

But said Friend has little of the pluck and quiet determination which animates the representative of the Barclays and Jaffrays. Not he; the minister was a queer customer, he would perhaps swear at him, and most likely kick him out of the house—better leave him and the bells alone. "Oh, vera weel," said honest James, "then I'll just awa' to him mysel'." So after Fourth-day meeting, he went up to the house, rang the bell, and when the servant appeared, asked to see the person who had most authority over the church. The servant replied, "I suppose ye'll mean the minister," and ushered him into the awful man's presence, "who was dressed," said James, "in a sort of black frock, like a woman's, and a black velvet cap." James told his errand—"I just came to ask thee if thou would have thy bells stopped or rung more gently next First-day morning—I suppose thou calls it the Sabbath." "Sabbath! what Sabbath?" says the minister. "Why, the first day of the week," says James; "we assemble in silence at half-past ten, and I am afraid thy bells may be a disturbance to those ministering Friends who have come to the General Meeting. Would thou kindly ask thy Elders to have them stopped?" "Elders! why, the Elders have nothing to do with it." "Then thou has, and we should take it kind of thee." The minister viewed James over his spectacles but gives no promise. He asks his visitor's name. "Oh, I'm James Gray, and I live at Cults." The minister gathers up his gown and accompanies James to the door, shaking hands with him, James assuring him meantime that all our meetings are open to the public, and "we shall be glad to see thee there next First-day evening." The consequence was that the bells were rung so softly that several Friends never heard them at all. I wish there were more of us who exhibited such courage in showing our colours as do Robert and James Gray.

"Whitby and Scarborough Register."

Some time ago Bernard P. Scattergood, of Leeds, forwarded to D. for inspection a transcript he had made of the above-mentioned original manuscript. From information received from the same source, the owner of the manuscript, W. E. Denton, of Leeds, was communicated with, and he agreed to sell it to the Society, the purchase being effected by William Harvey, of Leeds, who generously paid the whole of the cost. The late owner writes respecting the old book, "My maternal grandfather, Jonathan Peacock, was a Friend, who died at Pickering in Yorkshire about 1874, and I can only presume that the book had been in his possession, as it was found in a box with some private letters two or three years ago, which I think must have been brought to Leeds by my mother at his death."

A full index to the ancient MS. is in preparation.