

harsh, mechanical responding of the Parish Clerk. A few scores of worshippers were scattered through the Church in various postures more or less devout. Suddenly a sharp, measured tramp, tramp, tramp, rang out with startling distinctness on the still summer air, as a full grown cow, entering by the Middle door, marched deliberately along the centre aisle, and made her exit through the West door in a manner rendered somewhat more hasty and less dignified at the last by the efforts of the tardily awakened Sexton. The word "dignified" seems to suggest a special characteristic of the old Church and its principal attendants. There was perhaps little about either its structure or adornments to symbolize the verities or the beauty of religion, but there was a good deal to suggest worldly dignity. It spoke out from the comfortable, retired and closely curtained pew of the Lieut. Governor, adorned with a large and gorgeous painting of the Royal Arms. It sang out from the singers' gallery, which was also shut off from the vulgar gaze and from the too restrictive supervision of the clergyman by curtains closed or opened at the pleasure of the Choir. It breathed even perhaps from the massive and lofty pulpit, towering over the plain and unadorned Communion Table. And the "oldest inhabitant" delights to tell of the dignity of the equipages which brought the leading worshippers to Church, even though they lived close by, and which circled slowly round and round the "Church Green," as it was called, during the service.

Such are a few imperfect reminiscences of the Old Church which remained as the Parish Church of Fredericton till 1854. But in the meantime another Church had been erected at the opposite end of the city, which eventually became the Parish Church, and which afforded a striking contrast to the old structure in its appearance both external and internal.

Our first Bishop, who, thank God, is our Bishop still, had come in 1845, and almost his first undertaking was the erection of St. Ann's Chapel. Declaring solemnly that "every hour deepened the conviction which he had formed, that the blessings of Christianity should be placed within the reach of all, poor as well as rich,"—and that he designed the Chapel to be a "trial of the benefit of open seats," he began the good work without delay. The foundation stone was laid on the 30th of May 1846, on land given by the late Hon. John Saunders, and

the Consecration of the building took place on the 18th of March 1847. In the sentence of Consecration the Bishop's purpose was again emphasized by the declaration, which in those days was viewed by many as a dangerous and pernicious innovation of high-churchism, that "as it is desirable that the poor should have free access to the House of God, which is the common house of all, the seats therein shall all be free and unappropriated."

The Chapel was consecrated by the name of St. Anne, "in thankful remembrance of God's grace given to that aged Saint, whose praise is in the Gospel, and who departed not from the Temple, but served God with fastings and prayers, night and day, and that the ancient name of the City of Fredericton may not be wholly lost to succeeding generations."

A very brief description of the building, as it is now, may not be uninteresting to those readers of the CHRONICLE who have never seen it. It is small, containing little more than 200 sittings, but lofty and beautiful in its proportions. As was quaintly said in the newspaper account of its Consecration, "A specimen of the best style of Church building equally chaste and elegant will hardly be found out of England, and not many even in England itself much superior to it."

It is in the style of architecture called Early English, common in the reign of Henry III. Its whole external appearance as it stands amidst the trees on its pleasant plat of grass, surrounded by its low wall of solid masonry, capped by broad bevelled stones, and with its picturesque Lychgate, seems to carry back the mind to the old land and the old times. The Bell gable rises 64 feet from the ground, and when its three sweet-toned bells first rang out their musical call to worship they were the only chime in the whole Province. Through massive doors, adorned with graceful iron scroll-work, we enter the beautiful Porch, and find its walls quite covered with memorial tablets. Two of these have special interest in connection with the history of the Parish, the one telling of the death of the loved and respected Rev. Dr. Samuel Cooke, the first Rector, who was drowned in crossing the river to his home near the mouth of the Nashwaak, from attending the duties of his office at Fredericton—the other a tribute to the filial affection and fortitude of his son, Mr. Michael Cooke, "who, in his manly efforts and persevering struggles to preserve the life of his