

Mr. Cultus. Well, do you suppose that less decorum becomes the house of God than what is required in genteel society?

Mary. Of course not, papa. I suppose that good manners require conformity to the rules and customs of those with whom we associate.

Mr. Cultus. Precisely: provided they do not involve anything in itself improper; if they do, we must abstain from such associations.

Mary. But, papa, Mrs. Anger sits all the time of service.

Mr. Cultus. I know she does; but this is because of affliction: she would gladly conform to the rules of the church, if she could. But did you ever see her looking about, or going to sleep, or timing the sermon with her watch? I will answer for you: I know you never did. She enters the house of God with a solemn air and a measured step, as if she had come to the holy place to attend upon the Lord without distraction. How reverently she opens her Hymn-Book and sings, making melody in her heart unto the Lord! How devoutly she bows her head, if she cannot bow her knees, and joins in the addresses to the throne of grace! How eagerly she listens to the word of life, appropriating every sentence suited to her case, and laying up the precious treasure in her heart, instead of dozing through the discourse, or listening to it merely to note its excellencies or defects, or to see what passages will suit her delinquent neighbors! Have you never noticed the venerable old saint?

Mary. Many a time, papa; I am sure she keeps *her* foot when she goes to the house of God.

Mr. Cultus. Well, my children, if you do not want "to give the sacrifice of fools," and to suffer with them the consequences of their profanity, you had better imitate the old lady's example; only bearing in mind that you cannot plead bodily infirmity as an apology for not complying with the decent and edifying rules of public worship in the church to which you belong. But do not forget, that it is very possible to be punctilious in observing all the proprieties of conduct which become the house of God, and yet be entirely destitute of the spirit of devotion. O remember that

"God abhors the sacrifice
Where not the heart is found!"