

drawingroom,—no more to be called literature than these mandarins or monsters are to be called sculpture.'

"'Mr. Handel's music has some life in it,' replied Harry, roused to opposition (although Harry does not know 'God save the Queen' from 'Rule Britannia!').

"'Yes, that is all we are fit for,' was the cynical reply,—'to put the great songs of our fathers to jingling tunes. We sit stitching tinsel fringes for the grand draperies of the past, and do not see that all the time we are no better than tailors working at our own palls.'

"'Besides,' resumed the old general, 'Handel is no Englishman. The old British stock is dying out, sir. We have not even wit to put our forefathers' songs to music, nor sense to sing them when that is done. We have nothing left but money to pay Germans to fight for us, and Italians to scream for us.'

"'And that is going as fast as it can,' interposed papa. 'What public man have we, Whig or Tory, who would not sell his country for a pension, or his soul for a place?'

"'Soul, nephew!' said my great-uncle. 'You are using words grown quite obsolete. Who believes in such a thing as the salvation or perdition of the soul in these enlightened times?'

"'The Methodists do, at any rate, sir,' replied Harry, maliciously; 'and Lady Huntingdon, and my sister Evelyn, and my Cousin Kitty.'

"Harry had drawn all the forces of the enemy on him at once by this assault.

"'Sir,' said papa, 'I beg henceforth you never couple your sister's or your cousin's name with those low fanatics. If Evelyn occasionally likes longer sermons than I can stand, she is a dutiful child, and costs me not a moment's anxiety, which is more than can be said for every one; and if she visits the old women at the Manor, so did her grandmother, who lived before a Methodist had been heard of.'

"'Methodists!' exclaimed the general, indignantly; 'it was only the other day I was told of one of them, John Nelson, who was enlisted by force, and who would have made as fine a soldier as the King has, but for his confounded Methodism. They actually had to let him off, lest he should bite the other fellows,