

time taught within our walls. It may be hoped that in this regard there has been an improvement in our *Alma Mater*, if only for the Professors' sake, for we usually resigned the Syriac and Chaldee notes for the Professor to translate. I used, in those days, to think that if I had been Pearson, I would have published a "Bohn" for my notes, since the almost incomprehensible text appeared to depend so largely for its comprehension upon the, to us, totally incomprehensible notes. I silenced myself, however, by the consideration—in which the alumni of that day will doubtless concur—that Bishop Pearson knew what he was doing a great deal better than we did. As it was, we were compelled to extract the honey and sweetness of the notes—with a diligence nothing short of *apistical*—through the medium of an English assistant in MS., that had been handed down from generation to generation of Jerkwell tugs—a book in which some benevolent and large-hearted tug (abundantly canonized in the hearts of us all—may he rest in peace!) had registered *his* idea of the meaning of the notes, but which successive scribes of later centuries had glossed and interpolated with *their* suggestions and ideas—and so on—until—*agrescit medendo*—we of the nineteenth century seriously contemplated handing down to posterity a revised version, and would have done so had it not been for the decline of learning among us: But this believe, that never to this day do I hear a person say, "Give us your authority", without thinking of Pearson's notes.

*Revenons a nos montons*—let us return to our hero. With a lack of modesty painfully characteristic and becoming more and more apparent, we crave the reader's forbearance and invite his attention again to our subject, who is impatient, at this stage, to go on. His narrative continues. I reached my parish on Tuesday evening, and was most kindly received on all hands (*sic*), and engaged to conduct service the Sunday following. To pass over the intervening days, on Sunday, at the hour appointed, I met a large congregation, and set them to work singing a hymn, in order to study their characters by their countenances. You have frequently heard the remark that the face of a person under the influence—of music—assumes then, if at no other time, its most natural expression. I could give interesting illustrations of this fact, were I not haunted by visions of the wastebasket which devours (1) What will make the most handy-sized spills for the editor's use; (2) What is "too lengthy for this issue;" (3) What is nameless; and I hurry on. After the liturgy, the responses of which were bravely sustained by one man, I rose to preach. The interest—well, perhaps curiosity, was intense. It was reflected from all sides in a deep, pervading silence. Even the watches ceased ticking. The horses outside stopped shaking their bridles and biting the fence. A wasp flew out of the window. The ubiquitous pin only needed dropping in order to reverberate distinctly. In

fact, pins could almost be heard sticking in a man's vest or humming in a lady's Sunday collar—"Ahem!"—I gazed out the text. The congregation stared. It was in two words!

"*Tempora mutantur et nos mutamur in illis.*" I have said that times have changed, so you will please understand that I am not now what I visibly was then. I respected Pearson—not because I understood him, yet I respected him, and he had not been without his influence on my mind. I thought there was no one like him for inspiring awe, and that in this the feelings of others would agree with mine. Further, I believed that *awe* was everything in religion—anyhow, I not merely thought as a child, but as a fool, and this will suffice to explain the following. I took for my sermon a chapter (Art. 1.) of the Exposition of the Creed. It may sound strange, but I had never written a sermon in my life, except one at College, which the professor did not read. In fact, I had, at this time, no *intention* of writing discourses, at least not for six years—as long as Pearson, and Butler, and other writers of *acknowledged* greater sagacity than myself, lasted. And, on *this* occasion, long, long, anxiously, carefully, striving for impartiality, did I weigh the respective merits and conflicting claims of Pearson and Butler as to which should *lead off* in this my first campaign. It might have been better and it might have been worse, but in all probability it would have been the same thing—had my award been different; but by the time that eventful Sunday came round, the divine of Chester had triumphed over the irrefutable *A. A.* logist, and I concluded to keep Butler for "revivals" in my church, if ever it should need one.

Kindly bear in mind what was before stated that I am not the same person that I was, and I will proceed I believe I left myself standing in the pulpit, and now return in time to hear myself say "ahem!" a second time. I felt sublime—almost divine—(how many steps is it from there to the ridiculous?) and in order to intensify the strain upon the people's expectation, I give out the text and location a second time.

Then—but here, dear boys, silence is golden. "You must excuse me." "A veil must fall." *You may read the sermon for yourselves.* Still written upon the mystic page. It was printed, you know, though not by the request of that congregation—my congregation. I saw the people fidgeting about. I thought it was emotion. I heard them laughing. I thought it was weeping, and I went on more confidently than before. Then a man got up and went out. I thought he went out to conceal his grief. Several others followed. I thought they were gone to encourage him. Finally, I concluded. How I got home through the angry crowd that hedged the place (in their own dialect) I "disremember." The following Sunday, wishing to give him a fair trial, I let Butler speak for himself at the other church, which had been loaned to me; but here the effort was only less disastrous because