

sauce of pews prevails; for though, as in the case of Clackington, every pew may be taken, yet it is by no means sure that those who rent them will be present in them, and if they are not in them it is certain that no one else will.

When Mr. Slowton preceded the Bishop into the church, he was delighted to observe that it was filled to excess, and several being unable to find seats, were standing in the aisle.

The prayers were read by the worthy Incumbent with great emphasis, and the gallery did their best to acquit themselves as became musicians: such a turning of books and such anxious whispering had never been seen or heard in Clackington choir before. Some of the bolder spirits suggested an anthem, but the organist spoke of want of practice and discouraged the idea of any extempore efforts of so lofty a kind. They resolved, however, to show the Bishop that as a choir they were not to be despised, and they determined to treat him to their favorite chant for the *Te Deum*.

This was regarded by the choir as something exquisite, especially as it afforded an opportunity to all the leading members thereof to exhibit their vocal powers for the admiration of the congregation, and thus, while "singing to the praise and glory of God," they were enabled to do a pretty little stroke of work in the very pleasant occupation of glorifying themselves. The first solo fell to the lot of Miss Creamor, and she went so high that the Bishop, who was unaccustomed to her flights, began to fear that she would never come down again. Next came Miss Ball, who was rather a strong-minded female, and the way in which she untied her bonnet strings, and unpinned her shawl, showed plainly enough that she meant mischief. Accordingly, when she fairly got into full blast, she not only surpassed Miss Creamor, but was, so to speak, completely round the corner—a fact that was so apparent, even to the mind of the latter lady, that she incontinently became green—(of course, we speak figuratively)—green with envy.

When, however, they came to "the noble army of martyrs," the devotion of the good Bishop was completely destroyed, for having—unfortunately for himself on this occasion—a very delicate ear and a refined and cultivated musical taste, he felt that he might almost claim a place in the ranks of that army in consequence of the

sufferings which at that moment they were inflicting upon him. At length, however, for the longest things have a termination, the *Te Deum* came to an end, much to the satisfaction of every one but the members of the choir, who felt when *that* was concluded, that the business of the day was over. It was only on great occasions, indeed, that they ever attempted the *Te Deum*, and consequently being unused to it, truth compels us to say that the Clackingtonions (the choir excepted) were not particularly fond of it.

After singing "*Oh be joyful in the Lord*" to a most pathetic and heartbreaking chant, and a couple of psalms to tunes which seemed as though they were laments for the dead, the choir and congregation sat down to attend to the *next* most important thing, viz., the Bishop's sermon.

And very well worth listening to it was. The commanding presence of the speaker—the clear and impressive voice; the deep earnestness of manner, would in themselves have done much to rivet the attention, independent of the subject matter of his address. The subject of the sermon was the practical nature of the love of Christ. He showed with startling power the mockery of all professions of faith and love to Him unless resulting in acts of self-denying love to our brethren, and as he described and dwelt upon the outward forms of benevolence and mercy and compassion to the poor and miserable and the fallen, his words, though of studied plainness, were glowing with the eloquence of a warm and loving heart. He spoke of the continual need of help from on high to enable our fallen nature to overcome its selfishness and lead us thus to follow the example of our Saviour Christ; and since the clergy were bound by their office not only to be the instructors but the example of their flocks, he pointed out how much they needed the fervent prayers of their people as well as themselves, and as that was one of the Ember weeks he recalled and enforced upon their attention the duty of intercession on their behalf, which the Church at that time especially enjoined. He showed that without practical love for the Redeemer, there could be no peace for man on earth, nor any hope of blessedness in heaven; that this love cannot rightly prevail where there are none or few of the ministrations of religion; that those minis-