

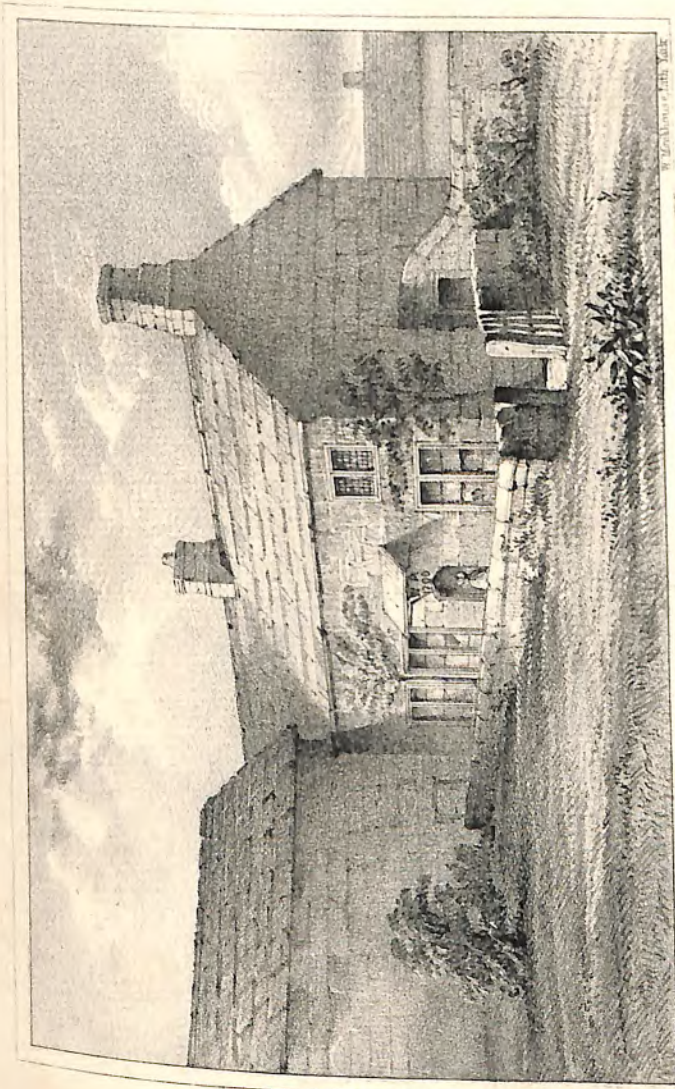
been a hand-loom weaver; became a zealous Friend; gained much power as a preacher; and during his life made many missionary-journeys in England, Ireland and America. He, and after his death, his widow made several bequests of property for charitable purposes and for the support of the Airton Meeting. His house and some land were conveyed to trustees who were to see that home and food were provided for teachers who might visit Airton. The farmer, or whoever might hold the premises, was to take no fee for the entertainment of such visitors. The trustees were directed

"to farm the said premises, [as] a pennyworth unto friends, by way of scorn called Quakers, who should willingly entertain such Teachers as might be called of God, and by Him sent abroad to preach the gospel in the free dispensation thereof."

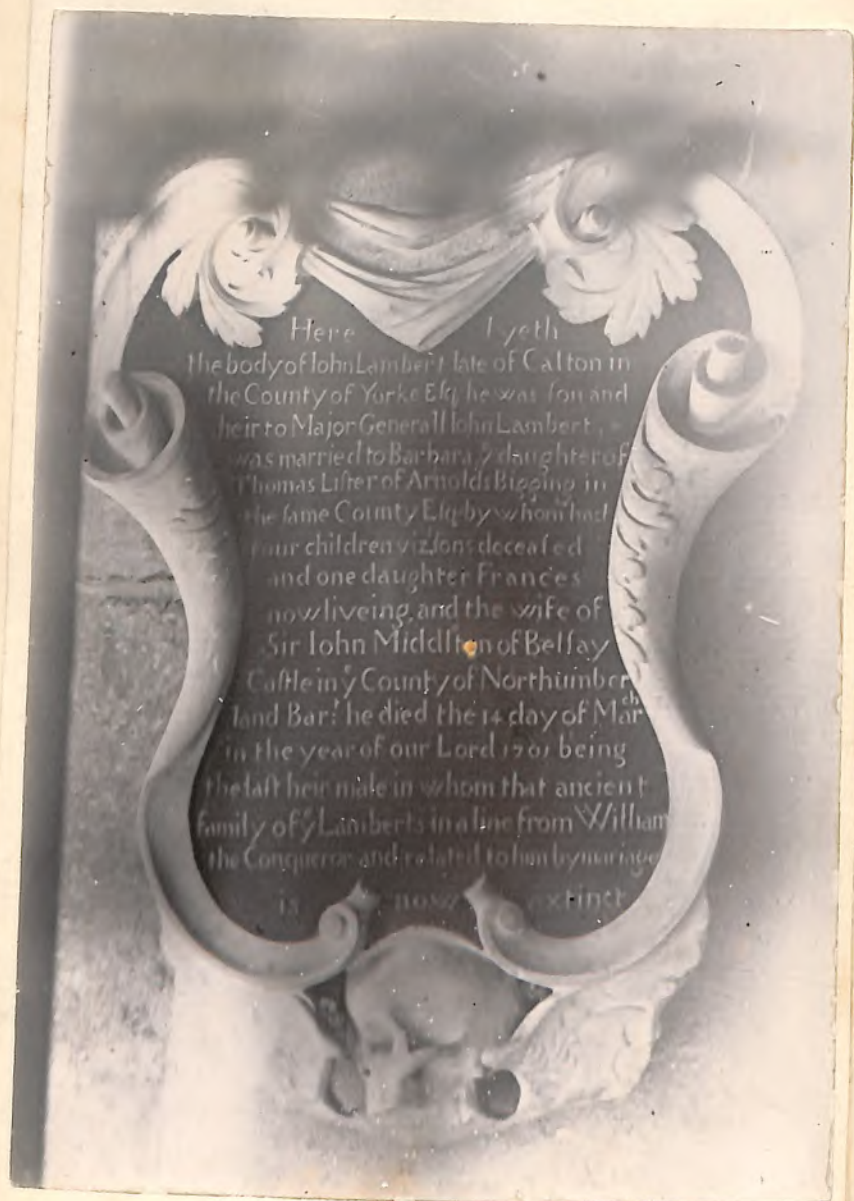
Provision was made for putting poor children of Airton, Calton and Scosthrop, to "plain and honest trades." Also "six large coats and six women's hoods" were to be kept for use by travelling Friends in wet or foul weather; which coats and hoods were to be mended or replaced, like the furniture, so often as the trustees should deem meet.*

The Airton Meeting has existed for two centuries, and still exists. It was one of the five meetings that constituted the Settle Monthly Meeting, the others being Settle, Bentham, Newton and Lothersdale. These five meetings are now in connection with Brighouse. Very recently the writer was speaking with an old man, now 84 years of age, who when a boy was servant at the house in which, 200 years ago, William and Alice Ellis lived. Asked if he could remember

* "Life and Letters of William and Alice Ellis," p. 266.



FRIENDS MEETING HOUSE, AT AIRTON.



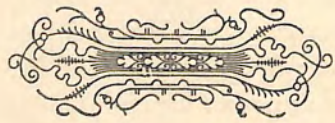
Lambert Monument in Kirkby
Malham Church

anything about the Quakers' meetings he said, "Nay, I can't; for they used to sit and study, and I went to sleep." "They used to sit and study" is a definition of the Friends' silent worship which, so far as the writer's knowledge goes, is unique.

From Airton to High Side is a steady, upward walk; but on reaching the crown of the hill we receive our reward. From this point we have, so far as these rambles are concerned, our parting-view of Ribblesdale. Although we cannot say that we have "kept the best wine to the last," we may claim that this "last wine" is good. The widening dale stretches out before us, and although we do not see the sea, we see the mountain-ranges that look down upon the sea. This is also a surprise-point, for the fine prospect opens out quite suddenly before us. A stranger, who had had no thought of what was coming, would punctuate High Side with a robust note of exclamation.

The traveller in crossing the "tops," and especially this "top," High Side, has sometimes a picture before him that makes his heart glad. We have heard more than one farmer become poetic as he stood in Settle Market and described what he had seen. We speak of *landscape*, *seascape*, *cloudscape*; let us try to picture to ourselves a *mistscape*. These high lands have their fogs sometimes; but they are not fogs of Leeds or of Manchester make,—not fogs in which every particle of moisture is married to a particle of soot. Suppose that it is a keen, still morning in January. A mist has settled over the whole district. It is one of those

mists which, when they pass off, leave every blade of grass, every tree and shrub clad with hoar-frost as with a garment. The mist lies over the landscape like a quiet sea. It may reach a height of 500 to 900 feet, and everything that does not lift its head higher than that is hidden in this sea of mist. On such a morning the traveller who is on his way from Airton to Settle,—perhaps a farmer on his way to the market,—has when he reaches High Side a singularly beautiful picture to look upon. When he left Airton all was wrapped in mist, but as he gets higher he rises above the mist, and finds a blue sky and brilliant sunshine. And when he reaches the crown of the hill he looks out on a wide and tranquil sea. There is no wind to stir it. The mist simply lies and sleeps. It is a glorious transformation-scene. It is Ribblesdale transfigured. The familiar landscape is hidden. The white ocean stretches from Attermire to Pendle, from Scaleber Glen to Newby Moor. It engulphs everything that cannot hold its head on high. But many of our old friends greet us still. The loftier ridges, scars and hills stand out like coast-line, islet and island from the silent, sun-lit sea.



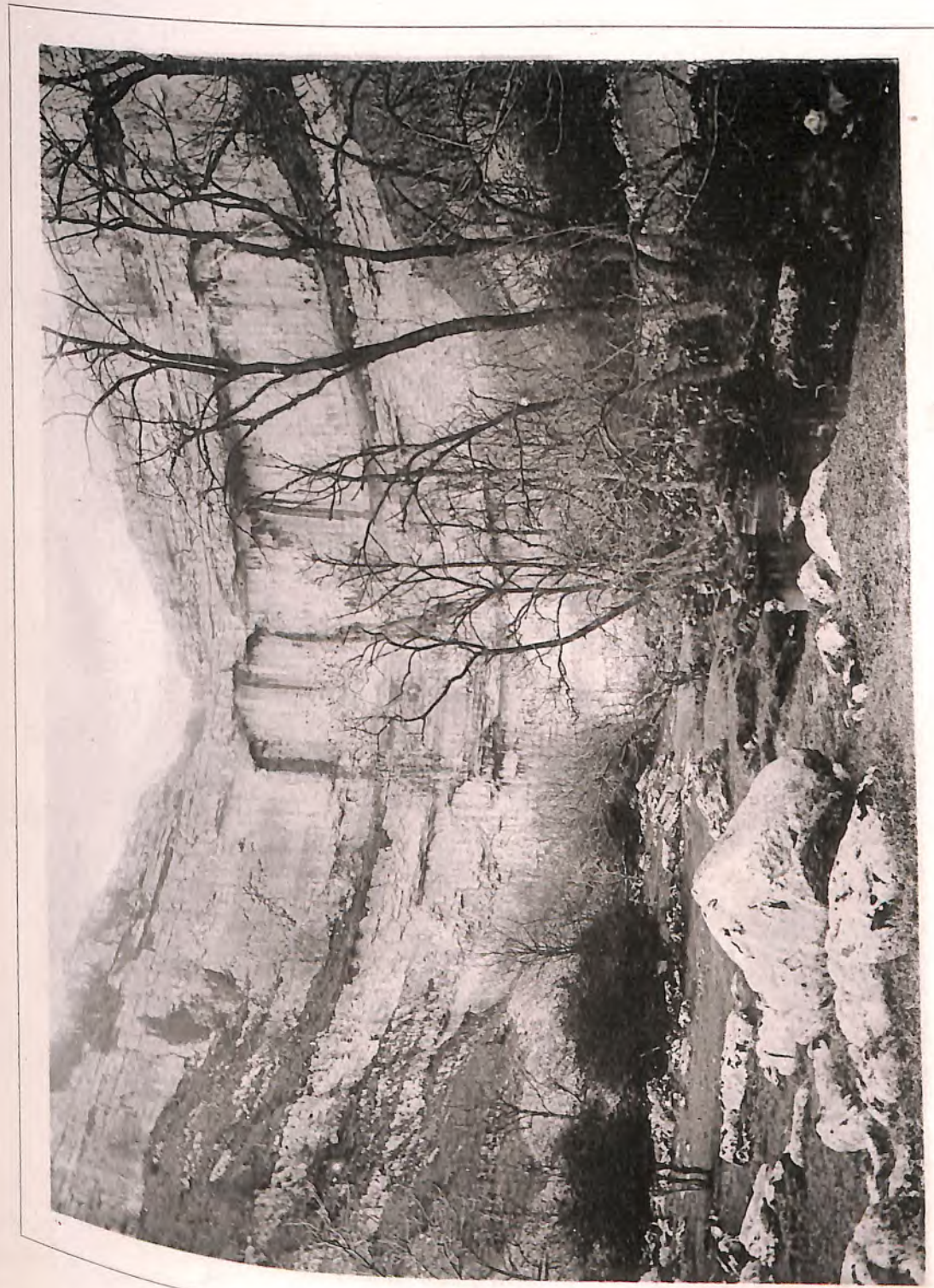
Above is the Conclusion of the descriptive matter in Mr. Brown's work. The next Chapter relates to the Botany of the district, and is on p. 513.



Malham Church after Restoration.



General Lambert.



MALHAM COVE

JANET'S FORCE, MALHAM



MALHAM COVE

