

sion was incurable under which the king laboured, by the trust he had put in the knavish doctrines of lawyers and priests; and that neither himself, nor his Protestant abettors, could fathom the consequences of that enlarged toleration which he endeavoured to establish.

James abdicated his throne in 1688. and died in 1700.

### PALM SUNDAY.

He sat in his old oaken chair all the while,  
Indulging his favourite employ,  
And talk'd of the customs of old, with a smile,  
When his grandfather was but a boy.

Who would not walk twenty miles with a pack on his back, any day, to witness the observance of a good old English custom! The manners of our forefathers are fading fast away; but we should endeavour to retain such parts of the usages of olden times as are worth possessing. Come, then, if you are looking forward with hope, be persuaded for a moment to look back with consideration. It will not hurt you to know somewhat of those customs which were observed by your great grandfathers and grandmothers. We cannot get too much knowledge, if we apply it to a proper purpose.

Sellack church is pleasantly situated on the banks of the river Wye, with a hill to the south. Up this hill is a pathway so steep that it appears, as you look at it from the river, to lead up towards the clouds. It is pleasant to see the beams of the morning sun gilding the weathercock, and glittering on the running water as the ferry-boat crosses the river.

There are a few excellent monuments in the church, and whether at the dawn of day or at eventide, Sellack wears such a retired and peaceful appearance, that the stranger is sensibly drawn to muse amid the gray stones of the burial ground.

In the neighbourhood resides a clergyman so corpulent and fat that he rides his horse, on a Sunday, not only to the churchyard but into the church, straight along the middle aisle up to his pew door. At the end of the service the horse again enters the church to take back his master.

But it is not the church, nor the river, nor the ferryboat, nor the rising and setting sun; neither is it the churchyard, nor the corpulent clergyman, nor his horse, that you are called to reflect upon. No! It is on the old English custom which is still kept up at Sellack on Palm Sunday.

On the square tablet of benefactions fastened against the wall inside of the church, it is recorded that the sum of five shillings per annum was left by one of the Scudamore family, to be expended in cake and ale by the parishioners on a Palm Sunday. The intention of this bequest was to promote peace and good fellowship throughout the parish.

Now, among the ill nature, the bitterness, the wrangling and jangling that is so con-

tinually taking place in this bad world, how desirable it is that all possible means should be used to promote kindly feelings one towards another! There are thorns and briars enough in the world without our perversely planting more in each other's bosoms. He who encourages in his own heart, and in the hearts of others, emotions of good will to all around, is more deserving of a monument to his memory, than he who sacks a city, or conquers a kingdom.

On the afternoon of Palm Sunday, a substantial, gray-headed farmer was seen walking slowly, with a stick in his hand, down the bank leading from Baysham farm to Sellack church. Ever and anon he turned out of the pathway to call on the cottagers by the way side, to see if they were getting ready to go to church. Farmer Jones had seen more than three-score and ten Palm Sundays pass over his head, and was going, once more, in the character of churchwarden, to distribute the cakes at Sellack church. Farmer Jones was a regular church-goer, and was generally the first to pass through the white gates into the burial ground. No sooner did he enter the church than he proceeded to the corner where he usually sat, and was in a little time joined by his two sons William and Edward. The farmer took up his bass-viol, his son William put his flute to his mouth, and Edward began to hum a psalm tune: all this time the congregation were assembling.

The old schoolmaster was teaching some half dozen children their catechism near the communion, but he soon left them to join the choir. It was not long before Bades was seen among them, and a few other singers. Old Powell took up his parchment roll to beat time; Farmer Jones drew his bow bravely across the strings of his bass-viol; William brought out the best tones from his flute; Edward was quite in voice, and an anthem was gone through in a very creditable manner.

During the service, the young rogues near the communion, were left to themselves, the schoolmaster being engaged in the choir. When kneeling down, one little girl began to pull off pieces from the corner of her dog-eared bible, a graceless lad opened his mouth, and tried to push the end of a small prayer book into it, while another leaned over the bench, wet his finger with his tongue, and made crosses on the broad flat stones.

When the service was over Farmer Jones took up a basket, well filled with cakes, something like cross-buns, and handed a cake to the minister, saying at the same time, "Peace and good neighbourhood." The minister broke off a piece of the cake, and soon left the church. The honest farmer then went round to the rest of the congregation, offering a cake, and repeating the words, "Peace and good neighbourhood to them all. It was an easy matter to do this where he felt no kind of ill will, but to

offer a cake to one who was at variance with him was a more difficult piece of business.

Now it happened that Farmer Jones had had a quarrel with a neighbour of his, an old lady, about the trespass of a pig, they felt a great deal embittered one against the other, and when the farmer went round with his basket he pondered in his mind whether he should offer a cake to the old lady or not. Before, however, he got to her pew, he thought that the very custom of giving palm cakes was meant to set aside contention and angry feelings, so he determined to do his part towards a reconciliation. The old lady had no expectation that Farmer Jones would humble himself so far as to look over the quarrel about the pig, and when he offered her a cake and pronounced the words, "Peace and good neighbourhood," her heart melted, and her angry feelings gave way. "Do you say so? Do you say so?" said she, then putting forth her hand she broke off a piece of the cake with apparently as much pleasure as if the farmer had given her a pig. Thus, in this instance, the palm cake made friends of enemies, and answered the end, which it was intended to effect, of promoting "Peace and good neighbourhood" among those who would otherwise have been opposed to each other.

After giving a cake to every man, woman, and child in the church, the worthy farmer filled a silver cup with ale, of which every one drank, the farmer replenishing the cup when it was empty.

It was a pleasant sight to see old and young grouped together in the churchyard. Some stood in the porch; some by the stone cross; and some on the gravel walk. Farmer Jones, as he walked through them, had something to say to them all, and many a bow and many a courtsey were made to him as he slowly proceeded to the churchyard gate.

The same sum was left to the adjacent parishes of Hentland and King's Cople to be spent in cakes and ale on Palm Sunday, the custom, however, has been discontinued in those parishes, nor is it unlikely that, in a few years, it will cease altogether, but not so long as farmer Jones occupies Baysham farm. He is too fond of old British hospitality, and old British customs to abandon them. Baysham farm is the strong hold of the manners of our forefathers. The well filled cup, the abundant board, and the hearty welcome, are as necessary a part of the establishment as the chairs and the tables. Hard work, good farming, and comfort within doors, is the motto of the place.

Now as it is equally desirable that young people should live together in affection, it is that their elders should dwell in peace, let this account of Palm Sunday influence you in your behaviour to your companions, for the young, the old, the high, the low, the gentle, and the simple, ought universally to adopt the maxim, "Peace and good neighbourhood," throughout the world.