

all the appliances of such a school can be had containing dormitories for thirty students, and a master's house attached can be had for 60*l.* a year. At a meeting held in Lincoln under the bishop's presidency it was stated that St. Augustine's College, Canterbury, requires a searching preliminary examination, that Warminster College is full, and that as the result of recent days of intercession many Lincolnshire men were offering themselves for missionary work.

The fine old church of St. Mary's, Old Malton, is about to be thoroughly restored, chiefly at the expense of the Earl Fitzwilliam, who is lord of the manor of Malton. The present noble old church is known to most antiquarians in the country. It is a remnant of the ancient priory founded by Eustace FitzJohn in 1150 for canons of the Order of St. Gilbert of Sempringham, and was magnificently endowed at one time. It contains some splendid remnants of early Norman architecture, and the intention is to restore the church so as to preserve its ancient and most striking features. The south-west tower, a fine piece of architecture, is in a ruinous condition, and will first receive attention. The restoration will cost nearly 10,000*l.*

VISIT TO PONTEFRAC.—DEAR MR. EDITOR: The enclosed extract from a letter lately received from the Rev. John Carry, will, I think, if you can find room for it in your paper, prove satisfactory, not only to his many friends but to your readers generally. H. R.

I lately made a little visit to Pontefract with no small pleasure. It is a busy and important town for its inconsiderable population of about eight thousand, and perhaps some of your readers may be interested in what I saw there. The town is agreeably situated on the slope of a hill or mound some two hundred feet high, occupying the centre of an amphitheatre of rising ground. The surrounding country rolls picturesquely in every direction, is highly cultivated, well-wooded, and exhibits eleven parks belonging to the gentry and nobility of the neighbourhood, prominent being Lord Houghton's. I have the smallest possible share of English topographical learning, but I believe few places so retired have gathered around them so much history as Pontefract. The very name is a curious puzzle, as there is no river in the immediate locality which requires a *bridge*. As early as A.D. 1125 it was called, as in the present day, Pomfret. The most famous thing in Pontefract is the old castle, now of course a consummate ruin. Like most very ancient castles, its origin is ascribed to the Conqueror. Judging from the ruins alone, one sees it must have been a strong and vast and splendid erection. The site extends over eight or nine acres; and being built on the highest elevation, the round towers, which in one or two places retain most of their original height, present from the rapidly sloping base a grand and imposing aspect. The huge squared stones, plainly once well chiseled, are now eaten away to an incredible extent by that all-devouring monster, Time. However, the stone of the neighborhood is very soft, and I observed carvings of only forty years much injured. The walls are some fifteen or eighteen feet thick in places. It is not strange that blood-stains are always thought to be the most indelible, and that deeds of blood for the most part confer the most popular renown. So, however, it is here. The massive chamber where Richard II met his sad end is still pointed out, and is the only apartment of which the ancient outlines can be at all traced. In a gigantic arch of the west wall, the outer one of the castle, is a stone finely veined with red, which gave rise to the popular belief that it is the king's blood. Over the empty magazines and dungeons, reached still by many broken steps, grows at the present a luxuriant crop of "liquorice plant," the manufacture of which into "Pontefract cakes" is the chief industry of the place. The cakes look and taste like liquorice, and are about the size of a shilling. Miss —, my kind hostess, presented me with a package of them on leaving. Her brother, Captain —, was my very intelligent and good-natured cicerone. Pontefract Castle was the last to hold out for King Charles I, and being surrendered after a second siege it was dismantled by

the Parliament. The convenient hill from which it was attacked has been just cut down in the making of a new bit of railway, fifteen miles long, but costing £500,000, apart from the right of way, as I am informed. It is not strange that I wondered at the completeness with which everything seemed to be done. A planet, I thought, might roll over roads so ballasted without shaking or being shaken. The embankments prepared for seeding were as smooth as the tiniest plot of a lady's pasture intended for the most cherished and diminutive seeds.

All Saints' Church is a 14th century erection. It was grievously knocked about in the siege. The transepts and tower were restored forty years ago, but the nave remains an open ruin, and very beautiful it is. The ground inside is the special charge of Captain —, and is as trim as care can make it. The old porch has been restored, and is used as a vestry for the surpliced choir. The Rural Dean said to me, the country should restore the fine nave, both on account of its architecture and its history. I come now to the chief point of interest at Pontefract, at least to me—the Hermitage. The word, if referred to the past, is for us surrounded with a mythical halo; while its secondary, modern sense, is utterly dissonant from its ancient. Often as I read, spoke, or thought of a hermit's cell, my imagination strayed helplessly. Here it found more than help—reality. I believe there are one or two other ancient hermitages in England, but this is the completest. About twenty years ago it was discovered in excavating drains or making a road. It is on the property of Dr. Wright, an intelligent medical gentleman who takes a great interest in this relic of antiquity and its belongings, and who most patiently and courteously directed my observations. He guards securely and keeps in exact order the sacred spot. First—a dozen steps from the surface lead down to an apartment about ten feet square and six feet six inches high. The steps are not parallelograms nor straight in their direction, but winding. They and the chamber are all cut clear from the soft sandstone rock. The roof arches, and it and the sides show all over the indentations of the pick as clearly as if made but yesterday. An altar is cut out on the south side. On the left of it is a very exact *prie-dieu*, most convenient for knees and book. On the right a shelf, perhaps designed, certainly fitted, for sacred *ornamenta*. Descending from this oratory by a few steps, you reach the hermit's chamber, about the same size. Here is a fireplace, with the marks of fire, and a flue exactly carved. There is a long seat or couch cut in the side wall, with a couple of piscine—like cuttings in the wall, for the purposes of utility. Provision was made for strongly bolting the door, as appears from the mortices at each side in the living rock. Some feet to the east of this hermitage is a grotto, in size and appearance corresponding to the chapel, saving the absence of the sacred arrangements. From this you descend by sixty-five steps, forming a circular stair, winding round a well cut newel, and at the bottom find a square expanse. Here is an unfailing well of clear, cold water, for the sake of which the stair was cut. There are indentations in the wall at intervals to rest the water vessel or the bearer. Nothing can be more exact than the regular workmanship, showing skill and patience, in the shapely steps, once clearly well-worn. The foundation of the Hermitage is determined by extant documents, at A.D. 1368, and its history traced till 1430, when it is lost sight of. The well-grotto is guarded by an oaken door, two inches thick, and of open fretwork, of beautiful pattern, belonging to the 12th century and taken from the old parish church, where it had been walled up for more than two centuries. The Hermit had an eye to scenery, for nothing could well be more attractive than the calm beauty of the view from the entrance of this quiet abode. It is pleasant to think that in those wild days, when travel was both difficult and dangerous, many a wayfarer here found provender as well as prayers, and calm for his spirit as well as rest for his limbs, and at least would gladly turn aside to crave and receive a hermit's blessing. I was glad to see the spot in the possession of an appreciative owner and safe from Philistine rudeness. J. C.

CARLTON (near Selby), July, 1877.

## Correspondence.

The Editor is not responsible for the opinions expressed by correspondents.

### PASTORAL STAFF.

DEAR SIR.—Could any of your readers kindly through your valuable paper explain to me how a pastoral staff is used by a bishop in divine service, and where it should be placed when not in use in certain parts of the service, an explanation in full as to the use of this ancient emblem will greatly oblige,

Yours truly,

Toronto, Aug. 18th, '77.

ENQUIRER.

### CHURCH COLLEGES.

SIR,—In your account of the proceedings at the Fredericton Synod, you refer to the discussion respecting the best mode of training divinity students.

It may interest your readers to see how the President of King's College, in his address at last Commemoration, alluded to the same subject:

"Candidates for the ministry now come to us from the Diocese of Fredericton; and the churchmen of that Diocese are disposed, I believe, to look upon King's College as the training school for their clergy. We may be partial in our opinion that they are right in so doing. But to us it seems obvious that it would be better for them heartily to support King's College than to throw their candidates on the fragmentary teaching of busy parish clergy, or to establish a small institute of their own, or to found a Chair of Theology in a state college, in competition, it may be, with three or four others belonging to various Protestant denominations. At the same time we would point out to them a mode of increasing the efficiency of the training here. For, as we gladly welcome Divinity Students from their Diocese and pledged to return to it for ordination, we feel that we have a right to expect from it substantial aid in making the Theological Department thoroughly efficient. We would suggest, then, with all deference, that they might raise funds for the endowment of another Professorship of Divinity, the appointment of which might rest with the Bishop of their Diocese."

It is to be hoped that no narrow, provincial jealousy, or even the natural desire of the Bishop to have his candidates under his own supervision, will interfere with the arrangement here pointed out. It is difficult, however, to see what profit or honour would accrue to King's College from it; but her authorities, I suppose, must feel that she, as the handmaid of the Church, would be benefited by any measure that would benefit the Church in general.

Happily the most perverse critic has never dared to say that King's College is ruled by any particular party in the Church. The President is a nominee of the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the gentleman who is now building the stone chapel is a churchwarden and leading supporter of St. Paul's Church in Halifax, whose Incumbent is a well-known Evangelical. One thing I should much like to see, and that is the formation of a Union between King's College, and the two other Church Colleges of the Dominion for the purpose of examining and classifying students in common.

Cannot a move be made in this direction in a conference at the Provincial Synod? D.

### CHURCHMANSHIP IN ENGLAND AND IN THE DOMINION.

SIR,—Your correspondent "W.," who writes from England, has expressed a truth that has often forced itself upon me during my residence in the Dominion, viz., that the lines of demarcation in Canada between High and Low Church would be considered absurd in the old country. The surpliced choir in England is almost a matter of course, wherever it can be afforded, and the Roman custom (ignorantly supposed to be Protestant) of wearing the black gown in the pulpit is almost everywhere a thing of the past. Daily services and weekly communions, thank God! have ceased to be regarded as a sign of party, and private pews are fast giving way to free and open seats.