

At last, one September evening, Bonaventure stood at the edge of Sosthène's galerie, whither Zoséphine had followed out, leaving *le vieux* and *la vieille* in the house. On the morrow Bonaventure was to leave Carancro. And now he said,—

"Zoséphine, I must go."

"Ah, Bonaventure!" she replied, "my children—what will my children do? It is not only that you have taught them to spell and read, though God will be good to you for that! But these two years you have been everything to them—everything. They will be orphaned over again, Bonaventure." Tears shone in her eyes, and she turned away her face with her dropped hands clasped together.

The young man laid his hand upon her drooping brow. She turned again and lifted

her eyes to his. His lips moved silently, but she read upon them the unheard utterance: it was a word of blessing and farewell. Slowly and tenderly she drew down his hand, laid a kiss upon it, and said,—

"*Adieu — adieu,*" and they parted.

As Zoséphine went with erect form and firm, clear tread by her parents and into the inner room where her children lay in their trundle-bed, the old mother said to *le vieux*,—

"You can go ahead and repair the school-house now. Our daughter will want to begin, even to-morrow, to teach the children of the village — *les zonzants a la chapelle.*"

"You think so?" said Sosthène, but not as if he doubted.

"Yes; it is certain now that Zoséphine will always remain the Widow "Thanase."

G. W. Cable.

THE OLDEST CHURCH IN LONDON.

ST. BARTHOLOMEW THE GREAT.



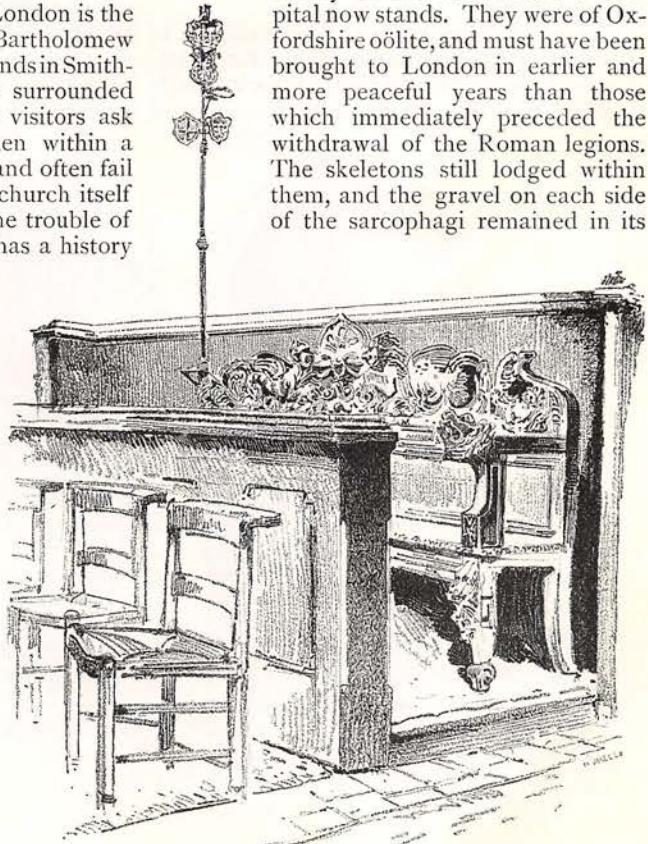
Rahere.

THE oldest ecclesiastical edifice in London is the church of St. Bartholomew the Great. It stands in Smithfield, so closely surrounded by houses that visitors ask where it is when within a few yards of it, and often fail to find it. The church itself is well worth the trouble of finding, and it has a history

worthy of its noble structure.

Smithfield, of which a large paved space still remains open, though included in the jurisdiction of the city was outside the walls of London, and this extramural position is commemorated in the name of the ward, which is to this day called Farringdon Without. The Romans, obeying the law of the twelve tables, which prescribes that dead men shall be neither burnt nor buried within the city, used Smithfield as a cemetery; and both the urns of the period of cremation and the great stone sarcophagi of the later years of Roman dominion have been discovered in digging the foundations of the buildings which stand on the edges of the open space. The last discovery was in 1877, when two Roman sarcophagi were found where the

library of St. Bartholomew's Hospital now stands. They were of Oxfordshire oolite, and must have been brought to London in earlier and more peaceful years than those which immediately preceded the withdrawal of the Roman legions. The skeletons still lodged within them, and the gravel on each side of the sarcophagi remained in its



THE LORD MAYOR'S PEW.



THE GATEWAY.

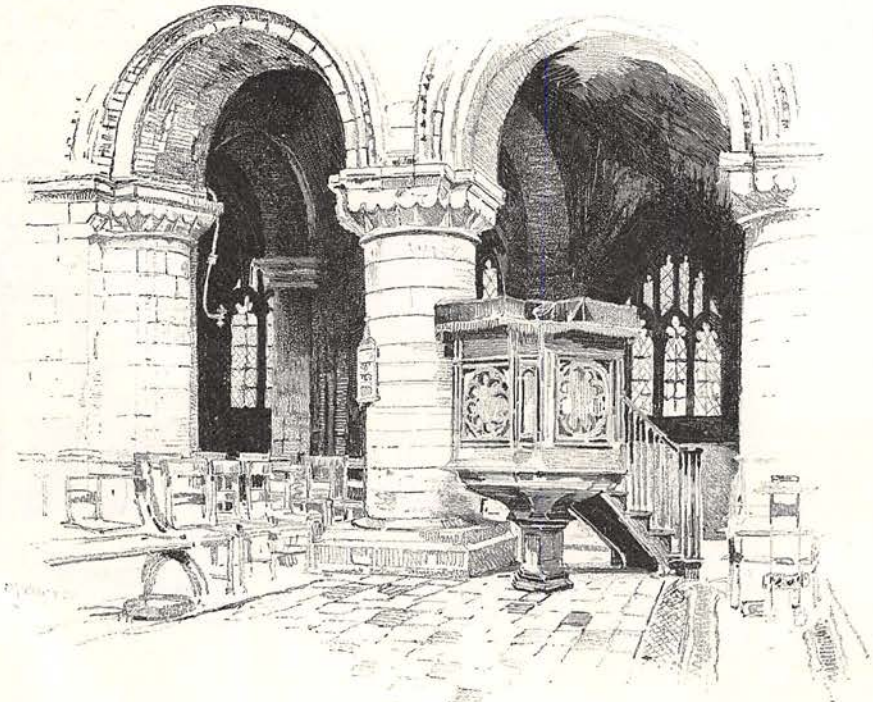
undisturbed original layers. These citizens of London had rested in Smithfield for fifteen hundred years. In the time of their grandchildren, the warlike tribes which were to found

the greatness of England and of America poured into Britain, and, confident of the present and the future, swept away the past.

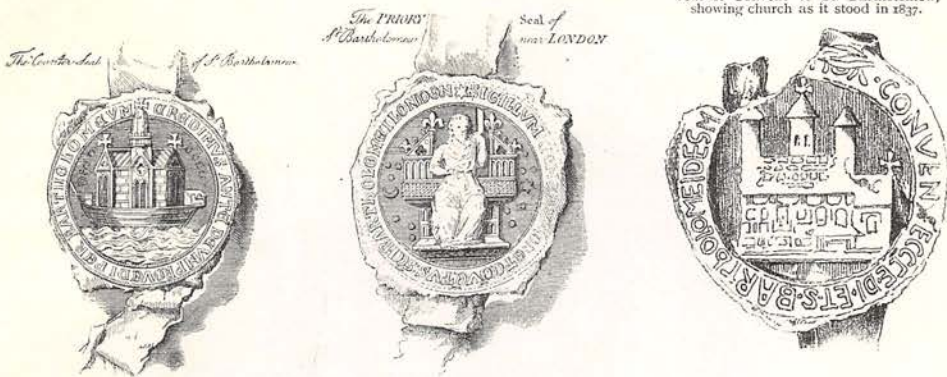
The burial-ground of the Romans continued open country outside the walls of London for several centuries. The citizen journeying by the New Gate could say prayers for a safe journey at St. Sepulchre's Church, and he going out by Aldersgate might ask the blessing of the clergy of Great St. Martin's; but between these churches and the highways near which they stood the land was bare. It was called Smethefeld, or Smithfield, and was reputed the king's property. On this open ground in the reign of King Henry I. the original building of St. Bartholomew's Hospital and the existing priory church of St. Bartholomew the Great were built.

Rahere was the founder of both, and he lies in his original tomb under the arches of the magnificent church.

A dilapidated but still beautiful early English gateway near the end of Duke street, Smithfield, leads to the church. The pointed arch is overhung by a red brick house of the seventeenth century, a building modern compared to that on which it encroaches, but interesting when one reflects that from its window the flames of the great fire of London may have been watched dying out in Pie corner, on the other side of Smithfield. The pil-



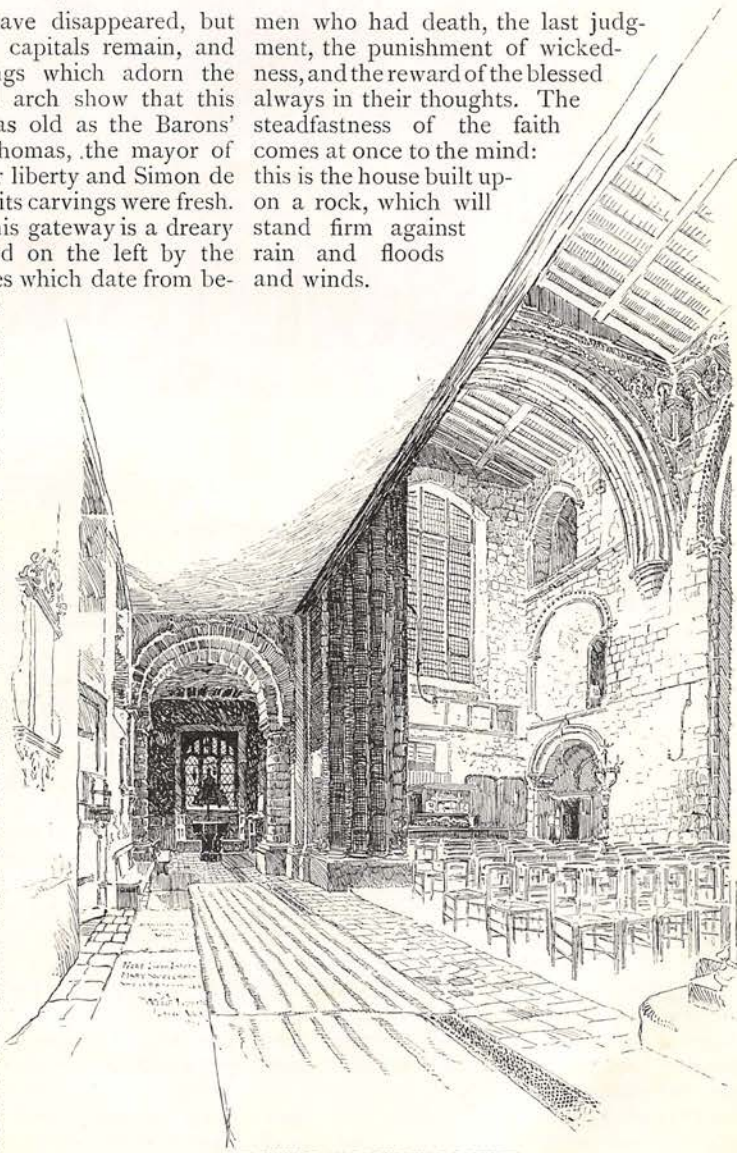
THE PULPIT.



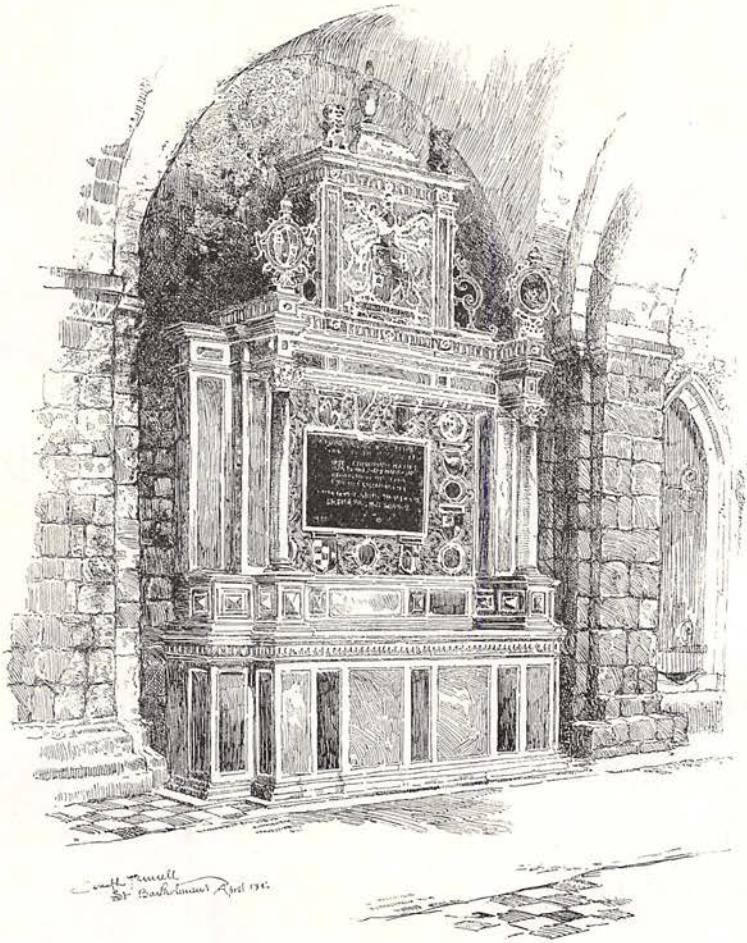
lars of the archway have disappeared, but parts of their circular capitals remain, and the dog-tooth moldings which adorn the graceful, sharp-pointed arch show that this venerable entrance is as old as the Barons' War. Thomas Fitz Thomas, the mayor of London who lost all for liberty and Simon de Montfort, knew it while its carvings were fresh.

A few steps within this gateway is a dreary church-yard, overlooked on the left by the gables of a row of houses which date from before the fire. The bases of some early English pillars on the right of the church-yard path show that there was once a continuous building from the gateway in Smithfield to the church, and this ruined aisle leads to a doorway in the west end of the church, beside a brick tower of late date. This entrance is dark and unpromising. Striking indeed is the transition, on passing it, from the squalid, modern exterior to the spacious internal grandeur of a Norman church. Of the four styles of Gothic architecture to be seen in England, none is more impressive than the earliest. The grand succession of round arches with huge circular piers produces a solemnity which is the greatest of architectural effects. The style is that of reverence and of faith, and expresses the feelings of

men who had death, the last judgment, the punishment of wickedness, and the reward of the blessed always in their thoughts. The steadfastness of the faith comes at once to the mind: this is the house built upon a rock, which will stand firm against rain and floods and winds.



FONT WHERE HOGARTH WAS BAPTIZED.



THE MILDMAV TOMB.

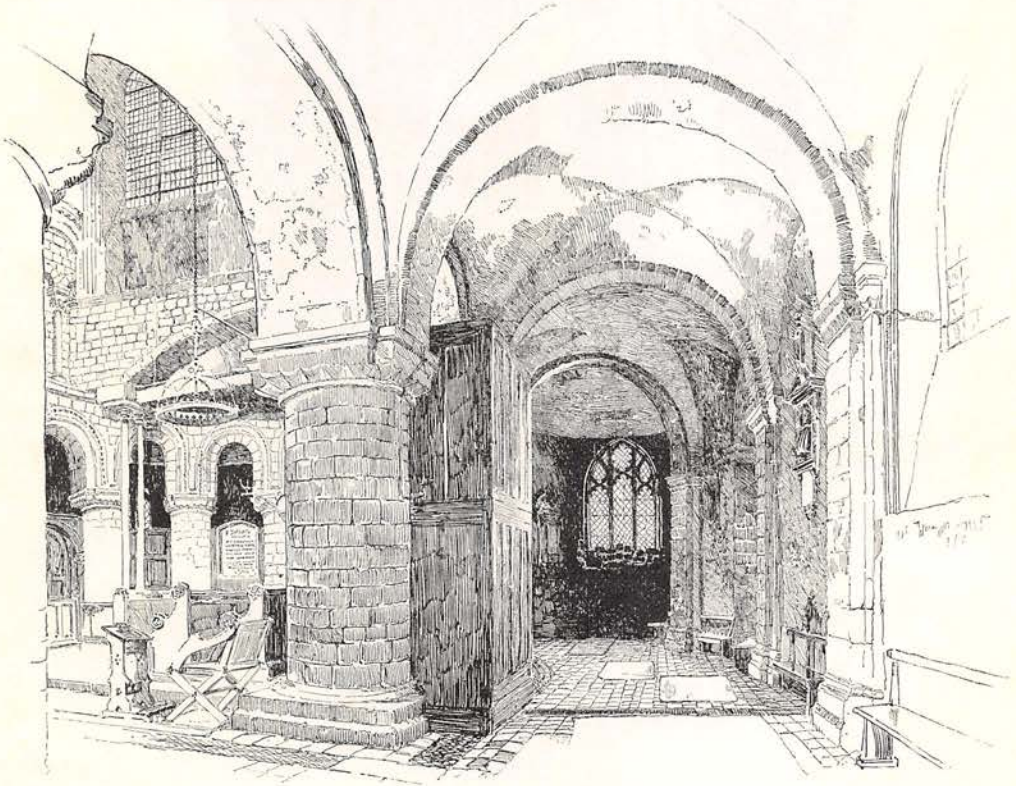
The present parish church is the choir of the church of the Augustinian priory. The choir screen, as in Norwich Cathedral and other English conventual churches, was placed west of the central tower. It is known that the nave which extended over the existing churchyard was in the early pointed style, so that all that has been destroyed was more modern than what remains, and we see the church much as it was at the time of its founder's death, in 1143. There is no external central tower, but all the internal work for it remains, and is beautifully adorned with zigzagged arches and lozenge-shaped panels of foliage carved in low relief. The north and the south arches of the tower are pointed, while the east and the west are circular, showing that the transition to the pointed style had begun when it was built. East of the tower there are five bays of circular arches with a complex triforium, the capitals of which are beautifully varied, while above there is a clerestory of somewhat later date. The church

is terminated at the east by the remains of a beautiful apse, but this part was seriously injured by a prior who wished to change the Norman into the Perpendicular edifice, as William of Wykeham did Winchester Cathedral. The prior's work was stopped before it had put anything in place of what it had destroyed, and later times have aggravated the defect. The arches and the piers on the ground, the whole triforium, and the vaulting of the aisles are of the best period of the Norman style. The piers are circular, with short, solid-cushioned capitals; the arches of the triforium have zigzag and billet moldings, and each includes four small arches on long pillars, with a broad tympanum above them. The height of the tower arches shows that the original clere-story was as high as the present one, while the absence of vaulting-shafts suggests that there was a painted wooden ceiling as at Peterborough Cathedral. Such are the main features of the church; its details afford material for endless study.

The tomb of Rahere stands in the easternmost bay before the apse on the north side. Over the tomb is some tabernacle work of the fifteenth century, there are four panels of the same date on the base, and the inscription was perhaps recut when these were placed in position, but the effigy is probably original. When the tomb was opened, some twenty years ago, a sandal was found lying with the skeleton. The inscription has all the brevity

he will comfort all her waste places and he will make her wilderness like Eden and her desert like the garden of the Lord. Joy and gladness shall be found therein, thanksgiving and the voice of melody." Smithfield was the wilderness which Rahere had cultivated. There his dust remains undisturbed, and around spring the blossoms of his good actions,—

"Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust."



THE APSE.

of an early age: "Hic jacet Raherus, primus canonicus et primus prior hujus ecclesie."

The effigy of the first canon and first prior is of wood, and represents him with shaven crown and in the black robe of an Augustinian canon. A crowned angel at his feet holds a shield bearing two lions passant guardant and two crowns. At each side of him is a small kneeling figure of a monk reading from a book. The effigy has well-marked features, and is certainly a portrait of Rahere. His hands are in the attitude of prayer, his features are straight and prominent, and his countenance has the cheerful expression of one who rests in peace. His generous heart would have liked to hear the passage from Isaiah at which the Latin Bibles of the little kneeling monks are open: "For the Lord shall comfort Zion;

He changed Smithfield from waste into useful ground, and the region owes its present features to this ecclesiastic of the reign of Henry Beauclerc.

A life of Rahere was written in the twelfth century, and a manuscript copy of this made at a later date belonged to the priory at the time of its dissolution, and is still preserved. Most of the accounts of him have been drawn from this manuscript. The writer was an Augustinian canon living at St. Bartholomew's, and he had talked with those who remembered Rahere. In his first chapter he says: "This church Raherus founded in honor of the blessed apostle Bartholomew, and there he brought together religious men serving God according to the rule of the most holy Father Augustine, and in the same he ruled in the

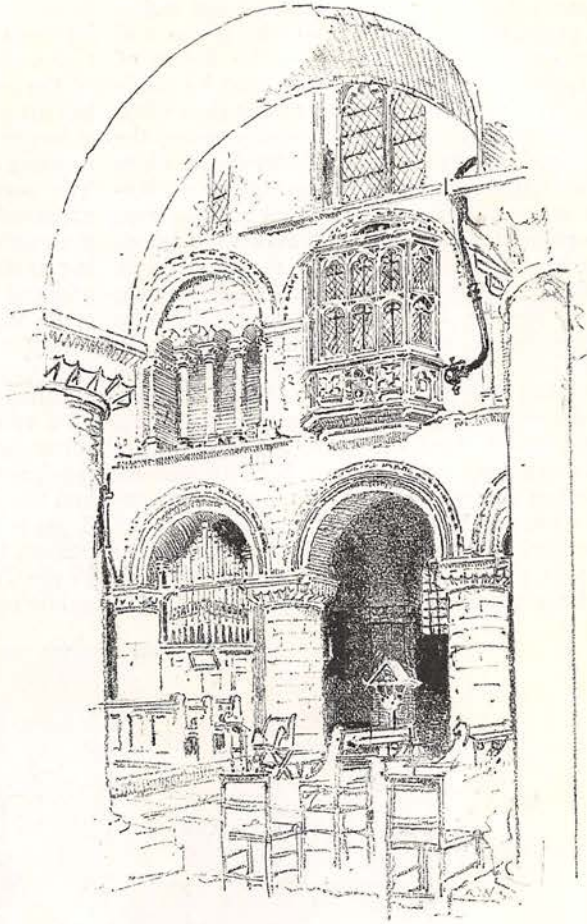


THE FOUNDER'S TOMB.

rank of prior and discharged that office for twenty-two years." In a subsequent chapter the biographer mentions that the church was founded in the year from the incarnation of our Saviour one thousand one hundred and twenty-three. Calixtus II., he says, was Pope, and William was Archbishop of Canterbury; while Richard, Bishop of London, consecrated the site, and gave up some rights of ownership which he himself had in it. This passage is important as fixing the exact date of the foundation, as to which some confusion has arisen owing to a blunder which exists in the transcript. The original manuscript said the foundation was in the twenty-third year of the reign of King Henry. The transcriber copying the Latin wrote an x too much, thus changing "XX et III," twenty-third, into "XXX et III," thirty-third, and then, to try and

square matters, made the *thirty years* apply to the king's age and the *third year* to his reign. Hence the statement of many books on London that the church was founded A. D. 1103. An examination of the account as a whole shows that the original writer referred to a time later than 1103, and that the earliest year he could have meant was 1123. Richard was not Bishop of London till 1108, and he died in 1127, and, what is conclusive, William was not consecrated Archbishop of Canterbury till February 18, 1123. Henry I. was, moreover, thirty years of age in the first year of his reign. The Augustinian canon's life of Rahere does not give many more dates. His object was to write the spiritual history of the founder, and not to chronicle the early history of his foundation. He tells how in his youth Rahere used to frequent the houses of nobles and the

king's court and cared chiefly to praise and divert his associates. But a change came over him, and he determined to spend his days better. His first step was a pilgrimage to Rome, where he visited the places of martyrdom of the apostles Peter and Paul. The latter place has always been notorious for its malaria. Rahere fell ill and vowed, if he recovered, to found a hospital for the poor in his own country. He did recover, and on his journey home had a vision in which a winged beast seemed to carry him aloft and to place him on a crag. In terror he called out, when, behold, a form of royal mien and wondrous beauty appeared to him. "I," said the form, "am Bartholomew, the apostle of Jesus Christ, and I have come to help thee in thy need and to instruct thee in hidden things of heavenly mystery. Know, then, by the will of the Trinity on high, and the universal will and command of the heavenly kingdom, that thou shalt choose a place in the outskirt of London, at Smedhfeld, where in my name thou shalt found a church, and it shall there be a house of God, a tabernacle of the Lamb, a temple of the Holy Ghost. Almighty God will dwell in this spiritual house, he will sanctify it, glorify it, and keep it spotless forever, and his eyes shall be open and his ears intent upon that house day and night, so that he who asks thence shall receive, he who seeks thence shall find, and he who knocketh thence shall he let in. They who pray there with contrite hearts shall be heard in heaven, and angels shall open the gates of heaven to vows and prayers coming thence. Therefore lift up thy hands, and, having faith in the Lord, work like a man. Be not troubled as to the means. Thou art to be the servant in this work; I will discharge the office of lord and patron." Thereupon the vision disappeared. Rahere mused upon it as he traveled on. Was it a fantastic illusion such as men often have in their sleep, or was it a message from heaven? How could he be worthy of such a communication, and yet, having received it, how dreadful to neglect it. Humility and fear, says his biographer, strove in his heart. God's will, he reflected, has often been made known to men in dreams, as may be read in both the Old and the New Testament. Daniel learnt the king's dream from his own and recognized God's revelation. Joseph was



A PRIVATE PEW.

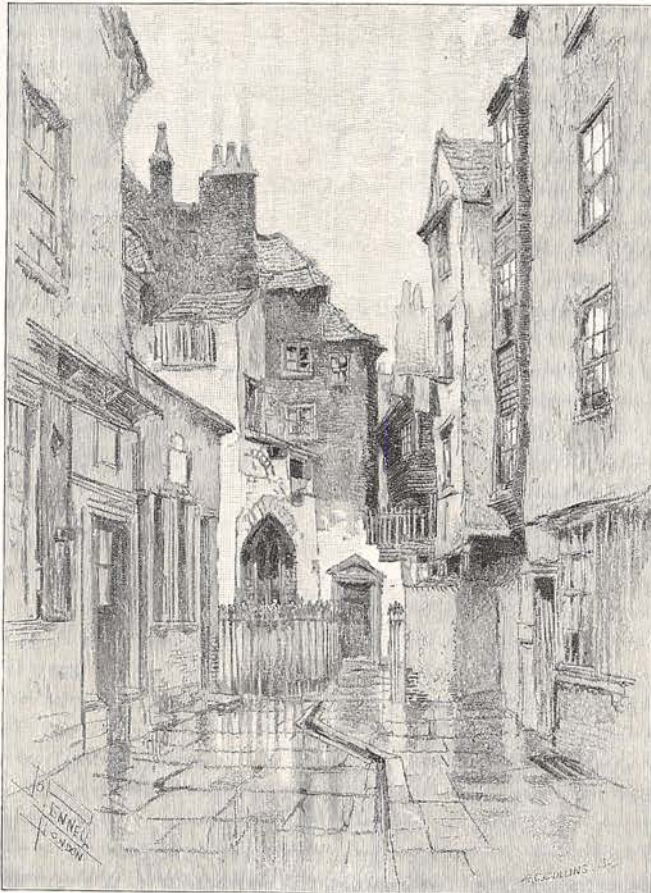
not afraid to accept as true the exhortation of a dream. Rahere made up his mind that his was a true vision, and decided to fulfill its command as well as his former vow. On his return, his friend Richard, Bishop of London, spoke for him to the king, and he set to work on both foundations. He accomplished both, and the canon tells of several of his further good deeds during his life, and how he died on September 20, 1143, and what wonders were wrought at his tomb after his death. The canon's account of Rahere's life is confirmed in many important particulars by independent evidence. This has never been fully set forth, and the statements of the canon with regard to Rahere's fondness for gossip and jocularities before his pilgrimage have led to a groundless but often-repeated statement that he was the king's jester. The assertion is as unjustifiable as the archbishop's mistake about Mr. Yorick.

It can be shown that Rahere filled the stall of Chamberlayne's Wood in St. Paul's Cathedral about 1116, and an old French charter

proves that he was a Frenchman, and makes it probable that he came, like his friend and patron Bishop Richard, from the Duchy of Maine. It is further probable that he made his pilgrimage about 1120, at the time when the king and his friends were lamenting the untimely death of Prince Henry in the white ship. At the Three Fountains Rahere got Roman fever. It is very likely that he may have been tended during his illness on the Island of St. Bartholomew, where the old temple of Æsculapius, turned into a Gothic church, had recently been made celebrated by its reception of a famous relic stated to be the body of St. Bartholomew the apostle. The hospital now upon the island is of later date than the twelfth century, but it is probable that it had an earlier representative, and there Rahere may actually have been treated as well as the times allowed. Quinine was unknown, and Al Rhazis, whose treatise was the medical text-book of the day, knew no real cure for malarial fever. A homeward journey, with a mind bent on accomplishing a great

work, was the best treatment to be had for intermittent fever in the twelfth century. The vision and its results—were they merely part of the fever? Rahere was himself in doubt, but his grateful heart decided that they had a deeper meaning, and we may rest content to judge them by their abundant good fruits. The ancient seal of the priory, on which is engraved a church standing on a ship, with the words, "*Navis cali*," while of course pointing to the ship of the church, may have been adopted in allusion to the form of the island of St. Bartholomew in Rome, the travertine cliff of which is carved into the shape of a Roman galley.

Rahere came back from Rome in the habit of a canon regular of St. Austin. He had some companions who chose him for their head, and he built his hospital and his church, and ten years later obtained a charter of privileges from the king. The original has disappeared, but the enrolled copy was preserved in the Tower of London, and is now in the public record office. It is clear that the prior

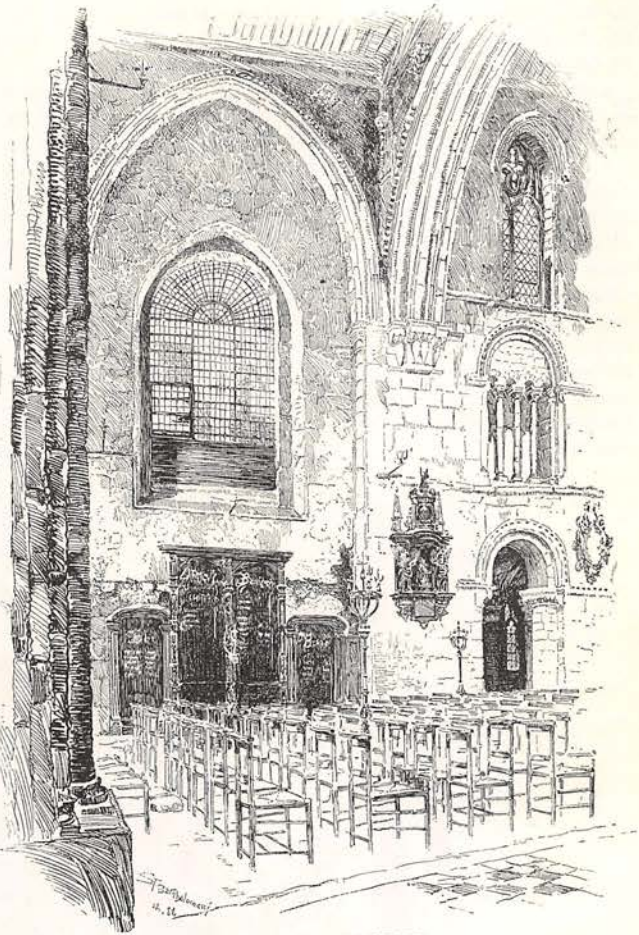


REAR ENTRANCE.

and his foundation enjoyed the royal favor, for the king says: "I will maintain and defend this church even as my crown," and "I adjure all my heirs and successors in the name of the Holy Trinity that they maintain and defend this sacred place by royal authority, and that they grant and confirm the liberties by me granted to it." A still more interesting document of Rahere's time has been preserved. It is of the year 1137, and was executed by Rahere himself. It has been kept in St. Bartholomew's Hospital ever since Rahere's time, and was first noticed in modern times by Dr. Powell, physician to the hospital, who published an excellent account of it, with its text, about sixty years ago. This charter of Rahere's is a small piece of parchment, written in a beautifully clear hand, and two large seals in good preservation remain attached. Its words are so few and so much to the point that it is worth translating at length.

"Be it known to all the faithful that I, Raherus of St. Bartholomew's which is in Smethefield Prior, and the whole convent of our church have granted as a benefice the church of St. Sepulchre to Hagno the clerk so long as he shall not enter the rule of another order to the end of his days. Moreover, know ye that the aforesaid Hagno shall every year render to the use of the canons and of the poor in the hospital fifty shillings; at the feast of Saint Michael twenty-five shillings, and at Easter twenty-five shillings. In the year of the Lord's incarnation eleven hundred and thirty-seven, the second year moreover of the reign of King Stephen in England. These were the witnesses: Haco, the dean; Hugh, canon of St. Martin's; Walter, brother of William the archdeacon; Tybold, the canon; Ralph, the master; Gilbert, the priest; Osbert, the priest; Robert, of St. Mary's; Algar, the priest; Godfrey, son of Baldwin the treasurer; Roger Black; Alexander; Odo; Geoffrey Conestable; Richard, the priest; Burdo, the clerk; Geoffrey, of Oheli."

The witnesses were churchmen, Rahere's neighbors and friends. The first is Haco, Dean of St. Martin's, a canon of which is the second witness. St. Martin's is as well known now as in the days of Rahere. He knew it as a collegiate church, the quiet home of a college of learned priests, founded before the conquest, respected and augmented by the Conqueror. In our day it is the General Post-office, the busiest center of the farthest extended business in the world. William, whose brother Walter is the next witness, is the first



TABLETS TO BENEFACTORS.

archdeacon of London whose name has been preserved. The list contains several members of the chapter of the great cathedral which is, in this day as in that, the central ornament of London. Godfrey, son of Baldwin, is the first-recorded treasurer of St. Paul's. Osbert was a royal chaplain who held the prebendal stall of *Consumpta-per-mare*. Geoffrey Conestable was one of Rahere's successors in the stall of Chamberlayne's Wood, the sixth upon the south side of the choir. From the masses of documents preserved in the city of London, it is possible to learn where most of these witnesses lived, and an ancient deed shows that Algar, the priest, had his house in the line of the present Thames street. Hagno, to whom the grant of St. Sepulchre's Church is made in this deed, succeeded Rahere, first as master of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, and afterwards as head of the priory. "He was a cheerful man," says a chronicler, "who could make verses off-hand while preaching, and to hear whose sermons crowds did flock."

Two seals are attached to the deed, one

round, the other oval. The round one is that of the priory, the other one, that of Rahere, at once prior of St. Bartholomew's and master of the hospital. On the seal of the priory is engraved the church as built by its founder. There are three towers—a solid one resting on the west end of the roof, a bell turret on the east end, and a great tower standing free of the church and surmounted by a cross. A chapel projects at the east end, of which traces may still be noticed behind the apse of the church, while more will certainly be found when the fringe-factory which at present occupies the site of this chapel is restored to ecclesiastical uses. The Latin legend on the seal reads, "The seal of the convent of the church of God and of St. Bartholomew of Smethefelde." The other seal bears the figure

of a canon of St. Austin with his hood over his head. On the margin most of the letters of Rahere's name are still distinct. Its back is plain, but on the reverse of another very early seal of a master of the hospital is a smaller impression bearing the words, "Sigill. hospital. S. Barthol." surrounding the figure of an eagle, with curved beak, spread tail, partly expanded wings, and finely engraved feathers. The convent seal and that of Rahere are examples of English art of the beginning of the twelfth century, but this eagle is a piece of ancient Roman work, and the outline of the gem from which it was impressed may be traced within the inscribed border. It was cut by some Roman artist not long after the time of the Cæsars, and was at least eight hundred years old when it was fixed in the seal of the



CLOTH FAIR.



IN THE CHURCH-YARD.

hospital. Perhaps Rahere himself had brought it from Rome; at any rate it was religiously preserved in the hospital for four centuries; for while the seal which Rahere used is replaced in deeds of the end of the twelfth century and the beginning of the thirteenth by one bearing a noble standing figure of St. Bartholomew, staff in hand, and that in the fourteenth century by a more conventional figure of the saint holding a flaying-knife and with armorial bearings on each side, on the reverse of all is the impression of this ancient classical gem.

It was the last prior but one who spoiled the apse. He, too, cut the corbels of the western tower arch into perpendicular moldings, destroying the bolder and more appropriate Norman corbel table which matched that fortunately preserved in the eastern arch.

"Prior Bolton with his bolt in tun," as Ben Jonson calls him, has, however, left one picturesque bit—a little bow-window which projects from the triforium into the church, and has his rebus, a cross-bow bolt piercing a wine-tun, carved on its middle panel. In the buildings surrounding the church, and which it is hoped may soon be removed, fragments will probably be found of the work of priors intermediate between Rahere and Bolton. As it is, there are only two; one is a lovely triple

Purbeck marble shaft and fragment of vault of the decorated period, in the south aisle, and the other is the early English doorway in Smithfield.

There are many fine tombs of the period succeeding the dissolution of the priory, and the handsomest of all is that of Sir Walter Mildmay, Chancellor of the Exchequer to Queen Elizabeth and founder of Emmanuel College, Cambridge, where Harvard was educated. This tomb is a fine piece of renaissance work in colored marble. Its decorations are columns, borders, and panels, with armorial bearings, and the absence of figures of any kind reminds us of Mildmay's rigid Puritanism. A great many Puritans seem to have lived in the parish in the seventeenth century, and a manuscript book preserved in the vestry, recording the preachers and the collections made in the church after sermons, and on other occasions, shows that they gave often towards the support of their friends during the great rebellion. Between February, 1642, and March, 1645, there were thirty-one collections for sick and maimed soldiers; a collection "for those souldiers that ware listed to goe for Irland"; a collection to raise a troop of horse for service in Ireland; besides £1. 12s. 4d. for Sir Thomas Fairfax, and a great many collections for those injured or impoverished by the

rising in Ireland. The parishioners often gave for the relief of distant towns and countries, and curious fragments of the life of that time come out in these terse, business-like entries. To be carried into slavery by the corsairs of Algiers or of Tunis was not uncommon then, and we read :

"Collected this 20 of Aprill, 1645, for Bridget Tookey, which was taken by the Turkes, the sum £1.3.2.",
and

"Collected this 14 of February, 1646, for Henry Smart, being a captive in Tunnis. The monies collected was to be paid to Joyce Smart, his sister, the sum of £1.2.6."

Nor were the friends of the Puritans across the ocean forgotten, for there was

"Collected for the children of New England upon 2 Sabath daies following in february, 1643—£2.8.9."

The priory at the dissolution was sold to Sir Richard Rich on condition that he should preserve the choir as a parish church. He made what he could of the materials and of the land, but the signs of its old use are still well marked in the parish of St. Bartholomew the Great. Iron gates at the entrances of Cloth Fair and of Bartholomew Close are

still shut at midnight, and recall the days when the building and grounds of the priory covered the whole parish. The close is still an open space. The last tree of the mulberry garden was cut down in the present century. Many narrow, tortuous, paved paths mark lines originally laid down by the canons regular of St. Austin. Among the buildings which abut on the church, one of which has till lately been a fringe-factory, while another is still a forge, may be traced remains of the library, the refectory, the chapter-house, the lady chapel, and the cloister. The present rector and church-wardens, aided by the liberality of the patron of the living, of the inhabitants of the parish, and of many of the citizens, have already bought part of these buildings, and hope soon to buy them all. It will then be possible to preserve this venerable church and what remains of its ancient ecclesiastical surroundings from further dilapidation, so that many generations yet to come may be affected and delighted by its venerable architecture, and taught at once the beauty and the permanence of good deeds as they visit the tomb and admire the work of its generous builder and founder.

Norman Moore.

WOULD WE RETURN?

WOULD we return
If once the gates which close upon the past
Were opened wide for us and if the dear
Remembered pathway stretched before us clear
To lead us back to youth's lost land at last,
Whereon life's April shadows lightly cast
Recalled the old sweet days of childish fear
With all their faded hopes and brought anear
The far-off streams in which our skies were
glassed ;
Did these lost dreams which wake the soul's
sad yearning
But live once more and waited our returning,
Would we return ?

Would we return
If love's enchantment held the heart no more
And we had come to count the wild sweet pain,
The fond distress, the lavish tears—but vain;
Had cooled the heart's hot wounds amidst
the roar
Of mountain gales, or, on some alien shore
Worn out the soul's long anguish and had slain
At last the dragon of despair—if then the train
Of vanished years came back, and, as of yore,

The same voice called, and with soft eyes be-
guing,
Our lost love beckoned, through time's gray
veil smiling,
Would we return ?

Would we return
Once we had crossed to death's unlovely
land
And trod the bloomless ways among the
dead
Lone and unhappy ; after years had fled
With twilight wings along that glimmering
strand,
If then — an angel came with outstretched
hand
To lead us back, and we recalled in dread
How soon the tears that once for us are
shed
May flow for others—how like words in
sand
Our memory fades away—how oft our waking
Might vex the living with the dead heart's
breaking,
Would we return,—
Would we return ?

Robert Burns Wilson.