

slitted noiselessly as air across the path, he hardly rustled the leaves of the white thorn, as he darted amid its close labyrinths, and a dropping note or two were all he uttered. The rural noonday was almost as still as night—but at length a murmur loud and cheerful comes on the downy air, the service in the little chapel of Faithlegg is concluded, and its crowd of simple worshippers, issue forth, and by their noise and gaiety, strongly contrast rational with irrational creation. The stream, the field, the cattle, the birds were silent; impressed like automaton with the impulse of the moment, the richness of the season and the noontide lulled them into repose—nothing but the passing accidents influenced their thoughtless existence—and they all moved on in accordance with the noiseless dictates of nature, as the shadow moves over the significant dial. Not so rational creation—the sun might beam, or the storm might rave, they half forgot the circumstances, and despite of all, answered the tinkling of the artless bell, and bowed in the humble house of prayer before the God of nature. He was the father of their spirits and they acknowledged him; this spark which united them with his throne, despised the fluctuation of season or time; it saw an immaterial world far above the present, and avowing themselves in act, as but pilgrims here, refused to be bound by the world's fleeting tides; and acted as subjects of a higher, an universal empire. Perhaps the well informed devotee would see much to condemn in their rude worship, would despise it as gross, and ridicule it as unworthy and inefficacious—so it has ever been, and the eloquent Pharisee will not comprehend why the Publican goes down to his house justified.—But the spectator uncursed by party education, will see in their distant grasping after purity—in their profound acknowledgment of the excellence of virtue—and in their vivid hopes of a blessed futurity—much of the soaring of the immortal mind, much of its undying emotions, crowded and clogged indeed by many unhappy accumulations; but still if not individually a polestar and a beacon; collectively, giving sweet light to the observer like the distant stars in the milky way of the heavens. The little chapel yard was soon crowded by groups animated enough—their hearty shake hands, and the loud laugh, told the meeting of friends, who seldom meet except on such occasions. One or two women had wandered among the head stones, and kneeling on the graves of some loved objects of memory, uttered prayers for their repose—whether necessary or not, such seem beautifully philanthropic, and are at least efficacious in blessing the soul of the sincere utterer. At one grave which from its mouldering cross, and the absence of garland, appeared not a recent one, stood a tall elderly man leaning on a long staff—a step from him, a young bright countenanced girl knelt, and looking up to heaven with eyes of unearthly beauty, seemed lost for a moment in profound and pathetic adjuration. The old man moved slowly towards the gate of the burial