

the preacher instructed us as to when, and under conditions, we might eat meat. We took the wine and wafer by proxy, none of us having an opportunity given us to partake of it. This church was showered by stones on the next Sunday, by the Evangelical pugilists of the Church Militant and the clergy roughly handled, for it would appear that the dogs of war are loose, and the end is not yet. Their rage, as exhibited on this occasion is, however, neither dignified nor discreet, and it is to be hoped these tactics will be discontinued. Such "zeal is not according to knowledge." The rough goblin of public opinion as voiced in the newspaper contends, that the Established Church is hopelessly entangled in the meshes of traditional absurdity; is burning out the dregs of the oil in her cruse—is singing her swan-song. We prefer rather to believe that Miller is right when he says: "The present admiration for the mediaeval cannot be other than a transitory streak of fashion, for the shadow on the great dial of human destiny cannot move backward."



WEDNESDAY, AUG. 10.

It was raining piteously when we left Liverpool. The soot or "black" dirtied our faces and linen, and hurt our eyes. For the superfluous services of opening the cab door, a loafer asked a half-penny, but one soon grows impassive to the wheedling whine of the charity seeker.