

"Think not that strength lies in the big round word,
 Or that the brief and plain must needs be weak;
 To whom can this be true who once has heard
 The cry for help—the words that all men speak
 When want, or woe, or fear is in the throat,
 So that each word is gasped out like a shriek
 Pressed from the heart, or as a strange, wild note,
 Sung by some fay or fiend! There is a strength
 Which dies if stretched too far, or spun too fine,
 Which has more height than breadth, more depth than
 length.
 Let but this force of thought and speech be mine,
 And he that will may take the sleek, fat phrase
 Which glows and burns not, though it gleam and shine;
 Light but not heat, a flash without a blaze.

Nor is it nought but strength the short word boasts;
 It serves for more than wind or storm can tell,
 Or roar of waves that dash on rock bound coasts;
 The crash of tall trees when the wild winds swell;
 The roar of guns; the groans of men that die
 On blood stained fields. It has a voice as well
 For them that far off on their sick beds lie;
 For them that weep, for them that mourn the
 dead,
 For them that dance, and laugh, and clap the hand
 To Joy's quick step, as well as Grief's sad tread;
 The sweet, plain words we learn at first keep time,
 And though the theme be sad, or gay, or grand,
 With each, with all, these may be made to chime,
 In thought, or speech, or song, or prose, or rhyme.

LYCH - GATES.



WEST WICKHAM.

A LYCH - GATE, or lich-gate, is a gateway, covered with a roof, giving access to a churchyard. In Wales, many, if not most, of the churchyards in which the little old grey churches stand so serenely at the foot of the immutable mountains, or on the borders of the lakes, or on the shores of the great grey sea, are entered through lych-gates. Some of these are ancient; some of them are modern; but the idea of their use and appropriateness, if not necessity, is general. Curiously, although occasionally to be met with in the English counties, they are much

rarer with us. However, since the gradual reception of the idea of the power of structural fitness to quicken religious feelings, among other means to the same end, attention has been turned to this proper and picturesque addition to the ordinary features of a churchyard, and several have been erected in various parts of the kingdom. In one instance, in a village in Northumberland, the promoters of the formation of a new cemetery, not desiring the usual chapels on their ground, have built a large lych-gate at the entrance to it, where the mourners can rest and re-arrange their procession conveniently and under shelter. This is at Embleton, the birthplace of Duns Scotus, the great theological disputant in the



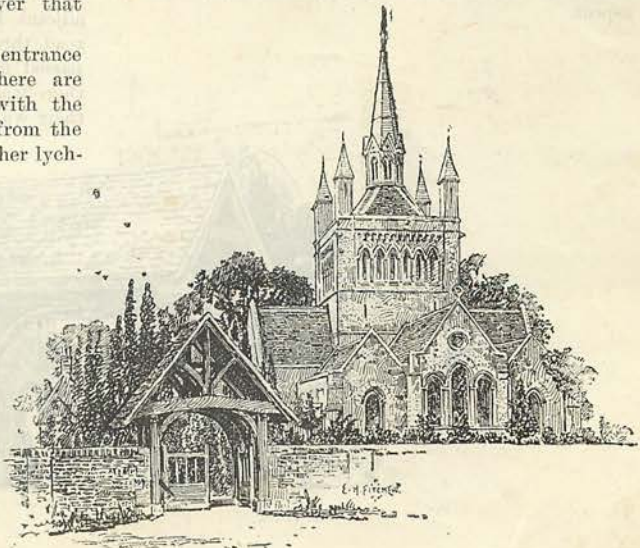
BECKENHAM.

thirteenth century, the place where stands Dunstanborough Castle, so gallantly defended in the wars of the Red and White roses. There is a fine old church there, very solemn, though gracious-looking, well calculated to excite piety in the minds of those who regard it, as though the old builders had done their best to leave a lasting heritage of incentive; but the churchyard required extension, and the cemetery in question was made to answer that purpose.

There is a new lych-gate at the yew-lined entrance of Morpeth churchyard, dated 1861. There are seats in it, and a memorial inscription, with the text, "Awake, thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light." Another lych-gate has been erected not very long ago, at Clifton Hampden. Another, among others, near Preston, quite recently. There is another to the churchyard of the new church of St. Chad, Hopwas, in Staffordshire. And the good Prince Consort caused an open timber lych-gate to be placed at the entrance of Whippingham churchyard, in the Isle of Wight. This is constructed of East Indian teak, and is built on a stone foundation. The gable end of it faces the road. In the more recent Hopwas example the slanting face of the roof is placed cross-ways, to stretch across the road, and the gables, therefore, are at the sides of it.

But the lych-gates we are about to

mention specially are the ancient examples left us by those who gave their best and did their best in the days of old. They have stood through all the seasons, in deep snow, with biting blasts, and fierce, hot sunshine alike, just as their builders left them; just as when these were carried through them to their resting-place, and their children and grand-children were



WHIPPINGHAM.

carried thither likewise; and just as the grandchildren of these last found them and associated them all their lives long with every thought of their village churches, and left them at last for those who were to



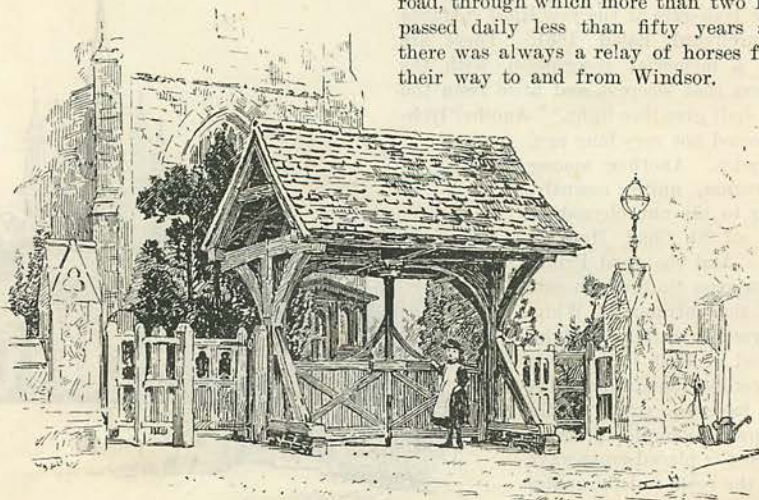
HARROW.

come after them. More than three hundred times these ancient gates have seen successive groups of village folk pass through, wishing each other a right merry Christmas, and commenting upon the events of the day. They have seen stately dames wearing farthingales, stomachers, and ruffs; wives with broad beavers and falling bands; women in sacques, hoops, and high-heeled, red-heeled shoes, as reign after reign has passed; men in doublets and trunk hose, in bombards, in knee-breeches, with buckles in their shoes, as the Tudors and Stuarts passed away, and the Hanoverian succession was established. Wind-swept and sun-baked all these years, they have gradually acquired a very venerable and wistful aspect.

There is an interesting example at Beckenham, in Kent, the pleasant village in which Anthony Rawlis built an almshouse for three poor widows in 1693. The church steeple attracts our steps to the sacred edifice, and at the entrance to the churchyard, which has an air of freshness and forestry, stands an ancient lych-gate. It is made of roughly-wrought oak. A sturdy tie-beam stretches across the opening, upheld by a strong post at either end of it. From these oaken posts, or pillars, branch out arched struts, which carry the necessary supports for the rafters of the roof and the eaves. The actual opening to pass through is made into a shoulder-headed outline by a corbel on either side springing from the pillars mentioned. Additional sturdiness is obtained by two sets of struts that rise from the stone footing to the main horizontal beam. The slant-faced roof is hipped on four sides, and finished with a raised saddle-backed ridge. A five-barred gate, opening in the centre, is hung from the strong upright timbers that carry the main beam. We may be sure we see it just as Anthony Rawlis saw it, when, with his compassionate heart full of thoughts for the three poor widows, he built the almshouse for their shelter mentioned above.

There is another lych-gate, or corpse-gate, about four miles from Croydon, at West Wickham. The church and churchyard are about a mile from the village, on the opposite hill. The roof over this gate is also four-sided, but it is plain, or without the saddle-backed ridge that makes the Beckenham example so picturesque; and down the four angles are lines of tiled ridgings. It is also constructed of roughly-hewn oak beams resting on oaken wall-plates, and has the same oaken corbels, and is hung with a six-barred gate opening in the centre.

At Heston, in Middlesex, is an example of a different form. It has a two-sided roof, and is furnished with a central post for the gate, that moves as on a pivot. But it is also made of roughly-hewn timber placed on strong stone footings on which are laid oaken wall-plates. Heston, it will be remembered, adjoins Hounslow, so famous in the annals of the road, through which more than two hundred coaches passed daily less than fifty years ago, and where there was always a relay of horses for the kings on their way to and from Windsor.



HESTON, MIDDLESEX.

There is a small lych-gate, too, at Harrow, not, however, hoary and mellow like these, though it may have replaced one as ancient. The spire of Harrow Church is seen from so many points of view for so many miles in the north and north-west boundaries of the metropolis, that we need scarcely mention this world-known edifice stands on the summit of a hill. Those who visit it (and who does not who can!) climb and climb, past the famous school, the old houses of the "Sir Charles Grandison" period, and the older houses of the "Battle of the Books" period, and the shops and the new villas of to-day, and at last arrive at this gate, whence they pass into the churchyard, and among the tombstones Byron has invested with so much interest; from which height they look down upon a prospect they are not likely to forget.

As mention has been made of Welsh examples, one should be given. There is one, deserted and forlorn, between the edge of some low-lying marshes and the verge of the sea, near Pensarn, in Merionethshire. This is built of stone, and has the appearance of a detached porch at the entrance to the churchyard. The church is floorless, and otherwise in ruins, and the windows are glassless, for service is no longer held in the fabric, and "the wind's clarion and the water's chime" are the only notes that now greet the ear there. Less melancholy, however, is another stone-built example at Llanbedr, about a couple of miles nearer to the bordering mountains, where, used and cared for, it covers the entrance to the churchyard from the village, and forms a fit shelter for Christian mourners.

S. W.

"THAT IMPUDENT RUTH."

A STORY IN ONE CHAPTER.



MISS GOLIGHTLY and Miss Heloise Golightly invariably had boiled eggs with their breakfast.

If it were not for this important fact my story could never have been written.

Charlotte had always boiled the eggs exactly as they should be done. But

then Charlotte had lived with the Misses Golightly fifteen years. Of course she had had experience. She knew, to the second, how her mistresses liked the eggs done. But Charlotte had had the stupidity—I might say the audacity—to get married. "At her time of life too!" as Miss Golightly said; "one would have supposed a woman of her sense might have known better; but servants never do know when they are well off." Notwithstanding wise counsel she had persisted in her own foolish way, and now Ruth reigned in her stead.

Ruth was young; indeed, Miss Golightly found her too young, and also somewhat flighty. Her flightiness showed itself chiefly in her caps, which had an aspect of jauntiness and smartness quite in contrast with the oval-shaped crocheted mats which had adorned the head of Charlotte.

Poor Miss Golightly! She was housekeeper, being older by three years than Miss Heloise. Miss Heloise did not know of the trials of housekeeping or of servants. No doubt this accounted for the fact that she was inclined to be lenient towards Ruth's delinquencies—far too lenient, so Miss Golightly said.

But the eggs; *they were the point!*

It was at breakfast most especially that Charlotte's ingratitude became apparent, for it was then that Ruth's short-comings were most felt. Ruth could not, or perhaps would not, boil the eggs right. On Tuesday morning they were just a little too soft.

"It's a very sad thing, Heloise, my dear," sighed Miss Golightly, "that at our time of life we cannot get even an egg boiled aright; and after all these years, too, when Charlotte has done them properly."

Miss Heloise replied with diffidence. She said, "Don't you think, sister, that as we've had them done right for so long, we ought to—to—well, be a little patient with Ruth? She's younger than Charlotte, you know; she hasn't had such experience."

"Experience, Heloise?" exclaimed Miss Golightly; "experience?—fiddle-de-dee! It doesn't require experience to boil eggs; it requires obedience to her mistress. I've told her, over and over again, *just three minutes and a half—no more, no less.*"

Then Miss Golightly got up from the table to give the cat her milk. Wednesday morning came, and with it the invariable eggs. Miss Heloise dared not take the top off her egg; but with a dexterous hand Miss Golightly decapitated hers. As she did so half of it ran trickling down the side of the egg-cup and floated about the plate.

"The same thing over again!" exclaimed Miss Golightly. "You must ring the bell, Heloise, my dear." Then the old lady proceeded to put salt on the egg, and to replace the top.

The maid appeared at the door.

"Ruth," said her mistress sternly, "if I have to complain of the eggs much oftener, you must leave our service. It's impertinence to bring them in like this—nothing less than impertinence. If you don't choose to go by the kitchen-clock, what is to be done? Eggs at eight a shilling, as they are now! Think of the waste! It is disgraceful of you to behave in this way. Here, take them out, and boil them one minute more; and mind that you hold mine upright in the water with a spoon!"

Ruth hurried out of the room, and the two old ladies sat sipping their tea and waiting for the return of the eggs.

"I am quite sure the girl must do it to annoy us!"