

They also, usually, accommodated the flotsam and jetsam of the parish with sittings, free of charge.

The Sunday School was primitive and unpretending.

The teachers did not "know it all," and prudently confined themselves to the printed questions and answers contained in the lesson books.

The library was not extensive or various.

The books were as dry as they were few; the Librarian went from class to class with his stock of books displayed on a board shelf which he carried in front of him, and the scholars accepted with meek resignation the book given them; they had no choice in those days; nor did it take a faithful reader long to "go through" the entire list, so that being deprived of "a choice" mattered but little.

No stage then brought the children to Sunday School.

If their parents thought the children were well, the children came—having nothing to do with the business, except to obey, and attend.

Sunday School Excursions had not invaded this secluded spot—as to Picnics—well, there were times when on the glorious fourth of July, the Sunday School was assembled on "the Green," and the youthful hearts fired with patriotism by weak rhetoric and weaker lemonade.—Excuse the digression.

Let us return to the Meeting House. Within, the floor space was divided by the two aisles leading from the doors of entrance, into three parcels of pews, two wall slips and the central body, the pews of which reached half way from aisle to aisle.