

about the doors, as I approached, saluting all who came, and they instantly noticed me as a stranger. I had not time to ask for a seat before one offered to conduct me in. I was conveyed to a "strangers' pew," which I found comfortably fitted up, and furnished with books. Strangers seemed to know that they were welcome in this place, for there were a great many of them, and some were handed into the seats of regular hearers. Yet I did not see one of the latter turn his back to the aisle that he might not see them coming in, or point the door-keeper to another person's seat, or rise up sulkily to open the door, or turn any one out to make room for his own family, though I could see that some had to sit out of their usual places. I made a note of these things, and inwardly determined to come to this church again, should I revisit the place. I felt already quite at home.

I was just in time, and it was well for me, for the whole congregation was there! After the service had begun, hardly a creature came in—perhaps some one who looked like an overwrought mother, or a servant, but *not one man!* Whoever came in a little late, however, dropped quietly into their places, without any banging of doors or stamping, and no one turned round to look at them! Was not this an improvement? Was not God better pleased to have every one join in the opening prayer and hymn, and hear His Word read? Was not every one able to worship better, in the absence of any movement or noise? Did not each one coming early get more good throughout the service? So it struck my mind; and on further reflection, I thought that it might be *possible* to have other congregations in church a few minutes before eleven o'clock—almost dinner-time, after a morning's work, on a week-day. I was reminded, too, of Ps. lxx., 1, "*Praise waiteth for thee, O God! in Zion.*"

During the few minutes that elapsed before the service, all was still. Some bowed the head, some read the Bible or the hymn-book, some were engaged in thought, but no one was looking about or talking. The very children sat in quiet expectation. Again I thought, in Bible phrase, "This is none other than the house of God! The Lord is in His holy temple: let all the earth keep silence before Him!"

Before the bells had ceased, the minister came in. He was dressed after the manner customary to his office, and his whole appearance corresponded with the purity, the gravity, and the dignity of the work he had to do. I have seen slovenly ministers in the pulpit, with locks unkempt, with garments soiled or torn, and unwashed hands, lolling on the seat, upsetting the books, leaning and sprawling in every direction, and have writhed beneath the sight. They made me long for Leviticus to be in force again. It was far different here. A Christian gentleman presided over the service. As the worship proceeded, I observed that he took part in every act of it. During the singing, he was as much engaged in worshipping God as if he led the praise as well as the prayer. He was not looking for his chapter or text, or the next hymn, or finishing the notes of his sermon, or counting the congregation, or anything else but just singing. And I thought, as all the people were facing him, and naturally looked toward the pulpit, that his so demeaning himself, must greatly influence them to join more heartily and reverently in the service of song.

When this congregation heard the invitation, "Let us pray," they rose as one man, save a few who appeared weakly in body, and these bowed their heads. I opened my eyes for a moment, but I met no other glance. I saw some lips silently