

tea-cosy than anything else. Two attendants bore his voluminous skirts : this was the celebrant attired for mass.

Up and down the aisle the procession moved, the choristers singing "Through the night of doubt and sorrow." Arrived at the altar, the stiff robe and tea-cosy were lifted off the celebrant and carried to the vestry. This left him dressed in a white robe, on the back of which, was embroidered a large cross. I was unable to follow the service intelligibly, but eventually learned that all were kneeling for the epistle, which the Clergyman intoned to the measure of a swinging censer. He seemed to be utterly unable to turn the pages of the prayer book himself, which necessitated an attendant performing that office for him. The Gospel finished, the Priest kissed the book. At intervals the Roman Missal was read in a droning monotone. I could not understand the tricks of scenic devotion or the minutiae of ritual, for the service throughout was a succession of tableaux and burlesques ; it was playing at religion. Still I could not but admire the skill of muscular movement involved in the sinuous and sensuous manœuvres of their strange and intricate quadrille. The priests would bow their heads almost to the floor, till I got alarmed lest their blood-vessels burst. Absolute prostrations on the stone pavement of the chancel were followed by numerous posturings and gesticulatory embellishments. It was highly theatric, and without the clouds of incense, had been entirely trivial and vulgar.

If outward ceremony constitutes religion, then here is truly religion. Well men's hearts fail them for fear, for this service formerly called a holy one, is not even dignified. Dean Farrar has written ; "The ceremonies of such churches are but as spangles upon their funeral pall." The sermonette which lasted as long as fourteen minutes was prosy and soporific, it being delivered in a wooden, souless manner without the slightest attempt at oratory. By way of spiritual pabulum