

he had followed the advice of Old James, and kept the Sabbath-day holy.

Poor Edmund! he envied those that he saw keeping the Sabbath holy, and going to the house of God; and well he might.

There are many beautiful scenes in this beautiful world, but there is one that has to me the most cheering interest, and awakens the most joyous thoughts. I am not insensible to the silent but impressive language of God's visible universe,—the heavens, the everlasting hills, the majestic rocks, the woods, the dells, the fields, the flowers,—these fill the mind with deep emotions, and give birth to unutterable feelings. But there is a sight still grander, awakening emotions still higher and nobler, when, on the Sabbath morn, you see the gathering of thousands of God's people, old and young, to their various Sions, to mingle their voices in praises to Him whose voice called forth those glorious heavens, those hills, rocks, fields, and flowers. It is then that heaven seems nearest to earth, and the glories of the temple above are reflected in the temple below.

“How sweet a Sabbath thus to spend,  
In hopes of one that ne'er shall end!”

The next time I saw Edmund, was under still more painful circumstances. I had been several days serving on the jury, at the Manchester Quarter Sessions, and, perhaps in consequence of my name beginning with “A,” was appointed foreman. There were many persons to be tried for stealing, and amongst the number I was sorry to find the name of my old Bible-class mate. The charge against him was that, along with three others, he had stolen a sack of malt. Edmund was the least guilty; he had nothing to do with