

psalms, and the pathos and fervor of their prayer. But one thing hinders me. I know that all that is beautiful and picturesque in domestic devotion, has not only been witnessed but described by those whom its loveliness could never win to an imitation. It is one thing for a heart full of sensibility to be touched by contemplating the beauty and the joys of true devotion, and quite another thing for a renewed heart to feel these joys.

It is told of Sir Walter Scott, that sometimes of an evening he took his guests to an arbor on his lawn, and let them hear the distant music of a sacred tune. It came from the cottage of one of his dependants,* and fell touchingly on the ear of the great minstrel himself,—but it only touched the ear. He and his visitors went back to the drawing-room at Abbotsford, but it was not to raise with their better skill an evening hymn of thanksgiving to the God of all their mercies. The distant cadence of a covenanting melody was somewhat romantic, but nearer hand it would have blended ill with the dance and the tabret. They all agreed that the voice of psalms from a cottage was picturesque,—but that in the mansion, the harp and the viol would be more appropriate. If higher considerations have no weight, I am sure that a little picture-work will not prevail upon you.

Readers, some of you are the heads of happy families to-day. All that I ask is, that you would make them happier still. Happy, not only in your love, but in the love of God, happy for time and through eternity.

* The "psalm-singing" servant was a brother born for adversity, and on the breaking-up of the establishment, refused to leave his master, and rather than leave him offered to serve him for nothing. In his new post of ploughman, it affected the poor baronet to here "Old Peep" whistling to his team, as he trod the fresh-turned furrows. It was a change to both; but it would seem that the one possessed a source of perennial joy which outward calamities could not dry up nor trouble.