

share. And what a revelation the singing would have been to them! They have been doing something to the organ for the last six months, so only a note was given, and the whole service, responses, Psalms, very elaborate Canticles, and a beautiful Anthem were sung, entirely unaccompanied. It was wonderful to hear those perfectly-trained voices rising in such exquisite harmony and echoing up among the massive Norman arches. One felt as if angels must be waiting eagerly to present anything so perfect before the throne of God. And yet, as the concluding words of the anthem fell on one's ear, "God is the King of all the earth," one realised somehow that perhaps to Him the most perfect earth-music was that which voiced the homage and adoration of all His people from all over the earth, and that perhaps even our little wavering notes of praise, echoing faintly up the mountain sides and among the forest trees arching overhead, were needed to complete the harmony of such worship as was being offered daily in such a "Palace of the Great King" as Durham Cathedral.

Travelling down from Durham to Norfolk, after so much travelling in Canada, the contrast between the two countries struck one more forcibly than ever before. It was not only that Canada is so much newer, and, in some parts, so much wilder, while England is like a perfectly cultivated garden, but that which is the grandeur and magnificence of the two countries, is so characteristic of each.

In Canada we think we have everything on such a grand scale, our mountains are so lofty, our rivers and lakes so wide, our trees so tall, our distances so immense, and yet one thing, the greatest of all, the peculiar glory of England, great Church buildings, are tucked away out of sight. Even when we have a beautiful church in our country it is only among a crowd of other buildings in a city which jostle up against it, over top of it, and sometimes almost completely hide it.

What a revelation then is such a journey as that down the eastern side of England! There are no mountains, the land is as flat, generally, as our prairies, yet lacking their feeling of expanse, as it has all been cut up from time immemorial into various farms and holdings. Most of the rivers appear to us like apologies for streams, even the trees, though so beautifully symmetrical and well cared for, seem dwarfed in comparison with our forest giants, and when one comes to the towns the contrast is greater than ever. When travelling in Canada the approach to a large town is heralded by the whirring of saw-mills, the clangour of foundries, the banging of freight cars being shunted up and down miles of railway track, and many other similar sights and sounds, and something of the same sort goes on, too, in the busy commercial centres of England. But here in the eastern counties, where Christianity was planted so firmly in spite of the ravages of the Danes and Northmen so many centuries ago, the Church still appears visibly as the predominating influence, nature and commerce alike being equally subservient to it.