

but a slight effort of the imagination to give to the listening ear of the devout soul "the still, small voice" of the Christ whispering through the Heavenly corridors: "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

And with one accord the people all went into the Temple for Worship.

When all were seated, the Minister arose, while every head was bowed, returned thanks to God for all the mercies which we enjoyed, and invoked the Divine blessing upon the services of the day and for guidance to words and thoughts and feelings of preacher and people.

The hymn was then given out:

"Majestic Sweetness sits Enthroned
"Upon the Savior's brow;
"His head with radiant glory crowned,
"His lips with grace o'erflow."

This hymn was the keynote to the service of the day. We knew that the message would come from Calvary, and not from Sinai, and when the words of the hymn went out upon the voices of the Congregation on the tune of Ortonville, the hearts of the people were as one with themselves and their preacher—receptive, loving, worshipful.

We had in those days no "Service of Song," by that name, we had no responsive readings of the Scriptures, no Antiphonal Service of any kind.

The Minister read the Scriptures and the hymns, the Precentor "led the singing," and his leading was followed by the Congregation with willing tongue, and with tuneful voice, and lofty praise.

No trained Choir awed or amazed the people, or drove the very idea of worship out of mind, by its skill and perfection in vocal calisthenics or sometimes gymnastics.