

*Mr. Cultus.* It does not follow that they never were taught any better.

*Timothy.* No, indeed; for I saw Sally Salter laughing and whispering with another young lady, in time of service, and her father, you know, is a Minister of high standing; and, of course, he had taught her how to behave in church.

*Mr. Cultus.* We may presume he had, my son; but some Christians, and even Ministers, are very negligent of their duty in this matter. You remember the case of Eli and his sons.

*Mary.* Yes, papa; and I do not exactly understand it. In one place it is said that Eli reproved them for their profanity, though they hearkened not unto their father; and immediately after he is reproved himself by a man of God, for the sins of his sons, and is charged with honoring them above Jehovah; and again, he is threatened with wrath "because his sons made themselves vile, and he restrained them not."

*Mr. Cultus.* There is no inconsistency in these statements. Eli was culpably indulgent of his children: he suffered them to grow up without the salutary discipline of the rod; and when they had become entirely profligate, instead of severely reprehending them for their crimes, and forbidding them, as their father, and also as the High-Priest and Judge in Israel, to profane the sanctuary and service of God, he contented himself with a simple reprimand, which had as much effect upon them as the old man's grass upon the young sauce-box in the apple-tree.

*Mary.* I suppose, then, he ought to have tried what virtue there is in stones! But, papa, I wish you would tell us exactly how to behave in church.

*Mr. Cultus.* A well-bred person, my child, needs no specific directions: such behaviour as would be improper in a drawing-room, would be improper in a church. What should you think of a lady that would yawn, or loll on the sofa, or turn over the leaves of a book, when on a visit to your mamma; or a gentleman that would take out his comb to comb his hair, or his toothpick to pick his teeth, or his pocket-knife to trim his nails, or that would put his feet on the rounds of the chair, or shuffle them on the floor, or that would mistake the parlor for a bedroom, and the rocking-chair for a bed, and indulge himself in a nap?

*Mary.* O papa, you make me smile; no one could render himself so ridiculous. I am sure I should not want such ladies and gentlemen to repeat their visits at our house.