

**ARTHUR'S SEAT;
OR, THE CHURCH
OF THE BANNED**

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Arthur's Seat; Or, the Church of the Banned by John Hamilton

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JOHN HAMILTON

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BY

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ARTHUR'S SEAT;

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CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY.—THE PROFESSOR.

THIRTY years ago, or thereabouts, as I was travelling in France, I heard of a remarkably excellent priest of a parish in the district in which I was making some stay.

I wished to see what line of teaching and preaching, and of moral and social rule, was pursued by such a man.

Learning his name, I asked if he was any relation to Mr. N——, whom I had known as a professor of languages several years before.

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"He is the Professor's youngest brother," was the reply.

The next day I visited the Professor, and asked him to make me acquainted with his brother, the parish-priest, and explained the purpose of my request.

He replied that he was doubly sorry not to be able to comply. First, because he would much wish to further my purpose; and secondly, because it was the very bad health of his brother which was the absolutely imperative cause of his refusal to introduce me.

"My brother," said he, "is dying. A constitution, naturally delicate, has given way under the work of an extensive country parish. He has worked for some years knowing that he must soon sink; but he had devoted himself, in love, to his Saviour and his flock, and dies like a faithful soldier, on the field of battle. I cannot," added he, "regret it." And he spoke truly, though he wept as he spoke.

We had then some conversation upon the subjects about which I had wished to speak with his brother. He was as much interested as I was, and told me he had educated his brother, who was above twenty years his junior; that they were to an extraordinary degree

of one heart and one mind. "If there is a difference, it is in the unbounded love which my brother bears to all men, unbroken by varieties of opinion, even where the opinion concerns no light matter. Now, sir, if you will make use of me as you wished to do of him, I am at your service, and I may add with confidence that my brother will rejoice that I am to be his representative in such brotherly discussion as I anticipate."

It was a fortified town in which Professor N—lived, and at an hour arranged to suit his avocations we met daily for an hour's walk on the ramparts, which indeed often unconsciously grew into two or even three hours.

We discussed many points in which we thoroughly agreed; some in which our agreement was imperfect; and almost, if not altogether, all those upon which we disagreed.

Those on which we thoroughly agreed bound us together with a bond which no disagreement upon other matters, however important, could sever or even weaken. It was not a question whether we *should* be so united—we *were*. We found we were so; and that, in the