

seen the tomb of that "most poor woman," Queen Katharine of Aragon. To her burial here we owe the preservation of the cathedral. When Henry VIII. ordered the dissolution of all religious houses, he commanded this to be spared, saying that he would leave Katharine one of the goodliest monuments in the kingdom. Mary Queen of Scots was buried here in the choir for twenty-five years, and was then removed, at the request of her son, James I., to Westminster Abbey, where she lies, in the solemn truce of death, near her great rival, Elizabeth of England. In this church Wolsey, in proud abasement, washed and kissed the feet of fifty-nine poor people.

But of all the cathedrals of England which I saw, the most impressive is the mighty minster of York. How it symbolizes the profound instinct of worship of the human soul, its yearnings after the unseen and eternal! The sweet and solemn chanting of the choir seemed to me the litany of the ages, the echo of the prayers of the dead and buried generations crying out for the living God. The great east window Pugin thinks "the finest in the world." The monkish rhyme at the portal we feel is no vain boasting: VT ROSA FLOS FLORVM, SIC ES ' DOMVS ISTA DOMORVM.

The ruined Abbey of St. Mary's, founded 800 years ago by William Rufus, reminds us of the cowed brotherhood whose worship or wassail once filled those shattered vaults, now open to rain and wind. The old walls, the quaint "bars" or gates and the stern old castle, celebrated in Scott's "Ivanhoe," are grim relics of the stormy feudal times. But these seem but as yesterday compared with the older Roman ruins, dating back to the first century. Here the Emperors Severus and Constantius died; here Caracalla and Constantine were crowned, if indeed the latter was not a native of the place.

Amid the bolder scenery of the North Riding, crowning a lofty height with its majestic towers, rises the stately Durham Cathedral. Here repose the remains of St. Cuthbert, of Lindisfarne—the most famous of the hermit saints—and of the Venerable Bede, the first English historian, who died nearly twelve hundred years ago. On a low and inconspicuous tomb, beneath the grim and hoary Norman arches one may read his simple epitaph:

HAC SVNT IN FOSSA
BEDÆ VENERABILIS OSSA.