

away some twenty minutes or so in the street before it, while my old woman went about dispersing her herrings. Weston-Underwood, as villages go, must enjoy a rather quiet, do-nothing sort of existence, for in all that time not a passenger went by. The houses — steep-roofed, straw-thatched, stone-built erections, with the casements of their second stories lost in the eaves — straggle irregularly on both sides of the road, as if each house had an independent will of its own, and was somewhat capricious in the exercise of it. There is a profusion of well-grown, richly-leaved vines, trailed up against their walls : the season had been unfavorable, and so the grapes, in even the best bunches, scarcely exceeded in size our common red currants ; but still they were *bona fide* vines and grapes, and their presence served to remind one of the villages of sunnier climates. A few tall walls and old gateway columns mingle with the cottages, and these are all that now remain of the mansion-house of the Throckmortons. One rather rude-looking cottage, with its upper casement half hid in the thatch, is of some note, as the scene of a long struggle in a strong rugged mind, — honest, but not amiable, — which led ultimately to the production of several useful folios of solid theology. In that cottage a proud Socinian curate studied and prayed himself, greatly against his will, into one of the soundest Calvinists of modern times : it was for many years the dwelling-place of Thomas Scott ; and his well-known narrative, “The Force of Truth,” forms a portion of his history during the time he lived in it. The road I had just travelled over with the woman was that along which John Newton had come, in the January of 1774, to visit, in one of these cottages, two of Scott’s parishioners, — a dying man and woman ; and the Socinian, who had *not* visited them, was led to think seriously, for the first time, that he had a duty as a clergyman which he failed to perform.