

portion of the school were placed in classes, and repeated lessons which had been committed to memory on the evening before.

After Sunday-school the people gathered in groups and discussed their luncheons, which were brought in wooden boxes or buckets, and chatted in monotonies. The more daring children played quietly together and ate apples and pop-corn, which was gotten ready for Sunday lunch time before hand, and donated by one to the other as a great treat. About one o'clock the afternoon service was called, and by this time heat wrappings prevailed, and a good many outside habits being laid aside, there was enjoyment and pleasure on every face as the minister mounted the pulpit to deliver the afternoon sermon. Notices like the following might be heard, "There will be a donation for Elder Briggs one week from Monday afternoon and evening; all invited," said donation being a basket party at the parsonage, the entire lot donated being consumed by the visitors. "There will be a prayer meeting in the Whitman school house next Sunday evening at early candle lights."

The average New England preacher discoursed from heads which often reached ninthly or tenthly. Meantime our childish forms were strained listening for the falling cadence of voice which was an indication that the longdrawn discourse was nearly completed. The great musical event of the day was the closing anthem in the afternoon, when, as the choir gallery was at the back, all arose and turned to face the singers.

Perhaps the best part of the day to the children was yet to come—that is, the Sunday dinner. After spending about five hours at church, surely one was entitled to a good dinner, two meals a day being the custom then, as it is now. The rest of the day was spent in a quiet; if the family were musical there might be singing. We never remember to have heard one mention calling upon a friend or sick person on Sunday, unless connected by family ties. No one ever took a social cup of tea with another; it would have been considered Sabbath breaking.

A good many years had passed since the days of Salem Witchcraft, and the time when a man was punished for kissing his wife on Sunday, but some of the ideas which obtained even a few years ago are very amusing to us now, as the Puritanism is fast giving way to the demands of a wider culture. We have often heard of the dread which the Sabbath inspired, owing to the rigidness of its observance, but as far as we remember it was always a very pleasant day.

We never expected to step outside of the gate, or take ever so short a walk, but we were taught to consider such an act as improper on that day, and so enjoyed ourselves with our books, with perhaps an occasional longing for Monday to come, that we might use our toys.

While the restricted Sunday of our childhood has merged into a Sunday of work in and out of church, and wherever we can offer a cup of cold water in His name, we reverence the peaceful, quiet Sunday, and it will always fill an important place in the memories of childhood days.

C. I. KNIGHT,

Providence, R. I., Feb. 8th, '92.

A Lost Opportunity.

Sad and glad I'd trampit muckle,
Ne'er a pretty thing I'd saw.
Till this quiet, timid, angel,
Sculptured beauty without flaw,
Flitting came with gayer maiden,
Arm in arm, across my way,
How I longed, my heart was beating,
To approach her, ask her stay.
But, alas! fool was I always,
Timid 'came I, couldna spier:
Speech forsook me. How I loved her!
And she ken't it—without ear.
Oh! the look of love she gave me—
Could she love a thing like this?—
Aye, we ken't we lo'ed each other,
But oor e'en alane did tell
Of the springing deep affections
That our mutual hearts did well.
Ne'er a word did pass between us,
She and I each gang't oor gait,
Left impressions, perhaps unfading,
But we went both on, to wait
Chances of a better meeting
In some time we didna ken.
And we part, both ment'ly asking,
Ah! my loved one. When? O! When?
So with all life's countless prizes,
Timid men, but lag and stray,
Manly men, with manly daring,
Must, and ever win the day.

—D. McK. MACARTHUR.

Montreal, Sept. 30th.

"I know a heart that never will feel fear,
Of cruel wrong or what the world may say,
That never more will ache from sense of bitter loss,
Why?—'Twas broken only yesterday."