

ejection of the English non-conforming ministers after the Restoration; and the sermon was a labored defence of saints' days in general, and of the claims of St. Bartholomew's day in particular. There was not a very great deal known of St. Bartholomew, said the clergyman; but this much at least we all know, — he was a good man, — an exceedingly good man: it would be well for us to be all like him; and it was evidently our duty to be trying to be as like him as we could. As for saints' days, there could be no doubt about them: they were very admirable things; they had large standing in tradition, as might be seen from ecclesiastical history, and the writings of the later fathers; and large standing, too, in the Church of England, — a fact which no one acquainted with "our excellent Prayer-Book" could in the least question; nay, it would seem as if they had even some standing in Scripture itself. Did not St. Paul remind Timothy of the faith that had dwelt in Lois and Eunice, his grandmother and mother? and had we not therefore a good Scriptural argument for keeping saints' days, seeing that Timothy must have respected the saint his grandmother? I looked round me to see how the congregation was taking all this, but the congregation bore the tranquil air of people quite used to such sermons. There were a good many elderly gentlemen who had dropped asleep, and a good many more who seemed speculating in cotton; but the general aspect was one of heavy, inattentive decency: there was, in short, no class of countenances within the building that bore the appropriate expression, save the stone countenances on the wall.

My fellow-guests in the coffee-house in which I lodged were, an English Independent, a man of some intelligence, — and a young Scotchman, a member of the Relief body. They had been hearing, they told me, an excellent discourse, in which