

dignity and beauty, unimpaired and fresh; so the worship of the Church of England is now set forth in all the Evangelical spirit which pervaded the assemblies of primitive Christianity, chaste, dignified, and spiritual.

The exterior of the Church was grave, decent and in character with the place, in which is found the beauty and holiness. From the western tower arose a small but elegant spire, which tapering from its base, till it ended in what appeared a sharp point, seemed from its direction to lift the thoughts above, and

"Point the way to heaven."

This tower, in which also the bells were suspended, was placed at the western end, and was at once light and durable. It was surmounted at the four angles by as many square parapets, which diverged at the top into irregular cones: the buttresses projecting from the north and south corners of it widened in their descent, and in a few irregular places were stuck some rude sculpturings of grotesque heads and figures of anomalous animals, whilst one of them on the northern side was protruded like a spout, in the form of a fantastic dragon. Corresponding with these were placed, beneath the carvings of the roof, several rude stones of the likeness of the heads of fawns and satyrs, and martyrs and confessors; and on the elevation of the chancel, nearest to the body of the Church, rose one almost in the shape of a pine apple, divided into four open compartments, the several crimped boundaries of which formed the figure of a cross. The rustic porch, with its plain seat, affording a cooling recess in summer from the intensity of the sun, and a sheltering retreat in winter from the severity of the cold. How many an autograph was there, indented in rude mis-shapen letters, which might afford to the curious in calligraphy a practical study, and convince the vain race of manual scribblers that, even with all their boast of fame, the time will come when they must lie down in the grave unnoted and unknown. The Churchyard had its usual compliment of rustic rhymes, quaint epitaphs, and the records of those whose only memorials extant are the date of their death and the length of their life.

There was nothing in any of them particularly remarkable. But who can wander through the habitations of the dead without experiencing some sensations of mortality?—Infancy, youth, manhood, age, mixed in promiscuous assemblage, read a lesson to all; for who is there in each of these periods who does not miss from his circle of acquaintances several once coeval with himself? Each grassy mound, swelling in circumscribed importance, proclaims to each passenger, "Thou too art mortal!" and the grass that grows in unrestrained luxuriance in such spots in summer, but fades away at the approach of winter, appeals with a kindred voice: whilst the dust that crumbles from the side of a new formed grave claims relationship with him whose foot carelessly, and it may be proudly, treads it down. A churchyard is a little world: and busy fancy might imagine in it all that constitutes "the great fabric of the earth;" even the active passions there find the symbols and derive a moral. How well does the swelling of the turf image the stirrings and aimings of ambition, which, though it may awhile rise above the mass around it, is limited, and in turn trodden down! The ancient walls of the Church rising in their native strength, like virtue, stand in their own mightiness and power, and shall survive when gay and more laociful piles, like showy qualities unbuoyed by principle and truth, have perished, and

"Left not a wreck behind."

There is, indeed, something about the appearance of a country Church associated with the purest and most rational feelings of our nature. The venerable fabric, rising as it frequently does, from the eminence of a small hill, carries with it an air of soberness and sanctity, which throws into the shade all less significant and meaner things. There is an indescribable feeling which seems to envelope us, when, as

"Comes still evening on, and twilight grey,
Has in its sober livery all things clad,"

we wander past the ancient walls which were reared by those whose dust is mingled with that on which we tread, and whose

tempered piety is evidenced by the style of building now before us:—walls which have stood for centuries, and during that time have witnessed all those varying and important events which gem the page of our history, and throw over it an intensity of interest to which no true son of Britannia can be insensible.

They who love to cherish the memory of those whose names they bear, derived from sire to son through a genealogy as clear and honored by virtue as any which heraldry can blazon, may here indulge their imagination, and, leaving present events retrograde to times remote, when papal Rome exercised its bigoted dominion over the minds and actions of men, after that the British Church had been deprived of its native authority. Thence may they shoot their excursive views beyond the era when the conquering arms of Rome Imperial held this lovely isle in common vassalage: there may they pause in trembling awe amid those deep shades of solemnity, where dwelt the Druids, whose bloody superstitions held in mental thralldom their passive and credulous countrymen. Perhaps this very spot may have witnessed the successive rites of religious worship that distinguished the dynasties which have, in turn, possessed this county. Here may the whole have flickered its religious flame, and Roman altars blazed; and here may have trod in their generation the ancestors of those who weekly cross this turf on the way to His Courts whom under various names all acknowledge, and adore with various worshippings. Thus whilst imagination in its excursive flight is retrospectively ranging through realms of time, the heart may register, for its own edification, reasons and reflections, which attach men with patriotic affection to their native soil, and teach them, in the proper performance of this duty, to behold with steady hope the prospect opened and marked out to them by Him, whose name and worship give sanctity to the temple, which here stands on consecrated ground, great in its own simple dignity. For durable as the rock of ages is that faith for which these walls form the sanctuary, not insignificant of their sacred trust, not unmeet emblems of that form of godliness hallowed within them. So that each one who is alive to the holy feelings which such places must suggest, may truly unite in the sentiments contained in these

STANZAS.

This is the temple of the Lord;
With cheerful tongues in sweet accord
Come, and your living thanks proclaim,
Great is the Lord, and great his name.

Here is religion's hallowed shrine;
The Christian's Shechinah divine,
And heaven's own cherubin proclaim,
Great is the Lord and great his name.

The Sufferer, here, for mortals slain,
Who brought salvation in his train,
Asserts his own eternal claim,
Great is the Lamb and great his name.

Oh! come, let heaven the strain inspire,
Faith warm our hearts with holy fire,
And all confess, in sweet acclaim,
Great is the Lord, and great his name.

The only memorial sculptured within the walls, besides some few in the old Church text, which spake of knights and dames, was a plain marble tablet, perpetuating as well the name and birth of an infant, "the only child of his parents," as their loss and affliction, chastened by the principles of their faith. Beneath the register of the birth and death of this bud of mortality, the tablet bears recorded the following verses:

Go, little flower, by death's untimely chill,
Untimely shrivelled in thy bud so fair,
Go, happy thou! whilst we our maker's will,
Whatever our feelings learn by faith to bear.

And though to us no more thy beauties bloom,
No more to light thy lovely form be given,
Yet hope is ours, when nature meets her doom,
Our souls shall join to part no more in heaven.