

that a church-edifice and site, long occupied, should be abandoned. It may be only a matter of sentiment, but some of the noblest efforts and aspirations of mankind spring from just such a source. And it is sentiment of a peculiarly hallowed kind which bids us cling to the memories of other days, with which our own religious life is associated, and to the scenes connected with the Worship of the God of our Fathers in years gone by. Surely to one who has emigrated from the distant home of his youth, bringing with him, as some of us doubtless brought from the old land we left, happy memories of quiet Sabbaths with their simple but devout worship of Almighty God, amid rural scenes, the sentiment is peculiarly congenial and appropriate! Generalizing my own experience in this regard, I would extend its lessons to you who may have been similarly situated, and I would exclaim, can you ever forget those happy, youthful days with their wonted Sabbath visits to the old parish Church, where for generations your fathers had worshipped—sitting as you then did among your kindred in the very pews they had occupied—but whose ashes now peacefully repose beneath those grassy mounds in the old Church-yard around? Surely it was no mere superstitious feeling that filled your heart, but one of a holier and more hopeful kind, a more substantial and exalted character, which thus amid such surroundings drew the inspiration of a higher devotion from the thought that your own kindred, perhaps for many generations, had worshipped there. Although you knew it was only the mortal part of your deceased kinsmen that lay there, and that the spirit had returned to God who gave it, yet you felt that here was a sort of loop-hole through which you could almost look direct into the world of spirits, and realize the influence of