

"Do not pull down, but build up," is the cry. How can we build upon a site encumbered with false tradition? All truth, negative as well as positive, is constructive; no falsehood is. I see Henry Newman preferred to his brother Francis on the ground that Henry was organic and Francis was not. What did Henry build? A house of mediæval dreams, in which he could not force himself to believe without the help of such an apparatus of self-mystification as the "Grammar of Assent," and which will only enhance scepticism by its inevitable fall. Francis Newman, if he did nothing else, cleared the ground for construction, and he helped to lay firmly the foundation of all genuine faith—thoroughgoing confidence in the Author of Truth.

The three eminent clergymen, it is to be feared, are sliding down a slippery incline, on which no permanent foothold is to be found.

STORIES OF WIG AND GOWN.

VERY long and brilliant is the list of wit conflicts between bench and bar, most of the best efforts being too well known to bear repetition. A few comparatively new ones—new in the sense of not having been told recently—are chronicled by the *London Church Family Newspaper*, and quoted in Dr. Flower's new Boston monthly, the *Family Messenger*.

Who does not remember the story of Lord Mansfield and the nervous counsel who opened with, "My unfortunate client, my lord, my unfortunate client." "Go on, my brother," said the judge, "so far the Court is entirely with you."

The story of the judge, the counsel, and the braying donkey is generally told wrongly, only the *tu quoque* being given. Here is the correct version: The late Chief Baron Kelly, when a young barrister, was pleading in a court when a donkey outside set up a loud bray. "One at a time, Brother Kelly, one at a time!" said the judge, benignly. A few minutes later the judge was summing up, when the donkey began braying again. "Pardon me, m'lud," said Kelly, "but would your ludship kindly speak a little louder, there is such an echo in the court!"

On one occasion Lord Clare, an Irish judge, was observed to be caressing a Newfoundland dog while the famous J. P. Curran was pleading before him. Counsel stopped in the midst of his argument, and on the judge motioning him to proceed, said, "I beg ten thousand pardons. I thought your lordship was in consultation."

Lord Clare once said that, if one of Curran's positions were sound, he would go home and burn his law books. "Better read them, my lord," was the retort.

Curran was once engaged in a legal argument, and behind him stood his colleague, a gentleman whose person was remarkably tall and slender, and who had