

**PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF  
GILBERT  
ARNOLD; OR, THE TALE  
OF THE FOUR SERMONS**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649495689

Passages in the Life of Gilbert Arnold; Or, the Tale of the Four Sermons by Sullivan Earle

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.  
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

[www.triestepublishing.com](http://www.triestepublishing.com)

**SULLIVAN EARLE**

**PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF  
GILBERT  
ARNOLD; OR, THE TALE  
OF THE FOUR SERMONS**



PASSAGES

OF THE

LIFE OF GILBERT ARNOLD.

PASSAGES  
IN THE  
LIFE OF GILBERT ARNOLD;

OR,  
*The Tale of the Four Sermons.*

BY SULLIVAN EARLE.

LONDON:  
RICHARD BENTLEY, NEW BURLINGTON STREET.  
1852.

249. u. 457.

DEDICATION.

---

TO

THE REV. HENRY HUTTON,

RECTOR OF

ST. PAUL'S, COVENT GARDEN,

THIS LITTLE STORY

IS INSCRIBED.





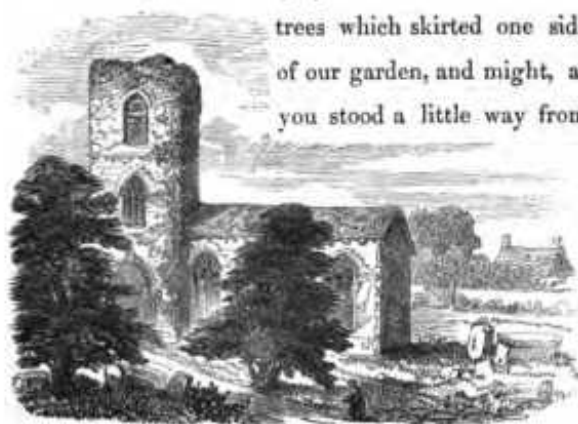
# THE FOUR SERMONS.

---

## SERMON THE FIRST.

---

THE Church of Little Millbrook was close to my father's grounds. The grey tower rose above the trees which skirted one side of our garden, and might, as you stood a little way from



the house, almost have been taken for a part of the same pile of buildings. I believe that it had originally stood in the park, with a clear space between it and the mansion, having been erected very many years ago by one of the ancient proprietors of the estate. Freshford had been a place of some note in the county for two or three centuries at least. The house had been added to, and rebuilt in parts; but a portion of the original edifice remained, and, as frequently does *not* happen in such cases, the restorations and additions were in tolerable harmony with the remains of the ancient structure. It was a long stone-fronted building, of very simple architecture, but well proportioned and picturesque, standing on the verge of a hill, dotted with groups of giant elms, and sloping gently down towards a clear, fresh, shallow stream, with just a few deep pools here and there for the lazy old trout to sleep in. The village of Millbrook was on the other side of the churchyard—a churchyard into which we stepped through a gate from our own garden, and which, on the village side, was approached by another, which

had never borne the restraint of a lock;—a quiet country churchyard, with some very old tombs in it—one or two of quaint device—and some grand, solemn yew-trees, even older than the tombs—a churchyard into which a chance traveller would be surely tempted to wander, and from which, if excluded by sexton's keys, he would as surely depart, flinging a hearty curse at the grudging customs of the country.

A little way from the church there was an open space, called the *Green*; and, save a few brown patches worn there by much cricketing, very green it was too at all seasons of the year. There were a few cottages around it, and in one corner you might see the Rectory-gates. The parsonage was a quiet, unpretending building—picturesque, with an air of comfort about it, and really more space in the interior than its outside show gave promise of possessing. There are many such in all parts of the country. There is an air of peace and happiness about them, and yet, Heaven knows, that if the strife be absent,