

reverend friend was uttering in perfect confidence, that he would arrange everything as it should be. As soon as the priest's voice was hushed he knew that the sermon was ended, and it was time for him to rise and wait for the singing of the last hymn. That concluded, he immediately left the churchyard, disdainingly waiting for the gossip indulged in by his betters. With long majestic strides he traversed the length of the street, and ascended the hill towards his home.

This happy state of things continued for sometime, until an event occurred that

comfortably for his customary deep attention to the sermon.

The worthy doctor commenced, and for a brief period continued in a mildly-modulated voice. At the sound of the strange voice, Poco stopped chewing his cud, and listened intently. These were certainly not the soft tones to which he had been accustomed. He leisurely raised his head, and looked towards the preacher. Just at that moment Dr. Weber warmed to his work, and gave his first startling bang on the Bible. Poco drew back his ears from his eyes, which were now wide open, and started with utter



CHARGED THE MAN, AND LEFT HIM PROSTRATE ON THE GROUND.

excited poor Poco terribly, and led him to misbehave himself for the first time in his life. The pulpit, on the Sunday the sad event happened, was not occupied by Father Paul. The preacher was a stranger, named Dr. Weber, an ecclesiastic of pronounced Calvinistic views, possessing a stentorian voice, and a highly excitable temperament. Whenever he approached his favourite doctrines his language became lurid, and his action tempestuous.

Poco, as usual, after the prayers, reclined on the tombstone, and arranged himself

amazement at the performances in the pulpit. So astonished was he that he actually remained in his reclining posture, as if paralysed.

The voice from the pulpit rose and filled the church, the fist beating time to forcible argument. Sentences, charged with fire, sulphur, brimstone, and all the noxious vapours attributed to the lower regions, floated through the air, until it was laden to suffocation.

Poco became restless. His irritation at last reached its climax. He stood up in