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THE  
CHURCHMAN

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JUNE, 1902.

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ART. I.—SOME LOOSE LEAVES.

THE writer of these lines has endured an experience which is shared by a great many of his cloth. He has been asked, entreated, and even promised a handsome cheque to write his "Reminiscences." He has neither the desire nor the intention to yield to this species of suicide. Yet, having had some leisure lately, he indulged in a sort of mental resurrection. Memory began to work. Old scenes moved again across the sheet of the past with the exactness of a photograph, and sometimes with the order of a panorama. They aroused varied emotions. Smiles succeeded tears. Merriment, mourning, surprise, shock, pleasure, and pain were, in different degrees, mine. And, in a moment which is best described as an instantaneous return to "the time of man's innocency," I remembered a promise made to a valued friend that I would pen a page for this serial. This promise is responsible for these "loose leaves." They will reveal some incidents in the realistic life of a young deacon. They will record some facts which the wild license allowed to living deans will designate "stories," perhaps "good," but certainly not "old."

My entrance into the ministry of the Church brought me into contact with a versatile Irish Bishop, with the most eloquent and thoughtful of deans, whether in England or Ireland, with a comatose Irish rector, and with a miscellaneous congregation in a southern city. The Bishop was the Right Rev. John Gregg, D.D., for many years the minister of Trinity Church, Gardiner Street, Dublin. As an undergraduate I had often listened with amazement and delight to one who was always known as "John Gregg." His style was rugged, yet ornate; it was critical, but brilliant; it was expository, but radiant with poetry, with history, experience,

and sometimes with flashes of humour that escaped, in spite of controlling forces, like electric leakage from defective wires.

For the first fifteen or twenty minutes of his sermon he engaged in textual dissection. He broke up every breakable word in the text. He gave the original, and with incomparable exactness he referred to cognate passages, giving the sense of the word precisely, and moving on in his exegesis in obedience to his well-known canon of interpretation. The sense of any term is to be gathered by acquaintance with its use. Sometimes he would seize upon a conjunction, insist upon its enrichment of the word preceding, and then in a few sentences he would suggest ideas which careful thought might expand long after the sermon had closed. He was never afraid of repetition, and the reiteration of a meaning would occasionally be after short and abrupt pauses.

While this exegetical part of his work was proceeding he seldom took his eyes from his Greek Testament. His large and hairless crown was bent forward. His eyes, deeply set in their sockets, were seldom seen, and when he raised his massive head his face was a picture of intelligence. So far as the graces of style were concerned, his homily might have been heard by a crowd of anxious undergraduates in a divinity school, or, indeed, not heard by anyone. The dissecting work done, the preacher changed as completely as Paderewski does, as he moves from the introduction to the subtle theme of a majestic sonata. Then the great artist "goes for" the instrument. "John Gregg" went for the spiritual significance of his text and its bearing upon the throbbing, rushing, tepid, torpid, or tempted life pulsating before him. The trade, the commerce, the learning, the nobility of the Irish metropolis were in that church.

The preacher wore the black gown and the since-discarded "bands." His custom—the exegetical part of his sermon being closed—was to roll back the heavy sleeves of the Genevan habit from each arm; to survey the packed galleries, right, left, and centre (there was no organ); to state the lessons taught by the passage he had analyzed; and then, the exegete was transformed into the preacher. By this time he had warmed to his work. Every aisle or passage in the huge church was crowded with men who had stood the service through, and the silent but effluential mass seemed to send up fresh fire and force to the great evangelist. Every minute seemed to bring new vigour. His memory was prodigious. Scripture, nature, history, travel, biography, prose, poetry, his daily intercourse with those who trusted him were pressed into argument, into declamation, into encouragement, or

exhortation. His fiery and versatile oratory was sometimes of astounding energy. His pathos touched the crowd often to tears. Pity and scorn, compassion and courage, abject misery, humiliation, contempt, and imperishable glory would, as the subject admitted, be depicted. His diction was influenced by the hard reading of a classical scholar, and it must be said he had marvellous command of language. Language had no command of him. He generally preached for an hour. He was the greatest evangelist of the Lord Jesus Christ I have ever heard. Ordination introduced me to his society. From him I received Holy Orders. For fifteen months he was my Bishop.

I remember, clearly and accurately, two incidents arising out of that sacred relationship. In accordance with his usual habit, he invited the ordinati to luncheon at the Palace at the close of the service. There were also present the chief diocesan officials and his lordship's family. After luncheon, the newly-ordained clergy, priests, and deacons were summoned to the library, and we sat in a semicircle round the desk, at the other side of which the Bishop was seated. He then addressed us as to the loftiness and responsibility of our work, in its dual sections, as preachers and as pastors. There was no reference whatever to what has so rapidly risen and developed within the last ten or twenty years—I mean the social obligations which the stress and strain of modern life have imposed upon the clergy. But the simplicity, the sanctity, the felt reality of the Bishop's counsel impressed me more than any previous experience. He spoke as if the Eternal God was by his very side and listening to all he said to us. The dominating emotion of that interview was on the Bishop's side—pathetic, but affectionate anxiety. Preaching he insisted on as the *magnum opus* of the Christian ministry.

Beside the unfailing auxiliary of prayer and the painful examination of the text in the original, he was strong in his commendation of well-selected general literature and theology. Looking at the stocked shelves of books along each wall and from floor to ceiling, one's eye caught a great number of somewhat fine threads hanging from many volumes. "Do you see these threads? These are the books that I have read. I know where every book I desire to read is to be found. Most of these are—rubbish. I did not know that till I had wasted the time in reading them—wasted, yes, wasted."

The time had, I thought, arrived for venturing to ask a Bishop whom I knew to be an omnivorous student to recommend us some good books. This plea was somehow made by me, as he had chatted with me more than with the other

ordinati, and probably because I had read the Gospel at the ordination. But my plea caught on. He seemed pleased at the interruption, and he at once quoted Lord Bacon's famous sentence, giving very great emphasis to the benefits conferred by reading, and making a pause before the word he desired to accentuate: "Some bookes are to bee—ta-sted; others are to bee—swallowed, and some few are to be—chew-ed and digest-ed. That is, some bookes are to be read only in parts; others are to bee read, but not curiously; and some are to bee read wholly, and with diligence and attention. Reading maketh a—full man, conference a—ready man, and writing an exact man. And therefore if a man write little hee had neede have a great memory; if he confer little, hee had neede have a present wit; and if he read little, hee had neede have much cunning, to seeme to know that hee doth not.'"

Having recited this passage, he then enforced the importance of regular reading, and I recall, as precisely as if the scene was here, in this library, the intense earnestness which he used to impress upon us the wisdom of always having some one strong, massive, heavy book on hand. Then he mentioned the books he regarded as indispensable. He began with the Bible, and in the original languages. Then he commended Bengel's "Gnomon," in Latin; Alford's Greek Testament; Magee "On the Atonement"; Pearson "On the Creed"; Butler; Paley; Bridge's "Christian Ministry"; and he closed with a few emphatic and sententious phrases in laudation of O'Brien "On the Nature and Effects of Faith." Every one of these was necessary, together with others, theological and general.

When his lordship had completed his list, and when each of his hearers had written the titles of the volumes, I had the daring to make an observation which shocked the Bishop. I possessed each of the volumes he commended and a great many more. But there was a practical side to the selection which disturbed me. "My lord," I observed, "we are most grateful for your opinion and for your counsel; but there is a difficulty. Young curates have a stipend of £100 a year, or less. You have recommended volumes which would cost us each £10. How are we to pay £10 for books out of a stipend so slender?" "Well," said the Bishop, "it is a difficulty to some of you, no doubt; but there are some books more important than others. My advice is always to buy the best book on every subject, however dear it may be or however long you may have to wait to secure it. There is one of the books I have named which every one of you must possess. Bishop O'Brien 'On Justification by Faith' is, on its theme,

the greatest work in the language, and I tell you I—I—I would pledge my coat to buy that book!"

I confess that if my inquiry shocked the Bishop, his answer shocked me, for, taking his lordship rather seriously, one could not but wonder what he would say if any of his hearers was seen in the city of Cork, on an early day, moving down the South Mall without a coat, but with the Lutheran classic under his arm! But no one present at that sacred and interesting conversation could be more grateful than was the writer. I own to having read Bishop O'Brien's book once every year from 1866 to 1889. I have given away a very large number of copies to my younger brethren, even though a verbal error indicated by me years ago to the Dublin University publishers is still uncorrected. It occurs in the luminous and notorious passage from Hooker, quoted in the fifth sermon. The believer is there described by Hooker as "having his sin *remitted* through repentance," which is alike heretical as doctrine and untrue as a quotation. Hooker's words are, "having his sin in hatred through repentance." For some time the cost of new books distressed me. One of the bitterest moments in my life was endured in the Tract Shop, Grand Parade, Cork. I took up a new edition of Vinet, asked the price, which I heard was 7s. 6d. I had not the money to buy it. I laid it down with a lump in my throat. I had lost £300 a year when I was ordained, accepted a curacy of the value of £90 per annum, and was then, for the first time, acquainted with the agony of poverty.

I pass now to a second incident. I was admitted to the diaconate at the Michaelmas ordination. Early in the ensuing month my first sermon was preached in Christ Church, Cork, and at noon service. The church was the largest in the city. It attracted a very strong and influential congregation, which included nearly all the physicians, lawyers, brokers, merchants, and many of the well-to-do tradesmen of the place. The fabric was galleried. The holy table surrounded the large reading-desk, from the centre of which sprang the pulpit, over which hung a huge bath-like semi-cupola for acoustic purposes. On the Saturday evening preceding my first effort at preaching my rector's servant appeared about nine, with a brief note, requiring me "to take the pulpit on Sunday morning." This was the longest notice the good man ever gave me. More than once, on Wednesday mornings, he would gently pull my surplice while the service was being read, and tell me I was to preach, when the Litany had been concluded. This annoyed and heated me. But in the fourteen months of my curacy he only found me unprepared once, and that was on the first occasion on a

Wednesday morning. On that agonizing day the semi-cupola overhead became to me the hot-room of a Turkish bath. But not a word of remonstrance escaped my lips. My line henceforth was to be ready for work whenever it had to be done, and the issue of this involuntary and impromptu preaching was that in my Liverpool incumbency, extending over four-and-twenty years, save two months, every curate had habitually long notice, and sometimes three months' notice of preaching. The notice I received was never earlier than on Saturday night, about nine o'clock. This was not any great hardship, because, even thus early in my ministry my rule was to write one sermon every week, whether it was required or not. When appointed to St. Andrew's, Liverpool, my stock consisted of some twelve sermons which I had preached, and twenty-four I had not, and never have, preached. Hence, when the mandate arrived on Saturday night, my sermon was ready; all that remained to be done was to master the diction, so as to be free of bondage to the manuscript. This was done between five and eight on Sunday morning.

My text was St. Luke xii. 8, 9. Every word of the sermon was written. It was carefully placed in my cassock, and I feel no shame in saying that I felt for its existence during the service very often; indeed, I recall the horrible dread which drenched me with nervous damp lest some evil spirit should either filch the production or burn it unknown to me. The reading-desk was spacious. The two curates occupied the corner seats, the rector a chair behind. To a man afflicted or endowed with an assertive sense of humour, the arrangement suggested a certain legend entitled "The Babes in the Wood." On the memorable and miserable day of my first sermon, the rector took the corner usually occupied by one of his curates. I was placed in the rector's chair, and thus everyone in the church knew, as I afterwards heard, "that the new curate was going to preach." Our private devotions ended, the service began. To my consternation, the first face I saw was that of the Bishop, who was accompanied by his family! The reading of the lessons fell to me, but as I had been taught to read, and to manage my voice as well as my breath, by the most eminent professor of elocution in Ireland—Professor Bell—I was not disconcerted by this part of my duty, especially as from the first I read the lessons aloud at home. But when I ascended the pulpit, saw the vast congregation, and the greatest preacher in Ireland before me, and felt the pressure of the semi-cupola overhead, a distressing visual disturbance was mine. Everything became to me white, and but for my early lessons in elocution, I think I

should have fallen, for my knees staggered under me. I grasped the velvet cushion, took, as I was taught, a deep breath through my nostrils, which stayed the heart's action, gave out the text, and in a few minutes physical distress was so mastered that the main symptom of its existence appeared only in the rapidity with which I delivered the sermon.

Shortly after this, in the month of October, the Bishop held his visitation. The names of the clergy were called, and when my rector's name and that of the senior curate was mentioned, the Bishop, seated in his sedes, intervened. Sepulchral silence reigned. The rector was called again. He appeared in the presence of the Bishop, who inquired: "Where is your new curate?" "His name is not yet entered on the registry." "Call him." I heard my name, and responded at once. But way was made for me, and standing in the presence of his lordship and of his clergy, the Bishop said: "I heard you with great pleasure and profit on Sunday week, and I believe——" The rest of the sentence was optimistic prophecy.

There is no occasion to indicate the effects of this most generous and unmerited recognition. The Bishop meant nothing but kindness and encouragement. To me, I own it was a great incentive and inspiration. Thirteen months after, I was nominated to the incumbency of St. Andrew's, Liverpool. When I went to the Bishop to inform him of this, he very earnestly asked me to remain in his diocese, and this was accompanied by most generous assurances. But the call from Liverpool was very remarkable, and the scope for work had no comparison with anything that the Diocese of Cork possessed. My heart is full of gratitude to God for having given me as my first Bishop a man of profound piety, possessing a lofty ideal of the ministry and of its work, and whose absorbed devotion to the ascendancy of spiritual life influenced young men when their hearts were most impressionable and their minds most receptive.

The Very Rev. William Connor Magee was Dean of Cork when I was ordained curate of Christ Church, in that city. The Dean had a great reputation as a logical, ethical, and thoughtful preacher. He was gifted with persuasiveness to a degree which may be described as extraordinary. Its influence was not impaired by another very different power, for he was a master of withering sarcasm. Whether on the platform or in the pulpit, he was able to show his command of the small words of the language more than any speaker I have ever heard. His oratory was always under control, yet there were occasions when it became logic on fire, and then he could speak at the rate of two hundred words a minute. I found



him generous, considerate, genial, and sympathetic. When I desired to see him he invariably invited me to luncheon, and he would listen patiently to a deacon's difficulties about reading, preaching, visiting, or school work.

When the late Mr. Robertson Gladstone, elder brother of Mr. W. E. Gladstone, offered me the incumbency of St. Andrew's, Liverpool, I sought the advice of Dr. Magee. He heard from me the miserable tale of my slender preaching store. I had but some twelve sermons I had preached, and about twice that number unpreached, and I was scared about my pulpit impotence, especially as I was informed from Liverpool that I would have to preach twice every Sunday. My boldest hope of retaining that incumbency did not exceed one year. The Dean fixed his small dark eyes upon me, as a very search-light streaming out of an unhandsome but most mighty face. "Lefroy," said the great man, "your fears for yourself are my hope for you. If you were without those fears, and thought nothing of the difficulty of preaching so often, at your age, I should despair of you. Take my advice—accept Liverpool. You will find the English people a noble people to work amongst. When they see a man means work, they will also see that he wants for nothing." "But," I replied, "what am I to do about preaching twice every Sunday? My sermons now cost me fourteen, and even eighteen, hours, after I have settled upon the text." "This will be easier as you grow older. You can make it so by arranging that one sermon is expository. Give your expository sermon to your family congregation. Explain the Scriptures. This is most instructive and most interesting because varied work. Were I you, I should do that every Sunday morning, if at that service your own congregation is mainly present. In the evening, choose a topical subject. Into that effort throw all your power. As you gain experience, the method adopted in the evening will aid you in the morning. And in the topical sermon, be sure only to give one idea; as many thoughts as you like—but only one idea. Never give up the pen. Write a great deal of your evening sermon. When it is done, see if you can give it a name. If you cannot, it is a bad sermon." After a few tender words from him, and grateful words from me, Dr. Magee saw me off the premises, but with these words: "Good-bye, Lefroy. Only for my years, I would go to Liverpool, and throw over the shovel hat." This incident took place in the Deanery, Cork, in the very house in which the Dean was born.

My Rector was the Rev. John Conolly, M.A. He lived a lonely life. His sole domestic joy was an only son, a young, ardent, affectionate lad, most enthusiastic about music, and

this became a very real bond of attachment between us. We were constantly together, and the dear old man appeared to me to be right glad of our association, for the youth was the only bird in the nest. He was tenderly loved. He was anxiously cared for, but as a boy he was alone, yet he loved companionship, and he seemed to find it in "the new curate." The Rector was a good type of the Irish clergy; he was a finished preacher, possessing rare knowledge of the typical and ceremonial Scriptures, and their exhaustive finality in the Person and Work of our Lord. He seldom preached under five-and-forty minutes, and this after a service which included Morning Prayer, Litany, and ante-Communion. His manner was heavy; there was very little animation about it. His intonation was melancholy, even to an occasional lapse to drawling; but the matter was solid, was strong, was well-ordered. He gave me the idea of memoriter delivery rather than that of an extempore preacher.

His personal character won the respect and confidence of the parish, the city, and the diocese. No one could listen to the Rev. John Conolly without being assured to some degree that he was a real man. There was, all the same, in him a very unfortunate failing: he seemed to entertain, and even to foster, a suspicion that he was unwelcome everywhere, and that all, or nearly all, who were around him found some malicious satisfaction in disparaging or abusing him. There was some truth in this, but not at all to the extent that he imagined. My acquaintance with this failing of his arose out of the systematic effort I made to visit the whole parish. In that work I never received one word of direction from him; nor did he ever inquire as to the visiting, either of the schools or of the parish. As to the latter he himself did very little, but in cases of sickness or of sorrow he was a very Barnabas.

Left thus to myself, I planned my day's work with due regard to my own habits of early rising, early reading, pastoral visiting, and such evening work as existed already, or as arose out of the necessities of the parish. My habit was to rise at five. At this time my sleep was unbroken, and if in bed at ten I was fast asleep at five minutes past ten, and slept on till five or six in the morning. Breakfast was at nine, and when that meal was mine, I sat down to it always with two, but generally with three, hours' reading done. After breakfast came a visit to the schools, then further reading up to half-past one. There was then luncheon, followed by parochial visiting. This was done in a rigidly severe mode. Every house in every street was visited in the order in which the houses stood. Every visit was entered in a book, though not with the detail and particularity of my later Liverpool

experience. There, if I prayed with a parishioner, I entered *p* opposite the name; if I read the Scripture, I entered *r*; if I read and prayed, I entered *r* and *p*; and so on, by a series of mnemonics or symbols I had a spiritual memory of my people and of my pastoral work amongst them. This detailed duty came with years. But even in Cork, as far back as 1864-65, I was obedient to the rule of praying at night for everyone I visited by day. This was a great help to me. I believe I got more aid for labour out of this experience than ever came to those in whose interest it was initiated and continued. Oh, how I miss all this now!

The parishioners were most grateful. They regarded it as a "new departure," and their appreciation of this sustained enterprise was so hearty that I went to my Rector, showed him my book, told him of the work and the gratitude of the people. The good old man drawled out a few killingly cautious and cruelly arctic sentences, and the first was an ice douche to the deacon: "I—sup—pose—they—a-l-l—en—joy—ed them—s-e-l-v-e-s—a-b-u-s-i-n-g—m-e." "Well," I replied, "some complained they had seen very little of the clergy, others did not complain at all; but all were glad because they were looked up. And as to abusing you, no one will do that unless he has a listener. You don't imagine anyone would take such a liberty with me." My Rector was silent, and after a little time he told me to keep up the work, for he was glad it was being done. That work brought me experience of a sacred and most varied kind. There was hardly a phase of life with which I was unacquainted; and when I went to Liverpool and continued this daily systematic pastoral labour, I can honestly say that romance is a very tame term by which to describe the awful interests of my daily rounds.

Amongst the many advantages accruing from house-to-house visiting, its influence upon preaching is one of the highest. In consequence of this, I have never been an advocate for the institution in the Church of England of a preaching order; and now, with larger knowledge of Scripture, of human nature, of character, and of the proportion of truth than I possessed in 1864, I own to the want, owing to cathedral usage and to the fatal absence of the personal element, of touch with the sorrows, sufferings, perplexities, and passions of humanity, as inflicting an irreparable loss on pulpit work. Others may be superior to this need, I am not; and in my earlier experiences I often found human nature interpreting Divine revelation, strengthening my moral hold on the living Christ, and clothing the doctrines of the Gospel of the grace of God with glorious reality.

I had then considerable and constant difficulty in selecting

my text. This difficulty was gradually overcome by resolving to limit the area of choice to the Lessons and the Psalms for the day, together with the Epistle and Gospel. Systematic study was also very helpful, because I kept a "text-book," and entered in it such texts as were suggested by reading or by reference. I remember being greatly impressed by the references in Alford's Greek Testament. I found them fresh, telling, illustrative, and most useful. A great deal of time was given to the preparation of sermons, and the delivery of the few I preached was most straining and anxious work. My resolution to become independent of manuscript had not taken any practical line, but concentration and repetition made me so familiar with the sermon that it was delivered with some freedom.

There was, of course, the usual amount of gossip about "the new curate" and his efforts. Much of this came to me through one of two servants, both of whom had an amazing and even affectionate reverence for their master. They are both at home now, and I place these "stray leaves" on their graves. They were staunch Roman Catholics, and I never knew more of them than their Christian names reveal. The housemaid was Catherine, the cook was Margaret. Catherine was in complexion sallow; she had small brown eyes, and the contrast between her pale yet sallow face and her wavy jet-black hair gave her some claim to being considered attractive. She was very excitable, and she did "watch-dog" work for me with great fidelity. Catherine received all parcels and all household wares, and in doing so my hall was, as regards its owner, as great a centre for gossip as a barber's shop. She listened to all that was said, passed her own opinion upon it, and regarded the chatter as her daily paper. She astounded me one day by informing me she was going on Sunday evening, if I preached, to Christ Church "to hear" me. To Christ Church she went, and my belief is she stood during the service in the porch, and only entered the aisle in the centre when I began the sermon. Then, when I announced the text, I saw Catherine, her nervous, anxious, sympathetic face upturned toward me. The sermon having concluded, she waited for the closing hymn, and on coming out some of the servants at the shops that supplied my simple wants accosted Catherine. They were enthusiastic, and beggared the language in their prodigal use of adjectives. Catherine listened silently for some time, and at last one of the most gushing of the gathering inquired: "Well, now, what do you think of the little man?" "I think," said Catherine, "he is very hard on himself." The reply revealed the woman. A jot she did not care for what was said or for those to whom it was said. Her whole

concern was that her master was punishing himself by over-intensity, and that a perfervid style is rarely compatible with prolonged labour. A furnace overheated generally burns the grate.

During the summer of 1865 I had to visit Dublin. In my absence for some three weeks Catherine went to her priest and made her confession. Whatever was then said to her I was never able to ascertain. But very soon after my return my devoted housemaid came to me in a state of uncontrollable hysteria, and said the priest had ordered her to leave me. She wept as if her heart would break. Her hands were clasped and unclasped. Her limbs were restless and tottering. Her eyes lost all fixity, and I began to fear for her reason. She left my house with anguish and the terror of everlasting punishment awaiting her. She said again and again: "Oh, the priest! oh, the priest!" Catherine became insane, and from that day to this I have connected her mental ruin with her visit to confession during my absence and with whatever her priest then said to her.

The cook, Margaret, was a devout Papist. This was the only feature common to both. She was a Kerry woman. She was tall and large-boned, with a complexion that indicated life in the open air, for her rugged face was flushed with health and her dark eyes were bright and beautiful. She never would appear unless with a white cap, huge, but snowy. There were unmistakable proofs of her power of language, and it is equally correct to say that she generally reasoned rightly. I confess to having enjoyed a great deal of amusement by "drawing her out." Indeed, I can go one better, and say that I have never since met her equal in rapidity of repartee. It could be as fatal and as flashing as lightning. One illustration of this must suffice; it is connected with a phase of my diaconate which had great interest for me. Enthusiastic about music, I was shocked and exasperated by that which was in vogue in Christ Church. And I made up my mind to improve it off the face of the earth. In this I was aided by the good Vicar's son and by a young wine-merchant, who afterwards, through my solicitation, entered the ministry, and became the Rev. George Rowntree Kemp, one of the choicest souls I have ever known. My plan was to watch for a dripping and a drenching day, to dress in an oil-coat and leggings, to wear a hat no weather could spoil, and, with the streets deserted, to visit all the shops in the Grand Parade and other localities, to search out young men and young women, not only as members of the choir, but as members of Christ Church Choral Union, which we founded. This method succeeded admirably. We secured a very strong choir. I taught these young people music. We

gave concerts, at which I held the conductor's baton. One such baton was presented to me when I left Cork for Liverpool. We produced good music in church, to the wonder of the Vicar and to the appreciation of the parishioners. This work brought me into frequent communication with "Mr. George Kemp." Letters frequently passed between us, via the post or our respective servants. One day he had occasion to despatch a letter by his porter. The man had charge of the van. He was tall and powerful, and he was dressed in the white smock characteristic of his calling. He walked beside his horse, and drew up opposite my house, 39, Warren's Place, the bell of which he vigorously pulled. On that unlucky day Catherine was out, and "old Margaret," the Kerry woman, was responsible for the door. She was slow of foot. She was deliberate in movement everywhere outside her kitchen. She hated the longish narrow hall between the kitchen and the front-door. The porter rang again. Margaret regarded the bell as an impertinent disturbance to her culinary contentment. The porter rang again and again, and yet again, until the bell indicated within the rising indignation of impatience without, and until it created in the lethargic cook a burning and a bursting phrensy. The porter held the bell in his hand, and made up his mind to illustrate the law of perpetual motion. Margaret's heavy step was at last heard along the narrow hall, and, inflamed with the power of a human Krakatoa, she opened the door, before which stood the pale porter, white with rage and in a stuttering passion. Each looked at the other with scorn and vengeance, when the pallid porter inquired: "Well, you ugly old woman, how dare you keep people waiting at the door?" To which the reply, rapid and deadly as lightning, flashed: "'Ugly old woman!' do you say? If it's a sin to be ugly, you'll ——!" and she banged the door in his face and slowly moved to her kitchen.

In a few minutes I appeared in Warren's Place, saw the porter, saw his van, saw the undelivered note in his hand. I wondered what could be the meaning of this. We moved towards each other, and I soon was near to the agitated and yet stunned servant. "A letter from Mr. Kemp?" "Yes, sir." "But could you not leave it at my house?" "No, sir; I have been insulted by old Margaret. Never—never while there's breath in my body will I go near to your house again! Oh, sir, you little know what a woman that is!" I took the letter, entered the house, and arraigned the cook. She narrated the whole business to me. She reaped the fruits of victory by having effectually banished the pale porter, and she gave me many a hearty laugh often as I recall this incident, inscribed by invisible ink on "some loose leaves."

WILLIAM LEFROY, D.D.