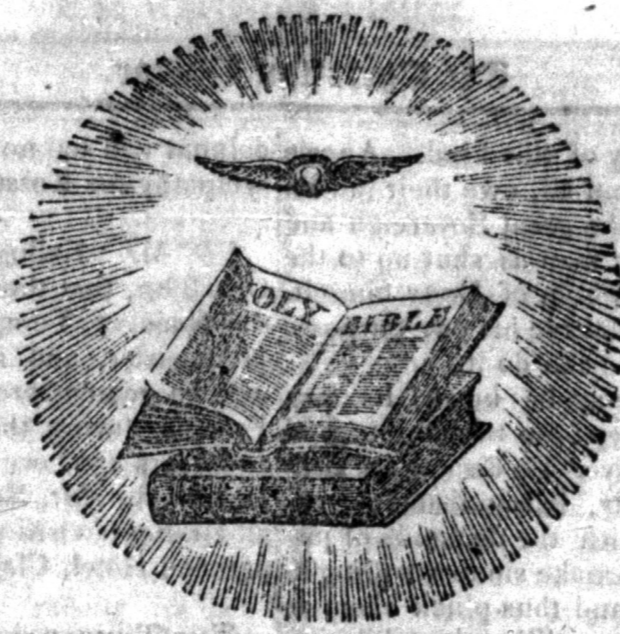


# CHRISTIAN

# VISITOR.

A Family Newspaper: devoted to

Religious & General Intelligence



REV. E. D. VERY,

"BY PURENESS, BY KNOWLEDGE—BY LOVE UNFEIGNED."—ST. PAUL.

EDITOR.

Volume IV.

SAINT JOHN, NEW-BRUNSWICK, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1851.

Number 49.

[FOR THE CHRISTIAN VISITOR.]

## "CAST THY BREAD UPON THE WATERS."— ECCLES. xi. 1.

Cast thy bread upon the waters,  
Make thy gifts without reserve,  
Open freely now thy coffers,  
Here and there thy mercies serve.

Cast thy bread upon the waters,  
With a bounding heart of hope,  
Suffer not thy soul to falter,  
Heaven will all thy actions note.

Cast thy bread upon the waters,  
Lend thy hand in time of need,  
Raise thy voice in aid of sufferers,  
Soothe the anguish'd heart which bleeds.

Cast thy bread upon the waters,  
Tho' a cloud bedim the way,  
Tho' the rock o'er which it filters  
Lies hidden from the morning-ray.

Cast thy bread upon the waters,  
Golden harvests shalt thou reap,  
God will bless thy weak endeavors,  
Proving all his works are deep.

Cast thy bread upon the waters,  
Rest thy hope upon the Lord,  
Offer prayer on holy altars,  
Love and reverence all His word.

MINNI-MAX.

## "THE ALMSHOUSE OF NOBLE POVERTY."

From a Travelling Correspondent.

Having inspected Winchester College, I pursued my way along the banks of the winding Itchin, for a mile or more. Crossing a rustic bridge beside an old mill shaded by venerable trees, I came to the gateway of the Hospital of St. Cross—"The Almshouse of Noble Poverty." Passing under the old stone archway, I approached the porter's lodge and asked for what according to the founder's will, I was entitled to, a horn of ale and a piece of bread. Every wayfarer entering the gate is thus entertained. I saw two bare-footed lads as I entered, enjoying the ale and bread, which seven hundred years ago, it was directed should be given. Taking a seat in the old arm-chair of the founder, Bishop De Blois, the refreshment was served up. A wooden trencher, having a large silver cross inlaid in the centre, and containing a loaf of bread, was placed before me, and on a salver "a horn of ale"—a tumbler made of horn.—Had I been sentimental and a Roman Catholic, I might have drunk to the repose of the worthy founder, and the more munificent William of Wykeham, whose judgment, wealth and power saved the whole establishment from utter perversion, not to say ruin.

Seven hundred years, however, are many; and it is not a little strange to see customs of that age perpetuated. There is not in Great Britain a charity so ancient, which has been so little changed by the lapse of years.—There is an air of repose about the place peculiarly agreeable. The buildings, although so very ancient, are not in the least decayed. The ivy clings to the walls—completely covering portions—beneath the overshadowing boughs of venerable oaks, hale old men are seen pacing up and down, talking of the past. Each one is dressed in a long black gown, wears upon his breast a large silver cross, and addresses each of his comrades "brother."—No doubt these "brothers in exile" feel their life "more sweet than that of painted pomp," and are ready to say

"Sweet are the uses of adversity."

"And this our life, exempt from public haunt,

Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,  
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing."

The Hospital of St. Cross was endowed in the year 1136, by Bishop DeBlois, to provide thirteen indigent gentlemen and their families with a home and every necessary comfort.—Besides, one hundred of the poorest men in Winchester were to be furnished each day with "a loaf of bread, three quarts of beer and two messes for their dinner," which was served up in a hall provided for the purpose, and therefore called "*The Hundred Menes Hall*." What they did not consume they were allowed to take home. The arrangement for dining the poor men is discontinued, and instead thereof a weekly allowance is made to a certain number of poor people in the vicinity.

Commodious apartments and a small garden are furnished to each of the inmates.—Instead of dining together as was the custom in former days, the meals are served to the brethren ceremoniously in the dining room, and then conveyed by the servants to the private apartments. Thus the letter of the law is obeyed still, its spirit being violated. The buildings form three sides of a parallelogram. On the east side is the ambulatory, a covered gallery 135 feet long, where the brethren exercise in bad weather. Above it is the infirmary, formerly used by the sick. This building connects the porter's lodge and the church. The end room has a large window opening into the church. In former days the sick were rolled on their couches to this window, and could thus worship God with the great congregation, although in a chamber of sickness. The church which forms a part of the fourth side of the parallelogram, is a most beautiful edifice, in fact it is a miniature cathedral, 150 feet long by 120 broad. It is to architects and antiquarians one of the most interesting buildings in the country. It is a collection of architectural essays, and points out most satisfactorily the origin of the pointed, or, as it is generally termed, the Gothic style of architecture, concerning which there have been so many absurd theories. Here the Saxon or Norman is seen to merge completely into the early English pointed. The intersections of round arches forming pointed ones; and some of these in the eastern wall having been opened, the result was the peculiar long lancet window of the early English. This little church is also noted for several sepulchral brasses in fine preservation.—These are large slabs of marble inlaid with a brass effigy and letters. In the cathedrals they are generally much mutilated. The oldest brass is that in memory of John de Campden—the friend, favorite, and one of the executors of William of Wykeham. Upon a label issuing from his mouth is the following prayer: "Ihu cu venis judicat noli me codepnari," which is something like, Jesus, my Judge, when thou comest, condemn me not. The inscription around the stone is in equally barbarous Latin, in the old English capitals: "Credo qd redemptor meus vinit in novissimo die ee terra surrecturus sum et rursum circumdabor pelle mea et in carne mea videbo. Theum salvatore meo, quem visurus sum ego ipe et oculi mea conspiciuntur et non alius, reposita est hec spes mea in sum meo." Job's exclamation, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," &c. On another tomb is this inscription, in the same strange looking characters. Observe the rhyming:

"The yere of oure Lord 1400 and two  
Upon the six day in the moneth of Feberer,  
The soul of John Newles the body passed fro.  
A brother of this place, resting under this stone  
here  
Borne in Beane Squyer, and servant more than 30  
yere  
Unto Harry Beauford, Bushopp and Cardinal.

Whes soules God convey, and his Moder dere  
Unto the blisse of heven that is eternall. Amen."  
That is, may God, and Mary, God's mother,  
convey their souls to heaven.

So much for the church. The only charity which resembles this of St. Cross, is the Charter House, London, of which I may have something to say hereafter. The Charter House, like this, is not a monastery—nor a religious house—but an asylum for decayed gentlemen—"an almshouse of noble poverty," but with a much greater endowment, supporting eighty persons and educating three or four hundred children. St. Cross is the only establishment surviving the times of Henry VIII. where provision is made for wayfarers.

Of late years in some places there have been established charities for furnishing good lodgings for poor travellers. The only one in any way peculiar is about forty miles from this place, near the coast, where a house was erected and endowed some thirty years since, for the purpose of providing every traveller, "not being a trapper,"—not a vagrant—with a supper, comfortable lodging, breakfast, and a goat, equal to eight cents. But I must say something of this city, and must be brief too, for St. Cross has been too fertile a subject. The glory of the place is Salisbury Cathedral, the most elegant and regular of all the English cathedrals. It was built from the plans of one architect, and there is an exquisiteness of proportion and delightful uniformity about it, for which we look in vain elsewhere. It is of the early English style. It was founded in 1220. Large contributions were made for its erection but not enough to finish it; so the Bishop gave orders to the clergy to admonish the dying of their duty, and their appeals as usual were effectual. In thirty-eight years from its commencement it was completed.—The building is 478 feet in length, 210 in breadth. The spire of it is the tallest in England, being 410 feet high. It leans two feet from the perpendicular, but is as safe and durable as stone, mortar, and iron can make it. Some of the remarkable features of the structure are set forth in the following lines:

"As many days as in one year there be,  
So many windows in this church you see;  
As many marble pillars here appear  
As many gates as months one here does view;  
Strange tale to tell! yet not more strange than true."

Stonehenge, one of all the world's mysteries, though now almost universally regarded as a Druidical temple, is but eight miles from Salisbury, and has been visited of course.—Whatever its origin there can be little doubt of its being the most ancient structure in Great Britain. It is impossible to conceive of a ruder one. It is rather a singular coincidence, that the rudest and the most perfect specimens of architecture should thus be in sight of each other. It is on Salisbury Plain, which Plain I was anxious to see as much on account of the associations connected with Leigh Richmond's "Shepherd of Salisbury Plain," as any thing else. I had supposed it was a level expanse, but it proved to be rather hilly, a great part of it is barren, used for pasturage. Along the few streams which pass through it are small villages, and here and there clumps of trees. The borders of the Plain are under cultivation, and all, by expending largely, may be made productive.—Between Salisbury and Stonehenge there is not a single house, and for sixteen miles northward there is but one, a small tavern called the Druid's Head. It seemed very strange during the first three mile's ride, to pass cultivated farms, yet not a dwelling any where to be seen. The Plain was covered in various directions with immense flocks of sheep. More than half a million are constantly graz-

ing upon it. Its length is over thirty miles; its breadth varying from sixteen to twenty five.

Salisbury, England.

## Charities of London.

A volume of nearly 500 closely-printed 8vo. pages has recently issued from the press, containing a mere enumeration of the titles of the various institutions of London which may legitimately, be included under the name of charities, with such a succinct account of the design of each and enumeration of its means of support and mode of management, as shall furnish aid to those who need information where and how to seek assistance. The total number of such institutions exceeds 1300, while between 60 and 70 are specially devoted to the relief of the sick. There are no less than twelve general hospitals; many others being devoted to special diseases—as the Fever Hospital, those for Consumptives, and for Diseases of the Eye, &c. &c. Nor must it be forgotten that all this charitable provision is in addition to that made by the poor laws for the treatment of the sick pauper, either at his own house, by officers appointed by the Board of Commissioners, or at Union Work-houses, supported by the parish rates. The population of London may be estimated at not less than 2,000,000.

Let us take a closer view of the Hospitals of London.

St. Bartholomew's Hospital, founded in 1102 A. D., has accommodation in its wards for 530 patients, who are all supported by the funds of the institution, and, in the year 1848, received 5,286 in-patients, 19,109 out-patients and 46,598 casualties. It was originally founded by the minstrel of Henry I., and has an average income of £32,000 per annum.

St. Thomas's Hospital was founded in 1551, and has accommodation for 428 beds. During the year 1849, 59,710 persons partook of its benefits, nearly 5,000 of whom were in-patients. It has an income of £25,000.

Westminster Hospital was founded in 1719. It has "174 beds, which are always full," and, during the year of 1849, received into its wards 1801 patients, and dispensed advice and medicine to 13,479 at their own houses. It is supported by voluntary contributions, and has an income of only £4,000 per annum.

Guy's Hospital was founded at the sole cost and charges of Thomas Guy, Esq., in the year 1724. He expended £18,000 on the building during his life, and endowed it with £219,000. A gentleman named Hunt, in the year 1829, added £200,000 to this endowment, so that its annual income varies from £25,000 to £30,000. It contains 580 beds, and has an average of 500 in-patients constantly in its wards. The entire annual average of patients reaches 50,000.

St. George's Hospital was instituted in 1773, and is chiefly dependent on annual contributions, and is supported at an expense of about £10,000 per annum. It has over 300 beds, and, during the past year, received into its wards 3643 patients, half of whom were from accidents.

The London Hospital was instituted in 1740 and receives from 320 to 340 patients into its beds. In the year 1849, the total number of in-patients was 4,185, and out-patients 28,614. It has an income of £13,000 per annum, only £2,000 of which is from annual contributions.

Middlesex Hospital was established about 1745, and contains 258 beds. It has an income of about £10,000, above £3,000 of which is from annual subscribers. The average number of in-patients, during the past five years, has been 2,206, and out-patients 9,316.

Charing Cross Hospital was founded in 1818. It has about 120 beds, into which, du-