

than those of Queen Bess, for we find him addressing the following lines to the Lady Christian Bruce, on parting from her company:—

“Dry those fair, those crystal eyes,
Which, like growing fountains, rise
To drown those banks; grief’s sullen brooks
Would better flow from furrowed looks.
Thy lovely face was never meant
To be the seat of discontent.

“Then clear those watery eyes again,
That else portend a lasting rain,

monuments and brasses. One of these, dated 1506 and 1528, is engraved with the figures of Sir Richard Walden, and Elizabeth his wife; two others, in a mutilated condition, evidently commemorated a knight and his lady. Another brass bears the representation of a man between two wives; it is dated 1511, and is inscribed with the names of John Aylmer and his wives Margaret and Benet. There are several other smaller brasses, notably one to “Rogerus Sencler, quondam serviens abbatis et conventus de Lesney, obiit 1421;” and



BELVEDERE HOUSE.

Lest the clouds which settle there
Prolong my winter all the year,
And thy example others make
In love with sorrow for thy sake.”

Near the altar is a monument with an allegorical figure, by Chantry, to the memory of Lord Eardley, a former possessor of Belvedere, a handsome mansion crowning the woody eminence close at hand, and now converted into an institution for aged merchant seamen, as we shall presently see. There is also an elaborately sculptured altar-tomb of white marble, without name, but supposed to commemorate a member of the Vanacker family, who once owned the manor. A parclose screen divides the chancel from the south aisle, and in the latter are several

another, dated 1471, containing the figure of a lady in the triangular head-dress of the period, and commemorating Emma, daughter of John Walden, alderman, and wife of John Wade, citizen of London, and merchant of the staple of Calais. The churchyard is well laid out, and planted with flowers and evergreens.

The village, or town, of Erith stands by the river-side, at a short distance eastward from the church, and on the eastward termination of the range of hills which stretches westward by Abbey Wood, Bostal Heath, and Woolwich, to New Cross. It consists mainly of a long, straggling, narrow street of small houses and tumble-down cottages, with the usual admixture of unpretending country-looking