

smile of pleasure at meeting, gave wealth of honest reality to the voices which spake, and to the hearty hand shaking which emphasized the greetings given by all to all.

Those present exchanged their genuine and unaffected salutations, and the absent ones were all enquired after.

All were not Church members, all were not professing Christians; but all who came there were such as revered the Most High, honored His Religion, and His Sabbath, and respected the services of the hour.

The day was a perfect one, an ideal Sabbath. The sun had now risen high overhead, and was giving warmth, and life, and light and color to all created things animate and inanimate. On the northwest, the sky-line was shown by the waves of the range of hills which marked the boundary of the plain in that direction, and were clad in all the pomp of their green and misty purple foliage.

The Old Mill which stood hard by, had ceased its work-a-day clatter, the ponderous mill-stones hung quietly upon their spindles, the whir of the iron cogs in the big wheel-pit was hushed, and the great master wheel, suspended on its mighty shaft, was motionless and silent.

The brook—Green Brook—released from its bondage and servitude went freely and joyfully on its way, sparkling and dancing in the sunlight, singing its Sabbath song of praise and gladness, as it rippled on over its stony bed, or turned aside in circling eddies into some deep pool among the lily pads, or under the overhanging alders, to gossip with the fishes, as it went on its way to the sea rejoicing.