

# RE-OPENING OF WOLD NEWTON CHURCH, GREAT GRIMSBY, LINCOLNSHIRE.

On Saturday, the festival of All Saints, his Grace the Archbishop of York (the Archbishop of Canterbury elect) presided over a ceremonial, equally interesting to himself and all who witnessed and took part in it. The living of Wold Newton, a parish in North Lincolnshire, is held by his grace's son-in-law, the Hon. and Rev. George Wingfield Bourke (brother of Lord Neas, M.P., and son of the Earl of Mayo), and it was to open the little church of the hamlet, which has been rebuilt during the course of the past summer, that the Primate of England left his more onerous public duties, and appeared at the North Lincoln Wolds. The new church, an elegant little structure (designed by James Fowler, Esq., architect, of Louth) owes its erection to the untiring exertions of the Rev. Mr. Bourke, the rector; and like the building which preceded it, and whose place it so well occupies, it is dedicated to All Saints. The little village presented early a gay scene, and the eminence upon which the church stands was covered with crowds, and the clergy of North Lincolnshire assembled in large numbers. The procession of the clergy, which passed from the school-house, numbered 52. The Hon. and Rev. G. W. Bourke, the rector, read the Prayers. His grace the Archbishop preached a very powerful and impressive sermon from St. Luke ii., 1 and 2—"When we pray, say our Father," &c. In the afternoon the Prayers were again read by the Rev. Mr. Bourke, and a very eloquent sermon was preached by the Rev. L. Shafto Orde, minister of St. John's Episcopal Chapel, Edinburgh. On Sunday evening his grace the Archbishop again preached to a very large congregation, who had assembled from all parts of the neighbourhood to hear him, a most touching and awakening discourse from Hebrews xii., 1. His grace chose for his subject the "Cloud of witnesses," who had been commemorated in the festival of the preceding day, particularly dwelling upon the piety of Abel, the faith of Noah, the obedience of Abraham, the unworldliness of Moses; and concluded with an earnest exhortation to his hearers, while following this noble army of martyrs in their faith and practice, to look constantly and faithfully to him who is the only author and finisher of his people's faith, and will be the salvation of their souls. No one who heard them will soon forget the effect of his grace's words, nor the truly devotional strain which seemed to burst from the heart of every one of his hearers when he concluded, finding vent in the words of that beautiful hymn, selected from "Hymns, Ancient and Modern"—

"Abide with me; fast falls the even tide."

The parting Benediction from the lips of this revered prelate concluded the interesting ceremonial, and the church of All Saints, Wold Newton, was left standing in the calm moonlight of the "brief summer of All Saints," a monument of the faith that founded it, the zeal which erected it, the piety which dedicated it, and the hope and Christian love with which its walls had so lately rung.