

north gallery. A crimson curtain draped the big window behind the communion table. Square doored pews fastened with solid fastenings, each respective family into its proper well-defined place. The Ten Commandments, in gold letters on a black ground, and some mural tablets, were at the south end of the church, and over the northern doors similar gold and black boards immortalized the people who had made large donations to the comfortable, substantial, serviceable old church. The pulpit cushions were of red velvet, the big books on the communion table rested on red cushions. The font was very small and had a chirpy gilt dove perched above it.

The clergyman—Rev. Dr. George W. Hill, rector of the parish from 1868 to 1885—spoke in a ringing, decisive way, with a constant rising inflection at the end of each sentence. He did the whole service and preached a capital sermon, and the choir of girls and men supplied the musical part of the service, the organist being a lady. The responses were whispered reverentially by the people; only in the reading of the Psalter did they speak up. No one sang, that I saw, but the choir, and they sang doubtless with “the voice and the understanding,” but each after his or