

weaving was at its best. The late vicar of this Parish was well-known, but, although my company was a mixed one, not one word of reproach was levelled at him. He was a true minister, an upright gentleman, and one who lived with and for the poor. He scorned a mean action and was not afraid of exposing the doer of it. He preached the gospel and lived it, and his memory will long remain green in Kirkheaton. It is needless to say that he would never have permitted the vile desecrations that have of late been stifling the surroundings of his beloved church. He would have spurned the thought from him as he would have spurned the Father of all lies from his presence. What he did he did decently and in order, and his whole soul would have been outraged if it had been hinted to him that the bones of his beloved parishioners would, in the re-building of the old church, have been hacked to pieces and scorched by the un pitying flames, and also packed together in such a promiscuous manner that nothing short of Infinity could gather them to their respective partners. The fine old man was buried here, and as he, when in life, bore his parishioners' burdens, a relentless fate has choked his vault with their bones, so that in death he bears their burden also. However, if there be virtue in lying near a dead man's bones, those who are buried with him may be considered fortunate, even though it is utterly impossible for mortal man to distinguish one from the other. At the Last Great Day when all the bones of mankind are to be gathered together, these dire mixings of humanity may be properly allocated, but, alas ! not till then.

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