

Poor Miss Tibbins looked very much alarmed, and Mrs. Glumplington exclaimed—

"Why, dear Mr. Cryson, what can you mean?"

"Mean!" echoed Mr. Cryson, "why where were your own eyes and ears? Did he not read the communion office and?"—

"Oh yes, he did," cried Miss Tibbins, "and he did it so beautifully and I ——"

"But did n't you observe that when he repeated the Nicene Creed he turned his back upon us and looked straight to the east?"

"Oh dear, so he did," said Miss Tibbins; "I must say I observed that he turned his back to us—I declare I never could have thought that he could act rudely;" and poor Miss Tibbins looked melancholy.

"I must say it is an unmannerly thing," replied Mr. Cryson; "but that's not the——"

"Unmannerly, eh?—why you did the very same thing yourself;" and Mr. Jackson began to put his hands in his pockets.

"Me do such a thing!" cried, Mr. Cryson; "why what can you mean?"

"Mean?—mean what I say, to be sure. Didn't you turn your face to the east in saying the creed, and in doing so were n't you so unmannerly as to turn your back upon me and all who were further back in the church than you were—eh?"

"Ah—yes," said Mr. Cryson; "very true; but I could not help myself, but the case was altogether different with him."

"How?"

"How!—why he was reading to the people, and ——"

"He wasn't doing anything of the kind;" and Mr. Jackson's manner became momentarily more short.

"Then," interposed Mr. Sharpley, "what in the name of wonder was he doing?"

"Just what you were doing," replied Mr. Jackson, turning upon him so suddenly as to startle him—"he was professing his faith in God, not to you but to Him. Would you have him turn round and speak as if he were believing in you—eh?"

"But really, Mr. Jackson," observed Mrs. Brown, "all these turnings and bowings are very objectionable—they savor much of popery and ——"

"Savor of fiddlestick!" returned Mr. Jack-

son, with his usual politeness. "If they savor of popery, why the plague is it that such excellent protestants as you people of Clackington do the very thing which you find fault with in the bishop—eh? If it's protestant in you to say your creed with your face to the east, how do you make out that it is popery in him—eh?"

"Ah—well—never mind about that," said Mr. Cryson: "that is bad enough, no doubt; but did you observe the way in which he brought in the Ember Days?"

"Oh yes," said Miss Tibbins, innocently; "wasn't it very beautiful and touching that part? but I do not rightly know what these Ember Days are—do you?"

"Why, I can hardly tell, except that they seem some half popish rubbish which these Tractarians make a fuss about because they tend to exalt the clergy," was Mr. Cryson's very charitable reply.

"Oh dear how horrid," exclaimed Miss Tibbins, looking shocked; "and yet the bishop seemed to speak very humbly of the clergy," she added, "and made out how much they needed the people's prayers—I can't exactly understand these things."

"Oh it's all very fine," began Mr. Cryson, but before he got any further he caught a glimpse of Mr. Jackson, whose aspect seemed fairly to frighten him out of all recollection or power to complete the answer which he was about to utter; and in truth we must confess that that worthy gentleman looked far from amiable. His very peculiar face put one at such moments unpleasantly in mind of a butcher's dog who had more than half made up his mind to fly at you—and his hands by this time were crammed down to the very bottom of his pockets as though it was the only resource to prevent him from using them for the purpose of punching Mr. Cryson's head. Turning upon him and arresting him at the corner of a street, where he was about to leave the party, he addressed him in a tone which made the poor old gentleman wish himself almost anywhere else.

"You call yourself a Christian, I suppose—eh?"

"I humbly trust," replied Mr. Jeremiah Cryson, with profound humility, "that I have been for many years a truly converted character."

"Humph," grunted Mr. Jackson; "and you show it by coming from church and speaking