

her own fashion. The hymn tunes were pretty, the girls' voices were as fresh as their faces, the tenors and basses did wonderfully, but the harmony betrayed a diversity of opinion which led one to imagine that some of the men and maidens sang "by ear."

In the congregation was a marked absence of genuflection—even in the creed many stood with unbowed heads; some devout women knelt on the floor in their pews with their faces hidden in the cushions in a way I had never seen before, and some old gentlemen turned and looked at the choir while they were singing, and they were well worth looking at. There were some very pretty girls in the choir twenty-five years ago. Not that I mean to insinuate that the old gentlemen looked at the girls. They were beyond suspicion; grave and venerable old men, whom to look upon was a joy for a woman who had come from a young western city where a white head was rarely seen.

I went many and many a Sunday after that first one, to dear old St. Paul's, and I remember with the vividness of first impressions so many faces and figures—now passed on from the church militant to the church triumphant. How well I remember the eagle-like face of Judge Ritchie, so clean cut