

brate," and tells us that the first requisite for a preacher is arrangement, the second arrangement, and the third arrangement. This principle he has carried out, in his own sermons most effectively. They each embody a single thought, which needless to say is always a valuable and often a great thought. It is developed, made beautiful, driven home, with all the power of arrangement and eloquence that the Archbishop speaks of and which he possessed so largely, until imperceptibly it has taken deep root in the mind and heart of the reader. As a churchman it is difficult to assign Archbishop Magee to any particular party. Evangelical in doctrine, he yet constantly cries out against what he describes as an "ultra evangelicalism" which show itself "always so impracticable and irreconcilable." On the other hand while he waged war with the utmost determination against auricular confession and other such ritualistic doctrine and practices, here also he seems to have occupied a middle position. As MacDonnell puts it, "He was opposed to the extreme ritualists and wished to see the authority of law and rubric restored. But he revolted against whatever might be converted into an instrument of tyrannical persecution, and especially against the removal of the protection given to the clergy by the power of the bishop to stop prosecutions which he considered frivolous and vexatious."

One of the most prominent features of the Archbishop's personality was his ready Irish wit. This appears very frequently in his letters and perhaps helps to explain their fascination. Early in his career he was attacked by an affection of the throat which forced him to take up his residence for some time in Spain, and his letters of this period are perhaps the most amusing of the whole collection. His description of Spanish superstition is intensely funny. "This whole month is consecrated to the Virgin Mary, and is a favourable one for souls in purgatory. In most of the churches, I see little placards stuck up with this notice: 'Hoy saca 'anima' (To-day you may pull out a soul); that is to say, of course, 'Pull out your purse'; and little boys at the doors shake boxes before you with 'Para las 'animas' printed on them. There is one saint of the Spanish calendar whom I have half a mind to give a couple of candles to myself. He is St. Somebody.—I forget his name.—"Avogada contra las chinchas" (Intercessor against large fleas!), but I fear, like all Spaniards, saints and sinners, he takes his