

lier style. In its general effect, so spacious and lofty, with great windows characteristic of the period, it is a magnificent building. We have referred to the fires from which the minster has suffered. The roof of the choir was burnt in 1829, that of the nave in 1840; but both have been carefully restored.

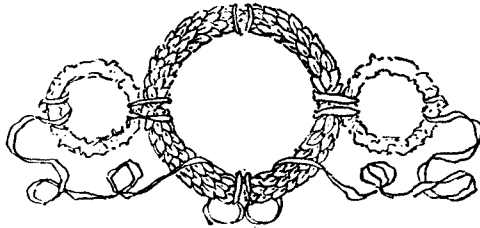
There is much more to say of this glorious pile, but a few words must be accorded to the splendid screen at the entrance of the choir, which contains fifteen statues of the Kings of England, all of them ancient, with one exception. The statue of King Henry VI. was taken down and room made for that of Edward IV; but the niche was never filled until the reign of James I. But again Henry has taken the place of James.

Reference has been made to several of the Archbishops of York, and some others may be mentioned. Scope or

Scoop, of Shakespeare's Henry IV., was executed near York, A.D. 1405, for high treason, and is buried at the eastern end of the Lady Chapel. It was difficult, in those days, for any one to live long without being guilty of high treason against some one.

Among the greatest of the occupants of the See of York we cannot fail to place Wolsey, the great Minister of Henry VIII., who for a time held Durham, and afterwards Winchester, along with York. He is buried at Leicester. The late Archbishop of York, Dr. William Thomson, was an eminent scholar, writer, and preacher; and the present Archbishop, D. W. Maclogan, who for a time administered the diocese of Lichfield with eminent ability and success, now worthily and prosperously occupies the chair of Paulinus.

*William Clark.*



#### A SONG.

**B**E glad that morning air is bright,  
That morning sky is clear.  
Ask not thou aught of larger light,  
Of deeper cheer.

Be glad if at the golden noon  
The strong, reluctant sun  
Still shines above, ere yet the boon  
Of day is run.

Be glad, though far hill-ranges blend  
In lines of driven rain;  
It is not all of joy to wend,  
And naught of pain.

Be glad, though fall o'er land and sea  
Blind night, and rest seems far;  
God sets, to mark thy way for thee,  
His evening star!

*A. B. d' Mille.*