

the custom of airy bonnets or filmy wraps of lace. Society was like a big family party on these occasions and chatted and nodded over the pews in a truly friendly fashion. That was *among themselves*. I am bound in strict candour to say outsiders were rather left out in the cold, and I for one used to feel quite humble minded when a dear, white-haired old clergyman, (Rev. F. Uniacke, from St. George's.) used to come to preach occasionally. He often invoked his hearers "by the memory of those whose names are inscribed on the walls of this church and whose bones lie beneath." I, who had not an ancestral bone to my name in the place, felt very much out of it.

I had been warned that St. Paul's people were exclusive. "They will snub you like anything." But it wasn't *so very bad*. Elderly ladies with prominent noses and a general likeness to the Queen in figure and bearing, fairly froze my blood when I by chance encountered them. But it was the proper expression for the British matron of that day—as witness *Punch* for 1866-8. There is a fashion in expressions as in other things; and these ladies were the representatives of a fair share of what dignity of position and responsibility Halifax then possessed.