



A POOR MAN'S NOTION OF THE CHURCH.

GEORGE Stephens, on coming out of the village 'public' where he had called on his way home, was accosted by a fellow workman, Peter Gray, and the following conversation was carried on between them : —

Peter : Good evening, George.

George : Good evening, Peter. I have just been into the 'Cross-keys' for half-a-pint ; but it is as hot inside as it is out !

Peter : Eh ? how's that ? what's up ?

George : Well, the new parson has come, and he preached his first sermon yesterday.

Peter : What has that got to do with it ?

George : You see, there is young Joe Green, the clerk's son, and old Dick Smith in there, and they have been going it poker and tongs. You know that young Joe's father was made parish clerk by the last parson, and so they stuck to him : and he was high church ? The new parson is low church, they say. Dick Smith says that he is right, and that they didn't use to have flowers, and candlesticks, and brass crosses in his day. I'll tell you what it is, Peter. I am quite puzzled about these churches, as they call them. Why, there is parson Wright of Brighstone says there is no salvation at all without baptismal regeneration ; and parson Brown of Langton says that it is all a pack of nonsense, and that parson Wright is all wrong. And blest if I didn't hear parson Blunt of Bleasley tell us one thing in the morning in his own church, and just