

evil of dignities by misrepresenting your bishop's words—eh?”

“Oh no, no!” exclaimed Mr. Cryson, deprecatingly; “you mistake me, Mr. Jackson—you do, I assure you.”

“Do you think it desirable that the clergy should be earnest, consistent and devoted to their work—eh?” asked Mr. Jackson, taking no notice of his disclaimer.

“Unquestionably I do.”

“And do you believe in the efficacy of prayer? Do you think it would be any good if we were all to unite in asking God to make them so—eh?”

“No doubt—no doubt,” assented Mr. Cryson; “the fervent, effectual prayer of a righteous man availeth much.”

“Then I want to know how you take upon yourself to say that the prayers and the seasons which the church to which you belong has appointed for the purpose of praying for a faithful and holy clergy, are ‘popish rubbish,’ and that those who observe the seasons and use the prayers which the church commands them to use, and which they have promised to use, are what you call Tractarians, by which, in plain English, *you* mean traitors—eh?”

Poor Mr. Cryson was thrown into great agitation by this onslaught of Mr. Jackson; but while he stood wondering how to answer him and make his escape, Mr. Crampton and his family overtook the party, who had all come to a stand still.

The sound of his voice as he bade them good day acted as a charm upon Mr. Jackson. His face almost instantly lost its angry expression, and he broke out in his usual abrupt way.

“Hillo, Crampton! just come here, will you, and see if you can common-sensify these people and teach them some of the charity that thinketh no evil.”

“Why what in the world’s the matter?” asked Mr. Crampton; “the bishop’s exhortations upon the duty of practical Christian love do not appear to be very fruitful here.”

“Matter!” echoed Jackson, “why they are pulling the bishop and his sayings and doings to pieces, and here am I, a greater fool and sinner than any of them, can’t keep my temper, if I was to be hanged. I’ll have nothing more to say to them—I leave them to you. And now, having sufficiently exhibited myself for one

day in the character of an ass, I’ll take myself off.”

He turned suddenly down another street, and walked homewards at his usual rapid and excited pace.

On arriving there he went straight to his secret chamber, and falling down upon his knees he humbled himself before Him against whose love he felt himself to have offended. Little indeed could the generality of those with whom he met have imagined the depth of sorrow and humility with which one, whom they looked upon as an eccentric character, and regarded some with dread, some with curiosity, abased himself before God for that quickness of feeling and expression which seemed to be part and parcel of his nature.

Such was a specimen of some of the conversation arising out of that memorable service; and in future chapters we must detail others originating in the same cause, but accompanied by greater results.

Fighting with Self.

“It’s no use trying any longer, mother, I must give up and go to fighting, as other boys do!” exclaimed George, as he flung down his hat, and pushed back his curls from his moist forehead. His mother gazed sadly on upon his flushed face for a moment ere she answered, “My dear son, try a little longer for my sake.”

“Mother, I have tried and tried, until the boys all hoot at me, and call me a coward. I don’t care so much for that, either; but they say—even the best boy in school—that they can’t respect a boy who won’t fight, and I’m sure I don’t want to lose the respect of all my schoolmates. Mother,” he continued pleading, “you don’t know the boys in this town; it seems really necessary to fight now and then, or they will think you have no spirit!”

“I can’t bear to think of my son engaging in a street fight, to gain the respect of his associates,” replied the mother.

“And I can’t bear to think that none of the boys respect me,” said George, as he hastily left the room.

All that day the subject was upon her mind, causing deep anxiety and earnest prayer. At one time she sympathized in her boy’s feelings, and was ready to say, “Stand up to your own rights.” Then the thought of those gentle hands inflicting wounds on his associates caused her to shudder; and, as in fancy she saw those blows returned upon him, with all the force of a larger and stronger boy, and his dear face bruised and blackened by them, the mother grew sick at the heart, and again asked herself, “Is it neces-