

residing far apart, but then brought together were very pleasant and no doubt very profitable. There is no friendship so holy, so close and endearing as that cherished by those who hold a common faith and a common hope. The communion of saints is too little cultivated, and seems to be but ill understood.

On the sacramental Sabbath morning the members of the Church who dwelt at a distance had to be very early astir, not merely because worship commenced at the Meeting House an hour earlier than usual, viz., at ten o'clock, but also because there were sacred duties, in some measure peculiar to that day, demanding their attention in the morning; such as re-examination of their spiritual state—of their faith and love and obedience. And there was a felt need for special and earnest prayer that grace might be granted for the solemn work which the day was to witness. I think there was more attention paid to heart-preparation for communion work by christians of those days than by the generality of professors now. The commemoration of Christ's death was deemed, and rightly, an act of worship and of covenant engagement of the most august, important, and critical character. And verily there is no hypocrisy more dishonouring to the Saviour or more damaging to the soul,—no forswearing more criminal, more searing, or more sad than that of which those are guilty who sit down at the table of the Lord, fully conscious that their hearts are alienated from God and from Christ, and destitute of all desire for reconciliation. This is to lie to the Lord at His own table! No wonder that He should be angry. Well might Paul warn professing christians of the guilt and danger of "eating and drinking unworthily." True believers may often have fears,—may have a faith so feeble that they can only touch the hem of Christ's garment instead of grasping Him with giant grip, as His word warrants, and yet their hearts may be leal and loving the while, and they may be welcome and favoured guests at His table. We believe that Christ is never dishonoured by, or displeased with, those at His table who have been drawn thither by the cords of love and impelled by His authority,—who are there from a desire to love and honour Jesus, no matter how feeble their faith, or how great their fears may be. The Son of God is never "trodden under foot" by those who trembling approach His table. Inasmuch as it is in their heart to do Him honour, He will not spurn them away, no, nor hide His face from them, nor allow them to leave unblessed.

As ten of the clock approaches numbers are pouring in from the country, not only those who are wont to come thither to worship, but strangers as well, many on foot, some on horseback, some in carts and a few in more comfortable conveyances. And the townsfolk begin to move in family groups with silent tread toward the Meeting House and the adjoining *Green*, the centre to which all tend on this sacramental morn. It was an interesting sight, similar I ween, though in miniature, to that which the approaches to Jerusalem, and