

shock which the young fellow received, that in a very few days he had become a real ghost too. There is another somewhat similar story told of a lad who had, at a lyke wake, taken the place of the corpse, with the intention of rising in the middle of the night to terrify the watchers, and was found, when a brother wag gave the agreed signal, dead to time; for in the interval he had become as true a corpse as the one whose stretching board he had usurped. Now, the original Puseyites, in dressing out their clerical brethren in the ceremonies of Popery, and setting them a-walking, could hardly have foreseen that many of them were to become the actual ghosts which they had decked them to simulate. They did not know that the old Scotch superstition, in at least its relation to them, was not an idle fancy, but a sober fact; and that these personators of the dead were themselves in imminent danger of death. Some suspicion of the kind, however, does seem to have crossed them. Much that is peculiar in the ethics of the party appears to have been framed with an eye to the uneasinesses of consciences not quite seared, when bound down by the requirements of their position to profess beliefs of one kind, and by the policy of their party to promulgate beliefs of another, — to be ostensibly Protestant, and yet to be instant in season and out of season in subverting Protestantism; in short, in the language of Mr. Ward, “to be Anglican clergymen, and yet hold Roman Catholic doctrine.” But the moral sense in earnest Puseyism is proving itself a too tender and sensitive thing to bear with the morality which politic Puseyism, ere it gathered heat and life, had prepared for its use. It finds that the English Church is not the Church of Rome, — that the Convocation is not the Vatican, nor Victoria the Pope, — that it is not honest to subvert Protestantism under cloak of the Protestant name, nor to muster in its ranks, and eat its bread, when in the service of the