

Hence, too, the warm and generous flow of the domestic sympathies.

Let us for a moment, "consider the days of old, the years of ancient times." Let us go back and try to catch a glimpse of the venerable forms of our fathers, as they appear through the receding vista of years, in that solemn grandeur, which invests beings of superior nature. I bid you look to the days of old; for, although much of that fine spirit of simple piety, which distinguished our ancestors, remains still in the land, much of it is gone with the disuse of the Bible; for, alas! the Bible is neglected by many, and its wisdom contemned by not a few. Let us try to catch a glimpse of their social habits, when "God's law was in their hearts," and was the law of their lives. Here, I doubt not, but many illustrative scenes and incidents will occur to your minds; but let us select one picture, delineated by Scotia's favourite bard, which, for its truthfulness must be recognized and acknowledged by you all. Every line, every touch, brings forcibly out some interesting feature of Scotch domestic life in its simple beauty. But I refer particularly to that part, where "the priest like father reads the sacred page."

"The cheerful supper done wi' serious face
They round the ingle form a circle wide;
The sire turns o'er with patriarchal grace
The big ha' Bible, once his father's pride;
His bonnet reverently is laid aside;
His lyart haffets wearing thin and bare;
Those strains that sweet in Zion once did glide,
He wales a portion wi' judicious care,
And "Let us worship God" he says wi' solemn air.

They chaunt their artless notes in simple guise
They tune their hearts, by far the noblest aim;
Perhaps "Dundee's" wild warbling measures rise,
Or plaintive "Martyrs" worthy of the name;
Or noble "Elgin" beats the heavenward flame—
The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays,
Compared with these Italian trills are tame;
The tickl'd ear no heartfelt raptures raise;
Nae unison hae they with our Creator's praise

The priest-like father reads the sacred page

* * * * *

Then kneeling down to Heaven's Eternal King
The saint, the father, and the husband prays.

* * * * *

Compared with this how poor Religion's pride
In all the pomp of method and of art.
When men display to Congregations wide
Devotion's every grace except the heart!
The Power incensed, the pageant will deserts,
But haply in some cottage far apart,
May hear well pleased the language of the soul,
And in the Book of Life the inmates poor enroll."