

look! one is now clad in white cassock, relieving the black scarf, and the attire further set off and finished by tippets lined with blue or crimson and edged with fur, ascending the steps of the reading desk. He hides his face for a moment in the white, wide, ample sleeve, and commences the services of the day. All, apparently, is devotion and decorum, and many are doubtless not only outwardly but inwardly, with spirit and understanding, with spirit and truth, engaged in the service of confession and contrition, of repentance and response of praise and thanksgiving, adoration, imprecation, and invocation. Lamb of God, that taketh away the sins of the world, have mercy upon us. But hark! the service is ended, a general rustle of worshippers rising or resuming their seats is made. The organ sends forth its thrilling, solemn, beautiful tones. The strains of "Old Hundreth," "Rockingham," or the gentle, plaintive, tear-moving tones of "Angels Song," strike on the ear. The very heart-strings thrill and vibrate with melody, and the voice of many a worshipper joins in the song of praise. But who is that venerable, bending, yet majestic form that slowly stalks towards the pulpit steps and ascends. His features sombre, his looks serious, and his visage pale, tell of mental labour, spiritual toil and care, as his silvery locks speak of service hard, anxiety, and advancing years.

His voice though somewhat husky with years bespeaks a soul imbued with holy dignity within. He calmly, unostentatiously reads his text, "Faith without works is dead." He discourses quietly and dispassionately,

yet impressively and eloquently, on the nature of that true and living faith by which the true Christian has his conversation in Heaven, and through which, even whilst on earth, he is blessed with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places in Christ. He shews the active, lively exercise of this faith in daily life, how increased and strengthened by the services of the church, its necessity in baptism—its beauteous adaptation to the wants and weaknesses of the sinner and true believer in the Lord's supper. Beautifully and touchingly admonishing the attentive listeners not to confound the means with the end, and that sacramental grace though helping to it is not sacramental salvation.

But the offertory is concluded, the benediction pronounced, and the congregation disperses till evening service or next Sabbath day. All is marked by decency, cleanliness, and quiet, order and decorum.

Turn we to the country. Yonder is a cottage in the backwoods. At the door stands a man in a somewhat shabby coat of dark gray. The stains of mud spots are distinctly visible here and there. The boots he has on are long, coarse and heavy, and they send forth a strong smell of oil. A rather shabby felt hat is on his head, and till his face is turned towards you it would scarcely be surmised that he is a minister of God, from want of dignity and respectability of attire, yet he is starting out on God's service. His wife, plain and neat, puts into his hands a little black satchel containing that essential article "the bands,"—holds out her lips for a parting kiss,—and watches him till he brings out his sorry sorrel nag,