

20th Century only exists here in spots: all round, it is a no man's land of the ages, a stir-about of epochs and races, barbarisms and civilizations, virtues and vices. As an Irishman might say 'I never knew such a good place as this—you can be in a new conspiracy every day by simply going into another person's house.' The spot is, beautiful and *bodily* healthy as it is, rather too remote for a healthy public opinion to act on it as the adequate means of publishing the *real* state of its affairs are comparatively few.

There is, it must be admitted, only one way to gain a life-long experience of any country, but to have lived nowhere else is conducive neither to breadth of view nor to wisdom. Of course I grant you 'tis more tickling to self-complacency to be somebodies in a wee outlying neighbourhood such as this is, than to be nobodies elsewhere, because it is rather detrimental to our highy-tightyness when we discover other folk don't value us at our own valuation. There will ever be some who would sooner 'rule in hades than serve in heaven.' In this quarter also there's too general a readiness to believe rumours and such pseudo-society as the place affords (and which pseudo-society includes in it all persons of less consideration than the funny little estimate this 'hupper suckle' forms of itself), may be described as a clique for investigating but not for promulgating the truth. 'Tis fine *souls* who serve us and not what is called fine society. Inappropriate assumption of birth—a clumsy show of riches are the worst foes of real elegance. How is it people will be proud of things they have no right to be proud of and ashamed of that which they should be proud of. The desire to out-top one another is so very ordinary and reminds me of a tale told by Signor Ben Trovato of two risen men rivals in flashability. Y. had just had a house built with a south aspect, so Z. went to his architect and ordered him to build 'im a 'ouse wi' *two* o' them south harspecs! *Ad populum phaleras, ego te intus et in cute novi.*

What is killing our life in the Church of England is its *bourgeois* spirit, the *bourgeois* idea that mere vulgar wealth can possibly rule mankind as a whole: its timid negation and shuffling substitutes for action and courageous well-doing: the worship at the shrine of the bestial goddesses of smugability and tin-godism, both of which are the deadliest gag and wettest blanket that can be laid on men. I wish our Church would 'vainly invent' a 'fond' purgatory of sunshine where people too malicious for large and right-minded company might expand and ripen and sweeten in unaccustomed happiness. My sympathy goes out towards all who, suffering under the ills of malicious mis-statements, derive crumbs of comfort from excited exaggeration. Their method is to start from a fixt point of opinion and to bend such facts as they gather to their necessity. They are more concerned in justifying an opinion than in presenting the naked truth: and the incapability of believing the truth is brought about by the eagerness to believe every gossip. And some people's facts are like the definition propounded by a budding naturalist to Cuvier in which the tyro called a crab 'a red fish that walks backwards.' 'Your definition' said Cuvier, 'would be perfect but for three facts—a crab is not red—it is not a fish and it does not walk backwards.' Now when a former Vicar of Giggleswick called into being around him 24 of the 'good and true' of his parish he adopted a right christian democratic course, but there is every appearance of this body which started as a christian democratic body to *help* on the Church becoming a tyrannous oligarchy to *oppose* progress in the Church. Despite the fact that the present Vicar would wish to preserve the idea there are some members of this body, which may be called by some a bureaucracy, evidently bent on committing a *felo de se*. A board will jointly do a less honourable action than the least conscientious member amongst them and should it comprise one or two puppet members, that circumstance enables it to disregard the ordinary standard of common fairness with more assurance. There's a law in metallurgy which has a curious analogy to this law of human nature. It is this. An alloy composed of several metals of different melting points will fuse at a lower temperature than that of its lowest fusing constituent. I'm impervious to obloquy and abuse and don't care one iota what this or that little or frenzied mind may say: I may have to play a waiting game (in the same way I grieve to say my hearers do when I've got the 'lust of finishing,' and they examine their watches to see if they have stopped), but I have right, justice, equity and truth on my side, and sooner or later the parish will appreciate the doctrines and principles which I'm prepared to maintain. Now these, good men doubtless according to their *capacities*, hate all whom they suspect of being superior to them and able to take their measure and therefore I cannot at all expect to be in their good books. Jealousy is ever the hall-mark of small minds. It is remarkable how unwilling some folk are to receive an impression without prejudice—they are so spoilt by little englandism that they are like the stupid folk who batten the pill-quack—they either accept or dishonour truth according to whether they have seen the advertisement often or not. Oh! that people would realize how much there is in the Church life of this neighbourhood below the dignity, prosperity and refinement which it ought to possess. This atrophied and self-satisfied conventionalism is choking our healthy life. In really good society folk do not go on like a pack of huffy childer and some folk are so clever in their own restrictedness that they know of everything but the value of nothing.

On the other hand there are many fine, free and independent men in this neighbourhood who have not been bitten with twentyfourphobia—men who think for themselves and are not so soft as to be led by the nose and let other folk do their thinking for them. Of course naturally I can only appeal to THINKING *unprejudiced* men. Only really good men can see the true proportion of things and yield to intellectual convictions and confess their former opinions mistaken. In the eyes of those blinded by inherited anachronisms something new, and especially if it does not emanate from them, but comes from outside, is *per se*—necessarily bad as when Sir James Simpson discovered chloroform the 'unco guid' objected, regarding what is now looked upon as the greatest blessing of the century as blasphemy, and referred to Genesis, 6¹⁶, but Simpson's reply was Genesis 3²¹. There are some folk who are always objecting—regular 'champion

blockers': 'tis one way of bringing themselves into notice—if they can't themselves build up like Nehemiah they can at least play the role of Gashmu. There are people whose chief business it is to be dissatisfied—regular purveyors of dissatisfaction and discord—'tis a sort of monomania with them: their grievances get them sympathised with, and this feeds their vanity. There is a type of weak man who struggles to get power by girding at those already in authority, and tries by adverse critical farrago and general 'cussedness' to push himself to the front. The grace of humility is a very saintly virtue, but it should not surely be entirely left to the parson as the tale goes of an especially bumptious young man, who unctuously praying for a blessing on the 'missioner' in an 'after meeting' at some 'mission,' said 'O Lord bless him in his basket and his store, O Lord, but O Lord keep 'im *hhumble*, O Lord keep 'im very *hhumble*.'

But the real fact is that one of my three million crimes is that I follow God's plan of being no respecter of persons—that I take Christ's standard seriously, and desire not popularity, but simple justice to *all* alike. God's religion is a christian democratic religion; Christ's Church is a christian democratic church; The Holy Spirit's influence is a christian democratic influence. And what does our church mean by christian democracy and social union? Does it mean 'down with all that is up'?—No. Does it mean that 'the crowd' is to rule?—No. Does it mean that the parson or any favoured or elect few are to lord it over God's heritage?—No. Does it mean toadying to the golden calf?—No. Does it mean pandering to the working man?—No. Does it mean playing into the hands of any political or ecclesiastical party?—No. It simply means that each man, whether rich or poor, whatever be his station or calling in life, is to be regarded as a soul, as a man, and has a right to his proportionate place in the church without being envied for his wealth or scorned and elbowed out for his poverty. It simply means on the one hand that the vulgar dollar is not the ideal, and that the rod of gold is not the rule, and on the other hand that the envious poor are not to have the upperhand nor discontented incompetence to share the government. It is righteousness that exalts an individual as it does a nation—neither wealth nor poverty. It simply means a reasonable brotherhood as between man and man of christian respect and reciprocal trust—a mutual desire to extend—not one's own 'I-dom,' but Christ's Kingdom.

Everybody admits all this in theory, but when the theory is put into practice then the shoe pinches. It would seem that asking some folk to do their simple christian duty paralyses their will and gets their monkey up. But our church can never advance when there are exclusiveness and snobbery.

In all parishes you have parochial gaddies, and in all neighbourhoods you have 'damp gingerbread puppets'—folk who exist and chatter as Mrs. Grundy expects of them: these can check advance certainly, but that is all. Since life means growth, and growth implies change, the clock can't be put or kept back by these, or by the 'two dozen.' One doesn't eat an egg because its antiquated—perhaps addled. And one of my three million crimes is that I will not be dragged down to the fashionable lethargy, conventional shams and valleyitishness of the neighbourhood. I take my high calling too seriously and therefore Darkness is irritated by Light. Many men do not like to be kept awake and alive to their own souls with the soul's fixed design of righteousness before God. I won't play into the hands of any little meddlesome clique. I won't allow the Church to be patronized, overborne or overshadowed—to be dethroned from its natural and rightful position—to be made a stalking-horse of to keep the 'common people' in their place—to be a hunting ground for 'playing at Church.' I won't let 'cant' or 'turning up the whites of eyes' pass for religion. All are not saints that go to Church. I regard *all* my parishioners equally alike—I have opened the Church to *all* equally alike. I won't submit to be moved about like a pawn and travel along the rails laid down for me. There are some folk sent into this world to make roads: others to walk along them. There can neither be too much vital religion nor can there be the merest rudiments of churchmanship where folk will only work for God and give to God when they can have every mortal thing their own particular sweet way. I won't have anything to do with politics, but hold that it is in my opinion better for a clergyman not to do other than simply insist that the ethics of righteousness shall guide *all* political parties alike. I insist on the duty of due regard being had to the Sabbath Day—to the duty of a *Churchman* attending Holy Communion—to the duty of the head householder himself setting the example of attendance at some House of Prayer and not merely ordering his wife and children off to Church as if Church were good enough for women and children but far beneath a man's notice. Folk may say, all this is in keeping with the spirit of the age, you can't help it: a priest of the Church Catholic ought not to be so traitorous as to pander to the so-called spirit of the age: the only spirit of the age he should acknowledge is the spirit of the age of The Holy Spirit Who works continually and continuously. Some folks' idea of christianity is that a five pound note like Charity is to cover a lot of inconsistencies—to buy truculent members and to blind the eyes of and to seal the lips of false prophets: "These are the keys of the situation"—holding up the key of his safe, were the words uttered by an unrefined man once at a church meeting when he wanted to tomahawk everybody into his plebeian way of thinking. This man's mind had not risen along with his pocket. All the keys don't hang at *one* man's girdle.

Some folks' idea of peace is the deposing of conscience and the substitution of casuistry, diplomacy, opportunism, expediency, and spiritual obscurantism. No, folk whose only claim is a well-lined pocket are a poison and a drag to the church,—I say 'only claim' because wealth *when found in the way of righteousness*, and regarded as a *stewardship* is one of God's best gifts. And I'm thankful to say that I can number amongst my friends both rich and poor—but it is *character* that makes *real* friends—the accidents of wealth or poverty have nothing to do with the case. Again, folk whose only claim is a discontented clamour are a menace to the church.—

I say only claim because want of means, when there is *real* piety, is not without its compensation. But what we need all round are well-lined heads, hearts and characters. The essence of Pharasaism lies in a low standard, fairly well fulfilled in a generally diffused sense of satisfaction, which forbids progress by crushing the motive from its source—a deadening satisfaction with the present condition. I long for that epoch to be repeated—that attractive epoch of primitive christianity when people can be religious *without pose and fuss*, and virtuous *without strain*. It is as unchristian to be proud of piety as of wealth, tho' perhaps not quite so vulgar.

Now whether I'm able to lift up folk in this neighbourhood (not to my poor level—I have no such horrid conceit as that—I am far too human in my characteristics not to make some mistakes—I am but a very human man, with a terrible share in me of what Mark Twain calls 'aman natur'—but) to the Church's ideal is not for me to prognosticate: my business is simply to hold up the spiritual and uncompromisingly christian attitude of our Church.

I don't expect the millenium to arrive in five minutes in a furniture van. I don't mind making an apparent fool of myself by boasting to clench my point. I never lose heart, because I'm quite sure that when I was ordained I don't think God would have made such an extremely inadequate man as myself a minister had He not intended to guide me. Unpopularity and suspicion are the penalties which always attach to the manifestation of a distinct and fresh individuality in any walk of life, especially in matters ecclesiastical. I never yet knew a parson wholly popular in the best and highest sense of the word where *vital* christianity was the *working* religion of that parish: that can only appeal to the real and spiritual amongst them, and must upset the worldly and unspiritual.

I share the common fate, and don't regard myself as any martyr, of almost all pioneers—of all whose writings and testimony are in advance of the average thought of the age, but those who live longest see most, and Time does Justice. I don't forget our common Master was in a minority of one. Everything pretentious He shrivelled up with the frown or smile of His irony: He detested hypocrisy for He was genuine and incorruptible: He never stooped to flatter the strong. There would be no one so unwelcome to come and reside in this neighbourhood as our Saviour. He would be altogether *outré*. They would say as did the Pharisees of old 'He hath a devil.' As Saint Gordon said 'whosoever acts after the true precepts of our Lord will be considered a madman' as when Felix so said to Saint Paul when Saint Paul 'reasoned of righteousness temperance and the judgment to come.' Amongst all the men I have ere now come across men could differ in opinion without gripping one another's throats like bulldogs and thinking one another bad—why even real friends may disagree in opinion *provided they have common ground of conscientiousness*.

What irreconcilables think of me is not the point: the point is what I think of them. I have happily such a saving sense of humour that these funny and petty incidents instead of irritating only refresh and exhilarate me. I bear malice to no one. If only folk would but cultivate a sense of humour they would be less thin skinned, would be not so easily offended and less offence would follow on remarks which are not meant to be other than straight. Folk are very fond of saying 'I spoke right straight to him, I did' but these very folk blub like babies and pother about like a set of palpitating peacocks when anyone speaks straight to them for their good! I am sure I pity them from the bottom of my heart. Well, my happiness—our happiness is neither made nor marred by any single thing or any single body *outside* our home: we are self-contained and our serenity is derived from a far higher source and from a far wider-culture. We have it not in us to pose for anything but what we truly are. We are not of those who have a 'horror of home' and find home tame and monotonous. We are not so wanting in our right happy united natural home-life as to be obliged to be dependent on fickle fashion which is like a game of cards in which it is of the first importance to both sides not to reveal their hands: but the strain and the veneer and the revelation are made at last and then both sides find that they both intended to take one another in and did what they intended. If only folk would be reading more, they would be thinking more: so many folk are merely speaking in their sleep. Those who are themselves free from envy and guile gather round me I'm glad to see and that there is so much wordly opposition is proof that there is more spiritual work being done here than even I dared to think, and the opposition now includes in its armoury the sending of anonymous letters and reports to various folk up and down the Diocese and even country but as one Dignitary said to me 'these people condemn themselves by such unworthy methods. I and others who have proved you for many a long year can easily see through it all: you're evidently too strong for them and they fear you and dread your influence.' "The fact is the consciences of some are evidently beginning to work and they feel uncomfortable about it" writes another high authority. No man ever worked his passage anywhere in a dead calm. Let no man wax pale, therefore, because of opposition. By all the rules of public-spirited society I ought to shew a supreme and hearty contempt for all the gnatish 'goings on,' but I don't want to be too hard on what doubtless all arises from the want of *savoir faire*, so I just pity it all and forbear.

The day will come—it is only a matter of Time, the Unveiler of all things—when the Truth will be seen if only for the reason that the sources of corruption will run dry. When that day does come and the parishioners of Giggleswick have their eyes properly opened, then Justice will be done to the unassuming dignity and inflexible resolution which Vicar Brocklehurst has tried, however imperfectly and blunderingly, to shew throughout in the interests of *vital* Religion and of the Church of England. "A true perception of the Gospel is the entire forgetfulness of self, utter absence of any pretension and the complete and entire refusal to accept the world's praise and judgment."

A set of the Parish Magazine
for 1906 is inserted -

- (a) To show the style of
the publication and its
contents.
 - (b) Because the earliest portion
(1558-1563) of the Parish
Registers is printed therein.
-

For Notes on the Parish Magazine
see p. 298.

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The day will Truth will be seen that day does come Justice will be done hurst has tried, how vital Religion and forgetfulness of self accept the world's

Dr. Brougham

I was glad when they said unto me let us go into the house of the Lord.

ANNO
DOMINI

1906

JANUARY.

Giggleswick Parish MONTHLY MAGAZINE

HOLY BAPTISM.—Any Sunday at 2-15 p.m., or by appointment.

HOLY COMMUNION.—1st, 3rd, and 5th Sundays, at 8 a.m.
2nd Sunday at Morning and 4th Sunday at
Evening Prayer.

OTHER SERVICES.—The Morning Prayers at 11 a.m.
Children's Service at 2-15 p.m.
The Evening Prayers at 6-30 p.m.
'Churchings' at any time by appointment.

Saint and other Holy Days as announced in Church.

THE CHURCH IS OPEN DAILY.

In case of **ILLNESS** send without delay to the Vicar. Do not hesitate to send at once, any hour of the day or night, if there is absolute need for a child to be baptised, or if anyone is dying and desires to receive Holy Communion. By **PROMPTLY** informing the Vicar if **ANYONE**, whether belonging to your own family or that of another parishioner, is poorly, you are carrying out a Neighbourly Duty and a Christian Privilege.

The Vicar is ready to call upon Visitor or Stranger who will intimate to him a wish for his services.

VERGER.—Mr. J. L. Bulcock, to whom all Notices of Baptisms, Churchings, Banns of Marriage, Burials, &c., should be handed in.

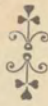
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The Registers

OF THE ANTIENT PARISH OF

GIGGLESWICK-IN-CRAVEN,

YORKSHIRE.

Transcribed for the present Vicar (the REV. THEODORE PERCY BROCKLEHURST, M.A., Queens' College, Cambridge, and Surrogate for the Diocese of Ripon) by the courtesy of JOHN FOSTER, of Douk Ghyll, Horton-in-Ribblesdale, Gentleman, and kindly compared with the originals by HENRY JENKINSON, ESQUIRE (M.A., Trinity College, Cambridge), Librarian of Cambridge University Library.

[The Registers commence A.D. 1558 and are complete to date A.D. 1906 with the exceptions of Holy Baptisms, 1626 to 1653; Holy Marriages, 1561 to 1566—1626 (Feb. 5th) to 1653 (March 10th) and 1657 to 1669; Holy Burials, 1626 (March 22nd) to 1653 (October 6th)].

A. page 1, Column I, fo. 1 r.

Regestrum confinens.

*Baptijsatorum et Sepultorum et Matrimonium parochiali
inceptum et datum in Anno millesimo
quingagesimo octavo
Elizabethhe Qc.*

[COPYRIGHT.]

Nomina Matrimonium contrahentium.

NOVEMB'R.

Edwardus Sarginsonne	} xix Novemb:
Elizabetha Lawsonne	
Willus Rednell	} xxij die
Margareta Lakeland	
Mils Towlar	} xxij die
Anne Ledgherd	

Nomina baptizatorum, 1558.

DECEMBER.

Ricus filius Rici Leemyng	die
Anna filia Georgij ffoster	quinto
Jana filia Tome Browne	Septimo
Thomas Lakeland filius Willi	Septimo
	xxvii

JANUARIJ

Margareta Lawson illegmt' nata	die
Robtus filius Willi Sarguson	V ^o
Hugo filius Rogeri Armitstead	Septimo
Edmundus filius Rowlandi Newhouse	xij ^o
Johes filius Jac: Stackhouse	xiiij
Antonius filius Jacobi Stackhouse	xv ^o
Margareta filia Oliveri Houghton	xv ^o
Agnes filia Rogeri Armitstead	xvij ^o
	xxx ^o

Giggleswick Parish Magazine.

JANUARY, 1906.

1906.

"If any little word of ours can make one life the brighter;
If any little song of ours can make one heart the lighter;
God help us speak that little word, and take our bit of singing,
And drop it in some lonely vale, and set the echoes ringing."

The Entertainment of December 7th was as enjoyable as successful, and our thanks are due to all those who cheerfully contributed to make the Evening of happy recollection. With the net proceeds (£7 16s. 9d.) we are enabled to finally close down three and lessen one quite ancient parish debts which were outside the responsibilities of the Churchwardens.

The Musical Service on December 20th was very well done. I have never heard the Orchestra to better advantage in our Church. Everyone is to be justly congratulated on the performance—the pitch was kept, the tone good and the time excellent—it was an intelligent rendering of the so-called XIIth Mass. Mr. Watson may well feel rewarded for his pains in the training.

Organist—Mrs. Dixon.

Conductor—R. B. Watson, Mus. Bac. F.R.C.O.

SOLOISTS:—

Soprano—Misses Hunt & Hearn.

Contraltas—Mrs. Outhwaite & Miss Brocklehurst

Tenor—Mr. Outhwaite.

Bass—Mr. Lord.

ORCHESTRA:—

Violin I—Messrs. John Booth, C. Graham, and A. Wilkinson.

Violin II—Messrs. T. Dixon and E. Graham.

Viola—Mr. T. Dawson.

'Cello—Dr. Buck.

Contre Bass—Mr. W. Horner.

Cornets—Messrs. J. L. Bulcock and J. Petty.

Euphonium—Messrs. J. W. Bilton & F. Williams.

Bassoon—Messrs. A. E. Knight & A. T. Bilton.

Tympani—Mr. M. G. Edmondson.

Will those who were singing in the XIIth Mass kindly either return their copies or pay 9d. for them, as soon as possible, to Mr. Watson, 4, Ribble Terrace? The copies that are not paid for are the property of the Church.

THE CHOIR.—Prospective arrangements for 1906:—

At Eastertide, Barnby's "Rebekah," for solos, chorus, and organ only.

At Harvestide, Weber's Jubilee Cantata, for solos, chorus, organ, and orchestra.

At Christmastide, Bach's Christmas Oratorio.

What a great-souled splendid Grace of God and Man is true Hospitality! It is meant to link our lives more sweetly together, to engender love, and to make home more home-like. Few are simple and truthful enough in lives of conduct even to understand Hospitality in its real meaning. Between noble 'gentle' and noble 'simple' minds there is always a quick intelligence: they recognise at sight; and meet on a better ground than the talents and skills they may chance to possess, namely, on sincerity and uprightness. Sincerity and uprightness are the very fibre and life-blood of true Hospitality.

Alas! the chief cause of much society is hypocrisy, an infinitely worse vice than unalloyed and open badness. On the heels of hypocrisy quietly follow Insincerity and Lack of Principle with their usual accompaniment—and so males and females, not least the clerical sort, sneak and crawl and flatter base persons for what they can get, and reject all chances of faithful friendship for mere ephemeral show. Hence the restlessness of life and its weariness as it flies from one desire to another, ever seeking happiness but never finding that joy of 'living' (a totally different matter to a mere animal 'existing') which brings sweet contentment and that love and lasting joy inspired by that honourable confidence in one another's

best and noblest attribute which should frankly and openly set seal on Friendship and Hospitality a glad duty as well as a delight.

There is a curious sort of vulgar and petty minded cliqueness in small and secluded neighbourhoods which is a peeping kind of social poultry-yard where fussy hens have it all their own way *and do most distinctly crow*—you can hear them long before you can see them, so loud are their voices as well as their manners. Such unsexed females are not home birds—their only wish is to be in vulgar evidence and to appear self-important and very clever by interfering in matters which refined-minded and well-bred women leave to suitably appointed authorities.

A REFLECTION.—I wonder how many people know that, by quite an admittedly legal inadvertence in the loose way of drawing up the Act, a clergyman, who is a tithe-owner has not only to pay income-tax on his stipend which, as it is his income is perfectly right and just in that he is treated in exactly the same way in this respect as any other man whose income is so taxed, BUT the tithe-owner has to pay Poor Rate on his stipend!

If the Poor Rate meant only a Rate for the Poor I don't know that a parson anyhow would object to bear this extra burden even if it were not borne by other men.

Originally the Poor Rate did mean a Rate for the Poor but now it includes besides a Rate for the Poor, County Contributions Rate, Highway Rate, Sanitary Rate, Parish Council Rate, Special Expenses Rate, with "Other" Expenses of the Guardians and "Other" Expenses of the Overseers.

Now no *other* rate-payer except the tithe-owner has to pay Poor Rate on his stipend or what he earns by work.

Every other rate-payer except the tithe-owner pays Poor Rate on the assessed value of his house or premises and even on agricultural land it is only reckoned at a quarter.

The wrong and injustice have only to be known I feel sure for any fair-minded person to at once acknowledge the anomaly. Of course parsons who derive their stipend from tithes accept the responsibilities of their benefices with the knowledge of this deduction and these drawbacks, but that does not lessen the inequality of the situation.

All that tithe-owning parsons ask for is that as far as their rates and taxes are concerned they shall be placed exactly on the same footing as all other rate and tax-payers which is but reasonable and must commend itself to all folk not blinded by prejudice against the parson on political or theological grounds.

The tithe of a tithe-owning parson is his INCOME and is not unearned increment but is his legitimate wages for work done.

I may just add that the Commissioners of Inland Revenue recognize the anomaly in that they themselves come to our relief and themselves pay half our Poor Rate but whilst this is very considerate it does not go to the root of the inequality in the rating of the tithe-owner. We do not want favours but equity.

I will here give a concrete example:—My annual wages as income derived from tithes is £327 and for the year, 1905, I not only had to pay income tax on these wages of £327 as income but I have paid myself a Poor Rate of £31 4s. 4d. nett on these wages of £327 in addition! This too is quite in addition to the Poor Rate on my house which I pay of course like any other householder. The total amount of the Poor Rate on my tithe was about £60, that is to say about one-sixth of one's income! No other person in the land is so rated and when you bear in mind that £1 tithe is only worth 16/8 cash it is especially oppressive.

And just let me here disabuse the mind, anyone who is so ignorant as to think that tithe is an additional rent for the farmer to pay: it is no such thing: it is merely paying the whole rent for a farm to two people instead of to one person. For example, a farmer pays £98 rent for his farm to his landlord and £2 tithe to his parson—this means that he has to pay altogether £100 full rent for his farm. Now should the landlord elect to redeem the tithe on the land then the landlord in order to recoup himself lets that same farm for £100. The only difference is that the farmer pays his full rent to one person instead of to two people.

Then again some folk have no knowledge as to what tithe is or how it arose. It is really a very simple matter. For example a manufacturer leaves his mill as a going concern to his son on condition that he pays so much percentage of the profits to the widow or to other sons and daughters &c.—this percentage is a charge on the property in exactly the same way as a tithe is. A man builds a church or a chapel

(because we must remember that some nonconformist chapels are endowed in exactly the same way as some churches are endowed) in his own village and during his lifetime he pays the parson or minister out of his own pocket but the man who builds this House of Prayer is wishful that after his decease the services shall continue for the benefit of his village. So he leaves his property to his children or other heirs on condition that they pay the parson or minister his wages and consequently makes this wage a charge on his property which any sane man will at once admit he has a perfect right to do. Though it is like flogging a dead donkey, still it is just as well to mention here that the state did not and does not find the parson's income. The money has been bequeathed by private individuals for its particular purpose in exactly the same way as any other testamentary bequest.

Tithe too, like a rent, becomes accumulatively and legally due on a certain fixed day and is for the preceding year. In this neighbourhood the proper days for paying the tithe are July 1st and January 1st and should be paid like a rent promptly. Most of those who have tithe to pay are gracious enough to pay promptly and cheerfully, as business men of just principles, because they know it is a legitimate payment but some alas! are mean enough to keep the parson out of his just dues as long as they possibly can quite forgetting that the parson cannot pay what he owes if what is owed to him is withheld.

For some few years passed it has been the custom for a few folk who were quiet in their gifts to commission the Vicar of Giggleswick in his official capacity of Honorary Chaplain to the Workhouse to give the Inmates on their behalf a simple treat on New Year's Day.

After due consideration and after consultation with those authorities best able to form a judgment, it has been deemed advisable to discontinue this as far as we are concerned.

When the House was for those who had fallen on evil times in our own district, and it was a sort of family of neighbours of the deserving poor order, most of whom were personally known to, and one might add, respected by folk in the villages around, it was, and was meant to be, a little token of sympathy and goodwill from those who were more fortunate, and everything was done with that delicacy of feeling which is the very essence of refinement and real gentility.

Now matters are very different. Other different agencies are at work and the House has

become a dumping ground for the aliens from certain towns and cities—a sort of convenient shifting of local responsibility which is supposed to be condoned by a mere money payment. The plain unvarnished fact is that there is a danger of overdoing what initially was a good thing and a kind action. It is just as harmful to play only to the gallery as it is to play only to the dress circle, and of all competitions, competition in philanthropy is the most vicious and hypocritical.

PUSHFUL PHILANTHROPY PAUPERISES. There is a danger too of these pushfuls harassing the officials at the workhouse in the discipline necessary for the proper conduct of the inmates.

There are so many legitimate calls for various worthy objects in the neighbourhood, and there is only a certain amount of money in the neighbourhood for folk to respond with, that nothing should be pampered that is not really deserving in the level-headed sense of the word. It is not right to be perpetually sending round the hat needlessly, it is an unfair tax on the slender resources of many. Though it is a very old-fashioned idea it is none the less the sound one that **TRUE PHILANTHROPY IS HELPING THOSE WHO HELP THEMSELVES.**

It is fashionable now to play at philanthropy and, to belong to the unemployed—whether having means or not—is deemed to be something to be proud of. There are too many 'White Dog Clubs' about to be healthy, and the manly and self-respecting artisan or working-man sees through the one and despises the other: if there is one thing he hates it is being patronised by people who give themselves 'superior' airs. There are those who will truckle and fawn for what they can get, but such are creatures who have lost all self-respect and do harm alike to themselves and to those who are vain and silly enough to encourage them—the character of both giver and recipient is demoralised. You cannot bribe into obsequiousness any man of backbone and character: he is too self-reliant to be bought up: any other sort does not count. The right sort in all classes of the community are only deferential to worth and character.

Those who are making a brave struggle (and few know the real heroism there is in humble life) to keep out of the House think there is too much fuss and cackling over those who are in the House, and deem it very hard that so much should be done for those who are living on the rates, and do not hesitate to say that the paupers should not be exploited for any cheap motive.

X. Brocklehurst is not, and never was, "Honorary Chaplain" to the workhouse. He simply had the same rights as other Clergy and ministers. (See p. 296, col 1, and p. 258.)

a repetition of this Messrs
Swale Harger & Brayshaw got
out their 1905 appeal in
good time & recaptured the
old subscribers. Brock then
found he could not get enough
money to give a treat, so
he abandoned it and attached
the other fund, announcing
that the money he had in hand
(between $\pounds 4$ & $\pounds 5$, collected specially
for a "treat") would be expended
in purchasing a Communion
set! Over $\pounds 3$ of this fund
was collected by Thos. Harger,
a Wesleyan.

Brock's affair was conducted
with "refinement and real
gentility," (vide Par. Mag.) Brayshaw's
fund provided a vulgar concert
with a lot of comic songs, &
let the men smoke during it.

* Brocklehurst is not "Honorary Chaplain" to the workhouse; he has no "official capacity" there whatever, but has just the same rights as the Nonconformist Ministers.

So far from a "few folk who were quiet in their gifts" commissioning him to give a New Year's treat his fund was raised by persistent cadging and begging letter writing on the part of Mrs. Brocklehurst, and by a systematic collection by Miss Sally Buck or other friend.

At June 1904 his emissaries stated that J. Brayshaw's fund (which had gone on some 15 years) ^{as J.B. had retired from the Bd. of Guardians} was dropped, and asked people to transfer their gifts to his fund. A few did so, and in order to avoid

SETTLE BOARD OF GUARDIANS. *Dec 1902*

A meeting of the Settle Board of Guardians was held on Tuesday morning in the Board-room, Settle; present—Messrs. T. Brayshaw (presiding), H. Coates (vice-chairman), R. G. Wilcock, J. C. Walker, W. Rhodes, J. Holmes, J. W. Greenwood, W. Greenep, D. H. Brayshaw, W. Brennand, R. Metcalfe, J. Peel, J. Swillbank, Jno. Metcalfe, W. Brown, D. Wood, A. Taylor, Jas. Metcalfe, C. A. L. Swale, J. Hunter, G. Lund, R. Whitehead, E. Ayrton, W. Redmayne, J. Winskill, T. Hunter, and G. K. Charlesworth, with Mr. T. E. Pearson (clerk).

PROPOSED NEW YEAR'S TREAT FOR INMATES.—The vicar of Giggleswick (Rev. T. P. Brocklehurst) wrote pressing for the Board's sanction to a treat for the Workhouse inmates on New Year's Day. The letter stated that, seeing the Workhouse was for the poor of the Union and for the poor of all religious bodies, it was in accordance with the fitness of things that the New Year's Day treat to the old people in the Workhouse should be a joint affair. He had therefore approached the representatives of the various other religious bodies to co-operate with him in the project and thus place the matter on a right and broad basis. The religious bodies had unanimously fallen in with the idea of a united treat, and the plan should commend itself to all right thinking people.—The Chairman read the circular letter to the various religious denominations, which was signed by the Vicar, the pastor of the Congregational Church, the Roman Catholic priest, the clerk to the Friends' Meeting House, and the Wesleyan and Primitive Methodist ministers.—Mr. J. C. Walker humorously asked if there were no more religious bodies in the place.—The Chairman: I believe there are some "Callithumpians." He intended trying to run a treat for the inmates on Christmas-day, which he would collect for and which he meant absolutely to "boss"—(laughter).—Mr. J. C. Walker thought there was a danger of overdoing the treating business.—The Chairman: Yes; unfortunately they only take place at Christmas and New Year, and for the rest of the year it is a blank.—The Board unanimously sanctioned the proposal.

might the response from the vicar that his message not require any reply, and he did not exactly see their letter had the least bearing on the subject. The ringers mistook the situation. He had laid down very reasonable and simple rules, on the acceptance of which only would he allow anyone in the belfry, of which as vicar he was sole possessor. The attendance ringers at service meant the prayers only; no one was to stop for the sermon. The next step taken was placing of a lock on the screen door to the belfry, on Sunday morning the ringers were unable to get admittance. Accordingly no ringing took place on the morning service. In the evening the ringers at the outer door fastened, and the verger tolled the bell for about half an hour. The vicar said he had taken this action on his own responsibility, the churchwardens stating that they were ignorant of the details of affairs on Sunday morning.

It is quite fitting and proper that the paupers inside the House should be treated with all sympathy and justice as our fellow-men, but that does not mean that they shall be treated preferentially and more favourably than the deserving poor outside the House. The matter needs discretion born of knowledge and equity. Many brave souls would suffer any hardship to keep outside the House: they feel the degradation, and we ought to encourage the spirit. There is not so much popularity, *kudos* and notoriety attached to quietly and privately helping individual families outside the House: there is not the same getting-on socially by unobtrusively lending an almost unknown helping hand to those outside the House who are putting their 'best side to London' as the saying goes, and who have too much proper pride and self-respect to whine and cadge: such have to be sought out and helped almost surreptitiously and *they* are the proper recipients of our charity. By our thoughtless and careless methods we weaken the fibre of our less-favoured neighbours until they lose self-reliance and so drift into the ranks of the 'won't works.' By our own want of moral courage we help to create the 'submerged' as it is called and then wonder at our own manufacture. There is an epidemic of "Shirk-workism" and the disease needs to be inoculated with virile sense.

The Balance in hand we shall spend in purchasing a Holy Communion set for the Workhouse as it is outside the requirements of the Local Government Board to provide this necessary adjunct to the Honorary Chaplain's duties.

As I am correcting the proof of the present issue I see that the "Right Honourable" John Burns, himself a working man, utters similar statements which will find an echo amongst all sane folk who REALLY know how best to help the deserving poor.

Opposed to Pauperising Sedatives.

"Proceeding to a declaration of his policy, Mr. Burns said that he would do his best to relieve municipal enterprise from the conscious bias that had operated against it so long. Already he had drawn a reference, and was now appointing a committee so that ratepayers and taxpayers would have their accounts presented, prepared, and disclosed in such a way that "he who runs may read." The labourer who worked would have so much of his sympathy that he would have none left for the loafer who shirked. The poor and oppressed would have his ear, but the plausible cadger never. The pushful philanthropist, the economic amateur, the industrial quack, and the purveyor of social nostrums and charitable schemes would have a stern critic in him. What was more he would not trouble his mind, nor his post, with over consideration and disproportionate attention to pauperising

pellatives that were illusory, delusive, extravagant, and costly. Rather would he by solid administrative and political work keep his eye on those permanent organic changes in society that were better than pauperising sedatives or outdoor relief. By helping the poor they must be careful that they did not endow poverty. His idea was fewer workhouses and more homes; smaller charities and larger wages; more pleasure and less drink; smaller cities and larger villages. Such would be his ideal of work.

During the Vicariate of the Rev. Christopher Swainson (A.D. 1738-1741) Mr. Anthony Lister, of Giggleswick, in the County of York, desired to augment the Benefice of Giggleswick (or Egleswick-in-Craven as 'tis styled in the Deed) and offered £200 on condition that the Governors of the Bounty of Queen Anne (A.D. 1702-1714) also gave £200.

With this £400 was bought on June 25th, 1739 (13th year of the reign of King George II) from Mr. Henry Guy and Anne his wife, of Halsted, in the County of York (Mr. John Bannister, of Hasgill, in the County of York, being the Trustee for the said Henry and Anne Guy in this matter) a property called Hesbert Ing (now commonly known as Old Ing) in the Township of Easington, in the Parish of Slaidburn, in the County of York.

This property, with the sanction of the Bishop of the Diocese (Right Rev. W. B. Carpenter, of Ripon) and the Patrons (Mr. J. W. Coulthurst, of Gargrave, and the Trustees of *The Church Trust Fund*) together with the approbation of the Churchwardens of Giggleswick (Messrs. T. W. Brassington, J. A. Lister, T. Scambler, and A. Hogg) has been sold by the present Vicar of Giggleswick-in-Craven (Rev. Theodore Percy Brocklehurst) to Mr. Charles Ayscough Rickards, of Myddelton, in the Parish of Ilkley, in the County of York, for £1000 sterling, which amount has been invested by direction of the Board of Agriculture and Fisheries (through whom the sale has been effected) in India £3 per cent. Stock, @ £96 %, and this £1030: 17 : 6 Stock is now standing at the Bank of England in the name of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners for England in trust for the sole use of the Benefice of Giggleswick-in-Craven

IN.		OUT.	
	£ s. d.		£ s. d.
Cash per Mr. C.	1000 0 0	Cost of Security	998 13 3
A. Rickards ..		(£1030 : 17 : 6	
		India 3% at 96	
		Stamp	0 1 0
		Broker's Commission	1 5 9
	£1000 0 0		£1000 0 0

* This is one of Brocklehurst's deliberate falsifications, the original having no hyphens but being simply Egleswick in Craven.

GIGGLESWICK PARISH MAGAZINE.

One of the late masters of the Giggleswick Grammar School, namely, Mr. Stephen Smith, has just passed away at the age of 57 years. He was devoted to his work and did his utmost to improve the moral tone of those who came under his care.

Rev. W. T. Barrett is projecting on behalf of the Parish Fund of Stainforth Church, two entertainments. At Stainforth School-room on January 5th, and at Victoria Hall, Settle, on January 10th, will be given 'The Mahatina' a comic opera: libretto by A. A. Irvine, and music by T. H. Bairnsfather.

CHARACTERS.

Colonel Aeneas Dumkin (*retired from H. M. Indian Army and now proprietor of a seaside Hotel*)
 Mr. William Midgley.
 Jim Verschoyle (*A Subaltern engaged to Phyllis*)
 Mr. Herbert Ware.
 Peter Yox (*a Spiritualist*) Mr. Allan Wade.
 Miss Letitia Symthe (*Aunt of Phyllis*)
 Miss Lena Brocklehurst.
 Phyllis Smythe (*engaged to Jim*) Miss Queenie Wade.

HOLY BAPTISMS.

December 2nd—Elizabeth Mary Isabel, daughter of James and Mary Isabel Hall.
 (*Sponsors: Mary Abbotson, Helen Frances Shepherd, and William Hall.*)

December 24th—Ella Mary, daughter of Thomas Nowell and Mary Smith. (*See Feby. p. 352*)

December 24th—Marjorie Alice, daughter of James William and Elizabeth Garrett.
 (*Sponsors: Duella Brassington, Elizabeth Garrett, and Stanley Firth Clark.*)

December 24th—John, son of William and Sarah Percy. (*Sponsors: Douglas Percy, Thomas McGroch, and Annie Clapham.*)

HOLY BURIAL.

December 30th—Margaret Smith, aged 70 years.

OFFERTORIES FOR DECEMBER.

	£	s.	d.
Church Expenses	13	12	0
Sick and Needy	2	6	0
Sunday School	0	7	0
	£16	5	8

T. W. BRASSINGTON }
 J. A. LISTER } *Churchwardens.*
 T. SCAMBLER }
 A. HOGG }

MOTHERS' UNION.

BALANCE SHEET.

March 25th, 1902, to December 31st, 1905.

IN.	£	s.	d.	OUT.	£	s.	d.
Due to Honorary Treasurer (as per Magazine, April, 1902)...	0	16	8	December 12th, 1902, Slides, &c. ...	0	18	0
December 12th, 1902 (Admission) ...	0	8	10	Sept. 26th, 1903, Deputation Expenses	0	5	5
March 25th, 1904 (Collection)	0	4	11	Feby. 2nd, 1905, " " "	0	8	0
Donations	0	12	0	Dec. 7th, 1905, repaid Hon. Treasurer	0	11	0
	£2	2	5		£2	2	5