

### GREAT AND VENERABLE ABBEY

THE CITY OF WESTMINSTER WAS SO CREATED BY ROYAL CHARTER, 1900.

It Covers an Area of Four Square Miles and has a Population of 200,000, Which Does Not Indicate Crowding—Municipal "City of London" Covers One Square Mile.

Westminster Abbey: From "London Town Past and Present," Cassell & Co.

The City of Westminster, which covers an area of four square miles, was so created by Royal Charter in 1900, albeit for a brief period during Henry the Eighth's reign it was a "City" by right. When Edward VI dissolved the bishopric, it remained a "city" by courtesy only until the end of the 19th century. It contains besides the Abbey, St. James's Palace, Buckingham Palace, the House of Parliament and offices of the Government, the Royal Palace of Justice, the new Roman Catholic Cathedral of Westminster, four of the Royal Parks, the chief clubs and innumerable mansions. It has eleven parishes and a population of about 200,000 which does not indicate crowding. The municipal "City of London" adjoining covers but one square mile.

The beginnings of the great and venerable abbey which became the British Valhalla, are shrouded in legend. A king of the second century is said to have built a Christian church here on the site of a heathen temple. The Norman monks of the eleventh century, according to the "historical methods" of that remote day, contrived interesting records, among them the legend of Eddic the fisherman and the salmon. We are getting nearer history when we come to Edward the Confessor and the story of his rebuilding the monastery and church of St. Peter in Norman architecture. His was the first royal funeral in the Abbey. For when it was ready for consecration he was on his death bed; and his wife, the Lady Editha (the royals consorts were not then called queens) had to take the King's place. By his own request the Confessor was there buried, and immediately after was the first coronation in the Minster. Less than a year and William the Conqueror, the "haughty Norman" was crowned—the most dramatic of all the coronations which either Edward's Abbey or its successor has ever witnessed.

It is interesting to learn that to make room for the Henry VII chapel, among the houses demolished was one in which Chaucer spent the last year of his life, exactly a century before. The poet had received an extra pension of £36 and on Christmas Eve, 1399, he leased for fifty-three years a house in the garden of Henry the Third's Lady Chapel. But he died before the first year of his lease ended.

In the vicissitudes of the Abbey's history we find the origin of the familiar phrase "robbing Peter to pay Paul." During a time of spoliation the proceeds of the sale of Abbey lands was devoted to repairs on St. Paul's Cathedral. Another common phrase, born in the Abbey, is "Queen's Weather." When Victoria was kneeling before the Archbishop as he placed the crown on her head, "a ray of sunshine fell upon her, making as it played upon the diamonds in the crown, a halo." The coronation of James I (1603), son of Mary Queen of Scots, marks the first Anglican ceremony in crowning a British sovereign. His Queen (Anne of Denmark), refused the sacrament on the plea that "she had already changed her religion once—the Lutheran for the Presbyterian."

The learned and famous Lancelot Andrewes (one of Dr. Whyte's heroes) was a Dean of Westminster before he became a bishop. Archbishop Trench, to whom the church universal owes beautiful hymns, was the first dean to hold services in the nave (Dec. 3, 1859). Stanley was the great Dean and beloved; and during his tenure (1864 to 1881) Westminster Abbey came into its own again in the nation's life—"not merely as the great Temple of Silence and Reconciliation, which it had long been, but also as the church, where all sections of Anglicans might feel themselves at home, and where even the voices of the leaders of Nonconformity might be heard, for though they and the distinguished laymen might not preach from the pulpit, they were allowed to lecture in the nave." Another innovation which the Church of the nation owes to Dean Church was the performance of Bach's Passion Music, which was sung in the nave for the first time, with orchestral accompaniment, on the 6th of April, 1871. Dean Stanley also effected the restoration of the Chapter House and the front of the north transept, which he did not live to see completed. He died in 1881 and, with his wife, Lady Augusta Stanley, is buried in Henry VIII's chapel.

Dean Stanley was a favorite at court. He was chaplain to the Prince of Wales, whom he accompanied on his Oriental tour. He officiated at the English marriage of the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, and it was in his house that the Queen received her husband's life of Arnold of Rugby is his outstanding contribution to English Literature, his "Historical Memorials of Westminster Abbey" remains his most charming volume. He described the education of George, the first of the Hanoverians and who had neither courtesy nor grace enough to learn the language of his future subjects. "The ceremonies had to be explained by the minister who could not speak German, to the King who could not speak English, in Latin which they must both have spoken very imperfectly." A wag remarked that the result was "bad language."

The last sovereign to be buried in the Abbey was George VI. Mary Queen of Scots lies in the same vault with that gay swashbuckler, Prince Rupert and three children of Charles the First. Thomas Fuller tells of the death bed of one of these royal children, four years old: "Being minded by those about her to call God even when the pangs of death were upon her, 'I am not able,' said she, 'to say my long prayer (the Lord's prayer), but I will say my short one, Lighten mine eyes, O Lord, lest I sleep the sleep of death.' This done, the little lamb gave up the ghost." Mary's enemy, Queen Elizabeth, lies in a vault in the same chapel.

No more splendid funeral ever took place in the Abbey than Cromwell's, which cost £60,000. Under Cromwell and the Puritans, the Abbey became nationalized and so fared better than St. Paul's Cathedral and so many other monuments of architecture. For some time a Presbyterian congregation worshipped there, but when the breach between Presbyterians and Independents became acute, the Independents, who had held services in the House of Lords, supplanted them. Cromwell buried his son-in-law, his mother, his sister and his favorite daughter in Henry VIII's chapel. The story of Charles II's revenge upon

the body of Cromwell is familiar to every school child—and upon all Puritans buried there save six who were overlooked.

How it happened that Addison is buried in Henry VIII's chapel is not told, but there his dust lies. In the north aisle of the nave "rare Ben Jonson" was entombed in a standing position, various traditions accounting for the strange posture. One has it that, dying in poverty he begged of Charles I "eighteen inches of square ground in the Abbey." Another story is that when the Dean suggested the Poets' Corner, Jonson said: "I am too poor for that, and nobody will lay out funeral charges for me. No, sir, six feet long by two feet wide is too much for me; two feet by two feet will do for what I want." And the Dean promised. That it was so has been proved by a gruesome enough story. When the adjacent floor was opened in 1793 for another interment, the skull and some red hair was seen; and again in 1849, when another grave was dug there were seen the leg bones fixed upright and the skull came rolling down the stair from a position above the leg bones to the bottom of the newly made grave. There was still hair upon it, and of a red color. "Surely cremation ought to be the law for interment in any national valhalla. Such stories as these make us think of the great Minster as a huge charnel-house."

In the Poet's Corner lie the bones of many of England's eminent men from Chaucer down to Browning and Tennyson, who lie side by side. Among them are Drayton, Spenser, Dryden, Cowley, Campbell and Gay. Garrick and Henry Irving lie at the foot of the Shakespearean statue. The western part of the south transept is the "historical aisle." Johnson, Macaulay and Bishop Thirlwall lie there. Close to Johnson's grave is that of Dickens and nearby is that of Handel, whose tomb we would rather expect to find in the Poet's Corner. Here is a bust of Ruskin, whose body also would have found its last resting place among the great, had he, himself, not willed that he should be buried wherever he might happen, to die.

The north transept is known as the "Statesmen's Aisle." Since Pitt's, Gladstone's was the first state funeral in the Abbey. In his great biography, Morley tells how "foreign sovereigns sent their representatives, the Speaker of the House of Commons was there in state, and those were there who had done stout battle against him for long years; those also who had sat with him in council and stood by him in frowning hours. Even men most averse to all pomp and shows on the occasions and scenes that declare so audibly their nothingness, here were only conscious of a deep and moving simplicity, befitting a great citizen now laid among the kings and heroes."

In the south choir aisle are monuments to Watts and the two Wesleys; in the north choir aisle the memorials are to great musicians, as Sterndale, Bennett and Balfe. The monuments and graves of the nave include Newton and Darwin, Herschell and Lyell; Lord Clyde, Sir James Outram and Lord Lawrence, three heroes of Britain's Indian Empire. In the centre of the nave lies David Livingstone, more than whom no greater hero ever lived, who was followed by romantic adventure almost unique in history. His body carried by devoted native disciples across Africa through hostile savage tribes and other perils to the coast, whence it was sent to England, is a familiar story.

Within later years history has been made in the Abbey, but it is all fresh in our minds. The story of its building throughout the centuries, and the description of its various parts—the nave, with aisles, the choir, the transepts, the various chapels, the Jerusalem Chamber, the Chapter House and Cloisters, and the monuments all together make up two very compact numbers in this popular edition of "London Town, Past and Present."

#### Race Prejudices Not New.

W. T. Ellis. The race question is not, in its gravest form, in the Southern States, in San Francisco, or in Vancouver, but on the other side of the world. Especially serious is it in China, because the European and American have, on the whole, treated the natives as inferior beings. The anti-foreign sentiment in China may be traced to the simple lack of brotherliness in white men. The case in India is similar; justice of Britain's rule can scarcely be questioned, but the Indian has been irritated and made rebellious by the refusal of many white men to treat him as a brother man. Nor is the race question a modern issue. It existed in the first Christian century with its intensity. The Greeks and Romans looked upon the whole outer world as "barbarians." The Jew regarded all Gentiles contemptuously; they were beyond the pale. The caste system, at which we shudder in India, was as strong and bitter and unbrotherly in the Jews of old. Christianity undertook to draw one line of division only between men. All other social and religious systems had apportioned men into upper, middle and lower classes. Christ drew a vertical line; on one side were the good, on the other the bad. In spite of natural disposition of Jewish Christians, the religion of Jesus projected a conception of brotherhood. It judged men only on the basis of their attitude toward Christ. Serious controversies agitated the early church over this question. Paul had to withstand Peter to his face. The Jewish church had its faith and vision sorely tested in the effort to admit Gentile Christians on an equal footing. Yet this was the triumph of the early church.

#### Miracle of Spring Time.

The wonder never grows stale, that when the sun sends its rays more directly on our side of the earth, the iron bonds of the winter's frost slowly be loosened and the cold, dull ground speedily be over spread with a beautiful robe of green grass and springing flowers and leafy trees.

There is a spring time of the soul. It is when the hard soil of selfishness is softened, and there grows up the sweet and pleasant plant of a pure and noble love. When David and Jonathan met, their true and self-sacrificing friendship brought a new world of peace and good-will. The prince's pride and the warrior's ambition melted away, and into the heart of each entered a controlling desire for the other's good.

Spring is no accident. All its beauty and promise are the outcome of laws whose working never fails. Nor do the highest and best feelings and purposes arise out of the soul by chance. To have them we must yield ourselves to the influences of Him who is the Source of all that is good and true.

"The saloon would close the church if it could. The church could close the saloon if it would." In Canada are 11,943 churches, with 2,209,392 communicants. There are only 9 distilleries, 96 breweries, 14 wineries, 6,000 wholesale and retail liquor dealers.

### WANDERED FOR YEARS

THE RESCUING OF EDUCATED MEN IS A HARD PROBLEM SAYS A WRITER

A Sad Story of a Deadbeat's Existence—He Had Travelled a Thousand Miles Across the Sands of Australia and Afterwards Met His Death.

The Treasury. Was there ever such a shameless, graceless, plausible, and impudent insinuating cadger in all the world before? I declare I think not, or certainly he never came my way. Picture to yourself a middle-sized, stubby-bearded, bear-eyed specimen of humanity in a battered and stained old straw hat, greasy coat buttoned up to unshaved chin to hide the absence of shirt; trousers that bagged and sagged as they were supported by a thin leather strap, and frayed themselves over disgraceful bulged out boots. He was dirty, he was unclothed; his eye was sinister, his whole aspect villainous; and he came slouching up to Bishops Court and round to the clergy—seeking work! But when he opened his mouth, then you must needs admire his bragging self-conceit, his imperturbable importance. When he wrote a begging letter, you could not fail to recognize the literary style formed at Oxford, the ring of the trained journalist.

I must introduce myself, Mr. Easton, since we both hail from the same Alma Mater. I have taken the liberty of bringing before you my temporary incapacity to meet my liabilities. The fact is that the Governor of New Zealand has just cabled to know whether I can join his secretarial staff, and I have not exactly the amount to pay my fare. If you would kindly advance me £5, I would gladly give you my note of hand for the amount."

Then you made inquiries, and found that he had been helped time after time, had been in gaol and workhouse and poor asylum and Salvation Army Refuge. He was known to the police in Melbourne and Sydney, and Adelaide and Auckland; had been sentenced as a "drunk" and detained as disorderly; had been a stowaway and a tramp, a journalist and a secretary, a "sundowner" and a groom. It was not the bestial appetites of the man and his monstrous record that was so surprising, as the callous indifference to it all, the remainder venter of culture and polish which he could assume.

"Well, Bishop, and how can you stand these colonials?—a money-grubbing, paltry lot. With your scholarship and English friendships, this must be indeed exile. Perhaps you know my uncle; he was in the Cabinet under Mr. Gladstone. No, I have not kept up my connection with home of late. They do not understand the honest work of this larger world. Yes, I should be immensely grateful for a temporary loan. Thank you! Thank you! I am proud to have made your acquaintance!" The poor bishop had had to advance half-a-crown to get rid of him, and the episcopal study smelt of old clothes and offensive slums for days after his visit.

In due course my turn came. He had been sleeping in the parks and cadging his food. He was disreputable and obscene, a very sink of all iniquity. True, I had been warned; but a parson's first duty is to care for those who are past helping themselves. Which of us knows when we may be in like case—would he appear in the churchyard after Early Celebration on one Sunday morning I took him into my little house, stripped him of all his noisome garments, fitting him as best could be done with my old ones, gave him breakfast, and bade him come and share my home. "But my good sir, your reputation in the parish will be ruined," he sobbed with bitter tears.

"What you want," I said, "is work, and work you shall have; and you shall leave that poisonous whiskey and stop your vagrant begging, and you shall write." "Too late, too late! I'm past changing now." And you might think he was a reforming penitent, touched at the heart. For a week it seemed as though the beast in him could be tamed, while read voraciously, poring over theology and sermons, quoted from his own articles in the reviews, and told of the great coup he made for the New York Journal.

"You know Mr. Gladstone," the editor had said to him; "very well, sit down and write about him." And he had sat down and told in four columns about the great man cruising in the Norway fiords. "Yes! we know that what Durham thinks to-day London thinks when it wakes up," he would say a propos of Bishop Westcott.

I did not leave money about or wine, and my housekeeper held him in sheer dread and disgust. But it would not do. He could not last. The fiend gripped him and tore him—there was no power of resistance left. The police came to me one hot afternoon to say that they had arrested a drunken man who had been bawling obscenity up and down the streets and was now calling for me. There he lay in the padded watch-house when I arrived, stertorous in sleep, grisly and terrible. In due course he was taken before the magistrates and given three months' hard labor. He took it quite calmly, and three weeks on some pretext had got himself made dispenser's assistant. The regular food and routine fattened out his cheeks, smoothed out some of the tell-tale lines round mouth and brow, so that when I interviewed him next at the "Prisoner's Refuge" he was ready to blossom into a fruit sorter for the Army. The "patter"—he had mastered that in two days, could pray and dilate on his salvation with the best of them, all deceiving the very elect. There was nothing half-hearted in his aping of the Army ways—it was thoroughgoing, melodramatic blasphemy, seething, withering hypocrisy. They turned him away at last for falsifying kitchen accounts, and he came to me again.

Verily, it is a problem with which we have scarcely wrestled, this rescuing of educated men, the "bad hats" of society. Our criminal prisons are not remedial, they only dam the torrent for a time till it can burst out with accumulated strength. If there is a sphere for state socialism surely it is this, to devise some adequate means of strengthening character and keeping gentlemen "dead-beats" from contaminating others till they are strengthened. Like children, and ill-taught children, they should be treated with absolute firmness of rigor.

Some years later I had a post-card from the Paramatta Asylum reminding me of the "dead-beat's" existence, and asking for some stamps that he might buy paper and ink. He had wandered a thousand miles across the sands of Australia, lying out by night and begging by day. His main joy was to shift the scene of his energy. Then, in the middle of a

specially severe heat-wave, the newspapers said that a tramp had been found in the ninety-mile desert, dead from thirst and starvation. He had lost his way in the mallee-scrub, and must have suffered those worst agonies of thirst which few survive to tell. The tragedy of his death, however, was not so great as his life.

Could we have helped him, tended him, built him up? Could we have scourged out the vices and made him a man again? There is something wrong when such possibilities of goodness and power have been allowed to run waste. A hard problem.

#### SPECTACULAR SACRED BURIAL.

Held According to the Ceremonies of the Orthodox Greek Church.

Christian Herald.

The funeral of the Primate of Roumania was held in February according to the ceremonies of the orthodox Greek Church. The dead body was robed and placed on a throne, where thousands of his friends were permitted to kiss his hand for the last time. On Tuesday morning the beautiful cathedral was crowded with priests, preparing for the funeral service. In the middle of the church, facing the altar, the dead primate was seated in a high-backed arm-chair, dressed in the richest sacerdotal vestments; the mitre, glittering with precious stones, on his head; his crozier at his side, and on his knees the Book of the Gospels. His beautiful face, with its delicate features and pure white hair and beard, showed no traces of pain. After an ornate service of an hour, the remains of the primate, still seated in the chair, were taken to the funeral car, and placed in the midst of the plants and flowers which had been arranged thereon. Four priests stood round the principal thoroughfares of the city leading to the monastery, where the prelate had expressed a desire to be buried. The uncovered funeral car presented the appearance of a raised platform on wheels, richly draped in black and drawn by six horses, and thus the Archbishop passed, for the last time, through the crowds of silent people, surrounded by dignitaries of the church in resplendent vestments, to the sound of choirs of boys' voices, tolling bells, the prayers of priests, and the strains of a funeral march played by the military band. And just as he was, still seated in his chair, he was lowered into the tomb and passed away from mortal sight.

This spectacular funeral service suggests two important thoughts that seem to be opposed to each other. The first is earthly mortality. In a certain sense, the service was a mockery; the real man was not there, and the robes and badges of authority only emphasized the vanity of earthly inequality and the frailty of his mortality. Many of the nations of the past buried their kings in royal robes. Centuries after his burial, the tomb of one of the greatest monarchs of France was opened, and they found a gold crown, a sword and a few jewels laughing at the little pile of dust that had been so proud to wear them. Death is a great leveler, and does not care anything for crowns or jewels or vestments. The other thought suggested by the funeral of the prelate is that of man's immortality. The placing him in the chair and carrying him about in the funeral car among the flowers, in the city which he loved, in view of the people whom he had served, to his resting place was an eloquent illustration of the fact that the head of the church was not dead, but still lives. Every prayer offered, every moment of communion with his God, every poor man helped or orphan clothed or fed, every sorrow soothed, every heart changed, justified his right to be counted alive; for those are the things that never die. The funeral of every good man of his or low estate, while teaching the lesson of earthly frailty, teaches also the immortality of holiness, faith and love.

#### Simple Faith In France.

The Wide World Magazine tells of many superstitions in France. A curious method is employed near Billiers, in the Moriban, for relieving acute forms of headache. The sufferer pricks his or her forehead with a needle until blood flows, then, with the same needle, pricks a certain cross near the village. By this means it is believed that the headache is made to "enter the wood," where it will remain for at least a fortnight. This "cure" is attributed to the intervention of the Virgin Mary, who is said to have appeared in 1874 where the cross is erected, with a promise that she would perform miracles "to prove her descent at that spot." Adjoining this cross is another reputed to be of great service in the cure of diseases of the scalp. All that the sufferers need to do is to come and pray there, leaving their bonnets or caps behind them, attached to a forked branch stuck in the earth. The inhabitants of Billiers put a large cross in white wash over the doors of their cottages, so as to protect them against lightning; they stretch cords over their huge iron stow-pots, and sit watching them for hours to see if they are vibrated by some unseen power—vibration being a sure sign that those who take part in the experiment are to be happy for the remainder of the year; and on the fishermen receiving the first proceeds of a sale they fall down on their knees to make the sign of the cross, which will ensure them having a profitable day's work.

#### Cleansing The Klondike.

The wave of moral reform that hit Dawson over a year ago is still flowing and this summer will see a less number of undesirables than ever there. Laws of exclusion are being rigidly enforced. Alaska, particularly Fairbanks, has likewise been inoculated with the reform germ and will bar her doors to the undesirables also. Such exclusion is wholly within the province of the Customs Department and is directed from Ottawa. The Department maintains at the summit an immigration inspector, whose duty it is to refuse admittance to anyone who is undesirable or who may become a charge upon the public. The incumbent of the office, until his death a few months ago, was Mr. Noot, who during the winter was zealous in his duty.

#### Camel Corps Of Soldiers.

The camel is put to as many uses as a horse, not the least importance of which, in India at least, is its use as a war-charger for the native soldiers. Popular Mechanics shows the camel corps of the Maharajah of Bikaner, a province or state in India. Such a corps is of great value in the case of a sudden raid, as it can advance seventy or eighty miles in a day, carrying a week's supply of food and water as well as the soldiers.

Those plants of life picked up, without shaking the tree are generally wormy.



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