

setting, in beautifying the House of the Lord, and doing homage to the occasion which celebrated the advent of the Eternal Son. And thus the people whom he had redeemed, not only honored their Saviour's advent with songs of praise, but they also celebrated His appearance with signs of joy.

All sorts and conditions of men entered there; those whom untoward circumstances had kept long apart, or whose diversified age prevented sympathy. The old, whose thoughts are retrospective, were reverting backwards to the past—the young, whose aspirations being hopeful, were outstripping the future in the eagerness of their onward gaze. Age, leaning on his staff, would repair with a feeble step, and a funeral pace, to the appointed place of worship, fearing the while it may be, that before another Christmas dawned the spot which he then occupied in the Sacred Temple, would be filled by a successor; but youth, on the other hand, would with a light and blithesome motion, repair to the place assigned to him, forgetful it may be, that on the Christmas past, it was filled by one who had now been gathered to his fathers.

Many tablets had been placed by sorrowing friends in the vestibule of this venerable Church, on some of which were engraven many records. Many of those who had arrived too soon for service, walked up and down the well paved corridor. Some there were, who desired not that their eyes should fall upon the sad memorials of those who were no more; others again stopped, and read whose names were inscribed there; some admired the marble sculpture, and others criticised the monumental designs; others sighed, and looked sad, for they thought that their own names would ere long be added to the cold catalogue of the departed, and their own bodies, now animated by life and energy and love, would in a short space of time be buried beneath the spot where then they stood, and contribute to the support of the cold pavement whereon they then were walking.

Presently the merry peal was hushed; one bell alone for a brief space, continued to forewarn the outer world, that the period was near at hand, when the solemn services of the Christmas Festival were to be celebrated within those sacred walls.

If, however, instead of lingering in the vestibule, you entered the church, you might learn by perusing the lettering, now become dingy by time, that, notwithstanding the apathy and indifference which unhappily pervaded the minds of men during the last century, upon matters of religion, and the welfare of the church, the

parish of Allhallows was to a great extent spared from the contamination of the fashionable infidelity, and this result is to be attributed to the spiritual care and supervision of a Rector, so single minded and devoted as the Rev. George Austin.

Should you enter that church, you will not fail to observe, in the choice and beautiful decorations by which it is adorned, an evidence that even amidst the godless apathy which then pervaded the land, the spark of truth was not wholly extinguished, or the fire of grace entirely quenched in that body of men, to whom, as the accredited ministers of Christ, was entrusted the duty of building up His Church.

And amongst the laity, there were many true hearted and sincere men, who wished to evince their love to their Saviour, by their care of His Church, and to manifest their gratitude for His goodness, by their bounty to the poor.

The finely proportioned chancel, and the window of stained glass by which it was lighted, would command the admiration of the stranger, but he would not discover, except upon very close inspection, that in an amber pane at the bottom were inscribed the words:

"This Chancel was enlarged, and this window presented by an old Parishioner, when George Austin was Rector, and Thomas Wright and Henry Brooks, Churchwardens."

The mellow swell of the organ would attract his notice, and upon turning his face to the gallery, he would observe that it was the gift of one individual.

Upon leaving the Church, at the close of the service, his attention would be directed to a shelf in the vestibule, upon which were placed thirty-six large loaves of bread; upon inquiry he would learn that an honest and industrious baker, who in his life time had prospered in business, had by his will bequeathed a sum of money to be invested, and the proceeds applied to the purchase of bread, which was to be distributed under the direction of the Rector and Churchwardens, "to necessitous widows or poor women, in their discretion, on every Sunday and holyday, after Morning Service."

Another person had left a small piece of land, the proceeds of the rent of which were to be applied in the distribution of coal at Christmas, to such of the poor and indigent as the Rector and Churchwardens for the time being, might regard as fitting objects of charity; and the value of this bequest had increased so much in amount, that the Trustees were enabled to make an annual donation of coals to fifty families, sufficient to last for six weeks.