

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

Coloured covers/  
Couverture de couleur

Coloured pages/  
Pages de couleur

Covers damaged/  
Couverture endommagée

Pages damaged/  
Pages endommagées

Covers restored and/or laminated/  
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée

Pages restored and/or laminated/  
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées

Cover title missing/  
Le titre de couverture manque

Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/  
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées

Coloured maps/  
Cartes géographiques en couleur

Pages detached/  
Pages détachées

Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/  
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)

Showthrough/  
Transparence

Coloured plates and/or illustrations/  
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur

Quality of print varies/  
Qualité inégale de l'impression

Bound with other material/  
Relié avec d'autres documents

Continuous pagination/  
Pagination continue

Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/  
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure

Includes index(es)/  
Comprend un (des) index

Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/  
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.

Title on header taken from: /  
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:

Title page of issue/  
Page de titre de la livraison

Caption of issue/  
Titre de départ de la livraison

Masthead/  
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

Additional comments: /  
Commentaires supplémentaires:

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below /  
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	14X	18X	22X	26X	30X
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
12X	16X	20X	24X	28X	32X



July,

1873

# St. Luke's Parish Post.

## CONTENTS:

PAGE.	PAGE.
St. Ephrem the Syrian, July 9.....169	The Moral and Social In- fluence of Poetry.....180
Women's Poets.....170	"He feedeth among the Lilies.".....181
The Children's Infirmary.....171	"Nil Desperandum;" or, The Fortunes of a Loyal House.....182
The Missing Pedlar.....172	To a Friend.....187
A Flower Offering.....174	Gertrud.....188
Shambling Sam; or, A Clumsy Foot may tread the Right Road.....175	A Better Land.....190
The Angel of Prayer.....178	Editor's Box.....191

## ON COVER.

The Month in prospect, August.....	Sunday afternoon Service....
The Sunday School Picnic....	Churchwomans's Missn. Assoc.
Services of our Church.....	Weekly Communion.....
The Calendar.....	Baptisms.....

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

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

## THE MONTH IN PROSPECT, AUGUST.

For our Parish, the month promises to be a quiet one. The families of many of our Parishioners will be in whole or in part abroad; rusticated perhaps; or visiting in other towns, enjoying friendly intercourse with those who at other times correspond lovingly with them by letter. Change to most persons, occasional and brief, is good;—dullness is worn off by it, and an increased appreciation of advantages is experienced and seen in them. The daily comforts and privileges which were little thought of, come by absence for a while, to be estimated at their proper worth; and improvements seen abroad in Church services are desired and asked for. Change of scene and interchange of courtesies are beneficial to most persons. We see many in our Holy House during the summer months with whom we are not familiar; and travel by this means, causes a removal of misapprehension and prejudice which these persons when at home may have felt and shown concerning our manner of worship, and the doctrines set forth by our Bishop and Clergy.

We give, in another place, a brief account of the Black Letter Days occurring in August, and confine ourselves now to a notice of St. Bartholomew, who was also called Nathaniel, an Apostle and Martyr, whose festival occurs on the 24th. He was of Cana in Galilee, and accompanied our Lord through his whole ministry. Our object is not to repeat particulars of his life, but to call the attention of the favored parishioners of St. Luke's to the privilege that awaits them of attending the morning and evening service on the Festival days, and of hearing such lessons and discourse as

may, through prayer and meditation, serve to make them like this Apostle, of whom our Lord could say, "Behold an Israelite indeed in whom there is no guile." The day preceding is a Fast; which, devoutly observed, will qualify us for more profitable use of the Festival. "The perfecting of the saints" is the Church's work; and by contemplation of the Holy Apostles of our Lord, we may through grace, come to be like them, and receive with them warm commendation. On this day as on some others, we are called to a consideration of the mysteries of the Faith, as they stand embodied in the expressions of what is called the Athanasian Creed. The laxity of modern times calls for abolition or disuse of this venerable formula; but we think so valuable an exponent of the wonderful mysteries of the Godhead, and of God and Man one Christ, cannot be yet dispensed with. It is indeed a human composition; but language cannot be made to express more perfectly what is apparent throughout the Scriptures, concerning the Great Triune God, and our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

## THE SUNDAY SCHOOL PIC-NIC.

To proceed successfully with human nature we must have regard to its wants. The eye and ear have their cravings; and these organs so essential to happiness in life, must be gratified. We cannot worship in mute stillness, for our feelings would then become subdued, and ardor of devotion would not grow in any, or be communicated from one to the other. What one who is ardent does, is seen and heard by those around, and they

## ST. EPHREM THE SYRIAN.—JULY 9.

**T**HIS devout and holy saint, who is commemorated on the 9th of July in the Western Church, but on January 28 by the Greeks, and some of whose "Works" were happily given to the Church of England in a translation, in the "Library of the Fathers," was a Syrian, born at Nisibis in Mesopotamia. His parents consecrated him to God from his cradle, and eventually he became a devout hermit; like the apostle of old, however, exercising a trade, by making sails for ships. He spent many years of devotion, humility, and retirement in the desert, conquering himself by grace; after which he left his own country for Edessa, where he was greatly honoured by all ranks and orders of men. There he was ordained deacon, and preached repentance with eminent zeal and many blessed results. This saint was endowed with great natural talents, being both a poet and a logician. His learning, however, was not tinged with the false and questionable principles of Greek philosophy. He was well versed in the Holy Scriptures, and a perfect master of the Syrian tongue. His eloquence was something very remarkable; his ideas were luminously expressed; his diction was always pure and agreeable; his similes were appropriate; his imagery rich; his language powerful and accurate in expression. But his greatest glory was that his heart was penetrated with the most perfect sentiments of divine love, confidence, humility, and patience. St. Ephrem brought many idolators to Christ, and converted numbers of Arian and Sabellian heretics. He confronted and confounded the followers of Bardesanes, who had denied the resurrection of the flesh, and had, during the preceding century, spread his impious errors at Edessa. His devotion to the faithful, his constant labours, his eloquent sermons, his rich and beautiful poems, his blessed example, served to do their work under God's abiding blessing; and in his death he did but carry out the precepts of his life. This was his dying sentiment: "Entering upon so long and dangerous journey, I have my food for the way in Thee, even in Thee, O blessed Son of God. In my extreme spiritual hunger I will feed on Thee, O Jesus, the repairer and restorer of mankind. So it shall be that no fire of the fiend shall be able to hurt me: for the sweet saving odour of Thy Body and Blood will be my protection."

He died at an advanced age about the year 378. St. Gregory, of Nyssa, preached his funeral sermon. The Orientals depict him as tall and venerable, bent with age, but with a sweet and beautiful countenance. His works have always been very popular in the East; for they are full of the truest Gospel Truth, eminently scriptural, and are saturated with the glorious doctrine of the Incarnation, and all its legitimate and orthodox deductions and consequences.

DE Q.

## WOMEN'S RIGHTS.

**M**EN puzzle themselves very much in these days about one question that is surely not so complex as they would make it appear. This question is—to give it its usual odious and senseless title—the “rights of women.”

Strange to say, it appears on the whole to possess little interest for the supposed oppressed ones, unless when obtruded on their notice, and then the interest is mostly of an opposing character. It is met by some with silent indifference; by others—the weak and misguided, who wish to appear strong—with noisy and eager debate. But by yet more,—those who are the most truly strong, in that they know and even value their own weakness, recognising as their own best “right” the divine one of submission,—with a vexation that finds no words, or with expressions of disgust and contempt so strong as to lay themselves open to the imputation of being in the wrong and perverted sense of the word “strong-minded,” thus partly defeating their own ends. Such require only that those who are ordained to be in many things their guides, and in some sense, according to the old divine law, their rulers, should render themselves worthy of the respect and reverence they would fain bestow. The desire to yield this reverence is really (Desdemona-like) the deepest longing of the true woman’s heart, to which all else is in abeyance. All knowledge, all learning, all the subtleties of thought, all the beauties of art, are as nothing to her in comparison with this one great need,—to worship something higher and better than herself. And they who neither in heaven or in earth have found any satisfaction for this need, are the restless ones who are truly to be pitied, and who require to learn how to claim their womanly “rights.”

It is true that, with regard to the question of the mental education of women, there is a certain class who have cause to be profoundly grateful to those who are exerting themselves on their behalf; and all owe something of this gratitude to any

who are trying to dispel the foolish notion that woman’s mental education is at an end just at an age when it ought truly to be beginning. But even with those who in this matter are making a good and temperate movement in the right direction, there is surely a tendency to start with a false argument.

They are too apt to assert, or to allow their actions to assert, that the mental powers of women are in no way inferior to those of men; and because in some departments they have proved themselves their equals, they take it for granted they must be so in all.

Men and women having each their different duties to perform, it stands to reason that the same class of mind is not adapted to all. However closely the brains of each may physically correspond, the bodily frame of the woman is not formed to support with impunity the same amount of continuous mental labour as that of the man.

The feminine mind has more quickness and less depth than the masculine; more fancy and less imagination; more subtlety and less comprehensiveness.

It is this subtlety that sometimes gives the appearance of great breadth of intellect because of the way in which it enables its possessor to make fine and nice distinctions, and to discern the intricacies of light and shade, that escape the wider range of man’s vision. Possibly, too, it is partly owing to the subtle character of their intellects, that women, when they do reason, arrive sometimes at juster conclusions than do men. It is often maintained that women cannot argue; an utterly false assertion with regard to those who are at all above the average in intellect, perfectly true of those whose feelings and impulses are stronger than their mental powers.


It is probable that the mental inferiority of women to men is less seen in any department that requires quickness and even accuracy (though this is not generally supposed to be the case), than in one which necessitates a sustained flight of imagination.

We are apt to consider the artistic line as especially suited to the female capacity, influenced in part, perhaps, by the idea that the *appreciative* faculties of woman shew themselves to be in that department possibly superior to those of men. As far as the manual part of the work is concerned, and up to a certain point the mental, the pursuit of art (taking the word in its most commonly received sense as relating to painting and drawing,) is especially adapted to the capacities of women; but only up to a certain point. It is as painters, as well as musicians and poets, that men have reached heights the weaker sex have not the power to scale, high

as one or two amongst them may have climbed.

If people would but get rid of this false idea, that one half of the human race is meant to be in all things equal to and like the other, this question of the so-called "rights" of women would not be carried to such extremes practically and theoretically as is sometimes the case. But as no difficulties are so insurmountable as those which exist solely in the minds of agitators, and few things so endless as arguing in a circle, it is probable that the subject will continue to occupy a certain class of persons until one of newer interest shall arise to take its place. E.

## THE CHILDREN'S INFIRMARY.

HEN visiting an Infirmary for Children, a year or two ago, I do not think I ever saw a sadder sight than the poor little ones dying, without either friend or parent to soothe their last hours with tender words and loving hands; though, to be sure, they wanted for nothing while the kind nurses were near. Still, it was a most distressing scene, and ought to stir up as many as have witnessed it, to fresh endeavours for the comfort of these suffering little lambs of Christ's flock.

Oh! 'twas a pitiful, sorrowful sight,  
The tired little forms, in their white-covered beds;  
Their eyes turned away from the dim evening light,  
And their hands pressing weakly their hot little heads.

Such sad wistful glances they gave as I past,  
Such tears as I bent down to kiss a pale brow;  
The lives of those sick ones were shortening fast,  
And many have entered their rest before now.

What scene is more sad than a child's slow decay!  
How much they would give for a mother's fond care;  
The wan little faces turned feebly away,  
When I asked if they found any solace in prayer.

One specially weak tried to stretch out his hand,  
But failing, fixed on me his sorrowful eyes:  
"Oh! tell me," he whispered, "about that fair land  
Where children are happy and nobody dies!"

But ere he had listened a minute or two,  
His frame was exhausted, his eyes softly closed;  
Oh! then the sick boy had that fair land in view.  
I gazed once again; in death's sleep he reposed.

Another, a child of some ten or twelve years,  
Was making book-markers of card-board and thread;  
She offered me one, with her eyes full of tears,  
I'll keep it in mem'ry of her that is dead.

I have not forgotten that scene of distress,  
But oft in my prayers lift a word up on high,  
That God in His mercy the sick ones will bless,  
And teach them to know Him, their God, ere they die.

ANON.

## THE MISSING PEDLAR.

A TALE OF FOXCOMBE HILL, NEAR OXFORD, 1772.

FOUNDED ON FACT.

“NAE letter again the day, Annie?”  
 “Nae mither, nae; wae’s me!”  
 There was silence on both sides when these words had been spoken, and Annie, a girl of some fourteen years, fastened the latch of the door, and going up to the table, proceeded to empty the contents of her basket, and arrange the store of provisions for the coming week, which she had just brought with her from the neighbouring town. Mrs. Sanderson and her two children, Annie and Willie, lived in a small cottage in Perthshire. Her husband was a pedlar, and always travelled south with his wares, taking them to all parts of England, and to the midland counties, at Michaelmas especially.

David Sanderson was always looked for anxiously by the lads and lassies at the farms, when harvest was over, and the Michaelmas money had been paid. In those days shops were few, and roads were bad for getting to the towns, so pedlars’ packs were welcomed alike by mistresses and servants; and David was a favourite too, for sometimes he would linger late, and many a weird Scotch story could he tell, to which the lassies listened shuddering, but with open-mouthed interest as well.

David was never at his home in Scotland for many weeks together, and at the time when my story begins, it was two months and more over his time for returning for the five or six weeks that he usually spent at home in the spring. An occasional letter found its way to the cottage from the itinerant husband and father; but a long time had elapsed since any letter had come, and day after day passed and no David came. The poor wife’s heart sank within her, but Annie and Willie did their best to cheer her with hopes of their father’s speedy return, and the laird and his wife on whose estate they lived were very good to them.

It was a fine October evening in 1772,

the sun had set about an hour, and the moon was just shewing over the hill-top, when David Sanderson made his way up the rough sandy track which led from Abingdon and the neighbouring villages, over Foxcombe Hill, on past Bagley Wood, and so down to Oxford. David had parted with many of his wares during the last few days, and it was with a considerably lightened pack, but well-filled purse, that he entered “The Fox and Hounds” on the edge of the hill. In the inn he found mine host alone, but they were presently joined by Farmer Hill, who lived in a village handy by, and one of his farm lads. The farmer had been to Wantage to sell some farm produce, and had looked in to report how the sale had prospered; *so he said.*

In a short time, warmth and a comfortable arm-chair, combined with two or three glasses of Michaelmas ale, produced its effect on David, and after various ineffectual attempts to join in the conversation and keep awake, he fell into a sound sleep. The lad, tired out with his long day, followed his example; and looking cautiously round, and winking significantly at one another when a loud snore was heard to proceed from David, the other two drew their chairs, and began to lay their heads together as though for some scheme. At this period Foxcombe Hill and Bagley Wood were wild tracts of country quite unenclosed, and the roads very hilly and rough, and but little frequented. Indeed, a brace of pistols and a good horse were very necessary accompaniments to a traveller who wished to make his way safely through Bagley Wood.

David slept on, till he was roused by a rough shake, and, “Come, wake up man, and be getting on; I can’t be sitting all night here for you, and I’ve no bed to give you, so you’d best be going.”

The clock struck ten at this moment,

and David roused himself and stood up, but feeling very loath to go, tried hard to persuade the innkeeper to let him remain where he was. The landlord, however, proved inexorable; said that "Farmer Hill had been gone ever so long," (not *really* more than a quarter of an hour,) and fairly turned him out. The weather had changed, and the wind had risen; whilst the rain-clouds flew rapidly across the pale face of the moon, and the splash of heavy drops in his face greeted David as he shouldered his pack, and started up the sandy bit of lane towards Oxford.

The way was lonesome, and the night grew more dark and stormy. Was that a muffled cry that the wind bore over the hill, or only the wail of the increasing storm? Facts tell us not, but they do tell us that David Sanderson never reached Oxford, nor was seen again after that night!

Years passed on. At first David's non-appearance created some talk and surprise, especially when Michaelmas came round again without him. There were some hints and surmises and shakings of the head, when his sudden disappearance was spoken of, but gradually the incident came to be forgotten; other pedlars came round, and none but a few who had for years before been frequent purchasers from him, remembered anything of David Sanderson.

More than forty years elapsed. Farmer Hill was a very old man, and very sour and crabbed in his old age. Many a dark deed was whispered of him, but none had been ever brought home. He was shunned and feared by the neighbours, and it was said that his son and daughter-in-law, who lived at the farm to take care of it and the old man, had no easy life.

It was Michaelmaside again. The day had been fine, but was now cloudy, and a storm seemed imminent. Old Farmer Hill sat in his chair by the fireside in the fast-failing light, apparently in a doze, his daughter-in-law meanwhile was sitting in the chimney-corner, knitting her husband's stockings. All was still, save the slow tick of the ponderous eight-day clock in the recess near the door, and the occasional click of Betsy Hill's needles. Sud-

denly the fire blazed up, and the old man started from his sleep and raised his trembling hand with a menacing air, "Ah David, David, be you come?" he said, looking wildly at the fire; with a muttered imprecation he sank back in his chair, his hand fell heavily to his side, and stillness reigned as before. Presently Betsy rose and fetched a candle, she lighted it, and looked at the old man,—he was dead.

The old farmer's death caused but little stir in the neighbourhood, and another ten years elapsed.

Half-a-century had now passed since David Sanderson's sudden disappearance, when one day, when some men were at work in a field near the "Fox and Hounds," and close to the lane leading from thence to the Hill, they came upon the skeleton of a man, answering in size to the missing pedlar. This created much talk, and evidence was collected from various sources; but that most to be relied on, was the story told by the lad (now a middle-aged man), who had been with the farmer on the fatal night. It appeared that David had bragged a little of his gains of the previous days, and the farmer and innkeeper had first drawn him out, and then plied him with ale till he fell asleep. This was all the boy remembered, till his master woke him up, and bade him follow him home. They started on their way, but had not proceeded far, when the farmer said he had forgotten something, and must return to the inn; he, however, told the boy to remain where he was, and if he saw any one coming that way, to call out "Master."

How long the poor boy, who was not more than ten or eleven years old at the time, remained cowering into the hedge, amidst the rage of the pitiless storm, he knew not, to him it seemed as if hours had passed, when he heard his master's voice calling him, and bidding him "look sharp and get up."

The innkeeper had gone away not long after the time that David was missing, and was since dead, so that both he and the farmer were gone to render the account of their deeds where the accounts of all will



one day have to be given. The man reported that his late master had many saddles in his house, and was frequently out late at night, which added certainty to many a conjecture as to the perpetrator of various highway robberies in Bagley Wood and the neighbourhood.

Poor Mrs. Sanderson hoped on for many months for her husband's return; but at length, as months grew into years, her health gave way, and she became quite an invalid. "Oh, mither, dinna greet so," Annie would say; "puir father maun be in heaven, as he did nae come hame."

"Aye, Annie dearie, I lune to think sae; but ah, if I could but hae closed his dear een mysel, and known where his banes lay, I suld nae hae greeted like this. Aweel, aweel, the gude Lord's will be done, and may He bring us thegither in heaven if it's not to be on airth."

This was her constant cry, and well was it for her, poor soul, that she knew not the dreadful truth. And when the skeleton was found after long years, there was no local paper to record the "Startling Incident," or "Melancholy Discovery," for either Annie or her brother; so both

mother and children ever remained in ignorance of the fate which befell poor David. Alice Sanderson lived long enough to see Annie comfortably married to a respectable young shepherd, and Willie established as blacksmith in the village, his father having apprenticed him to the trade before leaving home for the last time.

Here my story ends. It is an "unkid" story, as the Berkshire people say; and it is hard to think now,—in driving through Bagley Wood in the sweet spring tide, when the air is filled with the song of the nightingale, and the ground covered with anemones and wild hyacinths, or whilst gazing on the distant view from Foxcombe Hill, with the white spires and towers of Oxford glistening in the sunshine at its base,—of the foul deeds perpetrated near and around the spot.

All is enclosed and cared for now, the road levelled in different places, and the wood fenced in; and many a pleasant ride and drive does it afford to the people of the neighbourhood, who have no need, as their forefathers had, to carry a pair of pistols, ready cocked, in fear of a highway robbery.

C. L.

## A FLOWER OFFERING.

THESE flowers, my Lord, I bring to Thee,  
Upon Thine altar for to set,  
Fair for Thine eyes they seem to me,  
And with Thy dews are wet.

Pure lilies, white and frail, I bring,  
So I remember Thou didst say  
That Solomon, the glorious king,  
Had not so fine array.

Here are Thy passion-flowers,—ah me!  
And rosemary,—lest I forget  
The great things Thou hast done for me,  
The greatness of my debt.

Think, sweet my Lord, of this I pray,  
When in the lilies Thou dost feed,  
That, to wear garments white as they,  
Is my soul's sorest need.

So, I beseech Thee, wash me white,  
Low kneeling at Thy holy rood,  
These roses seem unto my sight  
Red, like Thy precious Blood.

The sunshine seems a smile of Thee,  
From high, upon these flowerets set;  
I wily they breathe my love to Thee,  
And with my tears are wet.

Make me as fair as these my flowers,  
As pure and sweet unto Thine eyes,  
That when are past the winter hours,  
I, in my spring, may rise.

May rise from out the quickening tomb  
For resurrection-joys made meet,  
O sweet my Lord! to live and bloom  
For ever, at Thy feet.

R. M.

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

(Concluded from p. 146.)



"Mercy, catching sight of Sam, who had just mounted his horse, ran and placed the letter in his hand."—(p. 175.)

### CHAPTER VIII.

"**W**OPENCE to pay," said the postman, as he left a letter at Farmer Power's. "The letter has been so queerly directed, it has been half over the country."

"For Mr. Samuel Barrow," Mercy made out with difficulty. "Mother, Sam's gone, isn't he? I saw him dressed (quite nicely for him), and he told me he was going to ride over to Kirkham." She paid the postman, checked a little rising of curiosity respecting the letter, and then catching sight of Sam, who had just mounted his horse, ran and placed the letter in his hand.

"Only an English letter, it will keep!" laughed Sam; "any way, it must till I get to Kirkham. Good-bye, little woman!" and he rode off. The letter was safe in his pocket, and he never opened it till he had put up his horse at an inn, about a mile from Widow Blundy's house. He was feeling so happy that afternoon, that thoughts of business were unwelcome, for he had a good hope that Mary would listen to his suit,—not from her in any way, certainly, but he loved her so dearly, and it seemed so right that he should take her to his heart, now that she was poor and ill; and then Dame Gillan had encouraged him so much; yes! surely he had been over-fearful! He had a few minutes to wait at the

inn, and in those few minutes he opened his letter and looked at the signature. His heart gave a bound, a leap of joy; it was "James Barrow," his brother, his dear Jem. To think that the letter, on account of its English stamp, should have been allowed to lie so long in his coat pocket: and who could have taken that shaky handwriting for Jem's?

James was in England; he had come with Cocks some months before, but in such a state of destitution that he was ashamed to come to Petersley, and had sought for work at Liverpool, where he had landed. Now he had injured his arm and could not work. "One blessing is," he said, "that I have no wife or children to provide for, though when I last wrote to mother, (shame upon me, it is seven years ago,) I told her what I believed to be true, that I was about to be married. However, it came to nothing, and now I'm uncommonly glad of it. Will you come to me at once? I am awfully hard up; I cannot bear to apply at the union, for they will send me back to my own parish; still, I must have help or I shall starve." Then there was a postscript: "Sam, forgive me; I knew what that wretched Cocks had been up to, and I guessed that he and Collins were at some mischief about you, though I did not quite know what. Oh, lad, prison and all, you've been a deal happier than I have!"

Sam buried his face in his hands, he saw at once what lay before him; he saw the sacrifice which God required of him, and, strong man as he was, he trembled at the thought of it.

For a few minutes self triumphed; he would go to Mary at once, he would obtain her promise to be his, and then he would do all that love could do for Jem; but the letter? Ah, Sam's open nature helped him now. He must tell Mary about the letter, he would not obtain a promise from her without her knowing of that. A few earnest words of prayer brought him strength in his need; and the result was that Sam's tired horse was replaced by another from the inn, and he returned at once to the farm, and from thence was off to Liverpool that night.

In a few days after, Sam's brother had a room in Farmer Power's house, for which Sam paid, and Sam himself was having not quite a pleasant interview with the Squire.

"Why, Sam Barrow, you really disappoint me," said Mr. Welby; "you are a changeable fellow, and no mistake. Whatever made you think of those iron-works, when you had such a capital chance before you? House, good wages, light work." The Squire was really annoyed. He had so set his heart on rewarding Sam, and on having him in his service, and here was Sam, cap in hand, quietly declining the cottage, and declining the post of game-keeper, and declining every other post that could be offered near Petersley.

"Please, sir," he said, "with all thanks to you, I've had a reason for changing of my mind, and I'd take it very kind of you for to say nothing more about it."

"Well, Sam, I don't know what has come over you to throw up such a nice prospect;—but you're ill, man, sit down."

Sam was deadly pale, but would not admit that he was ill.

"Have you pledged yourself in any way at these iron-works?" continued the Squire, more gently.

"Yes, sir, my name is down, and a vacancy has just occurred; and as I'm a strong chap they will take me on at once; besides, I must go, it's right," added Sam, decisively.

"Then, Sam, if it is right, go by all means, and let us drop the subject, my good fellow. Now I know what you are going to say next, Will I appoint your brother instead? that's just what I can't do, not at present, that is. I know James was an honest lad, but the company of a man like Cocks was not likely to improve him." Sam looked down-hearted, so the Squire added kindly, "I will tell you what I will do; he may work in the gardens, if he likes, on low wages, and then by-and-by, if you don't repent of your bargain, we will see what more can be done for him. In the meantime I shall keep Morton on, but I don't like it."

Sam bowed, and retired, and was soon by his brother's side at Farmer Power's.

"Jem, it's going to be all right; the

Squire will give you work in the gardens: and I'm all right, too, for I've got a letter from the head man at the works, and I'm to be off the day after to-morrow."

"Well, to be sure!" exclaimed James, "who would have thought of the Squire taking me on again? Sam, you have been a good fellow to me, you have. There, I believe it all comes from your doing what Mr. Glover taught us at those classes. As for me, I learned strings of texts, but never one did I practise; and as for your Bible, oh, Sam, the fellow chafed me so that I got savage and chucked it out of the window in the train. There, now I've told you: that has been on my mind as much as all the rest put together."

"Poor fellow!" was all that Sam could reply, though the statement about the Bible was simply appalling to him. Now he guessed why poor James had gone so wrong. He could not speak about it, and James said, "I say, Sam, I won't spend your money any longer; when I have wages, I'll go and live with mother, and pay her for my room and my keep."

"If you do well, you may get a cottage of your own some day," said Sam; and then he added in a gentle, patient way, with an effort at a smile, "There might be some one you would rather have with you than even father and mother."

"Oh! Sam, do you guess? I can say anything to you, though, old fellow, whether you guess or not. Fancy, Mary has been faithful to me all these years. Poor little soul! she made up her mind not to believe I was married until she heard it from myself; and there she has been thinking of me, and praying for me day and night, for me who had nigh broken her heart. She told me all this the day before yesterday, though I don't know how I had the face to speak to her of what we once were to each other; but I did speak, and that is what she said; and then she told me that if I would be true,—true to my God, and true to myself, and true to my fellow-men,—she would be true to me for ever; and, God helping me, I will be true, for sure He has brought me low enough, and it was pride which caused me to sin so awfully."

Sam listened breathlessly. Yes, his later suspicions had been correct, and oh, how good God had been to him! He had kept him from giving Mary fresh pain; He

had permitted him to offer up, as a sacrifice acceptable to Himself, his own foolish heart's desires, instead of allowing him selfishly to seek that which could only be denied. Oh, thankful did Sam feel as he recollected his short prayer, his immediate return to Peterley. How much sorrow, how much pain, how much humiliation and misunderstanding had been spared through God's love in giving him grace to tread the right road. And none knew of this sacrifice, of this which had been really the greatest sacrifice of his life; none knew but God,—that was the sweetest thought of all.

Sam was quite right, no one did know; even old Dame Gillan did not know that the question had never been put; and Dame Gillan learnt her own lesson meekly, and never again tried to make a match, but trusted to God only to bring about that which He might choose to be.

Sam left for his new work quite comforted, and almost happy. He did not attempt to explain his movements to any one, and even James believed that he had gone to the iron-works in order to get higher wages than he could do at Peterley. Sam did not return to his native village for several years. When he did so, he went for a while to stay with James and Mary, who had been married, and were living at the gamekeeper's cottage; for James's conduct had been so satisfactory, that at last he had been appointed to the office once so urgently pressed upon Sam.

Barrow had died, and Susan was living with her elder son. Sam did not stay with them all very long. He learnt to love one who had loved him, first with the sweet love of a child, and then with the deep, tender, fervent affection of a woman, who had loved him as long as she could remember anything. And the same voice that had in its infant tones declared in Court that Sam was "the best boy in all the world," promised in God's Church to love, honour, cherish, and obey him as a wife. Never was a happier marriage than that of Samuel Barrow and Mercy Power.

Mercy one day, in her innocent, child-like way, said to her husband; "Sam, I never loved any one in my whole life but you; I wonder if that is always so in cases of true love, for I don't think you ever loved any one but me."

What could truthfully Sam answer? what, but the truth.

"Mercy, dear, once I did love some one nearly as much as I love you now; but my love to you has been my true love, you know, because that has been the love which God approved."

And Mercy was quite satisfied, and refrained from further questions or speculations.



The Angel of Prayer.  
(After Felix Neff.)

## THE ANGEL OF PRAYER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE KING'S HIGHWAY," ETC.

## I.

**O**UTSIDE yon gates of pearl,  
Patient, I lie;  
Body long turned to dust,  
Waiting, I sigh:  
Yet, 'mid my sighs, there come  
Songs on the air,  
From rings of choristers  
Glorious and fair.

## II.

Glory and light, I greet  
Crimson and pale,  
Streaming in golden rays  
Over this vale:  
Fruits of Creation here,—  
Calvary's prize,  
Triumphs o'er Death and Hell  
When Darkness dies.

## III.

Bend within angel forms  
Through heaven's bars,  
Where gleam their tapers pale,  
Where glow the stars:  
Moving the censer-chain  
All out of sight  
Deepens my joyous pain—  
Brings me delight.

## IV.

Though slow the creeping hours,  
Slower the years,  
Surely these pains decrease,  
Weaker my fears,

Lighter the gloom now lies,  
Rosier the sky;  
When will our morning break  
And shadows fly?

## V.

Silent the songs awhile,  
Now they swell loud,  
Now their plaint dies away  
Through the sweet cloud.  
Only the censer-chain  
Heard as it swings,  
Only the incense-breath  
'Mid folded wings.

## VI.

Silence ineffable  
Through Heaven's shrine;  
Light unapproachable,  
Three—the Divine:  
Glory to Father aye,  
Praise to His Son,  
Glory to Paraclete,  
God, Three in One.

## VII.

These the adoring words,  
Or silence reigns,  
When curls the incense-breath,  
When move the chains.  
Ages to ages add,  
Still they adore  
Sire, Son, and Holy Ghost,—  
God evermore.

## THE MORAL AND SOCIAL INFLUENCE OF POETRY.

**T**HE well-known saying, "Give me the ballads of a country, and I will tell you its laws," has been exemplified in the case of Charlemagne, and of Cecil, the chief minister of Queen Elizabeth, who made a collection of German and English ballads, in order to gain an insight into the national character and customs.

Poetry, with religion itself, has often been subverted to wicked purposes, but the good it effects inestimably exceeds the evil, and its influence on the government and habits of a state has proved most beneficial. Poetry has a wonderful power in appealing to the sympathies of men, in keeping alive the activity of the imagination, and the sensibilities of the heart, and in communicating to others the enthusiastic feelings of the writer. Its influence as a moral agent is great and undeniable. Those qualities, the existence of which makes the smallest state conspicuous, and the absence of which renders the largest empire insignificant, namely, honour, fidelity, a generous and far-seeing policy, are continually fostered and cherished by a pure, ennobling national poetry. And to the influence of the latter may be attributed the fact, that it has often been the instrument of effecting schemes of reformation. It was by means of the popular poems of Thales and Homer that the great Lycurgus prepared the minds of the people for new laws, and for that excellent system of government for which he is so notorious. The first laws of the early Greeks were always promulgated in verse, and often publicly sung; and historians trace much of the prosperity of the Roman government to the influence of poetry. The effect of this art on the habits of a state is so great that it is difficult to say to what it does not extend. Poetry has a powerful influence on religion. In classical lands, the first recorded poetry was of a sacred kind; and in modern times, the hymns of devotion have often been the means of exciting holy thoughts, and of promulgating the doctrines of the Church.

And it is a remarkable fact, bearing on the subject, that by divine revelation many parts of the inspired book of instruction are in the form of verse. Poetry also affects the progress of civilization. After the books of Moses, the poems of Homer are said to be the oldest existing records that have exercised a permanent influence on civilization; and it is certain that the rude compositions of the ancient bards were instrumental in humanizing the minds of the savage Celts and Scandinavians. Poetry is connected with mental advancement. The various subjects of human thought, so indispensable for the culture of the mind, are in poetry presented in their most captivating form. In ancient times, lawgivers, philosophers, and historians, all who would apply their genius to the instruction and amusement of others, were poets. Poetry has had the greatest influence during political commotions and changes. The record of the bold deeds of Robin Hood deeply influenced the heart of the country for many centuries, and they fomented and fostered strife, which resulted in the ascendancy of the Saxon language of the English over the Norman French of their conquerors. And the influence of the renowned ballad, "Lillibulero," on the Revolution of 1688, is a fact recorded by historians. Poetry, in all ages, has been influential in exciting the desire of military glory. The incomparable Lacedæmonians considered the songs of their ancestors' valour among the chief kindlers of brave courage. In modern times, ballads of no great merit inspired the clans, and contributed to the victories of Preston Pans and Falkirk. At the time of the battle of Fronde, ballads were weapons nearly as much used as muskets, and those for and against Cardinal Mazarin filled many volumes. And we can well imagine the effect of those glowing impassioned words of the Marseillaise Hymn on a band of French patriots:—

"Aux armes citoyens, formez vos bataillons;  
Marchons, marchons, qu'un sang impur,  
abreuve nos sillons."

A MEMBER OF THE CHURCH EXTENSION  
ASSOCIATION.

## "HE FEEDETH AMONG LILIES."

IN MEM. M. F. B.

**W**HERE the flowers bloom aye their  
sweetest,

In a calm and holy spot,  
Where no careless footstep cometh,  
Voices of laughter ringeth not ;  
Where the birds delight to gather,  
Carolling their holiest lay,  
There our Mary hath her garden,  
Watched and tended day by day.

Twas a bright and glorious morning,  
Making all the earth rejoice,  
When the angel came to call her  
With his gentle loving voice ;—  
"Mary, rise! the Master calls thee ;"  
And we dared not say Him nay,  
Dared not ask to keep her with us,  
In her wearing pain to stay.

So He bore her, smiling, upward  
Through the angel-guarded gate,  
Where no grief nor sin can enter ;  
There in "rest and light" to wait,  
Till the sweet "how long" is answered,  
And the Lord appears again,  
In His Resurrection beauty,  
Ever gloriously to reign.

Once I cried in passionate yearning,  
"Let me see my child in bliss,  
Clasp her but one single moment,  
In a last long parting kiss ;"  
But the heaven, as brass, was hardened  
To my wounded spirit's cry ;  
Heeded not the voice of comfort,  
"Blessèd who in Jesus die."

Now in quiet evening gleaming,  
When the stars come out on high,  
One by one, like faithful watchers,  
Bringing heaven so very nigh,  
Comes a sound of spirit voices,  
Downward, through the silent air ;  
All around, an unseen presence !—  
And I feel our darling there.

Still the same meek gentle beauty,  
But no trace of pain remains ;  
Mortal hath become immortal,  
Vanquished once for aye death's pain ;—  
Bright as when the seer in glory,  
Veiled, came from Sinai down ;  
Thus our patient darling cometh,  
For the cross hath won the crown.

When each Sunday morn the chalice  
Lift I God-ward, as God's priest,  
Comes she, as of o'd, adoring  
To the Eucharistic Feast.  
Death in vain would seek to sever  
Hearts that once were knit in love ;  
Nay ! she loves us more than ever  
In the Paradise above..

When the hot breath of temptation  
Flasheth on my shrieking heart,  
And the powers of evil, gathering,  
Fain would hide the better part ;  
Then I hear a gentle pleading,  
See outstretched a tiny hand,  
And the hosts of darkness vanish,  
Covering, from the angel band.

"Lost not, but gone on before us,"  
Thus we tread our pilgrim way,  
Faces upward ever turning,  
Hasting to the coming day ;  
Slowly thus the journey lessens  
To the everlasting home,  
Whence "no friend departeth ever,  
Where no enemy can come."

Then the joy, the bliss, the rapture !  
On sweet Zion's glorious hill,  
Where "He feedeth among lilies,"  
Who alone our hearts can fill ;  
Joy, the company of angels !  
Bliss, to meet our own once more !  
Rapture, thus to be with Jesus  
On the everlasting shore.

W. DE B.





"He saw Dorothy's low reverence, and saw [King] Charles take her hand in his."—(p. 166.)

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

(Continued from p. 159.)

CHAPTER XIII.

IN SHELTER.

"I her preserved from peril and from fear,  
And evermore from villany her kept;  
Ne'er was there wight to me more dear,  
Than she, ne unto whom I more true love  
dida bear."

A FEVERISH attack, consequent on the fatigue and exposure of her long journey, saved Dorothy from the eyes of "that strange bright dreadful thing, a court." King Charles, Queen Henrietta, and all the principal people in Oxford sent to enquire for her, but Lady d'Aubigny admitted nobody to the sick-room, where she herself watched and waited tenderly. Her care, and the skill of the king's physician, soon brought Dorothy through the fever, but it left her very weak and tired, with no wish but to lie still in the peaceful place to which she had been brought. There was no sound but the bell for service, or the music and singing from the College Chapel, which was close to Lady d'Aubigny's apartments; and no sight more exciting than the quiet faces of the doctor and the servants, and her friend's dark soft eyes, which seemed to say so much, even when her lips were closed. Lady d'Aubigny would not let Frank see his cousin while she was ill; but she always went out herself and told him the last news, begging him to have perfect confidence in her, so that Frank always went away comforted.

The first day that Dorothy was able to sit up, she was moved into a little room adjoining her bedroom, and placed in a cushioned chair by the fire. She was a pitiful sight, and so Lady d'Aubigny thought, as she sat down close beside her; white and shadowy, her grey eyes sadder and larger than ever, and her thin little hands crossed patiently on her lap. But the lady only noted these things to herself, and spoke in a cheering tone.

"You are better now. We shall soon have you strong again!"

"Ah," said Dorothy, while a faint smile

came over her face. "I am almost sorry. It has been so peaceful, lying here, since my head has been quiet. And your ladyship has been only too good to me."

"Do not speak of that, my sweet friend. It has been a work of love, I do assure you. But there is no reason, that I can see, that the peace should pass away with your better health."

"One remembers everything. And it is blessed to forget."

"You are very young to speak thus, my child."

"I know my troubles are nothing to yours," said Dorothy, softly. "But your ladyship is so good, that I cannot help speaking of them."

"Say what you will," said Lady d'Aubigny, suddenly rising, and kissing her. "My troubles have taught me to sympathise. Only do not say 'your ladyship' any more. Call me Kate; that is my name, and I love to hear it."

"Then will you call me Dolly? it is my poor Marmaduke's name for me."

"It is a bargain, sweet one. And now—I will not tire you with talking,—but tell me a little of your old home, and the life there. I lived at a house in the country once myself, and I love to look back to that time. Some day, when you return to your Dering, and when all these troubles are over, I shall come and see you with my little d'Aubigny."

Dorothy smiled; she liked to talk of home, though she left it so sadly, and her mind wandered from the Hall to the Rectory, among bright summer days and merry winter evenings, till her eyes filled with tears; but they sprang from happy and peaceful recollections. The last scenes: the Rector's death, Mr. Corbet's coming, were painful to look back upon. Before mentioning that last name, she paused, and pat one of her hands into Lady d'Aubigny's.

"Dear Kate, this is the trouble of my life; and yet it was not my fault: what could I do? I would not have spoken

of it,—but it may be better that I should. My heart may not ache so cruelly, when it does not bear the burden all alone."

Lady d'Aubigny did not answer, except by gently pressing her hand.

Then Dorothy went on and told her all, ending in that cruel look in the gateway, which seemed to have frozen her heart, like a breath of icy wind. The story did not seem entirely new to her friend; poor Dorothy's wild words, the first night of their acquaintance, had not escaped her memory; and in her feverish wanderings she had harped on the same string. But her colour deepened, and her eyes flashed, as Dorothy ended her history.

"Do you know him?" were her last words, faintly spoken, as if there was no strength to say more.

"I know him by sight; and I can well understand all that you have told me. I should scarce have thought him capable of such utter baseness. Were this story of yours known, it would change his position in Oxford."

"But it is not to be known," said Dorothy, with sudden eagerness. "Remember, none is to know it save yourself. Promise me that you will never—"

"My sweet Dolly, I understood that we were speaking in confidence. Your secret is as safe with me as it would be with your own mother, were she alive to hear it. And now we must have no more of these troublesome recollections. When will you be well enough to see one or two of the friends who have enquired for you so constantly?"

"I do not know. Must I see them?"

Dorothy's life and energy seemed to have spent themselves in that adventurous ride of hers, and now, after her illness, the slightest exertion seemed too great.

"You shall do as you please, sweetheart," said Lady d'Aubigny. "But there are a few, such as my sister, the Duchess of Richmond, and your own cousin, Captain Audley, who are waiting anxiously to see you. They must be patient, however, as I tell them, till you are pleased to send for them."

"Frank! oh, I would willingly see him. He has always been so good to me. He

is well-nigh as much my brother as Marmaduke himself."

"Ah! you shall see him to-morrow. He comes twice in each day to ask for you, every time hoping that I shall be soft-hearted, and give him a glimpse of you, were it through a chink in the wall. But I send him away every time disappointed. I am a woman of very stern character, Dolly, as you may plainly see."

"You have been tender enough to me. Poor Frank! I shall be glad to see him again, and talk of it all. I wonder how Christopher fares without us at Dering."

"Perhaps he will make terms with the Roundheads, and so gain an easy life for himself."

"No, indeed. Christopher is as loyal as Frank or Marmaduke. So is Jasper; so are they all."

Dorothy was getting tired, and after this defence of her friends she drooped her head on the pillows, and passed away into a doze, while Lady d'Aubigny sat still beside her, and gazed into the fire.

The next day came, and Frank Audley had his wished-for talk with his cousin. He did not stay long; he was too much shocked at the state in which he found her, and afraid of tiring her; this frail shadow was so sad a contrast to the Dorothy Lyne of a few months before.

"Good heavens!" he said, as Lady d'Aubigny followed him into the outer room. "What a terrible change! Tell me truly, dear madam, will she ever be herself again?"

He turned to the window, to hide the tears that came into his eyes, and Lady d'Aubigny answered him in some haste and agitation; she was touched and grieved by his distress. Truly this was something more than a mere cousinly affection.

"I do assure you," she said very earnestly, "that she improves day by day. The doctor will tell you so, if you will ask him. You must not be impatient; remember all she has gone through. But you may visit her every day now, and I pledge my word that you will see a steady improvement. Nay,—do not thank me: I love her well, and have been happy to watch over her; and affection has a quick eye for any change."

"Ay!" said Frank, "but do not bid me not to thank you. You have preserved my heart's treasure. Whether I shall ever have the right to call her so, Heaven only knows; but such she is. And now your Ladyship may have some faint idea of my gratitude."

He wished her farewell, and was gone. Lady d'Aubigny looked after him from her window, as he crossed the quadrangle, and thought to herself that a more noble, affectionate, or personable gentleman had never given his love unrequited.

"It must not be so," she said to herself. "She must forget the villain Corbet, and learn to value this true heart that lies at her feet."

Dorothy gained ground, as her friend had promised, day by day, and was soon strong enough to walk about the quadrangle for a short time in the sunshine, and to receive the friends who had enquired for her so constantly. Lady d'Aubigny would not take her beyond the peaceful precincts of St. Anne's; and Dorothy had no wish to go; the fear of another meeting with Henry Corbet was enough to limit her wishes and movements. But the noblest cavaliers and the gentlest ladies in Oxford were Lady d'Aubigny's friends; such people as the Duke and Duchess of Richmond, and the gallant young Lord Newbury, came to her little evening assemblies, and did their utmost, by courtesy and kindness, to make Dorothy forget her lonely state. She was homeless, indeed, but very far from friendless; and there was one in Oxford who would have laid down his life willingly, rather than that any harm should come to her.

#### CHAPTER XIV.

##### AN EVENING AT ST. ANNE'S.

"O star of strength! I see thee stand  
And smile upon my pain;  
Thou beckonest with thy mailed hand,  
And I am strong again."

"Within my breast there is no light,  
But the cold light of stars,  
I give the first watch of the night  
To the red planet Mars."

*Longfellow.*

THE largest and gayest of Lady d'Aubigny's assemblies, while Dorothy was with

her, was made remarkable by the presence of King Charles. He came among the guests dressed plainly in black velvet, like any other gentleman. Dorothy stood in a corner, her heart full of loyal enthusiasm, watching the noble face that Vandyck loved to paint, as its grave lines relaxed into pleasant smiles, and longing to kiss the King's hand, and tell him how heartily she and Marmaduke loved his cause. She did not expect him to notice her, surrounded as he was by his friends, and was quite happy watching him, as he talked to the other ladies, without any idea, as she thought, of the faithful heart that was looking at him through Dorothy Lyne's eyes. Presently, the handsomest cavalier in the room, who had watched every change in her face, came up to her in her quiet corner.

"His Majesty has been asking for you, dear cousin," he said in a low tone. "Lady d'Aubigny is about to present you to him."

"His Majesty is very good," said Dorothy, colouring with pleasure. "What can he know of me? Nay, stay beside me, Frank! I am not used to courts, and I do not know their ways. Shall I kiss His Majesty's hand?"

"If he allows it," said Frank, smiling.

He stood by, silent, while King Charles came up with his hostess to Dorothy. The whole room was looking at her, but she had eyes only for the King; and Frank, as he gazed at the small slight figure in its simple dress, with the bright expressive face, so true an index to her mind, compared her with the shining ladies all round, and once more crowned her queen of all his thoughts.

He heard, as in a dream, the King's words of greeting,—courteous, sympathetic, and kind; saw Dorothy's low reverence, and saw Charles take her hand in his, and stooping forward, just touch her forehead with his lips. "Your gallant brother," "your adventurous journey," "your sad indisposition," the King was saying everything that was most kind and gratifying, in the grave, gentle manner that his friends loved; but Frank Audley had a very indistinct idea of the conversation. When King Charles turned and spoke to him; he

awoke from his dream with a start, which made Lord Newbury smile, and whisper to Lord Bernard Stuart.

"You were very anxious for your fair cousin, Captain Audley," said the King. "It must make your mind easy to see her under the roof of such a friend as the Lady d'Aubigny, and so well recovered, too, from her late malady."

"Sir," said Frank, "a life-time will not be long enough to shew the Lady d'Aubigny my gratitude."

"And what will Sir Marmaduke Lyne say, when he returns from the war? On my honour, Lady Kate, you will scarce be able to bear the load of so many thanks."

"Your Majesty may tell them that I would far sooner be without such a load," said Lady d'Aubigny, smiling.

"That we doubt not," said the King, and he moved on to speak to the Duchess of Richmond, leaving Dorothy more loyal, if possible, than ever before.

The evening passed on, and the guests, following King Charles's example, went away early to their several lodgings. Only Frank remained, talking with the ladies by the wood-fire that blazed up cheerily on the Warden's hearth. He was a privileged person, and what could be pleasanter than lingering there after all the rest were gone, with Lady d'Aubigny and his cousin Dorothy. Presently, her Ladyship got up, and moved towards the door.

"Stay till I come back," she said to him; "I am going to kiss my boy, and wish him pleasant dreams."

Dorothy sat still, gazing into the fire, and Frank leant against the high-carved mantel-piece, gazing at her, but she seemed quite unconscious.

"Could anyone have been more kind, more gracious, than the King was!" exclaimed Dorothy, after a minute's silence. "Do you not love him, Frank?"

"Yes! I am his loyal servant."

"If I could but do anything for him," she went on, with the enthusiastic manner that Frank had so often seen before. "I would not mind what I went through,—what pain,—what danger,—so that I could but serve him in any way. I wish I was anything but a poor weak girl, of no use

in the world, only a trouble to my friends."

"Only a trouble!" repeated Frank, in a low, deep voice.

"Ah, yes! nothing better," said Dorothy, clasping her hands together, while her eyes suddenly filled with tears. "Every one is very good to me,—you, Frank, and Lady d'Aubigny, and all,—but what am I, except a burden and a charge?"

Could she be in earnest? her cousin thought as he looked at her: did she not know what she was to him? He paused a moment, and then spoke suddenly:—

"Dorothy, we have known each other for many years now, and I have always loved you better than life itself. A brother's love is very deep, but mine is far deeper. You feel yourself lonely and unprotected: may I not protect you, as you are my dearest treasure? My sweet cousin, as you once gave me a rose, will you not now give me yourself?"

Frank was no longer leaning against the chimney-piece, but standing before Dorothy, speaking in eager, earnest, hurried tones, and watching her face as he spoke. His life-long affection had found words at last. But she only looked frightened and distressed, turned first red, and then pale, and seemed hardly to understand him. She rose from her chair, and glanced towards the door, when he began to speak again.

"Do not you believe me? Cannot you imagine that I have never dreamed of any face but yours, and have lived in the constant hope of calling you one day my own? You might, indeed, have a richer and a nobler lover, but never a truer one. Look at me, dear, and tell me that I may guard you all my life long. Give me your hand, Dorothy: see, I ask for it on my knees."

Of all the troubles that beset the maiden of Dering, this was almost the worst. That Frank, who had always been like a brother to her, should suddenly declare himself her lover, and that she should be obliged to wound so old and dear a friend, and perhaps estrange him for ever: what could be worse? For the idea of accepting Frank's offer never even occurred to her mind. She turned away, and wiped the tears from her eyes, but they only flowed faster.

"Rise, Frank, I pray you," she said, in a low and broken voice. "You have shewn me that I have indeed a friend. But this cannot be. Forgive me, but if you knew all, you would see that it cannot be."

"Why not?" said Frank, trying to hide his bitter disappointment. "What reason can there be? Do you mean what you say? Must I give up these joyful hopes of mine?"

"Indeed, you must. Think no more of me: I am not worth it. Only, dear Frank, if I do not ask too much, be my friend still, as you have been all my life. I have not so many friends that I can afford to drive the best away."

Her cousin had risen, and walked half across the room. But at the last words he came back, and stood before her again. She looked away into the fire, to avoid the sad meaning of his eyes.

"Your friend, Dorothy! ay, you will never have a truer one. No image will ever rise up in the place of yours. And I shall never lose hope, as long as you are free. Nay! do not shake your head; I will not trouble you."

He stooped down, and kissed her hand, and was still holding it when Lady d'Aubigny's step sounded outside the door. She instantly drew her hand from his, and was gone.

Lady d'Aubigny, as she came into the room, knew by instinct what had happened. Dorothy fled past her without a word, and Frank's arm and head were resting on the chimney-piece; his face was hidden, but when she approached him, he drew himself upright, and spoke with his usual calmness.

"I have stayed too long, madam. Suffer me to bid you good-night."

"Nay, Captain Audley, friends do not part thus. Will you take a word of advice from one who has seen something of the world?"

"Your Ladyship is very good," said Frank, bowing his head.

"Then do not despair. All may yet be well. Sorry as I am to lose the presence of a friend, I would counsel you to seek active service for awhile, and see what time and absence will do for you. I do assure you that as long as I am here, you shall not want an advocate."

"She does not often change. But I thank your Ladyship heartily, and I will leave her in your kind care. I may have been over-hasty, and yet— I shall leave Oxford as soon as may be, and strike a blow for the King. Your servant, madam! farewell!"

"My prayers and good wishes go with you," said Lady d'Aubigny.

Hurrying along the dark streets, Frank soon reached his lodging. He spent no time in idle regrets, or in any sentimental misery, but set to work at once to look over and furbish up his arms and accoutrements, in preparation for the active service on which his thoughts were bent. It was not till near dawn that he lay down to sleep, kissing the dear dead primrose that Dorothy's gown had brushed, and dreamed of the old days when he and his cousins played together in the garden at Dering Hall.

(To be continued.)

## TO A FRIEND.

SUNK we from hours when every pulse is low,  
And every nerve sends forth its throb of pain;  
When all around, above us and below,  
Seems lost to present good and future gain?

It seemeth so:—the beating, anxious heart  
Longs all its throbbing impulses to still,  
To bid its wakeful musings to depart,  
And with sweet music every chamber fill.

But He who holds the life-blood in the vein  
Bids its mysterious flow to halt awhile,  
Gives gloom for brightness, and for pleasure, pain,  
And calls a frown where there had beamed a smile;

And all in love:—no pilgrimage of sight  
His children find their wanderings here below,  
But, learning faith in Him whose ways are right,  
Childlike they trust Him, where they may not know.

Leaning on Him, they find His strength their own;


Waiting on Him, the pillar points the way;  
With Him their Captain, every step is won;  
With Him their Father, not a foot can stray.

And outward weakness may be inner strength,  
And outward poverty be inward gain,  
As deeper insight to the breadth and length  
Of that atoning love, our hearts obtain.

J. E. B.

## G E R T R U D.

## CHAPTER I.

 HERE was sorrow in the noble house of Felsenburgh, for that morning Conrad, only child of Alarick and Alexia, Count and Countess von Felsenburgh, had breathed his last.

He had been his mother's idol from the time of his birth, and it was a dreadful blow to her, to know that she should see him no more in this world. It was a lovely day in early spring, and everything without the castle formed a striking contrast to the gloom within. Servants moved about softly, as if afraid of making the slightest sound; the Count was in his own room with the parish pastor, arranging for the morrow's funeral, and his wife was seated by a bed, whereon was laid all that now remained of the little Conrad. His mother gazed long and earnestly on the face she loved so well; beautiful in life, but oh! far more lovely in death. Seven summers could scarce have passed over his fair young head, and at first it seemed hard, that he for whom life promised so much, should have been called away so early. But his mother thought not so; much as she missed her darling, she liked to think of him as safe from all harm, and could not wish him back again in this world of trials and temptations. As she pressed a parting kiss on the cold white forehead, she murmured, "Thy will be done," and then went downstairs to do her best to comfort her husband.

## CHAPTER II.

CONRAD slept in God's Acre on the green hill-side—how much nicer is that name, than what we English call it. The graveyard always suggests to me sad, gloomy thoughts, while, on the contrary, God's Acre seems as if we had delivered our loved ones into God's protecting care; it cannot be more beautifully described than in the words of Longfellow:—

"God's Acre! Yes, that blessed name imparts  
Comfort to those who in the grave have sown  
The seed, that they had garnered in their hearts;  
The bread of Life, alas! no more their own.

"With thy rude ploughshare Death, turn up the sod,  
And spread the furrow for the seed we sow;  
This is the field, the Acre of our God,  
This is the place where human harvests grow."

Day after day, as the shadows began to lengthen on the hills, the Countess wended her way to where her darling slept. She loved to go there in the evening best, for everything seems more solemn and peaceful at that time; and as the sun sank to rest, it always shed its last ray where her boy's head was laid. She never neglected to strew fresh flowers on his grave, and she loved to think that the time was drawing nearer, it could not be very long at the most, before she too should reach that distant shore, and clasp her much-loved child in her arms again. The Countess Alexia was still young; she had one of those strangely beautiful faces, so rarely seen; to see her was to love her. She was adored by the poor people of the neighbourhood, for she went about among them sympathizing with all their sorrows, and relieving their wants: she never passed a single one without a gentle word and a kindly smile; and now that her trouble had come, they felt for her as if it was their own; and she was touched by the marks of unobtrusive love and sympathy they shewed for her.

One evening, going as usual to Conrad's grave, what was her astonishment to discover a little child lying asleep on the flowers which were strewn around. It was a little girl, and could not have been more than two years old. The setting rays of the sun seemed to linger lovingly about the fair child's golden hair, and a beautiful smile played round her mouth. As the Countess stood watching her, the child opened her eyes and seeing the sweet face bending over her, smiled, and stretched out her little arms. The lady lifted her up, and kissing her, breathed a prayer of thankfulness to Him, who, she felt, had sent her this child to be her comfort. She then carried the little girl home to the castle, and shewing her

to her husband, said, "Oh, Alarick, let us bring her up as our own child; I feel as if she had been sent from heaven to comfort us for our lost boy."

The Count gazed earnestly at the child for some minutes, then brushing his hand across his eyes, he said, "You are right, my Alexia, we will do as you say; this house has seemed very lonely since it pleased God to call our wee Conrad home; oh! how true it is, that 'A home wherein no children play is a garden without flowers.'"

### CHAPTER III.

ON the following Sunday, the little one so strangely placed under their protection was presented at the font by her adopted parents, the Count and Countess von Felsenburgh; she received the name of Gertrud, and promised by her sponsors to renounce all worldly pleasures, and to lead a holy, blameless life.

Space will not permit of our following Gertrud through the next fifteen or sixteen years of her life. Suffice it to say, that year by year she grew more lovely outwardly and inwardly, and repaid all the love and care bestowed upon her by her foster-parents. Her only companion was Moritz, son of a neighbouring baron, some three or four years her senior, a noble-hearted, handsome boy, but very proud and wilful. They wandered about the mountains together, and when she grew tired he would carry her on his back. To her he poured out all his boyish dreams of the glorious deeds he would do when he was a man, and how he would return laden with well-earned laurels and lay them at her feet. She ever lent a sympathizing ear to all his troubles and pleasures, and by degrees she gained a strange influence over the wayward boy; to please her he would strive to conquer his faults, and he would pay attention to her lectures, delivered in her gentle, childish voice, when he would not bear the slightest interference from anyone else.

As years passed on, the boy and girl attachment grew into a deeper love, and Gertrud was the affianced bride of Moritz von Reitzenbald. Their marriage was to

take place when the country had again become tranquil, for at the time of which I am speaking the war of the Austrian succession had begun, and the country was in a very unsettled state. The war had not yet reached the Tyrol, but it could easily be foreseen that before long the French would invade that rich and fertile district. It was an anxious time for the party at Felsenburgh; for though nothing was said about it, both Gertrud and the Countess well knew that when the war did come, the Count and Moritz would take a prominent part in it.

### CHAPTER IV.

GERTRUD was seated in her favourite retreat by the side of a stream, which flowed at the foot of the hill on which the castle was situated; she loved to sit there and listen to the murmur of the running waters. When vexed or weary, she would always come to that spot, and the music of the brooklet never failed to bring her rest and peace. She had a book lying open on her lap, but she was not reading; she was evidently expecting somebody, and she had not long to wait before she was joined by a tall, handsome young man, whom we have no difficulty in recognising as Moritz. After the first greeting was over, he threw himself down on the grass by her side, and said, "My Gertrud, I have sad news for you; it is as we feared, the French have entered the Tyrol. There came a messenger this morning, summoning both me and the Count to join the army. My darling, we must part, but it will not be for long; I shall either lose my life in my country's cause, or return laden with honours to claim you as my bride."

She made no answer, her head sank on his shoulder, and there was a silence for some minutes. It was but a few minutes, but it seemed a long time to Moritz, for there was a fierce struggle going on in his breast between love and duty; at length, passing his arm round her, he said, "Dearest Gertrud, you would not have me stay?"

At these words she raised her head, shook back the golden hair from her face, wet with



tears which she had been vainly endeavouring to restrain, and answered, "Oh, Moritz! you ought to know me better. I were no Tyrolese maiden, did I withhold you from your duty. No! hard as it is to part, I would not bid you stay; go, and my prayers shall be with you."

"My own, my beautiful! I knew you would be brave." Then, clasping her in his fond embrace, and murmuring, "Vergisz mein nicht," he left her, never again to see her in this world.

#### CHAPTER V.

WEARILY passed the next few days to Gertrud and the Countess. The end of the fourth day the Count returned *alone*. Gertrud met him at the door, and a glance at his face told her all. She knew that Moritz had fallen.

"My poor child," said the Count, putting his arm round her, "you would not have it otherwise; his was a glorious end, he fell in the thickest of the fight; this is his message to you: 'Tell her, my Gertrud, my guardian angel, it is far better as it is; she must not grieve for me, the parting is not for long.'"

Gertrud shed not a single tear, she loved him far too well to wish to recall him; besides, she felt that, as he had said, the parting would not be for long. So she bent her gentle head to the storm, and bore her cross humbly and uncomplainingly, waiting for her summons to her everlasting home. It came ere long; she gradually faded away, and before the snow had melted on the mountains, she, too, slept in God's Aere on the green hill-side. She was buried beside little Conrad's grave, and on the stone at her head these words were inscribed, "Tuere remaineth a rest for the people of God."

The Count and Countess felt her loss deeply. She had been to them even more than a daughter; but they remembered that verse in the holy Scriptures, "Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth." So they spent not their time in useless sorrow, but followed the advice of that good man, John Keble, who says,—

"Then cheerly to your work again,  
With hearts new-brac'd and set,  
To run, untrid, love's blessed race,  
As meet for those, who face to face  
Over the grave their Lord have met."

S. G.

#### A BETTER LAND.

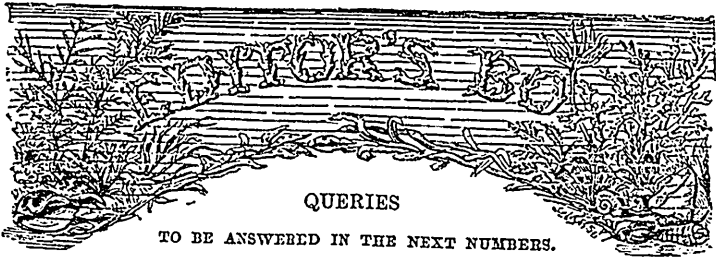
When the first pale green appeareth,  
When birds a carol sing,  
When the early flowers are blooming,  
Close to the fairy ring,  
Let us think of the better country,  
Where there is eternal spring.

When the summer beams are shedding  
A halo o'er the glade,  
When the long bright days pass swiftly  
In the cool orchard shade,  
Let us think of the better country  
Where the summer doth not fade.

When the autumn season cometh,  
First with the waving sheaf,  
And next with the solemn warning  
Of the dead, falling leaf,  
Let us think of the better country  
Where is no autumn grief.

When the silver hoar-frost shineth,  
When streams no longer flow,  
When the pale white flakes are shrouding  
The quiet earth below,  
Let us think of the better country  
Where is no winter snow.

H. S.



## QUERIES

TO BE ANSWERED IN THE NEXT NUMBERS.

### HYMN TUNES.

35.—Can any one inform WILFRED in what several collections of Hymn Tunes he can find the following?—*St. Joseph, Wimbledon, Cluny, Festival, Theodora, St. Hilda, St. Kilda, Hopkins, Paraclete, Dedication, St. Kevin, Beethoven, St. Austin, St. Lawrence, St. Augustine, Mèkul, Langran, Truro.*

### ST. CUTHBERGA.

36.—Can you, or any of your readers, kindly give me information as to St. Cuthberga, who is supposed to lie buried side by side with King Ethelred, in Wimborne Minster (that collegiate church being dedicated to her); also, whether there are any other churches in this country dedicated to the same Saint?  
J. C., jun.

### GREGORIAN CHANTS.

37.—Can you, or any of your readers, kindly inform me if the Gregorian Chants have been chanted in Westminster Abbey within the last fifty years.  
PICO.

### ANGLICAN SISTERHOODS.

38.—Will some reader of the PENNY POST kindly give me information about the different Sisterhoods belonging to the English Church, how many there are, &c.?  
SPES.

### FOLK-LORE OF INNOCENTS' DAY.

39.—Could any of the readers of the PENNY POST inform me what is the origin of the custom, which I have met in some parts of England (the neighbourhood of Uxbridge was one), of wearing yellow on Innocents' Day, Dec. 28, and partaking of food rendered that colour. I was informed by a lady of position, with whom I was on a visit, that it was considered propitious to wear some yellow article of dress, and several dishes of that tint were served at her table. The servants of the establishment likewise held the opinion or superstition of yellow being "lucky" for the Holy Innocents' Festival; the Liturgical colour for that day in the Roman celebration is violet.  
R. B.

## REPLIES

### TO QUERIES IN PREVIOUS NUMBERS.

66.—*Additional List of Churches having Lights on the Altar, concluded from p. 51.*

[F.S.A. is indebted to the following obliging correspondents for the information on which this new List of Lights on the altar is founded. It is only justice to him and to ourselves, however, to add that certain of the information provided by some correspondents, is distinctly contradicted by others; and to remark that in a few cases, e.g. at Ripon Minster, Ely Cathedral, Bristol Cathedral, St. Mary's, Marlborough, and Thame Church, Oxon, the altar candlesticks are intentionally put away and locked up, by which action good and legitimate evidence of their constant use in bygone times is distinctly suppressed:—ARTHUR INGLEBY.—J. C. COEN.—R. MORGAN.—R. E. LIVESEY (Liverpool).—E. H. (Wishford).—H. B. W.—G. P. G. (Leeds).—J. E. V.—W. FULLER.—JOHN KEMP (Birstall).—HISTORICUS.—

TRUTH.—A. E. TOLEMACHE.—A. H. WILLOUGHBY.—F. P. DOWNMAN.—H. W. (Turnham Green).—Rev. F. HAVERGAL.—W. SHARP.—F. B. (Maidenhead).—A. F. SUTTON.—MR. WATSON (Rockingham Castle).—J. A. RENALS (Forest Hill).—Rev. A. LUSH.—R. J.—Rev. E. HUDSON EDMAN.—THE VICAR OF EASTRY.—R. W. ELLCOB.—FANNY MORLEY.—J. G. HOLMES (Wandsworth).—Rev. T. RIDSDALE.—MISS WATSON (Newcastle-on-Tyne).—J. E. HEXTALL.—E. D. C. (Jersey).—Rev. G. E. SMITH.—L. M. MITCHELL.—MISS C. LEWIN.—H. E. SMITH.—Rev. W. D. SWEETING.—J. W. JEFFERY.—Rev. J. E. JONES-MACHEN.—G. P. TOPPIN.—C. J. P. GUY.—L. M. J.—Rev. J. R. TURNER.—T. E.—MISS WIDNELL.—A. C. W.—M. A. DUNCAN.—TOPAZ.—Rev. W. B. HULL.—P. R.—WILLIAM BENNITT.—F. BROWN.—DR. LEARY.—A. PUCKLE.—MISS WATSON.—C. GORTON.]

## DIOCESE OF CANTERBURY.

Beckenham, S. Agatha's.  
 Birchington, Kent.  
 Buckland, near Dover, S. Andrew's.  
 Canterbury, Iron Mission Chapel.  
 " S. George's.  
 Eastry, near Sandwich, Kent.  
 Godmersham, S. Lawrence's.  
 Tunbridge Wells, S. James'.  
 " " S. Stephen's.

DIOCESE OF YORK <sup>a</sup>.

Beeford, Yorkshire.

DIOCESE OF LONDON <sup>b</sup>.

Bethnal Green, S. Barnabas'.  
 Ealing, S. Matthew's.  
 House of Charity Chapel, Soho.  
 Kentish Town, S. John Baptist's.  
 Perrivale, near Ealing, S. Peter's.  
 Roehampton.

## DIOCESE OF DURHAM.

Newburn, Northumberland.

DIOCESE OF WINCHESTER <sup>c</sup>.

Ampfield, Hants.  
 Ashtead, S. Giles'.  
 Banstead, All Saints'.  
 Basingstoke, Hants, S. Michael's.  
 Battersen, S. Philip's.  
 Baughurst Church.  
 Beddington, S. Mary's.  
 Bighton, Hants, All Saints'.  
 Blackmoor, Hants, S. Matthew's.  
 Bradley, Hants, All Saints'.  
 Chawton, Hants, S. Nicholas'.  
 Colmer, Hants.  
 Easton, Hants.  
 Farringdon, Hants, All Saints'.  
 Hartley-Maudit, Hants.  
 Lasham, Hants, S. Mary's.  
 Parkstone, Hants.  
 Portsca Mission Chapel.  
 Ringwood, Hants.  
 Rownhams, Hants.  
 S. Helier's, Jersey, S. Simon's.  
 Southampton, S. Paul's.  
 " S. Peter's.  
 Southwick, S. James's.  
 Streatham, S. Peter's.  
 Wandsworth Common, S. Mary Magdalene's.  
 Winchester, Hants, Holy Trinity.  
 Worting, Hants.

## DIOCESE OF BATH AND WELLS.

Biacknoller, near Taunton.  
 Highbridge, near Burnham, Somerset.

## DIOCESE OF CARLISLE.

Carlisle, Holy Cross Oratory-chapel.

## DIOCESE OF CHESTER.

Liverpool, S. Philip's.

## DIOCESE OF CHICHESTER.

Hurstpierpoint, Parish Church.

DIOCESE OF ELY <sup>d</sup>.

Bottisham.  
 Botti-bam Load.  
 Bradfield, Suffolk, S. George's.  
 Cambridge, S. Peter's College Chapel.  
 Camberton.  
 Elmswell, Suffolk, S. John's.  
 Great Saxham, Suffolk.  
 Lavenham, SS. Peter and Paul.  
 Linton, Cambridgeshire.  
 Lydgate, Suffolk.  
 Shelford.  
 Stow-cum-Quy, S. Mary's.  
 Tilsworth, Bedfordshire.  
 Totternhoe, Bedfordshire, S. Giles'.  
 Whaddon, S. Mary's.

## DIOCESE OF EXETER.

Bovey Tracey, S. John's.  
 Charlestown, Cornwall.  
 Llanivet, near Bodmin.  
 Merrifield, Cornwall, SS. Philip and James.  
 Morral, Cornwall, Parish Church.  
 S. Veep, Cornwall.  
 Trenoad Chapel, Cornwall.

## DIOCESE OF GLOUCESTER AND BRISTOL.

Ampney Crucis.  
 Bisley, Gloucestershire.  
 Bussage, Gloucester.  
 Cirencester, S. John's.  
 Coaley, Gloucestershire.  
 Compton Abdale, S. Oswald.  
 Down Amney, All Saints'.  
 Gloucester, S. Mark's.  
 Hannington, Wilts.  
 Latton, Wilts.  
 Lydiard Millicent, Wiltshire.  
 Shipton Moyne.  
 South Cerbage.  
 Tetbury, Gloucestershire.  
 Whelford, Gloucestershire.

## DIOCESE OF HEREFORD.

Bishopston, Herefordshire.  
 Dilwyn, Herefordshire.

<sup>a</sup> [At S. Leonard's, New Malton, the lights have been removed; as the present Vicar, Mr. Ellob, writes, "Please oblige me by correcting the error."]

<sup>b</sup> [There are no lights on the altar at the church of S. John of Jerusalem, Hackney.]

<sup>c</sup> [There are no lights at S. Matthias', Richmond.—H. W.]

<sup>d</sup> [There are no lights at S. Clement's, Cambridge.]

Hereford Cathedral.  
 Peterstow, Herefordshire.  
 Puddleston, Herefordshire.  
 Wosthide, Herefordshire.  
 Yazor, Herefordshire.

## DIOCESE OF LICHFIELD.

Aldridge Church, near Walsall.  
 Bamford, S. John Baptist's.  
 Derwent, SS. Philip and James'.  
 Newbold, S. John's.  
 " S. Mary's.  
 Pensnott, S. Mark's.  
 Sedgley, S. Mary's.  
 Staveley.  
 Walsall, S. Michael's.  
 Walton-on-the-Hill, near Stafford.  
 Wednesbury, S. James's.  
 West Bromwich, All Saints'.  
 " S. Andrew's.  
 " S. Chad's Mission.  
 " S. Mary's Mission.  
 Whittington.  
 Willenhall, S. Ann's.  
 Wolverhampton, Christ Church.  
 " S. Andrew's.

## DIOCESE OF LINCOLN.

Addothorpe, Lincolnshire.  
 Besthorpe Chapel, Nottinghamshire.  
 East Farndon.  
 Haxey, Lincolnshire.  
 Ingoldmolls, Lincolnshire.  
 Lincoln, S. Ann's.  
 " S. Mary-le-Wigford.  
 " S. Swithin's.  
 Owston, Lincolnshire.  
 Quarrington, Lincolnshire, S. Botolph's.  
 " School Church.  
 South Scarle, S. Helen's.  
 Spalding, Parish Church.

## DIOCESE OF LLANDAFF.

Llanthewyach, Caerleon, S. David's.

## DIOCESE OF NORWICH.

Barsbam, Suffolk, Holy Trinity.  
 Beechamwell, S. Mary's.  
 Caston.  
 Croxton, All Saints'.  
 Forncett, Norfolk, S. Mary's.  
 Holt.  
 Horningtoft.  
 Ipswich, S. Helen's.

Norwich, S. Julian's.  
 " S. Peter per Mountergate.  
 " S. Peter's Hungate.  
 Shelfanger, Norfolk, All Saints'.  
 Shipmeadow.  
 Shouldham-Thorpe.  
 Stow-Bardolph.  
 Thotford, S. Mary's.  
 Upper Rickinghall.  
 West Tofts, S. Mary's.  
 Whissonsett, S. Mary's.

## DIOCESE OF OXFORD.

Abingdon, Berks, S. Michael's.  
 Bletchley, S. Mary's.  
 Bradfield, S. Andrew's.  
 Chalfont S. Peter's.  
 Eastbury, Berks, S. James'.  
 Eton College Chapel.  
 Freoland.  
 Fyfield, S. Nicholas'.  
 Great Marlow, Bucks, Holy Trinity.  
 Hailey, S. John's.  
 Henley-on-Thames, S. Mary's.  
 Hinton.  
 Lamborne, Berks, S. Michael's.  
 Little Farringdon.  
 Northmoor, S. Deny's.  
 South Leigh, S. John Baptist's.  
 Stubbings, S. Philip's.  
 Westwell, S. Mary-the-Virgin.

## DIOCESE OF PETERBOROUGH.

Ashwell.  
 Barton Sengrave.  
 Claycoton.  
 Deene, S. Peter's.  
 Holdenby.  
 Kelton, S. Mary's.  
 Kettering, S. Andrew's.  
 Leicester, S. Matthew's.  
 " S. Paul's.  
 Rockingham, S. Leonard's.  
 Smeeton.  
 South Kilworth, S. Leonard's.  
 Theddingworth, All Saints'.  
 Weston-by-Welland.  
 Woodstone.

DIOCESE OF RIPON<sup>†</sup>.

Leeds, S. Saviour's.

## DIOCESE OF ROCHESTER.

Ashen, Essex.  
 Ardeley, S. Alban's.  
 " S. Lawrence's.

<sup>†</sup> [Those used here are very large, and of silver; date about 1730. A second pair were given by a Canon two years ago.—F. H.]

<sup>†</sup> [There are no lights at Birstall, Leeds.—JOHN KEMP, Curate.]

Great Bardfield.  
 Hatcham, S. James's.  
 Leiston, Essex.  
 Littlebury, All Saints'.  
 Little Maplestead.  
 Plaistow, Essex, S. Mary's.  
 Radwinter, S. Mary's.  
 Rochester Cathedral (silver gilt, date 1716).  
 Sible Hedingham.  
 Sydenham, S. Bartholomew's.  
 „ S. Philip's.  
 Wethersfield, S. Mary's.

#### DIocese of SALISBURY.

Bemerton (George Herbert's), Wilts, Parish Church.  
 Bishop's Cannings, Wilts.  
 Bishop's Lavington.  
 Cattistock, Dorsetshire.  
 Chardstock, Dorsetshire.  
 Cherhill, Wilts.  
 Dorchester, Dorsetshire, All Saints'.  
 Idmiston Church, Wilts.  
 Langford Parva, Wilts.  
 Rampisham, Dorsetshire.  
 Wishford.  
 Wyle.

#### DIocese of WORCESTER.

Atherstone, S. Mary's Mission.  
 Bilton, near Rugby, S. Peter's.

#### DIocese of EDINBURGH.

Edinburgh, S. Andrew's Mission Church.

#### DIocese of BRECHIN.

Caterline, S. Philip's.  
 Cove, S. Mary's.  
 Drumlithie, S. John's.  
 Dundee, S. Mary's Sisterhood Chapel.  
 „ S. Paul's (the bishop's), six lights.  
 Muchalls, S. Jerman's.  
 Stonehaven, S. James'.

Tabular List of Lights on the Altar, from pp. 23, 53, and 80 of the present volume, with Additions set forth above.

	Original List.	Additions.
Canterbury . . . . .	18	9
York . . . . .	21	1
London . . . . .	71	6
Durham . . . . .	26	1
Winchester . . . . .	30	30
Bangor . . . . .	1	None.
Bath and Wells . . . . .	31	2
Carlisle . . . . .	2	1
Chester . . . . .	18	1
Chichester . . . . .	36	1
Ely . . . . .	16	15
	270	67

	Brought over	270	67
Exeter . . . . .		41	7
Gloucester and Bristol . . . . .		29	16
Hereford . . . . .		16	8
Lichfield . . . . .		10	19
Lincoln . . . . .		24	13
Llandaff . . . . .		6	1
Manchester . . . . .		9	None.
Norwich . . . . .		10	19
Oxford . . . . .		102	18
Peterborough . . . . .		8	15
Ripon . . . . .		24	1
Rochester . . . . .		26	15
Salisbury . . . . .		20	12
S. Asaph . . . . .		2	None.
S. David's . . . . .		5	None.
Sodor and Man . . . . .		6	None.
Worcester . . . . .		22	2
		630	214
Edinburgh . . . . .		3	1
Brechin . . . . .		1	7

#### 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.

W. C. M. informs S. K. B., that a barrel-organ is still in active use in All Saints' Parish Church, Burstwick, Holderness; and E. A., that another barrel-organ is still in use in Selborne Church, Hampshire.

#### FORMS FOR DEDICATION OF CHURCHYARDS.

15.—*Can you inform me where and how I can obtain a collection of Forms of Prayer, now in use, for the dedication of churchyards?* W. P. C.

I have a "Form of Consecration of a Burial Ground in the Diocese of Durham. By Authority. Durham: Printed by G. Walker, 6, Sadler-street. Price 6s. per hundred." The Form consists of the ordinary service for the day; Ps. xxxix. and xc.; First Lesson, Gen. xxiii.; Second Lesson, John v. 21—30, or 1 Thess. iv. 18 to end. The Bishop, clergy, and people repair to the ground which is to be consecrated, and proceed round the ground, repeating alternately the forty-ninth Psalm. The Commissary reads the sentence of consecration, and the Bishop signs and promulgates the same, and orders it to be registered amongst the rest of the maniments of the office, and then says the Lord's Prayer and a Special Prayer: "O God, Who hast taught us in Thy holy Word that there is a difference between the spirit of a beast that groweth downward to the earth, and the

spirit of a man which ascendeth up to God who gave it," &c.; after which Ps. c., or hymn, "Lo, round the throne a glorious band."

I have a very beautiful old service for the consecration of a cemetery, in "The Forme of Consecration of a Chvreh or Chappel and of the place of Christian Buriall. Exemplified by the R. R. Father in God Lancelot Andrewes, late L. Bishop of Winchester." My copy appears to have been published shortly after the decease of this good old Bishop, as it contains a frontispiece portrait, entitled, "Vera effigies Reuerendi in Christo Patris Dni.: Lanceloti Andrewes Episcopi Wintoniensis," and marked, "W. Hollar fecit 1643." Andrewes was Bishop of Winchester 1621 to the time of his death in 1629. In his life (published in London in 1650) I find a list of his works is given, but there is no notice of the above-mentioned form of consecration, which is not only extremely suitable for this holy office, but contains a curious schedule or presentation of the reasons which might prompt a donor of a burial-ground. My copy consists of sixty pages, and is bound up (in original old leather) with (and is similar in typography to) "A Rationale upon the Book of Common Prayer of the Church of England. By Anth. Sparrow, D.D., now Lord Bishop of Exon. London, printed for T. Garthwait, and are to be sold in St. Bartholomew's Hospital, 1668."

S. F. LONGSTAFFE.

#### ANCIENT CRUCIFIXES.

16.—At Rochester Cathedral and Bathampton Church, Somersetshire, there are ancient sculptured Crucifixes remaining—can your readers supply me with other examples?

RHODA.

In the old church of S. Dunstan, Stepney, restored or rebuilt in the tenth century, there is a rood-cross of stone, with the figure of our Lord crucified rudely sculptured in bas-relief, and the accompanying figures of SS. Mary and John standing at each side of the cross. The sun and the moon are also carved on the arms of the cross, and round the stone a well-defined foliated border. It is a supposed relic of the earlier Saxon Church.

M. D.

#### HOODS.

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

F. G. C.

The Oxford Hoods are as follows:—

- B.A. Black stuff edged with white fur.
- M.A. Black silk lined with crimson silk.

B.D. Plain black silk.

D.D. Black silk lined with scarlet cloth.

S.C.L. Sky-blue silk.

B.C.L. Sky-blue silk edged with white fur.

D.C.L. Scarlet cloth lined with pink silk.

Mus.Doctr. White figured silk in brocade, lined with pink silk.

T. O.

In reply to F. G. C.'s query, allow me to say that all information respecting the various hoods may be found in a pamphlet entitled, "Priests and Physicians."

E. M. K.

#### NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS, AND REPLIES.

WE are overwhelmed with poetical contributions. Only a limited number can be selected. We faithfully choose the best and most original. A. P. B. and LUCILLE are quite mistaken in supposing that we have any interest in rejecting their verses. We are wholly unprejudiced. Contributors should keep copies of their verses.

RECEIVED WITH THANKS.—A. M. H.—Poem by E. F. V.—"Youth," by LETTICE.—A. INGLEY.—J. G. B.—"Woman's Rights," by E.—M. A. DUNCAN.—PICO.—A. R.—"The Children's Infirmary."—A. C. W. M. L. B.—E. L. L.—R. E. S. B.—ASS. C. B. S.—M. M.—F. R. F.—R. B.—A. EMLY.—C. GORTON.—MISS E. VICARS (Rugby).—"Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord."—THE FLOWER GIRL.—O. C. H.—BESSIE HILL.—J. Y.—W. WESTWOOD.—E. M. HULL.

DECLINED WITH THANKS.—G. M. (Duffield Vicarage).—J. WELMAN.—J. W. (Charmouth).—A. R. B. (too late).—"H. M. S. Warrior."—S. V. R.—M. BILLINGS (the last verso contains a doctrine which is most dangerous. Try again).—A. W. A. S. (Too wordy. Think more: write less. Be careful about your rhymes).

M. J. K.—Under consideration.

B. ANKETELL and "Yesterday and Today."—Returned by post.

A correspondent, "M. S. P., Swanage, Dorset," informs us that in Dorset the children were during May rejoicing in gathering Holrods, usually called elsewhere Cowslips; and adds, "you are doubtless aware that this name is a corruption of Holyrood, and the name is said to be derived from the five red spots inside each flower representing the stigmata."

DAVID BEARN.—Anciently, in village churches, the clergy very probably vested in the face of the people, as Roman Catholic bishops abroad do now at the Christian sacrifice. Or there may have been temporary enclosures of wood, or curtains.

S. L.—“Spinokes’ Devotions,” a sound Church-of-England book, might suit you. It is issued by our publishers.

S. G. WILMER.—Apply to the Sisterhood in which you desire admission. We know nothing about their arrangements.

WILLIAM LINDEN.—See Baring-Gould’s “Lives of the Saints.”

A CURATE.—“The Priest’s Prayer-book.”

IGNORAMUS would be glad to know what authority there is for clergymen wearing the biretta in church? On this subject, we are quite as ignorant as IGNORAMUS.

MISS WIDNELL.—Many thanks.

P. R.—St. Maclutus, commemorated on Nov. 15, was the head of a monastery, and Bishop of Aleth, in Brittany.

R. X. W.—“The Dream of Gerontius” is by Dr. J. H. Newman.

C. A. P. (Bournemouth).—(1.) The words *Calicis Natalis* mean literally, “The Birthday of the Chalice,” a mediæval term for Maundy Thursday. (2.) Corpus Christi Day is the first Thursday after Trinity Sunday.

AUGUSTUS.—(1.) “Over-storey” is the same as “upper” or “clerestory.” (2.) It is well to have plenty of light from above in a new church; one does not want light near one’s elbow, more especially in a city or town church, surrounded with public streets. (3.) Having selected your architect, trust him. (4.) We cannot.

W. P. G.—“Aspersorium” is a stoup or basin for Holy Water, often found in or near the porch; the piscina is for cleansing the Eucharistic vessels, and is commonly found in the south wall of the choir, or chapel.

CECILIA C.—St. Cecilia is believed to have been martyred A.D. 230. Her emblem is a wreath of roses or lilies.

P. R. B.—The hymn quoted from the St. Alban’s book is not a translation, it is an original hymn by Dr. F. G. Lee; “Thou Judge of quick and dead,” is by Charles Wesley; “Lord, in this Thy mercy’s day,” is by Isaac Williams; “Daughters of Sion, Royal Maids,” is by the Rev. E. Caswall.

ANNIE C.—A “coverlet” is a carpet or covering.

C. J. T.—Apply to Captain Blair, Union Grove, Clapham, and he will send you the information, being Secretary of the Guild’s Committee.

MISS FIELD.—Answered by post.

E. W.—Apply for information to some Parish Minister of the Scottish establishment.

C. L.—Your sketch is in print; but we are very full of contributions, having enough to fill a dozen numbers.

A. C. W.—The Pontifical is a service-book

containing those forms which are commonly used by a *pontifex*, i.e. by a chief Christian priest, or bishop.

DISCIPULUS.—There is no translation, as far as we are aware.

W. WESTWOOD.—Back years’ numbers of the PENNY POST are sold at double price.

B. S. (Coventry).—Apply to any Sisterhood in which you may feel an interest. Rules and regulations differ: in some they are far more strict than in others. It is impossible for us to advise you on so difficult and delicate a subject as entering a religious community.

A FAR-OFF SUBSCRIBER.—The “Apocryphal Gospels,” edited by Harris Cowper, and published by Williams and Norgate.

PRIMROSE.—Apply to our publishers.

A. D. BROWN (Woolwich).—The late F.W. Faber wrote the hymn, “I was wandering and weary.”

M. F. D.—Answered by post.

MAX.—The sonnets on the “Lark” and “Autumn” are imperfect in construction; the eleventh line, in the first-named, being too long. Declined with thanks.

AGNES E. B.—Mr. Harris Cowper’s Apocryphal Gospels. Price about 8s.

K. BLAKE and G. F.—Declined with thanks.

MALTESE CROSS.—We have no means at hand of furnishing the list. That completed in the current number was gathered and arranged at great labour by a well-known clergyman much interested in the revival of legitimate uses and rites, who has himself personally visited more than three thousand cathedrals and parish churches.

MISS A. TRESDALE’S contributions are respectfully declined.

E. N. and MARY must have patience.

GERTRUDE LONGLEY.—Answered by post.

S. HARTE.—We have searched in vain, and can find no such hymn in about twenty recent and popular hymnals consulted by us.

A. H.—The verses “Jerusalem” are declined with thanks.

J. W. W.—The Guide-book to Jersey, price 6d.; published at St. Helier’s.

J. E. C.—A Dissenter of any sort seems to us out of place in the choir of a Church-of-England place of worship.

POFFA and J. R. B.—Unsuitable. Not of general interest.

M. E. H.—Anonymous appeals for pecuniary help for charitable purposes cannot be inserted under any circumstances.

G. P.—We allow a little licence in poetry. An explicit theological statement is very different from an indirect deduction in verse. Many thanks for your kindness.

ELAINE KELLAND.—Many thanks.

are moved to follow or imitate what is presented to them. Public worship thus becomes of great value through the influences that operate on eye and ear, reaching to the mind, and inspiring good thoughts and feelings by the surroundings.

Human nature cannot be ignored in other ways if we would keep our fellows about us attending to things of great interest and profit. Occasional festivity and diversion have to be employed for keeping our young people engaged in holy employment. As a stimulant for attendance and diligence in the Sunday School, in the summer pic-nic and winter evening frolics have to be provided by the grave and revered seniors of the congregation. In public worship our Church has wisely provided rubrical directions which induce such outward action and representation as serve to impress the listener and beholder favorably; and her clergy, recognizing how the youthful portion of their flocks may be wisely and effectually gratified and led, do not disdain to use all lawful social influences to draw them more closely into union with her and her institutions.

With the English race the Festival is a necessary and helpful adjunct wherewith to strengthen even religious associations. Satisfying a common want appears to make them regard each other favorably in the performance of noble work. Differences are forgotten and antagonisms banished when all are pleased, as they may be at a well ordered feast.

Our Sunday school pic nic is near at hand, and ample provision of needed comforts has no doubt been made. That the children will not all attend none can for a moment believe, and mothers will send them forth suitably attired for enjoyment of the day's sports. We think the seniors of the

congregation, caught by the prevailing anticipations in the household, will go as readily as the youngsters to the scene of harmless joyousness; and we hope all may be found there. The annual pic-nic is the nearest approach we in this country make to the Harvest Home Festival; for the Public Thanksgiving day is hardly yet with us an institution. The sports of the pic-nic in rustic scenes win more perfectly the eye and ear of old and young, than any demonstration that can be made in doors during a chilly day in the later part of autumn. \*

—o—

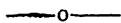
We sometimes learn what is our duty by noticing the unseemliness of the doings of others, as well as by direct inferences from the precious Word which is given for our instruction. It is our duty to repress error, but the best and most effective way of doing so is by preaching and following the truth. A correct, holy and charitable life is the best testimony we can give to the superiority of our Faith; and while we reiterate the truth, we show where error is, as well and more effectually than by colouring the religious belief and doings of others with our own opinions and prejudices, and provoking them to wrath by what they honestly regard as uncharitable misrepresentations, so that they will not live lovingly besides us.

We live apart from what is called Dissent as well as from Romanism; there are errors in both, and we steer a middle course, walking in the narrow way of the Apostolic Faith, holding fast by the Ministry, the Word and the Sacraments, and perfecting ourselves by means of all these through the spirit of prayer. While opposing



error, our teachers do not suppose that all shortcomings of Faith or errors of practice are to be charged on any one body that stands apart from us. Roman errors are not the only ones to be avoided and combatted. If this were the case, all who are termed Protestants would be united. While Rome holds all the essentials of the Christian Faith, she has mixed with them that for which we cannot find scriptural ground, and we see that Dissenters have not the Apostolic Ministry, in which alone rests the absolving power, and the right to declare what the church's doctrines are, for "the edifying of the Body of Christ." None but duly ordained persons should presume on Sacramental Administration. We hold fast by this Ministry, which was established by our Lord in the persons of the Holy Apostles with such words as are now used in the church by our Bishops, in Ordination of Priests; and the authority is continued in those who are Successors to the Apostles by laying on of Episcopal hands.

Let us therefore give earnest heed to the Ministry, the Word and the Sacraments. Rome has, we most firmly believe, departed from the Word in many things, and nonconformists in our judgment are wanting in an authorized ministry. We are to "prove all things, and hold fast that which is good." \*



### THE CALENDAR.

In our notes on the Black letter days of our Church Calendar, it is to be distinctly understood, that we only record the popular legends which come to us by tradition, some of which may be true, but many, perhaps, the most of them are altogether fabulous; they

are interesting as showing us what others have believed rather than as articles of our own faith. The first for our notice in August is "*Lanmas Day.*" In the Roman Calendar it is designated and is generally known as the Feast of "*St. Peter in his fetters,*" and is the day on which his imprisonment is commemorated, founded upon a legend invented by the Emperor Theodosius. Eudoxia his wife is said, while on a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, to have discovered the two chains with which the apostle was bound, (Acts xii.) She presented them to the Pope, and obtained a decree of the Emperor, to celebrate the deliverance of a Christian apostle rather than do honor to the memory of Caesar, who on that day was first saluted as *Augustus*, and who had in consequence changed the name of the month from *Sextilis* to *August*. Another tradition assigns a different reason for the observance of this day, and its nomenclature "*Lanmas day,*" from a vain superstition, still existing, that Saint Peter was the patron of lambs; upon which he believed that the mass of this day caused their lambs to thrive. A better reason is to be derived from the Saxon word "*Loaf-mass,*" it being customary to offer on that day an oblation of wheat as the first fruit of their harvest.

"*Transfiguration of our Lord.*" This Festival was instituted by the Pope Calixtus in the year 1455, but, it had been observed in the Greek Church long before.

The name of *Jesus*; this day was formerly consecrated to the memory of *Afra*, who was converted by *Narcissus*, Bishop of Jerusalem, but, how it came to be changed, and the purpose of the change we are unable to explain. *The name of Jesus* requires no special day; it is commemorated every day, by Christians who utter it

and bow the knee as its sweet cadence falls upon the ear. Of St. Lawrence, we know something more; we know that he was Archdeacon of Rome and a martyr; although there are many legends existing respecting him, which require a large amount of credulity to believe. That he suffered death upon a gridiron may be true enough; but, that miracles were performed by the relic of his torture is an idle superstition. A magnificent church was built to his honor, in which the very gridiron is said to have been preserved.

*St. Augustine.* We do not wonder that the name of this illustrious Bishop of Hippo has been retained as first great in human learning and then far greater as a Christian scholar. But eminent as a divine and the most voluminous writer of all the Christian fathers; we can see no advantage to be derived from a commemoration in the Calendar for which no service is provided, and having reference to one of whom the great body of our people know nothing at all.

Beheading of St. John the Baptist. This festival was formerly called, "*Festum collectionis St. Johannis Baptistae*," \* or the Feast of the gathering up of the Baptist's relics: and these relics were to be found in almost every church in Christendom; and we are told (though we do not vouch for the truth) that at the general confiscation at the Reformation, there were collected a sufficient number of his teeth to fill a hog'shead.

\* The original text is now corrupted into "*Festus decollationis*," The Feast of his beheading.

—o—

"And infant voices shall proclaim,  
Their early blessings on His name."

We have testimony of the suitability of our Sunday afternoon church

service for winning the young, by their regular attendance in large numbers, and very decorous behaviour. They enjoy the music of their companions in the choir, and are led into thoughtful regard for what is proceeding by their example. The heartiness of the service draws the elders; and we may expect that when the members of the congregation shall have returned from their summer excursions and retreats, the cathedral will be quite as well filled in the afternoon as at morning and evening.

Who can sing praises with such fervency as children? and what is so irresistibly captivating as seeing them engaged in prayer, and hearing their sweet voices uttering songs of love and gratitude? Who can resist the holy impulse to prayer when they plaintively and harmoniously cry, "take not thy Holy Spirit from us?" The picture of "the child Samuel on his knees" has always found admirers and purchasers; and the representation of children receiving blessing from our Lord, is a most attractive compartment of our cathedral window. We know that much of what is evil and afflictive comes to us through the eye and ear; and are wise when we make arrangements and use opportunities for improving our hearts, by exercising ourselves in such feelings as must prevail, when we see and hear children engaged in praise and prayer. \*

—o—

#### CHURCH WOMAN'S MISSIONARY ASSOCIATION.

Some of our readers may hardly be aware that there has been for some years a Church Woman's Missionary Association in our Parish; and have not thought of the amount of means

being realized, and good accomplished, through the quiet and unobtrusive labours of many earnest women, desirous of helping forward the work of the Ministry of the Church in this Diocese.

The annual meeting held in this month, revealed the gratifying fact that \$766.25 had been realized by the occasional labors of the members of this Association; which sum has been appropriated in aid of Missions. There are worthy people who from lack of thought, fail to see the measure of usefulness that lies in the way for them to accomplish. "Gather up the fragments that nothing be lost," is advice, or command that will apply to us, as well with reference to our time as to our substance; and we know there are those who cannot spare much from their limited store of worldly means, but are forgetful of the fact that employment of their hands in small portions of time from day to day, will in a year, result in a gain of comparatively large amount for the work of the Church. Some of the Christian women of our congregation with commendable zeal, and with the comfort of an approving conscience, do much work in each passing year in behalf of the Church, which they recognize as an ark of safety for souls oppressed through the prevailing flood of ungodliness.

Many are the hours unprofitably spent in perusal of very light literature, which if given up to labors for the Church, would not only bring blessings to some afar off, but would, by the practice of self-denial, and in causing increase of holy zeal, enrich those who engage in them. It is a comfortable reflection that our fragments of time have been gathered up for the benefit of those, who lie as it were at the gate of our Diocese, needy and helpless, and afflicted with moral and spiritual evil. The opportunity for

good works is with many; we hope all will make good use of the spare hours allotted them. The Rector and Curate can give information respecting the Church Woman's Missionary Association; and all should pray for its prosperity.

—o—

WEEKLY COMMUNION is an established fact in our Parish. The bell gives notice of the occasion, and several are drawn to where that which represents the meat and drink for perishing souls is devoutly set forth by authorised hands. The Feast of Love is spread; intimation of the fact, and invitation to participate are abundantly declared and given. "The Priests, the servants of the Lord," wait to minister to "all who are religiously and devoutly disposed" of those things which the Word of Truth declared to be "meat indeed" and "drink indeed." There cannot be failure in obtaining needed nourishment and strength, if in partaking, we "intend to lead a new life, following the commandments of God." The earnest and devout recipient will find that the most excellent—

"— Grace, with which these elements comes, Knoweth the ready way, And hath a private key, Opening the soul's most subtle rooms, "

and this Grace taking possession, keeps out all vile intruders. Body, soul, and spirit are cleansed and strengthened for performance of the Master's work; and love for Him and His service is implanted and spread. Not at Zion or Gerisim do men now worship exclusively; the Great Sacrifice is represented by an Apostolic Priesthood, to continue to the end of time, and showing forth at each celebration, throughout the wide world, "the exceeding great love of our Master, and only Saviour, Jesus Christ, thus dying for us."

—o—  
BAPTISMS.—William Sudar, James Coppin, Joseph Wrigley, Donald Archie Collier, Astie Scott Littlejohns, Ralph H. Mosely Willis.