

On my way back to the south again the Head Deaconess invited us to stay at the Diocesan Mission House in Durham.

One has always had one's thoughts so filled with descriptions of the glories of Durham, which one hardly expected ever to have the chance of seeing, that it seemed like a dream to be in a train seeing peaceful English fields gliding past the window, and all of a sudden to see a break, a deep valley, and beyond it a compact, hoary town rising up, crowned most gloriously with the magnificent pile of Cathedral buildings! It was a sight one can never forget.

It was wonderful driving up from the station through the old town of Durham. Up, up we went, through the narrow streets paved with cobblestones, until at last we drove in under a huge stone gateway (whose gates are still locked at 10 o'clock every night), and we entered the Bailey, as the enclosure round the Cathedral is called.

The Diocesan Mission House is just opposite the Cathedral. It used to be an old monastery building in the olden days, and is full of quaint, unexpected doorways, staircases and passages, whose floors are quite uneven from age. The walls are very thick. In my bedroom there was more than room for a good-sized bureau to stand in the thickness of the wall under the windows. Between the Mission House and the Cathedral is the Dean's house. There were some very ancient holly trees, full of berries, overhanging his garden wall, and by the gateway there was a curious little extinguisher built in, which was formerly used for putting out torches. The Dean's kitchen is a very imposing stone building, some distance away from the house. One would think his dinners would get rather cold, especially in winter, before they reached him!

, How I wish I could, in my way, help you to understand what a tremendous and most beautiful building the Cathedral is! Perhaps it might give you some idea of its size by hearing one thing I was told, which was that it takes two days to really go over every bit of it. And again, that there used to be in olden days as many as thirty-two altars in various parts of it!

As to its beauty, it is built of dignified brownish stone, with nice warm tints in it, and is said to be the grandest of all English Cathedrals. It was begun in the year 1093, and the building does not seem to have been completed for about four hundred years!

We went over to Evensong, just an ordinary everyday Evensong, such as has been going on there for hundreds of years, yet there was a choir of over thirty men and boys, and, I think, four clergy. We had full choral Evensong, with the loveliest music! I wish you could have heard it, in fact I could hardly really enjoy it for thinking of you all, and wishing you were there. How our choir at Yale would have envied those huge great leather-bound Canticle and Anthem books, large enough for two or three little choir boys to