

Religion, says Webster, is the tie that connects man to his Creator, and holds him to his throne. If that tie is sundered or broken, he floats away a worthless atom in the universe, its proper attractions all gone, its destiny thwarted, and its whole future nothing but darkness, desolation and death.

Our Cottage home, where for nearly half a century she had lived a blameless and godly life, was a beautiful spot. The front was covered with the large leaved Ivy, Honeysuckles and Roses, which were so intertwined as to cause them to have the appearance of growing from one root. At the gable end stood a large Rosidendrum tree, which in summer time, being covered with rich purple flowers, was "a perfect show," so that few passers-by went on, without pausing to admire it. The garden walks were lined on each side with borders of Polyanthus, Primroses, Daisies, and other kinds of pretty English flowers, and in the hedge rows were trees "bearing fruit after their kind." At the front stood a sturdy, wide, spreading oak, which protected the house from the chilling east winds. The thrush and red-breast annually sung their sweet and grateful songs, and built their nests in the trees and hedge copse of the garden, for a long period. They were regarded as household pets and in winter were always fed with the crumbs of the table. To me the spot was "a thing of beauty:" it will linger in my memory for ever. I have often stood on a calm Sabbath morning, in that garden, and heard floating in the air, the music of the bells from two or three parish Churches, each being situated several miles away, from each other and from me. The effect of that Church-bell music floating overhead, combined with the song of the the rising lark, the thrush and the red-breast was charming.

" The happy homes of England,
How softly in their bowers
Is laid the holy quietness,
That breathes from Sabbath hours.