

CHASUBLE

CHASUBLE. Your brother wishes to be buried in Paris! (*Shakes his head.*) I fear that hardly points to any serious state of mind at the last. You would no doubt wish me to make some slight allusion to the tragic domestic affliction next Sunday. My sermon on the meaning of the manna in the wilderness can be adapted to almost any occasion, joyful, or, in the present case, distressing. (*Sighs.*) I have preached it at harvest celebrations, christenings, confirmations, on days of humiliation and festal days. The last time I delivered it was in the Cathedral, as a charity sermon on behalf of the Society for the Prevention of Discontent among the Upper Orders. The Bishop, who was present, was much struck by some of the analogies I drew.