

SAINTS AND SINNERS.

UNDER the title which we have placed at the head of our article Dr. Doran has given us a very interesting thesaurus of the antiquities of the English Church. His book, full of amusing incidents to be laughed over, is also a work of permanent value by reason of its historic interest. We propose to follow its pages and to cull from them a bouquet of antique flowers to place before our readers.

No one can go over this ground with us without being forcibly struck by the progress which has been made by the Christian Church in modern times, as regards the purity of its faith, its practical piety, and the character of its ministry.

MAGNATES OF THE OLD CHURCH.

"From the second century to the time of the Heptarchy the illustrations of Church history suit the imaginative artist rather than the historian. The painter may imagine the figure of the proto-Christian King Lucius, or a group of Cornish listeners thronging round St. Kebins, or the people watching the joyous builders of the sacred edifice founded by the ex-Prince Cadoc in Llan Carvan. The artist may depict the ardent admirers of St. Nennoc trying to restrain her from setting sail to convert the Gauls; or the Somersetshire crew gaping at St. Keyne as she turned the serpents into stones. St. Main, leaving this his native land to settle in 'Little Britain,' and the apocryphal Winnifred, sanctifying her well, might furnish subjects for a fresco; while the chief of all the saints of the period before the Heptarchy, St. David, making his disciples till the fields without aid of beasts, and driving his plow-team of four-and-twenty panting and pulling students through the tough soil round his monastery, might make a subject for Rosa Bonheur herself."

During the period of the Heptarchy it was a common thing for high-born ladies to found or join nunneries; and these ladies furnished some of the grandest spectacles of the day. "Crowds stared at the pomp with which a company of kings and princes carried St. Werburga to Ely, where she was about to take the veil. Spectators could hardly tell which was the finer ceremony—that when St. Scxburgha went through the form of marriage with King Ercombent, or when she opened her famous nunnery at Sheppey." These lady saints were all of royal birth. "Some of them must have given rise to a large amount of gossip. They resolutely refused to marry unless they might live as if they were not married. Nevertheless, at three of these ladies the people of Ely, the cottagers at Coldringham, and the good folk up at Whitby probably opened their eyes to the utmost, when they saw the coy Etheldreda, the stately Ebba, and the shy Hilda founding double monasteries. There, during many subsequent years, saintly scholars lived in community with the primmest of virgins." John of

Beverly, following their example, received nuns with his monks. These were doubtless pleasant communities, but the Danes destroyed them together with the rest. "The Barking nuns were not cheerful ladies. Their sole desire, they said, was to die as soon as possible; yet their refectory was furnished with the best means of living comfortably. The only downright merry circumstance connected with the unco guid people of this period is to be found in a love passage in the life of St. Frideswid..... This holy princess edified English maidens by her anti-matrimonial principles. From all her lovers she would not choose one. Prince Algar, the most persevering of the suitors, one day sought her so eagerly that, to escape from his ardor, she hid herself in the pig-sty! The servile brother who helped her out must have had a pretty story to tell to his fellows." The following courtship proved as perilous as the preceding one was ludicrous: "The saintly King of the East Angles, St. Ethelbert, wooed Alfrida, the daughter of King Offa and Quendreda. The maiden was willing, but her mother was not. She hated the young king, but she coveted his possessions, and she murdered her daughter's lover that she might herself obtain his dominions."

It was this unfortunate Ethelbert who built the cathedrals of Canterbury, Rochester, and St. Paul; but we must remember that these were built of wood and thatched with straw.

Some of these old saints did fearful penance to indicate their humility. St. Adhelm, we are told, used to read his psalter every night standing in a pond up to his neck. St. Chad, when Bishop of York, performed all his visitations on foot. But St. Erconwald, Bishop of London, furnishes a striking contrast to these humble characters. *He* was carried in a horse-litter; but his power does not seem to have been diminished on account of his pride, for his litter healed the sick on whom its shadow fell, and chips from it, after his death, were remedies for all diseases.

Some of the English kings of this period were very pagans. "While they were wavering they would fain strike bargains with Heaven. If God will give a victory, the waverer will turn Christian. The semi-pagan looks to the skies and promises a newly-born daughter to the service of God, if the father may only be able to destroy his enemies. Redwald, King of East Angles, thought to sit in safety on two stools. He built a church, at one end of which was an altar for the sacrifice of the mass, at the other an altar for sacrifice to the old British idols." This shut the poor king out of the Calendar. "Edwin, King of Deira, was at best one of the dalliers. In a vision he had been promised greatness if he would become a Christian, and he said he would—expecting fulfillment of the promise. Something was conceded to him, but he would make no step in advance. At length Pope Boniface bought him by the dainty device of sending

a silver mirror and an ivory comb to his queen, Edilburga. The lady was convinced of the excellence of a religion the head of which so thoroughly understood woman, her wants and her weaknesses, and she compelled her husband to be of that way of thinking."

These saints, whether kings or not, performed wonders. Among the alleged miracles of St. Cuthbert, one describes his spirit on stormy nights lustily pulling a boat out toward shipwrecked wretches tossing in the merciless billows; or he steers his bark amidst the breakers with his magic pastoral crozier. King Edward the Confessor carried a scrofulous man on his back, whom he set down cured; and this "enabled Dr. Samuel Johnson to witness a spectacle of which, otherwise, he probably would not have been a witness. It led to Edward and his successors touching for the evil; and Johnson, when a child, saw Queen Anne play the last part in that ceremony.....In the Church records of this early period we often meet with prisoners, bound by chains or ropes, who, on praying at certain shrines, or to particular saints, are suddenly able to extricate themselves as easily and as dextrously as the two jugglers, the brothers Davenport."

WELL-WORSHIP.

"Where a spring rises or a river flows, there," says Seneca, "should we build altars and make sacrifices." This article of faith recognized by the pagans was sentimentally adopted by the early Christian Church. In the twelfth century the Church compromised with the ultra-reverent people, and reverence to and worship at springs was permitted under episcopal license. "A generation ago a devotee might still stoop and drink at St. Chad's Well. A William the Third edifice then covered, and a Dutch-looking garden surrounded it. An old man and woman were the last presiding priest and priestess. On the wall above the spring hung a full-length portrait, in oils, of a fat, red-faced man in a faded scarlet coat, a lace cravat, and a red night-cap. Charles Lamb suggested that the original was a butcher of the reign of Queen Anne; but the old keeper believed it to be a genuine portrait of St. Chad, as most people did (he remarked) who visited the spring; whereat the old keeperess would express her inability to conjecture what would happen next!"

"The old popular religion connected with the London wells has ceased. You may question every man you meet between Holborn Bars and King's Cross and not one in a hundred will be able to tell you where to find the waters which still flow on, but which are now inclosed. It is much the same with the other outdoor chapels for the people of the olden time. The well of St. Pancras would be as hard to strike as a well in the desert. The *Fons Clericorum*, the well about which the ecclesiastical clerks used to disport themselves of an evening, is only marked by an ugly pump with a menacing handle, warning you away. The *Fons Sancti Cle-*

mentis, to which the Westminster boys once made a little pilgrimage, is hidden beneath a low house in low Holywell Street. The *Fons Sacer*, or holy well above all others, had lost its purity before the Benedictine nuns abandoned Shore-ditch; while St. Bride all but exhausted herself in the copious yield of water from her springs to supply the exigencies of George the Fourth's coronation."

There was a well at Oundle, in Northamptonshire, which "drummed" whenever some important event was pending; but it "drummed" its last when it beat the dead march announcing the approaching demise of Charles II. "The waters were of a Jacobite quality, and never paid the same compliment to any monarch who subsequently died in England."

Dove Dale still sends out grateful devotees to the annual flowering of the five wells at Tes-sington. On the first Sunday in May people still assemble at Cragie Well, and secure their health for the ensuing year by drinking the waters before the rays of the sun have touched the stream. And Buxton every year dresses her taps in honor of the fountains erected by the Duke of Devonshire.

King Edgar denounced well-worship as a sacrilege; but it did no good. The people clung fast to the edge of the Druidical mantle, and revered the rocks as well as the waters that sprung from them. "The northern people were especially tenacious in this respect. The first Christian priest at Wallsend looked with scorn at the old altar there, with its perforated centre, and at the dozen upright stones which stood around it. In vain would he try to persuade his flock that these stones did not represent the Saviour and the Twelve Apostles. Time out of mind they had been held sacred, from an era of which the good folk knew nothing, when they symbolized the prolific powers of Nature and the Sun. To the Sun and the Months had succeeded the Redeemer and his Apostles. The folk would have it so, let the priest say what he might. If they wanted to make a bargain sacred, they went and shook hands upon it over one of these gray and solemn stones. It was calling the holiest in heaven to witness the obligation. If parents desired to make a sick child whole, when leeches had failed, they passed the little patient through the perforation, and went away full of hope, if not of confidence. The Christian priest might invite them to set up a candle before the picture of the Virgin, and the pious people would doubtless obey him; but when the '*Ave Maria*' had been uttered, these primitive English Christians, honest half-pagans as they were, would still turn to the symbols of the old mysterious worship (a worship older than that of Zeus and his Olympus), and they held on by the old ship while they sailed in the new."

These early Christians embraced new heroes and new legends with avidity, and accepted stories of other resurrections than the one on which they based all hope and all assurance

of a future life. "Accordingly, in the olden time, saunterers by the banks of the Ouse were occasionally startled, they said, by the appearance of a leaden coffin of exquisite workmanship slowly rising from the river; as they intently gazed at the strange floating object it began slowly to descend beneath the waters. When the rapt beholders spoke of what they had beheld, the reverend old people in that Bedfordshire district would quietly remark that it was the tomb of the great Mercian King Offa, which had been swept away in a great flood, with the little chapel in which it had been placed, near Bedford. The apparition proved that, if the great king had been submerged, he could no more be kept down in death than in life. Then scores of curious people would go down to the Ouse, gaze till their eyes ached, and return home, vexed at seeing nothing glide by but the waters. Again, the reverend people would quietly remark that the royal tomb never rose to the sight of those who expressly sought it; in which remark those reverend persons were perfectly correct."

ST. OSUNA'S BENCH.

Howden had a powerful patron lady of its own—St. Osuna. "The rector of the parish kept household with a north-country damsel after a fashion which St. Osuna was determined to reprove at the earliest opportunity. This occasion presented itself when the rector's arch-hussy one day came to church. The saint's tomb was there, projecting from the wall like a wooden seat. The reverend gentleman's 'lady,' out of contempt or fatigue, sat down thereon, and she never forgot it. She was unable to get up again. Her cry for help brought a host of villagers to her aid; and if they at last pulled her away, it was not through their strength, but because St. Osuna chose to let her go, after the flaunting minx had sworn she was sorry for the past, and had promised amendment for the future. But even then St. Osuna did not let her loose from the seat the girl had sacrilegiously assumed without making her leave a token behind her, which consisted of something more than fragments of the wench's dress."

ST. WISTAN'S HEAD.

"The old orthodox Anglo-Saxon folk had their susceptibilities roughly tried, and their prejudices rubbed all the wrong way, by the proud Norman clerical gentlemen who came over to England. The latter had a sort of contempt for the saints of the soil, and a strong suspicion about Anglo-Saxon relics. They would take nothing on trust. They began with a want of faith. Now, the good people of Evesham were exceedingly proud of their monastery and of all that it contained, especially of the head of St. Wistan. But a Norman abbot was assigned to the leadership of the brethren there, and he smiled quietly (which is as aggravating a fashion as a man of peace

can assume) when he heard of the relics. He said he would try them all by fire, and he *did*, very much to the horror of the country people. I fear the ordeal was too much for the most of them, but St. Wistan's head conducted itself in a way that was long talked about in the country. It was heroically impassible while in the fire, but on being taken from it the sweat of the saint's brow rolled down his face in odoriferous liquid beads. It was a little yielding to circumstances which even the Norman abbot could not find fault with. He adopted the head, and for years after Sussex men, who wiped their brows in the dog-days, '*dashed*' themselves, or worse, 'if 'twarn't hot 'nuff for St. Wistan himself!'"

LIFE ROUND PAUL'S CROSS.

Paul's Cross stood on the site of a former Roman temple, and near the spot where the cathedral of St. Paul now stands. It was erected amidst the wreck of heathenism, and about it the Gospel was first preached in ancient London. It became the rallying point of the people for divers purposes, until in 1382 it was struck by lightning and overturned in a severe shock of earthquake. "At one time there is an assembling of citizens who have alleged grounds of complaint against their own mayor, and these they explain to the king's officer standing at the Cross, who hears and promises to report. At another the citizens go up to it in crowds, and there take oath of allegiance to their king, who thinks to secure loyalty by this uncertain process.

"There was a splendid gathering at the Cross in 1260. Priests, soldiers, and statesmen were grouped at and about it; music rang in the air; and the burgesses came in their best, for they had a part to take in the ceremony. They were, indeed, summoned to hear a *bull* from Pope Urban read aloud." After the overturning of the old Cross it was erected again in the fifteenth century. It then became a rare rendezvous for professional beggars. "They could so much the more urgently petition passers-by out of their pence 'for Christ's sake!' Their manner contributed a proverb to our language; and whenever lover pushed a suit, or any one sought an aid with vehement urgency, it was said of him that 'he begged like a cripple at the Cross.' The luckiest moment for the mendicants was when a corpse, on its earthward way, rested for a while at the Cross, that the rest and peace of the soul that once inhabited it might be prayed for. Who could resist the Cross cripples when they not only expressed unbounded affection for the departed, but swore they would pray for the peace of his soul—for a consideration?"

The boys appropriated the church-yard to themselves, using it for a play-ground. "Something more than play, however, now and then occurred there. As boys used, in the old bad times, to play at 'French and English,' or, when no wars were afoot, at Greeks and Trojans, so

in ancient days the London lads took sides as English and Scotch. Each party was under the command of a duly elected king. On the feast of St. Ambrose, A.D. 1400, one of the fiercest of those fierce sports took place. The ardent and youthful cockneys fought with such vigor that not only were many wounded, but several were carried off the field dead."

The sermons preached at the Cross were frequently of a political character; and it became a matter of the most serious importance to the state that the preacher should be thoroughly loyal. It must have been a sublime spectacle to have witnessed an audience of six thousand persons about the Cross surging to and fro under the excitement of a sermon against popery. Jewel, in 1560, writes: "Sometimes at Paul's Cross there will be six thousand persons singing together.....This is very grievous to the papists."

Droll contrasts were not wanting. "For instance, Strype tells us of a man who, one fast-day in Lent, approached the crowd near the Cross with a couple of ready-dressed pigs, which he had for sale. A doctor of divinity was preaching at the time. He scented the offense of the transgressor, and had him at once arrested. The man, with one of the pigs on his head, was compelled to stand up and do penance, and doubtless many a joke was circulated round the Cross at his expense.

"In James I.'s reign the *demi-monde* who regretted their sins, or were deserted by their gallants, did penance at Paul's Cross, and had a world of curious people to look at and listen to them. In one month of 1612 two of these nymphs appeared at the Cross. The first Magdalen was the pretty *mignonne* of the rakish Sir Philip Brooker.....The other penitent was a more dashing and audacious sample of the hussy class. She had been accustomed to flaunt it in Eastcheap and Paul's Walk in rich attire; to hold a passage at arms with those that fenced, and to cut their purses from their girdles as they went home after dark. From this last habit the brazen beauty had acquired the name, by which she was publicly known, of Moll Cutpurse. But Mary grew weary of evil ways—at least she said so—and desiring to publicly recant, a Sunday was appointed for her going through the ceremony at Paul's Cross, and a clergyman was named to receive her, and preach the appropriate discourse. The city was all 'agog' on the occasion, for the 'parson' was as well known as beaming Moll was herself. He was a certain Radcliffe, of Brazenose; who was known about town rather as a reveler than a discreet clergyman. To this double attraction eager crowds made their way. It was so long a way for Signora Cutpurse that she grew athirst before she had got half over it, and she tipped so many quarts of sack on the road that when she reached the goal Moll was a fountain of tears—maudlin drunk! The notable penitent did her office, nevertheless. She attracted public attention much more than the preacher,

who, confining himself to being decent, only succeeded in being dull. People turned from the sermon to listen to Moll's comment on it; and they who were wont to attend such edifying ceremonies might probably have asserted, without fear of contradiction, that never had such a couple of Magdalens forsworn the devil and all his works, at Paul's Cross, as Sir Philip Brooker's 'darling' and this queen of brazen beauty, known alike to apprentices and gallants as handsome Moll Cutpurse."

At last, during Cromwell's protectorate, the Cross was pulled down. On its place an elm was planted, into which London apprentices (down to very late times) used to drive a nail on the day of their freedom.

SCEPTRE AND CROSIER.

All prelates were not essentially tyrants over princes; and there were not wanting monarchs who could stoop to jest with bishops. Look at the following picture: "Norman William and Matilda are seated on either side of the Archbishop of Canterbury, Lanfranc. William is a little chafed, and his heavy hand has just come down noisily on the table. Matilda's gentler fingers rest on the prelate's arm, and she looks sweetly at him as she speaks. The purpose of both was to induce Lanfranc to confess that their consanguinity was no bar to the legality of their marriage. The Norman priest came to the interview dead against the compact; but what with viands and wines, the sweet voice of Matilda, and an undertaking that the bride and bridegroom would found a couple of abbeys and endow a number of hospitals, Lanfranc yielded, and the royal pair were made happy by his submission."

The coarseness of à Becket "is seen not only in his own filthy and blasphemous expressions, but in the delight which he seemed to derive from goading Henry into furious swearing." He rides into Sens before the French and English monarchs, and the mob cheers the priest who is "insulting two kings for the honor of God." Of à Becket's loyal bearing there is a sample in his answer to Henry's offer to place all things in the prelate's hands if he would but act loyally: à Becket said that it was the devil tempting Christ over again. "He preached from these words, 'On earth peace, good-will to men,' and he ended by devoting to hell, forever, a venturesome fellow who had dared to dock the tail of his horse!"

Before à Becket's time came Ralph of Escurus. "At the coronation of Henry I. and Queen Adelicia, Archbishop Ralph had the right 'to fix the crowns;' but Ralph was stricken with palsy, and therefore Bishop Roger, of Salisbury, was appointed to actually crown the sovereigns. Ralph knew nothing of the appointment till he beheld Roger take up the crown to place it on the king's brow, and then the palsied man stretched forth his shaking hands to wrest it from Roger, who was ill-inclined to let it go. In the struggle they held

it for a moment together above the royal head; but rage gave strength to the palsied Ralph, and he got the object for which they were fighting out of his rival's grasp. Overhaste nearly made shipwreck of the solemnity; for Ralph's palsied hands overturned the crown from Henry's head as soon as he had placed it there, and it would have gone to the ground but for the interference of officials, who saved the august memorial from being marred by a gloomy omen."

Hugh, Bishop of London, had a feud with Richard I., his reputed half-brother. "While this feud was at its hottest the king entered the church of Roche d'Andeli, where the bishop was celebrating, or attending at the celebration of, mass. As Richard knelt, Hugh approached him, and then the king affected not to see him. The bishop drew nearer, and he asked Richard to kiss him—the kiss of peace, probably; but the sovereign frowned and remained sternly silent. The request was repeated, and the thunder-cloud grew darker and heavier on Richard's brow; but he uttered no word in reply to the episcopal demand. Wherefore Hugh took the king by the shoulders and shook him so continuously that Richard, for the sake of peace, yielded, and gave the kiss of peace to the man who would allow him none of the latter."

This same Hugh was preaching before King John one Easter-day, and not sparing bad princes in his allusions to evil men. The king ordered the preacher to desist—he had fasted overlong, and wanted his dinner. The order was given three times, but was disregarded, and the wearied and angry king rose and left the church. While the bishop was administering the sacrament the king and his companions were carousing at dinner. At another time the king amused himself in church by jingling together a dozen coins which he had brought for an offering. Hugh was disgusted, and when at length he offered the plate for collection, refused to let the king kiss his hand, and ordered the monarch to leave the church. The command was obeyed, "but in withdrawing the king and young courtiers bustled out noisily, and at the dinner that followed they moistened their comments on what had occurred in the very best of Gascony wine, and a good deal of it."

THRONE AND PULPIT.

"At all times the preachers who attacked the Government naturally excited the greatest commotion; and it is a curious fact that politics were never so bold, outspoken, and active in the pulpit as during one part at least of the reign of Henry VIII." The pulpits rang with denunciations of that monarch's marriage with his mistress, Anne Boleyn.

Anthony Rudde, Bishop of St. David's, boldly told Queen Elizabeth that "age had furrowed her face and besprinkled her hair with its meal." Gordon, the first Protestant Bishop of Galloway, was still harder upon Mary Queen of Scots. In a sermon preached in the Scottish capital he

said: "I would wish you inhabitants of Edinburgh to send for your ministers, and cause them to pray for the queen.....All sinners ought to be prayed for; if we pray not for sinners, for whom should we pray?—seeing that God came not to call the righteous, but sinners, to repentance. St. David was an adulterer, *and so is she!* St. David committed murder in slaying Urias, for his wife, *and so did she!* But what is this to the matter? The more wicked that she be the more her subjects should pray for her, to bring her to the spirit of repentance; for *Judas was a sinner*, and if he had been prayed for he had not died in despair!"

"A trait in the life of Bishop Hacket, when he was rector of St. Andrew's, Holborn, is finely illustrative of the heroic Christianity of his character. He continued to read the Common Prayer in his church when such form was proscribed by the authorities. One of Essex's soldiers entered the church to mark what was going on there. When he found that prohibited prayers were being read he took a pistol from his belt, walked up to the reading-desk, clapped the weapon on Hacket's breast, and swore to shoot him if he did not desist. The rector looked calmly at his assailant, said he should continue to do his duty as a minister, and that *he* might do what he thought became a soldier. Hacket resumed the reading of prayers, and the Parliament soldier put his pistol in his belt and offered no further molestation.

"The spirit of the Puritan party did not die out when the adverse party triumphed. The events of Charles's reign were made use of by political parsons at a much later period. In the revolutionary period of the last century a liberal clergyman composed a toast for the 30th of January, which is not remarkable for abundant charity. It is printed in the appendix to Hollis's 'Memoirs' as being 'by the Rev. Richard Baron, author and editor of many publications on behalf of civil and religious liberty.' It runs in this delightfully social spirit:

"May all statesmen that would raise the king's prerogative upon the ruins of public liberty meet the fate of Lord Strafford.

"May all priests that would advance Church power upon the belly of conscience go to the block like Archbishop Laud.

"And may all kings that would harken to such statesmen and such priests have their heads chopt off like Charles I."

"This toast was elegantly printed on a small sheet of paper, and circulated among the Republicans of the last century, to promote loyalty, harmony, and Christian charity throughout English society generally."

Lowe, in a sermon at Windsor on Advent-Sunday, "declared that God himself would greatly sin if he were to be on Charles's side! Lowe was entirely without mercy or delicacy. It was he who stood on the scaffold at Laud's execution and brutally taunted the Archbishop with an 'Art thou come at last, Little Will?' He moreover expressed a hope that he would

see all the bishops succeed to the suffering of Land. The fanatic is said to have dipped his kerchief in Laud's blood, and to have displayed that flag of infamy to a congregation at Uxbridge, whither he had ridden in triumph."

ORDINATION.

"When Jeremy Taylor was introduced to the Archbishop of Canterbury his Grace shook his head at the youthful appearance of the young ecclesiastic, and expressed a fear that his extreme youth must be an obstacle to his being ministerially employed. 'If your Grace,' said Taylor, 'will excuse me this fault, I promise, if I live, to mend it.' Isaac Barrow was not less witty than Taylor when he went up for ordination. When the solemn examining chaplain asked him, 'Quid est fides?' ('What is faith?') Barrow readily rhymed in reply, 'Quod non vides' ('What you don't see'). 'Quid est spes?' ('What is hope?') said the chaplain. 'Magna res' ('A great thing'), replied Barrow. 'Quid est charitas?' ('What is charity?') 'Magna raritas' ('A great rarity'), answered the candidate. 'Here is a youth,' said the chaplain, on going to the bishop's room, 'who returns rhyming rejoinders in Latin to my moral questions, with, I must needs add, as much truth as good rhyme.' 'Ask him no more questions,' said the bishop. 'He is better qualified to examine us than we him. He shall have his letters of orders.'"

Here is an instance of examination for orders in France. "A candidate failed altogether to satisfy his examiners. Their interview broke up in most unpleasant fashion. Not a question asked had been creditably answered. 'I wager,' said the examining chaplain, as he descended the stairs, the humbled candidate following him—I would lay a wager that you don't know how to translate into Latin 'Je suis un âne'" ('I am an ass'). 'Sequor asino,' said the young fellow, with unruffled meekness, as if he did not know that 'Je suis un âne' meant 'I am' as well as 'I follow an ass.' The examiner turned round at him sharply, then smiled, and, seeing the lad's imperturbable countenance, exclaimed, 'Come, you are not such a fool as you look. There is stuff in you. Work on for half a year, and you will pass.' The prophecy was fulfilled."

SERMONS.

"Voltaire pithily said that a preacher was five feet above contradiction.....Bishop Horsley once, meeting Lord Thurlow at Brighton, expressed a hope that he would come and hear the prelate preach on the following day. 'No, I'll be d——d if do,' cried the keeper of the king's conscience; 'I hear you talk nonsense enough in the House of Lords, but there I can and do contradict you, and I'll be d——d if I go and hear you where I can't!' Horsley was amused, not shocked, for he was himself a swearer."

That sermons were not always original the

following anecdote strikingly illustrates. In an English village "the rector and curate had been absent for some time, but they were efficiently represented while they were away. They returned to resume duty on the same day. The curate took the morning service, while the rector officiated for a friend in a neighboring parish; but the rector was present in the evening to preach after the curate had read prayers. The sermon in the morning was so good that the members of the congregation congratulated themselves on the effects which change of air had had on the preacher's style and powers generally. When the rector ascended the pulpit in the evening they hoped that a judicious holiday-time had had the same effect upon him, and they felt they would be the better able to judge when they heard him give out the same text which had formed the subject of the curate's illustration in the forenoon. Very soon, however, they found that it was not only the same text, but the same sermon; and then the faces of the congregation assumed a variety of expression that might have defied Herr Schultze himself to represent. There was but one placid countenance in the whole church, and that was the preacher's, who went on quite unconscious of the day's history and its consequences. There was but one face besides that did not bear upon it an expression of fun, or comic surprise, or a laughable perplexity and puzzlement, and that was the curate's. He, good man! looked the more concerned and abashed as he tried to look otherwise—the more he strove to assume a guise of indifference the more intensely horrified he grew. In short, the two worthy personages had, unknown to each other, purchased a dozen or so of lithographed manuscript sermons, and they had had the ill luck, without communication with each other, to select the same sermon wherewith to inaugurate their return to the old pasture. The people, however, were good-natured people, the two clergymen were worthy men, and beyond a harmless joke or two no harm came of this little misadventure.

"It is more dangerous, perhaps, to preach the printed than the written sermons of other people. I remember an illustration of this in the case of a 'popular preacher.' On leaving his church, where he had delivered a very original discourse, he asked a clerical friend who had been present what he thought of the sermon. The friend spoke of it in terms of the warmest praise, and then the subject was dropped. In the course of the following week, however, the friend, for purposes of his own, purchased three volumes of sermons delivered and printed in America a dozen years before. In the second volume, opening it by chance, he came upon the very original sermon that his friend had preached and asked his opinion of on the previous Sunday! He quietly put that volume in his pocket and went down to the chapel. 'Jack!' said he—they were both of the free-and-easy style of popular preacher—"Jack! what ras-

cals these Yankees are! Here' (taking out the book) 'they have taken the excellent sermon I heard you preach last Sunday and printed it—a dozen years ago!' Jack laughed, hummed a tune, offered his friend a cigar, and walked away to one of the theatres!"

"There are manuscript sermons existing, a couple of centuries old, in the margin of which '*hem, hem!*' is written, to indicate where the preacher, after raising his strain to a height which should seem to authorize the relief, might cough, merely for the effect of the thing. M. Peugnot states that he had seen in the manuscript sermons of an old preacher these words in different parts of the margin: 'Here fall back in your seat;' 'Start up;' 'Use your handkerchief;' 'Shout here like the very devil;' and Balzac says that an old cleric of his time, teaching a young student how to construct a sermon, confined himself to observing: 'Shake the pulpit stoutly; gaze at the crucifix fiercely; say what you can to the purpose; and you'll not preach badly!' The Abbé Boisrob-ert used to say that a clever preacher ought to know when to cough, spit, or sneeze with effect, as any one of them might be the means of extricating him from a difficulty."

THE ALTAR AND THE GRAVE.

"Bridal and burial were never more closely connected than in the person of Kate Tudor, of Beren, who died at the close of the sixteenth century; when, as a brilliant young widow, she followed the body of her husband, Sir John Salusbury, of Llewenny, into church, she had as her supporters in that trying hour her gallant neighbors, Sir Richard Clough, of Bachagraig, and Morris Wynne, of Gwydyr. Richard and Morris aspired to the beautiful widow's hand and heart. The knight was vigilant; Morris circumspect. The first impetuous; the second punctilious. As they went into church, Sir Roger whispered loving offer of marriage in Katherine's ear; and she replied to it with a sweet sad smile, which as plainly said 'Yes' as if her tongue had uttered it. When the solemnity was over, and the mourners were leaving the church-yard, the decorous Morris whispered his suit, and was astounded when the lady told him she was engaged by Sir Roger on going into church. But that he might not lose opportunity again, she agreed to marry him if she should have in decent time to bury her second husband. And this happened; indeed, she buried a third, wedded with a fourth, and died a widow after all. The people saluted her with the title of 'Mam Cymru,' or Mother of Wales."

"In Cornwall some barbarous ceremonies attendant on funerals were joyously observed down to the end of the last century. The corpse being buried at noon, a hundred per-

sons (if the defunct had died 'well-to-do') sat down to dinner at the neighboring inn at two. The clergyman played a prominent part on these occasions, for though the chief mourner took the chair, by right of his office, the 'parson' was always seated at his right hand. Mr. Buckingham, in his autobiography, describes a funeral festival of the above character and time, at which the widow of the deceased man sat on the left of his nearest blood relation in the chair, in full mourning weeds. The guests, on taking their seats, whetted their appetites with a little brandy. They should not have done this till grace had been said by the clergyman; but some, not standing on ceremony, did not wait, but swallowed their 'whet' before the parson had opened his mouth to 'ask a blessing.' At every change of dishes a little more brandy was consumed, for digestion's sake. Therewith the eating was voracious, and the consumption of tavern wine tremendous. The cloth being drawn, wine, rum, gin, and brandy, hot water, pipes, tobacco, and lighted candles were placed on the tables, to render life tolerable to the mourners, who applied the solace with such alacrity that they were half drunk in a moderate space of time. At this hilarious moment the widow and her ladies withdrew. The gentlemen, left to themselves, and to manifest a pious spirit, sent for the parish choir, who sung anthems, choruses to which were improvised by such of the mourners as had any voice left, with glass in one hand and a pipe in the other. Having thus satisfied all delicate scruples, they fell to roaring patriotic songs (and a wide variety of songs was included under that name), which amusement, with hard drinking, was kept up till after midnight. There is no record of when the clergyman disappeared from the funeral orgie. Let us hope that he was not among those who 'were found at daylight, drunk and insensible, beneath the table,' and of whom it may be said, as of the laughers at a funeral 'breakfast,' that they were only dissembling their grief."

"One of the most singular incidents connected with the grave is also the most recent. It refers to the Jews at Orleans. The Rabbi there has opposed the Government design of disturbing a Jewish cemetery for the sake of making a new road. The High Priest maintains that if the bodies are disarranged there will be deplorable confusion on the Day of Judgment. 'If you separate and lose any of the bones,' he asks, 'how is the Resurrection to be completed?' The disputes that will arise on the Last Day distress the poor Rabbi only to think of them. The authorities promised to make things as smooth as possible, so that the Orleans Jews should get themselves together at the final trump without being disagreeable to their neighbors."

JOHNNY RIGHT.

JOHNNY RIGHT, his hand was brown,
And so was his honest, open face,
For the sunshine kissed him up and down,
But Johnny counted all for grace;
And when he looked in the glass at night
He said that brown was as good as white!

A little farm our Johnny owned,
Some pasture-fields, both green and good,
A bit of pleasant garden ground,
A meadow, and a strip of wood.
"Enough for any man," said John,
"To earn his livelihood upon!"

Two oxen, speckled red and white,
And a cow that gave him a pail of milk,
He combed and curried morn and night
Until their coats were as soft as silk.
"Cattle on all the hills," said he,
"Could give no more of joy to me."

He never thought the world was wrong
Because rough weather chanced a day,
"The night is always hedged along
With daybreak roses," he would say;
He did not ask for manna, but said,
"Give me but strength—I will get the bread!"

Kindly he took for good and all
Whatever fortune chanced to bring,
And he never wished that Spring were Fall,
And he never wished that Fall were Spring;
But set the plow with a joy akin
To the joy of putting the sickle in.

He never stopp'd to sigh "Oho!"
Because of the ground he needs must till,
For he knew right well that a man must sow
Before he can reap, and he sowed with a will;
And still as he went to his rye-straw bed—
"Work brings the sweetest of rest," he said.

Johnny's house was little and low,
And his fare was hard, and that was why
He used to say, with his cheeks aglow,
That he must keep his heart up high:
Ay, keep it high, and keep it light,
He used to say—wise Johnny Right!

He never fancied One was Two,
But according to his strength he planned,
And oft to his Meggy would say he knew
That Gold was gold, and Sand was sand;
And that each was good, and best in its place,
For he counted every thing for grace.

Now Meggy Right was Meggy Wrong,
For things with her went all awry—
She always found the day too long
Or the day too short, and would mope and sigh;
For, somehow, the time and place that were
Were never the time and the place for her!

"O Johnny, Johnny!" she used to say,
If she saw a cloud in the sky at morn,
"There will be a hurricane to-day!"
Or, "the rain will come and drench the corn!"
And Johnny would answer with a smile,
"Wait, dear Meggy, wait for a while!"

And often before an ear was lost,
Or a single hope of the harvest gone,
She would cry, "Suppose there should fall a frost,
What should we do then? John, O John!"
And Johnny would answer, rubbing his thumbs,
"Wait, dear Meggy, wait till it comes!"

But when she saw the first gray hair
Her hands together she wrung and wrung,
And cried, in her wicked and weak despair,
"Ah, for the day when we both were young!"
And Johnny answered, kissing her brow,
"Then was then, Meg—Now is now!"

And when he spectacles put on,
And read at ease the paper through,
She whimpered, "O, hard-hearted John,
It isn't the way you used to do!"
And Johnny, wiser than wiser men,
Said, "Now is now, Meg—Then was then!"

So night and day, with this and that,
She gave a bitter to all the bliss,
Now for Johnny to give her a hat,
And now for Johnny to give her a kiss,
Till, patience failing, he cried, "Peg, peg!
You're enough to turn a man's head, Meg!"

Oh, then she fell into despair—
No coaxing could her temper mend—
For her part now she didn't care
How soon her sad life had an end.
And Johnny, sneering, made reply,
"Well, Meg, don't die before you die!"

Then foolish Meg began to scold,
And call her Johnny ugly names—
She wished the little farm was sold,
And that she had no household claims,
So she might go and starve or beg,
And Johnny answered, "O Meg, Meg!"

Ah, yes, she did—she didn't care!
That were a living to prefer;
What had she left to save despair?
A man that didn't care for her!
Indeed, in truth she'd rather go!
"Don't, Meg," says Johnny, "don't say so!"

She left his stockings all undarned—
She set his supper for him cold,
And every day she said she yearned
To have the hateful homestead sold.
She couldn't live, and wouldn't try—
John answered only with a sigh.

Passing the tavern one cold night,
Says Johnny, "I've a mind to stop,
It looks so cheery and so bright
Within, and take a little drop,
And then I'll go straight home to Meg....."
There was the serpent in the egg.

He stopp'd, alas—. Alas for John.
That careless step foredoomed his fall.
Next year the little farm was gone—
Corn-fields and cattle, house and all;
And Meggy learned, too late, too late,
Her own self had evoked her fate.