

their way along the beautiful, romantic, and copse-wooded banks of the L——, or to the lanes and by-ways leading into the neighbouring fields, there quietly to converse and meditate. And according to the testimony of my experience and observation, the converse of these little parties was seldom indeed of a purely worldly character. In general it was less or more in unison with the sacredness of the day and the solemn services just closed and soon to be resumed. There might be seen here and there also solitary walkers, who, charity may suppose, were engaged in deep and earnest converse with their own souls and with heaven. In that large congregation there would be some in mental darkness and distress, who would instinctively and wisely seek to

“Withdraw to haunts by man untrud,
To hold communion there with God.”

For, what christian knows not that the secret sorrows of the heart may not, and cannot, all be told to man? There is sometimes a swelling tide of grief and sadness in the soul that can only find an outflow heavenward. Solitude is then sought, and it is peculiarly sweet to those whose heart is greatly sin-grieved as if drowned in sorrow.

The grave-yard, on Bar-hill, a little beyond and above the town, was a favourite resort for not a few during the *interval*. It was very noticeable that the strollers there, with but rare exceptions, were clad in weeds of woe, and that their faces gave indication of something more, and darker far, than a Sabbath solemnity. Grief-worn features and wet eyes were to be witnessed there. Numbers of the bereaved were there, led thither not by idle curiosity but by affection, for affection follows its objects even to the tomb. Paradoxical as it seems, they were there to feed their sorrow and to sip sepulchral solace; for there is a strange melancholy satisfaction felt on visiting the resting place of the departed who were to us very dear. A look at the grave of the loved gives vent to pent up tears, and tends somehow to lighten the load of grief that weighs on the heart. Such is the fact, though psychological and physiological science may have failed to account for it. In some part of that walled and somewhat extensive burial-ground might be seen, at the interval hour, on almost any summer Sabbath, standing beside a comparatively recent grave, a widow with perhaps a child grasping her hand or holding timorously by her sable dress,—for the mother’s hand had to be withdrawn from that of her child to wipe away the tears that began to trickle down her once rosy but now pallid cheeks. There the widow and mother might be seen gazing fixedly and sadly on the sods that covered the earth-idol of her heart, the husband of her youth, and the father of her children. And if looks and heart-longings could bring the lost to life, he that lies in that tomb would soon be raised. But this cannot be! There he must lie, and there despite his widow’s grief and the world’s turmoil he will sleep full soundly till the resurrection morn, when all the dead shall spring to life, a mighty mass of immortality. Though doubtless well aware of this, yet still she looks, as if she saw or hoped to see, through the sward and mould, that face so loved and so familiar, which