

Notes by the Way.

(For the Church Guardian).

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No. III.

THIRSK TO DUNSBY.

THIRSK may be correctly described as a small, red brick market town, old-fashioned and sleepy. The chief objects of interest are the cobble stones, tiles, Parish Church, and *triangular* market square. Having caught a severe cold at York, I called upon a druggist, whose establishment fronts on said square, and asked him for a remedy. "Cover your head with a towel," said he, "and hold it over a basin of werry warm 'ot water." I thanked him and left. Having a strong desire to cross the Atlantic again, I did not take his advice, but I took a cab and went to Sowerby, a neighboring village, to which the authorities in Delahay street, had ordered me. There I spent a most pleasant twenty four hours with the good old Rector. In the evening, we had a most hearty meeting on behalf of the S. P. C. The organizing Secretary, who was present, gave a glowing description of life in Australia, and the work of the Church there. I had the honour of following with a little about the Great North West. Next morning, the Rector and I walked over to Thirsk to see the fine old Church; well worth a visit, it was, indeed. We had first to obtain a ponderous bunch of keys from a little fat woman in the *triangle*. After unlocking a huge iron gate, and two oak doors, we found ourselves inside. The restoration under the late Mr. Street, so well known, was excellently carried out. The windows, pillars, arches, pulpit, font, all proved worthy of close inspection. Having satisfied our curiosity, or rather *my* curiosity, for my guide knew it well, we locked the great doors again. Why so many beautiful Churches should be locked, I cannot think. The doors of Roman Churches all stand open, and invite the visitor. Having bidden my kind friend good-bye, I left for a little village, Full Sutton *via* York; a run by rail to Stamford Bridge, and a cart drive of three miles, brought me to my destination. It was *All Saints' Day*, and almost time for Evensong; then little bells soon chimed out, and the greater part of the village gathered within the little Church. At the close of the Service, at the request of the Rector—one of the grains of the earth's salt—I spoke of Mission work in Newfoundland and Labrador. The day before I arrived, a sudden death had taken place; the funeral on the day after, gave me an opportunity of seeing the Yorkshire villager in a new light. Full Sutton is quite out of the world, and contains only 150 persons. The death was felt to be a personal loss to all, and the whole population gathered to pay the last mark of respect. The Rector having put on his surplice and stole, went to the west end of the little nave and tolled one of the bells, in a few minutes the sad funeral procession entered. The coffin, made of stained deal, was borne by six women (special friends of the deceased), and placed between the choir stalls, the face of the dead looking towards the altar. Every villager wept, as the solemn words of the burial office fell from the priest's lips. I could not but notice with what extreme gentleness the sad burden was again taken up and borne from the Church to the grave. When the last words had been read, and the little community had left the grave every face was an assurance that the warmest hearts often beat under the roughest exteriors. No onlooker could help warming towards the simple folk, so content to live and labour for generations in their own strata without a hope of anything better—the humblest of the humble, the poorest of the poor. Thank GOD for the free air of the western world where the wheel goes round.

The next day being a spare day, the Rector and I spent it rambling over a range of chalk-hills,

known as the Wold. We climbed the highest point in Yorkshire. A lovely stretch of meadow and wood lay about us; away in the distance stood the noble towers of York Minster. Having descended the other side of the range, we visited the curious little Church of Kirby-Underdale, nearly a thousand years old. The old Norman pillars and arches are uncommonly massive. The west tower and front face a steep bank, and are hidden by it. Old, but not infirm, it seems to crouch for shelter from the cold winds off the Wold. We met the Rector's wife, the Hon. Mrs. Munsen, and accepted her pressing invitation to a five o'clock tea. After a pleasant chat with the happy family, the remaining portion of them rather, for two of the sons are in the North West, we started on our return through a cold mist and fog.

The following day I had to say good-bye (rarely have I said it more unwillingly), business calling me to Wainfleet, St. Mary. Owing to the number of changes I had to make, the railway journey was tedious. I was glad of an hour's delay at Boston, however, for I had an opportunity of seeing *Boston Stump*, the finest Church tower in England. The Church—St. Batolphs—is the most splendid parochial edifice in the Kingdom. The nave is of greater width and the tower of more glorious architecture than those of any of the great cathedrals seen. The tower, which is a perpendicular style, is 300 feet high. The top is an octagonal lantern, clasped by four beautiful flying buttresses. The nave and aisles are chiefly "decorated Gothic," but perpendicular Gothic was introduced as the building went on. In the north aisle a third style is perceptible, rich "Tudor Gothic" of the time of Henry VII. Great numbers of our *American cousins* visit Boston. Those who know the history of the *Mayflower* will not need to be told the reason why. The pillars and arches of the nave, the front and the east window, are all splendid. After a hasty look at this fine church I hastened to the station to catch the train for Wainfleet, which I reached at 6.30.

Wainfleet town has one object of interest—the old market cross. How many generations of butter dealers have placed their golden store on its steps I cannot say. Wainfleet Parish Church is the ugliest in the Kingdom, and very modern. It would make a very respectable Friends' meeting house. Wainfleet, St. Mary, where I stayed, has a very interesting old Parish Church. The roof of the nave is a great curiosity. The oak beams are all crooked and quite out of square—many of them twice as large one end as the other. The pillars of the nave are "perpendicular," with the exception of one, which is Norman—the only trace of a former building. My stay at the cosy vicarage I shall always remember, for there I came in contact with *the soul* of hospitality.

Seven miles from Wainfleet, on the sea-shore, lies the new watering place—Skegness. My one day there was most enjoyable. The town has an American air about it. The streets are broad, the buildings are quite new, the town being but four years old. The pier is a magnificent one, jutting seven hundred yards into the sea. In the season ten thousand persons have passed the turn styles in a single day. On the sea end stands the Pavillion, from the top of which a splendid view of the town and the "wash" may be obtained. According to Leland, an ancient town, with castle and walls, once stood where Skegness is now, but was swallowed up by the sea. Not at all improbable, for the whole place is but a mass of sand and almost quite level with the sea.

From Skegness I went to Bowne, in the south of Lincolnshire. The name is taken from a stream of remarkably pure water, which issues from a spring a short distance south of the town. The Abbey of Bowne, dedicated to SS. Peter and Paul, is a spacious and fine building in the Norman style. On Sunday morning I had the privilege of addressing a large congregation. The Abbey contains some very interesting monuments, a finely enriched font and a stoup under a crockaded canopy.

(To be continued.)

OUR AMERICAN BUDGET.

ELEVEN years ago there was a Lenten mid-day service at Bible House, New York, and every day since then, almost without interruption, prayer is offered up for missionaries. Missionaries at their different stations also offer the customary prayer at 12 o'clock, and thus in every place the pure offering is going up to the throne of grace.

THE Rev. John S. Lindsay, D. D., rector of St. John's Church, West Washington, has been elected Chaplain of the House of Representatives (Forty Eighth Congress.)

ST. BARNABAS'S house New York, goes quietly on in its work of help and comfort for the homeless and poor. Here, during the past year 2,081 women and children were received and sheltered for a time, fed and clothed, and helped to help themselves. Here 24,722 lodgings were furnished, and 110,629 meals supplied, and situations for over 700 women. Here 138 children of parents—mostly poor mothers who go out to work by the day—have been admitted and fed and taught and cared for from morning to night, daily.

MR. Cyrus B. Durand, a minister for many years in the Reformed Dutch Church, was recently ordained to the Diaconate, by the Bishop of Northern New Jersey.

MR. Charles E. Barnes of Salem, an Adventist preacher, has recently signified to the Bishop of Massachusetts, his desire to become a candidate for Holy Orders, and has been informally accepted. He began to preach about fifteen years ago, and has been highly esteemed by the Adventists. He was for some years the editor of their Sunday school paper, secretary of their publishing society, one of the managers of their largest camp-meetings, besides which he filled many other responsible positions. About five years since he was led to doubt the truthfulness of the notions of Church polity and of the ministry which he, in common with all Adventists, had held. During that period he has made a thorough examination of these and related subjects, with the result named above. He is the sixth Adventist minister who has sought and found "rest" in the Church within a few years.

At the General Theological Seminary, New York, there is one prize given annually for excellence in extemporaneous preaching and committing to memory the words of the Prayer Book. This prize is a gold watch of the best American manufacture, with the inscription engraved on the inside "Instant in season, out of season."

In the last ten years the Episcopal Church has increased its communicants in Massachusetts from 11,558 to 13,232, and in Boston have built six new churches and four chapels.

THE Standing committee of Maryland has elected into the place lately filled by Bishop Randolph, the Rev. W. W. Williams, rector of Christ Church, Baltimore.

THE total amount asked from the American Church for her general missions for the fiscal year 1883-84 is, not less than \$368,166.62.

THE eminent naturalist, Rev. J. G. Wood, F. R. S., who is delivering a course of lectures before the Lowell Institute, Boston, preached at the Church of the Advent last week.

SEÑOR Parmenio Anaya, a Spanish convert from Romanism, was ordained to the Diaconate in the Church of the Covenant, Philadelphia, last week. He will work among the Cubans.

THE long cherished project of a cathedral for Churchmen of Albany, the capital city of the Diocese of New York, has at last taken tangible form. On Friday night, Nov. 30, about three hundred people gathered at the chapel of All Saints' and took decisive steps in the matter. The meeting was characterized by great enthusiasm and earnestness.

BISHOP SPALDING recommends the setting apart of Wyoming Territory as a new diocese.

THE communicants in the American Church 1882, were 352,814, this year there are 373,088, an increase of 20,274.