

commanded half a dozen auditors. "But," as the old adage hath it—"fine feathers make fine birds!" and the close-cropped hair, and collarless coat, gave an air of authority and weight to the speaker, equal, if not superior to a Bishop's ordination, or a university degree!

In the widest acceptance of the expression, Mr. Growler was a *religious* "soldier of fortune!" His object was to form a *connection*, and build up an *interest* from which an income might be derived. The *worldly* principle is as potent in the *voluntary* system, as it is in *state-endowed establishments*—and as the former is more dependent upon popular caprice, so is it, in general, the more variable, Jesuitical, and time-serving!

It is not strange, therefore, that Sampson carefully cloaked, and softened down his more prominent and characteristic opinions in the *Tabernacle* of Grassdale. Illiterate, as he was, he had enough of tact—or more properly speaking—vulgar cunning, to perceive, that Universalism, unadulterated and undisguised, would prove too strong a dose for the majority of his *patrons*. Hence he took anxious care neither to startle nor offend the *prejudices* of his simple *flock*—and in a great manner was successful. These honest people regarded the unconnected rhapsodies, and sonorous commonplaces of their *pastor* and *guide*, as nourishing spiritual food!—According to their unsophisticated apprehension there was edification in any sentiment, if only uttered with a solemn, measured drawl;—and though the teacher was himself frightfully ignorant of the Scriptures, and their leading doctrines, his trustful disciples took for granted that all was well! His *tone* and *manner* were those of "a master in Israel,"—and they could not penetrate beneath the surface. Their religion, like too many other things, they "*took on credit*!"—and on the credit of contraband, and surreptitious dealers!

Again,—there were not a few in Grassdale who patronized Mr. Growler, from motives altogether unconnected with any thing, bearing the semblance, even of the most irregular religion. In the village and its vicinity were many whose ill-conditioned

delight it was to "speak evil of dignities"—and especially of the Sovereign to whose rule they were subjected by the laws both of God and of man. Some of these troubled and troubling spirits had identified themselves with the contemptibly abortive, but not on that account less wicked, enterprize of that poor blinded wretch McKenzie, to kindle the torch of rebellion in the Province. Nay, more, one or two had even gone the length of risking the penalty of "*damnation*" by appearing in arms at Gallows Hill! Though these *patriots* (falsely so called, for there can be no real patriotism which squares not with the word of Jehovah,) fled like beaten curd-dogs, before their loyal opponents, and though some of them had experienced the clemency of that crown which they sought to defile and overthrow, they still retained the virulence of their ingrained moral disorder! With the halter which their King had snatched from their necks they would in cold blood have strangled their benevolent preserver!

It can readily be imagined, that to such perverted minds, the opinions of the expatriated *reformer* were congenial in the highest degree!

Mr. Sampson came amongst them with the *eclat* of one who had suffered in "*the holy cause of freedom*"—to borrow the sadly misapplied language of *liberalism*! And the certificate of his conviction for *sedition*, was in their debased and sin-bleared apprehension, more honourable than the commendations of the united Bench of Bishops! Their standard of perfection was that of the FIRST REBEL!

Many of the inhabitants of Grassdale, were members of the *Orange Association*, and others, men who though not belonging to that order, believed that it was as much their duty to "*honour the king*" as to "*fear God*!" Deacon Growler, accordingly did not venture to preach in round set terms, upon his cherished topics of revolt and insubordination! These themes he reserved for his *pastoral* visitations to the *politically* enlightened portion of his *flock*! Stern truth, however, constrains us to add, that the Sunday rhapsodies of Deacon Growler, had ever a bear-