

In what more fitting words than those of George McDonald, in describing an old church in the *Sea Board Parish* and quoted by the writer before in the record of St. Mark's, can this sketch of an old church be concluded: "And when I saw it I rejoiced to think that once more I was favored with a church that had a history, but to the full idea of the building it is necessary that it should be one in which the hopes and fears, the cares and consolations, the loves and desires of our forefathers should have been roofed, where the hearts of those through whom our country has become that which it is—from whom not merely the lifeblood of our bodies but the lifeblood of our spirits has come down to us, whose existence and whose efforts have made it possible for us to be that which we are. Therefore I would far rather, when I may, worship in an old church whose very stones are a history of how men strove to realize the Infinite, compelling even the powers of nature into the task."

And again come appropriately the words of the same writer in another work: "I delighted to think that even by the temples made with hands, outlasting these bodies of ours, we were in a sense united to those who in them had before us lifted up holy hands without wrath or doubting, and with many more, who like us had lifted up at least prayerful hands without hatred or despair. And I thought how many witnesses to the truth had sat in these pews. I honored the place; I rejoiced in its history; it soothed me, tuned me to a holy mood."