

he will shortly accomplish the number of his elect, and reunite us in his eternal paradise. he clenched his hands in his distress, and, as a flicker from the brazier fell upon him, those standing near saw the tears run down his cheeks. nicholas qui omnem terram doctrina replexisti, intercede pro peccatis nostris, said the officiant; and the monks gave the antiphon: iste est qui contempsit vitam mundi et pervenit ad coelestia regna. one by one a server put out the altar lights, and as the last was extinguished the monks rose in their places, and walked out in procession, while the organ played a dirge as sad as the wind in a ruined window. the abbot was hanged before his abbey gate, but richard vinnicombs goods escaped confiscation; and when the great church was sold, as it stood, for building material, he bought it for three hundred pounds, and gave it to the parish. one part of his prayer was granted, for within a year death reunited him to his brother; and in his pious will he bequeathed his soule to allmyhtie god his maker and redemer, to have the fruition of the deitie with our blessed ladie and all saints and the abbey churche of saint sepulchre with the implements thereof, to the paryshe of cullerne, so that the said parishioners shall not sell, alter, or alienate the said churche, or implements or anye part or parcell thereof for ever. thus it was that the church which westray had to restore was preserved at a critical period of its history. richard vinnicombs generosity extended beyond the mere purchase of the building, for he left in addition a sum to support the dignity of a daily service, with a complement of three chaplains, an organist, ten singing men, and sixteen choristers. but the negligence of trustees and held the divine muse sacred, but who can keep up a brave heart when he sees her persecuted she may only be worshipped in darkness in these days, and the queen of gods and men shuns the light like a moth, a bat, an owl. if we must die let it be with and for her once more let pure and perfect song rejoice this old heart, and if afterwards my children, we have no place in this dim, colorless world. while the arts lived there was spring on the earth. now they are condemned to death and it is winter. the leaves fall from all the trees, and we piping birds need groves to sing in. how often already has death laid his hand on our shoulder, every breath we draw is a boon of mercy the extra length given in by the weaver, the hour of grace granted by the hangman to his victim our lives are no longer our own, a borrowed purse with damaged copper coins. the hard hearted creditor has already bent his knuckles, and when he knocks the time is up. once more let us have one hour of pure and perfect enjoyment, and then we will pay up capital and interest when we must. it cannot and will not be yet, said herse resolutely, but she wiped her eyes with her band. if agne sings even, so long as she does it without coercion and of her own free will no bishop can punish us. he cannot, he dare not cried the old man. there are still laws and judges. and gorgos family is influential as well as rich. porphyrius has power to protect us, and you do not yet know what a fancy he has taken to us. ask mother. it is like a story, herse put in. before we left, the old lady she must be eighty or more took me aside and asked me where we were lodging. i told her at the widow marys and when she heard it she struck her crutch can it mean facy or faced smoothly the church raising was always a great event in the town. each citizen was forced by law to take part in or contribute to raring the meeting hows. in early days nails were scarce, so scarce that unprincipled persons set fire to any buildings which chanced to be temporarily empty, for the sake of obtaining the nails from the ruins; so each male inhabitant supplied to the new church a certain amount of nayles. not only were logs, and lumber, and the use of horses and mens labor given, but a contribution was also levied for the inevitable barrel of rum and its unintoxicating accompaniments. rhum and cacks are frequent entries in the account books of early churches. no wonder that accidents were frequent, and that men fell from the scaffolding and were killed, as at the raising of the dunstable meeting house. when the medford people built their second meeting house, they provided for the workmen and bystanders, five barrels of rum, one barrel of good brown sugar, a box of fine lemons, and two loaves of sugar. as a natural consequence, two thirds of the frame fell, and many were injured. in northampton, in, ten gallons of rum were bought for £ to raise the meeting house and the village doctor got £ for setting his bone jonathan strong, and £ s. For