's.
Clehonger, Hereford.
Criggion, Montgomeryshire.
Eastnor, Hereford.
Hampton Bishop.
Hereford Cathedral.
" S. John's.
Hughley, Shropshire, S. John Baptist's.
Minsterley Church, Shropshire.
Monkland, Herts., All Saints'.
Moreton-on-Lugg.
Pipe and Lyde, Hereford.
Stottesden Church, Shropshire.
Tenbury, S. Michael's College.

DIocese of Lichfield.

Cound Church, Shropshire.
Derby, S. Peter's.
Elford, near Tamworth, Parish Church.
Gailley, near Penkridge, Staffordshire.
Lichfield Cathedral.
Sheen, Staffordshire.
Shrewsbury, All Saints'.
Thorpe, Derbyshire.
Upton-Magna, Salop.
Wolverhampton, S. Chad's.

DIocese of Lincoln.

Bilsthorpe, Lincolnshire.
Brigg, Lincolnshire.
Colwick, Nottingham.
Fillingham, Lincolnshire.
Fristhorpe, Lincolnshire.
Gainsborough, Holy Trinity.
Gedney Hill.
Hawkesworth, S. Mary and All Saints'.
Len, Gainsborough, S. Helen's.

Lincoln Cathedral.
Motheringham, Lincoln.
Miningsby, Lincolnshire, S. Andrew's.
Newark-upon-Trent.
Now Basford, S. Augustine's.
North Kelsey, Brigg, Lincoln.
" " Lincolnshire, S. Nicholas'.
Nottingham, S. Matthias'.
Snarford, Lincolnshire.
Skeinton, Notts., S. Stephen's.
Springthorpe, S. George's.
Tallington, Lincolnshire.
Thrumpton, All Saints'.
West Torrington, S. Mary's.
Whaplode Drovo.

DIocese of Llandaff.

Caldicot, Monmouthshire, S. Mary's.
Llandovand, Monmouth.
Llanfrecfa, Caerleon.
Llanvaches.
Llanwewarth.
Whitson.

DIocese of Manchester.

Bury, Lancashire, Holy Trinity.
Cheetwood, Manchester, S. Alban's.
Hulme, Lancashire.
Manchester Cathedral.
" Holy Trinity.
" S. Alban's.
" S. John Baptist's.
Rochdale, S. Mary's.
Todmorden, Christ Church.

DIocese of Norwich.

Claydon, Suffolk, S. Peter's.
Ditchingham, House of Mercy.
Ipswich, Norwich, Mary-le-Tower.
Necton, Norfolk, All Saints'.
Norwich, S. Lawrence's.
Pakefield, Suffolk.
Walpole, Norfolk, S. Peter's.
" S. Edmund's Chapel.
Wells Church, Norfolk.
Yaxley Church, Eye, Suffolk.

DIocese of Oxford.

Abingdon, Berks, S. Helen's.
Addington, Bucks, S. Mary's.
Beaconsfield, All Saints'.
Bloxham, All Saints'.
" S. Mary-the-Virgin's.
Boyno Hill, Berks, All Saints'.
Barford, S. John Baptist's.
Chilton, Berks, All Saints'.
Clewer, All Saints'.
" S. Andrew's Home.
" S. Stephen's.
" Penitentiary Chapel.
Clifton Hampden, Oxon.
Cowley, Oxford.
" S. John, Oxford.

Cuddesdon, Diocesan Seminary.
 ,, Oxon, Bishop's Chapel.
 ,, Oxon, Parish Church.
 Cuddington, Bucks.
 Denchworth, Berks.
 Dorchester Abbey, SS. Peter and Paul.
 East Challow, Berks.
 East Hendred, Berks.
 Fawley, Great, Berks, S. Mary's.
 Fenny Stratford, Bucks.
 Glympton, Woodstock, Oxon.
 Hambleton, Bucks, S. Mary's.
 Horspath, Oxon.
 Hughenden, Bucks.
 Hungerford, Berks, S. Savio:r's.
 Ifley, Oxon.
 Kennington, Berks.
 Kidlington, Oxon.
 Kidmore End, Oxon, S. John's.
 Kingham, Chipping-Norton, Oxon.
 Letcombe Basset Church, Oxon.
 Little Marlow, Bucks, S. John Baptist's.
 Littlemore, Oxon.
 Little Wittenham, Berks, S. Faith and All Saints'.
 Maidenhead, S. Paul's.
 Mollington, Baubury, Oxon.
 Newbury, Berks, S. John Evangelist's.
 North Moreton, Berks.
 Oxford, All Saints'.

,, All Souls' College Chapel.
 ,, Balliol College Chapel.
 ,, Brasenose College Chapel.
 ,, Cathedral.
 ,, Corpus Christi College Chapel.
 ,, Exeter College Chapel.
 ,, Infirmary Chapel.
 ,, Jesus College Chapel.
 ,, Lincoln College Chapel.
 ,, Magdalen College Chapel.
 ,, Merton College Chapel.
 ,, New College Chapel.
 ,, Oriel College Chapel.
 ,, Pembroke College Chapel.
 ,, Queen's College Chapel.
 ,, S. Barnabas'.
 ,, S. Cross, or Holywell.
 ,, S. Edmund Hall Chapel.
 ,, S. Frideswide's.
 ,, S. George's.
 ,, S. Giles'.
 ,, S. John's College Chapel.
 ,, S. Mary's (University Church).
 ,, S. Mary Hall Chapel.
 ,, S. Michael's.
 ,, S. Paul's.
 ,, S. Peter's-in-the-East.
 ,, SS. Philip and James.
 ,, S. Sepulchre's, Cemetery Chapel.
 ,, S. Thomas of Canterbury.
 ,, Trinity College Chapel.

Oxford, University College Chapel.
 ,, Worcester College Chapel.
 Peasemore, Berks, S. Barnabas'.
 Rotherfield Greys, Parish Church.
 Sandford, Oxon.
 Shippon, near Abingdon, Berks.
 South Hinksey, Berks.
 Steventon, Berks.
 Summertown, Oxon, S. John Baptist's.
 Sunningwell, Berks.
 Sutton Courtenay, Berks.
 Thamo, Oxon, S. Mary's (silver, now unused).
 Thatcham, Berks, S. Luke's.
 Theale, Berks.
 Tilehurst, Berks, S. Michael's.
 Wantage, Berks, Cemetery Chapel.
 ,, Charlton Chapel.
 ,, S. Mary's Home.
 ,, S. Michael's.
 ,, SS. Peter and Paul.
 Wellington College.
 West Challow, Oxon.
 West Wycombe, Bucks, S. Laurence's.
 Wheatley, Oxon.
 Windsor, S. George's Chapel.
 Witney, Oxon.
 Worminghall, Bucks.

(To be concluded in the next.)

PASSION-FLOWER.

77.—*Can any of your correspondents oblige me with the Legend of the Passion-Flower, and the explanation of the various parts?*

SOPHIE.

ALICE begs to inform SOPHIE that James Hervey, in his "Meditations," thus speaks of the Passion-Flower:—"I read in the inspired writings of Apostolic men who bore about in their bodies the dying of the Lord Jesus; but here is a blooming 'religioso' that carries apparent memorials of the same tremendous and fatal catastrophe. Who would have expected to find such a tragedy of woe exhibited in a collection of the most delicate delights, or to see Calvary's horrid scene depicted on the softest ornament of the garden. That spiral tendril at the bottom of the stalk is a representation of the scourge which lashed the Redeemer's unspotted flesh, and inflicted those stripes by which our souls are healed; or is it twisted for the cord which bound His hands in painful ignominious confinement. Behold the nails which were drenched in His sacred veins and riveted His feet. See the hammer, ponderous and massive, which drove the rugged irons into the shivering nerves. View the thorns which encircled our royal Master's brow. There stand the disciples, ranged in the green impalement, and forming a circle round the instrument of their great Com-

mander's death. Observe the *glory* delineated in double rays, grand with imperial purple, and rich with ethereal blue. But ah, how incapable are threads, though spun by summer's finest hand, and though dyed in snows or dipped in heaven, to display the immaculate excellency of His human, or the ineffable majesty of His Divine, nature."

THE NONJURORS.

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

In Scotland and other parts, since the Revolution, there existed a species of Episcopalians called Nonjurors, because being inflexibly attached to the Stuarts, who were then driven from the throne, they refused to take the oath of allegiance to the Brunswick family. They are the remains of the ancient Episcopal Church of Scotland, which was, after various fluctuations, abolished at the Revolution. "In consequence of this abolition, which was followed the year after by the establishment of the Presbyterian form of Church government, the bishops were deprived of every thing connected with their office which the civil power could take from them. They lost their revenues and temporal jurisdiction, but their spiritual authority still remained, and that 'gift of God,' which they had received by the imposition of episcopal hands, they considered themselves bound to exercise for promoting that episcopal work in the Church of God which had been committed to them. At Laurencekirk, in the county of Kincardine, 1804, their bishops and clergy swore to the Articles of the United Church of England and Ireland, and then became a branch of that Church, being acknowledged as such by the English and Irish prelates, whilst some English clergy have joined their communion. The Scotch Episcopal Church is governed by seven bishops, one of whom is always Primate, being a kind of Archbishop under the title of Primus, or Maximus Scotiae Episcopus. Their dioceses are those of Aberdeen, Argyle, Glasgow, Moray, Edinburgh, Dunkeld, and Brechin. Their places of worship are generally well attended. These Scotch Episcopalians complain that now they have abjured the house of Stuart, the other Episcopalians in North Britain will not put themselves under their jurisdiction. Bishops Horsley and Horne were attached to this branch of the Episcopalian Church; the latter even declaring that, if the great Apostle of the Gentiles were upon earth, and it were put to his choice with what denomination of

Christians he would communicate, the preference would probably be given to the Episcopalians of Scotland." ANNIE.

DISPENSATIONS.

85.—*In what respect does a dispensation for marriage, or a dispensation to a clergyman for non-residence, differ from the dispensations and indulgences granted by, and in, the Church of Rome?* WILFRID AUSTIN.

Dispensations are licences granted by the Pope for that which is ordinarily prohibited. The nature and limits of the dispensing power have been the subject of much discussion, not only in controversies with Protestants, but among Roman Catholics themselves. It is held by some that the Pope may dispense in any divine law, except the articles of faith; by others, that his dispensing power does not extend to express precepts of the New Testament: some say that his dispensation is valid only when it proceeds upon just cause; some, that it is not properly a relaxation of the law's obligation, but merely a declaration that in the particular case the law is not applicable. The usage of the Church of Rome, however, agrees with the opinions of her theologians, in making the Pope supreme in releasing from oaths and vows; and a decree of the Council of Trent anathematizes all who deny the power of the Church to grant dispensations for marriages within the prohibited degrees of the Mosaic law; whilst the multiplied prohibited degrees of the canon law give much occasion for the more frequent exercise of the same power. The only kind of dispensations now in use in England, are those granted by a bishop to a clergyman to enable him to hold more benefices than one, or to absent himself from his parish. Formerly the Pope's dispensations, in England as elsewhere, prevailed against the laws of the land, not in ecclesiastical matters only, but in all that large department of civil affairs which was at one time brought within the scope of ecclesiastical government. At the Reformation all was changed; the power of the Pope was conferred on the Archbishop of Canterbury, and now the granting of special marriages and the like, is the only form in which it is ever exercised. M. P. A.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS, AND REPLIES.

SEVERAL replies, queries, and communications arrived too late to be noticed here.

CORRESPONDENTS should keep copies of short poems and brief contributions forwarded to us.

RECEIVED:—ALPHA.—The Harvest.—The Position of the Church of Rome, by General Parly.—S. K. B.—R. THOMPSON.—M. A. B. A. E. I. P.—J. F. S. (Your comments have our careful attention).

DECLINED WITH THANKS.—F. W. M.—Holy Communion.

JESSIE.—We are unable to answer your question. Obscure quotations and their origin are of little interest to our general readers.

LANGTON.—“O for a touch of the vanished hand,” is from Tennyson’s beautiful song, “Break, break, break on thy cold grey stones, O sea.”

G. B. G.—The administration of Holy Communion in the evening is a profane act, unsanctioned by ancient authority, unrecognised by the Church of England, and, as you rightly observe, “a corrupt following of schismatics and dissenters.”

A. W. (Bath).—Your question is one which only the artist could answer. How can we know, and how can you put to us such ridiculous queries?

A. F.—See Halstead’s “History of Kent.”

G. H.—See volumes vi. and xi. of PENNY POST.

ELLIS LISLE.—Communications for the January number ought to reach us by the 1st of December.

H. M. E., AGATHA P. (thanks), ZEBEDEE, T. H. C. (Bellaport Hall.)

V. W. T.—The music is published with the words of “Hymns Ancient and Modern.”

W. P. P.—Shall be inserted.

JOHN ROYSE.—See our volumes for 1871 and 1872.

M. R.—Apply to a second-hand bookseller.

ELLEN MARY.—Your assumption is not true—though the title is more commonly given to lights of the present dispensation.

BENONI.—Your question is legal. Consult your solicitor.

E. P.—Apply to the secretary of the bishop of your diocese.

MR. DEACON.—Apply to our publishers, who will no doubt procure it for you.

NATALIE.—We have made enquiry for such an institution—without success.

ANERLEY, H. S., and A. B.—Not of general interest.

A CONSTANT READER.—No such book is published. St. Alban’s Hymnal is that used at St. Alban’s, Holborn.

Will any readers of the PENNY POST kindly send all descriptions of “waste paper” to the Hospital for Women and Children, 4, Vincent-square, S. W. ? There are many depôts. I should gladly forward list to any who would aid us, and tell all particulars of

the charity. Please address; A. C. M., Col. H. D. Mackenzie, C.E., 87, Sloane-street, S.W.

W. W.—(1.) The Marcionites were heretics of the Gnostic school. Marcion was formally excommunicated, A.D. 177, by Pope Eleutherius. (2.) They are extinct.

X. Y. Z.—“Plebanus” is a medieval term for a parish priest; “Plebana” is a mother church, with dependent cells, oratories, or chapels.

Ivo.—See Volumes xix. and xx., under the subject, “Christmas.”

MISS JANE TWIGG will find “Holy Teaching,” published by Batty, of Bedford-street, Strand, exactly suited to her wants.

MARY.—By the late Thomas Hood.

R. H. J.—Answered by post.

AN ENQUIRING CHORISTER.—The custom of bowing at the sacred Name in the Creed is universal: though no rubric enjoins it.

ALICE HORN.—Answered by post.

IVY LEAF.—You should devote your contributions to some special colonial diocese, because by that means greater personal interest in the work of missions is commonly taken.

A PROFESSIONAL GENTLEMAN having set to music the words of the poem, “The Old Fisherman and his Wife,” by BERTHA, which appeared in the Dec. number of the PENNY POST, begs permission of the authoress for its publication: if she would kindly communicate with T. B. L., care of Mr. Penson, 4, Panton-street, Cambridge, he would be much obliged.

A. M. (Brighton).—Apply to Mr. A. Wagner, who, of course, knows all about the institutions of that character in Brighton.

E. LONG.—Apply directly to the head of the Sisterhood into which you desire to be received.

E. H.—Because some medieval writers have seen a type of her in the book of Revelation, so figured and described.

ELIZABETH CLEMENTS.—There is a French treatise on the theory of Plain Chant to be had from Burns, Oates, &c. We know of no English volume on the subject.

JAMES C. FARISH (Nova Scotia).—The font should be in the church, near the south-west door, or else in a special baptistery.

FOLLY T.—A “marigold window” is the same as a rose window.

S. H.—In the “Morte D’Arthur” of Tennyson.

ANEMONE.—See our January No. for this year, in which the full address of the Society is given.

EVA (Lettico).—Several of your pleasing poems are accepted, and will, in due course, appear. Thanks.

Pages Missing