

CURIOSITIES OF CHURCH AND CHAPEL.

THE "HANGING CHAPEL."

LANGPORT, in the wilds of Somerset, is a place whose history came to a close with the end of the war between King Charles and his Parliament.

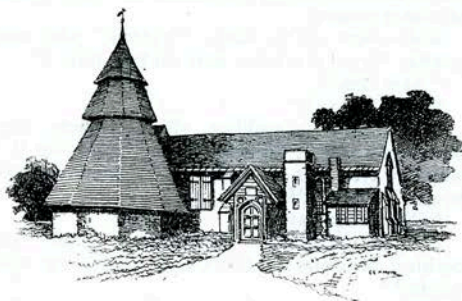


THE HANGING CHAPEL.

During those troublous times a battle was fought here, in which the King's forces were defeated by Fairfax. Now the town has settled down to agricultural pursuits in general, and to wholesale flower-growing in particular. The most singular object in the town is the so-called "Hanging Chapel," built over the crown of an archway which spans the roadway. It is this situation, in mid-air, as it were, which gives the chapel its name, and not, as might hastily be imagined, anything connected with executions.

BROOKLAND CHURCH.

In the wilds of Kent the remarkable church of Brookland, pictured here, may be found. The weird, extinguisher-like tower, built of wood, gives rise to the following local legend, which is invariably told to every confiding stranger:—The



BROOKLAND CHURCH.

builder of the church (we are supposed to believe) found, when he had put up the body of the structure, that he had spent too much money on it, and that he was likely to lose by the job. So he

asked for additional funds, over and above his original estimate, only, however, to be refused. The builder then said that he certainly *had* contracted to build the church and tower at a given price, but there was no stipulation as to how the tower should be built, and he accordingly built it of wood, which was the cheapest possible way of completing the work.

Unfortunately, however, for the truth of this story, contracts and estimates were quite unknown in the times when Brookland Church was built. Doubtless the belfry tower was constructed in this manner because the soil would not have safely sustained the weight of a stone-built tower. A somewhat similar church tower may be seen at Pembridge, in Herefordshire, built in that manner for this very reason.

THE SMALLEST CHURCH IN SUSSEX.

We will not go so far as to call it the "smallest church in England," because there are so many of these—each one *the* smallest in the eyes of its discoverers—that it becomes positively rash to



LULLINGTON CHURCH.

pronounce in favour of any particular one. But Lullington Church, there can be no doubt, is the tiniest in its own particular county. It stands in the neighbourhood of Alfriston and Poynings, and is but sixteen feet square. The building has the appearance of having been at one time the chancel of a church whose nave has been demolished, and, indeed, portions of the walls and foundations of others may yet be seen. Lullington Church, however, is quite large enough for its average congregation, which does not number more than thirty. The value of the living, by the way, is £40.

HALF a century ago barrel-organs were to be heard in many churches. A barrel generally contained eight tunes; not more than four barrels could be got into one organ. The duties of the organist were confined to turning the handle.

removed, some years back, to St. Dunstan's Villa, Regent's Park.

A *propos* of clocks, there are many curious ones attached to London churches. That at St. Vedast's, Foster Lane, for instance, is said to be the only one in the kingdom without a face. The time is struck on a small, shrill gong. The legend attached to the beautifully carved and gilt dial of St. Magnus, London Bridge, is worth repeating. It is said that the donor, Sir Charles Duncombe, was, when a poor boy, waiting for his master on the bridge. He missed him through not knowing the time,

and was so chagrined that he vowed to give a clock to St. Magnus when he became rich. The fulfilment of this vow cost him £485 in 1709; and the clock is said to keep as good time to-day as when first put up.

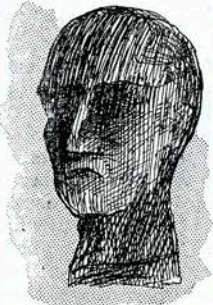
A reminiscence of the days when neither clocks nor watches were as common as is the case now is furnished by a relic preserved in the British and Foreign Sailors' Church, situated in the once notorious Ratcliff Highway. Here, fixed in a solid brass frame, are four huge hour-glasses. The finest hour-glass, however, in London is the example, two hundred years old, at St. Alban's, Wood Street. It possesses a magnificently carved brass stand. Sun-dials in London church-towers are also, of course, common enough. Perhaps one of the finest is that affixed to the wall of the ancient Temple Church.

Strangers who visit the old church of St. Mary, Lambeth, are invariably attracted by the figure of the pedlar, with his staff, pack, and dog, in the south-east window of the nave. This is to commemorate the gift of the "Pedlar's Acre" to the parish of Lambeth; the condition of the bequest being that the donor's portrait, as well as that of his dog, should be perpetuated in this strange manner.

The parish of Holy Trinity, Minories, which has now ceased its separate existence as a parish, and has been merged in that of St. Botolph, Aldgate, possesses a church of the highest historic

interest, despite the fact that its exterior wears the most commonplace appearance. Situated in a frowzy court, off the Minories, it looks like a chapel built in that dark age of architecture, the early years of the present century. The stuccoed walls visible to the passer by give place, however, to an interesting interior more in keeping with a building which was once the church of the sisterhood of the Minorettes of St. Paul, who, although their Order was disestablished centuries ago, have given their name in a debased form to the district. Apart, however, from the ecclesiastical history of the edifice, it contains a relic which belongs to one of the saddest romances in English history. This is the mummified head of Henry Grey, Duke of Suffolk, the ill-fated father of the equally unfortunate Lady Jane Grey. It is contained in a glass case preserved in the Vestry, and was discovered under the altar steps a number of years ago, during a restoration. This unhappy nobleman suffered on Tower Green, his head being, it is supposed, delivered to his relatives who interred it here. It was contained in a wooden box filled with oak sawdust, which had completely tanned the skin. The marks of the headsman's axe are still clearly to be discerned on the neck, including one which seems to prove that the execution was somewhat bungled. A striking likeness between this head and the contemporary portrait of the duke, in the Marquis of Salisbury's Hatfield collection, has been observed.

Although Holy Trinity has ceased to be a church, it is not contemplated to demolish the building, which will probably be used as a "parish room."



MUMMIFIED HEAD OF DUKE OF SUFFOLK.



HENRY GREY, DUKE OF SUFFOLK, FROM A CONTEMPORARY PAINTING.

A LAYMAN WHO LECTURED IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

PROFESSOR MAX MÜLLER has enjoyed the distinction of lecturing in Westminster Abbey. On the 3rd of December 1873, at the invitation of Dean Stanley, he delivered a lecture in Westminster Abbey on the "Religions of the World," and this is the only address ever delivered by a layman within the sacred precincts of the Abbey. Freidrich Max Müller was born at Dessau, in the Duchy of Anhalt-Dessau, on the 6th of December 1823. He was the Professor of Comparative Philology at Oxford, and has been associated with that University ever since. He has published treatises on a variety of philological topics, which have done more than the labours of any other single scholar to awaken in this country a taste for the science of language.

CHURCH ENDOWMENTS.—They have devised a new method of Church endowment in Canada. It consists simply in the members of the congregation insuring their lives for the benefit of the parish. Thus, one of the worshippers at Christ Church, Winnipeg, is said to have insured his life for £500, which will be assigned at his death to the parish.

CHURCH CURIOSITIES.

THEIR STRANGE STORIES.

It is but natural that, during the long ages that have passed since the building of our oldest churches, many strange tales, founded sometimes on actual events, and often ingeniously woven out of happenings which could only have occurred in the minds of a people so superstitious as were our forefathers, should have been handed down to account for the peculiarities connected with a number of sacred edifices in this country.

One of the most remarkable of these stories deals with a curiosity of the old church at Winwick, near Warrington. On the outside of one of the church walls is carved what purports to be a pig, placed so as to be easily noticeable from the ground. The legend tells us that when the erection of the church was first commenced, a site some little distance away was chosen. One morning, however, the workmen found that their building had been pulled down and the materials deposited where the church now stands. They hauled them back and again commenced to build. Next morning they discovered that the results of their labour had once more been demolished and taken away; and so, after the game had gone on for a short time longer, a watch was set. Then the solution of the mystery was quickly arrived at. The watcher solemnly declared that in the night he saw a supernatural being, in the shape of a monstrous pig, remove the building materials from the old site to where they were seen in the morning. This, thought everyone, was a divine interposition of Providence, and the church was therefore built where it now stands, the pig being carved to perpetuate the memory of the most wonderful miracle just related.

A somewhat similar story comes from East Bergholt, in Essex. Here, the church, rather a fine building in itself, possesses no steeple, and, in the absence of a proper resting place, the bells are hung in a cage in the churchyard. It seems that when the builders began to erect the steeple, they found that the

Prince of Evil objected; he more than objected, for he pulled down at night the work that the builders had accomplished during the day, doing this three times, until at last the tower was left in ruins. Therefore a cage was erected, and in it the bells are now to be seen.



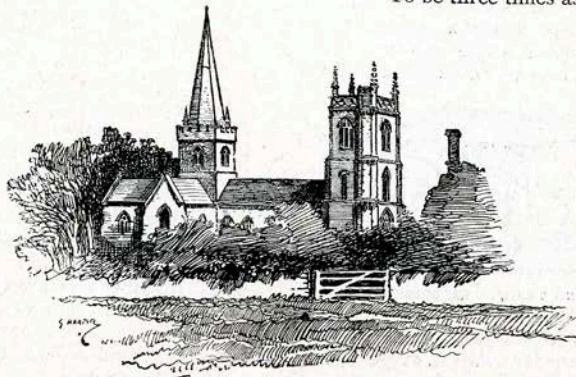
A CAGE BELFRY AT EAST BERGHOLT.

At Purton, in Wiltshire, is a church possessing a tower and a spire, a peculiarity which, curiously enough, is shared by two other churches in this country. In this case there is an amusing legend to account for the eccentricity of building. It is to the effect that the edifice was built by two sisters, who disagreed as to whether it should have a tower or a spire. Woman-like, each decided to please herself, and did so, with the result that the tower marks the west end of the building,

and the spire rises from the junction of the nave and chancel.

The "lonely church" of Pennant Mehaneg, North Wales, contains some huge bones which, the legend hath it, are those of the patron Saint, Monacella; while some carvings also exist in connection with the same personage, and an incident in her life. The story runs that a hare, being pressed by the hounds, turned for protection to Monacella, who, of course, preserved its life. Then the huntsman, who proved to be a prince, on finding the hare protected by a saint, gave Monacella a piece of land whereon to build an abbey. Southey wrote some lines anent the story, saying in regard to one of the Saint's bones that—

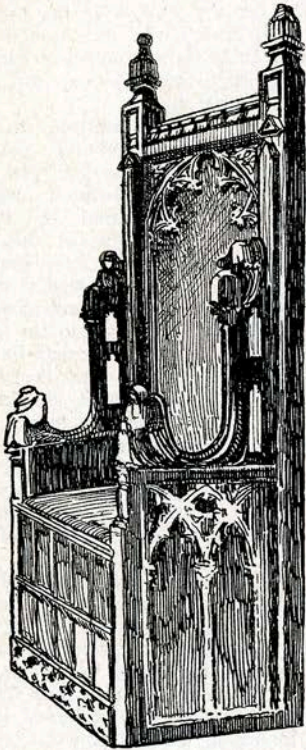
It was no use to wrangle
And tell the simple people,
That if this had been her bone
She certainly must have grown
To be three times as tall as the steeple.



CHURCH WITH TOWER AND STEEPLE.

The curious part of the church at Over-Whitacre, one of the smallest churches in Warwickshire, is its spire, which immediately attracts attention by reason of its disproportionate size. It would indeed require a much larger church to match the tower referred to. From the story it appears that the curiosity

was the outcome of jealousy. In the neighbouring village of Shustoke had just been erected a church, the spire of which was of such a high, tapering, and generally fine description as to



CHAIR IN WHICH MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS, SAT.

make the church on the opposite hill at Over-Whitacre appear almost insignificant. The inhabitants of Over-Whitacre, whose pride had hitherto been in the peal of four sound bells and a cracked one, were now wildly envious, and determined to retain their superiority in regard to their church. They sold their fine set of bells, and with the proceeds erected the spire now so noticeable. The cracked bell was kept.

Suicide is not by any means a nice subject to associate with a church curiosity; yet local tradition says that a tragedy of the kind referred



THE MILKMAID AND THE BUTLER, SOBERTON.

to happened in the churchyard at Conington, a village in Hunts, not far from St. Ives. Conington Church resembles the famous Tower of Pisa, in that it, although to a much smaller extent,

deviates from the perpendicular. In the churchyard is a tombstone embellished with cross, ladder, hammer, and nails, and erected to the memory of one Thomas Sawyer, who died some hundred and eighty years ago. Now, according to ancient folk-lore, Sawyer met his death by indulging in that process known as cutting off one's nose to spite one's face. He was engaged to repair the said steeple, and his boast was that if he could not build it perfectly straight, he would jump from the top of it. When it was finished it was seen that the steeple leaned. Sawyer forthwith climbed up to the weathercock, and jumped to the ground. He was buried a day or two later.

But Conington owns another curiosity belonging to its church. This is the chair in which Mary, Queen of Scots, is said to have sat just before her execution. It originally came from Peterborough Cathedral, and was the abbot's chair. Thence it was removed to Fotheringay Castle, where Mary was imprisoned and subsequently executed; and finally it has found a resting-place in Conington Church.

Soberton Church, in Hampshire, possesses a curiosity beyond the common run. You may seek the little village of Soberton in the district between Winchester and Southampton, on a bye-road leading over the Downs near Wickham. The church has a particularly fine tower for a county whose churches are especially poor in this respect. This tower, according to tradition, was built in the sixteenth century from the money given for that purpose by the butler and the dairymaid of the neighbouring manor house. The legend is perpetuated by an inscription on a modern brass plate fixed to the inner wall of the tower upon the completion of the restoration some ten years ago. Funds for this restoration were largely subscribed by Hampshire butlers, whose names are duly recorded. The building of the tower is alluded to by an ancient carving on its western face, under the battlements, representing a female and a male head, with a milk-pail beside one and the butler's key beside the other, and a gruesome-looking skull between.

DO IT.

If you've any task to do
Let me whisper, friend, to you,
Do it.

If you've anything to say,
True and needed, yea or nay,
Say it.

If you've anything to love,
As a blessing from above,
Love it.

If you've any debt to pay,
Rest you neither night nor day,
Pay it.

If you've anything to give,
That another's joy may live,
Give it.

If you know what torch to light,
Guiding others through the night,
Light it.

A CHURCH CURIOSITY.

THE CRYPT OF SKELETONS.

ONE of the strangest sights in rural England is the collection of skulls and bones that are stacked in the crypt of Hythe Church. The church is an exceedingly old one, and shows evidences of having been originally a Catholic cathedral, for there still exists a little niche in the wall used in the olden times for the holy water. The chancel is approached by a broad flight of steps, spanned by a beautiful arch, which has been much defaced. The pulpit is one of the finest in the country, and is decorated with panels representing Biblical subjects, their beauty consisting of the exquisite workmanship of the mosaic pictures, so minute and so beautifully coloured that, when viewed from the distance of a few yards, they have all the appearance of paintings. But the chief point of interest is the crypt containing a huge heap of human skulls and bones. The existence of these has never been satisfactorily accounted for, but it is generally supposed that they are the remains of soldiers who were killed in a great battle which took place in 843 A.D. between the Danes and the Britons, when over 30,000 were slain on the field;

and this theory is borne out by the fact that, although the bones and skulls are in a fairly good state of preservation, they show signs of having been broken and dented, evidently by axes and other implements of war.

A LITTLE learning is a dangerous thing anywhere, but especially in business. A man who knows nothing of medicine may get patients; a clergyman who knows nothing of theology may get a pulpit; but to succeed in business in this pushing competitive age, a man must know every detail of it—he must be great in little things.

HAVE YOU EVER THOUGHT

THAT one thousand millions of the human race are yet without the gospel, and could not be saved if they wanted to, because they have no means of knowing Jesus?

That every day one hundred thousand human souls are dying without the knowledge of the Lord Jesus Christ, just as really as if every morning you were to read in your paper that a city of one hundred thousand souls had been buried in some earthquake or awful calamity?

That religious selfishness is supplying one Christian worker for every fifty people in this land, and that on an average there is about one

for every two hundred and fifty thousand in heathen lands, and we are spending five hundred times as much for our own religious privileges as we give for the salvation of the world?

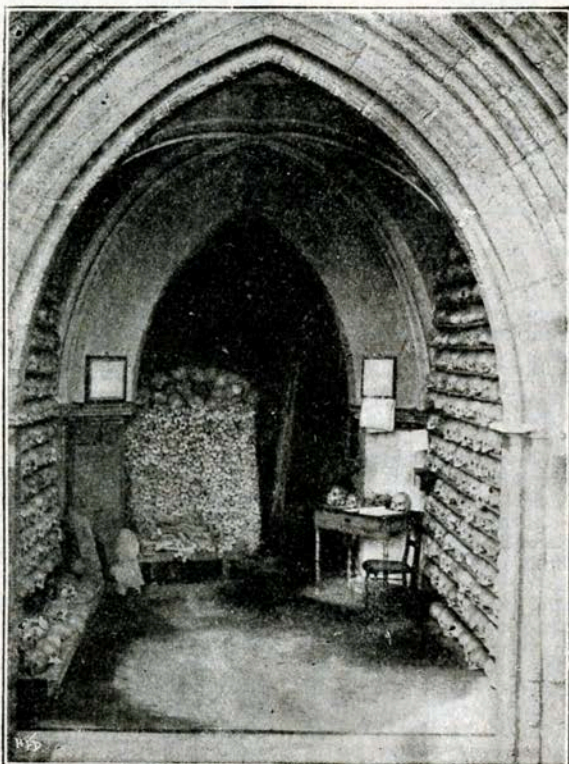
That there are whole nations yet unevangelized, including such lands as Arabia, Tibet, Nepal, the Soudan, some of the South African republics, and many hundreds of tribes in the interior of Africa, as well as many aboriginal tribes on the borders of China?

That while you are enjoying the light of civilization, the joys of a Christian home, the privileges of the Gospel, the hopes that light the deathbeds of your dear ones and

millions in Africa every year are crushed by the slave trade, thousands of the little baby girls of China are thrown to the birds and beasts of prey, innumerable child widows in India are suffering a bondage worse than death, and hundreds of millions of the women of the East are dragging out their lives in wretched bondage and degradation; and for eternity the brightest hope they have is that after their transmigration into beasts and reptiles they may at last have the happiness to be born again on earth as man?

Lift up your eyes and look on the fields. The harvest truly is great, but the labourers are few.

That God is speaking to you and calling you, and that in this great work the Lord needs thee?



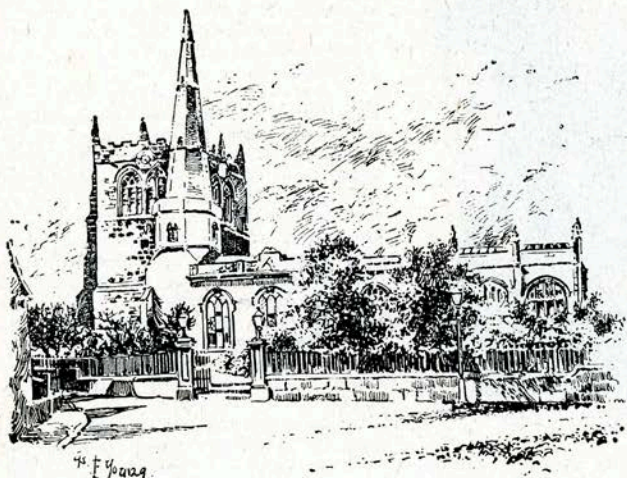
A CRYPT OF SKELETONS.

A CHURCH CURIOSITY.

OF churches without either spire or tower there are many in this country, but of such as can boast of both these architectural adornments there are exceedingly few. The parish church of Ormskirk, Lancashire, is, however, one of these few, the tower being built over the porch at the west end, and the spire (as our illustration shows) as near as possible to it.

The why and wherefore of this curiosity of architecture is wrapped in obscurity; but there is a story to the effect that when Orme—the Saxon pirate from whom the town derived its name—resolved to build a church by way of expiation for his sins, the designing of the structure caused a quarrel between his two daughters.

While one was bent on having a steeple, the other determined to have a tower, and, as neither would give way, their piratical parent could see



A CHURCH CURIOSITY.

no escape from the difficulty but to adopt both ideas, and give the edifice both tower and steeple.

This was accordingly done, and for several hundreds of years the curious have been able to gaze on the unique spectacle of a church with both tower and steeple, which is also—if the story above given be true—a lasting monument to the obstinacy of two members of the fair sex.

It may be mentioned that for upwards of 300 years Ormskirk Church has been the burial-place of the Earls of Derby, and that there lie the remains of the unfortunate Earl, James, who was beheaded at Bolton more than two centuries ago.

GOD'S BEST WORK.

A BOY of five years of age, hearing a visitor of his father's make use of the popular saying, "An honest man is the noblest work of God," made this remark upon it: "No, sir; my mamma is the best work of God."

"WE MISS YOU."

THE words came in a letter to a home-sick, discouraged girl, far from her friends, and fighting against difficulties that seemed to her almost overwhelming. "The days are lonely without you. We miss you very much."

The reader looked across at the mirror and laughed over the melancholy reflection. It was so sweet to be missed, to know that she was not forgotten, that she could afford to be brave now, and bear the day's crosses with a smile.

The people with whom she lived saw a new light in her face that night, and said, "You have heard good news to-day." And so she had.

Why do we not say them oftener—the words that are so true, which cost nothing and accomplish so much? How they go to the heart of that invalid, who has thought that everything went on exactly the same, though she was prevented from helping!

"We are lonely without you—we miss you." There is more tonic in such an assurance than in any prescription the wisest physician could write out.

"I missed you in the class to-day." Make your troublesome scholar believe that, and he will be in his place next Sunday in all probability. "We missed your voice in the hymns to-night." Try that or the little singer who sat sulkily silent throughout the prayer-meeting, and the chances are ten to one that next week her tones will ring out clear as a lark's.

There are so many kind, helpful thoughts which go to waste in this world because they are not spoken! Hearts grow sick and faint for the want of the encouragement which could be given in half-a-dozen syllables or less. "We miss you."

If the words are true, do not be afraid to speak them.

SPEECH.

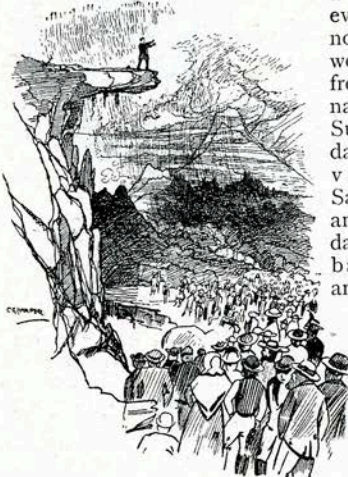
TALK happiness. The world is sad enough Without your woes. No path is wholly rough; Look for the places that are smooth and clear, And speak of those who rest the weary ear Of earth, so hurt by one continuous strain Of human discontent and grief and pain.

Talk faith. The world is better off without Your uttered ignorance and morbid doubt. If you have faith in God, or man, or self, Say so; if not, push back upon the shelf Of silence all your thoughts till faith shall come; No one will grieve because your lips are dumb.

Talk health. The dreary, never-changing tale Of mortal maladies is worn and stale. You cannot charm, or interest, or please, By harping on that minor chord, disease. Say you are well, or all is well with you, [true. And God shall hear your words and make them

AN AERIAL PULPIT.

NEAR Caston, Wirt County, West Virginia, is a huge rock known as "The Devil's Tea-Table," which hangs over high above the valley, and as the valley is surrounded by mountains, a natural amphitheatre with good acoustic properties is produced. A few weeks ago the Rev. John Bonnett,



MR. BONNETT PREACHING FROM "THE DEVIL'S TEA-TABLE."

a mountain evangelist, announced that he would preach from this rock, naming a recent Sunday as the day for the service. During Saturday night and early Sunday morning the back woodsmen and their families began gathering at the foot of the rock, and by eleven o'clock over 1,000 persons awaited the advent of the preacher, who soon

appeared on the edge of the rock, and delivered his sermon from a pulpit over 150 feet above his congregation, his text being, "On this rock I build My Church." It is said to have been the most unique service ever held in the State of West Virginia.—Though the voice of God from above is ever telling sinners to flee to Jesus for salvation, comparatively few respond to the call.

THE SANCTUARY KNOCKER.

ON the north wall of Durham Cathedral there is still to be found a curious old knocker. By its aid, in bygone years, many trembling fugitives have gained admittance and claimed safety. As soon as a fugitive was within the walls, a bell was tolled to give notification of the fact to all pursuers, and after the criminal had confessed his offence he was given a black gown, meat, drink, and a bed for thirty-seven days. It is recorded that between the years 1464 and 1524, sanctuary was afforded to no less than 247 persons.

THE KING'S RICHES.

A KING once offered a subject a very munificent present for some service. The subject said: "This is too much for me to receive." The king replied: "But it is not too much for me to give." He was rich, and gave according to his ability to give. God is very rich and very loving, and when he gives it is "according to the riches of his grace."

GOD DOESN'T BLESS EMPTY SEATS.

MR. C. H. SPURGEON once exhorted his congregation on their failure to attend the midweek prayer service, in the following characteristic manner:—

"Prayer meeting and lecture as usual on Wednesday evening in the lecture room. Dear brethren, I urge you all to attend the weekly meetings."

"Some of the 'dear brethren' deported themselves in this way: Brother A thought it looked like rain, and concluded that his family, including himself, of course, had better remain at home. On Thursday evening it was raining very hard, and the same brother hired a carriage, and took his whole family to hear a lecture on the 'Intelligence of the Lobster.'

"Brother B thought he was too tired to go, so he stayed at home and worked on the cart he had promised to make for Billy.

"Sister C thought the pavements were too slippery. It would be very dangerous for her to venture out. I saw her next morning, going down the street to get her old bonnet 'done up.' She had an old pair of stockings drawn over her shoes!

"Three-fourths of the members stayed at home. One-fourth was at the prayer meeting. The pastor was there. And God blessed them. The persons who stayed at home were each represented by a vacant seat. God doesn't bless empty seats."

HOW TO TREAT INFIDELS.

INFIDELITY is too foolish and trifling to deserve efforts at refutation. Never has a single reasonable objection come to view from sects: quibbles and quirks are their stock-in-trade. When geology came up as a study, sciolists arrayed it against the Bible. The French academy placed eighty objections against the Bible. The eminent geologist, Sir Charles Lyell, says that not one of the eighty objections proved to be true, they were founded on false theories.

TOO FRANK.

A CLERGYMAN who had been offered a suffragan bishopric went to consult Dr. Temple on the subject. He modestly began by speaking of his own deficiencies for the high office which had been offered him. "I am not a good preacher," he plaintively observed. "I know you're not," replied the bishop, "I've heard you."

A CHURCH BUILT OF CORAL.

ONE of the chief curiosities of the Isle of Mahe, one of the Seychelles Islands in the Indian Ocean, is a church built entirely of coral. All the islands are of coral growth, and the houses and public buildings are built of a species of marine coral hewn into square blocks which glisten in the sun like white marble.

REMARKABLE CHAPELS IN RURAL ENGLAND.

IN the remote by-ways of the shires there are still to be found many survivals of the rural chapels, which, in many cases, existed before parish churches. One of the most remarkable of these is the Saxon chapel at Deerhurst, in Gloucestershire, discovered by accident in August 1885. At that date there was an old timbered farmhouse, belonging to the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, undergoing restoration on the outskirts of the village. Abbot's Court—for that is its name—is, as may be seen by the accompanying illustration, an exceedingly picturesque farmstead of Elizabethan date. It happened that a local antiquary was present when the works were in progress, and his attention was drawn to the different character of the building on the right hand, whose walls were then thickly covered with plaster; the doorway and window of characteristic Saxon work, seen in the sketch, being blocked up. He suspected, from the general style of the building, that if the plaster was stripped off, an ancient domestic chapel would be discovered; but it had not been thought that this was (as it eventually proved to be) the chapel which, according to existing records, was built by Odda, a kinsman of Edward the Confessor, in 1056. A tablet, inscribed with a lengthy Latin dedication, now preserved in the



ODDA'S CHAPEL, DEERHURST.

mansion of Lainston House, is a romantic place. It has been roofless for many years. Its font lies broken, and green with moss, on the grass-grown floor, and the old ledger-stones that mark the resting-places of Dawleys and Chudleys, former lords of the manor, are broken and defaced. Here it was, a hundred and fifty years ago, that the notorious Miss Chudleigh contracted a secret bigamous marriage with Pierrepoint, afterwards Duke of Kingston. The "living" of Lainston is worth £60 per annum, and goes with that of the neighbouring village of Sparsholt, the vicar preaching here in this roofless building, once a year, to secure his £60.

There is a little chapel standing beside the Bath Road, at Thatcham, which has a singular history. It belongs to the perpendicular period, about 1400, and was originally a wayside oratory.

When the Reformation came, it fell into neglect, and seemed likely to be altogether swept away, when it was purchased by Lady Frances Winchcombe, in 1707, for ten shillings, and presented by her to a Bluecoat school which she founded in the village. It is still used for this purpose.

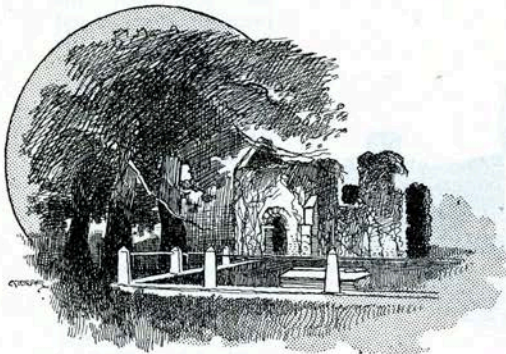
The ruined chapel of Lainston, near Winchester, embowered amid woods near the old

manor of Lainston House, is a romantic place. It has been roofless for many years. Its font lies broken, and green with moss, on the grass-grown floor, and the old ledger-stones that mark the resting-places of Dawleys and Chudleys, former lords of the manor, are broken and defaced. Here it was, a hundred and fifty years ago, that the notorious Miss Chudleigh contracted a secret bigamous marriage with Pierrepoint, afterwards Duke of Kingston. The "living" of Lainston is worth £60 per annum, and goes with that of the neighbouring village of Sparsholt, the vicar preaching here in this roofless building, once a year, to secure his £60.

A Nonconformist chapel, occupying part of a ruined abbey, is a curiosity not often met with, but such an one may be seen at Tavistock, where the abbot's chapel is now a dissenting place of worship. It is one of the oldest, used for this purpose, in the kingdom, having been given by the then Earl of Bedford to the Vicar of Tavistock, who was one of the "glorious two thousand" ejected ministers.

The old chapel in the Castle of Saint Briavels, in Gloucestershire, has fallen upon evil days; for, although in good condition, it is now used as a stable. A similar fate has overtaken the chapel of Urishay Castle, in Herefordshire.

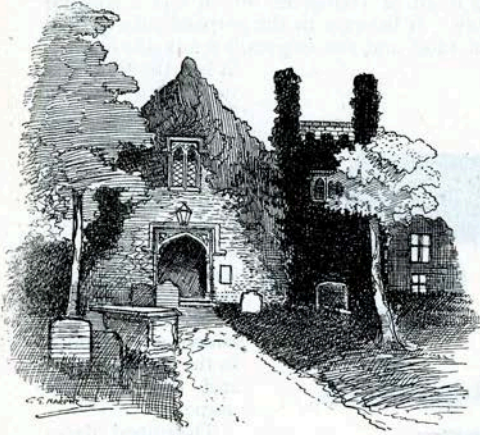
Cyclists are well acquainted with St. Catherine's Chapel, whose ruins stand on a hill beside the old Portsmouth Road, outside Guildford. It is an ancient gothic ruin, of which little is now left of any architectural interest. The Guildford and Godalming branch of the South-Western Railway pierces the sandy hill, on which the ruin stands, by a tunnel about a quarter of a mile long; and it was here that a singular accident happened in 1895, which very nearly caused the utter destruction of the chapel. Just after



LAINSTON CHAPEL.

Ashmolean Museum at Oxford, was found in a garden near here in 1675, and was considered, until this discovery was made, to refer to Deerhurst parish church. It has since been proved to belong to this Saxon chapel.

the 11.40 train had passed through the tunnel on the night of March 22nd, the crown of the arch collapsed, about midway, and a huge mass of sand and earth, estimated at 1,000 tons, poured



ABBAY CHAPEL, TAVISTOCK.

through, completely blocking the line, and bringing down with it part of a villa which, with its stables, was built on the hillside. Two horses and four carriages disappeared into the tunnel and were crushed to fragments. Some of the remaining walls of St. Catherine's Chapel were cracked, and the building itself had a narrow escape. Traffic was interrupted on the railway for over a fortnight, the trains running to one end of the tunnel and discharging their passengers, who were conveyed by omnibuses, especially brought down from London, to the other end, where, at a temporary station built below the hill and called St. Catherine's, other trains were waiting to resume the journey.

Some of the old chapels erected in mediæval times over wells, whose waters had reputed medicinal powers, yet remain, although in sadly mutilated condition. Such an one is the so-called "Virtuous Well," at Trelleck, in Monmouthshire, with a semi-circular stone seat around the spring, and the remains of an oratory, which was wrecked at the Reformation. The spot is still resorted to by country girls, who drop pebbles into the water and watch the bubbles rising; so many bubbles meaning an equal number of months before they are married, according to the local superstition. To propitiate the tutelary deity of the spot, it is customary to decorate the surrounding thorns and blackberry brambles with scraps of white rags.

Cornwall still contains numerous magical wells, each one with some few relics left of the little chapels built beside them in days of old, when every well had its hermit and its oratory. St. Cleer's Chapel is probably the most remarkable of these. It was, in common with the others, torn down at the time of the Reformation, and so remained until 1864, when it was carefully restored. This chapel is quite delightful, architecturally speaking, and surmounts the spring with an open arcade. An ancient Cornish cross stands beside it.

One of these ancient Cornish chapels was discovered some years ago on the north coast of Cornwall, after a tremendous storm which blew away some of the sand under which it had been buried for centuries. Archæologists have since excavated it thoroughly, and found it to be the original chapel of St. Piran, after whom the neighbouring village of Perranzabuloe, or Piran-in-the-Sands, is named.

STANDING STILL—WHY?

A NUMBER of merchants were seated in a railway carriage discussing serious matters. They began to wonder why the train was so long in starting. One of them looking out of the window discovered that it had gone without their carriage. They lost their train and market. Why? Because the coupling was not on.

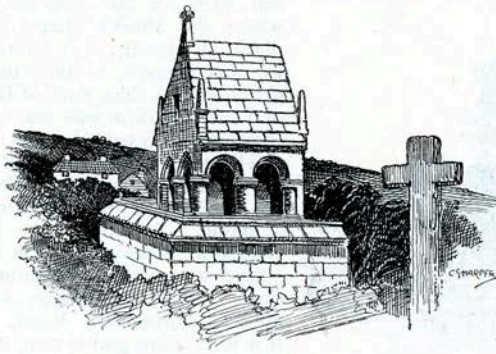
Why is it that so many people are lost eternally who appear to be on the right line of rails? Because the coupling is not on. They profess to be Christians, read their Bible, say their prayers, attend church or chapel, are interested in religious matters, and subscribe to this, that, and the other scheme, *but* they have never been linked to the Risen Christ at God's Right Hand.

NOT LOST.

A LITTLE girl had strayed from her mother's side at a meeting. The poor woman on discovering her loss told the preacher about it, and he called out the child's name, "Mary," from the platform, but no one responded. At the close of the meeting the child was found sitting in the front seat. On being asked if she had been there all the time, she replied that she had. "Then why did you not answer when your name was called?" "Oh, I wasn't lost," she said,

"I thought you meant some other Mary."

There are lots of people like this child. "We are *all* sinners," they say. But when they are asked if they are *lost* sinners they declare they are not so bad as that.



ST. CLEER CHAPEL.

QUEER RELICS IN LONDON CHURCHES.

If all the curiosities, ancient and modern, that are preserved in the thousand and one dusty and half-forgotten corners and niches which abound in our metropolitan churches, were gathered together in one room, they would constitute one of the most remarkable ecclesiastical museums on record.

In a church situated not a stone's throw from the offices of the HOME MAGAZINE, for instance, are a couple of extraordinary-looking silver utensils, not unlike large coffee-strainers or miniature cullenders. Visitors are constantly enquiring their use, and are gravely informed that they are "fly-strainers." Long years ago, it appears, they were wont to be utilised for removing any stray flies that might have found their way into the sacramental wine. As has already been intimated, they are not so used now; but whether because of the paucity of flies or the less squeamish tastes of modern communicants is unrecorded.

At St. Sepulchre's Church, Holborn, is to be viewed the small hand-bell, formerly rung by the clerk or bellman under the grim walls of Newgate on the night preceding an execution. It is a quaint object, and looks like an inverted flower-pot with a handle.

A separate article might well be written on queer stones in London churches. To mention but a few: At St. Alphege is one of the most perfect fragments extant of old London Wall; while sundry quaintly-shaped buttresses supporting the tower of Christ Church, Poplar, are affirmed to have once belonged to old London Bridge. The far-famed "London Stone," said to have been the central milestone from whence the Romans measured all distances in Britain, will be found in the wall in front of St. Swithin's Church, Cannon Street. In the western porch of the church of St. Dunstan, Stepney, is a block of reddish-brown granite, which is popularly reputed to have once formed part of the walls of Carthage.

One of the most curious of London ecclesiastical bas-reliefs is that which adorns the chancel of St. Giles, Cripplegate. It represents a female wearing a surprised look, and very little beside, stepping from a coffin. Tradition affirms that the lady in question was one Constance Whitney, a granddaughter of Sir Thomas Lucy, who was buried while in a trance, and afterwards restored to home and friends through the cupidity of a sexton in dig-

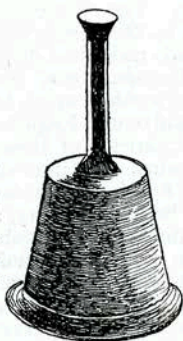
ging up the supposed corpse in order to obtain possession of a valuable ring which had been left upon her finger.

The collection of wax effigies in Westminster Abbey is exceedingly remarkable, but as they are not usually shown to ordinary visitors, few people are even aware of their existence. Protected by hermetically-sealed glass lids are a number of life-size figures of dead and gone celebrities, among them being unusually fine ones of Nelson and Queen Elizabeth. The exhibition originated in the old custom of waxen figures of great personages being borne in their funeral processions, then for a time deposited over their graves, and subsequently removed.

On the outer wall of St. Anne's, Soho, is a tablet with an inscription by Horace Walpole, eulogistic of the famous Prussian adventurer, Baron de Neuhoff, who figured for a few months as Theodore, King of Corsica. This remarkable man would have received a pauper's burial, had not a kind-hearted tailor, saying he "would for once pay the funeral expenses of a king," furnished him with more fitting obsequies.

The famous "golden tombstone" of St. Katherine's, Regent's Park, about which most people have heard, is in reality but a mural tablet, and not a very large one at that. Still, it is gold—what there is of it. Much more valuable, however, is the beautiful "beadle-staff" of St. Matthew's, with its exquisitely carved silver-gilt head representing the well-known legend of the blind beggar of Bethnal Green and his daughter. Also the seven ancient and massive tomes, preserved at St. Andrew's, Undershaft, are declared by experts to be worth very many times their weight in gold. These antique black-letter volumes have attached to them portions of thick iron chains, by which, it is said, they were formerly secured under open cages. Another very valuable church relic is the ancient parish whipping-post, which is kept stored in a vault beneath St. Martin's-in-the-Fields. The wood-carving upon this is said to be absolutely unique.

One of the most lifelike and artistic statues of Queen Elizabeth is that which crowns the east doorway of St. Dunstan's-in-the-West, Fleet Street. It was taken from the old Lud Gate, at the foot of Ludgate Hill. The ancient clock of this fine church had two wooden giants to strike the hours; but these quaint effigies were



EXECUTION BELL OF ST. SEPULCHRE.

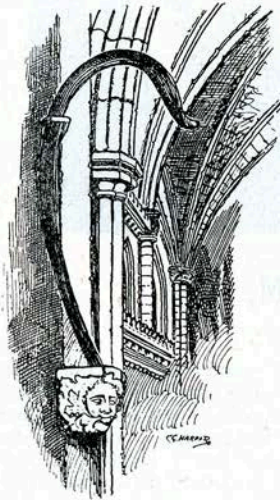


THE PEDLAR AND HIS DOG, LAMBETH.

MYSTERIOUS RELICS IN CHURCHES.

BY CHARLES G. HARPER.

IN not a few of our provincial towns, cities, or villages, there are churches which contain relics, of whose history there are only vague legends; mysterious objects handed down to us from a remote



RIB OF THE DUN COW, ST. MARY REDCLIFFE, BRISTOL.

past, of which the origin is still hotly disputed by contending antiquaries. Prominent among these is the singular object preserved in the magnificent church of St. Mary Redcliffe, Bristol, and known as the "Rib of the Dun Cow," that legendary animal who is supposed to have supplied all Bristol with milk in the long ago. She must have been a cow of heroic size, to judge from the "rib," which finds a place in the north-west angle of the north aisle of St. Mary's. This "cow," according to the legend, was slain by the redoubtable Guy, Earl of Warwick. As a matter of fact, this relic is the rib of a whale, and is supposed to have been brought home from Labrador by the great navigator, John Cabot, when North America was discovered. It occupies a place of honour against one of the pillars of the church, and is supported by a curiously-carved corbel, especially built for the purpose, in the shape of a man's head, from whose mouth a mass of Decorative foliage issues.

It is singular how widespread this "Dun Cow" legend is. It reappears at Guy's Cliffe, Warwick, and again at Dunsmore Heath and Dunchurch, near Rugby; while another reputed rib of this



CHAIR AT ST. NICHOLAS, YARMOUTH, FROM A WHALE'S BACKBONE.

mythical animal may be seen lying on an altar-tomb in the famous "crooked spire" church of Chesterfield, Derbyshire.

In the porch of the great church of St. Nicholas, Yarmouth, may be seen a curious seat, made of a

portion of the vertebra of a whale, brought home at some remote period by an old whaling captain. At Sudbury, in Suffolk, is preserved a weird relic in the shape of a skull, which for a long time was the cause of hot disputes among antiquaries. It is kept in a recess formed in the vestry wall, and is generally locked up behind an iron grating. It has now been ascertained that this is the skull of that Archbishop of Canterbury, Simon of Sudbury, who was barbarously murdered by the followers of Wat Tyler, who, finding him hiding in the Tower of London, dragged him forth and hacked off his head on Tower Hill, in the year 1381. His body lies under a magnificent tomb in the choir of Canterbury Cathedral, with a ball of lead occupying the place where the head should be. It is a curious fact that the Archbishop's dreadful death was in a manner foretold eleven years before, when, on journeying to Canterbury to attend the ceremonies of the fourth jubilee of St. Thomas a Becket, he told the immense crowds journeying to St. Thomas's shrine that the plenary indulgences which they hoped to



SKULL OF SIMON OF SUDBURY, SUDBURY CHURCH, SUFFOLK.

obtain for this pilgrimage would not avail them unless they lived godly lives. He was a man born before his time, and did not believe in the efficacy of pilgrimages to the shrine of St. Thomas of Canterbury. This was considered a dreadful thing at that time; and, on hearing the words the Archbishop spoke to the pilgrims, a Kentish knight rode up to him and told him that St. Thomas would be terribly avenged for his unbelief. Of course, when Simon of Sudbury came to so tragic an end, it was considered a judgment on him. The reason of the skull being preserved at Sudbury remains a mystery.

Another curious relic at Sudbury is the panel painting, formerly belonging to the rood screen, which represents Sir John Schorne conjuring the Devil into his boot. This was once a favourite subject for rood screens throughout the country, but only three others now remain. This example, of Tudor times, is the latest of all, and must have been executed just prior to the Reformation. It must not be supposed that "Sir" John Schorne was a knight.

He was rector of North Marston, in Buckinghamshire, in 1290, and, in common with most of

the important clergy at that time, was accorded this courtesy prefix of "Sir." He is frequently referred to in ancient documents as "Master" John Schorne, supposed to have been a native of Schorne, near Gravesend. This peculiar cleric appears to have been of gentle birth, if we may judge from the old rhyme:—

"John Schorne,
Gentleman born,
Conjured Sathanas
Into a boot."

This feat he is said to have accomplished when at North Marston, where there existed for many years a shrine to his memory and two carved figures in the chancel, supposed to represent Schorne talking to the Devil. These relics have disappeared; but North Marston still jealously preserves the memory of this wonderful rector, who also provided a miraculous well for the village which had power to cure gout and ague. This so-called Holy Well was really a spring, of strong medicinal power. "Sir John Schorne's Well" still remains, but the water now issues from a prosaic pump, and the once famous medicinal properties have well-nigh vanished. It should be said that although Schorne's Shrine was a place of pilgrimage, and although he is represented with a nimbus, he was never canonised. There is ground for belief that he was something of a charlatan, and that he kept a mechanical figure, representing the Devil in a boot, which he caused to spring up and down by some contrivance, which acted on the sides of the boot being pressed. This, of course, never occurred to the simple folks of six hundred years ago.

A singular tomb remaining in the old church of Minster, in Sheppey, has caused many theories to be advanced. This is the altar-tomb of Sir Robert de Shurland, that valiant knight who forms the central figure of the Ingoldsby Legend of "Grey Dolphin." Although, of course, much of that legend was invented by Barham, the author of the "Ingoldsby Legends," it is quite certain that there was such a person as Sir Robert de



SIR JOHN SCHORNE, SUD-BURY, SUFFOLK.

Shurland. According to Barham, he despoiled the Church of some lands, and it was predicted that his death would be caused by his horse, Grey Dolphin. Sir Robert scoffed at this, and rode Grey Dolphin into the shallow waters off Sheppey, to obtain a grant of the stolen lands from the King, who was on board ship, close to the shore. Returning, he slew the horse, to falsify the prophecy, and went his way. A year later, going down to the shore, he chanced to see the bleaching bones of the horse, and gave the skull a vicious kick. In doing so, he injured his foot; gangrene set in, and he died. And there, in Minster Church to this day, is his recumbent effigy with a quaintly-carved horse's head at his feet, represented as swimming through the waves. This, of course, serves to prove the truth of the legend.

AN ATHEIST'S SON.

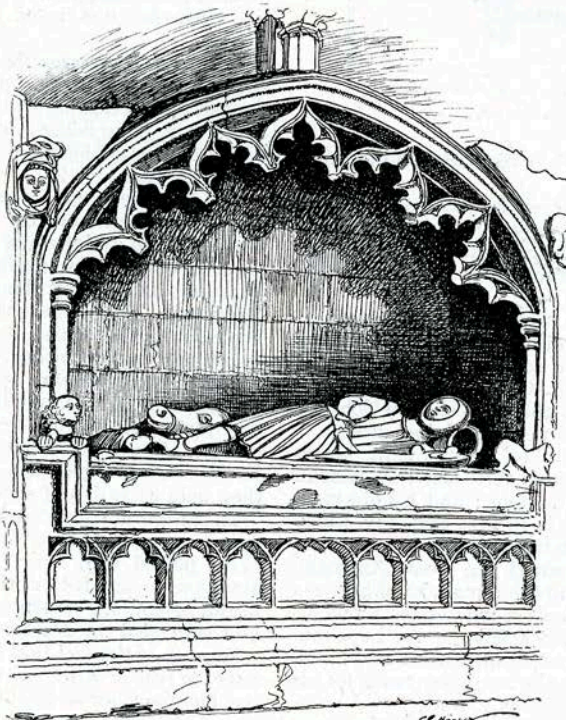
THE converted son of an atheist was discovered by his father upon his knees. With an oath the father ordered him to rise, and bade him choose between his home and his new-found religion. Without a moment's hesitation the young man chose to give up his home, but before going he asked his father to grant him one last favour.

"I will grant it, whatever it be, so that you leave my house at once," answered the father. But he was very much chagrined when the young man said—
"I want you and mother to kneel with me while I pray."

After a slight hesitation the father said, "All right, fire away."

The young man thereupon prayed with such unction and such evident love for his father and mother that the latter was bathed in tears, and the former, struggling with his emotion, said, "Stay at home, lad; we cannot let you go."

And it was not long before the parents followed in the footsteps of the son, and sought the peace that he had found.

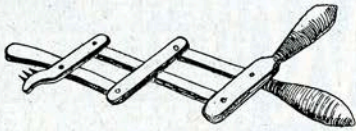


THE TOMB OF ROBERT DE SHURLAND.

SINGULAR RELICS IN OUR COUNTRY CHURCHES.

By CHARLES G. HARPER.

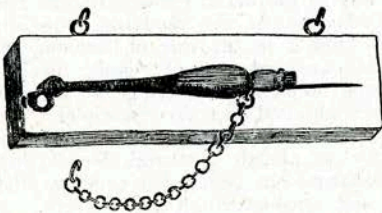
ONE of the most singular and interesting of relics in country churches as showing old-time customs now quite forgotten is to be seen in the church of Llaneilan, in the Isle of Anglesea, in the form



"DOG TONGS," LLANEILAN.

of a pair of "dog tongs." The good folks of Llaneilan must have been sorely troubled by dogs when at worship a hundred and fifty years ago, for this instrument to have been thought necessary. It is of oak, and bears the date 1748, together with the initials of the churchwardens at that period. Three sharp nails may be observed at the "business end" of the tongs, and we can vividly imagine the beadle of Llaneilan cautiously approaching a stray cur, and at arm's length seizing him round the neck with this instrument of torture.

Even more interesting is the remarkable staff

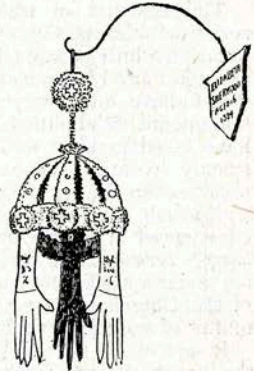


THE "DUMB BORSHOLDER."

preserved in Wateringbury church, Kent, and known as the old "Dumb Borsholder." This symbol of local law and order may be seen in the vestry, chained up for proper protection to the wall. It originally belonged to the hamlet of Pizean Well, within the neighbouring manor of Chart. This hamlet consisted of only a dozen houses with a "borsholder," or head man of the tithing, to keep order. His authority was represented by this primitive mace just as that of the Lord Mayor of London is represented by a mace of gilded silver; only, Pizean Well could not afford so elaborate a symbol, and has to be content with one of wood. When the head borsholder appeared at the annual court leet for the manor of Chart, he took his dumb namesake with him, and answered for him when his name was called out. The dumb borsholder is just a hundred and fifty years old, having been made in 1748. It was not like a

civic mace of the present day, merely an ornamental symbol, but a stout staff, three feet and a half in length, and furnished with a bayonet-like spike which was used for breaking open doors when the local authorities were resisted.

In olden times the custom of hanging funeral wreaths of paper up in churches when young persons in the parish died was a common one. It has, however, long since died out, and there are but two parish churches in England where examples of these wreaths now remain—at Matlock, in Derbyshire, and at the singularly-named village of Abbot's Arm, in Hampshire, near Andover. These so-called "wreaths" were more like crowns; and, as in the example illustrated here, they were furnished in addition with cut-paper gloves hanging downwards, each glove inscribed with particulars of the young unmarried man or woman thus commemorated.



FUNERAL GARLAND, ABBOT'S ARM.

Biddenden Church, in Kent, is the scene of a curious custom, every Easter Sunday. On that day about 1,000 small cakes of flour and water, bearing a curious stamped design showing two female figures joined together, like the Siamese twins, are given away in the churchyard. This custom commemorates twin sisters who are supposed to have lived at Biddenden about the year 1100. Their names were Eliza and Mary Chul-

hurst, and they were joined together at the hip and shoulder. Thus they lived until they had reached the age of thirty-four, when one fell ill and died. The surviving sister, so the legend goes, would not have a surgical operation performed which might have saved her life. "As we came into the world together," said she, "we will also go out of it together." She died six hours afterwards. In their will the sisters bequeathed to the churchwardens of Biddenden a sum of money for the purchase of a piece of land (now known locally as the "Bread and Cheese Land"), the rent of which was to go in local charity. The income from this source is now considerable. The villagers of Biddenden receive, in addition to a cake each on Easter Sunday, a threepenny loaf and three-quarters of a pound of cheese.



THE BIDDENDEN CAKE.

RUINED CHAPELS AND THEIR USES.

SEEN FROM MY BICYCLE.—BY EDMUND F. BALL.

The ruins of ancient chapels are to be seen scattered all over the country. Of



ST. MICHAEL'S CHAPEL, TORQUAY.

these, perhaps as nearly perfect a ruin as any is to be seen in the Chapel Hill Pleasure Grounds, Torquay. It is said to be dedicated to St. Michael, and is built upon the summit of a high, rocky eminence, and measures about 36 feet in length by nearly 24 feet in breadth. The tale runs that it was built by a shipwrecked mariner, who had a double motive for erecting it: firstly, to express his devout thankfulness for his escape, and secondly, that the lights from the windows might serve as a warning to others of the dangers of the coast. Although ruined, this ancient edifice is not totally disregarded, for on its gable end it bears a handsome cross, presented by the Marchioness of Bute. Strange to say, beyond this there is no history connected with the curious old building.

The parish of Maker, Cornwall, boasts of two ancient chapels. On the promontory above St. Julian's Well may be seen the ancient chapel of St. Michael, an old baptistery which has recently been partially restored. Also, quite handy, is the desecrated chapel of the old mansion of Inceworth (a lofty building of the Decorative Period) with a sacristy on the north side. The building now serves as a granary, and the undercroft as a stable.

Upon the summit of Lantern Hill, Ilfracombe—a rock which rises over 100 feet above the sea—is an old chapel which has been formed into a lighthouse, and is still used as such.

At Aberystwith, South Wales, the old chapel there has done duty as a theatre. A few years ago, however, it was taken over by the Catholics, who quickly adapted it to its original use.

Another chapel which has served as a similar place of amusement is that of St. Nicholas, West Looe. This was also for some time the Town Hall. It has, however, been restored and reconsecrated to its sacred character.

Charmouth Chapel, Dorset, which is famous for its having been used in the Civil Wars, has been converted into a public-house.

Damorey Court, near Dorchester, is now a farmhouse, and the chapel attached (Early English style, and dedicated to St. Leonard) is used as a barn.

St. John's Chapel at Bodinnick Ferry, Cornwall, is now used as an outhouse for farm purposes. Its ivy-clad turret, Gothic doorway, and mullioned windows still remain, while the wagon-roof, carved bosses, and piscina may be seen within.

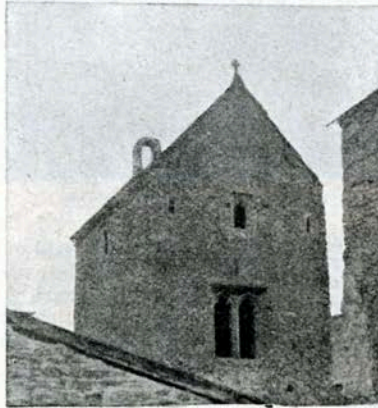
The chapel of St. Nicholas, which stands upon a promontory at St. Ives, has been turned into a residence. A similar use appears to have been put to the like erection at Mawgan, Cornwall.

Near Swanage, upon the summit of a cliff, stands St. Aldhelm's Chapel. It is built strongly of stone and stoutly buttressed. The roof rests upon a central column, which throws out four intersecting arches. Here, tradition says, in olden times a monk nightly lit his lamp as a warning beacon, and chanted masses for the safety of sailors who were driven near the rocky shore. They, in turn, were expected to leave at the first port they touched a gratuity towards his support. The chantry is now used as a

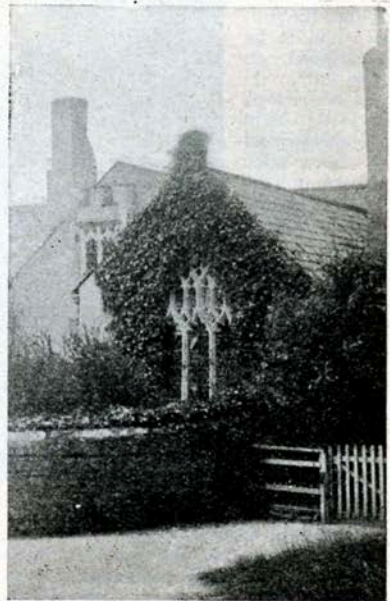
look-out by the coastguards, who render material aid in times of distress.

The monks' chapel at Ilsham Grange, Torquay, stands in the centre of the farmyard. The structure, it will be seen, is outwardly in good condition. The roof is modern, but its old belfry is in keeping with the design of the building.

In the midst of Bradley woods, near Newton Abbot, stands old Bradley house, a fine specimen of the ancient fortified mansion. The chapel here is of the style of Henry VI.'s reign, and is separated from the



RUINED CHAPEL AT ILSHAM GRANGE.



OLD BRADLEY HOUSE CHAPEL, NEWTON ABBOT.

great hall by an ingeniously carved partition of oak. It is no longer used for religious worship, but is furnished as an ordinary living-room. In the western wall is retained the confessional, and the ceiling is adorned with the Arms of Bushel, Courtenay, Ferrers, De Englishville, and Bishop Lacy.

Of the chapels connected with our old castles, perhaps that of Compton Castle, South Devon, is as interesting as any. It is situated north of the main entrance, and retains a hagioscope and piscina. The exterior is in a good state of preservation, but parts of the interior take some finding. It is nearly square in shape, and shows a fine window. The priests' chambers were built above, but the floors have long since fallen in.

The building was erected in the early part of the 15th century by Maurice de la Pole.

Of Torridge Castle, Devon, erected by Richard de Redvers or Merton in 1340, the only remains is a portion of the chapel. This was converted into a school in 1781.

Within the yard of the Parish Church at Buckfastleigh, Devon, may be seen among the monuments the ruins of an early chapel that was never finished, and which, tradition says, the devil is responsible for its incomplete state. The story runs, that a building to a similar end was intended to be erected in the town, but that His Satanic Majesty

destroyed each day's work in the night time, so that the project had to be abandoned on that site. It was afterwards decided to build a chapel beyond the town upon the summit of a hill evidently with the idea of getting out of the wicked one's reach; but this time they signally failed. At a later period, the religious feeling being so strong in Buckfastleigh (and the townsmen having heard that the Devil died at North

Lew with the cold), they again commenced erecting a religious building, and met with the success that the present well-built little church shows. It may be added that the present edifice is reached from the town by a series of 150 or 160 steps.

REPAYING HOSPITALITY.

IN Spurgeon's autobiography there is an interesting instance of the quickness, readiness, and energy which characterised his mind and his actions.

During his first year in London, Spurgeon was invited to preach at Tring. The clergyman there, a worthy man whose stipend amounted to only about fifteen shillings a week, invited him to tea at his house. While they sat in his humble home the eminent preacher's conscience smote him because his good deacon and himself were consuming some of the scanty store of provisions, and he began to think of some plan by which they could repay the clergyman for his hospitality.

Noting that his friend was wearing an alpaca coat which was very shiny and in places so worn that he could see through it, Spurgeon hit upon his plan. So at the end of the evening

service he said to the congregation :

"Now, dear friends, I have preached to you as well as I could, and you know what our Saviour said to His disciples, 'Freely ye have received, freely give.' I don't want anything from you for

myself, but the minister of this chapel looks to me as though he would not object to a new suit of clothes."

Spurgeon then pointed down to his deacon and said :

"Father Olney, down there, I am sure will start the collection with half a sovereign."

Father Olney at once nodded his head to confirm this statement.

"I will gladly give the same amount, and if you all help as much as you can, our brother will soon have a new suit, and a good one, too."

The collection was made; it realised a very fair sum, and the minister was provided with a suit.



OLD CHAPEL AT COMPTON CASTLE.



CHAPEL RUINS AT BUCKFASTLEIGH.

INTERESTING CHURCHES.



AMONG churches to which some peculiar interest is attached there are few more remarkable than one in the suburbs of Chicago which was raised in a single day.

On Friday evening the site which it occupies was empty. On Saturday, as the sun was rising, hundreds of men set to work with a will to prepare the non-existent church for service on Sunday. By sunset the church, with seating accommodation for 3,000 people, was built, with the exception of windows, doors, and electric light apparatus. By midnight it was complete, and on the following morning it was crowded with an enthusiastic congregation.

An interesting story is told in connection with the church of SS. Peter and Paul, at Ormskirk, in Lancashire. Many hundred years ago a pirate of the name of Orme, who had for years been the scourge of the Welsh coast, retired from his profession, and, as a tardy act of piety, determined to build a church out of his ill-gotten hoard. The execution of this benevolent idea was entrusted to his two daughters who could not, however, agree as to the design of the church.

One daughter was in favour of a tower, and the other was equally decided to build a spire. The solution of their disagreement was at last found in erecting both tower and spire and there the two stand to-day in incongruous juxtaposition, as a monument of the pirate's penitence and his daughters' disagreement.

There is another church in Georgia which is the outcome of one man's effort; but the spirit in which it was built was as noble as that of the pirate's was mean. The builder of the Georgia church is Andrew Bonner, a coloured labourer whose life-long ambition has been to build a church which he could offer to God's service as absolutely his own. Year by year he has saved what he could from his poor wages, often at the expense of insufficient food and clothing for himself.

He has slowly accumulated his building materials, glad if in one week he could purchase a few logs or nails; and two years ago he was at last ready to commence work.

For twenty-four months he toiled incessantly at his self-imposed task, and now the last nail is driven, and Andrew's life-dream is realized.

DEEP streams move with silent majesty, shallow brooks babble over every tiny stone.

* * *

EVERY now and then a man's mind is stretched by a new idea or sensation, and never shrinks back to its former dimensions.

"JACK-SMITE-THE-CLOCK."

A CURIOUS FIGURE IN A SUFFOLK CHURCH.

ONE of the most interesting objects in Southwold, a quiet seaside town some ten miles south of Lowestoft, is the fine old parish church, around which the smaller buildings of the town seem to nestle for protection against the fierce winds that in winter time whirl round this exposed fishing town.

The accompanying illustration represents a carved figure known as "Jack" or "Jack-smite-the-Clock," which is perhaps the most interesting object in the church. This very curious figure in armour bears in its left hand a long wooden sword, and with the right hand which works automatically, strikes the bell lying near at hand with a heavy metal axe.

In past times this curious object stood on a large bracket at the west end of the edifice. At that time it was connected with the works of the clock, which is situated in the tower, and used to strike the hours within the church.

When, however, a gallery was added to the church "Jack-smite-the-Clock" had to be removed, and owing to the commotion caused by its striking during the hours of service it was dis-



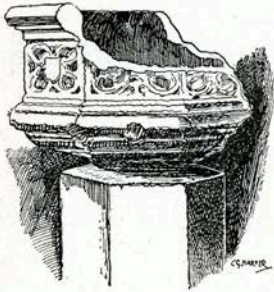
Photo by] JACK-SMITE-THE-CLOCK. [Martin, Southwold.

connected from the clock, and now only serves to warn the congregation of the entrance of the clergy. Just as the service is about to begin, the right arm of the figure, which is actuated by a wire, moves clumsily upwards and then drops, striking the bell with the axe as it does so.

SOME QUAIN FONTS AND THEIR STRANGE HISTORIES.

BY CHARLES G. HARPER.

THE odd histories and strange vicissitudes that have overtaken some of our ancient fonts are worth recounting. Varied as have been the fortunes of many of the ecclesiastical buildings in which they are to be found, their own story is still more engrossing. There is, for instance, a very ancient font indeed now to be seen in Deerhurst church, in Gloucestershire.



FONT AT WHICH SHAKESPEARE WAS BAPTISED.

It stood for many years in a farmyard at Deerhurst, and would proba-

bly have remained there to this day, had it not been for the Dean of Westminster, who in 1843 noticed it, and rescued it from the degradation into which it had fallen.

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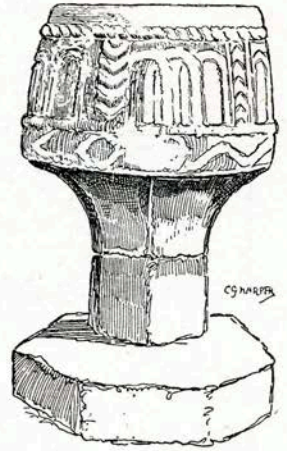
The old font of Holy Trinity Church, Stratford-on-Avon, is peculiarly interesting, because it is the one at which Shakespeare was baptized, April 26th, 1564. The official record of the baptism may yet be seen in the register. The future dramatist is referred to as "Gulielmus filius Johannes Shakspere." This interesting relic, which by the style of its panelled bowl is seen to belong to the Perpendicular period of architecture, was brutally treated at the restoration of the church in 1840, being removed and made to do duty as a bason under a pump. A more enlightened age has restored it to the church, where it is still to be seen, although



FONT AT DEERHURST.

sadly mutilated. The oldest font in England stands, appropriately enough, in the oldest church. This is the venerable St. Martin's, at Canterbury. It is a singular object, somewhat resembling a milk-churn in

shape, and is covered with a characteristically Saxon arcaded design, and with interlacing rings, all considerably battered and defaced. The font of Middleton Stoney Church, in Oxfordshire, has had many strange changes. At some unmentioned time it was turned out of the church, and eventually found its way into a farm garden, and the use this unfortunate font



BOTLEY FONT.

was put to was as a feeding trough for turkeys. Lady Jersey saw the font, and begged it of the farmer, who gave it up readily enough. She then presented it to the church from which it had been missing so long.

Taddington Church, in Derbyshire, has also been despoiled of its font, and the bowl of it may be seen built into the wall of a neighbouring public-house, where it serves the menial office of a sink.

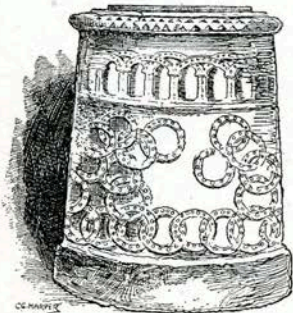
Botley Church, in the neighbourhood of Southampton, has recovered its long-lost font, which, after having disappeared for some two hundred years, was accidentally dredged up from the bed of the River Hamble and restored to its proper place.

The weirdest of all fonts is, doubtless, that of Kilpeck Church, in Herefordshire. It is of the Norman period, and, al-

though rudely carved, is distinct enough to show the lower half of a semi-human figure, with great clumsy hands clasped in front, and a something—perhaps intended to represent the legendary "Worm" or snake that is said to have ravaged the neighbouring Golden Valley in ancient days—curled round the legs.



KILPECK FONT.



SAXON FONT, ST. MARTIN'S, CANTERBURY.