

Notes by the Way.

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LONDON AND YORK.

[FOR THE CHURCH GUARDIAN.]

I was not sorry to have my first experience of London streets in the company of two friends who knew the great city well. The crookedness and similarity of many of the chief business streets are very bewildering. My companions having decided where to *put up*, it remained for me to decide the same important matter. Somewhere in Westminster I knew would be best for me. One being "bound for" his club in Adelphi Place, off the Strand, he and I agreed to go together. Bidding the second (who was going to London Bridge Hotel) good-bye, we started. A few minutes walk, by way of King William Street, brought us into the bustle of Cheapside. What a babel of sounds! The tramping of thousands of feet, the roll of numberless wheels, the shouts of busses and news boys, the tinkling of mechanical pianos, and a host of others. Having hailed a hansom cab, we were soon on the Strand, where the human tide seems to fret its banks of stores like a confined torrent. On through the surging tide we went, passed several of Wren's old city churches, and reached Norfolk Street. Turning suddenly to the left a few paces down Norfolk Street, what a change! We found ourselves in quiet equal to that of South Park Street, Halifax. At the foot of Norfolk Street we found a comfortable little hotel, close to the Thames embankment, and within ten minutes walk of the Abbey of Westminster. My friend left me and went to his club. A few minutes after my London Bridge friend suddenly turned up, much to my delight. What would you like to see first? O! the Abbey most certainly. Come along then. Within fifteen minutes we stood under the splendid north transept. What a fever of thought the sight of the venerable pile awakened. Involuntarily the mind rushed back to the days of Henry III, when the glorious structure began to take form, down through the reign of Edward I and Henry VII, during which the fabric grew. The view of the Abbey from the north is splendid. Its 530 feet of wall, crowded with buttresses and statuary, the fine west towers rising 225 feet, the beautiful north transept windows and doorway, all make up a glorious picture. Having taken a good view of the exterior, we passed through the venerable doorway. The beautiful pillars, long and graceful, the fine roof, all black with age, the stained glass of the many windows, and the numerous monuments of the great dead, all seen through a thin vest of smoke which had found its way in, made a picture which must be seen to be appreciated. Up and down the aisles we wandered till the close of day compelled us to stop. I should but waste words if I were to attempt to describe what has been so often described. Next day I had the pleasure of gazing on the grandeur of St. Paul's, and attending Evensong. I cannot better express the impression the great structure, outside and in, made upon me than by saying I thought it *coldly magnificent*. Cold grey stone, cold grey stone above and all around. On the chancel roof and a little of the dome the work of decoration has been begun and abandoned. St. Paul's disappoints often the eye, after the eye has satisfied itself with vastness. The altar is without a reredos; few of the windows are coloured. The whole structure (perhaps I shall be considered a Barbarian for saying it) wants something—wants a combination of something—which will bear to it the relationship which sunshine bears to mountain scenery. On going into the Abbey one involuntarily unbuttons his top coat, on going into St. Paul's he doesn't. The singing at Evensong was very fine. The voices of the choristers flooded the building and the soul. On my way

down Ludgate Hill, I thought I could see many reasons why it takes a Knox-Little to fill the great space under the dome on a wet day.

The National Gallery, the Houses of Parliament, the Fisheries Exhibition, &c., I must not touch upon, for I fear I have already tried too much the patience of the readers of the GUARDIAN.

On Saturday last, 27th ult., I found myself at King's Cross Station with a ticket for York in my pocket, on my way there to address a meeting on behalf of the S. P. G. At ten o'clock sharp away the express sped. At 1.55 I stepped out at York station. I had no idea owing to the smoothness of the track, that the speed had been sixty miles per hour. York station presented a striking contrast to the London stations. No one seemed to be in a hurry. The porter tossed my portmanteau on his shoulder and led the way very leisurely. The ancient city with its ancient minster, ancient walls and houses, and I think ancient cabs and horses, is decidedly and sweetly slow. In a few minutes I was beside my host's bright fire with an excellent cup of tea in my hand. For comfortable, peaceful firesides, and whole souled hospitality give me dear old York. Let me go straight to the glorious Minster, the finest gothic structure in England. After passing through some narrow winding streets, I found myself under the great west front and towers. On looking at the *stone lace* which covers the front, chipped and marred, and the numerous empty niches, I could see that though many of the Puritan soldiers could not sign their names they had left *their* (X) *mark*. Feelings of anger and sadness mingle with those of admiration on looking upwards. Inside, this mixture of feeling became intensified. The besom of destruction left nothing but the windows. Thanks to Fairfax for this small mercy. On entering the choir one finds consolation. The oak stalls, the fine new reredos, brass lectern and other things worthy of the great Minster catch the eye. The museum, and the public gardens of York, are well worth a visit. The fossil remains of extinct animals of vast size are especially interesting. Roman pottery, coins and monuments bewilder. The ruins of an old abbey, with its broken arches and ivied walls, within and around which rosy faced York children were scampering and shouting, presented a study. From the great central town of the Minster, and from the old city walls, one gets views unsurpassed for beauty and interest in England. I would say to every Canadian who thinks of going to England, "*don't fail to see York.*"

Just a word about the S. P. G. work. I learned from the organizing Secretary that I had to do some talking at three of the city churches on Sunday. At St. Samson's, one of the most venerable churches in the city, I had the honor of preaching after Matins. St. Samson's congregation, always liberal, doubled their last year's offertory. In the afternoon I addressed a large gathering of children at the fine old Church of St. Mary, Castlegate. The dear old building was completely filled. There I did what I could for dear Newfoundland, and surprised everybody by saying that it had a fair share of blue skies and bright sunshine. After service a military officer came into the vestry, (Major —), well acquainted with Newfoundland and Nova Scotia. We had quite an interesting chat about various places and things. At 6.30 I was in the vestry of the fine new Church of St. Clement, outside the city walls. A fine choir and organ, and a large and attentive congregation, made it pleasant pleading the cause of the great North-West. I was not sorry to sit once more beside my host's comfortable fire, for the day completely tired me. On Monday two meetings were held, one in the Degrey rooms, the other in the Corn Exchange. In the division of the forces, I was told off for the latter. The Dean—the well-known Pury-Cust—took the chair. Having done my *little best* for the North-west, I was ably, earnestly, excellently, followed by Major-General Lowry, C. B., who made a most excellent speech. Tuesday at noon found me once more at York station, on the way to the little town of Thirsk.

OUR AMERICAN BUDGET.

THE Supreme Court of New Jersey has decided that a vestry has discretionary power over the pews of a church, that the right to occupation of a particular pew will not arise from its use for any period of time, no matter how long, and that the Court will not review the action of vestrymen in excluding a member from a particular pew.

A VERY successful mission has been held in St. Bartholomew's, Texas, and is worth noticing on account of its not following in the ordinary lines. No exciting or burning appeals were made, as is usual at revivals, but the Church and her services were plainly and distinctly put before the people.

A MEMBER of Christ Church, Cambridge, has given to his church a most acceptable gift of a fine pipe organ. How many Rectors hearts would be cheered by a similar gift from some wealthy layman!

EIGHT years ago a half dozen young men formed the parish of Trinity, Rhode Island, at first worshipping in a hall; three years later a church edifice was built. Opposition, both open and silent, would have daunted less courageous souls, but firm in their purpose to have a more churchly form of worship, they steadily pursued their work until now there are more than 100 communicants, a boy choir of 34 members, second to none in the diocese, a neat and beautifully decorated church, and a commodious rectory.

A CHILD's curiosity to see how smoke would curl was the recent cause of a fire in which \$7000 worth of property was lost.

ON the proposed seal of the new State of Dakota, the motto is: "Fear God, and take your own part." If the citizens of Dakota will live up to that motto, they will be ahead of the citizens of any other state.

INSTEAD of a Vestry, the Church of the Holy Trinity, New York, has a board of nine Trustees, elected in threes for terms of three years.

THE old choir at St. Mark's, Grand Rapids, has been replaced by a choir of thirty boys and ten men, and the seats in front of the chancel have been removed, and the platform extended and provided with seats for them.

THE House of Bishops have appointed a committee, consisting of the Bishop of Minnesota, the Assistant of Kentucky and the Bishop of Illinois, to visit Mexico, "to see if it be practicable to procure some peaceful and final settlement of the difficulties in Mexico."

COUNTING all the expenses, it is estimated that the cost of the meeting of the late Episcopal General Convention was not much less than \$70,000.

BISHOP STEVENS, of Pennsylvania, has the "Italian Mission" in Philadelphia at heart. It has been at work for several years; now they need a building and have purchased a suitable one on Christian street.

AT a recent temperance meeting a resolution, signed by forty-five bishops, was read, in which they expressed their cordial sympathy with the Church Temperance Society, and commended it to the attentive consideration of the whole Church.

IN an address at St. Luke's Church, Philadelphia, the Rev. Dr. Crummell (colored) stated that the colored people in the Southern States were increasing some four or five per cent. faster than the whites. At this rate they will, before the end of another century, more than double the white population in those States.

St. MARK'S Church, Mauch Chunk, Pa., has recently received two very valuable acquisitions. Beside the altar and reredos erected to the memory of Judge Packer, which is said to be one of the finest works of art in the country, and the beautiful polychromatic decorations, there have been now added a pulpit of unique design, and a brass lectern of exquisite workmanship. They were unveiled on All Saints' Day, and set apart for their sacred use by a form of benediction by the Bishop of Minnesota.