

JONATHAN YEADON'S JUSTIFICATION.

BY MRS. AMELIA E. BARR.

OPENING an old diary to-day a small, faded square of printed paper fluttered to the ground. I lifted it curiously and found it was a Wesleyan class-ticket, a token of Mary Yeadon's membership with the Guiseley chapel, more than half a century ago—a little bit of yellow paper about three inches square, with a narrow waving border around the edge, inside of which was a text of Scripture, and below the text, "Mary Yeadon," written in a bold, free hand. The date was January 25th, A.D. 1830.

I took the paper in my hand and sat down to think. What was I doing with it? Its date was before my birth—but as soon as I read the text I remembered all—"And He shall bring forth thy righteousness as the light, and thy judgment as the noonday. Rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for Him." Yes, I remembered all; the little token had been given to me by a woman whom it had comforted for twenty years, and to whom it had been the pledge of an unfaltering trust wonderfully redeemed. If you wish to know how, then come with me into the very heart of England; into that Yorkshire which old Fuller says is the essence and the epitome of all that is excellent in the whole land. In spite of steam and railways the people yet retain much of their picturesque, unhewn roughness of character and manners; but fifty years ago the flavour of "English undefiled" was still more pronounced. They are a thorough, downright, hearty people, hard-headed, hard-fisted; a race who have left their mark on English history for two thousand years; foremost always in all those fierce processes which out of the jarring elements of Briton, Roman, Saxon, and Norman have wrought the England and the English of to-day.

There never has been a great national feeling which did not in this county find its acme. When Yorkshiremen accepted steam they made Yorkshire the home of steam-craft; when they accepted Methodism they did it with a shout that thrilled all England. No one indeed quite knows what "singing and making melody in the heart" really means until he has heard a thousand Yorkshire men and women sing together the grand old lyric:

"Hallelujah to the Lamb,
Who has brought us our pardon;
We'll praise Him again
When we've passed over Jordan."