

do you 'suppose, sir, there will be fleas in heaven? for I have a special aversion to them!" Toplady ventured no reply, but betrayed by his emotion that his feelings were wounded. After this temporary interruption the good men were soon engaged on a subject on which they were all agreed.

The poet Cowper became an intimate friend of William Bull, of whom he thus writes to Mr. Unwin: "You are not acquainted with him; perhaps it is as well for you that you are not. You would regret still more than you do that there are so many miles interposed between us. He spends part of the day with us to-morrow. A Dissenter, but a liberal one; a man of letters and of genius; a master of a fine imagination, or rather not master of it—an imagination which, when he finds himself in the company he loves and can confide in, runs away with him into such fields of speculation as amuse and enliven every imagination that has the happiness to be of the party. At other times he has a tender and delicate sort of melancholy in his disposition, not less agreeable in its way. No men are better qualified for companions in such a world as this than men of such a temperament. Every scene of life has two sides—a dark and a bright one; and the mind that has an equal mixture of melancholy and vivacity is the best of all qualified for the contemplation of either. He can be lively without levity, and passive without dejection. Such a man is Mr. Bull. But he smokes tobacco! Nothing is perfect. *Nihil est ab omni parte beatum*,"

Mr. Bull was one of the most acceptable supplies at Surrey chapel during the summer vacation of Rowland Hill, and frequently preached there on special occasions. In 1798, when the new organ was opened, it was arranged for Dr. Duprè, the king's organist, to officiate. Mr. Bull writes, "I had ten minutes to pray in, and fifteen minutes for my sermon. To be sure the music was delightful, but everybody that belongs to the chapel was annoyed, and poor Mr. Hill was in such a taking that I thought he would have gone mad." On Mr. Bull's return home Rowland Hill addressed him a letter in which he says—"How you must think of my treatment last Tuesday evening, when His Majesty's tweedle-dee and tweedle-dum man interrupted our worship; and that after such a serious introduction of singing with our organ, which we enjoyed the Sabbath before. Pride must have its fall, and for the future all the tweedle-dums that kings love they shall keep among themselves. Their fine airs will never do for a Methodist meeting-house."

This is a confession which we are glad to find endorsed with the name of Rowland Hill. Notwithstanding his love of music he saw that it was highly impolitic to make the worship of God the occasion of musical