

Alban—used to tell his juniors how in grand processions through the streets of his town, where the image of St. Alban was carried, it was usually borne by two monks, and after it had been set down awhile at the market cross and the monks had essayed to take it up again, they pretended they could not stir it. Then the Lord Abbot would approach, and, laying his crosier upon the image, pronounce these words, “ Arise, arise, St. Alban, and get home to thy sanctuary ” ; it then forthwith yielded to be borne by the monks. It is to be hoped that this transparent piece of solemn fooling did not seriously impose upon the credulity of any bystander. For ourselves it seems to supply a hint as to a definite and practicable duty. This is not our rest. The work ahead of us is greater than anything now in sight, greater than anything we have left in our rear. It is surely time for us to get home to the sanctuary, to receive the power and preparation for all right work from the only possible source of such equipment. “ Alban, arise, arise ! ”

William Frederick Miller
1834-1918

Our valued contributor and helpful friend, WILLIAM FREDERICK MILLER, died at his home at Sidcot on the 28th of April last, aged eighty-four years. For some time he had been in poor health, but till near the end he retained a keen interest in the F.H.S. and its work, and was always ready to place at our disposal his wide knowledge of Scottish Quaker History. During his lifetime the Reference Library has been enriched with literature presented by him and he has bequeathed MSS. of great value. Thus the loss, constantly felt, of his personal help has been somewhat lessened by the possession of results of his untiring research. W. F. Miller's interests embraced various subjects. He was an artist and engraver, and a botanist of repute, and he had spent many years in the publishing world of London.

Information respecting our friend's ancestors, the Miller family of Edinburgh, appeared in *THE JOURNAL*, vol. ii.