



THE CLOSING SESSION OF CONFERENCE.

See page 15.

Babcock, Sarah A

THE
ITINERANT SIDE;

OR,

PICTURES OF LIFE IN THE ITINERANCY.

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P R E F A C E.

MANY of the incidents of the following narrative have fallen under the observation of the writer, and others have been related by actors in the scenes. They have been woven into a simple, truthful story, with the design of imparting a lesson, and strengthening generous sentiments. Some of the characters will at once be recognized by their friends. In an itinerant's life there may be darker shades than are here depicted; but I have generally preferred the sunnier aspect, in the full persuasion that my object will be better accomplished by presenting models for imitation, rather than characters that might awaken abhorrence only, and leave

the reader no better. I have not written in vain, if the profession and exercise of the Christian graces shall become more emphatically the pursuit of life; if the thoughts suggested by the perusal of this book awaken in any heart an increased love of goodness, or a desire to do good to all; and, especially, if the Christian ministry shall be more highly honored and better sustained.

THE AUTHOR.

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INTRODUCTION.

TRUE, beautifully true, will, we think, be the pronouncement passed by its readers upon this little narrative. Not that it consists of literal historical fact; but that, like our Saviour's parables, under an external imaginative form it encompasses a *true* principle, and a power of producing a *true* impression. Many of the apologies of the great Teacher were not individual facts, that could be said to have occurred at some particular time; but general representation of what is always occurring. And so of this little life-parable of our present day. It perhaps did not transpire under the same name, in the same order of events; but it is what is constantly transpiring—happening every hour of the day in every part of our land, under every variety of name. It is a true picture. But every picture drawn by an

actual painter's genius is, in a measure, a pleasant deception. It simulates itself to be what it is not; and the more perfect the *semblance*, the more completely it can make your imagination conceive it to *be* what it *simulates*, the sweeter the rapture you feel, and the higher the price you will pay, not for falsehood, but for the reality, which can alone be most truly presented by truthful fiction. Nay, if it be, say, the portrait of some hitherto unseen personage, or a sketch of some unvisited scene, then, the more complete the painter's deceptive skill, the more true is the knowledge of the originals imparted to your mind. And thereby the slightest visible sketch not only attracts a more ready attention, but conveys a more accurate idea, and carries that true idea into thousands of quarters for which the very truest written discourse would have no power or chance.

No ministry of any Protestant Church is called upon to make such sacrifices as the itinerancy of Methodism. At its very entrance there is a self-surrender, hardly to be paralleled by any lay profession, certainly unparalleled in any other ministry. It may be easily shown how this surrender of local home and worldly resources subjects to a countless number of

privations and trials unknown to a settled pastorate. Yet how immensely those privations may be increased or diminished by a countless number of little things on the part of the Church, is seldom thought by our people. How truly there is a right way and a wrong way of dealing with a pastor; how perfectly easy the right way is, if only sought; and how much better, even for the Church itself, it is, if adopted, are seldom realized as they should be. Sermons and dissertations are dry and ineffective modes of making these truths seen and felt; but here is a picture of the whole thing. Look at it; is it not entertaining? Is it not true? What, then, is the lesson? And what must be our future doings?

If this little book can win its way to the attention of our people—if it can only awaken their minds to a study of the proper mode of lessening the trials of a class of good-doing, God-serving, world-saving men—a great object will be attained by a small instrument. Meantime there is room for the labor of further talent in the same field. This little book has wrought but a small part of the rich subject. If its success shall encourage the author, or its example shall awaken some other hand to draw

a completer picture of our pastoral life—its relations to the people, and of the people to it; to show the trials and duties of each to the other, and so bring them to a better understanding—it will accomplish much. There is room for showing in a most telling way, the reasons in which our “peculiar institutions” are founded, the rational call they make for self-sacrificing concession from every part of the Church, the immense importance of bringing our life up to the pattern set forth in our system, the wondrous results of its past history, and the still more wonderful results yet descried in the future by the eye of faith, provided always the spirit of our system shall live in the practice of our people. May God’s blessing rest upon the work in its little mission, and upon the readers who receive its sayings.

D. D. W.

THE ITINERANT SIDE.

CHAPTER I.

Go, ye messengers of God;
Like the beams of morning fly;
Take the wonder-working rod;
Wave the banner-cross on high.—MARSDEN.

ONE fine morning in April, just before the bell sounded five, you might have seen numerous persons, alone and in groups, wending their way through the streets of a large town. The bright lights of one of the churches were already shedding a warm brilliancy over pulpit, chancel, and orchestra; and, peering through the lattices into the dim distance, seemed to invite all within the hallowed precincts.*

And the multitudes entered there, gliding to their places cheerfully and noiselessly. The smile of recognition, the whispered “Good-

* See Frontispiece.

morning," and the archly spoken, "You here so early?" were exchanged.

A scene of no ordinary interest is at hand. The members of one of the Annual Conferences of the Methodist Episcopal Church are assembled at the close of their session; and the "appointments" are about to be read. The decisive hour is come—the hour that will bear upon the future of the ministers of the Gospel present, upon their families, and upon their respective fields of labor.

Perhaps you would have heard, occasionally, a suppressed sigh, and a scarcely audible prayer for Divine assistance. A sad, earnest face you might have seen, here and there. The quivering lip and the trembling eyelid told of mental conflict, of heart-struggles. "The past lives over again in its effects."

The countenances of most were placid and contemplative, and glowing with trusting confidence and Divine love. A trace of heaven was on them. In whatever direction you turned your eye, you would have beheld features full of animation, that revealed a power and a will to do, and a fixed determination to press right onward in the path of duty.

Now they all stand. Mellow voices, softened to plaintiveness, and anon rolling out in full, triumphant strains, blend as they sing Wesley's hymn:

"And let our bodies part,
To diff'rent climes repair;
Inseparably join'd in heart
The friends of Jesus are.

"O let us still proceed
In Jesus' work below;
And foll'wing our triumphant Head,
To further conquests go.

"The vineyard of the Lord
Before his lab'ers lies;
And lo! we see the vast reward
Which waits us in the skies.

"O let our heart and mind
Continually ascend,
That haven of repose to find,
Where all our labors end;

"Where all our toils are o'er,
Our suff'ring and our pain:
Who meet on that eternal shore,
Shall never part again."

Their emotions rise with the sentiments of the hymn, even to the last line; and now each

heart glows with a fresh inspiration, and future toils, privations, and conflicts dwindle to a mere point in their existence; a point that will soon be passed. The land of rest and of victory appeared to the eye of faith in full view. Then prayer followed—prayer deep, earnest, availing; and when that large assembly arose from their devotions, it seemed as if the angel of the covenant and of peace had spread his wings over them, and had breathed upon the hearts of his messengers as he flew onward.

The appointments were then read slowly and distinctly. The suspense of one and another, and another is ended, until each knows his destination, and has a vineyard allotted to him to cultivate.

The bishop addressed them in a few earnest, soul-stirring words, which inspired all hearts afresh with zeal, and hope, and courage. Then his blessing fell upon them benignly; and the veteran, wayworn and warworn, but triumphant in a hundred battles—the self-reliant, wholly reliant, strong in nerve and muscle, who had wielded a victorious blade in recent combat, and the young soldier, just bravely binding on the Gospel armor, eager to do valiant service for the King of kings, all bowed their heads reverently

to receive its soothing, hallowed influences, and the conference was closed.

A hearty grasping of hands, congratulations, commiserations playfully proffered, encouragements, and hurried farewells are exchanged; the concourse is dispersed, and before the sun sets many a Gospel hero will be upon a new battle-field.

CHAPTER II.

The tall oak, towering to the skies,
 The fury of the wind defies,
 From age to age in virtue strong,
 Inured to stand and suffer wrong.—MONTGOMERY.

WE will accompany one of the number; that tall, dark-eyed man, now in the prime of life, who is hurrying away to be in time for the morning train. It is the Rev. Samuel Arthur, bound for his new appointment, a hundred miles away in the country.

He is now seated in the car, and apparently lost in thought. The years of his ministry are passing in review; his successes and his discouragements come back upon his memory. He thoughtfully brings to mind his mistakes and failures, and the prayer of Solomon arises to his lips: "O Lord my God, give thy servant an understanding heart." He reviews his opportunities for mental improvement also. Starry dawn and the midnight hour had found him in his study.

The past year had been one of incessant toil. The society for whom he had labored was new and few in numbers, and generally faltering in faith. Consequently he had been compelled to bear their burdens in addition to his own. Thus his study hours had been much interrupted, and the thought of his beloved companion, feeble and faint from effort and exhaustion, had often forced him from his books, upon which, in his perplexities, he had in vain been striving to fix his thoughts.

His cheerfully proffered attentions had strengthened her for renewed effort, and her grateful smile was a ray of sunshine in his heart. She had toiled on trustingly, growing paler and paler every day, but with an undaunted, uncomplaining spirit until she had nearly sacrificed her life in her efforts for her husband, her children, and the society of which he was pastor.

Even with studied economy the receipts of each quarter had fallen below their expenditures, and to the sensitive spirit of the minister's wife it seemed, in some cases at least, that what had been received had been afforded grudgingly.

Then his wealthy neighbor, Mr. Wardlow,

a member of his Church, and both leader and steward, came unbidden to his recollections. This man had given him a cool reception; and though his income was counted by thousands, yet he had continually annoyed the minister with fears of pressure in their finances. His ever ready text was, "The poverty of our society, and the necessity of bringing the preacher's salary down to the lowest prescribed limits;" and upon this subject he waxed eloquent.

The bare tithe of this wealthy man's income—and what Bible sanction has any man for placing his standard below this? what *Christian*, indeed, is willing to give less than the least of all *Jews*?—would have sustained preaching in his Church; and the bestowment of it would have opened and softened his own heart, and brought richest blessings upon him and upon his family.

And the minister thought long and deeply, until reflection became a burden; and then he turned his heart to Heaven. Spirit communion soothed and comforted him.

A grassy hill-side, a murmuring brook, waving pines, and beneath one of them a little mound, newly made, now rise before his view. There he had left, in the keeping of the Great Shepherd, a lamb from his own fold. Sadly had

the little footfall, the silvery voice, and the light and joyousness of the precious one been missed; but he had learned to think more frequently of a fairer clime, a clearer sky, and a purer communion. "A Sabbath now came over his mind; and his face lighted up with a glory of thanks and prayer."

His thoughts then rushed on to his new station; and conflicts, victories, trials, and seasons of rejoicing were anticipated, and his heart grew strong in the consciousness that he was in the path of duty. Hope now pointed to golden harps, and palms, and crowns; and his good angel beckoned him onward, and pointed upward, until the triumph of faith was complete, and, like an apostle, he exclaimed: "I count not my life dear unto myself, so that I might finish my course with joy, and the ministry which I have received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the Gospel of the grace of God."

The meditations of the minister were now interrupted; he had arrived at the end of his journey.

Farmer Hatfield was moving with a quick step and a scrutinizing glance among the passengers, as they stepped from the cars, and he soon caught sight of the clergyman. He was

not certain that the Conference would close, or the minister arrive that day; but he thought it a pleasure to ride over and see. A greater pleasure truly, the good farmer considered it, than it would be to the minister to arrive a stranger, and be compelled to hunt up lodgings.

A great heart lodged in Mr. Hatfield's breast; a heart of the deepest, tenderest sympathies. He felt sensibly the unpleasantness of the minister's position among a people with whom he was entirely unacquainted; and said that, should everything be done to make his coming among them agreeable, there would still be many circumstances connected with his first appearance among them, from which a sensitive mind would shrink.

The farmer's family entered fully into the feelings and views of the noble-hearted man, and though the minister's arrival would be somewhat unexpected, they would make his coming none the less pleasant.

As the clergyman and Mr. Hatfield approached the farm-house, Dwight, the farmer's son, a bright boy of seven summers, bounded into the room where his mother and sisters were sitting, and sung out at the top of his voice, "O, he's come! he's come! the new minister

has come!" and he threw his cap "sky high," and capered about the room in great glee.

Mrs. Hatfield and her daughters arose and met them at the front door. The reception of the minister was unaffectedly cordial, and it warmed his heart, and reminded him of his own mother and sisters.

"We did not know that the Conference had closed," said the farmer's wife. "I trust you have had a pleasant session, and a pleasant journey."

"Quite so," responded Mr. Arthur with animation; "we are usually glad to leave as soon as we can. We are in haste to return to our families, and wish to know something of our future fields of labor. You know we are not unlike shepherds without a flock in conference week," he added smiling.

"You will find your new flock scattered over hills and valleys," replied Mrs. Hatfield. "We are a plain people, mostly farmers, and know but little of the ceremonies of fashionable life. My husband says the golden rule is the best rule of etiquette in the world; but I fear we do not practice the spirit of that as we should," she added pleasantly.

CHAPTER III.

Kind words! O earth like heaven would be,
 And sweet would be our fellowship,
 If kind thoughts dwelt in every heart,
 And kind words hallow'd every lip!
 Speak kindly, then, and every word
 Of thine, within some heart shall be
 A link in love's mysterious chain,
 To bind it ever unto thee.—WILLIAM BAXTER.

A CASUAL observer might have thought the farmer and his wife were very plain, old-fashioned people, and nothing more; but Mr. Arthur thought differently. The minister had a quick eye for an excellence as well as a defect, and was an acute observer of human nature. He thought he had discovered a vein of the purest ore, and he thought rightly.

Mrs. Hatfield was a meek, quiet-spirited woman, self-reliant, yet relying on and confiding in her husband with a devotion that seemed a part of her religion. She was of a yielding, condescending disposition; but independent and firm in principle. Being ever ready to prefer

another to herself, her magnanimity won the esteem of the most forward and officious. Her object was not applause, but to do good, and this she accomplished in many ways; how many, is known only to Him who comprehends everything at a glance.

If the society were in a commotion, she knew almost intuitively from whence proceeded the little spark that kindled the flame. Her sensitive and finely-cultivated spirit instinctively perceived the pervading religious or social influence, as a barometer indicates the weight or pressure of the atmosphere, and a few conciliatory and judicious words or explanations restored harmony when other means had failed. The dispensing of charities, she rightly considered, should be the profession of a Christian woman, though she rejected all flattering titles, choosing rather to receive her reward in the approbation of her Divine Master, "Forasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these my servants, ye did it unto me."

With the generous, cheerful farmer, the presiding genius of that home among the hills, his house and his heart always open, one could not long be a stranger, and the clergyman already felt, this man is my brother. And it



was an honor to any heart to feel a drawing toward such a man.

"We are few in number," said Mr. Hatfield, readily improving the opportunity presented to give the minister the information he would desire, without subjecting him to the awkward position of interrogator; "we are few in number, and all have an opportunity to do something, which we are beginning to esteem a privilege. In our finances, we are now always in advance. Our class collections and subscriptions for last quarter are in the treasury now. And at our last quarterly conference we resolved to pay our minister's estimate at the beginning of the quarter instead of its close. This makes it convenient for him, and as well, yes, better for us. After

we have paid for a thing we are more interested in it ourselves."

The minister breathed easier than he had for a year. A weight had been taken off his spirits that oppressed him. He should not now be compelled, on his return to his former station, to borrow money to pay his expenses for moving, as he had expected. He had barely enough in his pocket to pay his return fare. But now his heart was light, lighter even than his pockets. This ludicrous mental comparison caused a smile; indeed, the minister felt disposed to smile at almost anything.

This honest, thoughtful, earnest society—honest, for they desired the labors of no man without paying him for them; thoughtful, for they strove to anticipate the wants of their minister; earnest, for they acted as well as thought—had relieved him from all embarrassment.

"I need not assure you, Brother Hatfield, that I think your plan an excellent one; every itinerant will agree with me in that opinion. It recommends itself to our judgments as well as to our pockets," said Mr. Arthur, smiling. "Such a course must prove a blessing to any society, and I doubt not you realize its happy influences."

"We certainly do," replied Mr. Hatfield.

At that moment supper was announced, and the farmer arose and led the way into the long kitchen. The daughters, Maria and Mary, had withdrawn from the room as soon as the salutations were over. It was resolved and carried without a dissenting voice by the girls, that the minister was good-natured and handsome, (two important points;) that he had probably had no dinner, as he had made so quick a journey, and must therefore be hungry. These resolutions no doubt quickened their movements, for before their mother knew that the tea-kettle had boiled, coffee, tea, smoking muffins, browned to precisely the right shade, a steak swimming in butter, eggs boiled both hard and soft, a huge plate of doughnuts, suggested by little Emmie Hatfield, mince and apple pies, and custards, with all the concomitants of a tea-table, spread out on the board in true farmer-like hospitality, presented a temptation not quite safe for a dyspeptic. However, none of that unfortunate class appeared at the farmer's table that night, and the minister felt inclined to follow the injunction of the apostle: "Whatsoever is set before you, eat, asking no questions."

Dwight and his little sister Emmie had

slipped away while the family were at supper, and were cracking nuts. To atone for the disappointment in not having some of his "grand turnovers" placed on the table for "his minister," Dwight had the promise of providing the nuts and apples for the evening.

"I hope Brother Arthur has got lots of boys," said Dwight; "and then we can make kites, and willow whistles, and water-wheels, and all that."

"I hope he has some little girls too," said Emmie, throwing back her sunny curls, that had fallen over her eyes for the twentieth time; "and then they can go with me and find violets, and lady-slippers, and see my dear little chickie birdies."

"Well," replied Dwight, who was his mother's boy, "I hope so too, and I shall not care if they are all girls; for it is just as good fun to do all the work myself, and hear the girls wonder how I can make such things."

Dwight, artless little fellow, expressed what grown-up boys sometimes think, and he threw back his head; his little jacket became all at once too small for him, and his boots pinched his feet. Dwight had grown some on that thought.

"There, don't you think those nuts well cracked?" said the little boy to Billy, who had just come in with two pails "brimming" full of milk.

"Yes, that's well done," said Billy, in an encouraging, brotherly way; "but you haven't got half enough yet. I'll show you how to rattle them out."

"That's it! that's it!" exclaimed Dwight; "just let you look at the fellows, and their shells fly open."

"Don't they! just look now, and see them shuffle their shells off for my especial benefit," said Billy. "I have a natural affinity for nuts and apples, and such like things, you know; and I suppose they have for me."

"And doughnuts. too, Billy," chimed in Emmie.

"Yes, Emmie, and doughnuts too. I couldn't get along without them," added Billy, in the best possible humor.

"Ho-ho-ho! how you do make them fly," said Dwight; "you have got almost as many as me now."

"Now, you see, I'll just whistle out the rest of them," said Billy, as he commenced a quick tune in a low whistle; and attempted to beat

time with his hammer and the heels of his boots. "That's quite too particular meter for my musical powers:

"Rub a dub dub,
Rub a dub dow;
Robins are coming,
Yellow birds too,"

struck up Billy, bowing low to Emmie at the end of each line; and now the nuts flew faster than ever.

"O how funny you are, Billy!" said Emmie. "Do that again."

This Billy was very ready to do; for it was his delight to amuse the children, and there was no end to his resources in this part of his calling.

"There—there is enough!" said Billy, as he threw down the hammer; "now we will see who'll take forks; and anybody who is too lazy to pick out their nuts after they are cracked, ought to have grinders to munch them, shells and all."

"Why, who is so lazy as that, Billy?" said Mary, who was just passing through the room.

"O, I know!" replied the lively boy, as he

and Dwight ran down the cellar stairs to get some apples from the high bin. "I know, Mary; and you may guess once, you may guess twice, you may guess a hundred times, and you can't guess right."

Mary could not have "guessed right;" and Billy's good taste and good sense would not allow of his telling her that it was a minister of whom he was speaking. The trifling circumstance had happened some years before, but Billy had not forgotten it; for he thought it "hardly fair" for the minister, or anybody else, to "pick out the whole pieces and throw the fragments away;" and he thought "it looked lazy too." Was not Billy right? That minister knew but little of human nature, lacked energy, and was only partially successful. A few years closed his active ministry, and he was soon lost sight of.

William Lawrence, or, as he was generally called at the farm-house, Billy, was an orphan, now about fourteen years of age. He had lived at Farmer Hatfield's ever since he could remember. He was a bright, active boy, full of fun and frolic. Work was to him just as easy as play; for he seemed to delight in constant activity. He would turn hay, or rake, or

hoe, all day long, and be as ready to leap fences, turn summersets, or run races with the old dog, Rover, as he was in the morning. He had a clear head, too, and nothing seemed to escape his observation.

CHAPTER IV.

So is it with true Christian hearts;
 Their mutual share in Jesus' blood
 An everlasting bond imparts,
 Of holiest brotherhood,
 O! might we all our lineage prove,
 Give and forgive, do good and love,
 By soft endearments in kind strife.
 Light'ning the load of daily life.—KEBLE.

BEFORE the family had finished their repast, Billy, always active, had kindled a fire in the parlor, and the room was soon well-nigh filled; the members of the Church had dropped in to see and welcome their new minister.

As Mr. Arthur and Mr. Hatfield entered, the people arose and greeted him cordially and heartily. The clergyman appreciated this attention; it touched his heart.

"Ha, Brother Daniel Boynton, you are come!" said Mr. Hatfield, as the former entered. "How knew you that the minister had arrived?"

"By the same means you knew he would be

at the depot, Brother Jonas Hatfield! know you now?" replied Mr. Boynton, with a good-natured, generous laugh. "And if my nags had not been gone to-day, you would have lost your guest to-night, that's certain."

"That would have depended on your superior tactics then," replied Mr. Hatfield, facetiously.

"Or superior strength," rejoined Mr. Boynton, with characteristic humor and energy.

"If such a wish would be proper," said Mr. Arthur, "I should desire to be in more places than one to-night, if I could be sure of meeting such pleasant company."

Old Mr. Harvey, whom all present treated as a father, and who was always ready with a passage of Scripture for every occasion, improved the first pause in the conversation to say, with perfect good-humor: "If I were not already enjoying myself so well with my minister and the brethren here, I should ask, 'Why, have our brethren the men of Judah stolen the king away, and why did ye despise us that our advice should not be had in bringing the king home?'"

"Father Harvey having ten parts or more in the king, is entitled to his remark," replied Dr. Richmond, the younger class-leader.

This reply was well understood by the com-

pany to refer to Father Harvey's large family, all of whom were members of the Church.

This early opportunity of meeting so many of the members of his Church Mr. Arthur prized highly. He could now form a better idea of what they would need in the way of instruction, and his plans to promote their improvement would be much more likely to be successful. The people, too, felt an interest in their minister now which they would not otherwise have done.

They soon seemed to be very well acquainted with each other, and the minister thought he knew more of this people than he had known of some of his former societies at the end of several months. And he reflected how much better such a course was, than for his Church to keep themselves far from him, and wait to see whom the minister would call upon first, as some societies were in the habit of doing, to their own disadvantage. These thoughts flew through Mr. Arthur's mind during the evening, but he had not much time to reflect.

"Tell me, if you please," said Mr. Arthur, "what is the secret of your financial prosperity?"

Father Harvey was the first to speak this time, although he was ordinarily rather slow in showing his opinion. But this was a subject in

which he was so deeply interested that his enthusiasm warmed at once.

"Why you see," said the old gentleman as he half closed his small, gray, twinkling eyes, while a benevolent smile lighted up his whole face, "you see we have the Bible, and it speaks to us very plainly on the duty of supporting the ministry. It teaches us that 'The laborer is worthy of his hire,' and that 'They that preach the Gospel should live of the Gospel.' 'Who,' it asks us, appealing to our common sense, 'Who goeth a warfare at any time at his own charges? Who planteth a vineyard, and eateth not of the fruit of the vineyard? or who feedeth a flock, and drinketh not of the milk of the flock?' And you know the Bible teaches us, too, that we are none the poorer even in the things of this life for attending to this duty. We have done nothing more than we ought to do. I fear we have often fallen short of even reasonable service. Yet the Lord has acknowledged our poor offerings, and blessed us in our basket and in our store," added the old gentleman as he brushed away a tear. "So far as we have tried it," continued he, "we have proved the Bible doctrine true, that 'There is that scattereth, and yet increaseth.' We tried to our full satis-

faction 'withholding more than is meet' long ago."

Father Harvey left off speaking, though he had not fully answered Mr. Arthur's inquiry. He was too modest to acknowledge even to himself how it had come to pass that the Church at the hamlet was so honorably distinguished for liberality, as well as for peace and prosperity, above other Churches having the same Bible.

Both hands of the good old man were on the top of his staff, and his head inclined forward. His gray locks were flowing, and his face was open and expressive, beaming with good-humor and benevolence.

"The Bible," responded Mr. Arthur, "is truly the proper source of appeal on every subject of duty; and I need not assure you, brethren, that it is a special gratification to me that you have tested the practical excellence of its instructions on the duty of contributing to the support of religion, and are so ready to ascribe the glory of your prosperity to its Divine Author. In so doing, you not only save your minister from pecuniary embarrassment, but at the same time you enable him to labor for the promotion of the kingdom of Christ among you, in full confidence that he

has your hearty coöperation, and that the blessing of Heaven will attend his efforts. Besides, in declaring to you the whole counsel of God, he will not fear that his motives are suspected, nor be liable to suspect them himself."

"Covetousness," remarked Dr. Richmond, "is a sin to which the human heart is peculiarly prone. Perhaps on no subject do we need 'line upon line, and precept upon precept,' more than upon this; and yet I can easily see how a minister of sensibility would shrink from this part of his duty."

"I think if the leaders and stewards, and other more influential members of the Church, were right on this subject, the membership generally would soon see their duty, and those who are Christians at heart would act up to their convictions," said Mr. Hatfield.

"So far as my experience goes," observed Dr. Richmond, "I have found that the younger members of my classes almost invariably adopt the practice of the older members, in this particular especially."

"That is true," responded Mr. Marston, the other class-leader; "and more than that, those young converts who neglect their class money, or apportionment, soon lose their first love; and

therefore I exhort them to giving, as a duty of their religion, and one they cannot neglect and grow in grace."

"That is right," replied Mr. Boynton; "however niggardly we might be, we should not be likely to think you had a selfish eye on the contribution box."

"Just so," added Father Harvey; "we ought to stir up each other on the duty of supporting our minister, rather than subject him to the disagreeable task of doing this. Even the great apostle, although he urged the duty with all plainness, feared himself to partake of the benefit, lest he should hinder the Gospel of Christ. And this has been the practice of our ministry. They have generally shrunk from pleading for themselves, lest they should hinder the progress of the Gospel. 'We seek not yours, but you,' has been their motto."

"I believe the Methodist people have as much of the spirit of liberality as any other," said Mr. Arthur. "The deficiency in ministerial support among us does not proceed from any particular defect in our system; it has grown out of its excellences. However, there is now no longer any necessity for it."

Father Harvey now arose to depart. Prayer

was proposed, and all bowed before a throne of grace, to which they had access through the mediation of the Redeemer; and the minister and people separated in love and confidence.

Though Mr. Arthur had received no direct answer to his inquiry, he had not felt disposed to repeat it. As he had listened to the words of Father Harvey, and the noble responses of his younger brethren, and beheld the glory with which the Spirit of Christ had already crowned the venerable Christian, he was satisfied where lay in part, at least, the secret for which he had inquired.

The truth is, not only Father Harvey had the Bible, but the Bible had Father Harvey too. For the last twenty years he had read it through regularly once a year, and a retentive memory enabled him to repeat whole chapters correctly, and he believed in his heart every word of it. It had long been known at the hamlet that he honored the Lord with the first-fruits of all his increase, invariably laying by for religious purposes the first tenth of all that the Lord gave him, before applying any part to his own use, and that this was by no means the measure of his liberality, but only that proportion which he

regarded as the Lord's, under all circumstances, by unchangeable law, just as the first of every seven days is the Lord's. It was understood, moreover, that other prominent members acted on the same plan, and it was generally supposed that the example was followed by several enterprising young men who were signally prospered in both temporal and spiritual things. Indeed, the effect was visible upon all.*

Plans for collecting funds for the dissemination of the Gospel have been numerous enough, and perhaps good enough; but not until the Church comes back to the Scriptural plan of providing the funds—laying by for the Lord—can entire success be expected in collecting. Let each individual member of Christ's Church religiously lay aside a tenth at least—the first tenth—of all his income for the support of the Gospel, and there will be found no difficulty in collecting, for the Lord will have a little treasury in the dwelling-place of every Christian, which he will seldom suffer to be empty.

Mr. Arthur was much pleased with his new society. Never before had he met with a reception so open-handed and cordial. Their

* This is not a fancy sketch; it is substantially a narration of facts.

frankness and honest simplicity charmed him, and their just views of things and willingness to act according to their convictions of right, showed the power of grace upon their hearts.

On the other hand, the deep piety of the minister, his urbanity, his intuitive perception of the proprieties of life, and his charming address, won the hearts of his new acquaintances, and prepared them to appreciate better his talents and labors. He indulged in no habit that would lower him in the estimation of any of his people. He recollected that suggestive saying, that a glimmering taper from an alabaster lamp would send forth more light than a blazing one from a tin lantern, and therefore avoided all coarseness or rudeness in word or action. He was of the opinion that the want of success of superior talent might not unfrequently be attributable to this cause.

CHAPTER V.

Look how they laugh, and stretch out their arms,
 And open wide their blue eyes
 To hail their father; while their little forms
 Flutter as wing'd with joy.—BYRON.

THE next morning the sun arose bright and clear, though the farmer's active family had not awaited his approach to arouse them from refreshing slumbers. Willing hands and cheerful hearts were busy in making preparation for the minister's early departure for his family. He would reach them before night, and arrangements were now made for them to come on to their new home the next Saturday.

The farmer's wife and daughters, thinking how little they could do in the service of their Divine Master, had resolved to perform the duties nearest them, instead of sighing for opportunities to do good beyond their reach. If "a cup of cold water" given "in the name of a disciple," should not lose its reward, they could indeed do something that would not be forgotten

by Him who reckons every act of kindness done to one of the least of his servants, as done to himself.

A pleasant attention, a word of consolation when the heart is sad, or a smile of encouragement when it is depressed, like a refreshing cordial, cheers and revives the wayworn and weary pilgrim.

Mr. Arthur bade adieu to his kind friends with a cheerful and a thankful heart, encouraged for the great work before him, and eager to enter upon it. His thoughts rushed on to his family, and long before he reached home, his plans for their removal were all laid.

All day at the minister's house a little brood were fluttering with delight. Now they were nestling around their mother, asking the same questions and receiving the same answers, over and over again; then away like the wind, the older ones flying through the front gate and up to the corner of the street, and Jennie and Frankie running after, and Charlie as far as the front door, and all were constantly on the lookout for "papa."

At last, wearied with waiting so long, they have become more quiet, and each one has turned to seek for some new source of amuse-

ment. But there is one there, the heart of that household, that never tires in watching.

Now her quick step, and "Here comes papa," bring the lively group after her as by magic. That same bright pale face and beaming blue eye, peering through the curtains, has quickened the heart and the steps of the minister, and in a moment he is in the bosom of his family.



A quiet evening together would have been grateful to Mr. Arthur and his devoted wife; but busy, hurried preparations for their departure must be entered upon immediately. The minister knew not, when he left home for Conference, that he would be removed from this station; consequently no arrangements had been

made for it. But when he arrived at the Conference he found another arrangement was necessary. They would have been glad to postpone the removal until the next week, in order to secure more time and lessen the labor. This seemed very desirable in Mrs. Arthur's present delicate health. But their new society wished the minister to be with them, as their pulpit could not be supplied, and many would come from a distance to hear him.

"To make sacrifices for the people we minister to, is a part of our creed," said Mr. Arthur; "and the people should not forget that to sacrifice for their minister would look very well inserted in theirs. I made no objection to the arrangement; I presume they would have acquiesced if I had."

"We will do all we can for them," responded the noble-hearted wife. "They have been so thoughtful, and have performed their part so nobly, that I love them already. O, it seems that the whole burden of removing has been taken away; such a load has been taken from my spirits, a load much heavier to bear than the toils of the itinerancy. You will not have to go out 'money hunting' now, and you have been so cordially received too. I shall know what that means whenever I think of the cold-

ness of Brother Wardlaw. I can with a cheerful heart make sacrifices for such a people." And Mrs. Arthur brushed away a tear.

Late that night the minister and his wife prepared for rest with grateful hearts, firmly relying on an overruling Providence, and thankful to meet again in health and peace.

Then kneeling down, to heaven's eternal King,
The saint, the father, and the husband prays;
Hope "springs exulting on triumphant wing,"
That thus they all shall meet in future days;
There ever bask in uncreated rays,
No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear;
Together hymning their Creator's praise,
In such society, yet still more dear,
When circling time moves round in an eternal sphere.

BURNS.

CHAPTER VI.

The soul reposing on assured relief,
Feels herself happy amid all her grief;
Forgets her labor as she toils along,
Weeps tears of joy, and bursts into a song.—COWPER.

THE next day, and the day following, here and there, here and there, back and forth, up and down, in a state of perpetual motion, seemed each member of the household. The children, who thought much depended on their exertions, were as busy as bees; some in acts really useful, while other little hands, though innocent of mischief, were expert in misplacing everything within their reach.

"Can I carry my little wooden wagon with me, father, that you made for me? I think that is too good a wagon to leave," said Frankie, a bright boy of seven years.

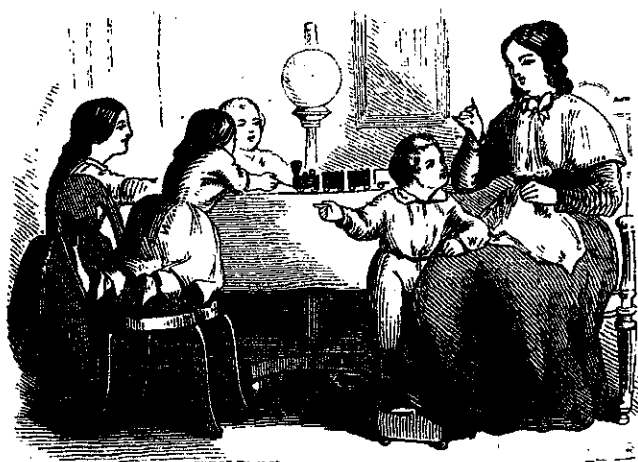
"No, my son; we can hardly make room for it," replied the father.

"Are we going to take Sister Greene, and Sister Abbie, and dear Sister Irene with us,

mamma?" chimed in Jennie, whose ideas of moving had just begun to wake up.

"No, darling; we must leave all these kind friends here," said her mother; and Mrs. Arthur smiled sadly. This, to her sensitive heart, was the great grief of moving.

The sweet child turned away, looking sorrowful as she murmured, "I wish we could take them."



"What shall I do with my wagon?" asked Frankie; for until that was disposed of he could think of nothing else.

"If you wish to make the most of it, I think it would be well to give it to Moses Strong," said his mother.

"Why, mother, that is the very boy who

told me the other day that he would set his big dog on me," said Frank; and he looked up in his mother's face wonderingly.

"And that is the very reason why I propose to you to give it to him," said his mother.

"But why should I not give it to some little boy who has always treated me kindly?" asked Frank.

"You might do so, my son, but perhaps that would not be making the most of it," replied his mother.

"What do you mean by making the most of it, mother?" asked Frank.

"In giving it to Moses you might make one who had tried to injure you your friend, and teach your own heart a lesson of forgiveness."

Frank thought a moment, and then clapping his hands together, while a beam of satisfaction lighted up his whole face, he exclaimed, "I'll do it, mother; for then I shall feel like forgiving Moses." And then his little heart was at peace.

Frank had indeed made the most of his treasure. He had learned a lesson worth much more to him than his wagon, as highly as he had prized it, and as loth as he had been to part

with it; for to leave it had been a real sacrifice to the little boy. He had found out that the way to overcome unkind feeling toward an enemy, is to do him a kindness.

"Really," said Mrs. Arthur, quite perplexed, "I am as much at a loss what to do as Frank. Here are my brooms, not quite so good as new to be sure—now don't laugh, Brother Arthur," continued she, smiling herself—"my washtubs, baskets, barrels, several valuable articles of ware, besides various other things that we shall need as soon as we get to our new appointment, and at every removal we have been obliged to leave such things behind, or pay nearly as much as they are worth for transportation.

"I know it, my dear, but it cannot be helped," replied the minister.

"I know we cannot help it; but our people could in most cases. These things will do our successor no good, for he is a single man; and something has always prevented us from leaving them for our successor. These are some of the many leakages that drain a minister's purse. Besides, be as careful as we may, several of our things will be broken and injured in moving, and they must be replaced. My carpets I have had to cut over to fit new

rooms, every time we have moved, until they look like patchwork. Why I don't think twenty-five dollars will make up the little losses we sustain in such matters every time we move."

"No, probably not; and that is one tenth of what we received the first year of my ministry," added the minister, smiling.

"We have already moved seven times. Our losses in this respect have then amounted to one hundred and seventy-five dollars."

"And then if you reckon the expense of moving those things that should be furnished, you add quite an item to the loss," said Mr. Arthur.

"The necessary expenses ought not to be taken into the account when we consider the blessed results of the itinerancy," said the minister's wife. "But the amount paid for moving parsonage furniture would in a short time pay for it; and we should be saved the wear and tear these things inflict upon us."

"My bill for moving my books alone averages at least five dollars every time we move, besides the trouble and time of packing and unpacking; and if I should move twenty times, which is not improbable, the amount would be

sufficient to furnish a pretty good parsonage library," said Mr. Arthur.

"How these things do count up," replied Mrs. Arthur.

"They do indeed," responded the minister; "but all these things will have a remedy in time," he added, more cheerfully. "Our people are beginning to wake up, so let us not despair. By the time you and I are superannuated, Mary, these defects will all be removed." ¶

"I hope they will," replied his wife; "but that helps us, and the hundreds of itinerants now in the field, but little. In some places these things are considered, and mostly prevented, I know. I wish it were more general, and that something might be done at once."

"So do I, Mary; and if the Methodist world could hear your plea, something would be done," he added, playfully.

The minister, without doubt, was right. That pale face, that serene brow, that uncomplaining, undaunted spirit, would have aroused the spirit of self-sacrifice in all; and something would be done to remove these and all other unnecessary burdens of the itinerancy.

Several of their friends dropped in one after

another, during the day, with offers of assistance and regrets for their departure. The hearts of the pastor's family and of his flock became more closely cemented in the bonds of fellowship and Christian love, now they were about to separate.

"They are really a kind-hearted, well-meaning people," said Mrs. Arthur to her husband; "and I find it hard to leave them." And she seemed to forget all her own toils, and the scanty allowance that had been afforded them, and the petty annoyances she had been occasionally subjected to. All their little acts of kindness and attention were cherished in her memory, and left only sunshine there.

The next morning they were up with the dawn of day, and an hour afterward were all on their way to the dépôt.

"There is Sister Blanchard calling after us," sung out Nathaniel, the eldest son, who was on the look-out for acquaintances.

The driver stopped, and the lady came up, "merely to say good-by once more," she said; "and here is a little basket for the children, and the cakes are from grandma."

They all sung out many times, "Good-by!" and Sister Celia was soon left out of sight.

A tear bedewed Mrs. Arthur's cheek; but the children were delighted.

The basket had already been explored, and they had found in it a fine orange and an apple for each; and "just five of Grandma Barnard's nice cup-cakes," with one of her favorite little monthly roses stuck in the top of each.

"That is just like Grandma Barnard, isn't it?" said Marion, the eldest of the group.

"Yes; that's Grandma Barnard, and nobody else," replied Nattie.

At the dépôt they found several of their friends assembled, who crowded around them as if to prolong their stay. Some were there who had been led "to the Lamb of God who taketh away the sins of the world," under the ministrations of Mr. Arthur; and their tears fell thick and fast, and they were overcome with deep emotion.

Finally, the last words of admonition and encouragement fell from the faithful minister's lips, the last farewell was spoken, and the pastor and his flock part to meet no more until they shall assemble in the great day of final accounts.

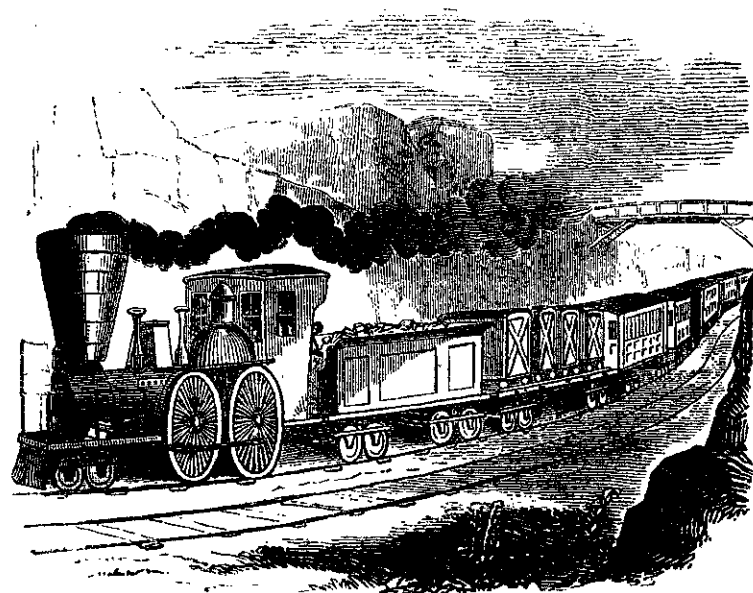
CHAPTER VII.

If one heart grows lighter,
By our words made glad,
If one drooping spirit,
Weary, faint, and sad,
Half forgets its anguish
For a little while,
Is it vain for us to speak?
Vain for us to smile?—A. WESTON.

THE sun had sunk far westward before Mr. Arthur and his family arrived at the end of their journey. Frankie and Charley were both fast asleep, and the older children, quite too large for that, of course were glad to escape from a further test of their courage, which had visibly begun to decline.

"Here we are, my dear," said Mr. Arthur, as he cast a glance from the window; "and there are some of our people," he added with evident satisfaction.

Mr. Hatfield and his active neighbor and Christian brother, Boynton, were both in waiting, and desirous of taking the minister and his



family to their own homes; and two or three of the Harvey fraternity were ready with their teams to take the movables to the parsonage.

"Can we not go directly to the parsonage ourselves?" said Mrs. Arthur. "Our children are all very weary; it is Saturday night, and I think I can manage them with less trouble there than at any other place."

"If you prefer to do so," said Mr. Hatfield. "The house is well warmed, and several of the sisters are there now."

"O, then, all is right; we will go directly there," replied the minister's wife.

At the parsonage they were welcomed by Mrs. Hatfield, Mrs. Marston, the wife of one of the class-leaders, Mrs. Boynton, and Julia and Lana, the youngest daughters of Father Harvey.

These ladies, with several others, had spent "a few hours" that day "in putting things to rights a little." Some of them were at the same place the day previous. What they had been about was not told, though housekeepers could easily "guess," and it was known that they had requested "Good Sister Capron," their former pastor's wife, as they had each of her predecessors, "not to make the least preparation for the new minister's family," adding, that "it would be impossible for her to do so without great inconvenience, and they would make it all right."

These modest women having no desire to set forth claims to amazing smartness, never made mention of what they had done; and if the parsonage was left "uncommonly tidy," and the furniture "soiled the least possible," nothing was said about it. They thought such a remark would seem to imply a lack in some former occupant.

The kind hearts of these Christian women

glowed with generous sympathy when they saw Mrs. Arthur, the personification of purity and undaunted Christian heroism, almost self-immolated, and they resolved to cherish carefully that fading, drooping flower, and, if possible, restore it to health and vigor.

"Would you not like to rest a little while?" said Mrs. Boynton, a plump little body with a sweet, smiling face, and a way as winning as a child's. "We will have tea ready pretty soon, and then we will call you. Here is a little bedroom just out of the study, and all warm," continued she, in tones so soothing and mild, that Mrs. Arthur felt her heart swelling, and her eyes moistening. "I will assist you, do let me," she continued, as she arranged the pillows, and before the minister's wife was aware that she had given assent, she was sinking to repose.

The children were so well entertained by the girls, that none of them cried "because it did not seem like home," as they had done when taken into a cold, unfurnished, and unlighted house, hungry and sleepy.

"This seems almost like home, now, Frankie," said Jennie, as she went skipping across the room; "I shall love to live here, I know."

"So shall I," replied Frank; "and don't you see, they are getting supper for us!"

As there were no empty shelves in the pantry, since a half dozen well-filled baskets had arrived from as many different families, it was not found difficult to spread an excellent table.

After tea, a few large boxes were unscrewed, Mr. Arthur's books removed to the book-case, and one or two beds made up in as quiet a manner as possible, after which the company left the minister's family alone in their new home.

"This is delightful," said Mrs. Arthur; "it seems like going home. In what a quiet way, really home-like, everything has been conducted."

"Yes, this is just the thing," replied Mr. Arthur. "There is some difference between such a reception, and coming worn and weary after the fatigues of a laborious Conference, packing, and a long journey, and finding a cold, unfurnished, and unlighted house, with not a friend to greet us. I assure you, Mary, I feel like preaching to-morrow."

"Your looks indicate it," said Mrs. Arthur, smiling. "I have not seen you so much like yourself for a long time."

"How could it be otherwise," replied Mr.

Arthur, "when my wife has grown ten years younger in the last five hours?"

"Well, my dear," said the minister's wife, brightening up still more, "I did think myself very much fatigued, just before we arrived, but somehow that sense of weariness has strangely departed from me. What a delightful company we found here, and just the right number to render valuable assistance."

"The larger part of the company retired before we came; so Brother Boynton informed me," said Mr. Arthur.

"How thoughtful," replied the minister's wife; "I should have been glad to have seen them all if I had felt equal to it."

"Such thoughtfulness is a rare virtue," replied the minister; "I was glad on your account. I begin to think there are a few leading spirits here who have a right view of things themselves, and a rare faculty of leading others into their measures. Where such is the case, we may expect to find a pleasant state of things."

It was not until Monday that the minister and his wife knew the extent of the attentions of their new society. Pantry, cellar, and wood-house had received contributions.

Marian and Nathaniel were early exploring the premises, and were constantly singing out, "Look here, mother; just look here!" Now it was a "ham," or a "cheese"—they had never seen a whole cheese before; now "apples, and eggs, and potatoes;" and now, "O, good! good! a pile of nuts, a real pile, mother!" True enough. And Billy and Dwight, Mr. Arthur's young friends at Farmer Hatfield's, were no doubt answerable for placing them there in a sly corner on purpose to surprise the minister's children.

But they did not espy all. The friends seemed to have forgotten nothing, and their thoughtful attentions, performed with very little inconvenience to themselves, had been a real benefit to their minister's family, not only in a pecuniary manner, but it helped to strengthen and sustain them, and to prepare them for continued trust in God, and an immediate entrance upon the pastoral work.

CHAPTER VIII.

Christian, trust thou in God,
 And life's dark hours illumed with light shall be;
 The path the lowly Saviour meekly trod,
 Is it too rugged or too lone for thee?
 Shadows may throng thy way;
 But banish from thy heart the phantom fear,
 And the glad dawning of a brighter day,
 A day of sunshine and sweet hope is near.

A. WESTON.

MONDAY evening there was quite a little assembly at Dr. Richmond's office. Mr. Boynton, both class-leaders, "Father" Harvey, and two of his sons, Mr. Hatfield, and several others were present, and all were in a very animated conversation.

"It will never do," said Mr. Boynton, with emphasis; "I could not sleep Saturday night in thinking of it; there is no religion in such a course. I would as soon be caught stealing a sheep as hearing preaching without paying for it, and my full proportion too. I think it a great pity when a man becomes so rich that his

minister's tax is too heavy for him. There is old Mr. Crawford, his government tax is so much now he has nothing to give for the support of the Gospel. When he was a poor man he could pay his taxes easy enough, and had a little to spare for religious purposes; now his wealth is taxed it makes him groan."

"If the minister labors for us and our families, we are in duty bound to support him and his family. And it would be a shame to any people to ask how little the preacher could live upon without real suffering," said Mr. Hatfield.

"Here are ten of us," said Mr. Marston, "substantial sort of people, we might say; suppose we take the responsibility of the thing; it will be only ten dollars apiece more than what we have been paying. The rest will easily be made up from the classes."

"I tell you such a trifle ought not to be taken into the account in such a case," replied Mr. Boynton with emphasis, and without waiting for a response. It was evident he intended to produce conviction in the minds of all before allowing them an opportunity to commit themselves.

His open, earnest face, beaming with a glow of generous sympathy, his energetic manner,

expressive of deep feeling, and his known integrity of purpose, never failed to make themselves felt; while his eminently social nature bound all hearts to him. He exerted an influence superior, perhaps, to any other man in the society.

Mr. Hatfield had a quiet, persuasive power, "Father" Harvey was honored and beloved, Dr. Richmond, exact in his Christian deportment, and eminent for unswerving fidelity in all the duties of his station, was emphatically a sure man; Mr. Marston always arrayed himself on the right side, and though his opinion might be unexpressed, yet all knew where to find him; while Mr. Boynton seemed to sway all hearts with an irresistible power. He was a man of impulse; yet his seemed one strong impulse toward good that never abated. Happy the minister who has such a band of co-laborers.

"Certainly such a trifle should not be taken into the account," continued Mr. Hatfield; "and for Mrs. Arthur to get along without a servant is out of the question; and with their present salary they cannot afford it. They have been attempting it the past year, and look at the effects of it. The minister's wife is

nearly a wreck, and the minister himself depressed with burdens which should be borne by other shoulders."

"Without doubt, much of his time has been spent in attempting to lighten the cares of his wife, which he has endeavored to make up by encroaching upon the hours of rest," said Mr. Marston.

"It is rather humiliating to think of the minister's time being spent in the nursery," said Dr. Richmond, "as though it were worth no more than the wages of a girl; and yet I have known minister's families, through the neglect of their people, in precisely this situation."

"So have I," replied Mr. Boynton; "and the people who have thus neglected their duty to their minister, complaining that he did not visit them, and bewailing the want of an efficient ministry."

"And it is more humiliating to add, but it is true for all that," said Mr. Hatfield, "that these individuals are those who make so many unjust comparisons between our ministry and that of other denominations, and who bow so obsequiously to everything out of their own communion. Even the plated, passes for the

true coin with them, if it has any mark but our own upon it."

"Just so," replied Mr. Boynton; "but what could they expect of a minister in such a case? He has not the heart of a barbarian, and cannot see his wife sinking under so much labor and care, while he has a hand to help. And should he press the matter upon his people, in many cases his usefulness for his whole term would be destroyed."

"Many of our societies are new; and so long as our Church retains her missionary character, we shall have new societies constantly springing up. The people have not yet learned what is right. The Gospel has not got a deep hold upon their hearts yet. Many good men have erroneous ideas, which time, and patience, and a good deal of grace alone will correct," replied "Father" Harvey.

"I know it, and more is the pity," answered Mr. Boynton. "My wife was speaking of that just now." We must excuse him for thinking his wife an oracle; many others entertained the same opinion of the sweet-spirited, discreet woman.

"My wife," continued he, "was speaking of this matter of help also; and she says that, with

the same number in the family, there is double the work to be done in a minister's house. There is company coming at all times, to be entertained and fed, besides constant interruptions from callers; the children requiring double the attention at such times, as some of us well know, and everything to be kept in company order."

"Exactly so," replied Mr. Hatfield; "and then, if any man needs the society of his wife, that man is the minister who feels the responsibilities of his position. He above all needs the solace of domestic life, and sympathy and support in his public work?"

"But how can he have this," exclaimed the doctor, "when the wasted health of the mother of his children claims his sympathy, and calls him from his work?"

"We do not expect our minister's wife to do the work of a pastor," added Mr. Marston; "we think the care of her husband and children her sphere of action. And, as Brother Boynton remarks, that is full enough to employ the time of two women at least."

"As a general thing, all denominations expect vastly too much of their minister's wife," observed Mr. Leonard, the dentist, who had

recently removed to the hamlet. "She must abound in hospitality to strangers, and to the poor, and in attendance upon the sick, besides having the general watch-care of the sisterhood, the supervision of charitable societies, and being a leader in prayer-meetings, and a tract distributor."

"Well, I should be very unwilling to give my wife to the parish in that way," said Mr. Boynton. "I sadly fear my home would soon cease to be the paradise that it now is; and my children could poorly spare the presence and training of their mother."

The company smiled at his earnestness; and the doctor, who was unmarried, "cheered" him.

"My opinion is," said "Father" Harvey, "that the minister's wife should be her own judge in such matters. Attentions upon the sick and poor are duties which belong to every Christian as they have opportunity. Her duties in the praying circle must be decided by herself. It is to be presumed, that if she follows the teachings of the Spirit, she will be well instructed."

The next Saturday evening, one of the stewards of the Church called at the parsonage;

and, on leaving, deposited a sealed envelope in the hands of the minister.

Mr. Arthur opened it, and read aloud:

"You will find inclosed fifty dollars, the first quarter's payment of two hundred dollars, which we have voted to add to your present salary."

"The society think Mrs. Arthur needs a servant. If the addition of this sum to your present salary will secure it to her, our wishes will be accomplished."

"If anything further is necessary, you will do us a favor by making it known."

"In behalf of the board."

Mrs. Arthur could now scarcely refrain from weeping, and the eyes of the minister were dimmed with tears. They had undaunted, suffered privations and afflictions, their unyielding spirits had stood unmoved in dark and trying moments, but now they were subdued under a sense of God's providing, watchful care.

"Really! I have never needed this so much as I now do," said Mrs. Arthur. "It is providential."

That night the minister and his wife sung, in subdued voices:

"How do thy mercies close me round!

Forever be thy name adored;
I blush in all things to abound;
The servant is above his Lord.

"Inured to poverty and pain,
A suffering life my Master led;
The Son of God, the Son of man,
He had not where to lay his head.

"But, lo! a place he hath prepared
For me, whom watchful angels keep;
Yea! he himself becomes my guard;
He smooths my bed, and gives me sleep.

"Jesus protects; my fears be gone:
What can the Rock of ages move?
Safe in thy arms I lay me down,
Thine everlasting arms of love."

CHAPTER IX.

Can hopes of heaven, bright prospects of an hour,
That come to waft me out of sorrow's power,
Obscure or quench a faculty that finds
Its happiest soil in the serenest minds.—COWPER.

THE kindness and attention to the wants of the minister on the part of the people, were the fruitful source of many conversations between Mr. Arthur and his wife. Everything had been done so promptly and cheerfully; his necessities had been anticipated, and met with so much feeling and delicacy, that the effect upon them both was most salutary.

The minister performed his labor with an energy and a buoyancy of spirit, such as he hardly knew he possessed. His religious enjoyments increased, and he realized the presence and the sustaining and life-giving influence of the Eternal in a degree he had not for a long time felt.

The beloved partner of his joys and sorrows felt the influence of the change in their condi-

tion even more than the minister himself. Her cheek recovered its natural glow, her eye its brightness, and her step its elasticity. This change more than repaid those benevolent hearts who had been so assiduous to her.

"I begin to think, Mary," said Mr. Arthur to his wife one day, "that my good brethren here will have a large share in my glory. I have few crosses and trials compared to what I sometimes have had. They seem resolved to bear these themselves."

"I have thought so myself," replied Mrs. Arthur. "But our willingness to bear whatever will promote the glory of God will secure to us heavenly favor, will it not? He has never suffered us to be tempted above what we are able to bear, but has with every temptation made a way for our escape."

"You think, and so do I, that many of our trials are the result of temptation," replied Mr. Arthur.

"I have no doubt of it, my dear," said Mrs. Arthur. "Our wants have not been starving, nor our annoyances persecutions. What necessities and privations have not many endured for the sake of wealth and renown? For the love of art, the artist has subjected himself to fast-

ings, to destitution, and to exile. The philosopher, for the love of his books, will live in a garret, and subsist on his crust.† The naturalist and the explorer will expose themselves to the inclemencies of all climates; will live on the meager supplies of the knapsack, or the uncertain supplies of the chase; and will sleep under the open sky, or in clefts of rocks, in their favorite pursuits. And can we not welcome more than all this for the love of Christ?"

"You are a true heroine, Mary," said Mr. Arthur; "and we may well ask ourselves, what are the privations, inconveniences, annoyances, and toils of the itinerancy, when compared to the great recompense of the reward? And to the sufferings of our adorable Redeemer they are not so much as the dust in the balance."

"The fear or the effects of poverty should not certainly afflict the loyal servants of Him, who, 'though he was rich, became poor, that we through his poverty might be made rich,'" replied Mrs. Arthur.

"These do not afflict me for myself, Mary," said Mr. Arthur. "I often realize that in the strength of Christ I am strong for the conflict.

If ever I am afflicted by them, it is when I think of you and the children. But to minister to a people, Mary, who seem to have no interest in the comfort or convenience of their minister, to strive to fulfill my ministry, 'that I may present every man perfect in Christ Jesus;' and where I had looked for fruits, to find covetousness, and evil surmisings, and fault findings, these are the real trials of the minister."

"And yet you do not look for all the fruits of the Spirit to appear at once, and are never discouraged," said Mrs. Arthur.

"No; the husbandman spared the barren fig-tree, though he came three years seeking fruit and found none."

The minister and his wife were ready in excuses for delinquencies, and thereby saved themselves many unpleasant reflections; and happy would it have been for some of the people among whom he had labored, if they had cultivated more carefully the same spirit of charity.

"We are getting on finely," called out Mr. Hatfield to "Father" Harvey, as the latter was riding by one morning.

"Yes, yes, Brother Hatfield," replied the old gentleman, his countenance brightening; "we

have peace within our walls and prosperity within our palaces."

"There is a cordial, hearty interest between pastor and people that I like to see," said Mr. Hatfield. "It argues well for the future."

"You will always find it so; you will always find it so," replied "Father" Harvey, with a pleasant animation. "The people can look the minister in the face, and feel that they have endeavored to do their duty to him; and that they are not in debt to him either."

"Yes, yes," replied Mr. Hatfield; "if a man owes another, and has not the ability or the disposition to pay him, he dislikes to meet that man. Let the debt be paid, and he is cordial again."

"Exactly so, brother," said "Father" Harvey; "and thus it is with the people toward their minister. The injunction of the apostle might be profitably followed in such cases: 'Owe no man anything, but to love one another.'"

Mr. Hatfield smiled at the ardor of the old gentleman, though he manifested nearly as much himself.

"It is true, 'Father' Harvey," he replied; "if the stewards and leaders are negligent,

and the minister is oppressed in consequence, a coldness of feeling naturally springs up between them. If the members neglect to pay their class money or apportionment, when the preacher makes them a visit they apprehend that he is aware of the fact, feel embarrassed, and a restraint in his presence, and consequently do not enjoy his pastoral call. They feel a sense of the injustice and of their own dishonesty."

"And they will feel it in another way too," replied "Father" Harvey, as he drew in his reins and gathered up his whip. "The old prophet can tell them in what manner: 'Ye looked for much, and lo! it came to little; and when ye brought it home, I did blow upon it. Why? saith the Lord of hosts. Because of my house that is waste, and ye run every man unto his own house. Therefore the heavens over you are stayed from dew, and the earth is stayed from her fruits.' I believe in a particular providence, Brother Hatfield." And with a benignant "Good-morning," the old gentleman drove on.

"It is even so," Mr. Hatfield soliloquized, as he brought to mind some of "Father" Harvey's oft-quoted passages of Scripture: "There is that scattereth and yet increaseth, and there

is that withholdeth more than is meet, and it tendeth to poverty." "Ye have sown much, and bring in little; ye eat, but ye have not enough; ye drink, but ye are not filled with drink; ye clothe you, but there is none warm; and he that earneth wages, earneth wages to put it into a bag with holes." "Why? saith the Lord of hosts. Because of my house that is waste, and ye run every man unto his own house."

CHAPTER X.

Sow in the morn thy seed;
 At eve hold not thy hand;
 To doubt and fear give thou no heed,
 Broadcast it o'er the land.
 And duly shall appear,
 In verdure, beauty, strength,
 The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
 And the full corn at length.—MONTGOMERY.

SPRING had passed, and summer, with all its rich and gorgeous beauty, was reveling in the lap of easy luxuriance. Broad meadows of stately maize and waving grain hummed anthems of praise in the passing breeze, and reverently bowed their heads, as if to adore the Giver of the rain, and the dew, and the sunshine. Orchards, scattered over the hill-sides, were beginning to bend under their weight of wealth.

The hearts of the pious farmers expanded with gratitude to the Lord of all, in the prospect of a bountiful harvest. The angel of peace and



of plenty hovered over the hamlet, and with protecting wings screened them from storms and from blight.

Mr. Arthur, also, was earnestly watching for the first-fruits of his labors among this people. The farmers, since his coming among them, had sown and planted, and already they beheld the fruits of their industry. And the minister asked

himself whether it were too soon for him to look for the results of his ministry.

The faithful pastor was not destined to wait long. The good seed sown had already begun to germinate. The orphan, William Lawrence, or, as he was affectionately called by his friends at the hamlet, "Billy," the bright, active, energetic, industrious, playful, mirth-loving Billy, had yielded his heart to the influences of Divine grace, and was soon to make the minister glad by avowing his intention to forsake the ways of sin.

One beautiful Saturday night, to the surprise of all present except the faithful pastor, Billy came into the class-meeting. A deep and earnest seriousness pervaded his countenance, and burying his face in his hands, he soon seemed lost to all around him.

The exercises were nearly finished, when Dr. Richmond, the leader, addressed him. In heart felt accents, and trembling with deep feeling, Billy expressed his conviction of his lost state, and of his need of a Saviour, and earnestly entreated all present to pray for him.

Every heart was melted, and every eye filled with tears. "Father" Harvey urged his way to him, and pressed him to his heart, and with tears coursing down his blanched and furrowed

cheek, while Billy hung upon his neck, he spoke loving words of Jesus, and of salvation.

Billy was a favorite with all who knew him; his open, manly character, his kind, affectionate heart, and his overflowing good-nature made him many friends throughout the neighborhood. And now these Christian hearts loved him more than ever, and every bosom glowed with tenderness and Christ-like sympathy toward him.

Mr. Arthur proposed prayer, and each heart responding to its own impulses, bowed low, and poured out supplication and intercession in behalf of the broken-hearted penitent.

Billy arose comfortless. Words of encouragement were addressed to him; he was directed anew to the Lamb of God who taketh away the sins of the world; again the class knelt in prayer, but no ray of light penetrated the gloom of that sorrowful spirit, and all arose and reluctantly departed to their homes.

Many times during the night the stricken penitent arose to pray. At length Sabbath morning dawned, as clear and as calm as a morning in paradise. But to the mourner for his sins the heavens seemed hung in black. O, how bitter was the consciousness that sin had separated him far from God.

The services of the church commenced with a love-feast, and the orphan boy was early in the sanctuary. One single ray of hope gleamed in upon his shrouded heart during the love-feast, and he trusted his deliverance was not far distant. But the day and the evening passed away, and Billy had not once left his place in the church. Still that spirit struggled with unbelief, and the strife grew mighty. He was the last to go home, and when he went it was not to rest. †

At midnight he arose from his couch, where he had been tossing in agony of spirit, went into the open fields, and, falling prostrate before his Maker, he solemnly renounced his sins, and all hope in himself. "I am lost! I am lost!" he exclaimed, in bitterness. Then a voice was wafted from the hill of Calvary, and it fell in sweetest accents upon his ear: "I have died;" "I that speak in righteousness, mighty to save."

He repeated again, "I am lost!" but the thought seemed to retain none of its power; and "I have died" came home to his heart with divine power. "Yes," he exclaimed, as he arose from his prostrate position, and fell back again as if renouncing anew all hope in himself, "yes, I am lost; but thou, my Saviour, my

Redeemer, hast died! Glory be to God! He came to seek and to save that which was lost, saves me, even me!"

"My God is reconciled;

His pard'ning voice I hear:

He owns me for his child;

I can no longer fear:

With confidence I now draw nigh,

And Father, Abba, Father, cry."

"God is in Christ reconciling the world unto himself." This precious scripture he repeated again and again. "Reconciling the world unto himself! O, grace divine! O, love beyond compare!"

Many appropriate passages of the word of God, which he had learned in the Sunday school, were impressed with sweet power upon his heart, and his faith grew strong.

Then he cast his eyes upon the clear, blue sky above him, and the stars seemed hymning anthems of praise to their Creator. He listened, and the woods and waving fields were softly murmuring the goodness of the Unseen. The hum of insects breaking upon the stillness of that gorgeous summer night, the distant dashing of the mountain brook upon its rocky channel, and the balmy breath of the gently stirring breeze,

all had a voice in harmony, a voice of praise and thanksgiving.

Billy sprung to his feet, and exclaimed, in the fullness of a heart set free from the thralldom of sin, "Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord, who forgiveth iniquity, transgression, and sin. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me bless his holy name!" and with a renewed heart and a light step he bounded homeward; and through the night-watches angels listened, and waved, and flapped their golden wings with purest bliss, as ever and anon a clear burst of praise rung out from the low-ceiled chamber of the orphan boy.

Many others, soon after, pledged allegiance to the King of kings, and were taken into covenant favor with him. There was joy in the hamlet, there was rejoicing among the angels in heaven.

Billy never forgot the place where his spirit breathed the pure air of Eden, the atmosphere of love; and in later years he often repeated the beautiful heart melody of a living son of song:

"There is a spot to me more dear
Than native vale or mountain;
A spot for which affection's tear
Springs grateful from its fountain.

'Tis not where kindred souls abound,
Though that on earth is heaven;
But where I first my Saviour found,
And felt my sins forgiven.

"Hard was my toil to reach the shore,
Long toss'd upon the ocean;
Above me was the thunder's roar,
Beneath the waves' commotion;
Darkly the pall of night was thrown
Around me, faint with terror.
In that dark hour, how did my groan
Ascend for years of error!

"Sinking and fainting as for breath,
I knew not help was near me;
And cried, 'O save me, Lord, from death,
Immortal Jesus, hear me!'
Then, quick as thought, I felt him mine,
My Saviour stood before me;
I saw his brightness round me shine,
And shouted 'Glory! glory!'

"O sacred hour! O hallowed spot!
Where love Divine first found me;
Wherever falls my distant lot,
My heart shall linger round thee;
And when from earth I rise to soar
Up to my home in heaven,
Down will I cast my eyes once more
Where I was first forgiven."

CHAPTER XI.

Jesus, let all thy servants shine
 Illustrious as the sun;
 And bright, with borrow'd rays divine,
 Their glorious circuit run.—C. WESLEY.

Two years passed away, cementing the bond of union between pastor and people, and bearing witness that the Spirit of God was sealing the faithful efforts of the ministry.

Mr. Arthur and his family then bade adieu to a society, and to scenes around which their hearts lingered with fondness, to go forth again among strangers; and once more the blessings and prayers of a Church followed him.

The members of the Church at the hamlet did not complain of the rules of their Discipline that required the removal of their beloved pastor, though they would have been glad to have retained him with them. The system that required his removal, they reasoned, had furnished their Church with a pastor, such as they could hardly have hoped for under a different system.

Other societies needed the influence of his deep and enlightened piety and cultivated talents, his wise and well-conducted measures and faithfulness, and therefore they bade him "Good speed."

The minister had it in his heart to live and die with such a people. But his motto was not "little work, and full pay." Had he reckoned ease and fullness of bread his chief good, he might have murmured, but he had entered the vineyard of the Lord a worker, and he gloried in a system that always furnished every willing laborer full employment, even though there were some inconveniences attending it.

He thought it was much better for the ministry than to be compelled to stand idly in the vineyard, "because no man hath hired us;" and much better for the people than to be left frequently without a pastor.

After Mr. Arthur and his family had left the hamlet, Mr. Boynton remarked to his wife, as they were making preparations for the minister expected from Conference, "I see that we are far from the mark yet. There are many things to be done before we shall be clear in this matter. I see no reason under the sun why the members of Christ's Church should not be as

self-denying as the preacher. Who ever said," continued he in his emphatic manner, "that the minister and his family should be more self-denying, more holy, or more ready to every good word and work than other members of Christ's mystical body? It is true that a dispensation of the Gospel has been committed to them, and they should be holy, eminently so, as guides of the flock of Christ; but does the Gospel permit us to be less holy, less self-denying?"

"Perhaps, while we have a correct view of the duties and responsibilities of our preachers, we are too apt to overlook our own," replied Mrs. Boynton. "Could we not," continued she, "use a little more self-denial ourselves, and add something more to the comfort and convenience of our minister's family? We might by this means equalize the labor for the promotion of Christ's kingdom on earth more. For my part, I think I am willing, as they have so many inconveniences from which I am free, to divide my luxuries with them; and it would be no more than right to give them the largest share. 'Let him that is taught in the word communicate to him that teacheth in all good things.' Is that right?" she added, smiling.

Mrs. Boynton seldom ventured on quoting a

passage of Scripture, and this effort and appeal to her husband for correction or affirmation amused him not a little. †

"Yes, it is, Harriet," he exclaimed; "and just like my wife to remember that verse above all others. There is old Mr. Crawford, rich as Croesus; what is the alpha and omega of his Bible?"

"O, everybody knows, Daniel, for we have heard it often enough, 'He that provideth not for his own—'"

"And especially for those of his own household, has denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel," added Mr. Boynton. "He will never forget that; and I suppose when he knocks at the gate of heaven he will hand that over as his ticket of admission."

"And will it be accepted, do you suppose, Daniel?" said Mrs. Boynton.

"Undoubtedly! and another handed back to him, that will burn into his soul like melted lava: 'No covetous man hath any inheritance in the kingdom of Christ and God.' I do not think it the duty of a Church to encumber the ministers of the Gospel with wealth; but a full and easy competency is certainly due to him from a Church whose garners are full. I do

not believe in making a minister dependent, in order to keep him humble. The humility of the pauper, it strikes me, is not the true coin."

Mrs. Boynton fully agreed with him in these sentiments; and afterward he labored more than ever to lighten the labors of the ministry, and to insure to them a liberal support.

Billy Lawrence felt as though his heart would break as his beloved pastor pressed his hand for the last time. He returned hurriedly to his little chamber, overcome by sorrow, and locked himself in for the day. That day was a turning point in his life. He felt the need of more grace and deeper communion with God. He realized that he had depended on Mr. Arthur too much: his guide, his beloved minister, had left him, and now he must look to the Saviour alone.

That day he resolved, by the help of God, that he would make the most of himself. It was spring now, and his winter school had closed. Until winter came again, he would work on the farm. Now he formed the plan, which he afterward fully carried out, to review all the studies he had pursued at school, until he had thoroughly mastered them; and to spend his leisure in reading.

Mr. Winsor, the minister appointed to succeed Mr. Arthur, became acquainted with Billy, and interested himself much in his improvement; lent him books from his own library, and conversed with him freely and familiarly upon their contents. This was a great benefit to Billy, as it made him more familiar with the works themselves, and also improved his readiness in communicating his thoughts.

An old man in the neighborhood told Billy one day that he would "lose all the sense he had; reading, reading, reading, every night until midnight." Billy laughingly told the old man that he "might be mistaken, but he thought he was gaining a little 'sense' every day."

But Billy was not mistaken, and with such a discipline his mind expanded, and having a keen sense of right, and a conscience quickened by grace, his Christian character developed with symmetry.

His mind was open to the teachings of truth, and his success in study he attributed in part to the whispered ministrations of angels. He culled knowledge from every circumstance, however trivial it seemed to ordinary minds.

But above all it was his delight to behold the Creator in all the works of his skillful hand.

From the descending showers, the waving fields, and the flowers of the valley, he was ever drawing a lesson of God's goodness, and loving care of man. The forest trees bowing their stately heads to the passing breeze, reminded him of the power and majesty of the King of kings, to whom all the mighty of the earth owe reverence and worship. The birds, the streams, and the whispering breezes attuned his soul to praise. Shady and secluded nooks invited him to prayer. The evening sky tinted with ruddy glory, was the far-off gleaming of the golden gates to the celestial city. The night spread out her enchanting map for his study, all nature opened to him her rich treasures, and his soul feasted on hidden manna.

Thus was his time occupied for nearly two years; and it could hardly have been spent more profitably. His improvement had been greater than he was aware of, and when his friends, who had been interested observers of his course, procured for him an exhorter's license, he was on the point of refusing it; but the thought that by so doing he would be placing a higher estimate upon his own judgment than that of his elder brethren, deterred him. This proved an important period in the history of the orphan boy.

CHAPTER XII.

"The night is mother of the day,
The winter of the spring,
And ever upon old decay
The greenest mosses cling.
Behind the cloud the star-light lurks;
Through showers the sunbeams fall;
For God who loveth all his works,
Has left his hope with all."

MR. ARTHUR and his family after some inquiries as to the best route to be taken, had found their way to their new appointment with comparatively little difficulty, and had been received without marked neglects or attentions.

His salary had been fixed by the stewards before his arrival, and was deemed, by them at least, as unalterable as the law of the Medes and Persians. Whether the minister had two, four, or eight children, or no children at all, was not taken into the account. "Children cost nothing." Do not they live on the crumbs that fall from their parents' table? "It will undoubtedly be a 'saving,' if there is one or

two!" "And what business has a Methodist minister with more? The sum already fixed is what we can afford to pay, and we can't go beyond it."

Thus they talked.

The society, however, was for the most part a loving, pleasant society; the misfortune seemed to be that of improper leaders and stewards; and the other members of the society submitted for the sake of peace.

The minister and his wife determined, though the prospect looked forbidding, to do the best they could under such circumstances, and hoped the more generous part of the society would comprehend their position, and do what was right.

Mr. Arthur, therefore, entered heartily into the great work before him, resolved to look on the bright side.

What if Mr. Grant, the steward, does hand over the preacher's salary to him in fives and tens, as best suits his particular state of feeling? "Does it not teach the minister humility and economy?" Moreover, it is Mr. Grant's cherished peculiarity, and he enjoys it; that is, as well as he is capable of enjoying anything.

But a more perplexing question occurs:

What is to be done if Mr. Grant, who keeps a little grocery store, insists on it that the minister must buy of him according to the rule? and because Mr. Grant withholds the minister's salary, and the minister must, therefore, buy on credit, what is to be done if Mr. Grant charges an extra profit and furnishes a poorer article? And what, if, with a great stretch of liberality, Mr. Grant puts his name down for fifty dollars, to be taken "in store pay?" Is that to be reckoned fifty dollars in making up the preacher's estimate? or forty, which would be the full value received? Must the minister take a poorer article, and overpay for it, in order to fulfill the rule, "buying one of another, and helping each other in business?" But the "help" here is evidently "all on one side;" and the minister would rather have forty dollars in cash than Mr. Grant's fifty in "store pay." He would rather make Mr. Grant a present of ten dollars, and in that way "help him in business," than to take often such articles as he did not want.

And then, what if old Mr. Simon, with his broad acres and narrow breast, who gives yearly into the Church treasury "two dollars in money and one dollar in produce," does shrug his

shoulders, and smile with self-complacency, as he reminds any new solicitor of his bounty of that important fact, and begs them "not to ride a free horse to death?"

These are some of the actors in life's drama; and we must necessarily meet them sometimes. Christianity has a very feeble hold upon such hearts. The Divine precepts of the Gospel, overflowing with love and good-will to man, have hardly made an impression upon them. If the good seed has been sown in their hearts, the fruits are scarcely visible; and while they keep them thus closed to Divine influence, there is no hope that they will bear fruit unto eternal life.

Thus the minister and his wife reasoned, though a sense of the injustice of such a course was not pleasant.

Mr. Grant could not always calculate how long the doled supply would last, or when it was most needed; and the minister's family were therefore subjected to many inconveniences.

Faithful Nancy, the good and pious nurse that had been furnished Mrs. Arthur by the thoughtful attentions of the people at the hamlet, and who had determined not to leave Mrs. Arthur, to whom she had become much

attached, "wondered if nothing could be done."

When she was informed by the minister's wife, that "something might probably be done, but perhaps greater annoyances would be the result," she replied, that the bishops ought to proclaim a day of fasting and prayer, that all societies who have such leaders and stewards might be freed from them.

"I don't want their days to be shortened, though," said Nancy, "for I'm thinking they're not quite ready; but may be they would be a little scared, and do better."

Nancy had not forgotten the noble-hearted little band at the hamlet; and the contrast did not raise her new acquaintances much in her estimation.

Near the close of the year Mr. Grant made what he called a desperate effort to bring up arrearages. A donation visit had previously been given, every article of which, contrary to the design of the donors, this faithful steward of the property of the membership had prized, in order to help to make out the preacher's estimate. Still there was a deficiency.

The entry on Mr. Grant's "account book,"

of Mr. Simon's "one dollar in produce," which was always thoughtfully reserved for this very occasion, was by no means omitted. A half bushel of potatoes, a half bushel of turnips, a peck of corn-meal, figured quite conspicuously on one of its pages; and, moreover, showed some knowledge of book-keeping.

But in spite of all these praiseworthy exertions of the persevering steward, who was so careful that the members of the Church should not squander their substance, and that the minister should be alike economical, Mr. Arthur found his liabilities were considerably beyond his income. He therefore made known these facts to the "powers that be."

But Mr. Grant is sure "not another dollar can be obtained;" he "had made a wonderful effort to procure what" he "had; and had been obliged to do so for the last fifteen years." "Moreover," he had "seen 'Brother' Simon, the richest man in the society, and he is of the opinion that the society has done *wonderfully*, and would complain if further application should be made to them. Indeed," he could "do no more."

Mr. Arthur returned home, after listening to this speech, resolved to let the matter rest for a

few days. But others were interested in the result.

The wife and daughter of Mr. Grant had heard the conversation, and their resolution was at once taken. They knew better than any one, how resolutely attached to his peculiarities and opinions was the husband and father, and therefore kept their plan to themselves.

The next day they started out in different directions, and when they met again in the evening each had nearly fifty dollars in her purse, which had been taken with them empty in the morning.

Matilda told her mother that she was resolved to make hers fifty from her own supply, and added that she "had last year lost two dollars from her purse, which she firmly believed should have been paid to the minister, and because she had not done so, she had lost it."

Her mother agreed to do the same.

For the morrow they could not wait; they were too happy not to be in haste, and they hied away to the parsonage.

They were a little nervous and restrained; the minister and his wife both observed this,



and fifteen minutes had not passed away before they arose to depart. They had intended to have told the minister of their success, and to have enjoyed the pleasant surprise of the family; but their hearts fluttered a good deal, and a choking sensation prevented them from articulating a single sentence; they therefore threw the purse into Mrs. Arthur's work basket, and abruptly withdrew.

"Look here! what do you think of this? Trust in the Lord, and do good; so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed," said Mrs. Arthur, with a beaming countenance and a grateful smile, as she counted the bank bills. "What do you think of this, my dear?"

"The Lord never forsakes his laborers, Mary. That is what I think," replied Mr. Arthur pleasantly.

"Well, I declare," exclaimed Nancy. "Who would have thought it? There is, after all, some hope for Mr. Grant, and he has got such a wife!"

Mr. Arthur remained the second year in this village, and before he left there was a visible improvement in the interest felt by the people in the welfare of their pastor. They rallied around him, and fully met all his expenses and necessities, and did not leave all to be arranged by the most penurious men in their society.

Though Mr. Arthur was much beloved by the people, yet they did not forget their duties to the minister expected from Conference, and at Mr. Arthur's suggestion, and with his hearty coöperation, they entered upon preparations for his reception.

Mr. Arthur and his family then left for a new station, about fifty miles distant. Here he found a Church without a parsonage, and was subjected to much trouble in procuring a house for his family. But after the inconveniences of boarding three weeks, "baby," five children, and all, in a family where they had the same number

and one more, without the opportunity of opening their trunks, or boxes, for necessities; and then, after the society had collected together the articles of furniture that belonged to the *unbuilt* parsonage, and which had been stored in the vestry, in "Brother Smith's garret, in Sister Brown's cellar and square chamber," Mr. Arthur and his family were at last, to their great joy, once more in an itinerant's home.

CHAPTER XIII.

Jesus now his work revives,
 Now his quick'ning spirit strives,
 O let preachers, people, all
 Listen to the glorious call,
 Join the simple, lively throng,
 Catch the fire and swell the song;
 Heart in heart, and hand in hand,
 Spread the life through all the land.

HUNTER'S MELODIES.

THE following summer Mr. and Mrs. Arthur, Addie and Charlie—poor little fellow, he was "nobody but Charlie now"—for his little sister Addie, whom Charlie had thought hardly "worth raising," had, without an idea of "woman's rights" ever entering her little head, deposed her brother, and placed herself at the head of affairs, where she reigned so supremely and securely that not one of the household questioned her right to subject all to her wishes. In the same manner Charley had served his brother Frank, and, of course, he has now no right to complain—the following summer the minister

and his wife, with Charlie and Addie, accompanied by the constant Nancy, set out for camp-meeting.

Mrs. Arthur had not attended one since her marriage; but as the brethren and sisters greatly desired her presence, as well as the labors of her husband, she resolved to go.

They had baskets filled with edibles, enough to satisfy twice their number during their stay, with all other necessities in the same proportion.

Mrs. Arthur had not forgotten the golden rule of camp-meetings, which, for the benefit of the uninitiated, we will give: "Carry two plates, lend them both, and go without yourself."

"Or eat on the grass," added Nattie.

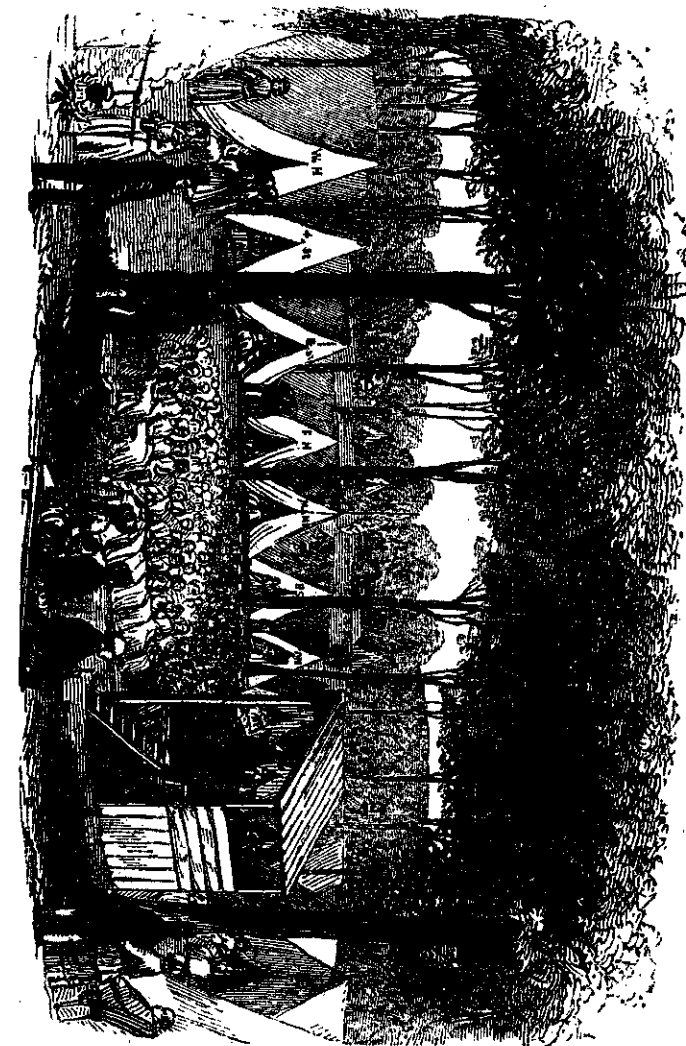
Mr. Arthur thought this "the golden rule embellished."

Marian suggested that "to make sure of one, then each had better take three."

To which Nancy replied, that "it would make no difference, for everybody is expected at camp-meeting to entertain other people on their own dinner."

"Nancy would be the last one to refuse hers," said Mrs. Arthur.

"And it may be so," said Nancy; and the annoying thought left her.



Nancy could not long retain hard feelings toward any one; however, she could hardly forgive the society for not making preparations to entertain their minister at the camp-meeting; she

was sure every other society would do it for their minister; "and would we not give them extra service for a whole week?"

In spite of her efforts to banish these unpleasant reflections, they would intrude themselves upon her, simple-minded woman that she was.

But after they arrived at the "ground," and Nancy had been down to the preachers' "stand," and heard the evening sermon, she could "see something good in every body;" even in Simon, whom she could never before think of without feeling her own heart shrivel.

The charity that never faileth, had sprung up anew in her heart. After that Nancy's dinner and her plates were the property of the "meeting." And though the selfish might take advantage of her generosity, yet she had an inward satisfaction to which they were strangers, and in the exercise of this spirit she became more and more like Him who "is kind to the unthankful and the evil."

The next morning Charlie, who was taking a famous run around the "big yard," came bounding toward his father and mother, in high animation.

"Father! mother! Nancy! look here!" he

exclaimed, in a breath. "Billy Lawrence! Billy is here!" And away he went.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur arose, and went to the tent door. "Sure enough, Billy is coming, and Charlie is tugging him forward by the hand, in his eagerness and delight."

Mr. Arthur embraced him warmly, and Mrs. Arthur greeted him with tears glistening through smiles.

Billy's sympathies and affections were like the upswelling of a never-failing fountain, and he threw his arms around Mr. Arthur's neck, and pressed him warmly to his heart. He could not help it.

Nancy then came forward: "Why, bless your sweet soul, Billy!" exclaimed she. "Now I am paid for coming to camp-meeting. I never expected to see your happy face again. I want to kiss you, as I used to when you was a boy." Nancy had nursed Billy before his mother died.

Billy was as much a boy now as ever, only a little larger; and, with great heartiness, he exclaimed, laughing, "So you shall, Nancy;" and, returning the salute, he implanted a rousing kiss upon her wrinkled cheek.

Nancy had always insisted on it that "Billy would be somebody," though no one ever ex-

pressed a contrary opinion. When she heard him telling Mr. Arthur that Mr. Hatfield had given him his time, and he was expecting to go to the Conference Academy the coming winter, she declared, "Well, that is what I always said."

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur were very much pleased with Billy's improvement, and gave him their encouragement, and assisted him in maturing his plans.

As he arose to leave, Mr. Arthur placed ten dollars in his hand, wishing him to add it to the little amount he had already laid by for the expenses of the following winter.

"No, no, Brother Arthur," said Billy, as he gently pushed back his hand.

"Brother Billy," replied Mr. Arthur, smiling, "this is a part of the proportion of my income that I devote to the Lord. I know not how I can appropriate it to a better use. You know my plan, Billy. Take it as you would from an elder brother. It will assist you a little."

Billy then received it, smiling.

Mrs. Arthur enjoyed the camp-meeting much. Good Sister Cole would have Charlie with her, and Nancy took charge of Addie.

For their meager accommodations she cared

not. She could not appreciate that false sensibility that cannot endure the rough and homely fare of the crowd at camp-meeting, but is in ecstasies at a "clam-bake," a "harvest home," or a "circus;" nor the affected sneers of the would-be refined, who affect to pity the vulgar taste of the pious worshiper, and are all admiration of those ladies who follow their liege lords to the battle field, and share the rough fare of soldiers' quarters.

Mrs. Arthur knew such sneers were prompted by the enmity of the human heart to God and religion, and not by any peculiar distaste to the homely conveniences of the meeting.

She remarked to Mr. Arthur one day: "Let a course of popular lectures be announced for a summer entertainment in the grove, and it would be considered 'a most splendid affair' to spend a week in such a manner."

The pastor and his wife labored earnestly and faithfully, not only for the company from their own charge, but the thoughtless young stranger thanked and loved the preacher who took an interest in his welfare.

Mr. Arthur had an opportunity for personal effort in preaching, which he had long desired. The time and circumstances were favorable,



every one expected it, and he pressed Divine truth home upon every heart. His society was quickened, and their dormant zeal aroused. Several professed faith in the Saviour, who had been regardless of God; and many felt that they were converted anew, and rejoiced again in all the fullness of their first love.

That it was the duty and privilege of his Church to live constantly in the enjoyment of the evidence of sins forgiven, the pastor knew; but all did not live thus, and he was glad they were willing to spend a week in Divine worship.

"They might do this," he said, "at their homes, but the human heart needed arousing;

the weak in the faith need many helps; and if they stumbled, they needed the strong arm of some Greatheart to steady their tottering steps.

Two friends of Mr. Arthur's were deploring the number of backsliders they found every year at camp-meeting. But Mr. Arthur gave it as his opinion that the number was usually much overestimated.

"Some, without doubt, deceive themselves," said he; "and, of course, soon fall away. Others, filled with the joys of sins forgiven, think they shall never lose their rapturous feelings; but the human heart is incapable of long-continued emotion. When the mind of the young convert subsides from this emotional state, which it must necessarily soon do, he is alarmed, and thinks he has deceived himself. Satan then assaults him with malicious skill; and unless he is favored with the counsel of some experienced Christian friend, he casts away his confidence, is brought again into bondage, and comes the following year to camp-meeting, not a backslider, as he often inappropriately styles himself, but a feeble Christian, who has been robbed of his defense, and is sighing in his inmost heart: 'O that I knew

where I might find Him!" even 'Him whom my soul loveth.' He then renews his consecration vows, receives encouragement and counsel from the experience of others, and goes on his way rejoicing."

CHAPTER XIV.

Joyfully, joyfully, onward I move,
Bound for the land of bright spirits above;
Angelic choristers sing as I come,
Joyfully, joyfully, haste to thy home.

Friends I have there who have pass'd on before,
Waiting, they watch me approaching the shore;
Singing to cheer me through death's chilling gloom,
Joyfully, joyfully, haste to thy home.—REV. W. HUNTER.

SOME one asked Mr. Arthur if he did not think the usefulness of camp-meetings was lessening, and the interest in them was subsiding.

"I have heard the same inquiry made for the last fifteen or twenty years," replied Mr. Arthur; "but instead of indications that the interest in camp-meetings is subsiding, it seems to be increasing. The increase of numbers, and the number of new tents that appear every year, are significant facts."

"Father" Culver, a veteran and a pioneer of Methodism, now drew near and joined in the conversation.

"Ah, yes, brother!" said he to Mr. Arthur,

with whom he was acquainted; "how glad our hearts would have been forty years ago to have such an opportunity as this. We then had to war against those in authority, as well as against the wickedness of the carnal heart. Now, though we dwell quietly in the wilderness and sleep in the woods, yet we have a wily adversary. Opposition has failed, and he changes his tactics. He is as veering as the wind, you know, and changes his manner and points of assault, as will best forward his malicious designs. Now he inflates us with pride, and benumbs us with love of ease, and infuses the soul-withering, deadening influences of unbelief into our hearts, until we are in danger of becoming like Samson shorn of his locks."

The company were evidently pleased with the remarks, and Mr. Arthur replied: "Father Culver's ideas are very suggestive. That camp-meetings are about to be given up, I do not believe. The question with us, then, as ministers of the Gospel, and professing Christians, is, how can we make them the most effectual in accomplishing good? As Father Culver intimates, there is a great and effectual door opened, and there are many adversaries. If the ministers of the Gospel desert their posts now,

and leave the work to unskillful hands, they will be responsible for their delinquency."

"But do you consider this the appropriate work of a pastor?" inquired another.

"If a pastor's duties are limited to his own parish, perhaps not," responded Mr. Arthur. "But should we ask how little we can do, and do our duty? Is it not better to ask, how much? The apostle exhorts us 'to be ready to every good work,' and to 'be instant in season, and out of season.'"

The countenance of the old preacher now beamed with satisfaction.

"That's it, brother!" exclaimed he. "When I used to go to Conference, I went to look up a 'job.'" The old gentleman had been a mechanic. "I did not go wishing for the easiest appointments, and the best pay; and the more work, the better I was suited. Now, my son Jeremiah has just entered the itinerant ranks, and he has pretty close rubbing sometimes, but he has plenty to do. And I tell him these are just the places for him; and I believe the boy thinks so too."

"You have seen pretty hard fare yourself sometimes, I dare say," remarked a gentleman present.

"O, nothing to brag of," replied Father Culver. "I have had much better fare than my old associates, who tried to dissuade me from becoming an itinerant. They told me I might be rich and respectable if I would stick to my trade; and when I sold out I had a pretty fair start, something to fall back upon when I was on a poor circuit; but they said, if I became a circuit rider, they could see just how I should look on an old white skeleton of a horse astraddle my rusty saddle-bags, all the property I should have in the world."

The company looked around on each other smiling, and the old itinerant, who really loved to talk, continued:

"Well, sometimes I have had less than that; but I never saw the time that I desired to leave the work I have been engaged in, or a regret that I undertook it; nor would I wish to change places with my old comrades; poor fellows, they turned out badly." And he drew a sigh as he remembered his old associates who had deliberately chosen the ways of sin, and were already reaping its bitter fruits.

"You have fared better," said another.

"I!" said the old man, his face radiant with serene joy; "the Lord has had his eye on me.

'Godliness is profitable unto all things, having the promise of the life that now is, and also that which is to come.' I have always been provided for. Our Churches were poor when I first started in the ministry. The people used to affect pity for the poor Methodist families where we used to put up, and say that the circuit riders and their horses would 'eat them out of house and home;' and perhaps there was danger of it," added he, with a pleasant twinkle of the eye; "but we were determined that the people should have the Gospel. We preached, and our people divided their loaf with us, and the Lord blessed both them and us. In spite of the prophecies of the enemies of the Gospel, they grew rich. 'The Lord blessed the house of Obed-edom, where the ark of the Lord rested.' And who will say those good brethren and sisters did not enjoy the especial favor and blessing of heaven. I believe it, and the world goes well with me too."

"We are not to understand by that, Father Culver, that you are rich?" said Mr. Arthur.

"Rich? No," replied he; "something better than riches though. However, money would be very convenient to me sometimes. My only deposit is in the bank of Divine Providence.

When I was fifty years old I said to myself, 'I am now fifty, and must soon begin to descend the hill of life toward its setting sun; and if, in growing old, I must grow morose, and fault-finding, and uncharitable, I pray God to take me hence now.' I am now approaching fourscore, and I often hear my younger brethren praying, that 'Father Culver's last days may be his best days;' and their prayers are answered, for they are."

"You find the Lord a sure anchor in old age," said one of the preachers.

"Have I not his bond who never fails? 'To old age I am he; and to hoar hairs will I carry you: I have made, and I will bear; even I will carry, and will deliver you?'" replied the superannuate with animation.

"Your confidence is in God's providence," said a brother; "but are you never afraid that the Church, to whose keeping the Lord has committed you, will forget you, and neglect their trust, so that you may be left to suffer?"

"Never," responded he, emphatically; "so long as my faith is in God. Or suppose they should? I tell you my Master will send the ravens to feed me, if it is necessary, and no good thing will he withhold from me. Now let me

tell you how the Lord takes care of his old servants. I earnestly desired to come to this camp-meeting. I wanted to shake my brethren by the hand; I wanted to hear the glorious sound of the Gospel ringing through the forest, and to hear the shout of new-born souls once more; for I shall soon be gone, and this to me is the sweetest music on earth. A friend lent me five dollars, to bear my expenses, for I had no money; but I had not been here a day before one brother left a bank note in my hands, and another did the same, and now I can pay that man when I go home. I do not tell you this to let you know how poor I am," he added, "but to magnify the goodness of God to an old itinerant, who is nearing the port, yes, just ready to step upon the other shore, so near that"—and he commenced singing in a low, tremulous voice:

"'Sounds of sweet melody fall on my ear;
Harps of the blessed, your voices I hear;
Rings with the harmony heaven's high dome;
Joyfully, joyfully, haste to thy home.'"

The company wept like children, and when he arose to depart, several of the ministers crowded around him, and by the nervous fumbling of his hand into his pockets we knew the

results, and soon he passed on, still singing in a sweet voice :

“Death, with thy weapons of war lay me low,
Strike, king of terrors, I fear not the blow :
Jesus hath broken the bars of the tomb ;
Joyfully, joyfully, will I go home.’”

Billy Lawrence had been listening to the conversation, though he took no part in it. He considered himself a learner, and eagerly drank in every word of the old itinerant.

When he left, Billy darted out of the back entrance of the tent, and passed rapidly down in the direction the old gentleman had taken. He came out ahead of him, and modestly giving the veteran his hand as he came up, left in it the bank note Mr. Arthur had given him, and without awaiting his thanks, or heeding the old preacher’s “Nay, my son,” he was soon out of sight.

Mr. Arthur saw it, and it pleased him much. “William is determined to help himself,” said he ; “and I honor him for it.”

“God bless the boy,” murmured the old preacher. “God bless him,” he repeated many times, with much emotion, while tears filled his mild blue eyes ; and he passed on, still invoking blessings upon the head of the pure-minded, gen-

erous youth, who had thus remembered and spoken kindly to an old man in his infirmities and dependence.

“We may have outlived our usefulness,” mused the old preacher ; “indeed, it is perhaps true, but my brethren are kind, very kind ; they make me forget that I am an old man, and dependent. Bless their souls, they are kind.” And again his voice was heard faintly :

“Bright will the morn of Eternity dawn ;
Death shall be banish’d, his scepter be gone ;
Joyfully then shall I witness his doom ;
Joyfully, joyfully, safely at home.’”

“There is something wrong somewhere, Brother Arthur,” said a portly-looking man, whose countenance indicated a “heart open southward ;” “there is something wrong somewhere ;” and the ex-governor brought his gold-headed cane to the ground, as if he meant to fasten the remark *somewhere*. “This is not right,” he continued ; “there are few such men left among us, and surely the Church should not consider them a burden ; and they ought not to be left to feel their dependence in this manner. It is crushing to every feeling of our nature. I wonder our old preachers are not morose, and crabbed, and penurious.”



"They would be if they did not live in the sunshine of heaven," said Mr. Arthur.

"Two hundred dollars per annum, or so," continued the ex-governor, as he drew a copy of the Minutes of the Conference from his pocket. "Two hundred dollars for himself and wife, and perhaps an invalid daughter dependent on him—perhaps more than one. -Half of that sum, at least, goes for house-rent and fuel; and what a pittance is there left for clothing and sustenance!"

"Would that sum pay the board of two for a year?" inquired his friend.

"Not unless they should go into a very cheap

boarding-house. But to board, and be our boarders! do you know what that means, Howland? Well, I do. Such men and women as those dependent on the cool courtesies of a boarding-house, and 'stipulating with their landladies for leave to invite their friends to see them at so much per head!' Men who deserve a monument, to perpetuate their virtues and self-denials."

The ex-governor was a man of wealth, and a Christian. He had food for reflection, and he ~~re~~ved from the multitude.

"Suppose we should do it," he soliloquized; "suppose we should! There are wealthy men enough in this Conference; suppose each of us, or, if we have not the ability to do *that*, suppose two or three of us unite together, select our man, and send him a certificate of an annuity for life. We should be the better for it. The thought of it makes me feel warm about the heart! I am not sure but that I am growing rich too fast; the effects of it I can already see upon myself and my children. It is possible, hardly possible, that I may not stumble and fall, though there are wrecks all around me. I am less spiritually minded now than I was when a poor man; and I will throw off the weight that makes my steps

unsteady. 'Wait until I am dead!' *No*; I want the heart-opening influences of it while I live: I need it, for I am clogged, fettered, with the love of the world, and feel its chains growing still heavier upon me. I will, therefore, emancipate myself while I have the power to do it: by the help of God, I *WILL*. 'The Church does not do her duty.' *No*; neither have I done mine. Suppose they shuffle off responsibility, I will do so no longer. My soul is near heaven now; and how refreshing and soothing its air! How clearly do I see the path of duty! God has made me a steward of his goods; by his help, I will try and prove myself worthy of the trust. But I fear as soon as I am immersed in business my spiritual vision will again become dimmed, and I shall be calling God's gifts *mine*, and shall again hug my chains about me. *No*; before God I will now, while my heart is warm and my spiritual vision clear, pledge myself to bestow yearly, as long as I live, a tenth at least of my income, to religious purposes. God give me a heart to do more than this."

The ex-governor was a better man from that day, and the wealth of his coffers, that had been changing his own heart into metal, and was cursing his family, and shutting out God and

heaven from his sight, now flowed forth in many channels, and instead of maledictions, the scattered hordes opened their dumb mouths in blessings.

"I have had a good camp-meeting," Mrs. Arthur wrote in her journal on her return home. "I have seen the youth binding on shield and buckler, full of vigor and hope, strong in heart, and lofty in purpose, making ready for the conflict. I have also seen the hoary-headed veteran of the cross on the distant shore of life's ocean, waving back adieus to his companions in conflict, as he triumphantly nears the harbor of the Eternal city. A radiant bow arching his horizon reveals in golden letters the prophecy and its fulfillment, 'At evening time it shall be light.'"

CHAPTER XV.

We walk not with the jewel'd great,
 Where love's dear name is sold;
 Yet we have wealth we would not give
 For all their world of gold.
 We revel not in corn and wine,
 Yet have we from above
 Manna divine; then we'll not pine.
 Do we not live and love?—GERALD MASSEY.

ONE fine morning toward the latter part of July, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur started for a village about eight miles distant, to spend the day at Rev. Mr. Barton's, who had charge of a circuit in that section of the country.

Their route led them through beautiful and varied scenery. Now it conducts them beside the deep, narrow, noiseless stream, screened by lofty hemlocks and sighing pines; now it passes through waving intervals of wheat, and clover meadows, and fertile fields of Indian maize; again it winds along, hiding itself among little hills, upon which cattle are grazing; and suddenly it seems lost again in the primeval forest.



Now they hear the dashing of a water-fall, and an overhanging cliff looks down menacingly upon them, and at length they abruptly emerge from what seemed to them labyrinthine paths, and now the beautiful village is spread out before them as upon a chart.

A half-grown boy, sleepily lounging with his dog at the foot of a tree, pointed out the house of the clergyman, and a few minutes brought them to his door.

Mrs. Arthur and Mrs. Barton had been school-mates, and had not met since they bade each other "good-by," in the hall of the boarding-house, at the close of their last term at school.

Their meeting was as cordial and unaffected as in the days of their girlhood. Several years had passed since then, but these true women seemed hardly to have noted them. "The good grow not old;" and it was certain that the hearts of these sweet-minded women still exhaled the fragrance of their springtime.

The clergyman soon repaired to Mr. Barton's "Bethel," a charming little spot at the top of the hill, in the rear of the preacher's house. The ascent to it was steep, and had been difficult; but the construction of a few steps by the minister had rendered it comparatively easy. It was a place upon which the eye of Heaven ever seemed to look approvingly.

Mr. Barton had spent many happy hours there alone with his Maker. Thither he was in the habit of carrying his books and manuscripts, and a desk rudely constructed answered the double purpose of secretary and pulpit. There he studied, wrote, and read aloud; there he meditated, prayed, and sung. It had often

been to him as its name indicated, "the house of God, and the gate of heaven."

The clergymen enjoyed the day so well here, that they had been unconscious of the flight of time, and were surprised to see the signal for their return floating from the parsonage window so soon.

The time had passed equally pleasant with the ladies. They had not only lived over again their school days, those glad days, unclouded by sorrow, but the intervening years, with all their enjoyments, anxieties, and perplexities, had passed in review.

They amused each other with a recital of their habits of economy; of the old made new; of the in-outside, or out-inside garments, growing "small by degrees and beautifully less" each year; of the abstinence, promotive of health, of course, that they had sometimes practiced; and they finally concluded that they had led as happy lives as had their school-mates, who had married wealthy and possessed an easy independence in fashionable life.

The ladies were without doubt correct in their conclusion, though they arrived at it by no logical process of reasoning.

Their hearts were incased by no shell of

selfishness, shutting out the warm sunshine, which would insure life, and expansion, and germination; but they were keenly alive to the tenderest sympathies, and throbbing with desires to do good.

These Christian women were happy in being a blessing to others; happy in the purest affections, in heavenly charity, and in the consciousness that they were not living for themselves alone.

Earth's gilded toys are too trifling to satisfy the desires of an immortal mind upon which the Divine Spirit has left its impress, and are not a fit reward for the servants of the King immortal. Let those sigh for ease and for wealth who would be satisfied with the reward they proffer.

The day closed happily, and in the cool of the evening our friends returned home.

A few days after, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur were seated in a little vine-covered arbor, close by their house, which had been fitted up by Sister Eliza, and Calista Kidder, and their brother, Hamlen, "on purpose to please the minister and his wife."

It was evening. Charlie and Addie, grown chubby and strong under the kind watch-care

of Nancy, and plenty of out-of-door exercise, had fallen asleep while lisping their evening prayer. Jennie and Frankie were tumbling on the grass, and watching the swallows that were twittering under the eaves of a neighboring barn; and Marian and Nattie were apart, talking of Billy Lawrence and their friends at the hamlet.

"I have been thinking much of Sister Barton," said Mrs. Arthur to her husband, "since our visit to her. She was a heroic-hearted girl. Her bright, sunny gayety, and graceful, winning manners, made her a favorite, and she was much admired. More than one suitor for her hand was doomed to disappointment, though they offered her wealth, position, and ease; but her earnest nature, deeply imbued with religious truth, thirsted after something better."

"And so she chose a Methodist minister," said Mr. Arthur, playfully.

"Ah, you are quick to appropriate the compliment, Mr. Arthur!" returned the minister's wife, gayly: "but I was about to say she desired a situation in life where she could be more useful than she could possibly be as the wife of a wealthy, worldly-minded man. In such a situation Louisa would not trust herself. Possessed of deep sensibility and a true woman's

nature, she feared the influence of the society to which such a relation would introduce her. It is hard for an affectionate, loving heart to say 'No' to the entreaties of their dearest friends."

"It is, Mary," replied Mr. Arthur; "and I am surprised to see with what eagerness pious mothers introduce their daughters into fashionable life. It is a fearful risk they run. Suppose they procure, by this means, splendid matches for them; alas, what a poor exchange for those daughters, who might be angels of life, of mercy, and of light!"

"Louisa had a little property of her own when she married Brother Barton," continued Mrs. Arthur, "which she designed to keep to commence housekeeping with, should her husband's location, or his death, ever require it; but she says a part of that amount has been needed for their own expenses each year, on their different circuits, and was all gone more than a year ago. Now, during the past year, she has earned seventy-five dollars with her needle, which has been expended in the family."

"It is too bad," said Mr. Arthur, with unusual warmth. "Sister Barton pays seventy-five dollars for the support of preaching; and her husband a minister, for whom the people ought to

provide! more, probably, than any member on any of their circuits. I think the preacher's family should pay their proportion for the cause of Christ in the earth, and many of them do more, and use some self-denial to accomplish it; but it is the duty of their societies to maintain them: and for them to allow Sister Barton to pay their debts in that way is marked injustice that must meet a reckoning. You remember our rich Brother Wardlaw, who annoyed me so constantly about 'the poverty of the society,' and required one poor but generous brother to pay as much as himself. I see, by the newspapers, that one of his large manufactories is burned to the ground, and his loss is several thousands. 'When ye brought it home, I did blow it away,' saith the prophet; and also, 'I smote you with blasting, and with mildew, and with hail, in all the labors of your hands. Yet ye turned not to me, saith the Lord.' I see more clearly every day that the neglect of the societies to support public worship is not venial. But Sister Barton's record is on high," he added, with deep feeling.

"I hope and pray her life may be spared for the sake of her dear little boys, until she has left upon them the impress of her own pure and

lofty spirit. But few can endure such constant exertion with so much care," said Mrs. Arthur.

"It is her pure and lofty spirit that sustains her," replied her husband. "An ordinary mind would sink beneath such a weight. It is not the continued physical labor of fourteen hours a day alone; and not unfrequently she goes beyond this, you say, though that is over-work for day-laborers; but she feels the weight of other responsibilities. This over-taxing of body and mind is crushing. These things are overlooked. The Church has not yet waked up to this subject. 'Rome was not built in a day,' nor can we expect to see everything as it should be at once. There has been a very great improvement in a very short time, and we still go on improving. There have been false teachers in the world, who have fleeced the flocks, and now the reaction affects even the true shepherds. The Church has gone from one extreme to the other. But the pure spirit of the Gospel will yet bring about the desired results."

The earnest evening prayer of the minister and his wife, that the Church might be imbued with the spirit of Christ, glorious in beauty, and perfect in all its developments, was recorded in heaven, and sealed with the blood of the Lamb.

CHAPTER XVI.

"Not to myself alone,"

The streamlet whispers on its pebbly way;

"Not to myself alone I sparkling glide;

I scatter life and breath on every side,

And strew the fields with herb and flow'ret gay;

I sung unto the common, bleak and bare,

My gladsome tune;

I sweeten and refresh the languid air

In droughty June."—S. W. PARTRIDGE.

As winter approached everybody was busy at Mr. Hatfield's. Industrious fingers were plied with redoubled activity, and generous hearts throbbed with expanded benevolence.

The quickened step and cheerful manner of Martha and Mary told of their interest in the preparations rapidly going forward. Yet theirs was an unselfish interest. William Lawrence, the adopted son and brother, was about to bid adieu to the inmates of the farm-house, and all were anxious to do something for his fitting out. Even Dwight and Emmie, older and larger now than when they cracked nuts for Mr. Arthur,

were whispering to each other apart from the rest, intent on some project that seemed to promise them much happiness.

"Your father says we must give Billy his freedom-suit," said Mrs. Hatfield to her daughters; "and I have been thinking that we can exchange our cloth that is being made at the woolen-mill for a better article. Ours would do very well for common wear, but I want Billy to have something better for a Sunday suit."

"So do I, mother," replied Martha. "That will be a nice plan. Nobody would have thought of it but you, mother."

"We want Billy to appear as well as anybody," said Mary. "We do not want the students to be pulling the hay out of his hair, because he is not dressed as well as others."

"I have no fears for Billy after he gets a little acquainted," said Mrs. Hatfield. "His frank good-nature, his lofty principles, and unaffected piety, will make him friends of those whose friendship is really worth possessing."

The girls remained silent for a few minutes; and then Martha whispered something in Mary's ear that seemed to receive her full assent. She at length spoke:

"Mother, could not Mary and I exchange

for cloth, to make Billy a cloak, the flannel which we were to have prepared for blankets. I think he will need such an outer garment."

"He has a good new overcoat now, but perhaps he will not have another for a long time; and we may not have it in our power to assist him again," said Mary. "And then, too, we shall, probably, have an opportunity to get a good number of blankets before we shall need them, mother," she added, with a smile and a look of pleasantry directed toward her sister.

"You can do so if you wish," said their mother. "Indeed, I think it a very good plan."

Mrs. Hatfield had recently been questioning the practice of hoarding, for future and uncertain use, that which would be a blessing to the widow, clothe the shivering poor, and make many an orphan happy, if dispensed abroad.

Her closets were bursting out with clothing she did not use a half dozen times during the year; with bags crowded with stockings; and with linen, bedding, and flannels, which her mother had given her when she was a girl, and her own industry had since added to.

She was a notable housekeeper, and took great satisfaction in these visible marks of her own

industry and thrift. She had used them just often enough to keep them well aired, and free from moths; the quantity had grown no less.

Thoughts of the unclothed poor, trembling like the aspen leaf, had more frequently than ever before intruded themselves upon her. She could hardly reconcile her practice with the spirit of the Redeemer's command, "Let him that hath two coats impart to him that hath none."

Mrs. Hatfield had the reputation of being a very benevolent woman; but she began to fear that she was far from being a Christian after the apostle's pattern. However, when her conscience was enlightened concerning her duties, she performed them cheerfully.

She had erred in not opening her heart to conviction; and, consequently, her sense of duty had become faint. She had closed her heart each time that she had closed her closet doors, and dismissed the unwelcome thought of duty from her mind without examining the merits of it. But now the subject was brought home to her understanding; and this little circumstance opened her heart, and her convictions were clear. Now she turned to the right; and after that time, with more truth than ever before,

she could say: "When the ear heard me, then it blessed me; and when the eye saw me, then it gave witness to me; because I delivered the poor that cried, and the fatherless, and him that had none to help him. The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon me; and I caused the widow's heart to sing for joy."

The girls were delighted with their mother's approval of the plan, for they loved Billy as a brother. Not as they loved their "little darling brother, Dwight," but as sisters do a grown-up brother near their own age. Hence they were willing to deny themselves to please him, though they rightly considered they were using no self-denial in what they were now doing.

The plan was made known to Mr. Hatfield in the evening, and met his hearty concurrence; and Billy, not being in the secret, an agreeable surprise awaited him.

Mr. Hatfield's large trunk, that had occupied the chamber-hall ever since his wedding-day, and had been carefully covered with a piece of green baize to keep it free from dust, was made over to Billy, "almost as good as new."

The present owner thought it much better. How he prized that trunk! A mother's bureau

was never more honored by an affectionate daughter.

"Billy" had some property on the farm. Mr. Hatfield had given him a young colt two years before, which was now valuable. "Billy" found it hard to part with this beautiful creature, but his mind being made up, he stroked his mane and leaned his head upon the neck of his steed, then reluctantly transferring the bridle to the hand of the purchaser without saying a word, he watched his nimble step until he was out of sight.

He could hardly bear to look at the money he had received for "Charley," so he quietly deposited it in his trunk, and left it there for future use.

He also had a yoke of steers, which had been given him when they were calves; for the considerate farmer liked to encourage boys in this way; he said it tended to make them faithful, and interested in the concerns of the farm. These also found a ready purchaser, and "Billy" felt again that he was parting with pleasant companions. The avails of these, and of several bushels of oats, which he had raised from land given him for cultivation by Mr. Hatfield, made him a considerable sum, the reward of his own industry.

Dwight had a pet lamb, which, though now four years old, still divided his time between the cows and the children, and disdained to associate with the plebeian flock. Dwight wanted to sell his lamb "out and out," he said, and give his brother the money to buy his books; but "Billy" would not listen to this proposal. However, Mr. Lamb's fleece was also the property of Dwight, and the value of it had been paid to him yearly. Now the little boy insisted that the wool should always be used to make stockings and mittens for his "brother Billy."

He wanted to do something for his "own dear brother," and there "was but little such a boy as he could do;" but when this grand plan occurred to him, his eyes sparkled, and he went with a hop and a bound out of the house, drumming a tune on his milk-pail.

Mr. Pet Lamb, was in the yard awaiting his coming, and supposing his master was giving him a challenge as usual, closed in with him, and with a single thrust, threw him from his feet and smashed in his pail.

At any other time this offense would hardly have escaped punishment; but Dwight was on especial good terms with his pet just then, and recovering himself, he shook his battered pail at

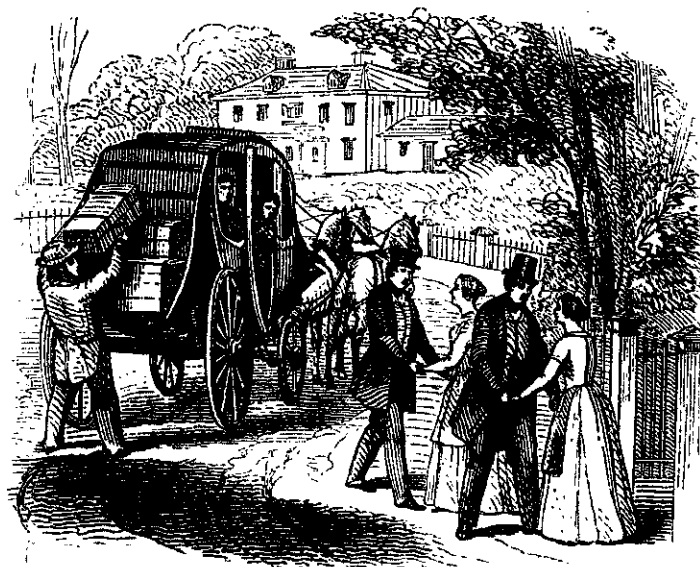
his opponent, and shouted out: "Come on then, Major; we start even this time."

"Major" now assumed a defensive attitude, and hooked, and curved, and butted; but Dwight, now seeing the game he was playing, could easily avoid him, and they soon parted as firm friends as ever.

The day for "Billy's" departure at length arrived. Everything was in readiness, Martha and Mary having arranged his wardrobe to their entire satisfaction. Indeed, they were surprised at the result of their labors. They had not thought it possible to accomplish what they had with so little self-denial and expense.

Most of his garments they had made with their own hands. The cloak was a handsome one, and had been made without Billy's knowledge, and being the last article placed in his trunk before it was strapped down, an agreeable surprise awaited him.

The trunk, large as it was, failing to hold all that was designed for it, a box was provided, and that was also filled; for "Billy" intended to "board himself," and the resolute young man thought he should succeed bravely in that way.



The departure of the young student was a great event, not only at Farmer Hatfield's, but throughout the neighborhood. His friends crowded around him, and he had the good wishes and prayers of all who knew him. But no one felt this separation more than Billy himself. His heart swelled, and his bosom heaved with sorrow, when he presented his hand to his foster parents, who had so nobly performed their duty to a lonely orphan, and to his affectionate sisters, and the loving-hearted little brother Dwight.

He thought he had always loved them, but their recent multiplied acts of kindness and the affectionate interest they had manifested

in his welfare, endeared them still more to him.

As he took his seat in the stage, he again waved a sad farewell to all, and gave himself up to uncontrolled emotion. He was again alone in the world.

CHAPTER XVII.

Nerve thyself for the conflict once again,
 Poor, trembling heart! The strife is not yet o'er;
 Triumphant o'er affliction, care, and pain,
 Arise, and try life's rugged path once more.
 Pause not, for time is precious. Ask not rest—
 Dream not of that fair island of the blest
 While the wild waves roar round thee.
 ——— Shrink'st thou from the wild strife?
 Nay; for the soul has strength to brave the storms of life.

A. WESTON.

SPRING came, and with it another Annual Conference, and another move for Mr. Arthur. Nor them alone. Many were the changes of position in the itinerant army that year; and if any person unacquainted with the workings of the itinerant system, had gone through the length and breadth of that Annual Conference, he would have been surprised to find how few among either preachers or people were dissatisfied with the changes and arrangements.

The removals of this year brought Mrs. Barton and Mrs. Arthur near each other again, to the satisfaction of both. They were now in the

same city, and anticipated much enjoyment in each other's society. Their husbands were both in their first city appointment. The salaries of the preachers were meant to be quite liberal; but the expenses of the first quarter convinced them that they must be very economical and systematic, or the end of the year would find them in arrears.

"There is one thing that perplexes me," said the lively, energetic Mrs. Barton to Mrs. Arthur, "there is one thing that perplexes me much. I have three boys to take stitches for, you know, besides myself and husband. Our time is so taken up in the city with visiting, making and receiving calls, and in our various religious meetings, that I find it impossible to do my own sewing; and really, with our present salary, we cannot afford to hire it done. You may think this strange, knowing, as you do, that I did not only my own for several years, but considerable for other people."

"I should think it surprising," replied Mrs. Arthur, "if I were not in the same dilemma myself. My husband was saying this morning that he had had a very imperfect idea of the various demands on a preacher's time in a city appointment; and that his chance for study and

improvement is now very much lessened. He says he does not know how he should have succeeded had he been sent here with less experience, or less mental discipline."

"My husband says the same," replied Mrs. Barton. "He often speaks of his little 'Bethel,' on the summit of the hill; you recollect it. But, as I was saying, my time is so interrupted I do not know what to do. I do not wish our friends to visit us less, and I am trying to arrange matters so that I can be in the parlor entertaining company, and in the kitchen; making calls among my friends, and making my boys' jackets, at one and the same time; but I have not made it out yet. You see I am trying to make five and five equal twenty," she added, gayly.

"I see," said Mrs. Arthur; "and that you cannot do it without some extra *fives* to carry."

"So I am thinking," said she, as she bade Mrs. Arthur a cheerful good-morning.

Poor Mrs. Barton! a sad year was that for her, the saddest of her life. Before its close, Mr. Barton had heard his Master's call from the eternal hills, and had gone away to the bright land of angels, leaving his stricken wife and children in a world of sorrow, weeping after him. His elder Brother had sent a convoy of

angels to escort him to his Father's land; and, before going away, to the infinite care of his heavenly Father the minister, with unshaken faith, committed the keeping of his beloved family.

He had seen the widow and orphan children of the faithful minister of the Gospel much neglected, and he asked himself the question, whether his own family were likely to fare any better. For a time, sadness veiled his spirit; but the triumph of Christianity in his heart was finally complete.

Many words of consolation and cheering hope he breathed into the heart of his weeping wife; and many times he alluded to the "realms of the blest," to "that country so bright and so fair," in words of ardent expectation and holy joy, until the Christian wife bowed in sweet submission to the will of Heaven.

The dreary, desolate hours spent by the heart-stricken widow we cannot depict. It seemed to her that she should never more see good in the land of the living. If it had not been for her children, she felt that she should sink beneath her afflictions. But what could she do for them? She reflected that she had literally nothing. She was penniless. She could not

furnish even a single apartment, where she might take shelter with her darling boys, who now had a double claim upon her.

The stewards had given her the use of the parsonage, and the full year's salary. This would give her time to look about and make some provision for herself. But what could she do? How often this simple, complex question returned. She had no friends to whom she could appeal for help.

The separation of her family seemed inevitable; but she earnestly prayed that she might be spared the bitterness of such an hour. Often she detected herself forming plans for removing to the academy from which she had graduated, a light-hearted girl: "there she would keep a boarding-house, and send her boys to school;" but as often the reflection was forced upon her, that the little dowry she had sometimes felt might be needed for such an hour was all gone.

Sad, lonely days and months were those; days to which the widowed mother afterward looked back with an eye dimmed with tears, and a heart melting with a sense of the watchful care and interposition of Providence.

Those hours of weary watchings and anxie-

ties were also remembered, as peculiar seasons of preparation for the duties of her future life.

"I needed this discipline," said she, meekly; "searching as it has been, I needed it;" and she never afterward forgot who has promised to be a father to the fatherless, and a husband to the widow.

At last day began to dawn; not a day without clouds, but a day in which there might be, to a hoping heart, as much sunshine as shadow.

A few wealthy men in the city interested themselves in behalf of the deceased minister's family. They agreed to unite and send Mrs. Barton a certificate of an annuity for life, which they accordingly did. This annuity, with what she would receive from the Preachers' Aid Society, would render her circumstances comfortable, and enable her to keep her precious family together.

O how she pressed them to her heart with increased fondness, and how her heart melted with gratitude to the noble donors, and especially to her Father in heaven, who had disposed them to the generous deed!

The day that she received this certificate, she ever afterward commemorated with thanksgivings, offerings to the poor, and prayer.



But this was not considered enough; other hearts were moved by the beneficent example of those worthy men. Those who had not much to give, seemed in earnest to do what they could. Presents of blankets, and coverlets, and bedding, from over-crowded closets; and album quilts from the girls, and various articles of lesser value from the shopkeepers were highly prized; and years after, when Mrs. Barton was in a situation to assist others, and no longer needed them, some of them were preserved and cherished as precious relics in remembrance of the generous donors.

The circumstances of the widow would now allow her to adopt the plan that had so often recurred to her; and after mature deliberation she concluded this would be the best thing she could do. The education of her sons was now the one great object of her life. In doing this she thought rightly that she should be serving God in her appropriate sphere.

Mr. Arthur then entered into a correspondence with the Rev. Mr. Emerson, the principal of the Conference Academy; and with his assistance arrangements were made for Mrs. Barton to remove there.

How different her circumstances and feelings on arriving at the place, from those with which she had left a similar institution a few years before.

Mrs. Barton was not contented with a life of even comparative ease, while there was so much to be done. To train her sons to become God-fearing and God-serving men, and prepare them for extended usefulness, was her constant endeavor. Nothing that she could do toward the accomplishment of this end was left undone; and she considered no service degrading that helped on the great object she had in view.

The linens of the gentlemen and the muslins of the ladies passed through her ready hands. Her starching was the clearest, and her ironing the smoothest in all the village.

But with all this management she scorned penuriousness. Her liberal hand was always open, while she had a penny in it, to those who were more needy than herself.

Now time flew on with Mrs. Barton almost unconsciously. Her boys were at one of the best schools in all the country, and were making very commendable progress in their studies; and she was not only living comfortably, but laying up a little toward paying their expenses at college, when they should enter there.

Freely had she sacrificed all in the days of her itinerancy; and how providentially all had been restored. Her faith in God, and her love for his people, had been searchingly tried, and had come forth as gold purified in the fire.

CHAPTER XVIII.

There is a joy for every hour
That hangs upon the heart:
There is a charm whose magic power
Drives grief from us apart.—VICTOR.

THE day before the winter term commenced at the Conference Academy, Rev. Mr. Emerson, principal of the Academy, was seated in his study preparing a lecture, when a country youth, just arrived in town, requested permission to see him, which was readily granted. William Lawrence then entered, for it was he, and introduced himself in a becoming manner.

"Ah! the young friend of my friend Arthur," said Mr. Emerson, as he arose and cordially proffered his hand to the youth; "I am glad to see you, Lawrence."

The open, hearty, dignified manner of Mr. Emerson, impressed young Lawrence very pleasantly. (There is no change in our friend, only in name, gentle reader; he is "*Billy*" still.) He at once experienced a sensation of relief from the

embarrassment that had been creeping over him a few minutes before, and sentiments of affection and reverence for the man who stood before him sprung up, such as he had never felt for a stranger.

Happy the instructor of youth who can so soon inspire confidence and personal attachment in the hearts of his students, and happy the student who finds an instructor that can not only inspire such sentiments, but who has the real excellence of character ever after to prove himself worthy of them.

Mr. Emerson was by nature a nobleman. He had a heart "warm and unspoiled," full of "sympathy for goodness and all simple worth," a true index of unaffected greatness.

He comprehended the feelings of the youth before him at once. Lawrence was not only a stranger, but he was in circumstances entirely new to him. He was a farmer's boy, fresh from the hills; but he was conscious of strength and integrity, and therefore self-reliant. His naturally quick perceptions and keen sense of propriety had done more for him than he was aware of; there were, in reality, no "fears for Billy."

"You have arrived in good time, Lawrence,"

continued Mr. Emerson, pleasantly; "I received a letter from my friend and brother, Arthur, a few days ago, and he mentioned you."

A slight blush and a smile passed over the face of Lawrence at the latter remark. Mr. Emerson, skilled in reading character, observed it, and as if he were playing with the pen he held in his hand, wrote on a scrap of paper, "William Lawrence, sensitive, modest."

Lawrence, as keen, though not as practiced in observation, as the dignified, affable man before him, was also forming his opinions. He saw the slight motion of Mr. Emerson's hand in writing those two words, and thinking he might be interrupting him, entered upon his business at once.

"You wish to board yourself," answered Mr. Emerson, "and would prefer a pious room-mate; well, that is all right; we can arrange for you. There is Harwell, a good fellow; he was here this morning, and wished me to send him a chum; I think you will suit each other."

After a few minutes' conversation, Lawrence arose to leave.

"You wish to get settled as soon as possible, I suppose. I will walk over to Harwell's room with you; it is but a few steps." And Mr.

Emerson arose, and took his hat and cane, and a short walk brought them to the student's door.

They found Harwell so immersed in his books that he scarcely observed their entrance. The pleasant, full voice of the principal aroused him, and, springing to his feet, he received his instructor with filial affection.

"I have brought you a chum, Harwell. I suppose, after living alone so long, you will know how to appreciate good company," said Mr. Emerson smiling.

Harwell thought he should, and after a few minutes' pleasant conversation, Mr. Emerson left, saying: "Call at my study, gentlemen, when you have leisure. I shall be glad to see you both. Lawrence, I trust we shall be friends," he added complaisantly.

Harwell had already attained to that honorable distinction.

Mr. Emerson soon after re-entered his study, and picking up the scrap of paper he had left, turned to his journal and made an entry: "William Lawrence, sensitive, modest, sensible, thoughtful, prompt, energetic; first impressions."

Mr. Emerson afterward found no occasion to modify first impressions.

Lawrence found himself in a room about twelve feet square, with bare floor and white-washed walls. It contained a bed, a stove, three chairs, a small looking-glass, an old-fashioned bureau with two drawers and a chest top, which served the purpose of a sideboard. Besides these articles, there were two tables about three feet in length and one in width, with drawers at each end. A few pine shelves, recently fastened against the wall, served as a book-case.

The new student could hardly see room for his enormous trunk, but Harwell was a practical fellow as well as Lawrence, and had had more experience in these matters, and was more used to close quarters than the youth fresh from orchard and meadow. He could see no difficulty whatever, and suggested one or two simple changes in present arrangements, and then declared their "accommodations were ample."

Lawrence thought his room-mate a good-natured fellow, and if Harwell could put up with inconveniences, he was sure he could himself, and if they both were careful to retain their good-nature, they might occupy a very narrow apartment without "running their elbows into each other."

Harwell opened a closet, and thrusting his scanty wardrobe into one end of it, left the largest half for Lawrence. Then, with a delicate sense of propriety, he left, saying he would be back in an hour.

This gave Lawrence an undisturbed opportunity to arrange the contents of his box and trunk.

He opened the trunk first, and what was his surprise when the new cloak met his view. He took it up, and discovered a little note pinned to it. He read it:

"From Martha and Mary, in remembrance of the uniform kindness of their brother Billy."

How the tears blinded, and the swelling of the heart choked the young man then! He read the note again, then put it into his pocket, and burst into tears; then rallying again, he continued his work.

Here was a half dozen pair of stockings; and another bit of paper fastened to them told him they were made from the wool of Dwight's pet lamb, by his little brother's particular request.

"Generous little fellow," exclaimed Lawrence, and the tears upwelled again.

And here was a pair of mittens, "knit by your

little sister, Emmie, for my darling brother, Billy;" and they were stuffed out with butternut meats, which the same little fingers had picked out for him.

Now Lawrence could not help laughing.

And now his hand was upon the well-worn Bible; and he pressed it reverently to his lips. It had been his dayly companion for years; and the sight of its familiar covers was more grateful to him, even at that time, than the cheerful face of a friend would have been.

And here was a handsome new Bible; and on the fly-leaf was the simple inscription, in Mr. Hatfield's bold, round handwriting: "To my son William; read it dayly as long as you live."

"I certainly will," responded Lawrence.

Then he opened his box. Here were Mrs. Hatfield's deposits.

"How many things she has thought of!" said Lawrence. "What a mother she has been to me! My own mother could not have done more. That she could have loved me better, I do not know. I can just remember how she used to take me into her closet to pray, and then how often I felt her warm tears falling upon my cheek; and I have fancied that I felt

her hand again upon my head, and heard her say, as she did just before she died: 'The Lord bless thee, and keep thee; the angel of the Lord encamp about thee, and protect thee.'

"I saw her once more, as they lifted me up to look upon her pale, cold face; and they wept when they told me I was an orphan! But how have I forgotten that I am an orphan. I love to remember that I had a praying mother; it gives me strength and courage in moments of depression."

Thus Lawrence soliloquized as he arranged his wardrobe, and the contents of his box.

Soon a letter turned up; and this was from Mrs. Hatfield.

As she had always been free to converse with him on all topics relating to his duties and deportment as a Christian, and he had risen early that morning to be with her as usual while she was preparing breakfast, he exclaimed, "Well, I cannot guess what is here!"

He read the letter: "Keep the pies in a cool place, Billy. The sage cheese, the dried beef, and the sausages, from too much moisture or dryness. The little jar of butter keep in the cellar, if you can have access to it; place a

stone on the cover to prevent the rats from taking a bite."

"As many traps as I have made and set for those fellows, I should never have thought of that," said Lawrence, laughing. "No wonder the stage agent thought my box heavy; and his driver made a bungling pass at wit, when he called it the 'sub-treasury.'"

Lawrence read on: "Dwight thought father had better drive down a cow for you;" and the young student laughed again, and rubbed his hands. "You see Emmie has not forgotten the doughnuts; perhaps you will have a room-mate that will help you to eat them." "That he shall!" exclaimed Lawrence; "for I can't see that he has any supplies except meal, and a mush-pot to boil it in." "Do not stint yourself, Billy; we may have a chance to send you a box before the term closes."

"Who for?" said Lawrence.

"The little bag of berries are from Emmie and Dwight. You know Emmie insisted on telling you how to prepare dried berries for the table last week."

"The little darling!" exclaimed Lawrence. "They have thought of everything, and all have done something. I think I might open a house,

and take boarders," he added, mirthfully, as he looked around the room. "I am glad Harwell is not here, for he would think me a ninny; but I can't help it, they are all so kind to me, and I have no claims upon them."

No, Lawrence, no: indulge those feelings of generous gratitude, and check them not. It is manly. And Harwell has a soul too, a soul, under that calm exterior, as full of tender home feeling, of expansive sympathies with all that is noble, and generous, and good, as yourself. It will keep your heart young, and afford you a well-spring of constant happiness through all your future life.

CHAPTER XIX.

Rashly, nor oftentimes truly, doth man pass judgment on his brother;

For he seeth not the springs of the heart, nor heareth the reasons of the mind.

Deep is the sea, and deep is hell, but pride mineth deeper;

It is coil'd as a poisonous worm about the foundations of the soul.

Give to merit, largely give; his conscious heart will bless thee;

It is not flattery, but love; the sympathy of men, his brethren.

TUPPER.

MR. ARTHUR remained in the city four years. During that time many circumstances occurred, some calculated to amuse, others that were annoying, and many that afforded real pleasure, not only for the time being, but years after.

One day a lady called who had recently become a member of his Church. She was what might be called a good sort of a woman; but, having risen suddenly from obscurity to affluence, her mind had hardly kept pace with her circumstances, so that she was not very well fitted for the station she was endeavoring to fill. Mr. Markham, her husband, had come to the

city a few years before, in striped suit, a red cotton handkerchief, containing his wardrobe, all the property he had in the world; but, by tact and speculation, he had succeeded beyond his most sanguine expectations.

Mrs. Markham's servant came to Mr. Arthur's door soon after, bringing a large bundle, which she left for her mistress, and passed on.

"I have brought you a few things, Mrs. Arthur," said Mrs. Markham, as she began to unroll the bundle. "Here is a Florence braid that I thought would make you a good 'hack-about,' if it was bleached nice; and here is a ribbon: it is a little soiled, but I think it will do very well to trim it with. Here is a lot of little aprons my children have outgrown, patched a leetle, to be sure, in some places, but a good deal of good wear in them yet. I thought they would just fit your children."

Mrs. Arthur colored slightly, and her naturally independent feelings rose quickly, but fell as quickly as they rose, and then she could hardly repress a smile.

"I will take them, Mrs. Markham," replied Mrs. Arthur pleasantly; "and I know"—she stopped when she saw the unconscious, innocent look of Mrs. Markham—"and I know a poor

family to whom I should like to give them," she was about to say.

The lady left soon after, and Mrs. Arthur, too much amused to keep quiet, ran up to the study to communicate her exceeding good luck to her husband.

Mr. Arthur burst into a laugh that would have exorcised "the blues," and might have been thought by some rather unclerical; and knowing Mrs. Arthur's repugnance to being pauperized, he exclaimed, "What will you do now, Mary?"

"I commenced telling Mrs. Markham," said Mrs. Arthur, "that I knew a poor family to whom I should like to give them; but the good woman did look so unconsciotus of any impropriety in offering such things to me, that I spared her the embarrassment the remark would have occasioned. I think, however, that I ought to make a suggestion to Mrs. Markham on that point. It will be of use to her if she takes it kindly, and I think she will. It is a pity she should not know what is proper in such cases."

Mr. Arthur remarked with pleasantry, that public opinion was strangely divided with regard to the itinerant ministry, nearly one half

thinking them to be a "free-and-go-easy" set of fellows, living on the fat of the land, and the other half believing them to be suffering paupers. "But what is your plan, Mary?" he inquired.

"I shall send the bundle around to that poor family, and drop a note to Mrs. Markham, telling her what I have done. This will be sufficient, and will save her the embarrassment my presence would occasion, should I do so personally."

"Well thought of, Mary," said Mr. Arthur, as she glided from the room.

At another time Mrs. Arthur received a call, which, unlike the former, annoyed her exceedingly. It was from a lady, who, with assumed and patronizing superiority, "told the minister's wife in plain terms, that she had thought Mrs. Arthur must be very lonely with so little genteel society as Mrs. Arthur's circle of acquaintance must necessarily contain." Mrs. Preedy, that was the name of the lady, thought Mrs. Arthur must be sighing for kindred spirits; and Mrs. Preedy would be glad to introduce Mrs. Arthur among some of the *first families* of the city, with whom Mrs. Preedy herself was on the most *intimate terms*, and they belonged

to the same Church with herself; and Mrs. Preedy had called that afternoon to make this proposal to Mrs. Arthur.

The minister's wife had met before with a class of people, of whom Mrs. Preedy was a very good representative, and she had some knowledge of their forward pretensions, pertinent airs, and their claim to all the piety, refinement, and intelligence of the civilized world. She was not therefore the least disconcerted, and her self-possession nettled Mrs. Preedy a little, who thought, of course, the minister's wife would be embarrassed in the presence of a superior, and feel under lasting obligations to her for her condescension.

"I never find time to feel lonely, Mrs. Preedy," Mrs. Arthur replied; "and I am too happy in my family to 'sigh' for genteel or fashionable society. I find kindred spirits everywhere; and the day that I leave off loving, I hope will be my last. My heart claims affinity with everything my heavenly Father has made; and where there is a chance of elevating a human being, however humble or depraved, there the truly Christian heart will delight to be."

Mrs. Preedy then tried again. She remarked that she had often seen Mr. Arthur, and thought

him "much more like 'our people' than his own."

To this Mrs. Arthur made no reply; and Mrs. Preedy added, with a smirk of self-conceit: "I do not know as you will consider that a compliment, but it is intended as such."

"I do not really see the force of the compliment, Mrs. Preedy," replied the minister's wife. "But Mr. Arthur hardly wishes to extend the circle of his acquaintance. He feels the responsibilities of a Christian pastor, and wishes to devote his time to his appropriate work. Perhaps if the itinerant ministry spent more time in making complimentary calls, and in fashionable society, they would bow more complacently and smile more flatteringly; but they would think they had made a sad change. The accomplishment would not be worth the time devoted to its acquirement."

Mrs. Preedy, seeing she was advancing nothing, then made another rally.

"Mrs. Arthur," said she, encouragingly, "I have often thought, when I have seen you, what a pity it is that you should be sacrificed to the itinerant system. Mr. Arthur's talents would command a good salary in some of our *genteel* Churches;" ("Fudge!" thought Mrs. Arthur,

but she said nothing;) "and it would be so pleasant to be settled over a beautiful society, and save you so many annoyances, and hardships, and labors. Indeed, I think it cruel that you should be such a slave to your societies."

"I hardly know what you mean, Mrs. Preedy," said the minister's wife; "I do but little scarcely worth the naming, but it is performed cheerfully, voluntarily."

"But how a person of refinement and sensibility, like you, must be annoyed" ("Fudge!" thought Mrs. Arthur, again. She had read Goldsmith's Vicar) "with the coarseness of many with whom you come in contact."

"So I am," thought Mrs. Arthur, as she involuntarily looked out of the window.

"No station in life is free from annoyances, Mrs. Preedy," replied Mrs. Arthur, with dignity. "The fashionable lady of wealth, and the genteel exclusive, as well as the one whose reversed fortunes render it necessary for her to resort to artful expedients to maintain her position in society, have theirs. And not having any noble principle of action to prompt me, or a single passage of Scripture to sustain me under such self-imposed vexations, I should sink beneath them. Even the anxieties and perplexities of those

who, professing to have renounced the follies and vanities of life, fluctuate and trim between Christ and the world, I conceive to be far beyond my own. As to being settled, Mr. Arthur has had very liberal proposals, if he would forsake the itinerant ranks and become a settled pastor; but so long as he can do more good as a traveling preacher he will not listen to such proposals. And I should regret to see him seeking ease or emolument, while there is so much to be done for the advancement of the Redeemer's kingdom on earth."

Mrs. Preedy changed color frequently, and soon arose to depart. She was dissatisfied with herself, and tried in vain to pity the simplicity and Christ-like spirit of a nature she could not comprehend; and Mrs. Arthur's heart grew sad, that an immortal mind, created for a higher and a nobler life, should have been so perverted by the dazzling show and false views of this life, that it could take delight in trifles, and waste its powers upon them.

Toward the close of Mr. Arthur's fourth year in the city, his numerous friends consulted each other on making him a pastoral visit. It was not the first time they had done so, but as he was about to leave the city, they were resolved

to compliment him in a pleasant way. They provided their own entertainment, and then feasted several destitute families on the fragments.

Preacher and people entered heartily into the enjoyments of the occasion, and the evening passed off very pleasantly.

After the company had all retired, the minister's family found something valuable had been left for each one of them, though all agreed that "father had fared the best," and, moreover, that "he ought to, for he is the only *minister* in the family."

He received a beautiful set of silver forks, and an entire new suit, even to gloves and cravat, besides several highly-prized volumes for his library just issued. The books, he afterward learned, came from the young men who attended his ministry.

A merino dress of the finest quality, a valuable shawl, a new velvet bonnet, neat and tasteful, besides various smaller articles, were found on Mrs. Arthur's toilet, while the children were nearly frantic with their gifts, of less value, indeed, but almost too numerous to mention, and declared to be "just what they wanted;" and Nancy, her devotion to Mrs. Arthur was gener-

ally known, and she received, to her surprise, a new brown woolen shawl, which she smoothed down and exhibited with great satisfaction; and no article that was left received so much admiration and attention from each member of the household as Nancy's shawl.

"We have had a charming time to-night, have we not?" said Mrs. Arthur to her husband after the children had retired.

"I think so," replied her husband. "We have a rich heritage in the affections of God's children."

"We certainly have," replied Mrs. Arthur. "Our perplexities may perhaps be increased—though we are not sure of that—in becoming itinerants, but so are our enjoyments. O, do you know where my velvet bonnet came from?"

"No," replied Mr. Arthur.

"Well, I do: it was from Mrs. Markham."

"I am delighted to hear it," exclaimed Mr. Arthur. "It is best always to be gentle and conciliating, is it not?"

"Mrs. Markham evidently meant well, and she has shown a truly Christian spirit in the affair," said Mrs. Arthur. "If she had taken offense, I should have been inclined to doubt the purity of her motives."

CHAPTER XX.

The hinds how blest, who ne'er beguiled
 To quit their hamlet's hawthorn wild,
 Nor haunt the crowd, nor tempt the main,
 For splendid care, and guilty gain.

When morning's twilight-tinctured beam
 Strikes their low thatch with slanting gleam,
 They rove abroad in ether blue,
 To dip the scythe in fragrant dew,
 The sheaf to bind, the beech to fell,
 That, nodding, shades a craggy dell.—WARTON.

At the next Conference Mr. Arthur received an appointment to a large inland town, only about ten miles from the hamlet, where he had spent two of the pleasantest years of his ministry.

After the moving was over, and they had become quietly settled in their new appointment, which they found a very pleasant one, the minister and his family began to anticipate the pleasure of a visit to their friends at the hamlet, which they had promised them, should circumstances ever admit of it.

While the subject was under discussion, they received a letter from Mr. Hatfield, inviting them to come and spend a week in his family, charging them playfully, but explicitly, to leave "not a 'hoof' or a soul behind."

The delight of the children at this announcement knew no bounds, and accordingly, during their summer vacation, all departed for this much-desired visit.

Marian Arthur was now a young lady in appearance, but she was a very child at heart. The extreme simplicity and ingenuousness of her manners, her sweetness of temper and overflowing vivacity, her qualities of mind, both brilliant and solid, which already had become well developed, made her not only a general favorite, but gave promise of superior usefulness. Even now the younger children appealed to her as readily as to their mother, and she was not only their counselor, but also their arbiter in all their little differences.

Nathaniel, a magnanimous, energetic, intelligent boy, only a year his sister's junior, more than ever like his father, was the moving spirit of the household.

That they had both recently become heirs of eternal life, and had transferred their affections

from earth's vanities to the rich inheritance of their Father above, and were striving to live for eternity, was a cause of deep thankfulness and joy to their heavenly-minded parents.

Next to them in the order of the household was the cherub-angel, separated from them by the vail impenetrable, but ever reckoned as "one of us."

Then there was Jennie and Frank, much alike, of lively and sensitive temperaments, full of play, "quick to catch joy, and true to touch of woe."

Charlie was a sober, thoughtful child, of an inquiring mind, one who would from his infancy study, and draw pleasure from a fly or a spider, a drop of water, or a withered leaf. Young as he was, he seemed ever revolving some vast project in his head, and on that account had received the weighty sobriquet of "deacon" from the little "funsters," Frank and Jennie.

The sweet little Addie, the darling of the household, seemed to partake of the qualities of mind and of disposition of all the others. She had the peculiar engaging sweetness of Marian, the quick intellect of Nathaniel, and the vivacity and keen sensibilities of Frank and

Jennie, with the thoughtfulness of Charlie; and the irresistible enchantment of her own charming, winning ways, made her the pet of all, beloved and cherished with the tenderest affection.

It was a happy, joyous-hearted company—the father and mother seemed to have become children with the rest—that left the parsonage that bright summer day, and arrived at the hamlet toward its close; and a happy company had assembled at Farmer Hatfield's to meet them.

They were there again, the friends who had met a few years before to greet their new pastor, then a stranger to them all. "Father" Harvey, with a countenance that spoke of communion with the glorified, seemed just ready to take wing for a brighter clime; and the magnanimous Boynton is the same cordial, intelligent, good-humored man as of yore. The warm-hearted, noble-souled Hatfield, his refined sensibilities and his genial nature have become more refined and more genial; while his Maria, the sweet-tempered, dignified, motherly Mrs. Hatfield, with a shade of unusual thoughtfulness upon her brow, is gliding about as usual, dispensing happiness to all.

William Lawrence is there too, spending his

summer on Mr. Hatfield's farm, recruiting his physical energies and his purse; and John Harwell, his "chum," has just arrived to pass his vacation in labor with him.

Dr. Richmond, the class-leader, is also present; and he seems much more at home at Farmer Hatfield's than when Mr. Arthur first came to the hamlet. A slight blush on Martha's cheek, when the doctor speaks, tells a story; and it is soon known to the minister's family that they are just in time for a wedding; and when they learn that the preacher stationed at the hamlet has been necessarily absent for several weeks, and cannot soon return, they comprehend why Mr. Hatfield had professed a preference for the visit at that time.

Dr. Richmond is well known through all that region, and is noted for his exact Christian deportment, his unswerving fidelity, and his active benevolence.

Martha has a promising prospect before her: a pleasant home near her friends and parents, and a companion of similar tastes and disposition, and a spirit in harmony with her own. While the doctor thinks himself the happiest man in the world, and that his Martha is the embodiment of mildness, wisdom, modesty, and con-

stancy; and every one who knows her thinks the same.

Dwight and Emmie, who are always the children at Farmer Hatfield's, and will, doubtless, continue to be for a long time to come, are very busy here and there, with sunny faces and joyous steps, seeking sources of amusement and gratification for their young friends, as happy as innocence and a desire to impart happiness can make them.

The younger members of the family are not long in entering into the spirit of the occasion, and Jennie and Frank come tripping in, hardly able to restrain their glee, and whisper to their mother loud enough to be heard by every one in the room, that they "are having the very best kind of a time."

William Lawrence, who in his boyhood had the reputation of being as witty and amusing a personage as could be met with, shows unmistakable signs of an outburst of his mirth-loving nature, while Harwell, who was never guilty of perpetrating a joke in his life, looks on with the greatest apparent enjoyment.

It was interesting to compare these two young men together; the brilliant powers of the one, with the sober, ponderous, but attractive powers

of the other. Lawrence would comprehend a subject at once, while Harwell's mind seemed to pass from point to point, laboring slowly, but unerringly, until the whole subject was grasped. The mind and conversation of Lawrence were more "versatile, rapid, magnificent," while the words of Harwell were weighty, and full of practical suggestiveness. †

The thoughts of Lawrence flowed from his lips with smoothness and eloquence. Harwell found difficulty in expressing the commonest idea without hesitation. Lawrence was impetuous, ardent, prompt; and would face and overcome difficulties, while his friend was reconnoitering.

When Harwell entered the Conference Academy, he was without money and without friends, and though his pockets could never boast a well-filled purse, he had, by his extraordinary candor and pious simplicity, obtained an honorable distinction in his own circle, though he was scarcely known beyond it.

His connection with Lawrence, whose kindly nature overflowed with love and good-will to all, was most fortunate. He brought Harwell out, called into exercise a distinct order of his faculties, and new sources of enjoyment and usefulness were opened to him.

Before his acquaintance with Lawrence, he had lived almost like a recluse; now all the social feelings of his nature, which had so long been lying dormant, were awakened to new life. Of delicate and refined sensibilities, he had shrunk from the unfeeling gaze of thoughtlessness that never knew, nor could appreciate, the nobleness and depth of nature that dwelt under that shabby exterior.

Lawrence knew (for Harwell had made him, and him alone, his confidant) that a beloved and honored mother, all the relative he had in the world, was dependent on him for support. Cheered and sustained by her prayers, and by the benediction of a dying father, he had never wavered, but had pressed on in his manly course, and mountains had become plains before his indomitable perseverance.

Then Lawrence knew the secret of the scanty wardrobe, the dinners of mush and of corn-cakes, and why every Saturday night for months he had "inked the seams of his only coat," and had kept it together only by constant attention.

It was a happy day for Harwell when Lawrence arrived at the Academy. They were a mutual help to each other, and it would be diffi-

cult to tell which was the most benefited. Lawrence's keen eye had detected the difference between his own present supplies and his room-mate's, and after gaining his confidence he had said, "All things in common, Harwell, or I must go;" and the other, assured of the noblest intentions on the part of his chum, and conscious of the absence of selfish motives on his own part, acquiesced in the arrangement. But this circumstance is worth the naming only as it shows traits of character equally honorable to both.

An evening of unalloyed happiness was spent at Farmer Hatfield's, such as the affected great, or those who are unacquainted with the joys of communion with the source of all happiness, could neither appreciate nor enjoy.

The company were scattered. The children beneath the orchard-trees and through the clover meadows, near the house, had spent the evening together in unrestrained mirth.

The young people had been enticed further by the cool, refreshing summer breezes, and the fragrant fields. The majestic cliffs looked still more majestic in the soft moonlight, and seemed to be looking down upon, and guarding with parental care, the valleys slumbering at their



feet. These had allured them even to their summits; and then the varied landscape was spread out in all its gorgeous beauty before them.

This was a night never forgotten by that youthful band. Purposes high and holy were strengthened, new hopes were awakened, and chords were touched in those young hearts that vibrated in unison until they ceased to beat.

The elder part of the company remained at home, and spent the evening in conversation edifying and entertaining.

At ten o'clock all reassembled in Mr. Hatfield's

parlor, to spend an hour in prayer and exhortation. And "gradually, as one after another still fervently prayed together, their souls began to sympathize, the one with the other, blending in one common religious feeling." Soon after they separated to meet again on the morrow.

CHAPTER XXI.

"When heart embraces heart,
Encircled in their heavenly Father's love,
His all-benignant eye is seen above,
Confirming what is done."

The good old man has gone !
He lies in his saintly rest ;
And his labors all are done,
And the work he loved the best :
The good old man is gone,
But the dead in the Lord is bless'd.—DOANE.

THE next day the wedding party assembled, and the table was spread on a warm turfy bank, near the river's brink, beneath the spreading oaks.

The residents of the hamlet were invited; and here the marriage ceremony was performed by Mr. Arthur. Music, at intervals, enlivened the afternoon; and when at length its last echoes, reverberating from cliff to cliff, died away in the distance, the villagers dispersed. "Father" Harvey and a few others still lingered, as if unwilling to break the enchantment that held them spell-bound to the spot.

The bride and bridegroom, with characteristic forgetfulness of self, had made many a heart happy that day by cheerful attentions and pleasant words, and their beaming eyes and repose of features told of a bliss nestling at their own hearts too deep for utterance.

Mr. Arthur, who had wandered a short distance from the company, now drew near, and every eye turned to welcome him. He was a man greatly and deservedly beloved. He had the finest sympathies for humanity, and could see even in the most degraded, some redeeming quality, and the hope never failed him that a spark of celestial light would penetrate the darkness, and being fanned by divine influence, would lead them to purity, to heaven.

He knew well that the harsh word and the upbraiding look never softened the heart. His pleasant, open smile, and encouraging tone and manner assured all that, though his pure spirit could never approve the wrong, yet in him they had not the censorious judge, but the loving and compassionate friend.

He strove to make the erring sensible of their faults, and then allured them to a higher standard of conduct, by showing them the deep heinousness of sin, and the beauty of holiness.

Lawrence soon after approached with a countenance beaming with rapture, and reclining easily upon the bank, he seemed lost to everything around him. Every one wished to speak, but all loved him too well to interrupt his deep spirit-communings.

His clear, full eye took in at a single glance the beauty of the scene; the deep stream slowly



winding away in the distance, bordered by the weeping-willows and the long meadow grass,

the fields of bright waving grain beyond; and further still the rising woodland covered with dense pine, whose sighing branches, constant in grief, murmured a soothing requiem for earth's dead, and still beyond and over all the clear blue expanse of heaven. Here his eye rested, and now all knew whence came their ethereal light. And then he murmured in a low, clear voice:

"I thirst for a life-giving God,
A God that on Calvary died;
A fountain of water and blood,
That gush'd from Emanuel's side!

"I gasp for the stream of thy love,
The spirit of rapture unknown;
And then to redrink it above,
Eternally fresh from thy throne."

The bird-like voice and merry laugh of Addie were now heard, as she came tripping over the green grass, leaving the good Nancy quite out of sight. She had a large bunch of lilies in her hand, which she had gathered for the company.

"I can give you one, Grandpapa Harvey," she began, "and Auntie Martha, and Brother Richmond, and Cousin Dwight, poor child;" and she reached up to imprint a kiss upon his

glowing cheek. Dwight laughed at this epithet of endearment, and all the children laughed with him.

Each one shared in her treasures, and Mr. Hatfield last of all. The company were surprised at this, but soon saw the policy of the little girl.

She cast an inquiring glance upon him, his eye met hers, its love-light welcomed her, and in a moment she was in his arms; now running her little velvet hands through his glossy brown hair, and now insisting on placing one of her lilies over each of his ears.

"Where did you get your curls, Addie?" said Mr. Hatfield to the little girl, playfully.

With a look subdued in a moment into reverence, and a face radiant with confiding love and innocence, as if an angel breathed upon it, she replied:

"God gave them to me. Don't you know God, Brother Hatfield?"

The good farmer pressed the little lamb close to his heart, and could not for a moment reply. A tear glistened in his eye as he thought of the incomprehensible and the infinitely holy nature of the great Creator, and of his own unlikeness to him.

Addie looked up into his face for an answer.

"I know him as my *Father*, Addie, through Jesus Christ our Saviour," replied Mr. Hatfield, with simplicity and deep feeling; "and I am glad my little friend remembers who gives her all the blessings she enjoys. Can you tell me who made all things, Addie?"

"God made everything," replied the little girl, sweetly.

"But did God make your apron?" inquired Mr. Hatfield.

"O no, Brother Hatfield! my mamma made my apron, and dress, and stockings; but I think God made the cloth," replied the little reasoner.

Mr. Hatfield talked on with the little girl for some time.

The sun had already sent his good-night kiss to each cheek upon his last beams, and had whispered hopefully in each heart, "I shall see you to-morrow."

"Father" Harvey now leaned back in his chair to reach his favorite staff, which he had carefully hung by its crook on a low branch of the oak under which they were sitting, and Addie was polishing the head of Mr. Hatfield's cane. Nancy showed unmistakable signs of

uneasiness lest her little pet should be exposed to the falling dews; the young people and the children had returned from their rambles; and all began to make preparations to depart, though none seemed willing to leave.

Mary Hatfield, with a soul full of poetry, though she had never written a stanza in her life, caught the inspiration of the hour, and her beautiful features glowed with enthusiasm and devotion.

She whispered to her father, "Can we not have family prayers here?"

"Yes, my dear," replied the farmer; and he turned to Mr. Arthur.

"This is a proper place for prayer," said the minister; "and though we cannot look through nature up to nature's God without the aid of Divine revelation, yet with that aid we can see God in all his works."

"The groves were God's first temples," replied Mr. Hatfield; "and to me there is no place more appropriate for worship. Can we not sing a hymn?"

All looked at Lawrence and Harwell; and they commenced in full, heavy voices, "Father" Harvey's favorite words:

"Forever with the Lord!
 Amen, so let it be!
 Life from the dead is in that word,
 'Tis immortality.

"Here in the body pent,
 Absent from thee I roam;
 Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
 A day's march nearer home.

"Forever with the Lord!
 Father, if 'tis thy will,
 The promise of that faithful word,
 E'en here in me fulfill.

"So when my latest breath,
 Shall rend the vail in twain,
 By death I shall escape from death,
 And life eternal gain.

"Knowing as I am known,
 How shall I love that word,
 And oft repeat before the throne,
 Forever with the Lord!"

Marian and Nathaniel Arthur accompanying in a fine alto, and Mary Hatfield in a clear and sweet treble, all hearts were borne away with the music and the sentiments of the inimitable hymn.

Every spirit seemed subdued as in the presence of Infinity. To "Father" Harvey the vail was already rent in twain, and he had a glimpse

of the unseen glory. He saw his moving tent pitched on the other shore, and the sight ravished his spirit.

Mr. Arthur prayed ardently, and in the spirit of devotion. As he closed, "Father" Harvey clasped his hands with fervor, and with eyes upraised and tearful, and blanched face and quivering lip, as if in the immediate presence of Deity, he repeated in a low, deep tone: "Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil. For thine is the kingdom, the power, and the glory forever. Amen."

"Amen!" responded all audibly. Never before had the prayer of our Lord seemed to them so full of meaning, deep, unutterable meaning. It was enough. All now wended their way homeward.

"Father" Harvey's heart overflowed with rapturous joy, and all accompanied him to his cottage home. "My course is nearly finished," said he; "I shall soon be free from temptation, free from sin. Halleluiah! my soul melts under

Divine influence. Deposit this body by the side of my dear sainted Polly's, my brethren. When I put on the robe of immortality I should like to try my infant wings there, and raise my first shout over vanquished death and hell there."

He passed into his cottage, where his kind son-in-law and affectionate daughter awaited him.

William Lawrence intended to return with the company, but turned again and entered the cottage, to pass the night with "Father" Harvey. A spirit seemed to whisper in his heart, "Knowest thou not that the Lord will take away thy" father "from thy head to-day?"

The venerable man, before retiring to rest, walked up and down the room, singing,

"Press forward, press forward, the prize is in view,
A crown of bright glory is waiting for you."

"I am going home, William," he exclaimed, soon after, as he leaned back in a large arm-chair. "Hark! I hear that voice to-night which I heard fifty years ago under the old elm-tree, and it calls me away; then it spoke my sins forgiven, now it calls me away. Hark! do you not hear it? Call my children."

They were there in an instant, and a few mo-

ments after, while his mortal frame rested in the strong embrace of the weeping Lawrence, and the drooping head fell back upon the shoulder of the young man, the humble, holy, and useful servant of his Lord reached forth his hand and ejaculated, "It is mine." The glittering crown appeared in full view.

"Now I see, I see clearly," he exclaimed soon after; and his pure spirit, freed from its prison-house, departed with the word.

He had been singing of heaven, and the rapturous notes were still vibrating in his soul. Then all was hushed, and in a moment he was ravished with the music of the skies.

"From the chair to the throne! O vision sublime!
All the beauties celestial combining;
Like the rising of morn o'er the darkness of time,
The radiance of heaven was shining.
* * * * *

"The sweet music of angels enraptured his soul,
And his giant heart leap'd with emotion;
When his sanctified spirit, intent on the goal,
Launch'd forth on eternity's ocean."

Quickly the sad news spread, not only through the hamlet, but for many miles around. "Father Harvey is dead," fell mournfully upon many hearts. The funeral was numerously attended,

and groups here and there sorrowfully discussed the merits of the deceased.

Weeping friends bore his body to the church in which he had been so long a constant worshiper, and placed the coffin near the altar, where he had so often commemorated the death of the Saviour whose praises he was now celebrating with the glorified.

Mr. Arthur preached a funeral discourse to a sobbing multitude.

As they wended their way to the quiet graveyard, they halted beneath the old elm-tree, at the foot of which, so many years before, he had claimed a risen Saviour; and, agreeably to his oft-repeated request, they sung a hymn of triumphant victory. They then passed on to the sacred inclosure.

"I am the resurrection and the life," repeated the clergyman, in clear, full tones, as they entered the resting-place of the departed. "He that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die." "I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth: and though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God: whom I shall see for myself,

and mine eyes shall behold, and not another." "We brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can take nothing out." "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord." "I heard a voice saying unto me, Write: from henceforth blessed are the dead who die in the Lord; even so, saith the Spirit, for they rest from their labors." Then a few words of prayer followed, and they left him there to sleep.

CHAPTER XXII.

"Give me the mind that, bent on highest aim,
Deems virtue's rugged path sole path to fame;
Great things with small compare in scale sublime,
And life with death, eternity with time."

AUTUMN found Lawrence and Harwell again at the academy, devoted to the pursuit of knowledge and to mental discipline, with characteristic enthusiasm. They were earnestly looking forward to the day that should transfer them to stations of more extended usefulness.

Life presented to their ardent imagination an inviting picture. Shades might be indicated—deep shades; but these were only the finishing touches of a skillful hand, that mellowed its brightness, and rendered the effect more charming.

To their strong, hopeful hearts success seemed certain. Success! To these Christian young men that was not success which might bear them gently along to the goal of wealth and luxurious indulgence. That was not success

which might place them highest on the roll of fame, and bring adoring multitudes to their feet; that was not success that might win them a name that might live centuries after they were dead.

No; if they could say, when life's scroll was about to be rolled up, and borne away to the archives of eternity, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness," that would be success.

To such success they aspired. Centuries on centuries would add to their fame. "Glory, honor, immortality, eternal life;" was that not enough?

To one unacquainted with the high and holy purposes that inspired these young men, their pent quarters would have been a prison, and their coarse food like the meager supply doled out by the warden; but when such thoughts burned within their hearts, their little naked room was a palace, and their homely fare angels' food.

To do good was the controlling, absorbing principle by which they were actuated; and who will say that a pious young man intent on this great object cannot do as much, while a

humble student of an academy, or of a higher institution of learning, as in any other position in life? †

Who can say, limited though his sphere may be, that his consistent course, his personal appeals to the hearts of his fellow-students, his unconscious influence over them, may not produce greater results than years of his future ministry?

A young man of high moral and religious principles, of deep, consistent piety, and of commanding talents, who remains two or three years at an institution of learning, can there exert an influence over his young associates equal, and sometimes superior, to the instructors themselves.

Here, then, is an opportunity for usefulness overlooked and passed by, though it may be by those who are intent only on great achievements in the future, which promises not only a present harvest, but fruits that shall be gathered into the garner of the Lord from all lands.

Rev. Mr. Emerson, the principal, was in the habit of addressing his school at their weekly prayer-meetings.

"My young friends," said he, on one occasion, "you are here preparing yourselves for future usefulness, and your hearts are full of hope;

but you will not all attain to eminence. Let a retrospective view unite the beginning of time with the present. Only a few names of all who have ever lived shine out amid the darkness. A nation that produced a Solon, must have had a galaxy of lesser lights; but where are they? a gloom impenetrable hangs over them.

"You desire to be useful in life; but have you those graces of the Spirit that will insure success? The little one can do, seems hardly worth the doing; but when we connect the events of Time with the realities of Eternity, each act assumes the weight of an infinite importance. When you retire from these associations, many of you to your homes, will you be willing to knock at the door of some obscure Sabbath school, and ask for the privilege of telling the story of the cross to a few little ones you may collect around you? for many of you will have a field of labor no more extended than this; and have you those graces of the Spirit that will make you faithful there?

"And you, my young brethren in the ministry, on leaving this place, you will give yourselves to the Church. Will you be satisfied should you be sent to some distant, barren, and uncultivated region, where your talents may be

unappreciated, your allowance scanty, and yourself neglected? Will you then murmur, and think yourselves hardly dealt by and oppressed? Will such thoughts as these arise in your hearts: To what use have I been studying, and toiling, and spending my time and my substance, if such is my reward? If so, you need more of the mind that was in Christ; and I pray you strive to attain to a higher standard of Christian experience. You will find many falling below your reasonable expectations. But do not frown upon them, and make yourselves unhappy on that account. If everybody acted right, there would be no need of your labors for their improvement.

"The idea of a bargain between yourselves and a Church, that you will serve up to them the precious and glorious truths of the Gospel for a stipulated sum, is not quite worthy the dignity of a true Gospel minister, and the great work in which he is engaged. On the other hand, a Church—and most of those who hear me will soon be members of Churches in different places—that in a niggardly manner doles out a scanty allowance to their minister, shows too plainly that they have not imbibed deeply the true spirit of the Gospel. Never lose sight of the

fact that you are *all* missionaries, both the ministry and the laity, and that your object is the evangelization of the world. Leave it to Providence to direct your course; and however humble your station may be, you will be happy, and prepared for usefulness in it."

This was the spirit these young men earnestly cultivated. A spirit of unholy ambition; a thirst for preëminence, for its own sake, they guarded against as a deadly foe.

"You heard the remarks of our principal last evening, I suppose," said Safford, a fellow-student, to our young friends, as he rejoined them in a morning walk.

"Now for a chafing," thought Harwell; and he shrugged his shoulders, and then nerved himself to patient endurance.

"We were both at the meeting," was the brief response.

"And what did you think of the remarks of our principal?" persisted Safford.

"I thought he talked like a Christian hero," replied Lawrence, with emphasis.

"Well, I thought he did not know much about it," replied Safford, with self-complacency; "with all due deference to Mr. Emerson, though. But let him go into the itin-

erant work as the rest of us have, and fare as we do; and then he would know something by experience. I have been in the regular work myself, you know."

"This Mr. Emerson did do in his early ministry," replied Harwell.

"We," continued Safford, as if he were the speaker of the itinerant army; "we leave our all—houses and lands, and parents, and brothers, and sisters, and friends—for Christ's sake and the Gospel's, and consent to have no permanent home on earth; but give our lifetime to toil, and suffering, and self-sacrificing labors, and patiently endure self-denials, and privations, and consent to become nothing but poor Methodist preachers, that we may—"

"And pray, Safford, what was your occupation and prospects, from which you made such a humiliating descent to become nothing but a 'poor Methodist minister?'" sung out Harwell.

Harwell fixed his full black eye upon him, and Safford felt the majesty of soul that look indicated.

"I had a good trade," replied Safford; "and should, probably, have been at the head of a large manufactory, accumulating wealth, and

living at my ease, if I had not entered the ministry."

"A good trade," said Lawrence, in a good-natured and candid manner, "is certainly one step toward affluence. You might possibly have succeeded, or the chance might have been that you would never have got beyond the awl and the bench. Where one succeeds, hundreds fail. The bare possibility that you might become rich, is set off against the possibility that you might die in the almshouse; and many probabilities that you would always have been a poor, hard-working man."

"It seems to me," said Harwell, "that if you view the matter in a temporal light, you have improved your condition. You are now received into the best society, and treated like a gentleman. This would not by many be considered a poor exchange for the work-bench. Now, if your health fails you in the ministry, you will have an allowance from the Church funds, and when superannuated, an annuity. A small one, it may be, and will ever be considered, for a man who has spent a lifetime in the services of the Church; but a very generous one to the individual who enters the ministry with ordinary talents and preparation, and

spends at most but a few years in it, for which he may have been fully compensated. But do not understand me to say," continued Harwell, "that the ministry have not and do not make many sacrifices. It is to their zeal and self-denying labors, and to the efficiency of the itinerancy, that the Church of which we are members owes its signal success, while the great body of the people have been strangers to the true missionary spirit. The zeal, and prayers, and sympathies, and gifts of the Church have been disproportionate to that of the ministry."

"Let me tell you, Safford," said Lawrence, "it will not look well in you or me to be whining about the sacrifices we have made in becoming ministers. I have left my plow and my sickle; you have done more. You have left your *all*," he added, looking quizzically at Safford, "as well as your lap-stone and hammer. Why, Safford," continued he, with the greatest good-nature and frankness, "one would think, to hear your bleating, that the whole itinerant flock had been fleeced, and turned out to feed upon barren rocks, and were starving and freezing beneath the pelting of a March northeaster. We talk about the sacrifices and the self-denials

we endure in preparing for the ministry, as though that would be imputed to us for righteousness," continued Lawrence; "but there are many among us who would do the same for the love we have for the pursuits of literature, though I trust many are actuated by the higher and holier motives of religion."

"It is well for us to look these things in the face," said Harwell. "We wrap ourselves in the mantle of self-complacency, and imagine we are doing many things for the glory of God, when self is at the bottom of it. Let us see to it that our works shall endure the fire."

Safford left them sooner than they had anticipated. That he was a wiser or a better man is uncertain.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Shall man in selfishness persist,
 'Mid blessings hourly strown?
 Shall he for whom e'en worlds subsist
 Live for himself alone?
 No! Let us fling our joys abroad,
 And thus be like our Father—God.—REV. D. TRUMAN.

“At the time when kings go forth to battle,” the itinerant army were marshaling anew, and preparing for a fresh campaign.

“The cabinet,” consisting of the bishop and presiding elders, untrammelled now by official dignity, but trammelled by the pressure of claims they could hardly meet, were discussing the wants of their stations, and the qualifications of their men, in conclave.

One of them, a portly, serene-looking personage, with an expansive brow and venerable appearance, held a list of names in his hand; and he passed his finger down the list, and rested it upon Mr. Arthur's.

“I must have that man,” said he to his clerical brother at his right.

“What! Arthur?” said his friend, starting. “I cannot spare him.” And he shook his head decidedly.

“I cannot do without him,” replied the first; “must have him.”

“It will hardly do to remove him,” replied Mr. Arthur's presiding elder. “His Church will feel aggrieved. They are very much attached to him.”

“No doubt of it,” replied the first; “but he is the very man for my largest appointment in the city. I do not know another man who is so well fitted for it. The circumstances of that Church are peculiar. They have reached a crisis, and no one can guide them through it so well as Brother Arthur. The society where he is can do without him. They are strong; an army in themselves; at peace, and free from embarrassments. A deeply pious man, with fine pulpit talents, will do as well for them as one who has the superior tact in managing difficulties that Brother Arthur possesses, in addition to those qualifications.”

The discussion was not continued long before it was conceded that Mr. Arthur must be removed; and after consulting him, the matter was fixed and passed into a “decree.”

His society felt disappointed, but the hearts of their official men were too true to the general interests of the Church, of which they formed but a small part, and their missionary zeal was too warm, to indulge in dissatisfaction or complaint.

The Conference had provided for them a preacher they might not like so well as they did Mr. Arthur; but, perhaps, many would like him better, and they concluded wisely that they had no right, as official members of the Church, to please themselves always at the expense of others.

Mr. Arthur left with their blessings, and Mr. Potter, his successor, received a cordial welcome.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur found the provision for them in their new city home, nearly what they would have wished. Almost everything had been done that could be done to make it pleasant.

"When this spirit pervades our Churches generally, our opportunities for usefulness will be greatly increased," said Mr. Arthur. "We have sometimes spent a month or more in getting settled. If our smaller stations knew what was for their interest, they would be more

prompt in this matter, and have the minister's home ready for him. We can enter upon our work now without delay."

"Yes," replied his wife cheerfully, "and this gives us time to think and act for others, and for the future. Am I unthankful? I have been thinking of our children, though I do not allow myself to feel anxious about them. But I do wish their opportunities for improvement were better. Nathaniel ought to enter on his course preparatory to entering college."

"I know it, my dear," replied Mr. Arthur; "I cannot avoid a feeling of responsibility even beyond what I can do for them, in my present circumstances."

"While others are amassing wealth for their children," said Mrs. Arthur, "we can leave ours nothing, and we certainly ought to give them an education. This we owe them. Not alone that they may make their way in life; this is of secondary consideration, the lowest in the scale, and yet it should not be disregarded."

"We ought, Mary," replied Mr. Arthur, "to aim to prepare them for usefulness. How much there is to be done. When we pray the Lord of the harvest to send forth more laborers into his harvest, we ought also to do all we can to

prepare laborers for the work. Our children have been committed to our care as sacred trusts by our heavenly Father, and their religious and mental culture is binding upon us. I should not think it right to neglect them, even for the work of the Gospel ministry. My firm conviction that I am in the path of duty, and that God will not require of me more than I am able to perform, and my faith, grounded upon these convictions, that the means will be provided for them, has alone sustained me."

"Marian, and Nathaniel especially, ought to have better advantages than they now possess for mental improvement," said Mrs. Arthur. "We have endeavored to instill into their minds a theory of life consistent with their relations to eternity, and I think they have an earnest, comprehensive view of the great object of their existence. They already manifest a good degree of zeal for the glory of God and the good of their fellow-beings, and I think their aims high. Marian was asking me to-day if I did not think she might get a situation as assistant teacher. She thought she might be doing a little good in that way, and she would save her salary to pay her expenses at school."

A tear sparkled in the eye of the single-hearted minister; a tear not the result of parental pride alone, though the noble impulses of his lovely daughter caused his bosom to dilate with gratitude, and he felt to his heart's center a thrill of emotion.

Wealth now looked desirable, not for its own sake, but that he might give this beloved child qualifications for the higher and nobler walks of life.

He did not wish for an artificial refinement or dazzling accomplishments, that she might move in halls of splendor, or shine in the mockeries of fashionable circles. No. He desired to fit her for a purer and more elevated destiny. He wished to bestow upon her a religious and intellectual training, that should give enlargement, elevation, and refinement to the mind, and qualify her for those positions in life, where the strongest and most enduring moral influences could be exerted.

They had instructed their children in evangelical doctrines, had exercised over them a godly discipline, and their fervent piety called forth from the hearts of the parents deep gratitude; and they wished them to be jewels polished for their Master's service.

The great end of life would be but partially attained, should their children be fitted only to maintain their present position respectably. They ought to be prepared to influence mind and mold character. They wished them also to be strongly fortified, by intelligence and deep piety, for the conflict of life, that they might maintain their ground against vice and error, and, escaping its snares themselves, act a praiseworthy part in promoting the great interests of society. They believed Christianity to have a power to develop and ennoble the whole character of man, and that it is the Christian's sacred duty thus to develop and ennoble it. They considered that neither one's faculties nor their sphere of operations are his own, but that he must subdue and cultivate the garden of his soul for God.

Mr. Arthur's views were comprehensive. He saw the wants of the Church, and its resources in the young. He believed that, preparatory to the good time coming, the ministry and the membership must advance both in piety and intelligence.

"The Church of Christ," said he, "must have a stronger faith, and more comprehensive views of the great object of life; more knowledge,

more holiness; and then may we hope to realize such success in the subjection of the world to Christ as shall usher in the millennial dawn."

"Nathaniel is not less enthusiastic than his sister," continued Mrs. Arthur, "to enter upon a more thorough preparation for usefulness. He is still resolved to be a minister."

"I know it," replied Mr. Arthur. "Nattie never wavered in that resolution but once. You recollect when the conviction was pressed home upon him that he was not good enough, and did not know enough to be a minister."

Mr. Arthur smiled; so did his wife.

It seemed to them but a day since Nathaniel was their only son—a bright, rosy-cheeked, curly-headed boy—learning his alphabet at his mother's knee. Now his plans for life were laid broad and noble, unfavorable alike to ambition, sloth, and selfishness.

"What can we do?" said Mr. Arthur; and he arose and paced the floor as if his whole soul was in agitation. "What can we do? Let us ask, Mary, more earnestly than ever, the direction of Heaven."

With a single eye to the glory of God, and the good of their fellow-beings, the minister and his wife had full confidence to present

their cause to the consideration of the Governor of the universe.

Reminded of the promise, "No good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly," their first steps were to prove their claims to it. This proved satisfactorily to their own minds, they asked themselves if what they desired was for their own selfish ends, or that good might be done, and God's name glorified. These points settled, they committed their ways to their heavenly Father, in the assurance that his goodness and wisdom are infinite.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Where are they now, those little ones,
The dying preacher bless'd?
Sweet flowers that bloom'd like olive plants,
By love's own hand caress'd.
No wealth was his, though great and good,
But moral worth sublime
Won homage from ten thousand hearts;
But he fell in manhood's prime.

And fortune's star has strangely beam'd
On that forsaken band,
Upon whose head there rested once
A dying father's hand.—REV. L. B. GURLEY.

A FEW days after, Mrs. Arthur received a letter from Mrs. Barton, full of gratitude and of hope.

Her sons—so she wrote—were growing up all a mother's heart could wish, and had already given evidence of sincere piety.

Gustavus and Henry were resolved to be ministers, like their father, and were preparing for college. Edward, the eldest, a frank, active, generous boy, wanted to enter into business.

He would "make a home for his mother; and there was Stave and Harry, they would be worn-out preachers some day," and he would "have a house large enough for them too; and if they had any boys of their own, they should all go through college, for their Uncle Ned would be rich:" that was Edward's plan.

Mrs. Barton wished Mr. Arthur's assistance in procuring Edward a situation, and a suitable home in the city.

After making extensive inquiries, Mr. Arthur succeeded in obtaining a place for Edward in a large publishing house. As it was desirable for him to become acquainted with all the details of the business, it was arranged that he should serve a regular apprenticeship, and he had the promise of promotion as rapidly as his talents and faithfulness would entitle him to it.

His employers were magnanimous men, noted for their energy and philanthropy as well as for integrity and firm religious principles.

Their provisions for Edward were generous, and his prospects were good.

His advancement would be slow, but if he retained those principles of moral purity and

integrity that had been instilled into his mind with so much care by his godly mother, it promised ultimate success.

But a *home* for a boy so young in a large city was more difficult to obtain. After several fruitless efforts on the part of Mr. Arthur, the thought occurred to him to take Edward into his own family, and he proposed it to Mrs. Arthur.

"Why did we not think of this before?" said the minister's wife. "It will subject us to some inconveniences, I know; but these dwindle after we become accustomed to them. But we must take Edward," continued she; "indeed, we ought to do it. It would not be right to leave him exposed to the temptations of a city life without a father or a mother's watch-care. His father, upon his death-bed, left his children in the care of his heavenly Master's servants, and we will try and do all we can for their good."

Happy were the hearts of the minister and his wife, that they could act the part of parents toward the orphan son of a deceased brother minister.

Mrs. Barton was pleased with the arrangement, and especially that her darling Edward

was to be one of Mr. Arthur's family; and the first-born went forth from the widow's home with a manly heart and a firm purpose.

In all his plans for the future, his mother figured most prominently. He had never forgotten her slow step and her disconsolate look—so unlike his mother—when strangers bore away his beloved father to the grave. Then he had resolved to be her protector, and then he had prayed that his limbs might grow large and strong, and that God would take care of him that he might take care of his mother.

The assistance of others had been accepted, but it had been his life's dream to provide for her himself. Now he hoped to realize, before many years, its accomplishment. Urged on by this inspiring motive, Edward was happy in his new relations.

He had been at Mr. Arthur's scarcely a week before he felt quite at home, and Marian and Nathaniel enjoyed his company much.

"The boys have a capital plan to propose to you," said Marian to her father. "Sister Barton can take our Nattie in Edward's place, and he can go to the Academy and prepare for college right off."

"Well done! that is capital," replied Mr. Arthur; "and I am not sure but we may do it. I am almost surprised that we had not thought of it ourselves."

"We should have thought of it if we had been thinking of nothing else, like Nattie," replied the mother.

"I think we can make it out, Mary," said Mr. Arthur, after musing for a short time.

"And if we were sure of remaining in the city so long, and Edward should stay here, Nattie might go to college with Gustavus and Henry, for Sister Barton is going to remove with them, and then he could keep right on through his course without stopping," said the hoping, generous Marian.

"Perhaps they will make a presiding elder of you, father," continued she, her face glowing with pleasure on account of her brother's opening prospects. "If they do, you can remain here long enough."

"You are your mother's girl, Marian," said Mr. Arthur, affectionately, as he gazed with a father's tenderness upon the beaming features of the enthusiastic girl.

"And father's too," replied Marian, as she slipped her arm caressingly about his neck, and

looked up into the face of her father, whom she little less than worshiped.

Then she skipped away with a light heart and step to seek her brother, and to tell him of their deliberations.

"I think we may contrive to send Marian too; at least for six months," remarked Mr. Arthur.

"O, I wish we could; she desires it so much," replied Mrs. Arthur.

"We may possibly bring it about; I will see," replied the minister.

And they did bring it about, and a few weeks after Marian and Nathaniel, to their great joy, were on their way to the Academy.

Mrs. Barton proved a mother to them, and when Marian's six months had expired, which she had endeavored to improve faithfully, she wrote to Mr. Arthur that she wished to keep Marian another six months at her own expense; reminding him, at the same time, of the pecuniary aid he had afforded her in the hour of her need.

"You told me," she wrote to Mr. Arthur, "that your plan of proportionate giving had furnished you with a certain sum for the Lord's cause, and that you considered the relief of the widows and orphans of your deceased brother

ministers eminently the Lord's cause. I have adopted your plan, and it has left at my disposal the sum I have named to you, and I know not how I can bestow a part of it more religiously than by helping on a noble and a pure heart, and a lofty intellect in its struggles and yearnings to expand itself to its full power, and in its preparation for usefulness and success in all good.

"Ought I rather to appropriate it to the missionary cause? Perhaps I may be preparing a missionary for the field; or a teacher for a high and noble work, who will have a molding influence over mind; or an author, whose power may be felt throughout the world.

"So my Brother Arthur must make no objection to this proposal, and think not that you will be receiving what belongs to Sister Barton. Nay, verily; no such thing. It is from the Lord's treasury, and is not mine. I use your language, brother; I remember it well."

"So let it be; I have nothing to say against it," said Mr. Arthur.

"The Lord will provide for the children," said Mrs. Arthur, her face brightening. "How Sister Barton has been prospered! We have no prospect for the four younger children, but

we will hope and trust on: we had none for Marian and Nattie a year ago."

And they did hope and trust on, and all the time the Lord was looking down from heaven upon them, approving their faith.

As Marian was about closing her year at school, she wrote home, requesting her parents' permission to teach, saying she had been offered a school in the village, and could board with Mrs. Barton.

This arrangement her parents consented to rather reluctantly; but Mrs. Arthur said, Marian would still be with her brother; that the exercise would tend to make her acquired knowledge practical; that she would know how to manage children better; that it would give her self-reliance; and that it would aid them pecuniarily: an item of some consideration; "for we have four others coming on."

Marian entered upon what she thought might be her life's work, with a brave heart, high hopes, and pure motives.

After her term expired, the brother and sister returned home for their first visit.

O how dignified and how wise did they appear in the eyes of the other children for the first half hour after their arrival!



Jennie and Frank thought Nattie nearly ready to be a president of a college, and "Marian is certainly a good deal more than a 'preceptress in an academy!'"

But the pleasure and noisy joy of the little group dispelled the enchantment. Marian was Marian still, and "our Nattie" could be "nobody else;" and they soon came to the conclusion that their sister and brother, wise as they had grown, would have to go to school another quarter before they would be quite "finished."

In the evening, when all had retired except the young students, Mr. Arthur asked Marian what she thought of returning to school as soon as her vacation should be over.

"I should prefer it above all things, if you were rich, father," replied Marian; "but there are four besides Nattie and me, and I have been at the Academy a year now. I think I had better teach and help along the rest."

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur exchanged glances, which seemed to say, Marian is the same pure-minded girl, as regardless of self as when we parted with her a year and a half ago.

"But suppose I should tell you that I am rich, and can send you as long as you desire to attend, without robbing the other children," said Mr. Arthur.

"O, I cannot tell you how glad I should be, for I do want to go on with my course," replied Marian. She checked herself, and then went on: "I was never sorry in my life, father, that I am a Methodist minister's daughter; but I have sometimes thought that my chance for an education would have been better in some other circumstances."

"Well, my daughter, I have thought so too, sometimes," replied Mr. Arthur; "but as wise as you think your father is, he does not always reason correctly, as what I am going to relate to you will show."

"One of the earliest acquaintances of my

ministry, a good, pious, wealthy old lady, whom I have not seen for many years, has recently died, and has bequeathed her entire estate to benevolent purposes. Among her legacies there is a liberal one for my children, which has already been placed at my disposal. If I divide the amount among you all, it will, with economy, provide well for your education, and she wished it appropriated in that way. What do you think now, my daughter?"

Marian was weeping, and could not reply. But Nattie sprang to his feet, implanted a brother's kiss upon her cheek, and exclaimed:

"There, now, Monny! You shall go back with me; I thought you would; I have thought so all along."

And he clapped his hands in his hearty way, and bounded up stairs to his little room; then kneeling down, he raised his young, pure heart to God in gratitude for this fresh mercy.

O, how rich and how beautiful was the luster of the spotless robe of that young, pure-minded Christian!

"It comes from above," said he, as he returned to the parlor.

It would be difficult to tell which was the

happiest of that happy group, the father, the mother, the brother, or the sister.

That vacation was a joyous one, the first of a long run of vacations spent by the minister's children at home.

CHAPTER XXV.

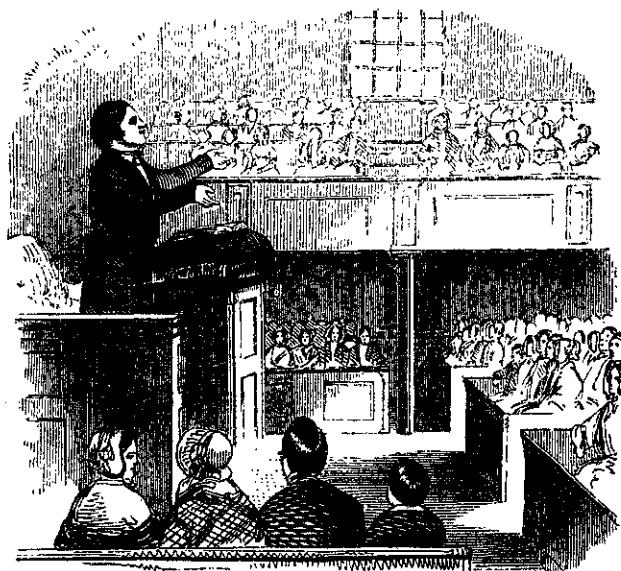
Onward, onward, will we press,
Through the path of duty;
Virtue is true happiness,
Excellence true beauty;
Minds are of supernal birth,
Let us make a heaven of earth.—MONTGOMERY.

WILLIAM LAWRENCE had completed his course at the Academy, and was prepared to take an advanced position in college. Harwell had already entered the university, and Lawrence was anxious to do the same.

His time had been interrupted by frequent terms of manual labor, to recruit his means, and he now engaged in teaching for the same object.

While teaching, the Spirit of the Lord was poured out upon the entire township, and many were added to the Church. Lawrence rendered valuable aid in conducting the religious exercises, and was frequently solicited to preach. This he never declined doing. Many of his scholars were converted, which was a source of great joy to him.

After his term of teaching had expired, though he did not intend to enter upon an active ministry for some time to come, yet, through the persuasions of the presiding elder, and the urgent solicitations of earnest, warm-hearted brethren, he was induced to supply, until Conference, the place of a minister whose health had failed.



Marked success followed his efforts, and at the ensuing Annual Conference, to which he had previously been recommended by the quarterly conference, which is principally composed of laymen, the temperature of his heart arose to summer-heat, and it required but little persua-

sion on the part of his clerical brethren to induce him to take an appointment.

He consented to this the more readily, when he considered that the necessity he was under of earning the means to pursue a collegiate course as he went along, would prevent him from entering the work of the ministry for several years.

This he was then in no frame of mind to think of; and, at the close of the session, his name was announced as junior preacher upon a circuit at the remotest limits of the Conference.

He saw his elder, and found that it would be practicable for him to visit his old home at the hamlet before starting for his destination.

This visit was a source of satisfaction, not only to Lawrence, but to all his old friends. They met him with the warm smiles of the fireside, and the heart-whole greetings of familiar, ardent friendship. They crowded around him, anxious, if possible, to contribute something to his present enjoyment or future convenience.

Many agreeable surprises awaited him from day to day; but none moved him quite so deeply as when, on the morning of his depart-

ure, his beautiful colt "Charlie," the cherished companion of his boyhood, that he had parted with so reluctantly, now a strong, well-formed horse, was led up to Mr. Hatfield's door, and made over to him as the rightful owner, in the name of all his friends at the hamlet.

Lawrence smoothed his mane, and walked around him, and gazed upon him, evincing great satisfaction. He had grown larger and stronger without losing his beauty and grace, and seemed to have kept pace with his master in all sober-mindedness and dignity.

The young itinerant declared him to be just what he wanted, and promised himself much pleasure in the companionship of this living memento of his friends, when coursing his way over his circuit.

The friends were repaid in his pleasure; and he went away, and saw them no more until four years after, when he returned with his lovely and accomplished bride, whom they all knew, a daughter of one of their well-beloved ministers.

That bride was Marian Arthur.

A beautiful compliment was that given her by the farmers: "Marian knows everything, and is quite unconscious of it."

The knowledge she had acquired had become a part of herself; had entered into the blood and nerves of her intellect, and was not the superficial fastenings of pedantry; consequently her learning was never displayed, nor could it be, to the wondering gaze of ignorance. Superior sense and superior modesty—mother and daughter—inseparable as cause and effect, or the light and the day.

They were welcomed to the homes and the hearts of their friends with a strength of affection, and a generous pride in their success, that moved their hearts and charmed them to tears.

Lawrence declared that he had never enjoyed a visit to his native village so well.

"Of course he has not," replied his friend Boynton.

He rehearsed to his inquiring friends all his discouragements and his successes. Once he had become disheartened. It was on his first circuit.

He had left the warm temperature of home, and friends who looked with an eye of complacency upon all that he did, and appreciated his talents as friendship only appreciates; and he had gone among strangers who knew

nothing of his early struggles, or of the genuine worth and the manly, untiring energy that had brought him out.

Some, instead of setting down his real abilities and improvements to the right account, saw only deficiencies. Occasionally, he had been looked down upon by a demure, self-complacent steward, or leader, as a stripling; and once had been prayed *at* by a candid, dull brother, as "a worm with which the Lord *might* thrash a mountain."

Sometimes he had been noticed by a pastor of another denomination, in a supercilious, patronizing way, as if he would pat him on the head, and admire his soft, curling hair, and rosy cheeks.

These were some of the trials of the young man of high-souled independence, conscious of mental and moral power, on his entrance into the ministry. And these had had their effect upon Lawrence; and in a moment of despondence he had turned his horse's head homeward, with the intention of leaving the circuit, and returning to his first plan of a more thorough preparation.

As he passed by a little brown, weather-beaten cottage, scarcely more than a hovel, he



recollected that an old, blind brother resided there. The poor man had always waited for him at the church door, after he had closed the services, that he might feel the hand of his minister, whom he could not see.

Lawrence, who had not tarried to say good-by to any one, now reined in his horse. "I must see him again," said he, as he sprung upon the cottage step.

He had his hand upon the latch, and was about to enter, when he was arrested by the voice of prayer from within. Reverently uncovering his head, there the young preacher

stood, and heard his own cause pleaded with a fervency and a faith that nerved him with supernatural strength, and made him feel that all heaven was arrayed on his side. In the fullness of his heart he exclaimed, "I cannot fail!"

Then his sky brightened, and he returned to his work, and ever after felt at home in it; at home in the pulpit, at home in the vestry-meeting, at home in the class-meeting and in the praying circle, at home in the pastoral work and at the couch of suffering.

And now he felt overflowing gratitude to his heavenly Father, that he was permitted to preach the Gospel.

"I had rather be a minister of Jesus Christ," said he, "than to rule kingdoms or sway empires. I would sooner accept the most humble appointment in the gift of the Church, than the highest honors and most lucrative station that man has the power to bestow."

He had entered the work in the true spirit of an apostle; and when some less spiritually minded, less single-hearted than himself, offered their sympathies on his departure for a new and a poor circuit, he answered: "Nay, verily, I cannot appreciate such motives."

He reconnoitered each new field with the eye of a general, and laid his plans for its subjection to Christ. As to popularity as a preacher, it was not even a secondary motive with him.

His leading motive was to save as many souls as he could, and how to labor for this the most successfully was the great question of his life.

He felt under such obligations to Christ for his own salvation, that he considered it a privilege to labor for his cause in any position. The heartfelt joys and heavenly prospects of religion sustained him. Humiliations, poverty, reproaches, did not terrify him; and while he retained such a frame of mind, they would never be burdensome to him.

While the young minister and his wife were at the hamlet, Harwell came. He had graduated with honor, and also entered the itinerant ministry.

The system that provided him a field of labor to enter upon at once he thought well of, though humble that station might be; and he doubted not, that if he committed his ways to the Lord, his steps would be directed into those situations best adapted to his own talents, his intellectual improvement, and his growth in holiness.

His coming added much to the pleasure of all, and nearly everything to the pleasure of one.

The young ministers now talked over their plans for study and future improvement; and Lawrence amused his friend with the novelty of many of his devices for saving time and securing opportunities for reading.



It was a common thing for him to study on horseback, and in case of a shower he always preferred a barn to a house. There he was not interrupted, and having no company, was not expected to converse. If he was likely to arrive too soon at his stopping place, he would halt

under the shade of a tree, and spend the time to a better advantage than among a busy household awaiting dinner.

In these and various other ways, he had contrived to husband his time well.

Harwell gave Lawrence credit for great improvement, and his easy address and graceful conversational powers, and his extensive course of reading, made Harwell feel that though his friend had not had the advantages of a university training, he was not a whit behind him on that account.

Lawrence had been an extensive reader, yet he was more of a thinker than a reader. The simple fact that he had not had the advantages of a collegiate education, he did not deem sufficient to deter him from as high a standard of intellectual attainments as those privileges would procure for others. He determined to bestow upon the capacities with which he was endowed so much the more painstaking, and was resolved to undertake any amount of mental labor to overcome this difficulty.

None of the mustiness of books clung to his sermons, though they were carefully prepared, and often fully written out. Thus he went on improving. When he read over his old sermons,

he was not satisfied with them; he could do better now. But in revising an old sermon occasionally, in not being pinned down to the necessity of preparing two or three new ones every week, he could bestow more labor upon each, and had more time for other literary pursuits; and what was of yet more importance, he had time for pastoral visiting, and superior opportunities for studying men and things.

His theory was to do thoroughly, and with perfect accuracy, whatever he undertook, and then to advance boldly into new fields.

He had a keen mental appetite, a relish for intellectual pursuits, and strong digestive powers, so that the great truths of science and of knowledge entered into the elements of his mind well matured, imparting to them strength, expansion, and elasticity.

The young minister thought it cowardly to acknowledge even to himself, that he was inadequate to the mental labor of grappling any subject or accomplishing any task demanded by his highest efficiency. It might, he allowed, require more time, than for an intellect of greater power, or one that had been favored with better discipline, but the final triumph

of perseverance he considered complete and certain.

He would attain to eminence, or eminent success, later in life, his step would be slower, but the goal was inevitable. No hinderances thwarted him from his purpose; he was never discouraged, never irresolute.

A shade of regret passed over Harwell's mind that he had not entered the itinerant ministry, instead of entering college. He said he was not sure but that it was the best college in the world.

"I am now thirty-five," said he; "my life is probably half spent already, and I am but just prepared to enter the field."

"So was our great founder, John Wesley, before he entered upon his life's work. I suppose you would be satisfied to accomplish as much as he did," replied Lawrence.

"Thank you for that idea; it is consoling," replied Harwell, still seemingly lost in thought.

"You bring to the work," continued Lawrence, "a mind inured to labor, and strengthened by grappling with difficulties. With your training, what has been difficult for me, will be but pastime for you. You are prepared to do more in one year in intellectual advancement

than I have in two. You can enter upon stations for which I have been inadequate. I must work on slowly and patiently against difficulties that you have overcome. Yet I am resolved, in spite of all this, to gird on the whole armor."

CHAPTER XXVI.

"Go and sow beside all waters,
In the morning of thy youth;
In the evening, scatter broadcast
Precious seeds of living truth.

"And thy soul may see the value
Of its patient morns and eves,
When the everlasting garner
Shall be fill'd with precious sheaves."

THE day for the departure of the visitors from the hamlet now drew near. But one was not to return as he came—alone.

Mary Hatfield whose intelligence, consistent piety, and earnest, loving nature, had won the student's heart several years before—the pure, meek, gentle, sunny-hearted Mary—Harwell was about to bear away in triumph to the little parsonage that awaited them far away among the hills, to be the light of his eyrie, and the heart of his home.

Good Farmer Hatfield and his wife, as years had flowed onward, had grown more lovable,

more spiritual, and were passing down the declivity of life, with their glories clustering thick about them.

Dwight and Crecia were grown larger and taller, but they still had the tender, affectionate hearts of childhood. They were together as usual, in all their plans and provisions for the pleasure of the company, and acted, on the present occasion, precisely as if they had done nothing their lives long, but set things in order for weddings.

The ceremony was performed by Lawrence—the bride would have nobody else—at the place where a similar ceremony had been performed by Mr. Arthur a few years before; and the bride of that occasion was present in charming matronly dignity. The doctor is by her side, and still playfully affirms, that it was his wife, and no other, Solomon had in his eye when he wrote the last chapter of Proverbs.

Lawrence and Harwell have no inclination to dispute the point with him; and one would think they were of the opinion that their young brides had improved even on Solomon's model.

Our young friends received a flattering welcome at the homes that awaited them.

Marian and Lawrence commenced housekeeping in two upper rooms—the only place that could be procured in the neighborhood. These had been furnished partly by the society; and as they were building a parsonage, which would be completed in a few months, they had the prospect of a more convenient abode.

The young minister and his wife were eager for its completion. They had more room in their hearts for their friends than in their house, and were unwilling to remain long in a situation where they could not receive them, and entertain them pleasantly.

Harwell and Mary took possession of their little unadorned cottage-home, full of sunny hopes, and grateful that their long-cherished desires for usefulness might now be realized.

The young bride's heart is as warm, and her hand is as open as ever; and a more hospitable home or a warmer welcome one could not find.

The carpets are of home manufacture; and the pine tables, the paper curtains, and plain earthen ware, reveal their simple style of living, and the pecuniary circumstances of the people. The society is new, and is a mission station.

They are satisfied that their friends have done what they could; they live as well as the members of their society, and are happy and contented.

A large stuffed chair, in the pleasantest place in the room, a specimen of Mary's ingenuity and industry, is occupied by an old lady, whose face is ever pervaded with a smile of serene joy and hope; and whose eye beams with the light and the love of paradise.

That old lady is Harwell's mother.

They love to have her there; that pure spirit is a link that connects them with heaven.

Harwell's noble struggles have been rewarded. Friends have rallied around him, and assisted him; and now, mother and son rejoice in a happy reunion, and Mary is sure a blessing will be upon their house, now mother is there.

That mother is proud of her children; and who will chide her? Every relic of her "John's" college life is cherished by her. That old worn-out coat, the seams of which had been inked so often, he had left at home during one of his vacations. This she had carefully preserved, and brought with her to her new home. Proud beauty had curled her lip in scorn at it; but the loving, grateful mother stooped and kissed

it. It recalled all his privations and his efforts in her behalf. Dearer to her was it than the robes of kings; nobler than the needlework of imperial beauty on fabrics of gold.

A large, beautifully bound family Bible lies on the stand. Lawrence and Marian have one just like it; they are wedding gifts from their mutual friend Boynton, the tried and true.

Harwell does not know how much he is indebted to him for the frequent and liberal aid he received while pursuing his college course; but Mary says, "It is just like Brother Boynton, and must have been him;" and she has conjectured right.

The beneficent man has grown wealthy in his generosity, and still quotes his favorite scripture: "There is that scattereth, and yet increaseth; and there is that withholdeth more than is meet, and it tendeth to poverty."

Lawrence and Harwell both belonged to the same Conference, and were on the same district; and, what added to their pleasure, Mr. Arthur was their presiding elder. Their appointments were not many miles apart, and they promised themselves the pleasure of meeting often.

Lawrence and Marian made the first visit.

This, as might be supposed, was a happy meeting, and they spent several days together.

While there they received a call from their old acquaintance, Mr. Safford.

He had taken a full university course, and had been a year in a theological seminary of long standing and celebrity.

His consequential ways contrasted with his mincing, affected manner of addressing the ladies, and Marian and Mary soon decided that he would be no favorite of theirs.

He was full of complaints as usual; "he was not appreciated."

"We have spent our time," said he, "yes, years in hard study; now this is all the encouragement we get. We are sent to poor little stations or circuits, to be but half supported; to a people that can comprehend nothing beyond the spelling book. They are unlettered and ignorant, and have never had their minds enlarged by culture. They cannot comprehend a finished sermon, and stare at a classical allusion. My presiding elder does not appreciate me, or he would never have consented to my occupying such a position. My people, I am sure, do not understand my preaching. They cannot comprehend it."

"Very likely," whispered Marian, with a merry look toward Mary. She was as keen to detect the ridiculous points of human character as Lawrence himself. Now she dared not meet his mirthful eye; and Safford added:

"I have to make an effort to bring myself down to their capacities. Last Sabbath I preached from the text, 'Howsoever, let all thy wants rest on me.' You will find it in Judges," turning to Marian and Mary. "I entirely ignore the antiquated notion of giving the connection of the text. In reducing the subject to a categorical proposition it evolves the topic—the wants of man—a truly sublime topic. It is of a complex character, and the natural order into which it divides itself is four-fold—Man's wants, physical, social, intellectual, and moral. In my prolegomena, that is to say, in my proem or exordium, introduction, I ought to have said, for the benefit of the ladies present, I treated first on the term of syncategorematica 'howsoever,' which, in the text, is very significant, augmenting greatly the meaning of the proposition. Then I dwelt at length on man in general, his creation, his state in the garden, his fall and its consequences, his general history, and his present condition—a

creature of wants, emphatically a creature of wants."

"And I hope you did not fail to mention, that man is the only animal who, when full fed and in good condition, is ever complaining," added Lawrence; "but go on."

"My observations and explications were generally eminently theological; and I entered into explanations of the terms prolegomena and syncategoremata, and then I pushed on into the heart of my subject—the wants of man. First, man's wants, physical—as food, clothing, houses to live in, and so on. I thought it best to treat of these subjects in a very plain way, as I was myself interested; and I did not fail to make my interests known, in alluding to the state of my own finances. Secondly, man's wants, social. This naturally evolves itself into two distinct divisions—man's wants matrimonial, and man's wants patriarchal. Here I went into an elaborate explanation of terms, giving the Latin from which these words are derived, their meaning in the original, and the numerous English words derived from them. The third and fourth divisions of my text were passed slightly over for want of time, and as less important. The peroration I consider one of

my happiest efforts. My summing up, and recapitulation of prolegomenary remarks of arguments and quotations, were in my very best style."

"And for the 'benefit of the ladies,' you ought to have sat down repeating the text, 'Howsoever, let all thy wants rest on me,'" said Marian, with playful irony.

"But," said Safford, coming at last to the main question with him, "how much salary do your people pay you here, Harwell?"

"Indeed, to confess the truth, I have not found that out yet. I am quite behind the times, am I not?" replied Harwell, smiling.

"You are surely," replied Safford. "I look to that the first thing. If you are not careful, you may find yourself in arrears."

"Very possible," replied Harwell; "and I may, if I am careful. But if I am faithful to the society, I trust they will be to me. I expect to be supported."

"Well, I always look to that the first thing," said Safford; "'the laborer is worthy of his hire,' you know."

"Certainly; but it is well for a preacher to make the impression, as an old lady once said, 'that he is not after the loaves and fishes, but

that he is after the miracles," replied Lawrence.

This sally, as was intended, changed the drift of the conversation, and Harwell observed: "Brother Safford, my society is new, and is a mission station. They have already given evidence that they are in earnest in their intentions to support their minister. It is not well for us to be too particular in this matter.

"When we think of the agony of the Redeemer in the garden," continued Harwell, seriously, "and of his death upon the cross, the glory he left, and the heaven he has prepared for us, we ought not to inquire how little we must suffer or do for his cause, and how well we must be paid for it; or to demand that our couch be made soft, and our table spread with dainties."

Harwell paused, and Lawrence continued: "God has appointed us to labor, and his Church to support us," said he. "Let us look well to our own duty. If we perform it faithfully, they will do theirs; or if we are called to suffer through their neglect, God will make it a blessing to us. The discipline may be precisely what we need to develop some dormant power, or nourish some languishing virtue. The Captain of our

salvation was made perfect through suffering; and happy shall we be if we attain to truest excellence, even though it be in the furnace of affliction. Our churches ought to do better than they do; but they have never been trained to the Gospel standard of liberality. In some places they are sinfully negligent; but this state of things will not continue long. A better day is dawning upon the Church; and when she brings her tithes, which have so long been withheld, into the storehouse of the Lord, then will the blessing from heaven be 'poured out upon her, until there shall be no room to receive it.' Covetousness has closed the heart of the Church against God; and we must be careful that this sin does not lie at our own door. It will not certainly help the case for the minister to set the example of penuriousness. However, in a wealthy society, where the fault should lie with a close-fisted board, I would speak out; some of whom, it must be confessed, seem to think, as a humorous preacher once remarked, that a minister's 'quarterage means a quarter of a dollar.'

"But if we ever feel like repining or murmuring that we are hardly dealt by, and oppressed in being sent to places where the

very fact that we are not well sustained shows that our labors are most needed there, it will help us to remember the infinite obligations we are under to Christ—obligations we can never satisfy.

“If the heart, baptized and vivified by Divine grace, should constantly overflow with gratitude and thanksgiving; and if it should seek and improve every opportunity to do good within its power, still it would not be satisfied. Then, to suffer for Christ would be sweet, and in tribulation the soul would rejoice. I am not careful as to the way in which I shall be led, or the positions in which I shall be placed; for I trust to that Providence to whom I have committed all my ways, that they will be precisely such as shall be best for myself. A high degree of spirituality, and entire consecration to God, are indispensable requisites to the work of the ministry, which holds out few inducements to sloth, or selfishness, or ambition.”

The manner of Lawrence was earnest, forcible, and convincing; and he had the power of communicating his own depth of feeling to those whom he addressed. His voice was full and musical, and his eye varied with the feelings of his heart, and the thoughts that stirred

them. This subject always inspired him, and he talked on.

The rays of the Sun of Righteousness beaming full upon his soul had daguerreotyped all the graces of the Spirit in heavenly clearness there; and the truths he uttered, welling up from its depths, moved all hearts.

CHAPTER XXVII

Tranquil amid alarms,
 Death found him in the field—
 A veteran, slumb'ring on his arms,
 Beneath his red-cross shield;
 His sword was in his hand,
 Still warm with recent fight,
 Ready, that moment, at command,
 Through rock and steel to smite.

At midnight came the cry,
 "To meet thy God prepare!"
 He woke, and caught his Captain's eye.
 Then, strong in faith and prayer,
 His spirit, with a bound,
 Burst its encumb'ring clay;
 His tent at sunrise on the ground
 A darken'd ruin lay.—MONTGOMERY.

Our young friends are now entered upon their life's work. The beginning may appear small to those who judge from appearances alone. One could suppose Harwell might feel like complaining, after having passed through a brilliant collegiate course with high literary honors, to be sent to minister to a little flock,

scattered over an uncultivated waste; or that Lawrence, whose literary attainments were hardly less, and whose natural qualifications were superior, might have thought he was deserving a higher or a more prominent position, after a successful ministry of four years. Not so thought these young men.

Safford for a time, with his canvas spread to the breeze, outsailed them.

What then? Their work was not to dazzle, but to do good. They had their eye fixed on the distant and the permanent; he, upon the present and the transitory. Their fields of labor were small, but they needed their cultivation, and being limited, how much better could they improve them.

No space was left for noxious plants; no shrub was left unpruned. These barren wastes might become, under their faithful care, gardens of the Lord. And they highly prized the opportunity afforded them for improving their own skill, and making themselves workmen that need not to be ashamed.

The baleful effects of a mushroom growth in the ministry had been marked by them. The premature superannuation of many who were truly worthy, who had been pushed into stations of

great responsibility without that prudence and tact in management that experience secures, and the preparation for pulpit labors which a longer probation would have afforded them; or the unimpassioned confidence in their own power a more extended trial in the ministry would have imparted to them, were so many lights that pointed out the rocks upon which they might be stranded.

The young ministers pressed on in their work, performing what their hands found to do with their might. The result was, that they were eminently successful, and were becoming weighty men; men that were desired in, and equal to the most responsible stations in the Church; men whom their brethren delighted to honor.

Safford, whose eye and appeals were sure to reach the breast pockets of his parishioners, if not their hearts, remained but a short time in the ministry. He was never appreciated, as he constantly affirmed, and still complained that he was not appointed to higher stations of honor and emolument. At length, resolved to make his power felt in the Church and the world, he set sail for Europe to finish his theological course in a German University. Here he soon had a falling out with all theology, and then turned to

travel. He promises his "friends and mankind generally," that his "notes and observations on ancient Greece and ancient towers, on bridges, pyramids, aqueducts, and sights, shall be a book of travels, the want of which has long been felt," and we doubt not such a work will be duly "appreciated."

We turn again to Mr. and Mrs. Arthur. Their children were now mostly grown up to be men and women, and some of them were already occupying spheres of usefulness and trust, and what was still better, they recognized their obligations to God, and were endeavoring to fulfill them.

The eldest was the wife of an itinerant minister, well fitted by intellectual and moral culture, and by natural endowments, for her important position, and an honor to it.

Nathaniel was now in the ministry, and bade fair to follow in the footsteps of his father, with even a more brilliant tread.

Jennie and Frankie are still inseparable. Jennie is the wife of the brave-hearted Edward Barton, who makes just such a man as his boyhood promised.

He entered into partnership with the firm, and has seen both partners borne away to the

grave. He is now at the head of the establishment, and Frank Arthur is his partner.

His brothers have both entered the ministry, and his beloved and honored mother has a suite of rooms fitted up expressly for her in his own mansion, where she is spending a serene old age in comfort and affluence. She has long since conveyed her annuity to the widow of a minister and her fatherless children.

Edward Barton has a passion for making money, but enjoys much better the privilege of giving it away. He considers himself God's steward, and all that he possesses as belonging to him. Among his other liberalities he supplies his mother yearly with a handsome sum, to bestow as she pleases.

Jennie makes an affectionate wife and daughter, and honors and cherishes the mother of her husband as if she was her own.

Frank declared himself resolved to live a bachelor, but a summer tour with Jennie through the country, and a week at good Farmer Hatfield's, changed his resolution.

On their return home, Jennie told him, of all the girls in the world, she thought Crecia Hatfield was the best.

To this he frankly responded, "I think so too,

Jennie; and that is not all: I am resolved to bring her to dwell near you, if I can persuade her to come."

And Crecia listened to Frank's persuasions, and the little playfellows who had built houses of pine branches, "all for themselves," and had drank tea together from tiny cups, now concluded that they would "play keep house," as other people did.

Dwight Hatfield is left with his father and mother alone. But Frank declares he will not remain so long. He is a physician. Dr. Richmond has become wealthy, and wishing to be released from the duties of his profession, Dwight has already taken them upon himself.

The good farmer and his wife are journeying on toward the setting sun of their earthly existence in serenity and hope. Earth-born shadows are clearing away, and the perpetual sunshine of God's presence illumines their pathway to the world of light.

The earnest-hearted Boynton, though years have whitened his locks, still walks on with a firm step and an undimmed eye, and is as great a favorite with the young as he has been with those who are passing off the stage of action. His piety has deepened, and as he nears the

goal a heavenly radiance pervades his dignified, manly features, and they speak of a heart at peace with God, and in love with all mankind.

There remains but little to be told. Mr. and Mrs. Arthur never seemed to lose the dewiness and freshness of youth. He never became superannuated, and while he lived performed effective service. They had braved the battles of life, and had been victors, and now they lived a new life in their children.

It seemed like commencing life's journey anew, when their children had gone out from their fireside, and they were left almost alone again. Addie, their youngest born, was with them, and the thoughtful, inquiring boy Charlie, now in college, spent his vacations at home.

And the faithful Nancy, who had never left them? This pious servant was not forgotten. She had clung to Mrs. Arthur with a sister's affection in her early struggles for her young family. A home was provided for her in the house of Frank, when she should be past active service, and her mistress should need her no more.

The bow of love and peace spanned the horizon of the aged minister and his wife, and angels trooped nightly about their couch.

With hearts that had ever turned toward the sunshine, and overflowing with kindest feelings toward all, they were now passing joyfully homeward to that fair land where clouds do not come, and the sky is always bright.

There they hope to gather together again each member of their own family, and all those who have been brought to righteousness through their instrumentality, when earth and earthly things are no more. Then those voices which have so often united in celebrating the praises of the Redeemer on earth, will blend again in the music of seraphs.

In their deaths they were scarcely divided. Mr. Arthur closed the eyes of his angelic Mary, and left her to sleep undisturbed until the morning of the resurrection; and a few months after he was laid by her side.

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"How blest the righteous when he dies!

When sinks a weary soul to rest!

How mildly beam the closing eyes!

How gently heaves th' expiring breast!

"So fades a summer cloud away;
 So sinks the gale when storms are o'er;
 So gently shuts the eye of day;
 So dies a wave along the shore.

"A holy quiet reigns around,
 A calm which life nor death destroys;
 And naught disturbs that peace profound,
 Which his unfetter'd soul enjoys.

"Farewell, conflicting hopes and fears,
 Where lights and shades alternate dwell;
 How bright th' unchanging morn appears!
 Farewell, inconstant world, farewell!

"Life's labor done, as sinks the clay,
 Light from its load the spirit flies;
 While heaven and earth combine to say,
 How blest the righteous when he dies."

THE END.

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