

"Put up one short prayer for me— I have to suffer so *very* much," was her pathetic cry.

Cancer, heart-disease, and dropsy had wrought their worst upon a frame already enfeebled, when on the 29th of December 1894 she passed away—praying to the last— to the "city luminous," to the glorious realities of which she had but dreamed.

On the 2nd of January 1895 her tired body was laid to rest in Highgate Cemetery, amid the reverent sorrow of her immediate circle; but the preliminary service was held at Christ Church, Woburn Square, where for nearly twenty years she had humbly worshipped the God whom she loved so well. After the reading of that magnificent passage in 1 Corinthians xv. by Prebendary Nash, the Incumbent, some stanzas were sung, to the tune of St Ann, from Miss Rossetti's poem entitled "Advent"; and subsequently her beautiful verses on the words, "And now, why tarriest thou?" were sung to music composed expressly for the occasion by Mr F.T. Lowden, the organist of Christ Church.

Her friend, the late Sir Edward Burne-Jones, designed and in part painted the beautiful reredos to her memory which now forms a conspicuous feature of that building. It consists of a series of paintings of our Lord and the four Evangelists, in a Gothic perpendicular setting of white stone.

The memorial was dedicated on All Saints' Day,

1898, by the Right Rev. B.F. Westcott, D.D., D.C.L., Lord Bishop of Durham, in the presence of a large and sympathetic congregation, to whom he delivered a most eloquent and inspiring address.

A marble slab has been fixed in the pavement beneath the reredos, upon which are inscribed the following words:—

THE ABOVE PAINTINGS,  
DESIGNED BY SIR E. BURNE -JONES, BART.,  
ARE DEDICATED TO THE GLORY OF GOD  
AND IN LOVING MEMORY OF  
CHRISTINA GEORGINA ROSSETTI,  
WHO WORSHIPPED IN THIS CHURCH  
AND FELL ASLEEP IN JESUS  
DECEMBER 20, 1894.

*"Give me the lowest place."*

#### ADVENT.

"The porter watches at the gate,  
The servants watch within;  
The watch is long betimes and late,  
The prize is slow to win.

One with another, soul with soul,  
They kindle fire from fire:  
'Friends watch us who have touched the goal,—  
They urge us, Come up higher.

'With them shall rest our way-sore feet,  
With them is built our home,  
With Christ.'— They sweet, but He most sweet,  
Sweeter than honeycomb.

There no more parting, no more pain,  
The distant ones brought near,  
The lost so long are found again,—  
Long lost, but longer dear.

Eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard,  
Nor heart conceived that rest,  
With them our good things long deferred,  
With Jesus Christ our Best."

"AND NOW, WHY TARRIEST THOU?"

Lord, grant us grace to mount by steps of grace,  
From grace to grace, nearer my God to Thee;  
Not tarrying for to-morrow,  
Lest we lie down in sorrow,  
And never see  
Unveiled Thy face.

Lord, strengthen us; lest, fainting by the way,  
We come not to Thee, we who come from far;  
Lord, bring us to that morrow  
Which makes an end of sorrow,  
Where all saints are  
On holy-day.

Where all the saints rest who have heard Thy call,  
Have risen and striven and now rejoice in rest:  
Call us, too, home from sorrow  
To rest in Thee to-morrow;  
In Thee our Best,  
In Thee our All."

# AGNES STRICKLAND

*Born* at Reydon, Suffolk, August 19, 1796.

*Died* at Southwold, Suffolk, July 13, 1874.





AGNES STRICKLAND.

*From an engraving in the possession of Mr W.G. Strickland.*



## AGNES STRICKLAND.<sup>1</sup>

THAT "History is the essence of innumerable biographies" is the dictum of no less a writer than "the Sage of Chelsea," but comparatively few historians have deliberately given themselves up to such distinctly biographical study as have Agnes Strickland and her scarcely less gifted sister, Elizabeth.

The works by which they are best known in the literary world are composed of separate units, each of which would be complete if published alone.

The 'Lives of the Queens of England' are probably better known than any other of Agnes Strickland's works, and yet we must be guilty of an Irishism and say that the greater number of them were written by her sister.

Of these forty-one "Lives," no less than twenty-two are the work of Elizabeth, who, however, would not allow her name to appear on the title-page; but it is no less true that of these the units which

<sup>1</sup>See Appendix.