

should, however, be noticed, as a distinctive mark of the style, that the shafts are rarely cut out of the solid pier, core, or column, but are composed of a hard kind of stone or Purbeck marble, and are only attached to the core of the column at the capital and base. This is occasionally the case in Transitional Norman, but is a mode of construction never met with after the thirteenth century.

Early English sculpture is remarkably noble and dignified, and it is said that Flaxman considered the figures in the west front of Wells and the Angel Choir at Lincoln worthy of the greatest period of Greek art; yet to show how little this style depended upon sculpture or any decorative kind of ornament, we must call attention to the remarkable fact that some of the very grandest and finest Early English churches were erected by the Cistercian Order—a religious order which, by its rules, entirely forbade the use of sculpture, carving, painted glass, pictures, precious metals; towers, spires, and organs were also forbidden; yet with all this the Cistercian Order built some of the most magnificent churches erected during the thirteenth century, not only in England but all over Europe. Those glorious Yorkshire abbeys, the ruins of which are so exquisite, were mostly works of the order. *Fountains*—(see illustration)—Byland, Furness, Kirkstall, Ravaulx, and Jervaux. There is a noble and dignified simplicity, and a beauty of line and proportion about these buildings, which are not surpassed even by the noblest cathedrals. Being allowed no ornament, the whole attention of these Cistercian builders was turned to the study of proportion and outline. The only kind of ornament they could use were moldings, and these they perfected to such an extent that even the absence of carving and sculpture is not felt in their buildings. In later times the Cistercian Order modified its rules, and in the reign of Henry VII. we find towers added to *Fountains* and *Kirkstall* Abbeys. Their churches may have gained in sumptuousness by the change, but they lost in that harmonious simplicity and severe dignity which distinguishes their twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth century buildings.

We must now say a few words about the domestic and civil architecture of the thirteenth century. There can be little doubt that the general run of town houses during

this period were of wood, and were rather low and small. There are in this country no examples of thirteenth-century town houses to be found, but on the Continent they are occasionally to be met with. The great Imperial city of Ratisbon, once the most opulent city in Germany, possesses many town houses of the thirteenth century. They are, however, peculiar to the place, and consist for the most part of very lofty towers, pierced by large Gothic windows divided into lights by columns. Now the frames and glass do not fit into the window, but are placed behind the mullions of the window, which thus stands free of the glass. I dwell upon this point because it explains a remarkable fact. It is this: that amongst the baggage of King Henry II., when he went from France to England, glass windows are mentioned. Now, until one has seen the arrangement of the thirteenth-century house windows at Ratisbon, it seems absurd that a man should be travelling about with ready-made glass windows, without considering for a moment whether they will fit the apertures of the house he is going to visit; but when these frames of glass are simply placed inside the window apertures like a kind of glazed screen, the thing is intelligible enough. The fact is, in the thirteenth century glass windows were a part of the furniture of a house, and could be removed from house to house at will.

We should not advise any of our readers who happen to be tenants to try to revive this old custom, as the landlord might not respect its antiquity, and would be likely to send in a little bill for dilapidations.

Of course these houses at Ratisbon were the residences of the noblest wealthy German princes or foreign ambassadors accredited to the court of the Emperor, who held his Diets at Ratisbon. Although this was the case, it would now considerably astonish any middle-class family if they had to live in one of these "mansions." On the ground floor is a stone-vaulted hall, like the crypt of a church, sometimes (where large) supported by columns. There the lord and his retainers, servants, etc., dined, supped, and the servants probably slept of a night. A narrow, corkscrew staircase led from this hall to the upper rooms. On the first floor was the chief room of the house, which served as drawing-room, ladies' sitting-

room, and chief bedroom. Probably in earlier times this was the only room in the house provided with glass windows; the other chambers had only wooden shutters. Of course paper hangings to the walls of rooms were unknown, and the beautiful tapestry which formed such a charming feature in mediæval houses was not in use at this period. Queen Eleanor of Castille, the wife of Edward I., appears to have introduced the practice of hanging private rooms with tapestry; and although she was naturally delicate and unable to bear the cold of our climate, yet the good folks of London looked upon this innovation as a most criminal exhibition of luxury and ostentation. They regarded tapestry as a thing only to be used in churches or grand and solemn ceremonials, such as coronations, etc., but that it should be used by a young queen for the hangings of her bed-chamber, was an unheard-of piece of extravagance, and it absolutely led to an insurrection.*

There was no distinction between bedrooms and reception-rooms; every room, in fact, was a reception-room by day and a sleeping-room by night. The young dandy of the period had to content himself with a truss of straw, shaken down upon the floor of the hall. From this has arisen the common English expression, "Give me a shake-down for the night," meaning to say that one does not expect to be treated ceremoniously. The young gentlemen of the house in the morning had to take their turn at what Sam Weller calls a "Rence at the pump." Our girls can imagine what would be their brothers' feelings now under similar circumstances, while they can well understand their own at having to sleep in a room with unglazed windows, and no looking-glass to do up their back hair by.

The dwellings and surroundings, in short, of our thirteenth-century ancestors were rude and rough enough to satisfy the most exacting ascetic, yet they worshipped in temples which have never been surpassed for grandeur and sublimity. To a religious man, whatever his particular views may be, there must be something very striking in this contrast between the rough houses they erected for themselves and the glorious temples they built for the worship of Almighty God.

* See Strickland's "Lives of the Queens of England."

"CALLED TO THE BAR."

By ANNE BEALE.



motto for the Young Women's Christian Association for 1885 is "Go Forward." It is delightful to find that the Association is acting up to its principles

and motto, and throwing out branches in all directions. One of the latest offshoots of this wide-spreading tree is seeking to bring within its grateful shade the young women who work for long and weary hours at the restaurants and railway bars of this our province of London. Some thousands are thus employed, and Miss Gough has been appointed by the Y.W.C.A. to seek them out,

and to offer to all the right hand of sisterly and Christian love. Hers is truly a strange, eventful, and stirring life. She has to travel, if not exactly from Dan to Beersheba, from one point of the London compass to the other, both above and below ground, and to bear with her not only a kindly heart and temperate judgment, but a store of pure literature, a penny bank book, total abstinence cards, invitations to Bible readings and drawing-room meetings, and, above all, entreaties to join the large army of Christian women who glorify their lives by consecrating them to the service of their Heavenly King. Two days in her company will suffice to show us the arduous and dangerous life of those who serve, and the need they feel of kindly sympathy under the temptations of a career little appreciated or understood.

Will the readers accompany us on these expeditions, and learn for themselves how many a weary sister wears out her days in an occupation that would be, it would seem,

better filled by men? In America the stronger sex do minister to their brethren the spirituous compounds that tempt both sexes to lose their wits and addle their brains*; but here, in our equally enlightened England, employers find that women are the more attractive, and, consequently, they are subjected to long days of doubtful occupation, sweetened, alas! by dull flattery, and excited by temptations too often irresistible. This mission, however, would fain help them to shun both flattery and temptation.

A short journey by Metropolitan brings us to our first subterranean hostel. What would our forefathers, who were wont to refresh themselves in wayside inns or hospitable taverns, say to this? Underneath the foundations of a London, quadrupled since their day, below its sewers and its gas-pipes, they would gaze in amazement on the marble slab of the

* Since this was written, a law has been passed in Australia forbidding the service of women at these places.

ever-open window of a so-called bar covered with edibles, behind which stands a young woman ready to serve. She passes her long day in a small, dark, close vault inside this bar, ministering to those who, in their daily or occasional transit by underground railway, require the refreshment prepared for them. Beverages, both inebriating and uninebriating, are at hand, and the imbibers are too frequently men who look on her who waits on them as a recipient for coarse compliment or feeble jest. She needs to have on the armour of proof mentioned in Scripture to withstand much that she has to undergo during twelve or thirteen hours of labour. And she is expected to make herself agreeable, and not to be "prudish or sanctimonious," or her custom may fall off. She must be ever on the watch, standing the whole day, and not otherwise occupying herself than by this perpetual sale to such as pass and re-pass before her. In most places she may neither work nor read in the intervals of leisure, if she have any, but must devote herself, soul and body, to her employers. All the railway officials are over-worked, she amongst them; and, in addition, those of the Metropolitan Railway have to breathe an atmosphere of sulphurous smoke highly prejudicial to the health.

We find more than one of our new friends suffering from throat and chest complaints, owing to exposure to the draughts that pour through the ever-open window and door behind which they stand. Thanks to their energetic visitor, a philanthropic doctor has prescribed for their bodies, while she brings kindly counsel and pure literature for their minds, together with an invitation to a drawing-room meeting at the house of a lady interested in the mission. "I can go, for I shall be off duty," says one, gladly. "I cannot accept it, for I shall be 'on' till twelve o'clock," responds another; "but I greatly enjoyed the concert at Lady Brabazon's."

It may be permitted us to mention here that those devoted friends of unprotected girls, Lord and Lady Brabazon, have lent their dining-room on Sunday afternoons for a Bible class for these and other *employées*, and given tea to all who take advantage of their kind invitation. Miss Gough, or some other good lady, holds a Bible class for their benefit, and thus probably provides for them the only spiritual food they are likely to obtain. In most instances only one Sunday in three is allowed for recreation of mind or body. The Lord's Day cannot, therefore, be kept "holy." As regards the drawing-room meetings, they are arranged in the private residences of kind ladies, who offer a pleasant and profitable evening once a month to such as are able and willing to attend.

We have been privileged to share in one of these enjoyable reunions, and can vouch for the hearty welcome, the abundant meal, the fragrant bouquets with pretty texts, and the happy faces of hostess and guests. Moreover, the songs, hymns, and recitations were enlivening, and the conversation anything but dull. It was encouraging, also, to notify that we all appreciated some short but kindly addresses by two clergymen at the close of the conversation, and were ready to join in prayer and praise to the Giver of all good gifts before we separated.

Returning to our subterranean expeditions, we find here and there improved accommodation, and the refreshments placed within the station-room instead of on the marble window-sill. In some places, also, the atmosphere is clearer than in others, owing to the much-abused blow-holes; but everywhere the young women stand the livelong day imbibing the very unpleasantly-combined odours of sulphur, smoke, and alcohol.

Happily they do not sleep below ground, but when "off work," such as have no private

homes seek such quiet and air as they may find in the nearest above-board stations, or in lodgings provided for them. We visit some of these, and find one or two young women attending to the wants of a score of men. It is almost impossible to gain the ear of the former until their male clients disperse, which they do as some special train becomes due, and gather again before another. We no longer wonder at what was said by more than one of the workers at the commencement of this mission.

"I shall believe in it when the visitors will come and speak to us across the bar, and shake hands with us in presence of our customers."

This being done, the belief has followed, and during one year's work between five and six hundred girls of this particular class have been visited, many of whom have joined the Y.W.C.A., subscribed to wholesome periodicals, belong to the penny bank, and have become total abstainers. It is well to make a point of total abstinence, because the temptations to drink are so great.

"I was so tired that I could not resist a small glass," says one, to whom the tempter comes all too often; "but I really will sign to-morrow."

Tired! This is the word for all. We find some passing their interval of relaxation in their sleeping apartment right above the railway, and wonder how they can sleep off their fatigue in the centre of so much noise and bustle. But they do, until the brain becomes irritated by the constant excitement, and the doctor prescribes that impossibility, perfect rest, until it regains its equilibrium. To these, also, invitations are given in really "sisterly" fashion to the drawing-room meeting already mentioned, and most of those who can, gladly promise to be there.

But there are many difficulties, to say nothing of other engagements, in the way of the fulfilment of these promises. Occasionally the bidden guest fights shy of the invitation, and looks upon it as a sort of trap to religion into which she does not choose to fall; but such rebuffs to Miss Gough's kindly overtures are, happily, rare. Genuine sympathy, whether with the griefs, temptations, or misfortunes of our fellow-creatures, is generally appreciated in the long run, and the half a million of young women who toil for a livelihood in this huge city are learning to understand the Christian interest taken in them by other women, older, maybe, or blessed with larger store of wealth than themselves. We wish their employers could give them one day of rest in the seven, and thus prove their "Christian interest" also. One large firm does allow four hours daily "off duty" to each *employée*, but the Sunday has no special consideration.

As we wander from refreshment bar to refreshment bar, we are struck with many things, but principally with the powers of endurance of the young women, and by their reception of the stupid and inane civilities of their masculine customers. We hope that they get used to them, for some take them quite stolidly, others indifferently, while they fill or wipe the ever-needed glasses. It were well if all could be strengthened to resistance by prayer to Him who gives His grace to every individual who asks for it, whatever her station in life. We are also struck by the amount of beverages consumed, and believe total abstinence would be good for most of the consumers, whether men or women.

Our powers of endurance, however, are not so great as those of our new acquaintances, and we cry peccavi and "strike work," while they toil on. "The wind has blown us west to-day; we will wait till it changes to blow us east," we say, wearily, and shaking hands with the last of our "workers," we withdraw from the bustling scene.

The east wind soon comes, however, and in

a few days the indefatigable Miss Gough is ready to lead us to "pastures new," if the thronged streets of the city of London can be called "pastures." If so, the flocks are so crowded into them that they have neither space nor time for grazing. "Whence do they come—whither are they going?" is the natural question, repeated when we visit some of the great restaurants and railway bars of the City proper. We must say, and that without prejudice, that it is refreshing to enter a teetotal restaurant, not only because the fumes of coffee are pleasanter than those of alcohol, but because there is a better tone about the place. A small army of young women welcome us warmly, and we learn that all are members of the Y.W.C.A.; most wear the "blue ribbon," and all are interested in Miss Gough and her work. Many of them hope to be at the drawing-room meeting; others, who live out of London, cannot manage it. These latter reach their homes late and leave them early, yet would not for worlds relinquish that interval of "fresh air" gained in the comparative country. What a safeguard it is to soul and body!

"I have good news for you!" begins Miss Gough, enthusiastically, who has not been idle since we were "blown west." The dinner hour being over, she is able to address them more *en masse*. "Mr. Samuel Morley has promised me one hundred pounds a year for two years for an institute. I have been here, there, and everywhere, and at last have succeeded in taking two rooms. They will be for the use of all the young ladies connected with our mission. Who will help to furnish them and send books, ornaments, and funds? Ask your friends; help me in any way you can, for I want them ready at once. We can have classes, and social evenings and a library at our Morley Rooms, 14, John-street, Bedford-row, Gray's-inn, W.C." This is the burden of her song whenever she can gain a hearing, and we are amazed to find that she has accomplished so much since we met last. May the same song pierce to willing ears beyond the circuit we have been traversing; for a temporary haven of rest is good for all.

We thread many streets, wander in and out of numerous railway terminuses, and make our way through concourses of people in our round of visits. They are similar to those paid on a previous occasion, only there is more difficulty in approaching the objects of our call. As in the monster "at homes," which are the mode at this present time, the hostess and others whom we desire most to see are unapproachable. We speak to the managersess of one crowded hostelry through the open window, and to her "helps" between the acts. The navigation is difficult, but our vessel disembarks and receives cargo at most ports. Although we would not make merchandise of the histories we hear, some of them are profoundly sad, and only too often we find that the young friend to whom we speak has lost both parents, and has taken the first situation that offered to maintain herself. Some are waiting their opportunity to embark on a less tempestuous sea. To all we would affectionately urge, "Watch and pray."

None of them actually complain of their lives, and most seek to make the best of them. As a rule, complaints and redressals arise from without, and it is the public outcry that would howl down the long hours, Sunday labour, and other abuses. Numbers of these young people, attracted by the doubtful charms of the town, come from "the sweet and blessed country," and to these the desecration of the Sabbath is at first an "astonishment and a hissing;" finally, alas! a matter of course.

To all such we would earnestly repeat the oft-given advice, "Stay at home. Find occupation, if possible, in or near your native place, or where your friends live." Hundred

of girls come to London thinking to find an El Dorado, and are ruined in the search for it.

Enough girls are born in the metropolis to supply all its needs, and they, being accustomed to town life, accommodate themselves to its requirements more readily than those who have been bred in the country. The stories of numbers who wander away from their natural surroundings and manage to come to London are simply heartrending, and hospitals, homes, penitentiaries, and even the London streets, could tell tales of wrecked lives that no ear has heard but that of the stranger. The other day a girl walked from Scotland and found herself alone in London. Happily she fell in with an honest woman who took her to a "home," where a lady connected with the Y.W.C.A. received her as temporary servant. Had she met with a woman of bad character she would have been lost. This is only one of hundreds of instances daily recurring; but, unfortunately, young girls will not take warning, and too often learn by bitter experience the truth of what they have been previously told. They are happier and more respectable in their native sphere than they can be when transplanted from it; and we would urge on all classes to strive after contentment in the state in which God has placed them. It is difficult to withstand the restless spirit of the age, but those who do so are best and happiest.

We will, however, wind up our second day's peregrinations hopefully by a visit to Crosby Hall, Bishopsgate-street. We had never before seen this curious old palace, once the royal abode of King Richard III., and the scene of many of his ambitious schemes. It was built by Sir John Crosby in 1466, who only survived its completion four years. It was his widow who sold it to Richard, Duke of Gloucester, and the pair are buried in the neighbouring church of St. Helen, where their recumbent figures may still be seen in that stone which outlasts our fleshly tabernacles. The hall was formerly chronicled as "Ye highest and fairest of ye citie." As a palace it is more than once mentioned in the third act of Shakespeare's magnificent tragedy of *Richard III.*, when Richard bids the hired murderers "repair to Crosby-place." Since those times it has undergone many changes, and been occupied by various tenants; now it has resumed to a certain extent its character as a city palace, inasmuch as banqueting hall, throne-room, and the other apartments are restored to their pristine state, and pictured walls and carved and gilded ceiling astonish the visitor. Here we find another small army of young women, amongst them one whom we have met before. They all wear cool, print gowns with a small crown and Prince of Wales's feather as pattern, and one and all "speak up" for the proprietor and arrangements of this, their

work-a-day dwelling-place, or "restaurant," as we must call it French-wise—in other words, their "palace."

"It would be unjust to utter a word of complaint here," says a pleasant-spoken damsel, who ministers to us our modest cups of coffee. "We leave every day at seven, have the whole of Sunday to ourselves, and are treated with every consideration."

"The proprietor is a Christian gentleman," emphatically proclaims a second, as if in those words every necessary item were included, as it certainly is.

"I have been here fourteen years," says a third, "and have had no complaint to make all that time!"

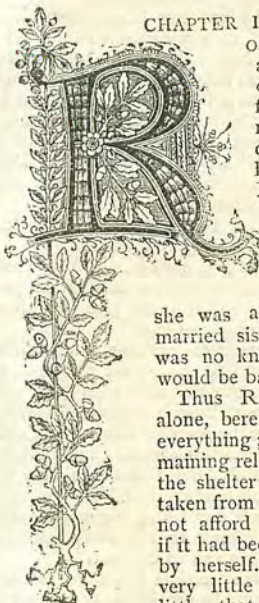
This independent testimony is invaluable, and borne out by the cheerful faces and manners of the attendants, male and female. If all the railway directors, omnibus proprietors, heads of firms, and general managers of everything were "Christian gentlemen," what a peaceful life and joyful Sunday their employes might have!

"Maidens mine!" set such a holy example in your particular sphere that you may, by a modest demeanour and good conversation, help on the whole work of filling this vast city with Christian men and women. "Every little makes a mickle," and each one of us may cast our golden sand upon the golden mountain of good deeds which shall reach from earth to heaven.

"RAINY DAYS."

By L. C. SILKE, Author of "Loving Service," "Nora's Stronghold," &c.

CHAPTER IV.



ROSA was sitting alone in the room downstairs on the following afternoon, feeling disconsolate and lonely indeed. Miss Elton was away, or she would have been sure of her sympathy and help; but she was absent nursing a married sister, so that there was no knowing when she would be back.

Thus Rosa was utterly alone, bereft, as she felt, of everything; these last remaining relatives gone, even the shelter of Ivy Cottage taken from her, for she could not afford to stay there even if it had been possible to live by herself. She possessed very little of her own—so little, that now she had no

home she must go forth into the world and find some means of adding to her slender income.

But what was she to do? Where was she to go? Dark and dreary indeed was the prospect as she looked the question in the face.

Poor, homeless, friendless, as she felt at that moment, the world did indeed seem a cold, desolate waste.

Her thoughts glanced back to that morning in the spring when her tears had been ready to flow, and she had felt her life so full of rainy days. Now she asked herself how she could have been so foolish, so ungrateful, when she

had a shelter over her head and someone to care for her, someone to whom she could devote herself and be of use.

Now, shelterless, desolate, unable to form any plan of life that would be endurable, with none by to help or cheer or counsel, it was indeed a dark hour, and a look of hopeless dejection came into her face as she sat on there in a low chair, with her hands lying idle on her lap.

She shivered every now and then, and no wonder, for it was a cold December day, and in her misery and absorption she had forgotten the fire, which had got so low it seemed on the point of going out. But she heeded it not. What was physical discomfort compared with the mental anguish she was going through!

If she had had anything to occupy her, to demand her thoughts and attention, it would have been better for her; but there was nobody who wanted anything from her. There was not even any mourning to see about, as she was already in black for her Aunt Mary; and Mrs. Reeve had seen to all the arrangements for the funeral.

In utter weariness she lay back in her low chair and closed her eyes, while some stray tears trickled unheeded down her cheeks. At that moment she felt how glad she would be to flee away and be at rest.

But such thoughts as these must not be indulged in. The comfort and help she needed she knew she could obtain adequately only from one source, and surely it would not be withheld if she sought it!

Reaching out her hand, she took up her little Bible and turned over its leaves. Standing out clear and distinct—the more so that they were underlined—the words met her eye, "My God shall supply all your need."

It was like a ray of light flashing through all the gloom. There was One still left to

care for her, to provide for her; One who knew all about her and her needs, and knowing, had also power to supply them all.

"Trust in Him at all times, ye people: pour out your hearts before Him." "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble." Then she would trust, she would look to Him. What David had found Him to be, she might also; refuge, strength, help, guidance—all she needed so sorely was to be found in Him. And He always cared for His weak and desolate children; those who had no strength to go alone were surely His special charge. She would lay her burdens, her cares, her sorrows upon Him. He would never fail nor forsake her.

Once more she leaned back in her chair and shut her eyes, but now it was to muse in thankfulness upon the loving-kindness and tender mercies which were so sure to follow her all the days of her life. God would not forget her; He had not forgotten her. He had doubtless already gone before to prepare her next halting-place, and in due time He would unfold His plans: all she had to do was to wait and trust and ask for grace to be willing to follow in whatever path He should indicate.

The gloom was gone, and a peaceful look stole over her face as she lay down, so to speak, in the everlasting arms that were folded about her, so warm and close, so tender and strong.

"Why, Miss Rosa, you've nearly let the fire out, and such a cold day as this is, too!" exclaimed Mrs. Reeve, breaking in upon her musings. "I thought perhaps you'd like to have tea a little earlier than usual, as it's such a dark, cheerless afternoon. And shall I bring in the lights now? the room will seem more comfortable when it is shut up for the night."

"Thank you, Mrs. Reeve. Yes, I should