

YORK CATHEDRAL.

BY THE LATE REV. J. E. LANCELEY.

ABOUT seven o'clock in the evening of a beautiful day in July, the fast express on the London and South Eastern Railroad drew up at the ancient city of York. I alighted therefrom, and made my way to a hotel not far away. Hungry and tired after a day of sight-seeing in Edinburgh, and a hurried proceeding in order to catch this particular train, I was glad to sit down with a good English meal before me. After supper I went to my room. On looking out of my window—for, though after eight o'clock, it was not yet dark—I saw the up-reaching towers of what I knew at once must be the old Minster.

I strolled out shortly to take a look at it, for I had heard of it as the "best

vision. It was here that the old Emperor Hadrian lived. It was here that the noted Severus died. It was here that Constantine the Great was born. Really, I wanted to see them, but I didn't.

History found much of its records from the inside of the walls of this old city till the first English Parliament of 1160 was held by Henry II.

The marks of age are ably borne because of the greatness and strength of those things which have survived the disintegrating effects of time.

My stroll soon brought me into the presence of that vast creation of architectural skill known as the York Minster, shown to our readers in the excellent engraving herewith presented.

I stood immediately in front of its western entrance, between the two towers which stood like sentinels guarding the deposit of a sacred trust. Impressed with

will be more readily realized when we think that it would cover the whole ground of McGill Square, on the centre of which our Metropolitan Church is erected. Imagine a building fronting on Queen Street, and extending northward to Shuter, with two front towers at the corner of Bond and Church Streets, and a large lantern tower rising up from the centre of the building midway of its length. With the height which such geometrical and architectural balances demand, you can have some conception of majesty of the Cathedral of York as viewed from its exterior.

The following morning I went over to view the inside. The greatest impression was made on my mind by the pillars. Their massiveness can be somewhat imagined when I tell you that three of us, standing hand to hand, could not span them with our arms. It took the fourth



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of them all." Peculiar sensations came over me as I set off alone to walk the streets of this strange place—more strange in the unaccustomed effects of light and shadow which play in the long, lingering twilight of the northern summer eve. I felt as if I had come into another world, where the past and present had met as after a resurrection.

I had not yet been in London Tower or Westminster Abbey so full of historic fellowship, so perhaps this was my first strong consciousness of my littleness in the great crowd of unseen witnesses which encompass such an ancient theatre of activity.

I walked along in the deepening twilight, ready to meet even the ghosts of the great departed. I thought—"Why, this place was a seat of Roman power, when John the apostle was on Patmos isle, writing his pages of apocalyptic

the majesty of a structure, the like of which I had never before seen, I could readily have heard, with a congruous consent: "Put off thy shoes from thy feet," etc. I did take off my hat while I gazed and mused. The stones of the building seemed all honey-combed with age, but they only looked like the wrinkled features which are becoming to the hoary head of the survivor of many years. I moved toward the south side, and began to survey the dimensions of the structure.

In the accompanying picture only one-half of the length is seen. The lantern tower which seems to rise from the rear is really in the centre, over two hundred feet of the eastern portion being hidden by the transepts.

The total length of the building is five hundred and thirty-four feet; the total width two hundred and fifty feet. This

to encircle the great burden-bearers of the building.

I recollect how I was reminded of the promise: "Him that overcometh will I make a pillar in the temple of my God, and he shall go no more out." Glorious fellows, those pillars! They stood there in their noble individuality, each bearing its own burden bravely; and yet each bearing the beautifully distributed burdens of each other. They could never go out. They belong to the whole affair. Others may come and go and share some pleasure, and maybe profit from a transient visit. But there stands the sublime structure to welcome all, shelter all, provide solace for all, and dismiss all, and outlive all—the pillars being the abiding strength.

Perhaps the most noticeable portion of the Cathedral to the general eye is the beautifully stilled choir, and the great eastern window. This window stands