

sure to the mind of every member of the St. Paul's of that day—"Dear Miss Cogswell" whom to have known was the best argument for the *reality* of Christianity. St. Paul's Church gathered into its pews such large families as could not but be noticeable to an American, accustomed to the small families of "the States." Many families filled two long pews. Judge Ritchie's, Dr. Almon's, Colonel Francklyn's. The rector's pew was full to overflowing with pretty dark-eyed, brown-haired children. How the faces rush back to my memory, and how few are left of the older people who were then bearing the burden and heat of the day in the church and in the world.

St. Paul's Church was, and is, unlike any Episcopal church I had seen. It represented a phase of churchliness which we had not developed in the United States. There was a well-defined principle and a deep conscientiousness under much that *seemed* narrow and a little petty. The dread of sacerdotalism was honest, but it was puzzling to know why, logically, freedom from "priestcraft" should be purchased by so many self-denials. Why, for instance, at Christmas time must we have evergreens decorating the church, but no flowers; and why must all the