

the clergyman go through the service of the day, and deemed his various Puseyistic emendations rather poor things in a pictorial point of view. They reminded me — for the surrounding atmosphere was by much too clear — of the candle-light decorations of a theatre, when submitted to the blaze of day, in all the palpable rawness of size and serge, ill-jointed carpentry, and ill-ground ochre. They seemed sadly mistimed, too, in coming into being in an age such as the present; and reminded one of maggots developed into flies by artificial heat amid the chills of winter. The altar stood in the east end of the building; there was a golden crucifix inwrought in the cloth which covered it; and directly over, a painting of one of our Saviour's miracles, and a stained window. But the *tout ensemble* was by no means striking; it was merely fine enough to make one miss something finer. The clergyman prayed with his back to the people; but there was nothing grand in the exhibition of a back where a face should be. He preached in a surplice, too; but a surplice is a poor enough thing in itself, and in no degree improves a monotonous discourse. And the appearance of the congregation was as little imposing as that of the service: the great bulk of the people seemed drowsily inattentive. The place, like a bed of residuary cabbage-plants twice divested of its more promising embryos, had been twice thinned of its earnestness, — first of its Protestant earnestness, which had flowed over to the meeting-house and elsewhere, — next of its Puseyite earnestness, which had dribbled out into the cathedral; and there had been little else left to it than a community of what I shall venture to term *cat-Christians*, — people whose attachments united them, not to the clergyman or his doctrines, but simply, like those of the domestic cat, to the walls of the building. The chapel contained the desk from which their banns had been proclaimed, and the font in which their children