

in the direction either intended or desired, as was most affecting to note. "Religion," says Lytton, in *The Caxtons*, "is not mathematics. It is a thing to be felt, not proved." This also I, as a theologian, faithfully believed. I argued thus: Religion is not a science but a revelation; something to be felt rather than proved; and hence the appeal of its propagators should be primarily to the *emotions*. Was not that perfectly sound? If anything was needed to clinch it indelibly upon my mind it was found the first time I tried my wings. I found it to be a *fact*, upon the very first adventure, that the emotions of the human mind *are* the first to be aroused, and the most readily affected by religious exhortation. But, unfortunately (alas, I was always unfortunate at first), the emotions evinced on that occasion were not of the character I wished to arouse. They were of a *vindictive* rather than of a purely religious nature. I found afterwards that, owing to a mistake I made at the outset (which will be mentioned), I had appealed to the *wrong* emotions, in fact to those of *anger*, *hatred* and *revenge*, and, therefore, upon mature consideration afterwards, I could not blame my audience in the least, but rather myself, or more specifically, the means I employed. Never whip the wrong dog: *They* acted in a purely natural way. Nothing else could have been expected under the circumstances. It was simply the effect following upon its sufficient cause, and in fact the whole affair was an excellent illustration of the workings of that universal law.

Well, one day, having discomfited all the examiners, and shaken hands with the Bishop, I donned a certain strange dress, not prescribed for those of the Old Dispensation, but which would have been equally becoming to them, and found myself cast loose—a modern prophet.

A parish had been assigned me—a large country district, among a people rude but honest, rough, outspoken and practical, as one generally finds in a new country. I was full of impatience to begin, and when, full of confidence, I learned from the Diocesan that our Episcopalian services had scarcely ever been heard in that district, and that the ministrations of our church were entirely unknown. I felt very much like the hero in *Martin Chuzzlewit* when he was assured that there was positively not *one* architect in the distant city of "Eden!" My impatience to commence operations now being beyond control. I set off. (*But stop! Wait a minute! Come back!*)

I succeed in arresting my subject upon his headlong way and bring him back in order to describe (tho', I fear, at the risk of violating the canons of modesty) his attainments in those arts which give a knowledge of human nature (with which he was now proposing to deal); his attainments herein being, you observe, rather of a negative character. Well then, do not imagine, good sirs, that in the abandoned individual described in the first paper of this series I was depicting *myself*. Far

from so! That was "another boy" at "our school," and I only introduced him in order that you might know him next time you see him. No; for I did not at that time immolate tobacco. I was innocent of every such "folly." Innocence itself. A moss-rose-bud-raised-under-glass. For example, had never been to a matinee or afternoon performance even. The nearest approach had made to a novel was when one came out under the wings of *The Churchman*, and then had only read it on a *Sunday*. Had only once *dreamed* of a tobacco *pouch* (true I was then ill). Had only barely smelt the smoke from a *cigarette*. This from principle you understand. I would go out of my way five yards to avoid a cigarette, —a cigar, ten,—while for a pipe (*especially a long German looking one*)—*gewillikins!*—I can't tell you how far! Can it be wondered that at that period my knowledge of the world was small—my knowledge of men, their hearts, their thoughts and their ways?—when so largely thitherto, my world had consisted of myself and I?

Ah well! "It takes all sorts to make a world." Who would have thought that that was only ten years ago? I look back upon it now (instead of *forward*) 'Such is life'—the "experience of life." It all goes to make up "the experience of life"!

Here, while this moralizing is going on, I break away, and this time I escape; and neither the writer of my life nor all the editors with their inseparable devils and typos can keep me longer from my parish. And while the train is jumping and jerking along at the rate of 17 miles an hour, like a kangaroo in a thunderstorm, I will tell you what that old yellow trunk contains—my *library*! What books? Well, you see, before packing my books I had disposed of those volumes which seemed less likely to be of service in my campaign against the heathen; and this left me only the following, which I soon hoped to supplement with others of the same class:—Bible and Prayer Book, of course, Hebrew Bible and Greek Testament, Hebrew Dictionary and Liddell & Scott, Butler's Analogy, Hooker's Ecc. Pol., Pearson on the Creed. With much regret I had left behind my large copy of Justin Martyr (with a picture of Trypho on the fly, done by the boy in No. 1), and a fascinating old Latin work of the 3rd century, called "Tertullian," at the house of my uncle on 12th street, which house, curiously enough, was visited by burglars less than a week after.

Pardon a digression. These two works last named remind us of Pearson. When we were at Jerkwell (the name of our college) together with the Fathers, we read Pearson—ancient and modern! First, we took up the notes on an article, which occupied us on an average three weeks, at the rate of two lectures a week, after which we proceeded to the sombre but more edifying text. These notes were not unfrequently written in the tongue of the Chaldeans, which language was not at that