

land, of Sunday stillness, cessation from business, of church-bells, and the streets filling with the currents of piety which set toward the house of God? Who can estimate the impression made by the sight of young and old, rich and poor, all classes, all orders, equalized before God in a common worship, — by the great assembly kneeling together, responding together, lifting their voices with one accord in solemn hymns and anthems, moved by a common feeling and conviction in listening to the word read or spoken? It is a humanizing influence, purifying and elevating the community, keeping alive the sense of God's presence in the world and nearness to the human heart, keeping up a Christian standard of duty and responsibility. The power of this institution of public worship as a means of Christian education can only be realized by those who have lived in those outskirts of civilization where it has not gone, and have seen the results of its first introduction. In the Western States of this Union, towns have grown up containing one thousand or fifteen hundred inhabitants, in which there has been no regular public worship. Such communities are without order or peace, — they are the abodes of violence, intemperance, and all forms of brutal vice. At last there comes some preacher of the Gospel, — a travelling Methodist, perhaps, with all his library contained in his saddle-bags, who composes his sermons while riding beneath the shade of the majestic forests of beech and tulip-tree, who finds his congregation of an evening in a country school-house, or in the open woods; who combines in himself the functions of preacher, choir, and sexton, and whose only emolument is his supper and lodging. Such a man comes into the town, finds out and brings together those who are