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HOW TO BEHAVE IN THE HOUSE OF GOD.

Once upon a time it fell to my lot to witness a scene that to my eyes was one of exceeding beauty, and which I fain would see again, and that as often as the day of God returns. The date and place of this spectacle are of little consequence to the reader, but its features I will endeavour briefly to describe.

The bells were ringing on a Sabbath morning, and the people were on their way to the House of Prayer. It was a stormy day, and being a stranger, I expected to find in the church I had determined to attend, a very scanty congregation. But not so! It seemed that these people were possessed with the extraordinary notions, that the wind and the rain of the Lord's Day were no more injurious than those of any other, that if they could go to work they could go to worship, and that it was worth a little effort to gather together in Christ's name with Him in the midst of them. Uncommon as these notions are, I could hardly say that they seemed unreasonable or unchristian.

I observed the dress of the church-goers. It was not in the height of the fashion; Perhaps, I thought I, it would be so on a finer day; but on enquiry, I found I was mistaken. The wealthier persons habited themselves plainly, so as not to humiliate the poorer, while these did not seem ashamed of their poverty, nor eager to put all their earnings on their backs. The effect was not unpleasant, after all. You were less reminded, it is true, of the milliner, the tailor, and the jeweller. Nor did the dress of each individual seem to be the object of such a searching investigation to the sitters-by, as I had been wont to see. But perhaps these disadvantages were counterbalanced by the liberty which some very poorly-clad persons had felt to come to this church, by greater concentration of interest on the service, by something being saved for giving way, and by more regularity of attendance in all weathers. Still, I must say that the minister lost the opportunity of doing good to some very showy people who were going to a more fashionable church; and it may have been his people's duty to keep up to the times a little more, *in a missionary spirit*. But I must not speculate, I have to relate facts.

On entering the church, I missed the usual company of male gossips congregated in the vestibule. Ladies were not compelled to run the gauntlet of a hundred staring eyes, nor was there a merchants' exchange going on. "O ye simple ones," thought I, "How many little tit-bits of news you have lost by going straight into the house! This is very old-fashioned. You must come to town." I observed, however, that those who met on the way or in the porch gave each other a hearty greeting, and I thought I caught a word or two that sounded like religious conversation, but I may have been wrong. There were some persons