

library, he will read it throughout; if he has paid a fare in an omnibus, he will ride in it as far as it will carry him; if he has taken lodgings at a watering-place, he will stay to the last moment, let the weather be as bleak as December; if he has subscribed to

a cold bath, he will have his quantum of dips at the risk of his life; if he be a member of a club, he will read every newspaper; and if he sees and hates himself in this portrait, he will persevere to the end because he has a right to do so.



A SCOTTISH SCENE.

There is nothing perhaps so pleasing to a placid and tranquil mind as to enter a quiet and humble country church. Devoid of ornament, destitute of affectation, we feel ourselves more in the house of God, and consequently nearer to his presence than when in grander and more pretending temples. Those whom we see there are examples of piety; and also, patterns of integrity and affection while the minister is seldom other than a man of strict probity; and that example to his parish which every preacher of the gospel ought to be. He ascends the pulpit not to bewilder them with the thunder of his eloquence—but to set forth in a plain diction, the plain truths of the gospel;—he courts no admiration; he addresses poor as well as rich, and adapts his language so that all may comprehend him: he humbly pleads for all as their representative to Heaven, and piety and humility mark his prayers.

The precentor too, is a sober and good-natured shoemaker during weekdays: he puts on a better coat for Sundays, and astonishes even his customers by the few mistakes he makes in the psalms, or weekly notices.

But pause a little—we are entering the old Church-yard. Picture to yourself the scene. Before you stands a small but neat building with a taper spire. The ground around is small in extent—but still sufficiently large; and a few of the snarier tombstones rearing their heads, first strike your attention.

It is a fine morning—the bell has just begun—and ere the congregation

all assemble let us stroll amongst the stones.

The sexton is busied with a new grave:—'tis for a young girl—one who when alive was adored by the suffering—for she loved them, and attended to their wants.

The old man passes the back of his rough hand across his tear-filled eyes, and is ready to exclaim "Poor girl!—we must weep for thee—thou wast a fresh flower plucked in the bloom of youth and beauty." There are many graves without a mark to tell or record the name or deeds of those that lie within. Untouched by ambition they were born—have lived—and as peaceably died in their native village. Poor, but honest—sometimes unhappy—but ever uncontaminated by vice. A most imposing stone attracts your gaze. There lies the lord of the place! A gorgeous stone and now half obliterated eulogium mark the distinction; and yet, perhaps, compare his life with that of the meanest around him in death, and the pallid marble would blush!

But it is now time to enter the edifice. Amid the solemn silence, the pulpit door is closed upon the minister who cast a happy, placid look upon his flock. The psalm is read; and Nature's God is worshipped. * * Now breaks Jehovah's praise along the aisle, and voices send their echoes to the throne. * * All is again hushed: and the solemn prayer commences. * * * *

Sweet, sweet scene, may peaceful blessings ever fall upon thy blooming turf, and keep thee as thou art!