

tion, had that one privileged day of merriment and feasting in the year. They used to dance on the lawn round "Jack in the Green," clattering their brushes and wooden shovels, after which they were regaled by the charitable with beef and plum-pudding. Happily that caste of misery and degradation has now ceased to exist. If the mummers have departed, let us hope the "Waits" have not departed with them. Their music was hardly an equivalent, especially in the rural parishes, for the song of the angelic choir heralding the nativity, which presumably it professed to reproduce. But its sound in the dead of night made a strong impression, half awful, half pleasant, on the ear of childhood.

Sunday and Christmas are now pretty much in the same position as institutions which have lost or are fast losing their old theological basis, but rest securely on a basis of another kind. It is impossible to insist on the obligation of keeping the Jewish Sabbath, the day on which the Creator rested after the six days' work of Creation, especially as we do not keep it, our Sunday being the first day of the week and not the seventh. But the Sabbath has glided into the Day of Rest, of spiritual rest for those who are spiritually minded, of rest at all events for all, and of Sabbath stillness after the noise and bustle of the week. The French Revolutionists, when they undertook to make new heavens and a new earth on the principles of Reason and Rousseau, substituting the tenth day for the seventh, found it would not do. Sunday has ceased to be an article of the law, but it remains an article of human