

of her vane, — the felt combination of great age and massive durability, that made the passing hour in the history of the edifice but a mere half-way point between the centuries of the past and the centuries of the future, — all conspired to render the interior of York Minster one of the most impressive objects I had ever seen. Johnson singles out Congreve's description of a similar pile as one of the finest in the whole range of English poetry. It is at least description without exaggeration, in reference to buildings such as this cathedral.

“ *Almeria*. It was a fancied noise; for all is hushed.

Leonora. It bore the accent of a human voice.

Almeria. It was thy fear, or else some transient wind
Whistling through hollows of this vaulted aisle.

We 'll listen —

Leonora. Hark!

Almeria. No, all is hushed and still as death : 't is dreadful.
How reverend is the face of this tall pile,
Whose ancient pillars rear their marble heads,
To bear aloft its arched and ponderous roof,
By its own weight made steadfast and immovable, —
Looking tranquillity ! It strikes an awe
And terror on the aching sight : the tombs
And monumental caves of death look cold,
And shoot a chillness to the trembling heart.
Give me thy hand, and let me hear thy voice;
Nay, quickly speak to me, and let me hear
Thy voice : my own affrights me with its echoes.”

But though I felt the poetry of the edifice, so little had my Presbyterian education led me to associate the not unelevated impulses of the feeling with the devotional spirit, that, certainly without intending any disrespect to either the national religion or one of the noblest ecclesiastical buildings of England, I had failed to uncover my head, and was quite unaware of the gross solecism I was committing, until two of the offi-