

# **THE CHURGRESS**

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The Churgress by The Prig

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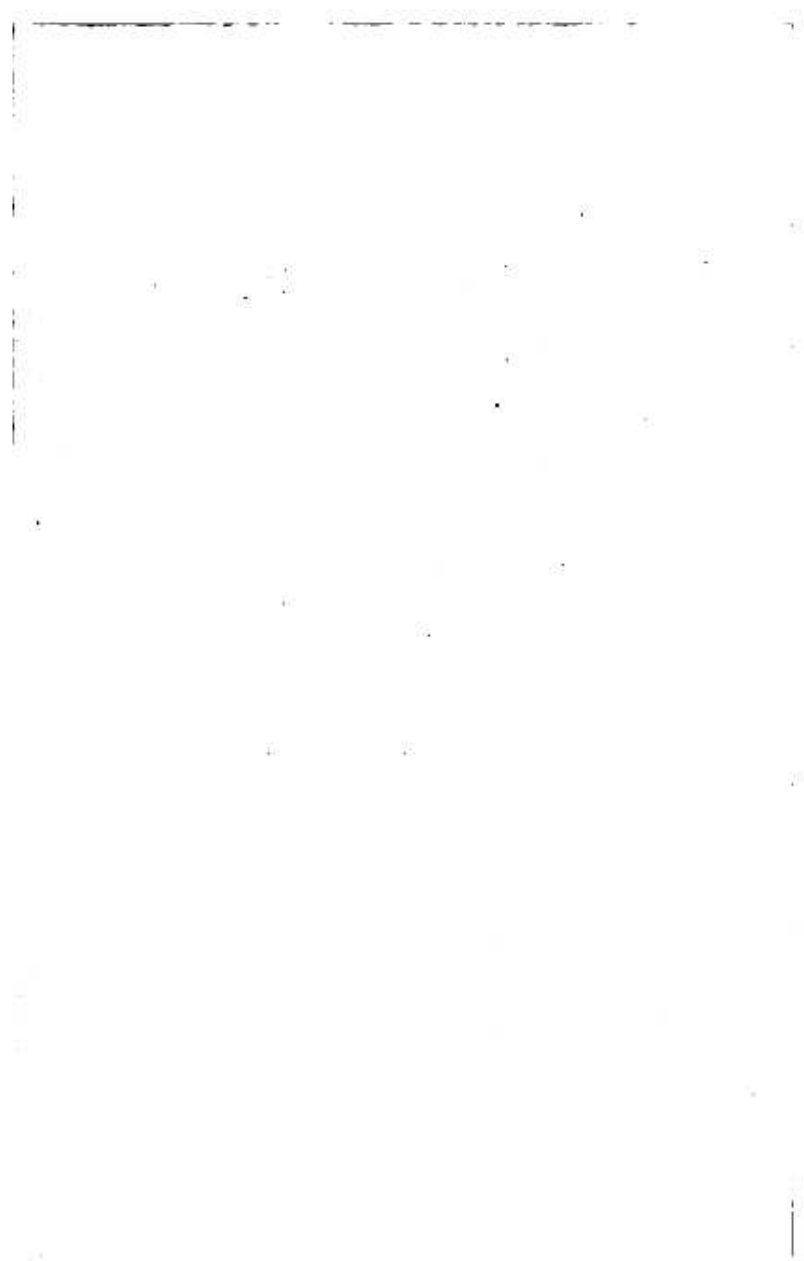
# THE CHURGRESS.

BY

THE PRIG,

AUTHOR OF "THE LIFE OF A PRIG," "PRIG'S BEEK,"  
"HOW TO MAKE A SAINT," ETC.

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1888.



## PREFACE.

GREAT and loud were the complaints after the late Churgress, at the paucity of the reports in the newspapers of the speeches that had been delivered at that august gathering. The speakers especially felt that there was a great want of a full and detailed account of the proceedings, and there was a universal opinion among the Bishops and clergy that I was the proper person to supply it. At first I shrank from the arduous task, but the Archbishops, the President, the Committee, and all the High Church clergy became so importunate, that at last I yielded.

Poor as they are, I have availed myself of a few fragments from the newspaper reports, where I have thought it fitting so to do. These will be found in italics. My own work is in ordinary type.



# THE CHURGRESS.

## CHAPTER I.

It would be impossible to describe the warmth of the welcome or the lavishness of the hospitality with which the members of the Churgress were received by the good people of Bampton. Speaking for myself, I may say that I never enjoyed a pleasanter visit than that which I paid on this occasion to one of the best of hosts. Our little party consisted of myself, the Archbishop of Mercia, Mr. Rampion, the socialist, Canon Jacob Tinker, and the Rev. J. Billcocks. A more agree-

able or more united set of men it would be impossible to get together.

The first public proceeding in connection with the Churgress was the assembling at the Town Hall of the principal members, myself among the number. It was a pageant worthy of mediæval times! Anything that was wanting the imagination supplied. I fancied I beheld the Archbishop of Mercia, with his mitre on his head, advancing on his ambling palfrey, and the Mayor and chief Burgesses of the city going out to meet him. No orator of the Middle Ages, however, could have spoken more eloquently than the Mayor of Bampton, when he bid the Archbishop welcome to his ancient city, nor could a thirteenth-century ecclesiastic have expressed the favour he had done

the Mayor by coming, in more graceful terms.

Just as we were about to proceed to church, a deputation of poor dissenting ministers came to seek our blessing. In contrast with our own magnificence, they looked a sorry party. They pleaded, in touching accents that the Church of England used the same psalms, and many of the same hymns that they did.

Some one suggested that there was another denomination of Christians, whose hymns the Church of England used to a considerable extent.

"Ah," said the Bishop of Bampton, "I suppose you are alluding to our fallen sister. We think it kindest not to mention her. Besides, she never uses our hymns, so she does not count."