Garstang's Yard.

Mr. J. Petty
,, A. E. Inman
,, M. Rushton
,, R. Calvert
Mrs. Megson
,, Whittaker

Bell Hill, W. (*continued*)

Mr. F. Brown
,, T. Hardacre
,, G. Stirk

Stackhouse.

Mr. J. Waugh, C.E.
,, J. Atford
Mrs. Watts, Carrholme
Mr. W. Brennand
,, A. S. J. Musgrave
,, A. R. St. C. Radcliffe, The Old Hall
,, J. Wilson
,, R. A. Attenborough
,, G. Wilson, Rose Cottage
,, E. Fido
,, W. Rose

Rathmell Road.

(*East side*)

Mr. W. Frankland *Gildersleets*

Station Road.

Mr. T. Monk (*Craven Inn*)
,, R. Bentham (*Stationmaster*)
,, A. Cuttriss
,, J. Howarth

Mr. A. Hogg, Close House
* ,, ,,
Mr. W. Bilsborough, Close House
,, W. Garnett, Swabeck
,, C. B. Maudsley, Rome
,, E. Parker, Rome
,, T. Smith, Parson's Close
,, S. Harrison, Wham
,, W. Bilsborough, Wham
,, C. Bilsborough, Sandforth
,, G. Robinson, Moss Bank
,, D. Smith, Routster Green
,, H. Lund, Routster
* Langerigg
Mr. E. Johnson, Paley Green
* High Green
Mr. W. Cookson, Craven Ridge
,, R. Lamb, Armistead Hall
,, T. Maudsley, Field Gate
,, A. Taylor
,, J. Maudsley, Grain House
,, J. Bradley, Croft Closes
,, R. Leeming, Huntworth

FAMILY TREE by T.B.

Giggleswick Church

(S. ALKELDA.)

SETTLE	STAINFORTH	RATHMELL	LANGCLIFFE
(Church of the Holy Ascension)	(S. Peter)	(Holy Trinity)	(S. John the Evangelist)
Consecrated Oct. 26th, 1838.	Consecrated Sept. 29th, 1842.	Consecrated Sept. 30th, 1842.	Consecrated Sept. 29th, 1850.

"Daughter am I in my Mother's House, but Mistress in mine own."—*Kipling.*

CONCERT.

Place: Giggleswick National School.
Date: Thursday, November 15th, 8 p.m.
Object: The Purchase of a Parish Piano.

Programme.

PIANO..... "Valse in D♭ major" (Op. 64, No. 1) .....*Chopin*
MR. THEODORE WALROND.

SONG..... "Off to Philadelphia".....*Battison Haynes*
MR. CONWAY REES.

BANJO..... { *a.* "Coon Breakdown" / *b.* "Baltimore Patrol March" } .....*Ellis*
MR. THOMAS BINGHAM.

SONG..... "Husheen" .....*Needham*
MRS. CRABTREE.

VIOLIN SOLO..... "Scène de Ballet" .....*Charles de Beriot*
MR. LEONARD WATKINS.

QUARTETTE (S. S. T. B.)..... "Carnovale" .....*Rossini*
MRS. CRABTREE, MRS. GARNETT, MR. CONWAY REES,
AND MR. CHARLES BYGRAVE.

PIANO..... "La Gazelle" (in E♭ major) .....*Wollenhaupt*
MR. THEODORE WALROND.

SONG....."The Young British Soldier" .....*Gerard F. Cobb*
MR. CONWAY REES.

TRIO (S. A. B.) ..... "Queen of the Night" .....*Henry Smart*
MRS. CRABTREE, MRS. BROCKLEHURST,
AND MR. GIFFORD MANNOCK.

BANJO..... "Park Crescent March" .....*Burnand*
MR. THOMAS BINGHAM.

SONG..... "Over the Harbour Bar" .....*Godfrey Marks*
REV. T. P. BROCKLEHURST.

QUARTETTE (S. S. T. B.)... "Good Night, Beloved" .....*Pinsuti*
MRS. CRABTREE, MRS. GARNETT, MR. CONWAY REES,
AND MR. CHARLES BYGRAVE.

"GOD SAVE THE QUEEN."

Accompanists—Messrs. THEODORE WALROND, GODDARD BARKER, and Rev. T. P. BROCKLEHURST.

TICKETS, 2/6 (numbered and reserved chairs) and 1/- (unreserved seats), at Mrs. Taylor's, Post office, Giggleswick, and the Craven Printing Company's, Settle.

ADMISSION 6d., if there is any over-room.

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Amateur Dramatic Entertainment

(Proceeds towards the purchase of a Piano for Giggleswick Parish educational and social purposes.)

VICTORIA HALL, SETTLE.

Thursday, November 29th.

Doors open at 7-30 p.m.; to commence at 8.

PART I.

THE FARCE:—

'A PAIR OF LUNATICS.'

CHARACTERS:

SHE (otherwise Clara Manners) - - MISS LENA BROCKLEHURST
HE (otherwise Captain George Fielding) - MR. WILFRID HUDLESTON

PART II.

A FEW MUSICAL ITEMS.

PART III.

THE FARCE:—

'TURN HIM OUT.'

CHARACTERS:

NICODEMUS NOBBS (an itinerant vendor of juvenile toys)
MASTER NORMAN BROCKLEHURST
MR. MACINTOSH MOKE - - - - MR. CHARLES SWALE
MR. EGLANTINE ROSELEAF - - - MR. MURRAY CROFTS
JULIA - - - - - - - - - MISS MABEL BRAYSHAW
SUSAN (a maid-of-all-work) - - - MISS LENA BROCKLEHURST
TWO PORTERS.

Plan of Hall at the Craven Printing & Stationery Company's, Settle.

TICKETS, Dress Circle (numbered and reserved), 2/6; Circle, 1/6; Floor, 1/-; Back, 6d.,
to be obtained at Mrs. Taylor's, Post Office, Giggleswick, and the Craven Printing Company's, Limited, Settle.

C. E. T. S.

GIGGLESWICK BRANCH OF THE BAND OF HOPE.

An Entertainment will be given by the Members in the National School, on Thursday, November 8th, when the Chair will be taken by the Vicar, at 7-30 p.m.

ADMISSION :—A few Reserved Seats at 6d.; Adults, 3d.; Childer, 1d.

—: PROGRAMME. :—

VIOLIN SOLO.....Miss M. JAMES

SONG.....Mr. E. JENKINSON

PIANOFORTE SOLO..... "Dorothy" .....Master W. TAYLOR

ACTION SONG....."Boot Black Brigade".....EIGHT BOYS

SONG.....Miss WHITTAKER

RECITATION..... "Pat and the Pig" .....W. TAYLOR

SONG.....Mr. KNIGHT

DIALOGUE....."Poisonous Medicine"...Misses HUDSON & JAMES

SONG.....Miss CHEETHAM

RECITATION.....W. H. COX

ACTION SONG....."Topsy Turvy"...FOUR BOYS & FOUR GIRLS

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Giggleswick Parish Magazine. May 1901.

EASTER VESTRY?

In lieu of the usual and recognized *representative* Easter Vestry that obtains in all parishes of our English Church there has existed here from old times a self-elected co-optative body yclept "The Gentlemen of the Twenty-four," which has been in the habit of what suspiciously looks like positively usurping the free rights, untrammelled thought and unhindered opinion of the parishioners and of the worshippers at Saint Alkelda's. Against the several individuals comprising this august body there is, as far as is cognizable, nothing whatever to be said: they are doubtless immaculately respectable.

This stately assembly met at noon in the Carr Chapel of Giggleswick Church when the Vicar presided and the proceedings were opened with prayer.

Before calling for the minutes of the last meeting to be read the Vicar made two formal protests which, whilst academic in a way, still were intended to be quite meant to be acted upon should the future demand the occasion. It must be borne in mind that "The Constitutions and Canons Ecclesiastical" are the working Rules and Regulations of the Church of England. First of all the Chairman pointed out that the Notice convening the 'Select' Vestry had been signed only by the Churchwardens whereas the rule of the Church of England is that such notice should be signed conjointly by "the Minister and Churchwarden or Churchwardens." This deviation from rule of course is a trifle but it might possibly cause frictional inconvenience. [In passing I wish to observe that the Churchwardens seem to have had an unco' altiloquent impression of themselves for their initals appear on the pulpit, the mid-air Candelabra, and in fact on pretty nearly every mortal appurtenance of the Church: yea, even on the very Holy Chalice itself are their names blazoned in full! the Ministers would seem to have been quite an appanage, and an appanage moreover, not of the Church but just delightfully, of the Churchwardens!! this may have been very locally soothing and a diplomatic ruse to allow of the Minister practising as well as preaching the Christian grace of humility but this topsey-turveydom is certainly not in keeping with the tenets of the Anglican Communion. The only good point about it all is that it is distinctly better that the Minister should be 'nose-led' by Churchwardens than by a self-assertive pettifogging clique of self-deluded 'superior-clay' or by that unlableable type of creation, abhorrent equally alike to all thinking manly men and right-minded womanly women, which morbid type recrudesces in alas! too many parishes to the detriment of the Church, to the effeminateness of the ductile parson and to the overweening arrogance of that rococo individual,

sometimes an unmanly male but usually an unwomanly female, who drives the parish priest into his little shell, drives " backbone-men " and " reality-women " away from and out of the Church and causes all who would be drawn to love the simple virile common-sense ethics of the Founder of Christianity to be disgusted with religion as thus presented and parodied. This Parish is therefore to be congratulated in that the Churchwardens, despite their ever-recurrent initials, have happily preserved it from this evil. Luckily, it would appear, the Clergy here have *not* been punished 'for what other men don't do' as Mr. Surplice remarked when Mrs. Marmaduke said that 'Girls who are disappointed in love generally plunge blindly into Church work'; not confined to these poor dears at all for some who are 'owners' of husbands are just as interferingly bouncey. Of course it goes without saying that *well-bred* women can be and are of the greatest help in any parish and, when unassuming, whether they be gentle or simple, are of incalculable blessing and are sincerely welcomed by priest and people. Well, really we never know when we are well off. Yet for all that the *major* evil does not obtain in this parish it is hardly the role for any self-respecting vicar (who is determined at all costs to be faithful to his solemn ordination vows) to take, viz: this being tacked on, as it were, to the oaken-staves of the Churchwardens: for the clergyman who only represents a parish is not fit to lead it. If the Minister only expresses the parish to itself, if he only reflect truly its normal and average self, then he may act for it but he does not take his looked for and true place as its leader, and the term leader by no means connotes dictator, wanting to have one's own sweet way and other like inventive insinuations of those who have been playing the part of usurpers and have evidently suffered from *tête montée* which in plain dale language spells " swelled head ": the word leader is used solely in its spade-meaning as understood by all level-headed people. Just as it is expected that the Captain of a ship, the Colonel of a regiment, the Head of any farm, factory, mill, office, or shop, should take his proper position as chief so must the parson of a parish, in that there must be, for the good of the community a recognized head and an appointed authority.—T. P. B.]

Secondly, the Chairman indicated that the Easter Vestry was intended to be open to *all* parishioners and that therefore this gathering was not according to the Constitutions and Canons Ecclesiastical of the Church of England. As a matter of fact nearly half of " The 24 " reside *out*side this Parish as now constituted and some of the members never even *attend* Saint Alkelda's. This cannot *now* possibly be a really healthy state of things in that the Church of England, which prides herself and rightly on the statesmanlike plan of her second Archbishop, Theodore of Canterbury, who hailed from the Greek Branch of the Church, holds very firmly that the parish should manage its own affairs and that local antonomy should be the rule in matters affecting the welfare of the Parish Church. And surely it is but fitting that the congregation should manage its own affairs and that the congregation as a whole should annually elect its own officers and representatives *from amongst themselves.*

There are many manifestly weak points in the present body.

It is co-optative. As everybody knows this system has a tendency to be manipulated by one astute man, who lies low and pulls the string, or anyhow by a small clique, and to become a mere pocket committee after the fashion of the old rotten boroughs. IT SHOULD BE FREE AND ELECTIVE.

It is "for life." It is not inconceivable that a member (not because he is a layman of course) might require the services of 'the little boy what undoes the gentlemen's collars'—but surely this accomplishment does not improve the status of the Church in the eyes of the world. IT SHOULD BE ANNUAL.

It is extra-church and unparochial. How is it likely that those *out*side the Church and Parish can legislate so effectively for the good of both as those in the Parish or anyhow attending the Church. IT SHOULD BE COMPOSED OF THOSE IN THE PARISH OR OF REGULAR WORSHIPPERS IN THE CHURCH.

However this most interesting, and not altogether useless, relic might very well be aptly re-formed into a really good workable Church Council such as most of our leading laymen and ecclesiastics desire to see established in every parish and which Church Councils would undoubtedly give a heartening and a livening to our National Church all over the land in that it would give all, priest and people alike, a practical interest in the common church of *all*,—clergy and laity,—poor and rich,—gentle and simple: it would be a *bonâ-fide*, thoroughly representative and business-like body.

The next business was the reading of the minutes of the last meeting; which done, *nemine dissentiente*, they were signed by the Chairman.

Then followed the co-opting of two members. At this stage it was suggested that a suitable letter should be sent to the widow of the late Mr. William Hartley who was the oldest member of "the 24," which fitting proposal has been duly seen to. The two new members co-opted were Sergt.-Major J. B. Cansdale and Mr. William Ingham.

Then a discussion arose as to the number and mode of appointing the Churchwardens and Sidesmen. First, it was determined that partly owing to the practical need of the case and partly in keeping with sentiment, the number of Churchwardens in this parish should be four. Then as to the mode of appointing: "Giggleswick use" habits four lots of three names in each lot being chosen and sent up to the Vicar for him to choose one name from each lot and custom has further encrusted that he should take the first name in each lot: about as empty a farce as the 'confirmation' of a bishop-elect and the almost blasphemous *congé d'élire* of a Cathedral Chapter: however the little dodge

pleases antiquarianism, deceives and harms no parishioner, so the Vicar, by no means unwillingly, fell in with the antient custom. The one commendable lesson this method does utter is that it does away with that horrible practice of the parson nominating *his* churchwarden and the parishioners electing *their* churchwarden just as if the parson and parishioners had separate interests in the common House of Prayer! Before the cumbrous process was indulged in the Chairman said that he must thank in the name, alike of Vicar and congregation, the retiring Churchwardens, Mr. John Parker and Sergt.-Major J. B. Cansdale for the regular and consistent way in which they had attended to the interests of the Parish Church. The Chairman then said that he thought that in the interests of the Church at large and of St. Alkelda's and Giggleswick parish in particular, he ought to say that in his opinion it was not advisable that a Churchwarden should be re-elected year after year, but that it might be healthier for the life and well-being of all that a more or less recognised limit should be placed on the number of times anyone should be consecutively re-elected. From his observation (and he spoke rather as himself an old Churchwarden of 14 years service, knowing lay opinion and feeling, rather than as a parson of only 8 years standing), he suggested that it should not be longer than three years: he mentioned this point at the outset so that there should be no heart-burnings afterwards on the part of the Churchwardens when the annual 'pricking' takes place and so that there should be no foolish insinuations on the part of Mrs. Grundy & Co. that "Vicar and Churchwardens did not hit it." ["Don't tell anybody but have you heard? I would'nt say it to anybody but *you*—well now, what do you think?" &c., &c., can't we all picture the scene and hear the tongue-clap?] A general conversation ensued on the subject and the point urged *for the sole good of the laity* (the Vicar drily observing that he was not incapable of looking after vicariate rights) was seen to have a great deal in it. Without any rule being attempted to be made, in fact no rule could be made, it was generally felt that the matter should not be lost sight of in future elections [see 5 letters on the subject in 'The Yorkshire Post' of April 16th, 17th, 18th, and 20th]. The following were elected the four Churchwardens, viz: Messrs. J. Parker, J. B. Cansdale, J. Harrison, and G. T. Johnstone, and it was also agreed that the Senior Churchwarden in point of election should keep the accounts, and act as custodian of the books, &c.

Two Sidesmen were next chosen in the usual rational way of proposing, seconding, &c., and Messrs. A. S. J. Musgrave and J. L. Brayshaw were registered as appointed in that capacity. It was also agreed to understand that the office of Sidesman was a sort of apprenticeship anent the office of Churchwarden.

This concluding the business, the blessing was pronounced and the meeting adjourned.

P.S. I thought it the most straightforward course to mention at this first quasi-official gathering that in my judgment the well-considered and carried out restoration of the Church would be still further enhanced by five improvements.

1. The doing away with the present eyesore of a Choir-Vestry and the erection of a suitable one outside the west wall.

2. The dividing of the Organ so as to open up the whole vista of the Church (thus unveiling a now hidden clever stained-glass window), and which bifurcation of the instrument would 'balance' the Church and improve the music.

3. The exchanging of the present Reredos—pretty in itself, and may be suitable for some very modern Church, but detracting from the beautiful effects and colouring of the splendid east window, and in fact *totally* out of keeping with the speaking good and quiet taste of the rest of the Church,—for one of self oak that will improve (like the rest of the oak in the holy fane will), with age rather than deteriorate and get dowdy as the present painted and gilded erection will, sooner or later.

4. The *proper* approaching of those representing the Dawson interest in the matter of somewhat lessening that uncomely corner in the Carr Chapel.

I also suggested that *all* the clerestory windows should open for health's sake, in that religion consists in looking after the needs of the body as well as those of the soul and that for the same reason, to wit, that cleanliness is akin to godliness, our common House of Prayer should be quite as clean and well dusted as our houses of residence.

Lastly to save any misunderstanding I noted the fact that in accordance with Canon 91 the appointment of Verger rested *solely* with the Vicar as also that of Organist.

THE CENSUS.

The approximate population of Giggleswick, ecclesiastically considered, is 724.

CONFIRMATION.

The Lord Bishop of Ripon will administer this Holy Rite on Saturday, May 4th, at 4 p.m.

The Churchwardens have arranged to give to each candidate from every parish (so that their friends may be sure of securing seats) two tickets, which they can get from their own clergyman to whom they have been sent.

HOUR OF SACRED MUSIC.

APRIL 21st.

ORGAN SOLO ... ... Andante in F ... ... *Wely.*
MR. J. G. BARKER.

SOLO ... ... Elizabeth's Prayer ... ... *Wagner.*
MRS. PHILLIPS.

TRIO (Violin, Violincello, Organ) ... ... Intermezzo ... ... *Hope Squire.*
MISS BROCKLEHURST, DR. BUCK, AND REV. T. P. BROCKLEHURST.

ANTHEM... ... ... "Conquering Kings" ... ... *Maunder.*

SOLO ... ... "The Worker" ... ... *Gounod.*
MRS. PHILLIPS.

TRIO (Violin, Violincello, Organ) ... ... Sicilian Hymn ... ... *Anon.*
MISS BROCKLEHURST, DR. BUCK, AND REV. T. P. BROCKLEHURST.

ORGAN SOLO ... ... Offertoire in G ... ... *Wely.*
MR. J. G. BARKER.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

Miss Golland working the over-coverings to the cushions in front of The Holy Table rails.

Mr. W. Horner (Market Place, Settle) for a frame in the Belfry.

Mr. A. R. St. C. Radcliffe for the two sidesmen's wands, the oak shafts of which he has himself worked.

Miss Ann Hartley, of Stratford-on-Avon, for a violet pulpit antependium.

SAINT GEORGE'S DAY, APRIL 23RD.

This festival of our National Saint was observed by having shortened Evensong, with an Address by the Vicar on the relation between the material and the ethical development of our Empire.

THE MOTHERS' UNION.

The next Meeting will be on June 15th, when Mrs. Boyd Carpenter will talk to the members.

GIGGLESWICK READING ROOM BALANCE SHEET.

OCTOBER 1ST, 1900, TO MARCH 31ST, 1901.

	£	s.	d.
Members' Subscriptions	10	0	6
Paper Sales.....	1	6	0½
Sold Old Cards	0	0	2½
Vicar's Lecture	0	5	0
Received from Subscribers	5	8	3
	£17	0	0

	£	s.	d.
J. Bentham, Lamp Glass	0	0	6
Half-years Rent	3	15	0
Mrs. Hudson, Mending Curtain ..	0	2	0
Wm. Robinson, Cards	0	1	6
Frank Young, Whitewashing	0	5	6
Settle Union, Firewood	0	4	0
Mr. Laycock, Clock Cleaning	0	2	0
Mrs. Hudson, Cleaning Rooms ..	2	14	0
Henry Parker, Repairs	0	3	10
Gas Co.'s Bills.....	1	7	1
Brassington, Sawdust.....	0	0	6
Douglas Percy, Repairs.....	0	0	9
J. Handby, New Gas Pipes	0	17	4
Aaron Heaton, Coals	4	13	6
Mr. Lambert, Newspapers.....	1	9	0
Craven Printing Co., Newspapers	1	2	6
Geo. Clapham, Emptying Ashes ..	0	1	0
	£17	0	0

W. BROWN, *Hon. Treasurer.*

"WHITTIER EVENING."

Those who were present (and there was not a *very* crowded house!) enjoyed themselves thoroughly. Of course the very word 'lecture' would frighten away those who take smaller sizes in hats than they do in boots. The 'pill,' however, was so sugar-coated by the kindness of those who assisted as to relieve any possible strain of dulness. Already some have regretted, though not having the gallantry to own it but reluctantly, that they failed to put in an appearance. If no one else appreciated the couple of hours, I did, immensely, and my other good helpers will not mind my saying (in fact I but echo their own sentiments) that the superb singing of Mrs. Phillips was an uncommon treat, whilst to singers and reader alike the sympathetic accompanying of Mr. Robert Watson was perfect—both these are artists in the true sense of the word, and only such could have entered with so much spirit and soul into the idea in presenting the lecture, viz. that of broadening people's minds and outlooks on life generally. And then I had my naughty reason for determining that any profits there might chance to be should go to the *Diocese*, and not to this particular parochial part of it. I wanted to gauge how much *corporate* church life there really was, and what amount of unalderated church *principle* existed in the neighbourhood. I proved, as I surmised, that the so-called churchmanship of many is but surface, and of the little Englander sectarian order. There is a game indulged in by some, generally known as cutting off your nose to spite your own face. It is usually played in our 'salad' days, but evidently some are not able to 'put away childish things' and 'become men.' I was quite aware (for though I am a parson I am not altogether a fool) some would

keep away and even go so far as to forbid their obedient followers on pain of "being put—only socially of course—across the knee," from daring to have minds of their own and indulge in an evening's pleasure. It is all excruciatingly funny and extremely silly for as L'Estrange pithily remarks 'those deserve to be doubly laughed at that are peevish and angry for nothing to no purpose.' No want of amusement in Craven whilst in the midst we are provided with native farce by a select circle of pseudo-saints who form—that last refuge of the feeble—a mutual admiration society and deem that what *they* do not know is not worth knowing. *Faciunt nae intelligendo, ut nihil intelligant!*

P.S. *True Church and real christian spirit* was shewn by one parishioner who did not come but sent 10/- towards the *object*: he has a big sense of our National Church.

OFFERTORIES FOR APRIL.

	£	s.	d.
April 7th—*Vicar's Discretionary Fund	6	6	0
,, 14th—Wardens' Expenses	1	13	0
,, 21st— ,, ,,	2	7	7
,, 28th—R.D.S.	2	15	0
Sick and Needy	0	16	0
H. & F. Missions	0	4	5
	£14	2	0

J. Parker,
J. B. Cansdale,
J. Harrison,
G. T. Johnstone,
} *Churchwardens.*

*£10 : 10s. has also been sent to me privately in addition towards this Fund by a public-spirited parishioner.

HOLY BAPTISMS.

"Suffer little children to come unto ME, and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of GOD."—*St. Mark* 10[14]

April 7th—Carrie, daughter of William and Margaret Bilsborough.

April 7th—William Barrett, son of John Lonsdale and Jane Bulcock.

April 21st—Charles Vernon, son of George and Mary Ellen Carr.

HOLY MARRIAGE.

"Whatever therefore GOD hath joined together let not man put asunder."—*St. Matt.* 19[6]

April 24th—William Joseph Forshaw (of Rainhill) and Ella Mabel Bentham.

HOLY BURIALS.

"I am the *Resurrection* and the *Life:* he that believeth in ME though he die, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in ME shall never die."—*St. John* 11[25]

March 13th—Agnes Waddington, aged 81 years.

April 28th—William Webster Dobson, aged 52 years.

Jan 1902

IN the first place let me wish our readers and their households a right bright and useful, therefore happy New Year. Then in the next place I wish sincerely to thank those (parishioners as well as other members of our congregation) who have nobly co-operated with us in our unalterable determination to make our Church as it is intended She should be, the Mother of *all* her children and the Church of "all sorts and conditions of men." It is ever pleasanter to deal with the amenities than with the ungraciousnesses of parochial life, but I should be distinctly failing in my duty did I shut my eyes and pretend that there was no underhanded and doublefaced misconduct in this quarter of Craven. While not anxious to descant upon this unsavoury topic yet I am bound to say with no uncertain sound in view of the audacity and persistency with which certain poor misguided creatures misbehave, that such misconduct requires to be brought into open daylight and faithfully dealt with in the same way as one would deal with any similar sin, such as that of unchastity or gambling or overdrinking. The truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, is necessarily very offensive to vain folk and galling to those would-be domineering ones whose little game is seen through, but the faithful prophet, like the faithful physician, does not spare the knife where he knows it is a matter of life and death. When Truth and Principle are at stake I propitiate and conciliate no one nor do I attempt to do so. I never did have a gift for coaxing vain and interferring females, married or unmarried, nor for pandering to their hysterical whims and fancies: neither have I had much patience with vacuous males who are their counterpart. I can only appeal to intelligent and nice-spirited manly men and womanly women who have their minds so stored with healthy reading, thoughts, and aspirations, as to have no time nor inclination for venomous gossip and mean slander. One can hardly envy the feelings, if they can be said to possess any, of those who are disloyal to their Church and Parish. However, unfortunately for themselves, there have been a few here who, because they could not just have things entirely in their own hands and "boss" everything in their own patent way, not only have aped the silly children in the market place, but have so far forgotten themselves, demeaning their manhood and womanhood, trampling under foot their Christianity and prostituting their Churchmanship, by causing to be written, not being sufficiently courageous and straightforward themselves, annonymous letters which are the last refuge of the vulgar and vicious. With the one exception of a nice epistle from an effeminate male, all these precious documents are inspired by masculine-females. I have my own quiet way in knowing the manufactories. Goethe once had an anonymous letter sent to him and he 'spotted' the author by noticing that the children of a certain family who had been wont to run pleasantly up to him now slunk out of his way or looked out of the corner of their eyes when they met him: just fancy the kind of mind that would poison the openness of little children, but what low depths when the very servants of a household are put up to such low tricks: it certainly does not affect us in the slightest and only shews up the mental state of the instigators: the deplorable commonness of it all is almost incredible, and it is certainly very bad policy to teach a servant to be sly in demeanour and cunning in speech, for it may come home.

Some day not far distant, a similiar story to "Wooers and Winners" or "Jabez Oliphant" will see the light and then these local monstrosities will have the pleasure of seeing themselves pourtrayed in "full fig" for it would be a pity that such shining lights, even in their own estimation, should be left under a bushel. The novel will doubtless afford much diversion and, if I may be permitted to offer a suggestion, it should be read in the spirit in which sermons are often listened to—with the object of discovering whom they hit. This will furnish amusement for what is more entertaining than trying the cap on others?

I am afraid that some folk have mistaken the patience and forbearance with which I have borne their fits of sulkiness for weakness, and perhaps this may have unduly encouraged them in an overweening and altogether unjustifiable idea of their own self-importance. Now I regard no one whatever as being in the least or any way indispensible, and therefore these hoity-toity ones have the melancholy satisfaction of seeing the Church and Parish going on just the

same—or rather, to be strictly accurate, better—their absence or contumacy in any way notwithstanding. Such self-important folk idealise nobody, only idolise themselves, strutting about like that vulgar bird with the raucous voice, viz: the peacock, which gallinaceous biped is the pink of fashion in savage courts and beloved of dusky potentates.

We can have no coteries in our Church, and as long as I am in charge here I certainly shall see to it that every parishioner and member of the congregation is treated according to the Christian Idea and the Church Intention, *i.e.* EQUALLY, with malice towards none; with charity towards all, and with a firm determination to do the Right as God gives me to see the Right, for I have a genuine hatred of any suspicion of oppression and bigotry and a passionate love of common justice and individual freedom. I am quite content to be judged by results than by impressions. Men are not to be regarded by their *out*side accidents of position or lucre but by their *in*side realities of manliness, honesty, truthfulness and individual worth.

I believe in Giggleswick for the Villagers of Giggleswick, and the *whole* of the parishioners, quite irrespective of class, of religion and of politics, managing their own concerns, for the good and progress of the Village, and that in no way should it be overshadowed by, or be the appanage of, any. There are some who have 'played so low down' that they have never ceased to attempt to belittle all that has been done for the Church and the Parish and the Village as a whole, in fact have blossomed out into that unenviable character, parochial pro-Boers. Where the common decency, good manners, well-brededness—not to mention Christianity and Churchmanship—come in, passes comprehension: it is 'no class' in the extreme and betokens an ill-conditioned and churlish disposition.

As an old campaigner I know well enough that a public man must stand criticism and sharp criticism too, but he does expect amongst even professed christians and church-folk a morality at least equal to the prize-fighting ring where 'hitting below the belt' is considered low in the extreme and is at once drummed out as unsportsmanlike and bad form. I welcome honest criticism, for criticism—often of that spiteful order allied to impotence—has been hereditary to every strong man who has attempted to do anything from the creation of the world: and the only man who can avoid—and no man who is a man cares or wants to avoid—it, is the man who just merely seeks popularity by sitting down, doing nothing, and letting things slide and saying "it will last my time."

I can have nothing to do with folk who lead little narrow, cramped lives, completely wrapt up in their selfish selves, who neither have the ability nor the desire to do anything themselves and then shew the green-eye of jealousy when others do something. They are like some folk who are positively born with "official" minds and play with 'red-tape' in the nursery. These dogs in the manger must be left in their haughty and splendid isolation. As far as I am concerned I must leave them to their shallow amusement and plod on conscious that I labour for posterity.

We all desire peace in our parish, but it must be peace with honour and no mere false peace: this is not an age for "See not . Prophesy not unto us right things, speak unto us smooth things, prophesy deceits." And there can and shall be no patched-up peace so long as the scandal-mongers exercise their nefarious calling. This illimitable unscrupulousness in the stirring up of strife will have to be mended or ended. Unity I have no doubt will come, but it is not to be brought about by compromising the bed-rock fundamentals of Equity and Truth, and some misrepresentations set on foot look suspiciously like maliciousness though one would fain charitably put them down to self-righteous ineptitude and megalomania. A small handful of my parishioners are so weak as to allow themselves to be advised to intrigue against me and then forsooth expect me to treat them as if they were honourable. I am not built that way and can't be a Mr. Faceallways of the Reverend Weathercock order.

I can't help it if they, consumed with enviousness, prefer to act so maligantly, and am sorry for them because their own imperious and malevolent misconduct simply brings mischief on their own pates: it is the old case of the cow and the railway engine over again, a rather

drastic remedy—*for the cow*! I can give no quarter to traitors and those who abuse the white flag, for their backstairs language and their underground behaviour simply tend to prolong discord. I am often unwillingly just forced into taking severe measures in dealing with some who, as alas! too often happens in parishes, like to play the part of lady arbitresses of the whole neighbourhood, and it is a very gingerly proceeding to deal with these thrasonical creatures who are like nursery jack-in-the-boxes quite irrepressible in their self-sufficiency and positive impertinence: the only way to do is to grasp these shrewish nettles with a firm hand, and my strokes must descend on such with the grim relentless force of naked truth.

It is just here where our Church is so let down in so many parishes: the parson is weak and namby-pamby enough to allow a fussy consequential clique of "cotillions" to rule the roost to the detriment of the Church: this hireling either cannot, owing to want of moral courage, or will not, for mundane reasons of 'sound on the goose' order, do his plain duty, and that is as one of our Bishops well said the other day is the duty of the pulpit, viz.: to unmask hypocrisy, to unveil shams and to cast out darkness and to bring in the light. Instead of this the trimming parson panders, if he be without means, to the ostentatious 'nouveaux riches,' or if he be of lowly origin, 'kotows' to those whom he and his wife deem it prudent to be in with socially for what they can get,—hot muffins and insincere gush. Some folks change their acquaintances with a rapidity which would be more meritorious if the acquaintances had been shirts. We need *men*-parsons of decisive character, with backbone and with no axe to grind. It is a terrible but true indictment on the supposed sacred calling of the prophet and priest. Then further forsooth we hear complaints all up and down the country that men don't go to Church and that our dear old Church of England is not for the poor! And men are blamed for being indifferent and going nowhere, or maligned because driven out of Church by the drivel and thought-dishonesty of the parson on the one hand and the overbearing aloofness of the elect-ring on the other, they have the temerity to become "heretics" and go off to Chapel and then we who are to blame positively have the bad taste to sneer at them for exercising the same liberty of thought that we claim for ourselves. The day has happily gone by for any coercion in religion or aught else. In Our Father,s House there are many mansions, but some folk are so laughably exclusive that they—IF they do happen, by good luck, just to squeeze into heaven—will expect the tenants of half of them to 'cut' the other half! The real dissenters in a parish are not the conscientious Non-conformists, but those treacherous ones who whilst wishing to be deemed good churchmen and churchwomen, are yet rebellious children: these are the true schismatics. Of course if the men in a parish will with a false conception of politeness, calmly stand by and be misruled by usurperesses, they must take the consequences. Yorkshiremen may be the cutest people in this country, but as a famous judge lately remarked they are more amenable to the influence of the fair sex than in other counties. When the woman is a true woman then she inspires and improves the man, for the best in man responds only to woman's touch, but alas! the obverse is only too true, viz: that the worst in man responds only to woman's touch—*unfortunately for man*. There are some women who in all they do and say always have one eye on the public and the other—on some other man: the tricks and dodges of these artificial women, though affording us much merriment and helping to relieve dulness, still tend to hasten on the moral deterioration of the mere hollow man. And as for our Church not being for the poor: it is a libel: if it is to be a National Church in reality, it must be a Church for the poor *and* the rich: for *all* classes of the community, and until a person has grasped the truth, that there are no classes in the Church but only individuals, he will be all his lifetime subject to bondage, and serve him right. It is not that the 'simple' envy the 'gentle': not a bit of it: the gentleman or the gentle-woman amongst the 'simple' looks up to the real gentle-man and the gentle-woman amongst the 'gentle': nor is it that the real 'gentle' despise the 'simple': the real gentle-man or gentle-woman amongst the real 'gentle' respects the gentle-man and gentle-woman amongst the 'simple.' I would just like to observe here for the instruction of those men and boys who mistake incivility for independence that to neglect the customary salutation of raising or touching one's hat is not a mark of anything except sheer rudeness, and then I would add on the other hand that what the working and artisan class object to most vehemently and rationally is the insufferable patronage and arrogance of a class but two or three generations

removed from useful and respectable clogs and whose position in *real* society circles is not quite as assured as they would wish you to think it is: these fussy little people who talk in strident tones so as to attract attention have seemingly not forgotten their make-believe nursery days and play a queer little 'ostrich' game of a harmless but pitiful kind. It is ever this 'betweeny' or mongrel class, folk who, because they suffer terribly from the lively disease known as 'swelled head,' fondly imagine they are therefore awful swells, who cause all the bedevilment in any neighbourhood, are laughed at by the class they really belong to but are trying to break away from, and are heartily despised by the class to which they do *not* belong to but which they are dying to enter. Oh! the sorry joke of it all! it is excruciatingly ludicrous, and it is only a charity to advise these poor blind ignoramuses and lick-platterers that people in *real* society do *not* act like a set of spoilt children: they are too innately well-bred to fall into any such breach of etiquette. There are some frothy folk who know Lords as some vapid chattering and flighty veneer-educationalists know books——learn their titles and then brag of their acquaintance! The being for the nonce, because riches have wings, one of the upper*most* classes does not betoken anyone as belonging to the upper classes. The two designations are quite different. High-bred people do not give themselves airs. The wealth of the *mean* man is absolute *ill-th*.

Shams are to be loathed and in all wholesome ways despise from the bottom of your souls all who pretend to seem to be what they really are not. Have a healthy contempt for all such paltry imbecility as superficiality and side, humbug, bounce and swagger.

It is useless to talk seriously to people for whom you can have no respect and who 'hedge,' neither can you argue against blind prejudice nor reason with implacables.

I appeal to all rightminded manly men and womanly women, and, thank God, there are very many as true as steel in this parish and neighbourhood, to support us in our battle for our comprehensive and tolerant National Church. We do not want those who can only work in front of the footlights and whose motive is mere self-glorification, but we do need and sincerely welcome straight people—straight in practice as well as in theory—for it is no good to resolve against wrong in the abstract—to band themselves together with us against unreality of all sorts. Sin has many tools but a LIE is the handle that fits them all. Quite recently the President of our American cousins gave it as his opinion that THE crying need of the present century was an addition to the Commandments, "Thou shalt tell the truth," as being the foundation of any community, and that is true as a great need of our Craven community. The worst feature of present-day life is that folk use their language to cloke their real thoughts, they glove their lies so neatly as to deceive the unwary, and, with overwhelming smirk, take in the guileless.

The naked truth and a naked lie
Are shocking alike to society.

I trust we have seen the last of this senseless game, born of a fractious and over-bearing spirit, of attempting to undermine legitimate authority in this Parish which can but have one dire result, viz: the complete discomfiture of the malcontents. No *real* gentlewoman and no *real* gentleman would dream of doing other than heartily and cheerfully and without affectation co-operating for the good of the community, at large and as a whole, in which they lived, and trying to justify their existence in a world wherein the least one can do is to endeavour to leave it a little bit better than we found it for the benefit of those who shall come after us, as our forebears have benefitted us by their standing up for that liberty which is as dear to every Britisher as his liberty of 'corpus,' viz: *liberty of mind*.

I honour the man who is willing to think,
And, when he has thought, be his cause strong or weak,
Will risk t'other half for the freedom to speak,
Caring naught for what vengeance the mob has in store,
Let that mob be the upper ten thousand or lower.

June 1902.

See p 249

The '24' met in what is usually styled the Carr Chapel but what may not inappropriately be dubbed the parochial bear-garden or bull-ring where the noble sport of parson-baiting may be indulged in. There are some folk so constituted that they can always be friendly to every parson but their own. I suppose 'tis a 'sport back' to the days of childish contrariness. As always happens where there is an amalgam of nominal christianity and real paganism there was much narrow-mindedness mixt up with much unreasonableness. The more noble minds abstained from bullying bounce—the more refined characters refrained from heated hysterics—those who possessed a *real* CHURCH spirit indulged in the least gyrating deblatteration—those who have the most *spiritual* idea of CHURCH autonomy withheld getting childishly excited. The British instinct is for hunting and killing something and since this is not a hunting country, and as 'hunting the parson' is a trifle more exciting than 'hunting the slipper,' I suppose the "old badger" must take it into part of his recreation to graciously allow himself to be annually 'drawn' until finally he's laid to rest followed by a score and four of sopping pocket handkerchiefs weeping over their quarry as the Giggleswick Band plays the 'Dead March,' but returning with jaunty steps and with dried eyes hungering and thirsting for the next clerical victim as the Giggleswick Band plays "The de'il's awa' wi' th' exciseman." It is an age of revivals and this baiting the parson is a revival of rebarbarization.

Whatever is it thought is gained by the very questionable pleasure of opposing the parson? Is anyone so profoundly shallow as to think for one second that it is punishing him?

> "I'm sure sma' pleasure it can gie,
> E'en to a de'il
> To skelp an' scaud puir dogs like me,
> An' hear us squeel."

Still if it gives pleasure—a somewhat debased pleasure it must be admitted, tho' there is no accounting for taste—I'm sure I don't grudge anyone the ridiculous amusement: 'tis as harmless as playing bow and arrow. To a dog the choicest thing in the world is a dog: to an ox, an ox: to an ass, an ass: to a sow, a sow. And since over the vicar's shoulders the sulphurous rain falls in the same way as water does off a duck's feathers, his wife, a gentle woman, who never interferes in the least with parish matters, who is not one of those fussy women who have a "finger in every pie" except their own home-made pie, is within a month of the 'pain and peril of child birth,' and in precarious health, must be drawn in: in even uncivilized communities women at these times are rigidly left alone and have tenderer consideration shewn them, and as if this were not manly enough, his elder boy of the mature age of 15 must be attacked! What all this had to do with the 'two dozen' and where the 'select' element comes in passes the wit of ordinary mortals! it is like trying to add 4 lbs. of treacle to 4 o'clock. I should think that on reflection even the minority who so far forgot themselves as to behave very naughtily must by now be heartily ashamed of the whole business: at least I'm quite sure those who have any decency at all will regret it, especially the human-hearted with marital and paternal feelings. I guess next time there will be a protest that my nanny-goat has the giddy goatishness to yield 3 quarts of *goat's* milk a day when by all that is downside up she ought to produce three *million* quarts of *ass's* milk.

The age of miracles is not past and the weekly cost of the South African War and our American Commercial Masters have accustomed us to airily think and talk, see, smell, hear and even sneeze in millions: 'hundreds and thousands' are now relegated to be bottled up in sweet shops along with sugar candy and other kinds of spice for the delectation of dear little bairnies. A gleam of decency shone on the rackety and prancing scene of snapping and barking: it did not escape observation that more than one of the '24' (for there are not a few right genuine and reasonable men amongst them whose manliness and independence of opinion I sincerely appreciate) had the well-brededness to gallantly retire when Mrs. Brocklehurst's name and that of our son were bandied about. Full tubs make the least noise, are of the most value and carry the greatest weight though heaviness may not spell solidity. It would have needed a kodak to have pictured the various expressions on the faces in front and to have cimetographed the lurid scene would certainly draw crowded houses nightly. Dickens and F. C. Gould would have had a glorious time. It is so brave for any one backed up by twenty-three to attack one backed up by himself—so 'quite English you know.' But then you know amongst a certain class of minds it is considered to be clever to be impudent and hectoring to a parson—it is the readiest way to get a cheap cheer from the gallery and aggrandises one's self-importance: not to care for the parson is the high-water mark of greatness amongst those who don't know better. It was like an acting version of the 6th chapter of the Book of the Prophet Daniel and strongly recalled to my mind an untearable-linen book of my nursery days wherein was a picture of Daniel in the Den of Lions: the only calm and unconcerned figure being the dignified old man of God.

For the time being a common hate of the 'foreign devil' serves the purpose of a mutual affection and reminds me of the tale of an Irishman on his death-bed, "you're going to die and will go to another world: will you renounce the Devil, the World and the Flesh?" to which was the reply "I don't want to be 'out' with anyone: I want to be friends with all so I would rather not say!" And this want of moral courage, this fickleness on the part of some individuals explains a great deal here: there is such a tendency to act like a set of fell sheep, to expediently act with the crowd and to diplomatically go along the line of least resistance. And some women are such shamelessly 'dear bewitching animals' that they have only to beckon the silly amongst men for these poor males to be compelled to follow them. It is easy to be an ass and to follow the multitude like a blind besotted bull in a stampede: and that is what Mrs. Grundy means by being honest. This neighbourhood is certainly a strange place: the