

appeared, and our old friend the pulpit, reduced one-third in size, was no longer recognisable, so much changed was it for the better.

I had sat a few moments in my place by the western door, when the sound of a prayer, intoned in the sacristy, could be faintly heard, with the answering Amen of the choir. Presently the choir, now for the first time arrayed in surplices, entered the church in procession, singing the Processional "Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty," and followed by the clergy, with the Right Rev. the Bishop of Illinois and his chaplains, Canons Street and Knowles. Accustomed to the hearty musical services of the old country, I now took part in a service in no respect inferior to the best of those in English, nay, in London churches. The reverential demeanour of the large congregation was most remarkable; blended with the clear voices of the choir boys, rose a great volume of voice from every side of me; the reverent custom of bowing at the Gloria was universal with the choir and very general with the congregation; and that of standing during the Offertory, which had been recommended by the Incumbent in a tract explanatory of the services distributed through the church, was observed by a good many. At the Celebration and in the Ante-Communion office, the Bishop knelt at the north side, not in the too common and very unmeaning way at the end, of the altar. Bishop Whitehouse's sermon, which was extempore, was given from the chancel steps; it was remarkable for its eloquence and sustained power, and must have left an abiding impression for good on the hearts of many in that great multitude. The other services of the Octave were of a similar character. At Evensong, as the Recessional hymn was being sung, I was struck by a boy's voice near where I sat. On looking at the singer's face, I recognized it as that of a Lennoxville schoolboy, who had once been a pupil of mine in the Bishop's College Sunday School, and a member of the choir, which the personal influence of the Rev. Dr. Nicolls, when Acting Rector, enabled him to induce the boys to form, a result which none of his predecessors had been able to achieve.

C. P. M.

GONE.

I.

There, on the table at which she wrought,
Are the pretty things that her hands had made,
There is the basket from which she sought
Thimble and scissors, needle and thread.

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