



Captain Brown reading the paper. p. 24.

# THE CITY SIDE;

OR,

Passages from a Pastor's Portfolio.

GATHERED BY

CARA BELMONT.

"At church, with meek and unaffected grace,  
His looks adorned the venerable place;  
Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway,  
And fools who came to scoff remain'd to pray."

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## P R E F A C E .

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A WHILE ago, the authoress of this work spent a month in the study of a clergyman, who was, at the time, absent on a missionary tour. Her duty was to transcribe certain documents which were to enter into an historical work, which has not yet been published. While thus engaged, she found the port-folio of the minister, in which were a number of facts on which she has based the following chapters.

It has become common in our times to present the "Shady Side" of ministerial life, altogether, and the young are deterred from entering the sacred calling from the fear that want and starvation will soon stare them in the face. This work aims to correct this notion, and show that the ministry, though it has its dreary spots and its shady sides, has its allurements and its attractions; that there are churches that do not feel it necessary to starve their ministers in order to keep them humble. Without appealing to worldly ambition, its humble mission will be to cherish Christian emulation, and make the ministry appear desirable.

It has also become common for churches to expect as much of the minister's wife as of himself, and, in the recent works of this kind, *she* is made to figure conspicuously at sewing circles, visiting the sick and the poor, attending public meetings, and, in some cases, appearing "much more of a man than her husband." Our object is to present the minister himself. His companion will be left at home, where she belongs, attending to her family. Park-place church did not ordain her, and they never will accustom themselves to call on her for services which should devolve on others.

The authoress is sure, that however poorly she may have succeeded in her work, the object she has in view will commend her little book to every Christian heart, and that the *motive* which prompted her to intrude upon the public will gain for her pages an attentive perusal.

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# THE CITY SIDE

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## CHAPTER I.

### THE TWO FRIENDS.

Hope's precious pearl in Sorrow's cup  
Unmelted at the bottom lay,  
To shine again when, all drank up,  
The bitterness should pass away.

At the close of a sultry day in August, 18—, two young men were seen sitting upon the shore of a beautiful bay which forms the harbor of one of our most pleasant New England cities. They had been brought together in childhood, and had grown into manhood with scarcely a secret withheld from each other. They had pursued a course of education in the same classic halls, and graduated at the same time, with no common honors. Their friends, teachers and classmates, were anticipating for them a career of usefulness and fame.

Elwood Forester, with whom we shall have most to do in this narrative, was a noble spirit, who had never felt the heavy sorrows of the world.

He was the only son of his mother, and she a widow. Every wish had been gratified, and every desire promptly met. He had passed through college as a genius, flattered by his teachers, and beloved by all. Though not profound in his acquirements, he was well educated, having a fine literary taste and well-cultivated mind. Ardent and impulsive, he pressed through difficulties and overcame obstacles which would have discouraged men of a different mould, and secured his victory when others would never have risked the battle. He was, in a word, a generous, noble young man, who had just left college with the world before him.

His companion, Edward Devoll, was, in many respects, the reverse of his friend. There was no brilliancy about him. His nature was cold, calculating, methodical. He was a utilitarian, who weighed and measured subjects before he committed himself to them. Of unbending integrity, and having a mind well stored with knowledge, he held in check the fiery impulses of his friend, and was his adviser and counsellor on almost all subjects of life.

These two friends had wandered from the busy city, in earnest conversation upon the great objects and occupations of life, and almost unconsciously had reached the sea-shore, where the surf rolled

up, leaving pebbles and shells, wet and glistening, at their feet. They had both devoted themselves to the ministry of Jesus Christ, and were now marking out plans of future usefulness, — alas! too many of which were to be disappointed.

"See," said Elwood Forester, "our life is like this in-rolling ocean. To-day it is calm as a summer cloud; to-morrow it may howl with storms and shriek with the flying tempest."

"Very true," replied his companion; "and yonder old wreck lying there may be the likeness of one or the other of us. Life is a vast uncertainty, and shipwreck seems to be an essential part of it. Many a young man starts in his profession well, and fails ere he reaches the goal."

"And does he not forget too often the guide which Heaven provides for him? My experience is small, but I fear young men too often make the ministry a *profession*, as you call it, and forget that it is a noble mission, — a work reaching into eternity, and taking hold of the most momentous realities. I cannot look upon the ministry as I do upon any other employment. My soul trembles as I think of entering it, and enrolling my name among the preachers of the cross. My ambition dies as I look forward to the awful work to which I feel called of God.

Yes, Elwood, it is an awful work on which we

propose to enter. It is not a mere profession; and woe to him who, for selfish purposes, dares to enter it!"

"So I have always felt. You know how long I struggled against the call of duty, and my proud heart has often murmured against the decision which I made under the overwhelming light which flashed upon me when I gave myself to God. But my prospects are bright; and, though I would have chosen the bar, yet I hope to be happy in the ministry; and, though I may win no laurels for my own brow, I hope to win souls for Christ."

"Yes, Elwood, your prospects are bright; but be careful. You have received a call to a large congregation in a flourishing city; friends will wait on your footsteps, and you will have enough to inflate a heart naturally proud and corrupt, a spirit naturally prone to evil. Be on your guard, for you will have dangers. I go to a scene of rural quiet, far from city life, far from exciting and perplexing trials, and, perhaps, far from the comforts which will surround you."

"Thank you, dear Edward," replied Elwood, as a tear rolled swiftly over his manly cheek; "thank you for your mild reproof. My wayward heart has by far too much of this world in it; but my daily prayer is, and has been for years, that I might be crucified with Christ. I have much to

learn, much to suffer, perhaps; but I trust in God."

These two young disciples of the blessed Saviour had passed through college with honor, but Elwood had received a far greater share of the world's favor. His eloquent discourses, his warm, earnest oratory, his open, frank deportment, had won for him golden opinions from all the churches he had visited; and, as soon as he received his diploma, a deacon of one of the largest churches in the land—that of Camberwell—had placed in his hands an invitation to become the pastor. This call he had decided upon accepting, and was spending a few weeks with his friends, ere entering upon his duties.

Edward Devoll, with a more profound knowledge and a more extended acquaintance with classic literature, but with less grace of oratory, and less fascinating address, had received a call from the church in Oxford, a quiet village a few miles from the great city where his friend was soon to draw admiring crowds of auditors. He had more knowledge than Elwood, but far less ability to apply it to a practical purpose. He was one of those men who need to be tried long, and worked hard, and afflicted much, to bring out the noble qualities which, under a somewhat rough

exterior, lay buried like gems beneath a barren, sandy plain.

We left them sitting on the sea-shore, conversing on sober themes. While we have been speaking of them, the conversation has changed, and we listen.

"Well, Elwood, your choice is not a happy one. A minister's wife should not be an ornament or a plaything. She should not be all heart or intellect. She needs a strong physical constitution, and a power of endurance, which, even in a city, will be taxed to the utmost. She must have a power of self-control which will enable her to bear reproof, and listen to the most provoking remarks, without being broken or crushed beneath them. But you have chosen a flower from a greenhouse, which has been nurtured with the greatest care, and reared with a gloved hand. The rude winds of autumn will scatter the leaves and wither the beauty."

"O, folly, Edward! The parish in Camberwell have not called a minister's wife, and I have never agreed to carry one with me. Our elder brethren have done wrong in allowing half the duties of the church to fall on the shoulders of the better half. I shall set a better example; so give your fears to the wind."

"You may ridicule my fears, but you will find

it to be as I have said. Hundreds have argued as you have done, and mourned at last. Why, there is our friend Henlee, whose young wife, under the privations and cares into the midst of which he took her, faded and died in a single season; the gifted and accomplished wife of Dr. B—— raves in a mad-house; Mrs. T. has a broken-down frame and a weary tread, so constant have been her toils. These are facts, Elwood; and I fear you are to add another to the list of sufferers."

The young man addressed sat a while in deep thought, and replied, "I know Anna Brown is young, light-hearted and inexperienced; but she is gifted, beautiful, and will at least make me a happy home. As for the church, they do not pay her, and they must not expect to have her services."

"All poetry, Elwood," responded Devoll, "all poetry, as you will find ere the heavy cares of the ministry have been upon you a single year. Learn by experience, if you will; but my advice would be to you, never take Anna Brown into a parsonage. She is no more fit for the weary life of a minister's wife—no better adapted to bear up against its trials—than a sensitive plant is to withstand the night-storm."

"Go on, Sir Croaker," quickly replied the

young man, evidently a little troubled by the pointed remarks of his friend.

"I am no croaker, but speak forth the words of truth and soberness. If you were rich, and could take your bride to

'Tents of ease and thrones of power,'

no one would be better adapted to adorn your home and make you happy than the one you have chosen. She is genteel, refined, educated and beautiful; a splendid ornament for the parlor of a millionaire, but a poor helpmeet for a poor minister."

"Perhaps you mistake, Edward, the character of the lady of whom you speak; you must allow *me* to be the best judge of her qualifications. She may surprise and disappoint you, after all. You know Ann Hazeltine, the young, gay, cheerful bride of Judson, the martyr, whose marriage to a missionary all looked upon as a sacrifice. She nobly rose above the evils of her lot, her gentle soul expanding with the sorrows which came crowding upon her, and her strength increasing with the power of new afflictions. Others may do the same; and I, for one, will believe and hope."

"More poetry, boy. Beware lest you wed a Harriet Atwood, rather than an Ann Hazeltine, and as soon mourn her loss. I tell you, a minister's wife, as well as a minister himself, should have a frame of iron, and nerves of steel."

"Come," said Elwood, "let us return to the city; the night comes on;" and a shade of sorrow overspread his fine features. The words of his friend had saddened his spirit, though his judgment was unconvinced, and his heart unchanged.

With arms locked together, the two young men returned slowly to the city. The subject on which they so much disagreed was dropped, and a new one introduced.

"The prospect of furnishing ministers for this land and the world, from all existing sources, is small indeed, Elwood; but God, who knows the wants of his people, will look out for and take care of his church. He will raise up men to go into his vineyard, and toil for the sheaves of the harvest."

"True, but may he not, to punish her for her sins, allow her ministers to decrease, and many a pulpit to be empty?"

"Perhaps so, and if he does in one place, or at one time, withhold men from his work, he will make up all deficiencies in other places and at other times.

'God moves in a mysterious way,  
His wonders to perform;  
He plants his footsteps in the sea,  
And rides upon the storm.'"

Thus conversing, the two young men drew near

to the crowded city, where resided their friends, and where they had spent their childhood days.

Leaving the young men to pursue their way, we plunge into the tide of whirling, heaving, ever-restless life, which surges along the streets, and soon arrive at the fine mansion of old Captain Brown, who, having retired from active life, enjoys a comfortable independence, and is one of the most respected citizens of this fine old city by the sea. The mansion is on one of the aristocratic streets, — a fine-fronted brick house, with noble porch, and door well mounted with shining silver, giving to every passer-by a very pleasant idea of the easy opulence of the owner. Captain Brown had for many years been engaged in the East-India trade, and had amassed a comfortable, though not extensive fortune, and was now enjoying it. He was a professor of religion, but a somewhat worldly one, and allowed temporary considerations to outweigh, oftentimes, the vast affairs of eternity. He looked well to this world, hoping that the next would take care of itself. His heart was always open, his hand free in the distribution of his gifts, and his house a home for travelling ministers, political lecturers of *his party*, and sailors of *all* climes and ages. On the whole, he was what the world would call a "right clever

fellow." His family consisted of his wife, a woman whose piety shone like a steady star, whose mild disposition was never disturbed by storms, and whose duty seemed to be to love God, do good, and take care of her husband, — the latter seeming to require the most time, if not the most interest; a wild, rattle-brained son, who had talent enough, but no end and object in life; who, though addicted to no specific vices, managed to spend large sums of money, and whose stock in trade was a rifle, a fine yacht, a hound, and a fast horse, whose chief virtue was that he would "go by anything in town;" a daughter of eighteen years of age, the light of the proud mansion, and the object of admiration among the young men generally.

It may not be improper to give some description of this latter person, as she will occupy an important position in these pages. Anna Brown was educated at the seminary in Charlestown, and had enjoyed various facilities for becoming acquainted with the world. Engaging in her manners, prepossessing in her personal appearance, with an amiable disposition, she had grown to early womanhood with a heart unchilled by the frosts of time, and a spirit unbroken by adversity and grief. Except when gentle Willie, a little brother, died, some years before, she had scarcely

known what it was to weep. She combined in her nature the mild, amiable temper of her mother, with the lofty independence and generous aspirations of the father. A little time before our story commences, she had embraced the Saviour, and submitted to the ordinance of Christian baptism; and, in the church of which she was a member, there was no one whose heart was more pure, or whose life was more circumspect. She had three suitors, who nearly at the same time requested her to share their lot through life. The first was a lawyer of some ability, but more presumption; with some good prospects, but more bad habits; and he met with a decided refusal from the old gentleman, and a more decided refusal from the lady herself. The second was an opulent merchant, some ten years older than Anna; and his case was urged by the father, and discouraged by the daughter. The third was Elwood Forester, the pastor elect of the church in Camberwell, who seemed to have the prospect of success.

On the evening following the afternoon when our young ministers were introduced to the reader, the whole family of Captain Brown were gathered around the old gentleman, who, in his way, as he was accustomed to do, expounded a portion of Scripture, in which he mingled nautical phrases with theological terms, until it was impossible to

tell whether he was giving instruction in navigation or theology. The old family Bible being closed, conversation turned on a variety of themes, among which was the choice made by Anna.

"The day that Anna marries a minister, I shall bury her," said the old man, petulantly; for, though he loved ministers, he loved money more.

"She will bury herself," chimed in Robert, the spendthrift son. "Poor Forester was a good fellow once. He stood at the head of his class in college, but he has lost his pluck. He looks, in his white cravat, as tame as that dog! hey, Rover?" patting the hound on the neck.

"There," said Captain Brown, "is Livingston, with his seventy-five thousand dollars, and an income of ten thousand a year, who is willing to lay it all at the girl's feet; but she chooses a bankrupt minister, who will be tormenting me for 'loans' every six months."

"O, father!" said Anna, "Mr. Livingston is over thirty years of age, has a bald head, six nephews and three nieces, and has the rheumatism from October to June. He would make me a very respectable father."

The old man grumbled to himself a while, and added, "You are throwing yourself away, my daughter. The lot of a minister's wife is the last which I would wish you to choose. I have edu-



cated you for a different position in life, and cannot endure the idea that you should give yourself up to your romantic notions, and refuse a man who can carry you on a tide of wealth through life, whatever its changes may be, and select another who has no wealth, no home, no patronage, and whose life will be a checkered scene, at best. Yes, you are throwing yourself away, and ——”

“Dear father, stop! Is it throwing myself away to connect myself with a man of cultivated mind and noble gifts, of large heart and brilliant genius, — a Christian minister of unsullied name? Is it a disgrace to share the lot of such an one, — to go with him to the hovel of penury and want, to sit with him beside the bed of sickness, to sit up late for him at night, to wake for him early in the morning, to live in his society, and, if need be, to suffer with him? Mr. Livingston is rich; but he would take me to a home of luxury and ease, and I should sit, day after day, sighing for something to do worthy of the noble lessons you have taught me, with all which I have studied and acquired unused and unprofitable.”

“Anna is right, husband,” said a mild, pleasant voice. “God does not call her to hide her light, or bury the faculties he has given her. My selfish heart would keep her here, or load her with wealth;

but my conscience, my heart, my God, whisper, ‘Let her go;’ and we do wrong to draw her back.”

“Pugh! duty in marriage is not consulted,” exclaimed Robert. “Anna consults her taste, as I did in purchasing Rover. Let her go it! She will know the difference between a parsonage with a leaky roof and unhinged doors, and a fine house with ten thousand a year! What think you, Rover?”

“Well, well, drop it,” petulantly exclaimed Captain Brown, while a large tear gathered in his eye and rolled down his cheek, but was dashed away with a rough hand and an uneasy gesture.

Anna moved away, singing, with a sweet, cheerful voice,

“My father’s house on high!  
Home of my soul! how near,  
At times, to faith’s discerning eye,  
Thy golden gates appear!”

Bob, as he was familiarly called, waiting until the stanza was finished, began to repeat those words of the wanton poet,

“For glances beget ogles, ogles sighs,  
Sighs wishes, wishes words, and words a letter;  
And then God knows what mischief may arise,  
When love links two young hearts in one fetter.”

In these conversations we see the reason why so few men enter the ministry. The very men who

love the cause of Christ look upon one who enters the sacramental host as an heir of trouble and sorrow, and the victim of early death. Old men teach their daughters not to wed a *minister*; young men deem the preacher a lost man, — one who has thrown himself away; and even ministers themselves come to consider their lot the hardest and most desperate among men. Books are printed and newspaper articles are written to show that the life of a minister and his wife is one of uncheered and unalleviated hardship. This is not so. The lot of a minister, in any community, will have its trials; so will any other station in life. But the position of the minister, if he be ordinarily successful, is not to be despised. There are joys and hopes, pleasures and rewards, connected with it, which any mortal, or an angel from the throne of God, might wish to possess.

It is a continual presentation of the dark side of ministerial life which prevents many young men from entering it, and being useful in the service of Christ. They dread to enter a work which promises nothing but a continual scene of privation. Their friends, soured by the same view, hold them back, and they go into other professions, trampling the call of God beneath their feet.

So Captain Brown felt, when he found his young, cheerful daughter, the sought of many

admirers, about to ally herself with a man whose life must be one of drudgery and suffering. That he respected Elwood, and would have been proud of him had he been in any other profession, cannot be doubted. Whenever he visited his hospitable mansion, he was kindly received, the softest chair was brought for him, and the ripest fruit set before him; and the old man seemed more cheerful when the young preacher was present, discoursing briskly on some theme of law, life or logic, and forming a centre of attraction, not only to the mother and daughter, but to the rough old man and the wayward Bob. But the idea that Elwood Forester should take his daughter to Camberwell, and expose her to the ill-usage which ministers' wives sometimes receive, even in cities, — drag her out to sewing-circles and maternal meetings, set her up as a mark for envy and malice, and lay her, in a few years, in a grave unwatered by parental tears, and far from the scenes of her youth, — was one which he could not embrace.

The truth is, he had been badly educated in these matters, and had a perverted view of the life his daughter was to lead. He arrived at the same result, with respect to Anna's fortune, as did Edward Devoll, though by another process. That she would ever fail from any lack on her own part, he did not believe. Parental fondness blinded his

eyes to the few faults she had, and led him to look upon her as a perfect being, committing her first great indiscretion by marrying a minister. The mother took a wider, less selfish view, and rejoiced that her daughter was to be the companion of one so well fitted to her, and was to accompany him to a city where she would be useful in the cause of her divine Master; and every night as she retired to rest, and every morning as she rose, she breathed a prayer that grace might be given Anna for her work in the service of "OUR FATHER WHO ART IN HEAVEN."

## CHAPTER II.

### THE HAPPY WEDDING.

Then come the wild weather, come sleet or come snow,  
We will stand by each other, however it blow;  
Oppression and sickness and sorrow and pain  
Shall be to our true love as links to a chain.

THREE months rolled away, and a bright light burned in the parlor of Captain Brown. The chill November night was rendered pleasant by a lively fire, which sparkled and blazed in the grate, throwing out strong and brilliant beams, which illuminated the portraits which hung on the wall, and seemed to render them things of life. Old Captain Brown sat in the centre of the room, with his feet in a chair, and a pile of papers on the table, which he examined slowly, running his eye over the "ship-news" first, and then passing to political reports and speeches. His wife sat at a distance, in her old arm-chair, knit, knit, knitting, as if her life depended on getting the heel turned that very evening. Anna, with a flush on her cheek, and arrayed in a style scrupulously neat, seemed to have extraordinary interest in getting

the room well arranged, the fire well blazing, and her father in a state of the greatest good-nature. Bob and Rover had gone to the club-room, where some frivolous subject was to be discussed.

"Ah, Nanny!" — as he sometimes called his daughter — broke out the old gentleman, in a manner so boisterous that Anna almost dropped the porcelain vase she was dusting, and the old lady stopped knitting, "here is something of interest to you. Here, in the *Camberwell Courier*, is a statement, which I will read:

"We learn that the First Church in this city has extended a unanimous call to Mr. Elwood Forester, a recent graduate, to become pastor. He has preached several Sabbaths to this people, with great acceptance. He is said to be a man of high attainments and great eloquence, and promises to make one of the most distinguished pulpit orators in our land. Judge Williams and Luther Wealthy, Esq., were on the committee to forward the call. It is understood that Mr. Forester has accepted, or will accept, the call so heartily tendered, and which is echoed by the promise of so large a salary. The church propose to remodel the house of worship, procure a new bell, and get a new organ. When all these improvements are made, the First Church will be in an excellent condition. We

wish that influential church of an influential sect much prosperity.'

"Well, after all," said the captain, "I do not know but Anna is right. The young man will have a good start, and ——"

"A good wife," chimed in Mrs. Brown.

"Yes, yes, that he will, — hey, Nanny?"

The person thus addressed blushed, and made no reply, but pursued her occupations, — arranging the chairs, though they were not out of place; dusting the furniture, though there was no dust on it.

A ring at the door-bell interrupted the pleantry of the father and the employment of the daughter, and in a few minutes Elwood Forester was ushered in. He was greeted with a hearty shake of the hand from Captain Brown, a gentle "good-evening" from his wife, and a modest yet pleasant salutation from Anna; and, in a few minutes, was in brisk discussion with the captain on matters of state and national policy.

"I cannot reconcile myself to the passage of such a law," said Elwood. "Its provisions all seem to me to be so heathenish, that I could not assist in its enforcement."

"There is no other way for a true patriot to do. If it becomes a law, it must be enforced while it remains on the statute-book. My feelings are not

Northern, but national, and while I am an American citizen I shall support the laws of America, *right or wrong.*"

"That may be very good reasoning for a politician, sir, but not for a Christian. Any fugitive-slave law interferes with the natural rights of man, with the dictates of religion, and with the common instincts of humanity."

"Pugh! it is all a false liberality which argues so, and a false philosophy which refuses to obey reasonable laws."

"I do not see how such a law can be called wise and reasonable. There is but one case in all the history of nations where such a law was made, and that was in the dark ages. Our law-makers wish to rival the most barbarous legislation of the world, and enact an infamous statute, which will be the disgrace of our age."

Mrs. Brown here folded her work, and, with a significant nod to her husband, moved out of the room. The captain, after one or two ineffectual attempts to defend the proposed fugitive-slave law, gathered up his paper, and, with a pleasant "good-night" to Elwood, retired to his study, and left our young friends alone.

Mr. Forester had offered himself to Anna some time before, and she had waited for her father's full consent, which had at last been obtained; and

the suitor had come this evening to receive her final decision. For a long time they conversed together upon the prospects before them; the sunny and the shady sides were reviewed, and at a somewhat late hour the conference was broken up by Anna, who placed a sealed package in the hand of her friend, with a request that it should not be opened until he arrived at home.

On reaching his own house, Elwood broke the seal and read these simple words, to which was appended the name of Anna Brown, "Where thou goest, I will go: where thou lodgest, I will lodge: thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God."

We pass over a few days, and a happy party assemble in the family mansion of Captain Brown, who is as busy as he ever was on shipboard, and as cheerful as he ever was on arriving at port. Carriages roll up to the door, and out come the gay young people, who anticipate so much pleasure. Even Bob has resolved to be civil, and render himself agreeable to all; and Edward Devoll has come to the conclusion that his friend's choice is not so bad, after all.

In a moment the noise is hushed and the confusion dies away to a profound silence, as the doors open, and Elwood Forester, with Anna

Brown leaning upon his arm, stands before the minister, a gray-haired man, who knew the parties before him ere either of them could repeat the Lord's prayer, or whisper their own names. With slow and measured voice he pronounces the words of an impressive formula, and adds. "What God hath joined together, let not man put asunder," which is responded to by a deep and fervent Amen, from many warm, gushing hearts. Tears and smiles mingle together, and the whole occasion is one of unspeakable interest. For an hour or two the company remain together, and then one by one depart, each leaving an honest kiss on the cheek of the blushing bride.

The morning dawned clear, bright, cold. An autumnal wind swept along the streets of the city, and moaned over the broad, beautiful bay. In the first train of cars which flew like lightning from the station-house was Elwood Forester, and his young bride, who was now to enter upon scenes new and strange, yet pleasant and profitable. She was to disappoint all the forebodings of those who had little faith in the beautiful and the true-hearted, and was to prove a noble companion for a faithful minister of God.

For a while, not a word was spoken. Each one, happy in the thoughts which came thronging into the

mind, was willing to look out over the future, to count its signs or promises, and to gather strength for possible and probable calamities. At length Elwood broke the silence, and said: "Does not your heart sink within you, as you leave the place where you have passed so many happy hours, and enjoyed so many precious privileges?"

"No, I counted the cost before I concluded to leave one home for another!"

"But, if you should find the lot of a minister hard and cheerless, and that of his companion full of privation, would you not sigh for the dear scenes from which you are now passing away so rapidly?"

"Try me, love, and see if I have uttered the solemn words of my marriage covenant in vain!"

"O, I know you will stand the trial well, and forgive me if I have raised a doubt of your fitness for the situation! And yet, I would not have you dream that the position to which you are going will be one of unalloyed pleasure. If all the experience of my older brethren in the ministry teaches anything, we have reason to fear that our lot, like that of others, will have some elements of sorrow mingled in it."

Thus he continued to speak, to prepare the mind of his bride for the life of a city parsonage, giving her a somewhat curious description of persons and

places with which we shall meet hereafter, and the first fifty miles flew by in a space of time incredibly brief.

At a station on the road, a gentleman and lady entered the car, and taking seats immediately in front of the young couple, entered into brisk and interesting conversation, which those who occupied adjoining seats were compelled unwillingly to hear.

"I should think," said the gentleman, "a minister would know enough to leave his people when his usefulness is done. I have not been edified, for many months, with the preaching of Mr. Mason, and from the present time shall withhold from him my support."

"So should I," chimed in the lady, "and our church is in the same condition with yours. We have been endeavoring to get rid of Mr. Henderson for two years, but have not succeeded yet."

"Ah, what is the trouble with Henderson? I thought he was universally liked."

"He *was* popular; but his wife has been dreadfully imprudent, and he has justified her course."

"What's the matter?"

"O, dear, everything!"

"Is she a mischief-maker?"

"No."

"Is she extravagant?"

"I should hardly think she was."

"What, then, is the charge against her?"

"Why, she keeps company with the lowest people in town, and even went to poor drunken Cobb, and asked him to sign the pledge."

"Keeps company with the *lowest* people in town!"

"That is the poorest! Why, the other day, when the sewing-circle met at Esq. Johnson's, Mrs. Henderson did not arrive until the company was about being called to tea; and, when taken to account for her tardiness, excused herself by saying that she had been making up widow Blake's bed!"

"Some persons would commend your pastor's wife."

"The unrefined might, but our church want in the wife of a pastor womanly dignity."

"Womanly dignity!"

"Yes, sir; a pastor's wife whose chief occupation is making beds for poor persons, and patching garments for indigent children, must neglect the culture of the young ladies, who expect her to be a pattern of refinement."

"Do the members of the church generally complain of the course pursued by Mrs. Henderson?"

"The paying members do."

"I think they are wrong. We complain of our

minister for the reverse of this. He visits the rich only, and the poor live and die, as far as he is concerned, without the benefit of the clergy."

"Perhaps we had better exchange Mr. Henderson for Mr. Mason," said the lady, laughing at her own wit.

"I surely think, if Mr. Henderson were at liberty, our church would avail itself of his services; and in Mr. Mason you would have a man who would never know a mechanic in a frock, or descend to the ungentle act of visiting a pauper."

"But how is his wife?"

"O, like him."

"Well, that would be better than what we have now, for we cannot endure what some people call a *female philanthropist*. But I forgot to ask you if you had heard the news."

"What news?"

"The Camberwell church has, at length, secured a minister."

"Who is he?"

"A young man named Elwood Forester, just from the Institution."

"Ah! and a fine fellow he is."

"Do you think so?"

"Surely I do; he has preached for us several times, and is universally admired."

"I have formed a different opinion of him. He seems to me to be superficial and shallow."

"Your judgment, I must think, is unjust. How many times have you heard him?"

"Only once."

"I should hardly venture to form an opinion of a man from one discourse."

"But he is so different from Dr. S. and Prof. B.; they are so profound, you know."

"Well, Forester has not the learning of either of those men, but he has much more preaching ability. I have learned that dulness is not always depth. Prof. B., though a learned man, is a dull man, lives in his mouldy books, and is out of his place in the pulpit."

"How can you say so?"

"Because it is so! Forester will do a vast deal of work while Prof. B. is putting on his spectacles, and I am glad he is going to Camberwell. Is he married yet?"

"He was to have been, last evening."

"To whom?"

"To a daughter of that rough old sailor, Captain Brown, who a few years ago was so praised for humanely saving a crew from a vessel on fire."

"I remember him, but am not acquainted with his daughter. Will she make Forester a good wife?"



"I think not."

"Why not?"

"She is a flirt."

"How do you know?"

"I saw her at a picnic, a while ago, and became convinced from observation."

"I am sorry for that."

"So am I, and I think it strange that ministers cannot have some little judgment in the selection of their wives."

But we pause to inquire who these persons are. The gentleman is a member of a church which has a most devoted minister. Mr. Mason, his pastor, is a student, a man who loves his study, who reads, thinks, and descends deep into sacred mysteries. His wife loves him fondly, and stays at home to keep him company. Hence, he is called a proud man, who does not love to visit; and the people, who know not his worth, are endeavoring to drive him away.

The lady is a member of a church a few miles distant. She seems to entertain a mortal hatred to ministers' wives; probably from the fact that she has endeavored to captivate five young preachers, failed in each case, and is a maiden after all. Her minister is a most excellent man, of large heart. His lady is like him, full of love and good works. Her deeds of noble nature are called

unwomanly, and her efforts to save the lost are said to be wanting in dignity.

As Elwood Forester heard his wife pronounced a flirt by one who did not know her, a hard sentence struggled for utterance; but he checked it, and turned with a sad smile to her into whose eye a tear had come, in spite of herself, and said, "You see what you are coming to. I hope there are few such women as that at Camberwell."

"It takes all kinds of people to make a world, you know, dear husband; and what should we do without these people, who so kindly inform us that ministers are superficial, and their wives are flirts?"

Elwood laughed at the turn given to matters by his wife, and, as they commented upon what they had just heard, the train of cars whirled into the dépôt at Camberwell. As the young couple rose to leave, Elwood placed respectfully in the hands of the gentleman whose conversation had been overheard his wedding card, bearing the names of "Mr. and Mrs. Elwood Forester;" upon which the lady tattler gazed, biting her lips with shame and mortification, while her companion, who had expressed so favorable an opinion of the pastor elect of Camberwell, evidently enjoyed her discomfiture.

On leaving the cars, the young minister was

met by good Deacon Brayton, who had come with a carriage to take the couple to the fine house which had been fitted up for them. All was confusion and busy anxiety, in the midst of which Mrs. Forester was introduced to a few friends, and hurried away to the new house, half unconscious of the position in which she was placed, and the new duties which devolved upon her. In a few minutes the carriage stopped at a neat and beautiful residence, in a quiet street, in a retired section of the city. A few friends had assembled to bid the pastor and his wife a hearty welcome; and, on being ushered into the parlor, he found the church had kindly furnished the whole tenement, provided all the necessary articles for household use, and even prepared a dinner, which was then smoking on the table. The whole had been under the superintendence of Mrs. Brayton, a lady of polished manners, kind heart, and great energy and perseverance. She had busied herself for a few weeks in arranging the furniture, providing all the conveniences of a well-furnished house, and now everything gave evidence of her taste and skill. The parlors, the sleeping-rooms, the halls, the dining-room, and, most important of all, *the study*, were well arranged, and the first words of the youthful wife were, "O, I shall be so happy here, you are all so kind!"

Mrs. Brayton led the way to a toilet-chamber, where the new comers were prepared for dinner; and, in a few moments, all were seated at the table. At the head sat the minister; at his right was his wife; opposite, doing the honors of the occasion, was Mrs. Brayton; and on each side of her were Lizzie and Ella, two beautiful daughters of Deacon Turner who had been waiting all the morning, full of fun and frolic, to see the minister's new wife; while Miss Dennier, a young lady who was about obtaining the reputation of an "old maid," acted as servant for the occasion, — Margaret, the Irish girl who had been engaged, not having arrived.

Order being obtained, the blessing of God was asked and thanks returned, and never from fuller hearts than on that occasion. The dinner-hour passed away very pleasantly, in animated and cheerful conversation.

"I shall depend on you, Mrs. Brayton, for advice in all household matters," said Mrs. Forester. "You live so near that I can come and plague you with my questions often."

"She is expert in all manners and customs prevalent among the Camberwellians," said Ella; "but for her, you would have found a sorry welcome."

"We are very grateful," said Mr. Forester.

"The labor of preparing the house we expected would fall on us, and the expense also, and the church has generously defrayed all."

"O, if you begin to talk of gratitude, Mr. Forester," added Mrs. Brayton, "we shall retire; for all the ladies in the society contended for the *privilege* of doing just what I, with the assistance of these madcap girls, have done."

The kindness of the people made a deep impression on the mind of the minister. He had expected to find a few articles in the house, and just enough furniture to meet the wants of the family for a few days; but here the parlors were nicely completed, sofas and chairs were provided, and two or three beautiful engravings hung on the wall. In every other part of the house the same care had been used to provide everything which could be needed.

Dinner being over, and Margaret having arrived, the kind entertainers slipped away to their homes, leaving Mr. Forester to arrange his plans, and prepare for his ordination, which was to take place the following week, and which, even on the day of his arrival, began to engross his thoughts. The first hour after the departure of Mrs. Brayton, the young family was left alone, but, at the expiration of that time, Deacon Turner called, and was introduced to Mrs. Forester. He

was a man of the kindest disposition, and always "stood by the minister." Though not an active man, he was very reliable, and to every pastor was a most valuable friend.

"I called," said the deacon, "to see if I could do anything for you."

"Thank you," replied Mr. Forester; "the people seem to have done all, and we have nothing to do but to sit down and enjoy it."

"Glad of it, glad of it. Old Parson Niles used to tell the Oxford people that a kind people makes a good minister."

The deacon rose to go, and, as he passed out, gave the minister a hearty shake of the hand, and left a large gold piece there, for which the recipient could only stammer out his thanks. It was so delicately done, that no opportunity was given for a refusal, and the deacon was gone.

He had scarcely disappeared when a car-man rolled up a barrel of flour, saying, "I am to leave this here!"

"I think not, — I have not ordered it."

"Does not Rev. Mr. Forester live here?"

"He does," said Elwood, blushing at the prefix to his name, which as yet hardly belonged to him.

"Then this is the place."

"Who sent it?"

"I was told not to tell;" and the flour was rolled in.

About tea-time, Mrs. Bement called to introduce herself. She was a coarse woman, who interfered with the business of every pastor, and who, though a member of the church, gave little evidence of ever having felt the power of religion. Her husband was a very good man, but of narrow abilities and little energy. His wife ruled him with a rod of iron, and her counsel always prevailed in all family matters. They had several children, who, though possessed of some talent, were vain, quarrelsome, and exhibited every unwomanly trait of character which distinguished the mother. This family was identified with all the troubles in the church, and had long been a source of mischief among the people. Mrs. Bement introduced herself with the interesting salutation,

"I come to see how our new minister looks."

"Glad to see you," was the reply; and an introduction followed, the lady being careful to give an estimate of the esteem in which she was held, the influence she possessed, and a hint as to the importance of her family to the welfare of the minister.

"I am sorry the people are not more united in you, Mr. Forester."

"I did not know there were any divisions!"

"O! there are no divisions; but some folks like to be contrary, you know."

"The call was reported to me as *unanimous*."

"So it was; but Mr. Gilman — who, you know, is not much — said he hoped you would not accept it; and some other persons had doubts as to the propriety of the action of the church."

"This is news to me. I must see Mr. Gilman, and ——"

"O, not for the world! it would make trouble. You must not mention it; and, if you do, my name must never be disclosed."

Elwood made no reply, but resolved that the whole should come out, and that the worst should be known. His visitor soon after took her leave, with a smirk and a smile, urging the minister to make the first call on her. When she was gone, Elwood turned to his wife, whose tears had gushed out, and whose heart was clouded with this little sorrow, and said, "I have an insight into the character of that woman. She is one of the disturbers of the peace; and, though I have never seen her before, and have never heard her name, we have reason to avoid her. The less we associate with her, the better."

"But what a man Mr. Gilman must be! Did he not vote for you?"

"Yes."

"How, then, do you explain his conduct?"

"I cannot but believe Mrs. Bement has misrepresented him."

"Why do you think so?"

"Because, when I have seen him, he has ever met me with the greatest kindness, and he bears on his open countenance the marks of sincerity."

Just then the door-bell rang, and Mr. Gilman was announced. He entered with a pleasant smile on his countenance, and an extended hand.

"Just in time," said Forester, as soon as the formality of introduction was over; "I have been wishing to see you."

"What for?"

Elwood then related the conversation he had just had with Mrs. Bement, gave fact for fact, statement for statement, and, as far as possible, word for word.

"Slanderous, mischief-making woman!" exclaimed Mr. Gilman. "She planted thorns in the way of our late pastor, and it seems she has begun to sow them in yours. I will tell you whence all this arose, and right glad am I that I called so opportunely. One day, just previous to the reception of your answer to our call, Mrs. Bement called at my store, and, on my expressing a wish that we might hear from you speedily, she replied, 'Mr. Forester will not come here.'

"Why not?"

"Because he has long contemplated a foreign mission, and his heart is set on an Eastern field."

"O, well, if that is the case, I would be willing to resign him; and, if God calls him to India, I hope he will refuse our call, though it would be sad for us."

"Is that all?"

"Every word; and, my young brother, you will find in Camberwell no warmer friend than I will prove to you."

Elwood grasped the hand of his parishioner, while the warm tears of gratitude streamed down his cheek, and fell on the friendly hand which held his own; and from that moment there was a tie between the two which death itself did not sunder. This interview removed the cloud which hovered over the dwelling of the clergyman, and brought sunshine again to that newly-established fireside.

The evening was spent in the formation of plans, broken by the friendly calls of several persons, who asked, with real earnestness, "Can we do anything for you?" and the hour of retirement came, bringing with it the pleasant duty of setting up a FAMILY ALTAR, at which the husband and the wife kneeled together, and poured out their fervent supplications. Thus ended the first day of the

pastorate at Camberwell ; a day well representing years which were allotted to the happy couple in the city ; a day of sunshine, which was dimmed, now and then, by a passing cloud.

### CHAPTER III.

#### DR. LANGLEY AND THE ORDINATION.

The proud he tamed, the penitent he cheered,  
Nor to rebuke the rich offender feared ;  
His preaching much, but more his practice, wrought  
A living sermon of the truths he taught.

THE church in Camberwell was in a reduced condition at the time of which we have been speaking. It had been rent by internal divisions, and assailed by various influences from without. But the crooked and unhappy materials had gone away, and were rendering other churches miserable, and the old, venerable body was left without a single uneasy, jealous family, if we except that of which Mrs. Bement was the female head. There were also in the city three other churches of the same order. The Federal-street Church was a large, flourishing body, with more members, but less real stability, than the First Church, which hereafter we shall call the Park-place, from its location. The pastor at Federal-street was a person of some years and ability, but a proud, jealous, overbearing man, who was disposed to demand

unusual respect and deference from his brethren. He loved to hear his church spoken of as *Dr. Langley's*; and, though the honorary title had never been conferred, he encouraged his people to bestow it upon him. He was popular in his own society, because he had a peculiar way of turning everything to his own advantage, and driving away all who could see through his hollow devices, and rebuked them. His church was a sort of religious theatre, where a funeral was performed one Sabbath, and a wedding the next.

The pastor of the Prescott-street church was Rev. Mr. North, a young man of great excellence, though not a great preacher. He was loved for the excellent traits of character which he possessed and developed. The other church was small, and, at the time of Elwood's settlement, was destitute of a pastor, though Mr. Tucker, a young man from a distant state, was preaching as a candidate, and was afterwards settled.

That Dr. Langley viewed the entrance of Elwood Forester into the city with any degree of approbation, we could not say. He was afraid to compete—if preaching side by side could be called competition—with the young, earnest, enthusiastic theologian, who came to the pulpit fresh from the laurels of commencement-day.

Meeting, one day, Deacon Brayton, of Park-

place Church, Dr. Langley said to him, "Deacon, why did you call so young a man to fill your pulpit?"

The deacon was a man of much thought and few words. He replied, at once, "We think he will make us an able minister."

"Do you not think Mr. Ford would have done better for you?"

"No, sir."

"Nor Mr. Wyman?"

"Neither of them; they are both good men, but we did not want them at Park-place."

"You know Mr. Forester follows an able doctor of divinity, a man of years and large experience, and will labor under many embarrassments."

"True; but we think he is equal to the work, and shall try to sustain him."

"Well, that is right; but I am afraid he will break down."

The minister passed on, and soon met Mr. Tuttle, and accosted him:

"Well, you have called a new minister, I hear."

"Yes, yes,—a right smart one, who will take the wind out of your sails, doctor," said the blunt old fellow, willing to plant a thorn in the side of the doctor's vanity.

"Ah, I have been in Camberwell six years,—

too long to fear young gifts;" and, with a merry laugh, the six-years' pastor turned away.

On the Sabbath following the arrival of the new minister, he did not preach. He sat in the large old-fashioned pulpit, and listened to his friend Edward Devoll, who came up on Saturday to assist him. Devoll had been ordained, a few weeks previous, at Oxford, and was one of the pastors of the immediate vicinity. Not being a remarkably pleasing orator, he did not receive so much attention as he would have done under some other circumstances. The people were disappointed in not hearing their own minister, and not a few used the holy day to scan his features, and those of his young and beautiful wife. The minister's pew, and the corner of the pulpit, were honored with more glances than the preacher, who plodded on through a valuable discourse, which was sadly injured in delivery.

In the evening the people assembled in the large, spacious lecture-room, which was fuller than usual. The young minister who had filled the pulpit during the day read a chapter from the Epistles of the great apostle to the Gentiles, and the pastor elect arose to speak. He dwelt upon the history of Paul, his memorable life, and his entire devotion to the work of the ministry. Beautiful reference was made to the words of the man of God, where he says, "God forbid that I should glory, save in

the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ;" and all present understood the delicate allusion to the circumstances in which the speaker was then placed.

The next Wednesday was the day fixed for the ordination. The council, composed of delegates from the churches in the city and vicinity, met in the morning. Dr. Langley was made moderator, and Edward Devoll scribe. The doctor opened the business of the occasion by a pompous speech, in which he was careful to refer to the fact that he had been in the ministry many years, had had much experience, and, of course, though he did not say so, young men must yield to him.

The candidate for holy orders being called on, Mr. Forester arose and gave an affecting relation of his Christian experience, tracing the convictions of the Holy Spirit from the time that his mother taught him to lisp the name of God. Then he passed along to years of youthful waywardness and folly, when he neglected the soundest advice, and pursued a course of sin. But grace called him to the footstool of mercy, and drew him to his highest duties. With rapture he described his case as a lost sinner, near despair, saved by grace, and repeated the charming stanza of Watts:

"Jesus sought me, when a stranger,  
Wandering from the fold of God;  
He, to save my soul from danger,  
Interposed his precious blood."



Then followed the call to the ministry, which was said to be a solemn conviction that duty required him to preach, solemn providences which pointed out the path, the general conviction of friends, and a *fear* to enter on any other pursuit.

When asked if he had endeavored to come to these conclusions, he replied :

“No ; I have endeavored to drive them from my mind. I was educated for the bar ; I wished to enter the legal profession ; but God has forced me to the pulpit. I must preach. *Woe* is me if I do not ! ”

The statement of doctrinal views was very clear ; the wondrous truths of revelation were plainly stated, to the unusual satisfaction of the council, except Dr. Langley, who entered into a cross-questioning, in which the candidate once or twice completely “flooded” him, to use a phrase common among politicians.

The ordination was in the evening, and a crowd filled the spacious edifice. Sermon, charges, prayers and songs, were, as usual, all admired. Dr. Langley gave a somewhat funny charge, out of which the points were projecting in all directions ; and Edward Devoll tendered the fellowship of the churches in a spirit so tender and subduing, that not a tearless eye was seen in the house. Everybody wondered how so cold and mathematical sort

of a man could so melt and sway the hearts of others.

The services closed, and Mr. Forester went out of the pulpit an ordained minister, the pastor of a large and influential church, and with heavier cares upon him than had ever rested there before.

The week was spent by the young pastor in diligent preparation for the services of the approaching Sabbath ; and Park-place people generally denied themselves the privilege of calling, that he might not be disturbed. The morning of the Sabbath came, as lovely a morning as autumn could boast, and Park-place Church was unusually full. The morning sermon was on “the reciprocal duties of pastor and people ;” that in the afternoon was upon a more general topic — “the glories of the Gospel.” Each was treated with much skill, and gave great satisfaction. Deacon Brayton was in ecstasies ; Deacon Turner followed the minister to his door ; Mr. Tuttle rubbed his hands and exclaimed, to each one he saw on his way home, “That sounds like it ;” and even Mrs. Bement bustled along to Mrs. Forester, and whispered in her ear, “Don’t let them spoil your husband ! ”

That evening, as Elwood sat leaning back in his chair, with his wife sitting by his side, a ringing of the bell announced a visitor, and soon Mr. Watson was introduced.

"Who is Mr. Watson?" said the minister to himself. "That is a new name."

"My name is Watson," said the new comer. "I have heard you preach to-day, and liked you very much, and came in to talk with you."

"I am glad to see you, Mr. Watson. Where do you attend church?"

"I am not a member of any church, though I hope I know what grace is."

Mr. Watson was a tall, thin, cadaverous-looking man, with a black, rolling eye, which never seemed to be fixed, but went wandering about; and, from the first, Mr. Forester did not like his appearance, but he politely said:

"Have you been long in Camberwell?"

"About five years. When I first came, I attended Mr. Langley's meeting, but he was not up to the times; and then I went to Mr. North's, and I now think of making Park-place my home. But I wish to know how you are on *morals*."

"O, I hope my morals are good!"

"No, no; I mean how do you feel about preaching morals?"

"I think every minister should preach morality; indeed, he cannot preach the Gospel without it."

"Nor I; that's just my doctrine exactly; but what do you think of slavery?"

"It is an awful evil."

"Well, could a man, according to your view, be a Christian and hold a slave, under any circumstances?"

"I think he could."

"I am sorry to find you cherishing such an opinion. I hoped you was up to the true standard on this subject. I am afraid you will impede the progress of the car of reformation. We need men *up to the times*."

Elwood was silent, for he wished his visitor would leave him, for he saw at once that he would be of no value to Park-place; and soon Mr. Watson, with an unceremonious movement, reached for his hat and bowed himself out, with the pious hope that "Mr. Forester would get enlightened."

Nearly opposite the residence of the minister was that of Mr. Farwell, who, with his wife, was a member of Park-place society, but making no profession of religion. They had two daughters, one of whom was a sweet child of eight years. Soon after Mr. Watson had retired, Kate Farwell slipped in, saying, "Mother said I might come in and spend half an hour with you."

Anna folded the child in her arms, and, though it was the evening of the holy Sabbath, welcomed her; for, to tell the truth, she was a little lonely with Elwood, who was too weary to converse.

"Is your mother well, Kate?"

"Yes — no — she has been crying," innocently answered the child.

"Has she?" said Anna, not daring to ask the reason.

"Yes, and she cried at what Mr. Forester said about the Saviour, who came into the world to save sinners. She says that she is a sinner; but I don't think so, she is so good. Father told her not to cry, but to come over and see Mr. Forester."

"Why did she not?"

"She wanted to, but was afraid to."

"Mrs. Farwell must be convicted of sin," said Anna to her husband.

"Convicted! — what is that?" said the child. Anna did not explain, and the innocent creature ran on with her childish strains.

"O, I will tell you something," and the eyes of the little one brightened, "if you will not tell. Mother went into the library and kneeled down, and prayed, just as Aunt Ruth does. I never saw her before, and when she was done she leaned on the chair and cried again."

"What did your father say?"

"He said he could almost cry too. My father never cried. Is it half an hour, Mrs. Forester?"

"Yes, dear, your half-hour is gone; and, if your mother told you to return at the expiration of that

time, you had better go. I will stand at the door until you have crossed the street."

With a warm kiss on the cheek of Anna, and a happy good-night to Elwood, the light-hearted creature threw a shawl over her head and ran home, taking with her a little tract, entitled "Come to Jesus," which the minister told her to carry to her mother. When she was gone, there went up to God from that little family circle such prayers as are seldom offered, for her whose soul was struggling in the heavy chains of sin, and who was endeavoring to find him "of whom Moses in the law, and the prophets did write."

Early the next morning, a servant of Mr. Farwell brought to the door a large basket of pears, with a little note from Mrs. Farwell, requesting Elwood to visit her during the day. As soon as visiting hours arrived, he crossed the street, and was admitted by Mrs. Farwell herself, whose smiling countenance gave ample evidence that sorrow had endured but for a night, and that joy had come in the morning. She gave him a full relation of her religious feelings for the last twenty-four hours; described her deep, awful sense of sin her view of Christ as her atoning Saviour, her present joy, and her strong hope in God. Tears of pleasure flowed down her cheeks, while the minister, who found his labors blessed so soon, could

not restrain his own. He wept with joy, that God should, so early in his ministry, make him the instrument of saving a soul from death.

The winter passed away in the performance of the usual duties of a newly-settled minister, and the spring came without any unusual events. Park-place Church was increasing in prosperity, and every Sabbath the young minister saw before him new faces, and every week was permitted to welcome new friends. Dr. Langley was at his wits' ends, and some new contrivance did he have every Sabbath to keep his people from the old, venerable edifice in Park-place. But, ere the spring opened, the tide was setting so strongly toward the new pastor, that his house was full, and no seats were to be obtained. The church was happy, the minister and his wife were happy, and prosperity crowned every endeavor to advance the glory of God. A few letters written from Camberwell by the pastor's wife will show how matters were, and how the pastor was succeeding in his new field of exertion.

"Camberwell, April 10, 18—.

"DEAR, KIND MOTHER: There is but one thing needed to make my lot as near perfect bliss as earth can bring us. Could I remove my dear parents and Robert to Camberwell, I should ask no more. That would fill up my cup of pleasure, and

make me satisfied. But, as this cannot be done, I try to be content.

"I am happy now, for I am useful, and the little I can do for the glory of God, and the good of my fellow-creatures, is appreciated.

"The members of the church are very kind. They have filled our house with comforts, and our hearts with love, and every day seem to be attached more and more to Elwood. They listen so attentively to his preaching, and seem so determined to profit, that it does me good to look over the assembly and behold the evidences of absorbing interest. And, indeed, mother, I fear I am becoming proud of my husband. His discourses give such general satisfaction, that my estimation of his abilities — which, you know, was very high — is much higher than ever. The other night, he preached the 'Union Lecture,' which was truly eloquent, though I say it myself. The people went out of the house delighted, and everybody but Dr. Langley spoke in praise. The next morning, several gentlemen came to request a copy for the press; but Elwood positively declined.

"In my household matters I am getting along very well. My girl is an excellent one, and Mrs. Brayton lives close by, and I go in and get her advice on disputed points. You do not know how kind this lady and her husband are to us. They

show us such delicate attentions that our hearts are often affected. Indeed, everybody is kind to us, but how long it will last I cannot tell. Mrs. Bement, a very funny woman, was in last evening, and I was telling her of the kindness of the people; and she advised me to make the most of it, for the tide would soon begin to flow out, as it is now flowing in. She made me sad, but it was all over soon, and I ceased to doubt this generous and devoted people.

"But I am making a very long letter, and must draw it to a close. My whole heart will go with it to your cheerful abode, and my spirit will sit by when you read it, and when you pray for your daughter,  
ANNA."

"Camberwell, May 1, 18—.

"DEAR FATHER: Wish you a happy May-day, and, as I cannot spend it with you, I will send you a poor letter to compensate for my absence. I wish you were here to see me, this bright, beautiful morning. It would be a complete punishment for your doubts as to my being happy as the wife of a devoted minister of Jesus. A view of our present felicity would be heaping coals of fire on your head, for your opposition to my marriage with Elwood. But I suppose you have repented of that, as you told me in your last letter that the

wealthy suitor, whose hand you were so willing to force upon me, had failed and gone west, 'poor as a crow,' as you term it. Ah! these papas do not always see with clear eyes about these matters.

"But you must come and visit us, and we will introduce you to *our* parishioners. Some of them you would like very much. There is Mr. Carlton, one of our four deacons, an aged man, who would delight to sit down and converse with you. He is a firm friend of Elwood; he calls my husband 'the young Timothy;' and, were Timothy of Scripture memory to come to earth, he could not attach more importance to his mission. The deacon is a real, genuine, old-fashioned Christian, and his wife is like him. You would love them for their many excellences, and for their real, unaffected piety. A long letter would not be long enough to describe the kind families we have all around us here, all anxious to make us happy. Why, instead of the lot of a minister's wife being hard and tedious, as you used to tell me, it is delightful. It consists of holy hopes, holy duties, holy pleasures.

"Do come up and see us. It will make you so happy to see us happy, and you will change some of your opinions about the life of a minister. From your daughter,  
ANNA."

On the day this letter was written, Dr. Langley met one of the members of Park-place Church, a good, sensible, honest mechanic, — Mr. Osborn, — who had accumulated some property, and was a much-respected citizen. The following conversation ensued between the divine and the layman :

“ Well, Mr. Osborn, was you at church yesterday ? ”

“ Yes, sir ; I usually attend.”

“ How was your congregation ? ”

“ Very large ; scarcely a vacant seat could be seen in the house.”

“ Surely ; was it an extra account ? ”

“ No ; it is so every Sabbath.”

“ Well, can you tell me how it is done ? ”

“ Done ! done ! It is done by faithful preaching and hard work.”

“ I have been afraid your minister was somewhat theatrical, and drew the young people by his poetic exhibitions.”

“ Not at all ; he is not one of your spiritual hocus-pocus men, such as I might mention.”

“ Who do you refer to, sir ? ” said the doctor, somewhat sternly, giving evidence of having been touched in a tender place.

“ O, nobody ! ”

The divine moved away, at a stately pace, not at all satisfied that Park-place should fill up, while

his own congregation could hardly be said to be improving. When abroad, he was often questioned as to Mr. Forester's success ; and, if he ever admitted the fact, it was always attributed to “ shrewdness,” or “ cunning contrivance,” or something else besides ability and piety.

About this time, an exchange was proposed by the doctor, and accepted by the new minister. The morning of the Sabbath came, and found Mr. Forester in the pulpit of Federal-street Church.

The people had long been wanting to hear him, and an unusual interest was observable on all countenances. The preliminary services were performed, and the text was announced, — “ Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world.” This passage opened a theme on which the preacher was at home ; and soon, with all embarrassment overcome, he was pouring out a tide of eloquent truth, such as that congregation had seldom heard. Down deep into the mysteries of redemption were they taken, silently following an intrepid leader to the very threshold of the council-chamber of eternity ; sadly were they drawn to the cross, where the expiatory sacrifice was made, and there they stood until the tears gushed out with love and pity ; then forward to the awful hour of the vindication of the Saviour from all the

charges brought against him by man, and his final exaltation to the highest throne in heaven.

The enraptured people followed in these lofty flights, and returned again to the life below with warmer hearts and better hopes, feeling that they had not looked upon the Lamb of God in vain.

The next day, Dr. Langley was very anxious to know what impressions his friend had made on the minds of the people; so, as he passed from house to house, his question was,

"How did you like the new minister?"

"O, very much."

"A new broom sweeps clean, you know," was the ready reply.

To another the doctor would say, "What did you think of Mr. Forester yesterday?"

"A fine preacher, — a noble sermon!"

"Ah! did you know where he got it?"

"But, doctor, you do not mean to say that Mr. Forester *stole* his discourse, do you?"

The crafty man made no reply, stroked his chin, put on a knowing look, and moved away, leaving on the mind of his parishioner the idea that Elwood Forester had stolen the sermon he preached the day before.

Alas, alas, for poor, frail human nature!

## CHAPTER IV.

### THE AGENT.

— He was the mildest-mannered man  
That ever scuttled ship, or cut a throat!

In the denomination to which Mr. Forester belonged there was a society for the promotion of the Tract enterprise, the members of which, for various reasons, good or otherwise, had broken off from the regular organizations for the spread of the Gospel, and had assumed a hostile attitude towards those who still held to the old ways. The ministers of the most thought had stood aloof from this new society, and it lived a poor, dying existence. Mr. Forester, like his older brethren, deemed such an organization unnecessary, and the leaders of it actuated by an improper spirit. He did not feel it his duty to assist in sustaining it.

One day, an agent for the American Reform Tract Society called upon him, and requested permission to preach in his church on the following Sunday evening. Elwood knew the man, and well understood his movements, and kindly and firmly told him that he could not grant the request.

"Then you will not allow me into your pulpit!" said the agent.

"Yes, you may come into my pulpit, and, if you wish, you may preach a regular sermon; but you must not present the claims of a society which is doing more harm than good."

"Then you wish to gag me, and hide the truth, do you?"

"No; you have a right to speak where people wish to hear you; but you shall not make my pulpit a place for the distribution of error; you shall not make me the medium of distributing your gross views, and sending out poison to the people."

"Then you are anti-reform."

"That depends on what you mean by reform."

"You will not let me lecture on the subject of my agency in your pulpit?"

"No, sir."

"Then I will appeal to your people."

"Do it, if you think best."

"And, if they do not admit me, I will lecture on the steps, and denounce them there."

"As you please."

The agent turned away in a rage, and, after considering the matter well, determined to apply to the members of the church, and, if possible, force his way into the Park-place Church. He

went first to Mr. Masury, a pliable man, who happened that year to be at the head of the trustees.

"Good-morning, Mr. Masury; I have called on you for a little business."

"Sit down, brother Foster, and make yourself at home."

"I called, Mr. Masury, to see how you feel towards that noble organization, the 'Reform Tract Society.'"

"I have no objection to it; but I have not hitherto acted with it. It seems to me to be an organization which is quite useless."

"O, no, sir! it is doing a great work. The wants of the world are to be met by it. It is the organization of the times, and it is destined to become great and glorious."

"But you oppose the old society, do you not?"

"No, we do not oppose it."

"How, then, do you meet the questions at issue?"

"Why, I of course show the folly and inconsistency of the old society."

"What are they?"

"To tell the whole truth, the old society is a bad affair altogether. It has many weak points, and should be broken down."

"What are they?"

"I have no time to specify. I came to see if



the trustees of Park-place would meet this evening; I wish to appear before the brethren and request the use of the church to show the subject to the people, next Lord's-day evening."

"You can come, but tell me what fault you find with the old society."

The agent did not tell, but filled the mind of his hearer with vague, groundless suspicions, and left him with the dreadful idea that the Tract Society was a very corrupt and wicked body, and all the money paid into it was thrown away.

He next went to Mr. Edwards. He was an anti-slavery man; a good, pious, devoted friend of the slave. Here he pursued a new method, and gave the idea that the Tract Society was knee-deep in blood, — that it was a great organization for the forging of chains and the manufacture of slave-whips.

To Mr. Holroyd he stated that the agents and secretaries were eating up the funds of the Tract Society, — that the people were unwise to contribute to support men who were wasting the money thus generously given. By visiting one and another, he succeeded in prejudicing the minds of nearly all the trustees, and when they came together in the evening they were ready for almost any movement in favor of the misnamed Reform Tract Society.

When the trustee meeting was opened, Mr. Foster presented himself, and requested the use of the church to lecture in. The trustees referred him to the minister, saying they had no objection. The wily agent then commenced his speech.

"Brethren," he said, "I have applied to your minister for the use of the church, and he has flatly refused me. Now, I want you to take the matter in hand, and do this thing as it ought to be done. Your minister is a young man; he is inexperienced, and knows not how to deal with the world. He is endeavoring to lord it over God's heritage, and you would do him and yourselves a kindness if you should set the foot down in this matter. Now, open your house, and show the supremacy of the church, and you will teach the good young brother a lesson which he will never forget. He means well, and you will do him good by pursuing such a course."

This plan seemed feasible and proper to the good men, and they "expressed their minds" as follows:

*Mr. Holroyd.* "The pulpit is ours, and I go for opening it. I love the minister, but I love the cause better."

*Mr. Parker.* "What in the world should the minister meddle with this for? I go for opening the church."

*Mr. Chesley.* "So do I. Let us begin right with our good young brother."

Each one had something to say, and all but Deacon Brayton concurred in the plan for allowing Foster to preach.

"Be careful, brethren," said the deacon; "you have a minister who has a large share of prudence and common sense. He is devotedly pious, and his hand is ready for every good work. If he thought well of this new society, he would welcome it to his pulpit. Let us not do him a wrong by crowding into the pulpit any subject which he does not endorse."

But foolish counsel prevailed, and the agent went away believing the house would be opened. But he knew not the man with whom he had to deal. On Friday evening, at the close of the conference-meeting, the trustees met Mr. Forester in the porch as he passed out. The pastor knew what was abroad, and when they approached him he well understood their business.

"Hem—we think it best to have the house opened for Rev. Mr. Foster on Sunday evening,—hem!" said Mr. Holroyd. "We supposed you would have no objection to it."

"Is that the mind of all the trustees?"

"Nearly all, sir."

"Well, then, I must submit. You have known

my feelings on this subject, and now you deprive me of the *right* of controlling the pulpit to which you have called me. Is it fair?"

"Perhaps," said Deacon Brayton, "we can reconsider the matter now."

"As you please, gentlemen, about it. Only let me know your decision early to-morrow morning; for, if this man is to hold forth in the evening, I shall preach my farewell sermon in the afternoon."

With a dignity which he well knew how to assume, the young pastor moved away, leaving his astonished brethren to mend the matter as best they could. The result was that the house was not opened, and, to the end of his ministry at Park-place, Mr. Forester heard no more of the Tract Reform Society.

The agent obtained a hall, and delivered his address to a little handful of people who came in to hear him, and decamped feeling poorly paid for his interview with the old church in Camberwell. He continued to travel over the country, disturbing the harmony of the churches, and unsettling pastors, until the denomination dropped him from the ministry, and, like Judas, he went to his own place.

## CHAPTER V.

### VISITING THE PEOPLE.

The cold and heartless city, with its forms  
And dull routine ; its artificial manners,  
And arbitrary rules ; its cheerless pleasures,  
And worthless masking.

ONE day the minister went out to visit his people. His wife accompanied him, and many were the calls they made, and the acquaintances they formed, in the various circles of society, ere they returned. The first call they made was on an aged woman who had long been supported by the parish,—a woman who had become soured by age and infirmity, and who seldom received visits from any but those who wished to see her for charitable purposes. Aunt Hannah—for so was she called—was an unhappy creature, who had rendered herself miserable by grumbling at God and her fellow-creatures. She was in the habit of complaining to all persons who called to see her because they did not come before, and kept grumbling while they remained because they did not treat her well.

### VISITING THE PEOPLE.

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Up the minister and his wife went, over a crazy flight of stairs, into an attic on Field-street, and knocked at a low, dirty door. A momentary stir inside, and the door was thrown violently open, and they stood before the occupant.

"Good-day, Aunt Hannah," said the pastor.

"O, la, so you have come to see me, after so long a time!"

"Yes, let me introduce Mrs. Forester to you; she will come in and see you oftener than I *can*."

"I did not know as she would come and see a *poor cretur* like me. Ministers' wives are not now as they *was* in Parson Bolles' time. Mrs. Bolles was a good woman; not a bit of pride in her."

"Well, Aunt Hannah, how do you get along?"

"None the better for Park-place Church, I tell ye."

"O, you should not say so."

"Why, there has not been a blessed soul of them in to see me for six months! They'd let me starve."

"Has not Deacon Brayton been in, and left you some money—twenty dollars?"

"O, yes, he came in, but did not stop two minutes."

"Did not Deacon Turner call, and has he not sent you some wood?"

"Yes, but who can burn wood with no chips to kindle with?"

"Did not Mrs. Ferguson bring you a nice quilt, and some clothing?"

"I forgot her."

"Has not your flour been sent from the store?"

"Yes, and poor enough, too."

"Well, now, Aunt Hannah, how many times do you suppose I have visited you, since I have been in Camberwell?"

"Once or twice."

"I have been *five* times in one winter."

"Well, I declare, my memory is short. I did not know you had called so often."

Aunt Hannah was humbled. The minister had proved that she had reason for gratitude, and she felt mortified and chagrined. For a while she conversed more pleasantly, and Mrs. Forester entered into her wants, promised to provide for her during the year, and on the whole made the old lady feel comfortably. But soon Aunt Hannah was at it again, and in her denunciations seemed to bring in almost every member of the church; and at last plainly asked the minister why he visited widow Gary so much more than he did her, and received the deserved reply:

"Aunt Hannah, I think I do not call on widow Gary oftener than I do on you; but, if I do, it is

because widow Gary always receives me with a smile, while you are always fretting against your best friends."

The old lady burst into tears, asked pardon for her capricious spirit, and invited the minister to pray; who, falling on his knees, poured out a most fervent and touching prayer that his parishioner might be kept by the grace of God, and finally saved in a world where there should be no want.

The next visit made was upon Sister Bright-hopes, an old lady, who had been the subject of many trying providences. She lived in a little chamber not far from the humble residence of Aunt Hannah. She was a pattern of neatness, and, as the pastor knocked at her door, a sweet yet tremulous "come in" was heard, and, on opening the door, the young couple beheld the good woman with her knitting-work in her hands, and the open family Bible on the table near her.

"So, while you work with your hands, you cast your eye on the holy book, now and then," said Mr. Forester.

"Yes, sir," said the old lady, rising, and shaking hands with the minister, and imprinting a kiss on the cheek of his wife, "it is my meat and my drink. But for the Scriptures, I should have no hope. Here it is that I learn that God is too

wise to make any mistakes, and too good to do wrong."

"We have heard," said the minister's wife, "that God has sorely afflicted you, in days past."

"He has indeed! My husband is gone, my sons are buried in a strange land, and my daughter's grave is yet green. The last duty of our old minister was to offer the prayer at her funeral. I am left alone! but it is all right and best, I know. God is so kind, and all around are so kind, that I cannot murmur. I am a miracle of grace, and God be praised for his goodness!"

This godly woman had been sorely afflicted. Her friends had been removed, one by one, and she was left alone, with one hope only — the hope to die. But no murmur of discontent ever escaped her. She wept in joyful hope of seeing her kindred in the world above, and joining there the song of the redeemed with them. Long did the minister stay in that humble home, for his own love was increased, and his own faith strengthened, by listening to the out-gushing piety of that devoted saint.

The next call was at the home of Mr. Mixer, a good man, but one who had received no education, and who was entirely destitute of culture. He was at home, and, on opening the door, and seeing the

minister, exclaimed, "Hulloa, come in, come in; my woman will be right glad to see you!"

Mrs. Mixer was not so enthusiastic as her husband, and the plight in which she was found was not a pleasant one. Two children none of the cleanest, her hands in bread for which a heated oven waited, her house in disorder, made her wish her husband at work, or anywhere else, ere he had taken the visitors into the kitchen. But her husband — or her *man*, as she called him — was quite indifferent to all these things.

He wiped a chair with his rough hand and placed it for Mrs. Forester, while the pastor secured one for himself.

"So it seems that you are not one of the proud kind; you do visit poor people, then?"

"O, yes."

"Glad of it! I went to Priest Langley's meeting four years, and he never darkened my door."

"He perhaps had other duties."

"Well, if he had, he might have come once in a while."

Mrs. Mixer had by this time cleared her hands of the dough, brushed the flour from her apron, sent away the children, adjusted the furniture, and regained her composure, and, sitting down with her visitors, enjoyed their call very much.

Mrs. Forester gave her some valuable informa-

tion respecting certain little garments she wished to make for the children, and Mr. Forester kept her husband so busy in conversation that a whole hour slipped away very pleasantly, and when the minister rose to leave a couple of apples were thrust into his pocket for him to eat after his return.

The next call was on Mrs. Lighton, a woman of fashion, who lived on one of the more respectable streets. The callers were introduced by the servant into a dark parlor, where they remained some time, wondering if the lady of the house had forgotten their presence. All the time, however, they heard a wonderful commotion in the chamber above; feet were heard pacing the floor rapidly, as if some one was engaged in hasty toilet; and at length the lady appeared, in the full fashion of the season, after having kept the party waiting some thirty minutes or more. She was glad to see her minister; but the visit was ceremonious, cold and formal, and the minister soon took his leave, the lady thinking him quite dull, and his wife very plain and unfashionable.

One visit more finished the afternoon, and this was made upon the family of Mr. Godard, a wealthy but pious merchant, who had long been connected with Park-place Church. This gentleman lived in easy elegance, and welcomed his pastor with the

greatest cordiality, and it was arranged that here should be the place for tea. While this was being provided, the pastor led his wealthy parishioner to a consideration of the claims of the Eton College, an institution which was languishing for want of an endowment. The object of Mr. Forester in visiting this place was to receive a donation for the college. To accomplish his purpose, he led the mind of his friend to the great duties of Christian benevolence, which were very frankly admitted.

"I have," said Mr. Godard, "long felt that, with my means, I have been doing too little for the benefit of my fellow-men."

"Well, now is a good time to increase your donations. The world is calling for aid, and the treasury of the church is empty."

"If I knew just where to direct my charity to the best advantage, I think I could do some good in that way."

"I can tell you of a fine field for your benevolence."

"Let us hear it!"

"Here is Eton College, which —"

"O, I cannot do anything for Eton College. I have done contributing for that."

"Why?"

"Because an ocean of money has been swallowed up there already."

The pastor then reviewed the whole matter; laid open the enlarged plans of the trustees; and entered with great eloquence into the wants of the college, and the necessity of an educated ministry. The wealthy man listened, and, at the close of his remarks, said,

"I will give one thousand dollars!"

The young and faithful servant of God took him kindly by the hand, and said,

"Brother Godard, will you retire to your closet and ask God how much you *ought* to give?"

"Why — ye — yes, I can!"

"Will you do it?"

"Yes, sir."

The merchant retired, and, after being absent some time, returned, took the book from the hand of the minister, and subscribed for Eton College six thousand dollars.

In the mean while, Mrs. Forester had been drawn aside by Mrs. Godard, who was anxious to show her the wedding dress and gifts of her daughter, who was soon to give her heart and hand to a lawyer of much eminence, who had recently become her suitor.

Just as the money had been subscribed, and the dress and the silver shown, the bell announced the tea-hour, and the party took their places at the table; where we leave them to finish their

repast, enjoy the elevated conversation of the evening, and, at length, to separate, the family to retire to rest, and the minister and his companion to return to their own fireside.

## CHAPTER VI.

### THE BABY.

It lay upon its mother's breast, a thing  
Bright as a dew-drop when it first descends ;  
Or as the plumage of an angel's wing,  
Where every tint of rainbow-beauty blends.

It was not long after the events recorded in the preceding chapters, that a new occasion for excitement was found in Park-place congregation. It was told one day that God had sent a young immortal to cheer the heart of the minister, and bear his name down to future years ; or, in other words, that Mrs. Forester had given birth to a beautiful boy.

Mrs. Bement put on her bonnet and shawl and went from house to house, relating the facts as enthusiastically as if she had some connection with this important transaction.

Mrs. Brayton busied herself with the formation of many plans for the future, and silently determined that the young comer should be called Elwood, for his father, and Beecher, for a pastor of the church to which she formerly belonged. "Elwood

Beecher Forester," that would be a delightful name, she said to herself. The whole parish was filled with joy at the event, and many a piece of tattle connected with the advent of the little stranger was told abroad.

But at *home* the arrival of the baby was an occasion of the greatest pleasure. He was weighed, measured, handled and praised. His eyes were first decided to be black, like his father's, and then it was affirmed that they were like those of his mother. This name and that was selected and abandoned, until forty had been tried, and none of them were pretty enough for baby. On all sides he was decided to be the prettiest baby ever born ; it would have been rank treason to have said anything else, if the boy had been as plain as Esau. At length the name was fixed. His mother and all the rest wished his first name Elwood, but father said "No," and, when urged, said "No, no." It was at length decided to call him Edward Beecher, — the first name for the early friend of Elwood, the second for the sainted pastor of the wife of the good deacen.

The unconscious object of all these suggestions was a chubby boy, so nearly like other children, that any description of him would be tedious to the writer and the reader. His advent, however, was an important matter to Park-place congrega-



tion, and especially so to the female portion of it. The week after the event, the sewing-circle was more fully attended than it had been for months before. The ladies were seen in little clusters, discussing some subject of the greatest interest and importance to them, but the nature of which the gentlemen, who were earnestly engaged in conversation on the approaching elections, *of course* knew not.

Sabbath morning came, and, a little later than usual, the pastor came to church. He was a very exact man, and always left his hat and cane at the foot of the pulpit-stairs: this morning he carried them both into the desk, and placed the latter where it soon fell down with a great noise. After reading the first hymn (the good man forgot his usual invocation), he found that his sermon was at home. This placed him in a dilemma, from which he was fortunately extricated by one of the deacons, who ran to the house and returned with the discourse, and placed it in the hands of the minister. But, as a wise providence would have it, the "Maternal Society" had invited the pastor to preach a sermon to *mothers* on this very Sabbath; and, fortunately or unfortunately, the pastor had accepted the invitation; and a large number of mothers were present, who waited with considerable anxiety, and no less curiosity, for the text.

It was in Exodus 2: 9, — *Take this child and nurse it for me, and I will give thee wages.* At the announcement, the men settled back in their seats, and the ladies were on the tip of expectation. Deacon Brayton looked grave and anxious until the pastor was half through, and then began to breathe freely, and when the sermon closed pronounced it one of the best he ever heard.

The next week little presents began to come, from a pin-cushion to a fine robe, from a tin rattle to a stuffed chair, from an elastic ring to a check on the bank of Camberwell for one hundred dollars. Baby was well afloat in the world, and was pronounced by all who saw him to be a wonderful child, though not one could have told where he differed from all the other children who were born that same year. The father was absent-minded for a few weeks, and then settled down into his usual habits of diligence and duty. The feelings of the young mother were expressed in a letter written as soon as she could hold a pen.

"Camberwell, Feb. 5, 18—.

"DEAR MOTHER: A new world has dawned upon me, since last you heard from us. God has given us a son, to whom a pretty name has been applied, and who will come and visit you as soon as I can travel on the railroad. O, what feelings

I have, as I look upon the sweet countenance, and into the eyes which turn upon me so lovingly! How deep and how sacred is the gush of joy which comes into my soul, as I realize my new relation! I seem to have risen to a higher being, and have entered upon a higher life! My soul has more fearful communings with God, and deeper yearnings to live forever. [We here omit a few passages relating to the birth of the child, and the little plans which had been formed for its good, and a few sentences which none but a mother should read.] I have gazed upon my child, and turned my eyes to God for his protection; and often, O, very often, have I repeated the beautiful words of a tender poetess:

‘ This beautiful, mysterious thing,  
This seeming visitant from heaven,  
This bird with the immortal wing,  
To me, O God, thy hand has given.

‘ The pulse first caught its tiny stroke,  
The blood its crimson hue, from mine: —  
This life which I have dared invoke  
Henceforth is parallel with thine.

‘ A silent awe is in my room —  
I tremble with delicious fear;  
The future, with its light and gloom,  
Time and Eternity, are here.’

“ And now, dear mother, adieu, for a season.  
Myself and husband will soon reach the shelter of  
thy wing.  
ANNA.”

## CHAPTER VII.

### THE REVIVAL.

The Lord into his garden comes, —  
The spices yield a rich perfume,  
The lilies grow and thrive;  
Refreshing streams of grace divine  
From Jesus flow to every vine,  
And make the dead revive.

THE minister had now been settled about five years in his pleasant parish, when he was visited with what is commonly termed “a revival.” Hitherto the good accomplished was in a different field, and exhibited itself in different results. The sanctuary had been made pleasant to the people. From a little band the worshippers had increased to a large and flourishing congregation. Intemperate men had reformed; vile men had been induced to study the Bible, and ponder its hallowed truths; dishonest men had become honest, and the church and pastor were regarded as most successful. But the desire of the minister was to see a general work of grace, which should take hold of men who had heard the Gospel so long that they

were hardened to the sacred sound, and dead to the holy influence. Though not one of those men who love spasmodic, unnatural seasons of excitement, the pastor was a believer in those occasional works of grace which sweep, at times, through a community, uplifting the deepest foundations of error and crime. But he had not been permitted thus far to see such a work as he desired. The divine influence had been the calmly flowing stream of holy love and life, and was so silent in its manifestations that it was not appreciated, and scarcely observed. But, at length, the longing desire of the good man's heart was to be gratified.

One Sabbath morning Dr. Langley went to his church and found empty pews, and, on ascending his pulpit, gave the few who were present a scolding for the sins of the absent. The same morning Mr. Forester entered Park-place, and found the house full, and many waiting to obtain seats. He had just come from his closet, where he had been pouring out his soul unto God for a blessing upon the labors of that day; and, as he ascended the sacred desk, the audience saw unusual solemnity in his deportment. As his eyes fell on the throng which crowded the aisles and pews, and were standing in the porch, hot tears began to trickle down his cheeks, and the earnest soul went up to Heaven for help. There seemed to breathe on that assem-

bly a spirit of devotion. The very atmosphere was holy, and all murmuring was hushed, and all worldliness fled away.

The pastor arose, and, after the usual invocation, read, in his musical, impressive tones, the beautiful hymn of Doddridge, commencing

“Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love,  
But there 's a nobler rest above.”

The text for the morning service was the words of Pharaoh to the patriarch Jacob, “How old art thou?” and beautifully was it handled. In a masterly manner the preacher proceeded to consider human life as a labor to be performed, a result to be achieved. “Life,” he said, “does not consist in dark nights and stormy days; it is not to be measured by months and years, which pass away, but by the work accomplished.” With great ingenuity he laid out life as the map of a road in which all men are travelling, and inquired earnestly how long each one had been living to life's great purpose. In vivid colors he portrayed the man who had been on earth many years, but who was still a babe; who had white locks and a brow furrowed with cares and sorrows, but who had not commenced the great purpose of his being. As he proceeded with his subject, silence gathered over the people, and tears began to flow down the

cheeks of those who were not at all accustomed to weep; and, when the sermon closed, men were seen standing, or bending forward, to catch the words as they fell from the eloquent lips of the speaker. It was a great sermon; not great, as many of Elwood Forester's efforts had been, in the finish and literary taste evinced, but great in the truth; great, because every hearer had been reined up to the purpose of his life, and had gazed down into eternity. The service closed, and the people stopped, not to exchange friendly greetings, — the soul of each was measuring the great work of life; the organist forgot to perform his afterlude as the people left the temple; the little children hushed their young voices, as if in sympathy with the general solemnity; and the minister, retiring to his anteroom, sunk upon his knees, and remained long bowed before God in the utterance of prayers heard by God alone.

The afternoon came, and again the house was crowded with worshippers, and on all minds weighed the solemnity of the occasion. The sermon was well calculated to deepen the impression of the morning; the theme of which was, "The importance of early piety." The speaker first remarked that piety in early life was not uncommon, and introduced the names of several who in life's young dawn had become illustrious for holy

deeds and heavenly graces, and then enumerated the many advantages of piety to the young.

At the close of the service, the beautiful ordinance of baptism was administered to seven young persons, members of the Sabbath-school, and children of members of the church, who had embraced Christ as a great and glorious Saviour. More than a thousand persons looked on while those young disciples made a good profession; and, as the words of the impressive formula were uttered, "I baptize thee, in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost," every eye was moistened, and sobs were heard in every quarter of the house. It was a solemn spectacle, such as might allure the angels from their holy employments, and draw them to the windows of heaven to gaze down on the pursuits of men.

That night was a night of prayer among the members of Park-place Church. The family altar was erected in many a home where it had been broken down, and the minister had the evidence in his soul that his work was approved of God, who, in the final day, would show the results.

The next afternoon, just as the cloth which had been spread for tea was removed, and the pastor had retired to his study, a knock was heard at his door, and, on opening it, a man, accompanied by two ladies, requested admission.

They were handed to seats, and a kind inquiry was made as to their wants. The gentleman stated that he was a professor of religion who had just removed from the country to Camberwell, and that the young ladies were his daughters. They had been at Park-place Church on the preceding day, and were affected by the great truths to which they had listened. The father stated that, soon after retiring to rest, the eldest daughter entered the chamber of her parents, and, with weeping eyes, besought them to pray for her. They gladly arose, and pleaded with Heaven that their child might find that sweet comfort in believing which *they* had found years before. While bowing there, the other daughter, not knowing what her sister had done, and feeling the same force of truth, entered the chamber, and, comprehending all at a single glance, said "Pray for me, also." Ere the morning dawned, the young and intelligent girls were full of joy. The light of heaven shone upon them amid the darkness of the night, and when daylight came the Sun of righteousness was shining on their souls. And now the father had brought his children, that the minister might converse with them, and give them such instruction as they needed under such circumstances.

The heart of the pastor was affected. That *his*

preaching on that Sabbath, when he had bewailed his own insufficiency so much, should be the means of such good, he could hardly believe; and when he conversed with the young ladies, and found them intelligent believers on the Son of God, his heart went up to heaven, in gratitude and praise.

The next Sabbath was also a day of the greatest solemnity. On the Monday following, while breakfast was on the table at the parsonage, the bell was rung violently, and the door was opened by Elwood himself. A gentleman, well dressed, and with an intelligent look, stood there, who said,

"I was at your church, sir, yesterday."

"Was you?"

"Yes, sir, and it was the first time I have been in church for six years."

"Ah!"

"Yes, sir, to my shame I must say it."

"What induced you to attend yesterday?"

"The Lord only knows; it must have been his Spirit."

The man entered, and related the following story: He was a gentleman in easy circumstances, who had been devoting his life to pleasure. His heart had grown hard, as the cares of the world increased upon him. But, on the Sabbath in question, he was riding by Park-place Church, and, seeing the people crowding in, he determined to

go with them. Reining his horse into a shed, he went into the church, and soon a kind friend invited him to a seat. He knew not what church it was, or who preached in the pulpit. The sermon affected his hard heart, and all that night his soul was troubled. The result was, he became a devoted Christian, and is now one of the most valued members of the church. His consistent conduct, his generous liberality, his godly deportment, mark him as a real disciple of Christ. No firmer friend in Park-place has Elwood Forester than Henry Allen, the reformed Sabbath-breaker and the devoted Christian.

During all this time, the revival was in progress, and women who had long been cherishing delusions of every kind began to believe on the Saviour. Now, Mr. Forester, though not an enthusiast, was a believer in the use of means. His meetings were frequent, and many were the books he distributed among the poor and sinful. One of the means used by the minister to draw out the feelings and reach the consciences of his hearers was the "inquiry-meeting," which was held on Monday evenings. This meeting was appointed for those who were interested in the salvation of the soul, who had questions to be answered, or doubts to be cleared away.

One day, Mr. Merton called on the pastor, and

said, "I fear Mrs. Leslie is about leaving Park-place Church."

"For what reason?"

"She does not assign the real cause."

"What is the ostensible reason?"

"Dissatisfaction."

"With what? with whom?"

"With the pastor."

"In what respects?"

"Why, she is offended with your method of proceeding in the revival now in progress, and says openly what she thinks."

"She is to be commended for that; but what does she say?"

"That the inquiry-meeting is little better than the popish inquisition or confessional-box."

"She must be unacquainted with the services of the meeting."

"No, she says not."

"But do you think she will leave us? I should be sorry to see Mrs. Leslie's seat filled by another. She is an amiable and sensible woman, of great virtues and culture."

"I think she will go. She is very violent and denunciatory; blames you for such meetings, and complains that you put hindrances in the way of genteel people who wish to go to heaven, and says Dr. Langley has no such meetings."

After Mr. Merton had retired, the minister sat a while, and regret was written on his countenance at the idea of losing Mrs. Leslie from his fold. But, when evening came, he passed along to his inquiry-meeting, and was among the first to arrive. Soon after, a lady, richly dressed and deeply veiled, took her seat directly in front of the little pulpit in which sat the pastor, selecting a few passages of Scripture. He did not notice her until he commenced speaking to his audience personally. He first sat down by this lady, and said kindly to her, "Are you seeking religion?"

"Yes, sir."

"Are you willing to renounce the world, and all its pomp and vanity and pleasure, for the sake of Christ?"

"I will *try* to be willing."

Then the minister led that wandering mind to the great and only Saviour of the soul; and, as her tears fell fast, her pride gave way, and she asked,

"Mr. Forester, do you know me?" removing, at the same time, her veil.

"Mrs. Leslie!" said Mr. F., in surprise.

"O!" said the penitent, "it was hard for me to come here this evening! My soul struggled long against it. I hated to be found among those who were *seeking* Christ. I thought, like Naaman,

the Lord should come to me, and perform some great work on me, and lead me out in a miraculous manner into the liberty of his people."

"Why did you come?"

"I could not stay away; my soul was on fire; my very spirit was consuming; for long have I trifled with divine grace, until it is hardly possible for there to be mercy left for *me*."

The soul seeking religion was then led in a calm, clear, scriptural manner to the contemplation of the only way of life and salvation; and, in a few days, the minister was rewarded by seeing her face covered with the smiles of hope, found in believing on Christ.

Space would fail to tell of the instances which occurred during this revival in which hardened and irreligious persons were brought into fellowship with Christ, the hope of the lost. Brothers and sisters, husbands and wives, together presented themselves as the new-born of God, and there was joy in Camberwell over repenting sinners.

During the progress of the revival, the wife of the pastor had not been idle. Though confined mostly at home, she drew around her the young ladies of the congregation, and sought by all means to lead them to a saving acquaintance with Christ Jesus; and many who were that winter converted traced their convictions to her gentle yet faithful warnings.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### THE GOLD WATCH AND SILVER BASKET.

The secret pleasure of a generous act  
Is the great mind's great bribe.

ONE evening, the pastor was sitting in his study, with his head resting on his hand. His wife was reading the "Preacher and the King," the interest of which did not light up a smile on the countenance of the husband, as the rich, mellow tones fell on his ear. The fine boy, that we saw in the cradle a little while before, was sporting at his father's feet. But a cloud was on that unusually calm brow, and a shadow hung over those noble features. What was the cause? There was no cause. The minister was suffering in one of those states of depression which will sometimes weigh upon the spirits of sensitive men, as they feel that their labors are not appreciated, and their efforts are resulting in no good. The demon of distrust had entered that home, and the minister was sad over imagined neglect and fancied evils.

"Smile once, husband," said Anna, raising her eyes from the page which she had been reading.

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No answer was returned.

"What makes you so sad?" coaxingly said the gentle companion.

"I do not know, exactly."

"Then your forebodings are unreasonable."

"Perhaps they are, but I cannot help it. Deacon Brayton met me in the street to-day, and hardly looked towards me. Mr. and Mrs. Bement were absent from church all day yesterday; Deacon Turner has not been for two months, and ——"

"Nonsense!"

"You say that!"

"Yes, and I can prove it. Deacon Brayton sent to you to-day a barrel of apples, which I was thinking to surprise you with to-morrow; Mr. and Mrs. Bement are people who are always running about, and yesterday went to hear Mr. Windworthy, who has just received the title of D.D. Deacon Turner never has been here once in two months since your settlement, and comes as often now as ever; and, though you may imagine trials and difficulties, they are not real."

"I cannot deny what you say, but the load remains on me still."

"Fudge, husband! you have the blues, and ——"

Here the bell was rung, with great violence,



and the servant introduced some ten or fifteen gentlemen and ladies, among whom were the deacons of Park-place, and their ladies, several of the prominent members of the society, and one or two strangers, with whom the pastor had had no previous acquaintance. Unmistakable good-nature sat on every countenance, and each one seemed to enjoy this unexpected visit upon the minister.

"We have come in," said Deacon Brayton, "to see our pastor a little while."

"You are right welcome," said the minister, as he shook each one hastily by the hand, and presented each to his wife. Soon the greeting was over, and the guests all looked to Brother Pearsons, who, evidently, was ill at ease. At length, after a short pause, Mr. Pearsons said,

"We have come in to see you, Brother Forester, to ——"

"Yes, yes; I was just mourning over the fact that so few of my people have called on us of late. We did not know but the society had deserted us."

"We come in to — hem ——"

"Your visit is encouraging to me, just at this time."

Brother Pearsons grew a little bolder, and, with considerable earnestness, said again,

"We have come in to see you, and present you a little token of our esteem. A few of the gentle-

men in your society, wishing to encourage your heart, and testify to you that we are interested in your welfare, have purchased this watch, which we have come in to present to you. Your labors have been very arduous, and you have been faithful; and though this small present does not pay you, it does speak of our feelings towards you."

Here he paused, and placed in the hand of the minister a valuable gold watch, which had been purchased at an expense of two hundred dollars. He then added a few kind words, and sat down.

Mr. Forester held the watch in his hand, twisted the chain, and never seemed so much confused before, but once, and that was the Sabbath after baby was born. At length his feelings gave way, and he poured out to them his thoughts in broken words.

"You are kind, dear brethren," he said; "every step of my path in Camberwell you have lightened, and it did not need *this* to attach me to you. It is a rich gift, but there are richer associations connected with it. In every tick, as I put it to my ear, I seem to hear the beatings of your kind and indulgent hearts. I accept it, and will keep it to remind me of my duty, and to speak to me when I am discouraged. Gentlemen, I thank you."

The watch was a very valuable one, but its pre-

sentation, under such circumstances, was far dearer to the weary, sad heart of him who began to feel that he "had toiled all day, and had caught nothing."

No pecuniary consideration could outweigh the kindness of the hearts of those who, in so delicate a manner, had visited him that evening.

Soon it was evident that a new scene was about to transpire. The ladies were pleasingly agitated; and soon Mrs. Wellman, a very estimable lady, stepped forward and presented the pastor's wife with a most beautiful silver basket. A few pleasant words accompanied it.

As Mrs. Forester took it into her hand, she mildly and calmly replied, with none of the agitation which had marked the deportment of her husband, "Thank you, ladies, and may our dear Saviour bless you!"

Two or three hours were spent in an interchange of thought, and the whole company took their departure with a happy "Good-night!"

Mr. Forester soon returned to rest, but he could not sleep. The transactions of the evening were thronging through his mind. He did not care so much about the pecuniary value of the gift, for he was a man who was above that consideration; but the kindness of his people kept him awake long after the usual hour for rest. Rising from his

pillow, he kneeled beside his bed, and poured out his heart to God for each one, and thanked his heavenly Father that the lines had fallen unto him in such pleasant places, and that he had so goodly a heritage.

## CHAPTER IX.

MRS. BEMENT.

Steeling her soul with many vows of faith,  
But ne'er a true one.

BUT trials, as well as joys, were appointed to the minister of the church in Camberwell. A son of Mr. and Mrs. Bement, a wild, reckless young man, had long been chorister in the Park-place Church, much to the general dissatisfaction of the people, who thought him unfitted for the station which he held. His voice was poor, his ability to sustain a choir small, and his personal habits and customs disagreeable and repulsive. But, out of kindness to Mr. Bement, he had been retained in office for several years. At length it was deemed desirable to have a change, and on the first day of the new year the chairman of the singing committee — a mild, pleasant man — visited Mr. Bement, and informed the young man that his services could be dispensed with. Then commenced such a stir in Camberwell as the minister had never seen before. Mrs. Bement went from house to

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house, and, with the greatest zeal, accused Park-place Church of being a band of hypocrites; the young man who had acted as chorister berated the gentleman who had visited him, and Mr. Bement at once advertised his pew, and gave out his intention of going to Dr. Langley's church. But this did not answer the purpose. The society and the committee refused to take a backward step, and, contrary to the expectations of Mr. Bement and his lady, advised them to go, assuring them that the church would survive without them. At this unexpected turn, Mrs. Bement became enraged, and concluded that Mr. Forester was to blame for all the mortification she had suffered, and all the injury done to her son. How, she could not tell, as he had ever been kind and courteous to her son, and respectful and attentive to all her family. So she goes out to see if, by injuring the minister, her son may not be restored to his old place. She calls first on Mrs. Cornill, a woman of great goodness, and of the most polished manners. She had seldom visited at this place, but thought she must call now.

"Well, Mrs. Cornill, you have lived in the square several years, and I have never called on you."

"I believe you have not."

Here was a somewhat painful pause, which was ended by Mrs. Bement abruptly asking,

"Do you attend Park-place Church, now?"

"We do."

"We do not. Mr. Forester is a proud man, who is above the people."

"I have never entertained such an impression as that."

"Well, it is true, and a great many of his church are leaving."

"I am sorry to hear that, for I think Mr. Forester is as good a man as can be found in the pulpit, and as eloquent as any one I have ever heard."

"Would you not be willing to leave, if a number of families in this neighborhood should wish to get up a new church, and procure a more humble minister?"

"My husband would decide that, but I should prefer Park-place."

"Do you know what Mr. Forester says about working people?"

"No, he would not say anything bad."

"He says that he will not speak to a man with a frock on, or have a mechanic in the broad aisle of Park-place Church."

"Did you hear him say so?"

"No, but Mrs. Greggs says that Mr. Waters told Mr. Parkman's clerk so."

A quiet smile gathered over the face of Mrs. Cornill, which convinced the visitor that her labor here was entirely lost; and the latter took her leave, feeling that her visit was ineffectual. Though a woman given to petty detraction, she had conscience and common sense enough to perceive that the high-minded woman she had just left despised her for her course.

Her next call was on Mrs. Worthington, the exact antipodes of Mrs. Cornill, and, of course, to be approached in a different manner.

"Good-afternoon, Mrs. Worthington."

"Good-afternoon, Mrs. Bement."

"I came in to see if you did not wish to leave Mr. Forester's church, and go —"

"Mercy! no, my husband would not leave Park-place for a farm."

"All the neighbors think of leaving."

"Leaving! — what for?"

"O, Mr. Forester is not genteel enough for us. He said *hell* three times, last Sabbath week, in one sermon. He makes himself too common with poor people; he lacks in dignity, and a lot of us have decided to leave."

"How you talk! Who are they?"

"Mr. Cornill's family, and ever so many."

Mrs. Worthington was a weak-minded woman, and promised to talk with her husband; saying that, "if the genteel people were leaving, they must."

When Mr. Worthington returned from the store in the evening, she told him what she had heard, and, in glowing colors, predicted the downfall of Park-place Church. The good man, who knew the weaknesses of his wife, sipped his tea in silence as her tongue ran, and at length said,

"Who told you all this?"

"Mrs. Bement."

"That tattler? Well, wife, when you find any more wonderful news, let me know, but do not disturb me now with the tattle of *that* woman."

So Mrs. Bement pursued her course. At one place the minister was a very proud, stiff, aristocratic man; at another, he was too common, and lacked dignity; at another, he was dreadfully imprudent; at another, he did not keep his promises; at another, his word was good for nothing; at another, he was too fond of the ladies; at another, he was ambitious. But she worked to a failure in every case. Her designs were discovered, her motives were apparent, and her counsel became "the scorn and byword" of all who knew it. She soon sank into merited disfavor; for the churches to which she and her family went, straying from Sabbath

to Sabbath, were afraid of her, and she was, at last, as all such persons should be, denied an entrance to pious Christian families. Of all the evils to which a religious society is subject, these female slanderers, who go from house to house breathing suspicions, making insinuations, hinting of something bad, are the most to be dreaded.

Whether Mrs. Bement lives at Camberwell yet, or even lives at all, we do not know. She left Park-place, which continued to flourish; she turned her back on the minister, who had been kind to her and her children, and they are now lost sight of. If she live, she may have repented and have become a changed woman; or, some other parties, perchance, are feeling the force of her tongue, which, as Deacon Turner used to say, was hung in the middle, and worked at both extremities.

## CHAPTER X.

JENNIE SINCLAIR.

Death's but a path that must be trod,  
If man would ever pass to God.

The world recedes — it disappears !  
Heaven opens on my eyes ! my ears  
With sounds seraphic ring !  
Lend, lend your wings ! I mount, I fly !  
O, grave ! where is thy victory ?  
O, death ! where is thy sting ?

NEAR the parsonage resided, in an old, aristocratic mansion, a lady, whose sole support on earth was a beautiful daughter, who was the light of her home and the joy of her heart. This lady was the widow of Captain Charles Sinclair, who died at sea, leaving his wife and daughter upon a moderate but ample fortune, which had been sufficient for all their wants. Jennie was a young, gay-hearted creature, who was often at the parsonage, and almost as familiar with the arrangement of the books in the study as was the pastor's wife. Many an hour when the minister was absent, did she spend in dusting and arranging the books, thus

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saving Mrs. Forester much time ; for her husband was careful that no Irish servant should enter his sanctum, as he called it. Jennie in time became as necessary in the family of the minister as at her own home, and never was her eye brighter than when listening to the voice of Elwood Forester.

One evening, as the latter sat at the centre-table with his wife and Jennie, they prevailed upon him to read a few passages of a sermon which he had been preparing for the Sabbath. He opened in the middle, and commenced at once with these words : " Wherever we look we behold signs of decay. The seasons come, and run their hasty round. Night follows day ; and day comes again, to show man that he is near the tomb. One scene after another vanishes, and we lose sight of the past in the feverish anxiety of the present. The autumn, especially, is full of warning to the thoughtless and admonition to the wayward. ' We do all fade as a leaf ' is written on the forest-trees, — on the foliage of our gardens, on the withered flowers, and on every object which yesterday was green and flourishing. As you leave your own door, the vine which hangs over it bends down, and whispers ' Dying ; ' the yellow leaf which rustles beneath your feet speaks of ' dying ; ' the fields, in which the green of summer seems struggling with the

brown of autumn, echo the language of the vine and the leaf, and are 'dying;' while the giant oak looks down, and waves its tall branches, and growls, hoarsely, 'Dying, dying.' He who can move around among the works of God and not feel a sadness creeping over him, and whose mind is not struck with the plain and obvious teachings of all God's works, must be insensible to almost any lesson which God may wish to teach. It is not strange that the Scripture writers, and good men in every age, when wishing to illustrate the brevity of man, and the transitory nature of his stay on earth, should seize upon the emblems of mortality, and from them draw wisdom and truth. And it is not strange that we, as we go abroad, should feel the force of such instructions, and yield our hearts to their influence. Go out to-day, and you will be reminded on every hand of the frailty of all things here. The leaf and the tree from which it fell, the faded daisy and the little clump of grass in which grew the vine and the fruit which has fallen from it, all tell of the brief existence of earthly things. They seem to sigh, and bewail the usual and ceaseless changes which are being wrought; and, as impressively as they can, they assure man that he, too, will live his brief time, flourish his little hour, and, like them,

as short, as frail, as transitory, will wither and die.

'O, what is life? 'Tis like a flower  
Which blossoms and is gone;  
It flourishes its little hour,  
With all its beauty on;  
Death comes, and, like a wintry day,  
It cuts that lovely flower away.'

"The works of man are also vividly indicative of decay. There is found nothing on earth, — no monument of the industry and skill of man, — which has outlived the assaults of time. True, the pyramids of Egypt, erected centuries ago, still stand; but Time is doing its work on them, and every year they grow more wrinkled, and sink deeper into the sands of the mighty deserts. The cities of ancient times are all gone, and the very traces of many of them are erased from earth. Those that yet preserve their faint outlines are broken down and wasted, and remain in all their ruin to remind man that all is vanity and change. The glory of Nineveh, and Babylon, and Thebes, and Ephesus, and Jerusalem, and Rome, is gone; and, like a ghost unladen, their scattered relics cling to earth, as if eager to *preach* a little longer to the gay and thoughtless multitude. The traveller cannot wander amid the scenes of the past without learning something of his own weakness and frailty. All admiration of genius, wealth, beauty,

love and power, perishes in sorrow at their end. As but a little while ago I wandered around the scenes of ancient Rome, and amid the fallen temples, or sat down in the deserted grottos, or penetrated the damp tombs of emperors and senators, and saw in them all nothing but the sepulchre of life and glory, the unbidden tear would start, and a voice from grotto and palace, temple and tomb, would come stealing into the heart, 'All this is but an emblem of man himself;' and, sitting down upon the stones of the old Appian way, all that Paul said about 'the earthly house of this tabernacle,' which is to be dissolved, came rushing into the mind, and filling it with a gloom as profound as that which reigns forever in those tombs of dead and perished greatness. Nor are we destitute of those signs of change around us here. We are not driven to Nineveh and Rome to learn these lessons of human frailty. All that man does is doomed to decay, like himself; and there is no tower, nor temple, nor habitation, which does not speak to him of dying and the grave."

When he paused, he saw his young auditor bathed in tears, her lustrous eyes filled with the dewy drops which were following each other down the cheeks. Laying down his sermon, he turned to the young girl, and asked,

"Why so sad, Jennie? Why those tears?"

"I want to ask a question, Mr. Forester, if I may."

"Well, what is it?"

"Is it hard to die?"

"Why do you ask, Jennie?"

"Because——"

"That is no reason at all, child."

"Yet tell me."

"No, it is not hard to die. The physical anguish of death is small. We suffer far more in living than we do in dying."

"But——"

"But what?"

"Is there any darkness in the soul when we die?"

"No, not if we are the servants of Christ. He hath abolished death, and taken the sting from the monster. But why do you ask?"

"Because I have had a dream."

"A dream! I do not believe in dreams; but tell it to us."

The gentle girl drew her ottoman nearer to her friend and pastor, and began:

"A few nights ago, I went to sleep, thinking of papa. In the night, I had a dream. I was walking through a grove of fruit-trees, the branches of which hung down, laden with delicious fruit. At



every step I took, the way seemed to become more beautiful, until at last I came to a stream, whose waters rolled on dark and sluggishly. At once I was seized with an irresistible longing to be on the other side; but a terrible fear entered my mind, as I turned my eyes upon the waves which rolled up at my feet. Soon I heard a voice, and, on turning round, saw a bright and beautiful being, between whom and myself occurred the following conversation:

“‘Do you fear to cross this river?’”

“‘Yes; its waters look dark and cold.’”

“‘They only look so.’”

“‘What land is on the other side?’”

“‘Beulah, the home of the angels.’”

“‘Is my father there?’”

“‘He is.’”

“The bright being then bade me look across the river, and, pointing with his finger, said,

“‘What do you see?’”

“I gazed attentively, and soon saw, away in the misty distance, the outlines of a city, with its turrets, towers and domes, glistening, and its battlements covered with celestial beings in shining raiment. As I gazed, a gate opened, and a company, coming forth, hastened toward the river. As the gate opened and closed, I had a sight of the city within, and, O, so delightful! I cannot describe it.

A soft, heavenly strain of music, succeeded by a louder, wilder gush, was borne to my ears, and over me stole a sweet and gentle sensation, such as I cannot explain to you. The company had now reached the shore, and in the midst I saw dear, dear papa, who died so long ago! He was arrayed in light, and had a crown on his head, and he beckoned me over. I turned to the angel, and asked,

“‘Is the river deep?’”

“‘No.’”

“‘Nor cold?’”

“‘No.’”

“‘Nor dangerous?’”

“‘No.’”

“I went trembling down, and dear papa stood on the other shore. My feet touched the water, and at once the darkness was gone, and the waves were as clear as crystal. All at once the scene changed. I was on a bed: stifled voices were heard around my pillow, tears were falling on my forehead, and I awoke covered with perspiration.

“This dream has made a deep impression on my mind. I cannot rid myself of an idea that I am to die soon; and I constantly hear the voice of my father, and the echo of the spirit voice—‘The river is not deep, nor cold, nor dangerous.’”

"Well, coz," said Mr. Forester, "you have entertained us with your spirit-vision."

"My dream!"

"Your dream, then, and it has saddened us too; but dreams are empty things, and yours will prove so. Our dreams depend much on our thoughts the evening before, or on what we eat or drink before retiring to rest."

Though Elwood thus replied, he could not help feeling that the dream of his young friend might prove true; for, in the eye which was fixed upon him there was an unnatural lustre, and a false, deceptive brilliancy. But cheerfully the way was led to other conversation, and soon the cloud was gone, and at nine o'clock Jennie ran home, as light-hearted and glad as ever.

Early the next morning, Mr. Forester received the following note, to which the name of Mrs. Sinclair was attached:

"RESPECTED PASTOR: My dear daughter was seized last night with a dangerous fever. Her reason has fled, and in a few hours a wreck has been made of my poor child. The doctor says he is unable to foretell the result: we fear the worst, while we hope for the best. A visit from our ever kind friend and adviser would be welcome *now*.

"Fleet-street, Nov. 5, 18—."

On the reception of this note, the pastor hastened to the house of Mrs. Sinclair, who met him at the door, bathed in tears, and informed him that Jennie was raving in the delirium of fever, which had suddenly seized upon her, and was making dreadful havoc on her system. Sadly did the pastor follow to the chamber where his young friend was laid. At the first sight, he started back. One night had made a terrible alteration. The countenance was haggard, the eyes glared wildly, and the locks which so recently shaded a beautiful countenance were dishevelled and tangled.

He approached the bed, and said, kindly, "Jennie, you are sick!"

"No, not sick, but mad!"

"Do you know me?"

"Know you,—yes! You are the Prince of darkness, and your hands are red with blood!" and a hollow laugh rang through the room.

"Would you like to see Mrs. Forester, Jennie?"

"I do see her, and she holds me on this bed! There she is!"—pointing to her mother.

"Shall I pray, Jennie?"

That word seemed to recall the wandering senses, and, for a while, the poor girl clasped her hands and looked up to heaven, as if in communion

with God, while the minister poured out his full heart to "Him who doeth all things well."

The delirium soon passed away, and in a few days it was announced that Jennie was dying of quick consumption. Mr. Forester visited her every day, and by his holy words, and solemn, fervent prayers, poured mercy on her spirit. Soon his interviews with the poor invalid were deeply touching. One day, as he sat beside her, she said, "I told you my dream was sent from God."

"It seems to have been so."

"But I am not afraid to die."

"God will be with you, dear, as you pass through the dark valley."

"I know he will, for I feel his presence every day. He speaks to me at night and morn, with kindest voice; but, when I am gone, what will mother do, — dear, kind mother!"

"God will care for her."

"Yes, he will: he has been kind to me — I know he will be so to her."

The autumn passed on, and the winter snows were deep on the earth, and the young girl was dying.

"I cannot see, mother: bring a light!"

"Jennie, this is death," said Mr. Forester, as he leaned over the pillow.

"Well! well!"

A pause ensued, disturbed only by the low, deep breathings of the dying girl.

"What light is that? What music? Hark!"

"What do you see, my daughter?" said the mother. No answer was returned.

"Yes, the very same, the being I saw in my dreams. He points me forward. The same river; and, O, there is the beautiful city \*\*\*\*\*, and dear papa, all clothed in white! Let me go! let me sing!"

The sufferer was laid back on the pillow, and in a few minutes commenced singing,

"Hark! they whisper, angels say,  
Sister spirit, come — a — way —"

The hymn was interrupted by the angel of death, and the spirit had fled forever. On New-Year's day they buried her, and, aside from the widowed mother, there was, in all the long train of friends who followed to the grave, no one who mourned more honestly and deeply than the pastor who instructed the young disciple in the way of life, and who led her once to the baptismal waters, as he now laid her in a new-made grave.

## CHAPTER XI.

### THE COME-OUTER.

To wilful men,  
The injuries that they themselves procure  
Must be their schoolmasters.

IN Camberwell, as in all other large cities, were a few men who carried matters to a ruinous extreme, and who were sources of trouble and anxiety to all who had dealings with them. A few years since, the delusion commonly called "Come-outerism" reigned and raged in the land. Among others who embraced it was Rev. George Staples, who had just graduated at Andover, and who was an energetic and impulsive young man, of great promise. The ardent temperament of Staples was fine fuel for the wildfire which was burning; and soon he had excommunicated the church and his denomination, and was lecturing from place to place against the people of God. As he increased in violence men lost confidence in him, and shook him off, until at length he grew sour, and seemed filled with hate towards all his fellow-men.

The first time this champion of infidelity met Elwood Forester was while the latter was a student. He was preaching at Cambridge, and, when about to commence his sermon, Staples arose, and occupied twenty minutes, and at length succeeded in breaking up the meeting. Mr. Forester was young and inexperienced, and could not succeed in preventing the mischief. Chafed and outraged in his feelings at such a gross specimen of impudence on the part of the agitator, he retired from the church, determined to pursue a different line of conduct if he should ever meet Staples again under similar circumstances. He resolved never again to sit silent under such an infliction.

One day, it was announced in the papers of Camberwell that George Staples would lecture on the "American Church and Slavery," at Phoenix Hall, on Sabbath day and evening. Staples came into town on Saturday evening, lectured on Sunday to so few persons that he did not deem it wise to carry out his appointment for the evening; but, in the afternoon, gave notice that he should be at the same hall every evening during the following week. On his return to his boarding-place, it was remarked that a revival was in progress, and that souls were being converted in the city. His quick ear caught the words, and he inquired of the young man who had made the statement,

"A revival, did you say?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where is it?"

"At Park-place."

"Who is the minister?"

"Rev. Elwood Forester."

"What! a young chap who graduated a few years since — a handsome speaker?"

"That description answers to the man."

"I know him. He is a clever fellow enough, but has no grit. I will go to his church to-night; I never saw a revival which I could not break up in half an hour."

A young member of Mr. Forester's church had overheard this conversation, and soon reported it to his minister, whom he met on his way to church. Though fearing the influence of the disturber on his meeting, yet Mr. Forester was half glad of an opportunity to meet Staples, who had so abused him on a former occasion.

The meeting opened in the spacious lecture-room, which was filled with an attentive audience. Soon Staples came in, his head up, and his wicked purpose written plainly on his countenance. He took his seat directly in front of the pulpit, and stared around with an impudent gaze. But, under the calm, earnest eye of Elwood Forester, the agitator was not at home. He evidently felt that things

had changed since he talked down the young student, who was then in his teens. He now had a man of mature mind to deal with. But, relying on his effrontery, he watched his chance, and in a most solemn moment arose, and commenced his speech. At first he seemed deeply pious, and talked like an angel; but soon the poison of his come-outerism was shown, until at last his vile denunciation of the church of Christ came out boldly. As a *Christian*, he warned them to pray against modern churches, and to strive to pull them down; and when he took his seat an effect had evidently been produced, and the come-outer evidently congratulated himself on his victory. A pause ensued, a solemn, death-like pause; and many young persons were saying in their hearts, "The churches must be bad, or this good, pious, prayerful man would not denounce them."

Mr. Forester arose, and Staples evidently expected a discussion, just what he desired; but the minister, fixing his eye upon him, said, in a calm, peculiar, icy tone, "Will the friend who has just taken his seat offer prayer in behalf of these young persons who are under conviction, and whom he has just addressed so eloquently?"

Had a clap of thunder spoken to him, poor Staples could not have been more astonished than at this unexpected turn which affairs had taken.

He could talk, he could argue, he could denounce, but he could not pray. And yet he had just been talking about prayer, and his position became at once embarrassing and painful. After a pause, he arose in evident confusion, and said,

"My friends, I cannot pray. I—I—do not think it right to pray in public. I—I—can't pray. I must—must—decline, sir."

The sheep's clothing was off, and the wolf was out! All saw the hypocrisy of the man, and doubtless suspected the object for which he had addressed them. Mr. Forester then arose, with his nerves strung, and his whole soul on fire, and poured out one of the most eloquent speeches which had ever echoed through that room. With quick perception, he opened the Bible and pointed to instance after instance of public prayer, entered into the interesting ramifications of the subject, poured out the full gush of a heart which knew what public and private prayer could do for a wounded spirit, and affirmed that the man who did not believe in public prayer was seldom known to pray in private. Thus he wheeled around the poor come-outer, like the eagle over the prey, in narrowing circles, until, with his lip curled and his finger pointed at poor Staples, he said, "The life and conduct of that man, his speech and his deportment, prove to us that to any communion with God, in secret or in public, he is a stranger."

Then he passed to another point. "Slavery does not belong to North or South; there are white slaves, as well as black. If a man comes into a church where I am to preach, and intrudes himself upon the people, against their will and mine, he makes us slaves, just so long as he speaks. If he comes into a meeting set apart for Christians to pray, in a room owned by them, and intrudes upon them sentiments which they do not wish to have promulgated, he makes all who are present slaves, as long as he continues to speak; and the man who would do thus would put chains on the limbs of the bondmen, snap his whip over them, and drive them away to the plantation, if he had the power. He who would be a tyrant among the whites only wants the power to make him a tyrant among the blacks."

The defeat of Staples was complete; he was unable to utter a single word. Never before had he been met in this adroit manner, and until the meeting closed he sat still and appeared absorbed in deep thought. After the benediction was pronounced he shrunk away, and the next morning left the city at an early hour, leaving his appointments for the week unfilled. The creature has since come to a bad end, and sleeps in an unhonored grave, having died in deep despair.

## CHAPTER XII.

### DICK HOSMER.

He hung his head — each noble aim,  
And hope, and feeling, which had slept  
From boyhood's hour, that instant came  
Fresh o'er him, and he wept — he wept.

IN Camberwell lived one Richard Hosmer, a rude, profane, intemperate man, who had often declared that a minister should never enter his house. Some years after the settlement of Mr. Forester, he heard of this man, who went by the familiar name of Dick Hosmer, and was told that his wife — a quiet, suffering woman — was a pious Christian, but a persecuted and afflicted one. He became interested in the case, and resolved to visit the house of Dick Hosmer, and converse with his family. Against this his deacons, and other friends to whom he related his plan, remonstrated. Other ministers, they said, had been abused by Hosmer, and it was an act of imprudence to enter his dwelling. But, the more that was said, the more clearly was the pastor of Park-place convinced that he ought to go. A higher law seemed to impel him.

and one day he knocked at the door of the notoriously rude Dick Hosmer. His wife — a pale, shrinking, delicate woman — opened the door, and invited the stranger in.

"I came, Mrs. Hosmer," said Mr. Forester, "to make myself acquainted with you and your family; having heard that, some years since, you attended worship at Park-place Church, and was a communicant at the altar."

"Yes, before my marriage I was a member of the church in Lester, and when I came to Camberwell went to your meeting."

"Do you attend any church now?"

"No, I have not seen the inside of a meeting-house for ten years."

"Would you like to go to church?"

"I should, but my husband will not allow it."

"Have you tried him?"

"Yes, until my life was endangered."

"I see you have the Bible on the table. Does he allow you to read that?"

"O, yes; he does not care what I read. He threw two Bibles into the fire, a while ago, just to plague me; but he would have done it as soon if the books had been novels. It was not the Bible, but *me*, that was the object of wrath."

A heavy step was now heard in the entry, and soon a tall, dark-browed man, of careless, slouchy

appearance, entered the room. The minister was introduced by Mrs. Hosmer to her husband.

"This is Mr. Forester, minister at Park-place Church, who has called to see us," said the wife, in a sweet and pleasant tone of voice.

"What does he want here?" growled the husband, as he cast a dark, threatening glance at the minister.

"I came to see you and your family, to make your acquaintance, and to see if I could do you any good," said Mr. Forester.

"You an't wanted here."

"But ——"

"Take your hat, and clear!"

"Will you not listen ——"

"Be off, I tell you, or I will walk you!"

"When I choose," replied the minister, whose spirit was somewhat aroused, and who saw that matters were coming to a crisis. Mrs. Hosmer burst into tears, and her husband raged at her a while. Mr. Forester knew that, if he retired then, the wrath of the angry man would be poured out upon the woman, who sat pale, trembling and weeping, beside him.

But every moment the wretch grew worse, and at length, going close to the minister, and shaking his fist in his face, said, "There is the door, and, if

you do not go out of it, I will break your skull and throw you out!"

Mr. Forester was not deficient in courage, nor in brute power. He knew, though the act would not be ministerial, that he could master the rough man before him; so he fixed his eye calmly on the angry man, while he threw off his cloak and sat down.

Hosmer saw that he had aroused the wrong man; and, after heaping abuse upon him, and calling him by all the horrid names of blasphemy which he could invent, he retired from the room into one adjoining, where his angry curses could be heard, as he sat over a fire which he wished was applied to every church in Camberwell. At length he became silent, and Mr. Forester conversed with his wife so that he could hear, and with reference to effect upon him. Thus a whole hour passed away. In the mean time the anger of Hosmer had died out, and he began to be heartily ashamed of his conduct. His mind was carried back to the time when he went to church, and loved ministers of the Gospel, — to the hour when his mother died, and left him her dying blessing. At length he came to the door of the room, and looked in. The minister read at once the workings of his mind, and said, "Do you have



as much work as you can do, this winter, Mr. Hosmer?"

"Yes."

"Business of all kinds is good now, I believe."

"S'pose so."

"Provisions of all kinds are high."

"Yes."

"But they must be lower soon;" and the pastor entered into an interesting and ingenious account of the markets and produce of various countries, and gave reasons why provisions were so dear. Dick listened with attention, and yet he scarcely heard what was said to him, for his thoughts were "all over the lot," as he expressed it afterward. He began to think, "Well, this priest, after all, is not so bad as I thought, — perhaps I have done him injustice. He does not seem to be proud, — he will speak to a man with a frock on." Thus the minister conversed, and thus the drunkard thought, the former growing more eloquent, and the latter more humble, every moment, until two hours had flown, and the shades of evening were gathering over the earth.

"Won't you stay to supper?" said Dick, as Mr. Forester threw his cloak over his shoulders. His voice was husky, and his manner surly. The visitor thought a moment. He had told his wife that he should take tea with the family of Mr.

Manning, one of the more wealthy of his parishioners, and had requested her to meet him there. But, on the whole, he concluded to accept the invitation just given him, though he well knew that Mrs. Hosmer was not prepared for company, and that Dick did not want him to stay. So he again threw off his cloak, and soon Mrs. Hosmer had her tea on the table. The meal was scanty, and the table adornments few, and the luxuries none. But the minister cared not for this. His object was to reach the heart of Dick Hosmer, and this he was doing.

When they sat down to table, Dick said, "Help yourself, parson; we do not stand for ceremony, here."

Before Dick could have a chance to help himself, Mr. Forester had folded his hands, and said, "O God, our great Shepherd, who suppliest all our wants, receive our thanks for this food, and sanctify it to the nourishment of our bodies! Bless this dear family, and give them the bread of heaven and the water of life, that they may hunger and thirst no more, for Christ's sake."

Dick said nothing, but thought the more. Mr. Forester talked incessantly, on all topics, becoming more serious every moment, and yet not offensive even to the poor creature at whose board he sat, and whose hospitality he was enjoying.

Supper being ended, another half-hour's conversation was enjoyed, at the close of which Mr. Forester deliberately took a Bible from his pocket, and, as if it were a matter of course, read a few verses, and fell on his knees and poured out such a prayer as made the tears stream down over the cheeks of Dick Hosmer, as if they had been rain.

The poor fellow was awe-struck, and knew not what to say or do; and when the minister, on leaving, addressed a few words to him about his soul, he wept like a child. The soft, tender place in his heart had been reached, and he was broken down at the remembrance of his past violence.

A few days afterward, Mr. Forester was called from his study, and, on repairing to the door, found a lad standing on the step, who held in his hands a monstrous piece of pork, saying he had orders to deliver it to none but Mr. Forester.

"Who sent it?" inquired the minister.

"I was told not to tell."

"Told not to tell?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, what is your name?"

"William Hosmer," said the lad, after some hesitation.

No other inquiry was necessary. Dick Hosmer was the giver, and the minister valued the present more than he would have valued a purse-full of

gold. He took the meat, and, with a light heart, delivered it to his wife, requesting William to return his thanks to the giver.

On Saturday evening Dick Hosmer entered the store of the sexton of Park-place Church. Dick was well known, and, as he saluted the sexton in a tone more civil than usual, the latter could not account for it. At length Dick broke the ice, and said, "Have you any seats to let in Park-place Church?"

"We have a few near the door."

"I wish a whole pew."

"You do?"

"Yes, I do; and I mean to occupy it."

"I am glad to hear it."

"I am glad to say it. That minister of yours is a fine man,—a fine man, sir."

"O, yes, he is."

The pew was hired, — not a very eligible one, but Dick did not care, if it was within sight of the pulpit. The Sabbath came, and the pew was filled; and the result was that Dick reformed, became a better man, if not a Christian, and is now one of the most respected men in Camberwell. Mrs. Hosmer, meeting the pastor one day, said to him,

"Mr. Forester, my whole heart thanks you for that call you made on us. God sent you to our

desolate home, to light it up with smiles of mercy. My husband is so changed that I can hardly realize it. He is kind as he was when we were married. He loves us all; and I think he loves God."

The minister turned away, and wept tears of joy. This one case would repay him for all his labor in Camberwell; and light was his heart, as he returned home, to repeat the words in the ears of the companion of his joys and sorrows.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### THE POLEMIC.

Portray polemic battles fought,  
When settled clergy claimed the lot,  
Enclosed by parish lines.  
When doctrines of *decrees were rife*,  
And "Free Salvation" raised a strife,  
'Twixt preachers and divines.

IN Camberwell resided an aged clergyman named Kennison, who came from England long ago, and who was the oldest pastor in the city. His church stood near that in which Elwood Forester, from Sabbath to Sabbath, preached the word of life. One Sabbath, the pastor of Park-place Church indulged in some plain remarks on the influence of episcopacy upon society at large, upon the government and the church. These remarks, ventured in the ordinary course of pulpit discussion, were not personal, but applied to great leading principles, and were of general truth. But our worthy friend, Rev. Mr. Kennison, who had long been seeking for an opportunity

to display his powers, chose to consider them as aimed at himself. The next day, the *Camberwell Gazette* contained an inflammatory article, challenging Mr. Forester to discuss certain propositions which were named. To this article no answer was returned. A few days after, another appeared, more inflammatory in its character, and then came a third. Unable longer to keep silent, Mr. Forester replied in a calm, clear statement, which he hoped would end the debate. But Mr. Kennison, whose heart was set on a public discussion, would not be satisfied, and at length Mr. Forester unwisely consented to appear in the columns of the *Camberwell Gazette* in defence of the independent form of church organization. For seven months the contest was continued, until Mr. Forester, who in every article of his reverend friend was abused, withdrew and closed up the debate; neither party being satisfied that he had gained his point.

One evening, after the last article appeared, Mr. Forester sat in his study, with his wife at his side, and three children—for his family had thus increased—asleep in an adjoining apartment. He had been reviewing the course which the debate had taken, and the result to which it had led, when his wife said,

“The general opinion is, Elwood, that you have

secured a complete triumph, in your discussion with Mr. Kennison.”

“Public opinion does seem to set in that direction.”

“Yes. Mr. Felch, the new pastor of Westminster-street Church, was heard to say that all the dignity and power was on your side.”

“He is a good judge, and not most likely to be prejudiced in my favor.”

“I think your own people feel convinced that you have come out honorably from a discussion into which you were forced very unwillingly.”

“True, but I do not feel satisfied with the results.”

“Why not?”

“Because bitter feelings have been engendered, and no good has been done.”

“You are not sure of that.”

“Quite so. Such discussions do no good; and though I have come off victor, to all appearance, yet I am sorry that I was ever drawn into it. I am resolved never again to leave my appropriate work, to wrangle and strive on subjects which are, to a considerable extent, foreign to the spirit of the Gospel of Christ.”

“But a great many good thoughts have been brought out, and who can tell but the judgment

will reveal great good as the result of your efforts?"

"It may be so, but my own conscience will not let me feel satisfied with such a contest. It is so much like a strife for mastery that it does not befit my sacred office."

"Do you object to all public discussions?"

"Not exactly, but I think good men had better preach their own views, without attacking others."

"Can they do this?"

"I think so."

"Is not the object of the Gospel to overcome evil, and expose error?"

"Certainly."

"Well, how can error be overcome and exposed, unless men who are called of God enter into an investigation of the false theories which are abroad in the world?"

"By the presentation of truth. I as surely condemn intemperance when I describe the pleasures of sobriety, as when I denounce the evils of inebriation."

"And yet you would not feel that your whole duty was done, unless you had said that the drunkard should come to poverty, and that he should not enter the kingdom of heaven."

"No, but that is a point of more importance

than that which Mr. Kennison and myself have been *wasting* our strength upon."

"In some respects it is: but no people are of so little reliance as to be given up without a struggle. In your discussion you have brought out great principles of ecclesiastical government and politics; you have exposed the folly of a union of church and state; you have established many minds as to the value of independency, and have closed the contest honorably to yourself."

"But ——"

"That everlasting *but*!"

"But we have seen that similar discussions have resulted in no good. We remember the famous contest on the baptismal question between Drs. Harrison and Thompson, in which each claimed the victory, and in which each felt that he had secured a conquest."

"And those two men are good friends still, and I think that some have joined Park-place as the result of that discussion."

"Yes, Mr. Parsons was one."

"And the Hendee family. Mr. Hendee says he never saw things in that light before. And there are others who were convinced by the eloquent speeches of those men."

"Well, wife, I give it up for the night. I am

weary now, and your tongue is as long, and more uncontrollable, than Mr. Kennison's pen."

"Pretty good draw-off! Come, confess yourself, the conqueror of Mr. Kennison, the profound polemic, to have this evening been beaten by a woman!"

"O, no! my principles forbid that I should ever seem to triumph over a *weaker vessel*!"

"A weaker vessel!"

"Well, never mind! Let us not sit here till midnight."

Justice to Mr. Forester would require it to be said that he had conducted the discussion with much propriety, and had secured an advantage over his opponent; and, though bitter feelings in some circles had been engendered, yet good was brought out of what at first seemed to be evil.

## CHAPTER XIV.

### THE STOLEN SERMON.

Thieves for their robbery have authority,  
When judges steal themselves.

The man who pauses in his honesty  
Wants little of the villain.

ONE day, near the close of the week, the pastor was called out to visit a man who was dying, and on his return found that he had taken severe cold. The usual remedies were applied in vain, and when Sabbath came the patient was so hoarse that he could hardly be heard in his own chamber. In the city preached a certain Dr. Taylor, the pastor of a wealthy congregation, and a man of considerable note among his brethren. On this day, it was known that Dr. Taylor's pulpit was to be supplied by an agent, and a messenger was sent to his house to invite him to preach at Park-place. He kindly consented, and, morning and afternoon, charmed the people with profound discourse. Mrs. Forester was prevailed upon to leave her husband and attend church in the afternoon. On her re-

turn, she said to her husband, "We have had the best discourse to-day I ever listened to."

"Ah, that is a good deal to say to me."

"Well, you excepted, of course!"

"Thank you; but what was the text?"

"It was in the first Epistle to the Corinthians. 'For the preaching of the cross is to them that perish foolishness, but unto us which are saved it is the power of God.'"

"What did he make of it?"

"O, an elegant sermon, truly. I cannot give an analysis of it now."

At the tea-table, however, she was induced to give an illustration with which the sermon commenced. At the time, the illustration struck the mind of Mr. Forester as a very familiar one; and when tea was over, and the cloth had been removed, he went into his study, and took down a volume of sermons, in which he found the very figure used to illustrate the same text. He descended to the parlor, and began to read. He had scarcely finished a page, when his wife exclaimed,

"Why, you are reading Dr. Taylor's sermon!"

"No, not his."

"The very same words."

"You must be mistaken."

He read another page, when she stopped him again, exclaiming,

"The very same sermon, and now I will tell you what comes next;" and she gave what she could of the discourse, and, by the time she had closed, her husband was convinced that Dr. Taylor had preached a stolen sermon in his pulpit. That evening, a number of Park-place people came in to see their minister, and, after they were all seated, Mr. Forester said to them, "I wish my wife to read a sermon of Dr. Chalmers' in which I have been much interested. The people had not come in to hear a sermon; but, as it was the wish of the pastor, they expressed a willingness to listen. Mrs. Forester took the book from the hand of her husband, and began to read. Soon meaning glances were exchanged, and, ere she had closed, all knew the purpose for which they had been invited to listen to a sermon. Mr. Forester was advised by his friends to see the reverend doctor, and tell him that his sin had been discovered, and urge him to sin no more.

As soon as his health would permit, he called on the doctor, and, after some preliminaries, said to him, "Dr. Taylor, some of my people feel aggrieved that you should come to Park-place and preach another man's sermon."

"What do you mean, sir?"

"Just what I have said."

"Whose sermon do they say I preached?"

"Dr. Chalmers'."

"Preposterous!"

"Not wholly so."

"Why, Mr. Forester, I am indignant."

"So am I."

"I am astonished at you ——"

"I can say the same."

"Mr. Forester, you shall retract."

"When I am convinced."

"Convinced, sir! convinced, sir! You ought not to harbor such a suspicion."

"I can't help harboring it."

"But do you mean to say that I *stole* a sermon?"

"I do."

"I hold you responsible at the tribunal of justice and at the bar of God."

"At either place I am ready to meet the charge."

"Vile traducer! to charge me with such a crime in my own house!"

"Dr. Taylor, your indignation is wasted on me."

"How dare you?"

"Be calm, sir, and let us talk over the matter quietly, and it may be adjusted yet."

"It shall not be adjusted. You have accused me of an infamous crime, and you shall suffer for it."

"Will you read me the sermon which you preached at Park-place yesterday?"

"Yes — no."

"Then take the consequences, Dr. Taylor. You refuse to settle a matter which ought to break down any man, and I shall pursue my course accordingly."

Mr. Forester took his hat, and was passing from the neat and commodious study of the doctor, when the latter, in a softened tone, said, "Stay, brother Forester, and let me speak to you."

Mr. Forester took his seat, and fixed a calm, clear eye upon his antagonist, and said, "I am ready to listen."

"How much proof have you of the charge which you make?"

"Twenty men are willing to swear."

"Twenty men! — who are they?"

"Judge Dewey, Major Glayt, Dr. Gray, and other men of that stamp."

"I am undone, Mr. Forester," said the doctor, his indignation and courage dying out at once.

"You are, if you continue to deny this charge."

"I do not deny it."

"Is it true?"

"It is. I was hurried and driven, and did not know what to do for a sermon, and wrote that;



but did not know that it was one of Dr. Chalmers'."

"Why, it is in Dr. Chalmers' published works."

"It is?"

"Certainly; see here."

The doctor then stated that one of his parishioners had presented him with a copy of an old sermon, preached in Scotland many years ago, but which had the title-page torn out. The name of the writer was gone, and he supposed it was the production of some good old divine long since dead, and this was the only copy which had ever found its way out of the parish in which it was delivered. He had preached it to his own people, by whom it was much admired; and he had also delivered it in some other places with much acceptance.

In due form the matter came before the consociation, and it was there proved that this was not the first stolen sermon which the doctor had preached. One that he had often delivered in and out of Camberwell was traced to the authorship Dr. Channing; and, as fast as they were proved, they were admitted. The result was, the doctor was admonished, and, on a most humble confession, he was forgiven, and the case was dropped. But the people of Camberwell could not forget. When the members of the doctor's church were heard

praising any sermon which he had preached, the question came into their mind, even if it did not find utterance, "Whose sermon was it?" Confidence was lost, and the better the doctor preached the more the people thought of Dr. Channing and Dr. Chalmers.

Mr. Forester was censured by some for what was considered his severity towards Dr. Taylor, in regard to the stolen sermon; but that severity, if it may be called so, had virtue in it, for it arose out of an innate hatred of mean things; and the course which the doctor had pursued was a mean and despicable one, and which must have lowered him in the estimation of all noble and high-minded men. Not long after, the doctor resigned his situation as pastor, for the alleged reason that he was troubled with *bronchitis*.

## CHAPTER XV.

### LETTERS FROM THE HOLY LAND.

Queen of Judea's stricken land,  
Thy garland, fallen from thy brow,  
Lies withered on the desert sand,  
And trampled by the Moslem, now.  
The laurel-boughs of Lebanon  
Still brush the blue, unspotted sky;  
Their plumes still quiver in the sun  
That gilds thy ruin from on high.

TEN years had passed away since Elwood Forester had received ordination in Park-place Church. His life had been one uninterrupted round of holy duty and holy pleasure. One evening, as he was returning from his lecture-room, where he had been giving a familiar discourse on the "seven churches of Asia," on the occasion of his weekly lecture, he expressed a wish to be relieved a few weeks from the responsibilities of his sacred office, and seek rest and retirement in travel. Mr. Hendee, who was walking with him, thoughtfully replied, "Perhaps we have been overtaxing you with the cares of our parish and church."

"O, no; but I am weary and somewhat sad, and need to be recruited; and I think, if I could spend a fortnight at ——— Springs, I should return with new strength."

Here the conversation ended. The next evening, as Mr. Forester was passing rapidly to the post-office, Mr. Hendee caught him by the arm, and said, good-naturedly,

"Mr. Forester, I have an idea."

"Very strange," replied Mr. Forester, "that you should have an idea."

"Nevertheless, I have one, and a good one."

"Well, let us hear it."

"Why, we are going to send you to the Holy Land."

"My aching head tells me that I am going there fast."

"No, not that. I am in earnest. I have conversed with Deacon Brayton, and others, and we have matured a plan for you to spend some months in the East."

He then detailed his plan, and laid out the way in which the object was to be effected. The minister went home with new hopes in his soul.

He had *dreamed* of a visit to Jerusalem, but now the dream was to be effected. The result was, a meeting of the parish was called, and it was voted to give the pastor an absence of one year,

to continue his salary, and supply his pulpit during his tour, and to present him with one thousand dollars to defray his expenses.

He sailed in the merchant vessel "Stamboul," Captain Howland, for Smyrna, in company with several missionaries, who were designated to various parts of Asia by their respective boards. The voyage was a delightful one; and, when the ship tracked the blue waters of the Mediterranean Sea, and sailed up by the numberless islands which dot the surface of the Ægean, our traveller well wished that his voyage might be prolonged to months. The monotony of a sea-voyage was broken by cheerful recreation and religious services. Two sermons were preached every Sabbath, and a familiar lecture given on Wednesday evening by Mr. Forester, or one of the missionaries on board. These services were attended by all the passengers and as many of the crew as could be released from duty; and, ere the ship arrived at her destination, two of the hard, bronzed seamen had, through the influence of the Christians on board, yielded their hearts to God.

The ship arrived at Smyrna, and Mr. Forester, after spending a few days at the mission-station, set out for the Holy Land; and it was not long before the following letters were received by the officiating minister at Park-place Church:

"Jerusalem, June 2, 18—.

"DEAR CHRISTIAN FRIENDS: Here I am in the city of God. Oceans, mountains, rivers, deserts, dangers, separate me from my own dear friends. I arrived in Jerusalem yesterday, after a weary, toilsome ride on the back of a camel, and am lodging at a Greek convent, just without the city. I have been here so short a time, that I know not how to speak of these sacred localities. The impression made upon me by the first sight was peculiar, and I cannot better describe it than in the language of another, who has given his observations to the public in an elegant book, which I have been reading this morning. He observes:

"The mountains rose more grandly, and I clambered up to broad, stony table-lands, whence the prospect was bleak and sad. Vast ranges of bare hills receded to the horizon. "In those days came John the Baptist preaching in the wilderness of Judea." I passed rapidly over this lofty, breezy table-land, with an inconceivable ardor of expectation. Often the pinnacles and shining points of rock upon a distant hill-side startled me with a doubt that I saw Jerusalem, and at every change in the landscape I paused and searched the mountainous desolations to distinguish the city. But the majestic play of morning vapors with the sun and the mountains mocked the scrutiny of the

longing traveller, and gradually inspired a statelier hope. As I paced more slowly along the hills, the words of the psalm suddenly rang through my mind, like a sublime organ-peal through a hushed cathedral. "Beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth is Mount Zion, on the sides of the north, the city of the Great King."

"They passed, but in their stead arose an imperial vision. Through the stupendous vista of rocky mountain sides I should behold the joy of the whole earth lifted upon a lofty hill, flashing with the massive splendors of towers, and domes, and battlements, darkened by the solemn sadness of cypresses, and graceful with palms. The delicate outlines of hanging gardens, of marble terraces, and balconies, and airy pavilions, should cluster within. Triumphant bursts of music, "with trumpets, also, and shawns," and the chime of bells harmonious with the soft acclaim of friendly voices, should breathe and pulse from the magnificent metropolis, and preach more willingly than John, in the wilderness of Judea.

"In the summer of that Syrian noon, this was the spectacle I thought to see, the majesty of its associations manifested in the city. And, as I knew it nearer, I walked more slowly, dreaming that dream. The camels of other travellers passed us, returning from Jerusalem. Our caravan over-

took me, and I went forward with the pasha and the commander. The high land unrolled itself more broadly. The breezy morning died into the silent noon. In the imminent certainty, the eagerness of expectation was passed. Golden Sleeve, our guide, preceded us a little distance, and we followed silently. Suddenly he stopped, and, without turning or speaking, pointed with his finger toward the north. We reached his side, and looked. There was a blue line of wall, a minaret, a black dome, a few flat rocks, and in the midst a group of dark, slender cypresses, and olives, and palms.

"There lay Jerusalem dead in the white noon. The desolation of the wilderness moaned at her gates. There was no suburb of trees or houses. She lay upon a high hill in the midst of hills, barren as those we had passed. There were no sights or sounds of life. The light was colorless, the air was still. Nature had swooned around the dead city. There was no sound in the air, but a wailing in my heart, "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem! thou that stonest the prophets, and killest those that are sent unto thee!"

"In this poetic account, you have a description of my own feelings as I approached the Holy City, covered with dust, and weary with my journey. But, O, how does the soul recoil when we

enter the sin-cursed streets! We can only exclaim:  
O Jerusalem, how fallen! The brooks and the  
hills remain, but the glory of Jerusalem is gone.'

'Siloa's brook still flows along,  
Beneath the palm-trees' towering shade,  
Unmindful of the pilgrim throng  
In grief along its bank arrayed;  
And Kedron's amaranthine bowers  
Trail their crushed vines upon the ground.  
O, blasted are the holy towers  
That once their glories reared around.'

"Every step I have taken since my arrival  
has spoken to me of Judea's awful sin, and God's  
terrible vengeance."

"Jerusalem, June 12, 18—.

"TO THE CHILDREN OF PARK-PLACE SABBATH-  
SCHOOL: Your pastor, who so recently addressed  
you in your school-room, now writes you a letter  
from Palestine, a map of which hangs behind my  
lecture-room pulpit. You have often heard me  
tell of the splendor and glory of the Holy City,  
and, perhaps, you have an idea that its ancient  
glory still continues. But this is not the case.  
As I have wandered over these hills and through  
these dells for a few days past, the words of the  
poet have risen to my lips:

'Judea's mountains still are seen  
To sentinel thy grave-like gloom,  
Her hills and valleys glisten green,  
As though thou didst not fill a tomb;  
The wave still curls by Calvary's steep;  
The grape, the fig, the olive shine;  
Unwrinkled rolls the dark blue deep,  
And still she bears the fruitful vine;  
And fame still gilds her withered brow —  
Proud city, O, how dark art thou!'

"This city, you know, children, was destroyed,  
many centuries ago, by the Romans, who cast down  
the wall, destroyed the temple, killed the people,  
and left the city a heap of desolation. One of your  
own writers, whose name is unknown to me, thus  
speaks of the awful carnage of that terrific scene,  
which beggars all description:

"The Roman army, in all the fulness of its  
strength, and with all the fierceness of Egyptian  
Mamelukes, stood before the kingly Capitol. The  
life-like eagles that decorated the gilded banners  
of the Cæsars were unfurled to the breeze, while  
the sunlight that poured from heaven, and shot  
athwart the Galilean hills, reflected upon every  
surrounding object the majestic grandeur and  
ferocity that attached to a band of Roman sol-  
diers. There stood Titus, clothed with supreme  
authority, the military representative of a mighty  
empire; and, as Macaulay said of Cromwell, the

very soul of a well-disciplined army. After the soldiers were sufficiently rested and refreshed, embankments were thrown up, and the battering-rams went thundering against the wall, while the mortal enemies of Rome hurled their javelins and shot their arrows into the midst of her armed men. For days the conflict was terrible, and doubtful to the beholder. The Jews rushed outside the walls, and inhumanly butchered the soldiers, that, in obedience to the command of Titus, were willing to extend mercy. Then all the Roman fury was aroused, and neither age nor sex was spared; but, while Titus and his followers were discharging their arrows from without, a more dreadful enemy was at work within the walls, — famine was destroying more than the sword. Thus the punishment sent upon the Jews was doubly severe, and the scene must have been doubly terrible when the walls fell down, and the Roman conqueror, with his maddened army, swept through the city, destroying the most magnificent superstructures of art, and butchering the starving populace that were unable to flee before the uplifted sword. The Saviour had said, the city, with all its gorgeous and lofty edifices, should be thrown down; and so it was. Eleven hundred thousand of the vain-glorious and God-defying in-

habitants were laid low in the dust, as was their idol city.'

"Thus, children, was the city of God overthrown; and its beautiful palaces will, probably, never be rebuilt. When some of you are men, perhaps you will come here, and view these desolations; for the time is not far distant when visits to Palestine will be as common as visits to Niagara, — as expeditiously made, and as cheaply, too."

"Jerusalem, Nov. 5, 18—.

"DEAR FRIENDS: I have now written you *seventeen* letters, containing descriptions of what I have seen in this land. I have, during the summer, made many excursions in all directions. I have climbed to the top of Mt. Hermon, and slept in St. Catharine's convent, at the base of Mt. Sinai. I have crossed the Nebbez Moussa, and taken a bath in the clammy, glutinous waters of the Dead Sea. I have sailed upon the Sea of Galilee, and drank the waters of the Jordan. I have stood hour after hour and gazed upon the Mosque of Omar, and have heard Bishop Gabat preach for the benefit of Englishmen, and other strangers. Now I turn my eyes homeward. I shall come *via* England, and be with you early in the spring."

Never was joy greater in a parish than when

Mr. Forester, a few months afterward, ascended the pulpit of Park-place Church, his cheek bronzed, and his form robust, the picture of perfect health, and the image of strength. Seldom afterward did he mention his journeyings directly; but those who knew him best could see that every discourse was richer in imagery, and more wealthy in thought; and it was evident to all that one man, at least, had travelled to good advantage, and had used his time to great profit. The people, in their kindness and liberality, had not only improved the health of their minister but had enriched themselves.

## CHAPTER XVI.

### THE GOLDEN WEDDING.

O, pleasant is the welcome kiss  
When day's dull round is o'er,  
And sweet the music of the step  
That meets us at the door!

ONE night, after Mr. Forester and his family had retired to rest, his bell was rung violently. He started up, and, going to the window, demanded "Who's there?"

"A couple to be married," was the answer.

Marriages the clergy seldom lose, if they can help it; and in a few minutes Mr. Forester had arranged his toilet, and the bridal party was admitted.

"Why do you come so late?"

"That is a notion of ours."

"There may be something wrong about it."

"Examine the certificate, and see."

"That does not always tell."

"We can go to another clergyman."

"But ——"

"The matter will be explained to your satisfaction."

Mr. Forester examined the certificate, and, finding it properly drawn and signed, married the parties, though he had some misgivings. The bridegroom was a seafaring man of about thirty, and the bride was a sweet, gentle creature, who seemed to be above deceit. The work having been done, the parties withdrew, leaving a piece of money in the hand of the minister, nicely wrapped in a piece of white paper. When the carriage had rolled away, the clergyman opened his paper, and where he expected to find a golden eagle was a copper *cent*. To tell the truth, the good man was quite indignant, and gave vent to his feelings in some expressions not exactly ministerial.

"That — is — too — bad!" chimed in Mrs. Forester, who began to comprehend how the case stood, and who had seldom seen her husband so indignant.

"Too bad! — it is outrageous."

"Well, well; it may turn out right, after all."

"May!"

"And, if it don't, you are not killed."

Mr. Forester went to bed, determined he would never marry such a mean couple as that again.

"No wonder they came in the night!" said he to himself, after his companion had fallen asleep.

The next day, he was sitting in his study, when a commissioner brought to the door a heavy bundle, accompanied by a delicate note. The note was opened, and read thus:

"Captain William Mansfield requests Mr. Forester to accept the accompanying loaf of wedding-cake. The reason of our late arrival at his house last night was owing to an unfortunate delay caused by the breaking down of our carriage, while coming from Salem."

The bundle was opened, and in it was found a nice cake pyramid, on the sides of which spangled twenty English sovereigns, which glistened as if they were just from the mint.

"Well, Captain Mansfield is *a man*, after all," said the minister.

"I told you it was all for the best," replied his wife.

"Yes, but you knew nothing about it."

"I had faith."

"Nonsense, wife! But we have the twenty pieces of silver; so we will rejoice over them. Your new cloak will come easy now, and those twenty volumes which I have been wanting so long, I will have; so, many thanks to Captain Mansfield."

In making a record in his journal of this affair, Mr. Forester entered it under the appropriate head of the *golden wedding*.



## CHAPTER XVII.

### THE ELECTION.

But, sir, the senator says he has great respect and great reverence for the clergy, — for the ministers of the Gospel, as such, — while they keep their robes pure and unspotted : but, when they descend to the turbid pools of politics, and bedabble their garments all over with the mud, and slime, and filth, which he would make you believe is found there, he loses all respect for them.

For several years, the minister of Park-place did not exercise the privilege which belongs to every freeman of casting his vote at the polls. But little interested in mere party matters, he had allowed others to elect officers, without his assistance. This, however, instead of being a virtue, was one of the sins of omission. Every man in a republican government is under obligation to cast his vote, and use his influence, in the election of good and wise men to office. In 18—, there occurred an election into which entered several moral questions, and good men of all parties began to feel the importance of banding together for the public good. Mr. Forester determined to vote.

By a long relinquishment of this right, his people had come to the conclusion that it did not belong to him ; and, when he announced, some days before, to a circle of friends, his determination to vote, he was seriously advised not to do so. Even good Deacon Brayton, always cautious and considerate, thought it might make trouble. But the pastor had his own mind, and settled the question for himself ; and, when the day came, marched boldly to the polls, and deposited his vote according to the dictates of his conscience.

That year, there were before the country three prominent candidates for the highest office in the gift of the people. The first was General Tyler, a military chieftain, who had done much service for his country on the tented field, and who, covered with the scars of battle, was now presented by his friends as a candidate for civil honors. The second was General Gray, a statesman of some repute, and one who had received well-earned laurels in the service of the republic. The third was Martin Van Horn, a man of learning and diplomatic skill, who was presented by a new and rising party, which was commencing its existence. These three men — all heroes, and all worthy of the office sought, in the estimation of their friends — were before the people for their suffrages. Which one of these Mr. Forester voted for, we cannot tell.

As he went to the polls, his vote, though open in his hand, was not distinguished; and each party claimed him, while he silently returned to his duties, designing to say nothing of the manner in which he had voted.

But the people were determined to bring him out, and make him show his colors; and, in a short time, whigs, democrats and free-soilers, were all in commotion. All at once, they seemed uneasy, and manifested a disposition to meddle with that which was not their business. Simultaneously, the members of the various parties determined to call on him, and bring him to an account.

One evening, soon after the election, Mr. Forester was sitting in his study. Mr. Erving Lyons, a prominent whig, was ushered in.

"Good-evening, Mr. Forester; you have a fine study here, a glorious lot of books, a nice place to grind out sermons," was his first salutation.

"O, yes; it is easy for me to sit down to study here, I have so many helps."

"I should judge your sermon-mill was in good order, by the way you preached last Sabbath."

Mr. Forester made no reply to this singular compliment, but changed the conversation into another channel. After a short talk on general matters, Mr Lyons said,

"What do you think of the result of the elections on Monday last?"

"Why, I am satisfied, if all the rest are."

"But don't you think the successful candidate the best one?"

"Perhaps so; for I do not think either party had the best man to be found."

"Well, Mr. Forester, I do not wish to pry into your business, but, if it is a fair question, who did you vote for?"

"Ah, that is among the secrets!"

"I did not know as you would have any objection on that point. This voting business is a public matter."

"Yes; but I thought I would be a freemason on this subject, as my people were not shrewd enough to *see how* I voted at the time."

"That is all right; but the report is abroad that you voted for General Gray, and it is doing you serious injury."

"How?"

"Your whig friends feel aggrieved that you should vote against their interests; and I want you to let me say, from you, that you did not vote for that old villain."

"No, sir; I shall not allow you to say any such thing."

"Well, then, you will be greatly injured by the

reports in circulation. I do not care who you voted for, but you must look out for your reputation."

"Certainly; but, if casting an honest vote is hazardous to reputation, I must run the risk."

"Well, well; do as you please," said Mr. Lyons, rising, abruptly. "If trouble comes out of this, remember that I have tried to befriend you. Good-evening, sir."

"Good-evening, sir."

The door closed on the retreating form of the excited politician, one of the best but most enthusiastic of men. Hurrying to his store, he exclaimed to his partner, a mild, quiet man,

"I will never enter Park-place Church again!"

"Ho! what has turned up now?"

"Turned up! Why, Forester voted, last Monday, for that miserable Gray; and I will never set foot in his church again, as long as I breathe!"

"Perhaps he did not vote for Gray. It may be a mistake."

"No, I got it from his own lips."

"From his own lips?"

"Yes, or what was equivalent to it; and I am fixed for the future."

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Let us return to the parsonage. The minister sat musing upon the somewhat extraordinary con-

versation he had had with Mr. Lyons, who had been one of his warmest friends, when he was startled from his revery by another ring, and Mr. Bradshaw was announced. This gentleman was not a member of the church, but was a very good man, a lawyer, and somewhat excitable on political matters. He came in with a pleasant smile, but evidently in a hurry, and on important business. He commenced by saying, "Mr. Forester, you know I am a plain man."

"Yes."

"I don't like round-about stories."

"No."

"I have a little matter which I wish to converse about, and might as well come at it first as last."

"What is it?" said Mr. Forester, with a smile.

"Why — why, it is rumored that you voted last Monday for General Tyler for office; and some of your best friends, feeling injured by it, requested me to come in to learn the truth. We all grieve that our minister should pursue a course so inconsistent with his previous life."

"Who told you I voted for Gen. Tyler?"

"Common report."

"She may lie."

"Will you let me say so from you?" asked Esq. Bradshaw, rubbing his hands.

"No."

"Then you *did* vote for him?"

"I did not say so."

"Then you won't tell me?"

"Certainly not."

"Why not?"

"Because it is my own business, and I do not choose to have it meddled with. I voted honestly, and do not choose to give any account to my church."

"O, I meant no harm; but the people are much excited about the matter, and you could end the strife by a single word. Unless this can be cleared up to the satisfaction of the people, several of our best democrats will leave Park-place."

"What kind of democrats would they show themselves to be?"

"O, they would go away in a moment of excitement. However, I have no interest in this matter."

"Well, if you have not, let us drop it; and, if those who sent you ask a report, please tell them, kindly, that I shall vote unbiased and unpledged, and cannot admit of any dictation in a matter of this kind."

The visitor soon took his leave, and hurried to the store of Mr. Pond, a sort of resort for political men, where he found two or three other persons of the same party, who had as much feeling in rela-

tion to the vote of the minister as he had himself.

"What shall be done?" asked Mr. Pond.

"Let it drop," responded Mr. Dennis.

"I will tell you what I shall do," said Mr. Bradshaw.

"What?" they all asked in one breath.

"I shall leave Park-place, and go to Dr. Langley's, where I shall not be troubled with sermons on politics or religion."

"Then you will make a fool of yourself," chimed in Dick Hosmer, who had now become somewhat of a man, especially about election times, being a strong democrat. "The parson has as much right to vote for Tyler as you and I have for Gray. You had better let Parson Forester alone. He is a match for all of you."

Bradshaw went off in an angry mood, but the next morning concluded not to give up his pew yet, but to hold on a little longer.

The next day, as Mr. Forester was passing along one of the principal streets of Camberwell, he was saluted by one of his brethren, who placed his arm within that of the minister, and they slowly walked by blocks, and across squares, and through parks, conversing with each other. Soon the subject of the late election was introduced, and, though

the pastor tried to avoid it, the conference soon became personal.

"They say you voted for Tyler, Mr. Forester," said Mr. Innes.

"They say! Who are they?"

"Those who were in the ward-room when you cast the ballot."

"It is doubtful whether they are correct."

"No more than doubtful?"

"Brother Innes, I am not disposed to confess."

"A man who votes for a slaveholder and a murderer ought to confess. For my part, I think ministers are the last men who ought to vote for a military chieftain, or men stained with the guilt of war."

"Do you know of any minister who has?"

"Why, no — not exactly. I s'pose Dr. Langley did, and *they say* you did."

"If I did, what ——"

"O, then you did, did you?"

"I did not say so."

"No, but you partially admitted it. Now, I believe it is my duty to bear my testimony against all sin; and, if my minister votes for General Tyler, I will not hear him preach again. I will not support those who support slaveholders and murderers. It is time the lines were drawn; and, if our minis-

ters vote for such men, I, for one, will leave the church and join an engine-company!"

"Perhaps you had better sleep over this a few nights, and good may ——"

"Sleep! sleep! It is a positive sin for anybody to sleep now." Thus the good man went on, without knowing who his pastor voted for, or what wrong he was doing by his accusations. They walked a while, Mr. Innes becoming more violent and denunciatory, until every person they met stared at them, wondering what angry discussion they were engaged in. At length they parted, Mr. Innes to visit all his political brethren, and Mr. Forester to go mourning to his study, to lament the inconsistencies of his people.

For a little while the society was disturbed in certain circles; but the excitement soon died away, and Mr. Lyons, Esq. Bradshaw and Brother Innes, were not a little ashamed of the fierce manner in which they had assailed the minister, and, convinced of the injustice they had done him, endeavored to undo whatever evil impression they had made upon his mind.

We imagine Mr. Forester is not the only minister who has been placed in such a condition. Men become heated and intemperate in their political zeal, and say and do things, in the frenzy of a political campaign, which they would blush to say

and do in calmer moments. Mr. Innes was a violent abolitionist, almost a come-outer, and he could not bear the idea that his minister had not voted the "freedom ticket;" and he had assailed him for the purpose of knowing, from his own lips, the true state of the case. Mr. Forester did not choose to tell him, though he did vote for the anti-slavery candidate. The minister, surely, concluded that his vote was his own, and that it did not concern any other man. He felt himself competent to take care of his own political opinions and acts, and he accordingly kept his own counsel.

After this, the minister voted in every election, and voted as he chose, sometimes with a sealed and sometimes with an open ballot. The people became so used to his free exercise of right that they did not meddle with the matter at all. Mr. Lyons was always careful that the pastor should have a whig ticket; Mr. Bradshaw furnished him with one on the democratic side; while Brother Innes always came, on the morning of election, to bring a ticket of his party. The minister took all of them, and, with his penknife, formed one out of all to suit himself; and no complaint was made. He became a free man.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### THE UNFORTUNATE SERMON.

It fell on ears polite, as harsh as notes of woe.

Nor long after the events recorded in the previous chapter took place, a new cause of rupture occurred. Congress made a wicked law, which required the rendition of fugitive slaves; a law similar to one proposed some years before, and which, the reader will recollect, formed the subject of discussion between Elwood Forester and old Captain Brown, a short time before the former led to the altar the daughter of the latter. It was such a law as made every man of humane feelings cry out with indignation, and the pulpit and the press were loud in condemning it. Among other clergymen who preached upon the subject, was the hero of this story. Eloquently and forcibly did the minister of Park-place Church pour out the honest abhorrence of his soul; and, with thrilling emphasis, did he declare, "If a slave comes to my door, flying from oppression, I will take him in; if he is naked, I will clothe him; if he is thirsty, I

will give him drink; if he is hungry, I will feed him; he shall share my bed; he shall sit at my table; and as soon will I drive out my children as give him up to slavery."

Shortly after this law was made, the fourth of July, the day of our annual independence, came on the Sabbath; and the clergy generally preached sermons of a religio-political character, and Mr. Forester among others. The character of the sermon may be gathered from the following extracts:

"We have reached a state of public affairs when it becomes the pulpit to break its silence, and utter its notes of warnings; when every honest man should lay his hand upon his heart, and appeal to God against the unholy legislation of a corrupt Congress; when the old men and the young men, when the citizen and the stranger, should come forth to league themselves against human slavery, and break the rod of oppression.

"Causes are at work which threaten to overturn the fair fabric which our fathers erected. In Congress, where we have been accustomed to look for justice, and honor, we have seen public faith broken, national honor trod under foot, and solemn compacts violated. It has become evident that no trust can be reposed in the slave-power, and that we must deal with it only as with a dishonored,

perjured outlaw. Congress has trampled on our dearest rights, and an act has been passed—pressed through its several stages at midnight—enslaving all the free states. It is evident that the South cannot be trusted. It has broken solemn compacts, and soon it will demand the right to bring slaves into New England, and work them here with us.

"Among the people, also, are alarming signs. The fugitive-slave law will be resisted. While men are human, they will hate that infamous measure, and oppose, at every step, its cruel enforcement. If the South persists in making a hunting-ground of New-England, there will be bloodshed and civil war. The fugitive-slave law must be blotted out, or there can be no peace. Indeed, we do not want rest while that odious, devilish enactment pollutes the statute-book of the nation. The Union is worth nothing under such circumstances."

Then followed an argument showing the inhumanity of sending back to slavery those who had escaped, and much more to this effect. This sermon gave offence to several members of the congregation. In the church was one man who was peculiarly sensitive. He held an office under government, and felt called upon to resent the affront. So, in the midst of the discourse, he seized his hat

and cane, and marched down the aisle, with all the appearance of offended dignity which he knew how to assume. The pastor saw him start, and paused, fixing his eye sternly, and somewhat roguishly, on the retreating form of the office-holder. Every eye in the house turned in the same direction; a smile gathered on each countenance; hats, which had been taken by men who wished to follow the example of Mr. Cushing, were dropped; a flush overspread the face of the poor man who was passing out, as he heard the sound of his own footsteps, and he wished himself in the pew, at home, in the custom-house, in China — anywhere but in the aisle of Park-place Church.

When the door had closed after him, the sermon went on. The next day, as the preacher was passing along by the custom-house, Mr. Cushing met him, and began thus:

"Did you mean to insult me yesterday?"

"No, indeed!"

"Then why did you preach such a sermon?"

"Because it was my duty to do so."

"And you meant to hit me?"

"Certainly, if you was guilty."

"Well, I have made up my mind!"

"I am glad of it, for it is seldom that a man makes up his mind in these times. You, of course, have determined to assist the fugitive?"

"I have determined not to listen to the preaching of a political preacher. I do hate politics in the pulpit."

"I was preaching on morals."

"About niggers!"

"A man is a man, however black his face may be."

"I do not see what use it is to make such a fuss over a few niggers. The Union is worth forty thousand niggers; and I would rather see all the blacks in Christendom hung than see the Union broken. I think ministers are out of place when they begin to preach politics. I can say, with Senator Adams, that 'I have as high a regard for their vocation as any other individual, and as much respect for the ministers of peace and goodwill on earth as any other individual; but when they depart from their high vocation, and come down to mingle in the turbid pools of politics, I would treat them just as I would all other citizens. It is so unlike the apostles and the ministers of Christ at an early day, that it loses the potency which they suppose the styling themselves ministers of the Gospel would give to their memorials. The early ministers of Christ attended to their mission, one which was given to them by their Master; and, under all circumstances, even when the Saviour himself was upon earth, and attempts



were made to induce him to give opinions with reference to the municipal affairs of the government, he refused.'"

"There may be a difference of opinion, Mr. Cushing, as to what the mission of the minister is; and I claim to understand it as well as a holder of office under government or a slaveholding senator can tell me. I lived ——"

"No matter; I shall leave Park-place, at once."

"That is a more conclusive argument than the other. I can appreciate it."

"Just as you please. But I cannot hear a political demagogue preach, nor I won't; that's all about it!"

And off he hurried, without the common form of civility, and the minister went on his way. He had not gone far before he met Mr. Innes, who took him by the hand, and exclaimed, "Good-morning, Mr. Forester. I have been wanting to see you, and thank you for your sermon yesterday. It was a noble plea for the oppressed, and, in the name of three million slaves, in the name of humanity and God, I thank you."

"I was not aware that there was anything in my sermon which was peculiar. My people, from what they know of me, should have expected just such a sermon on the occasion."

"Yes; but they did not expect it after you had

voted, so little time before, for a slaveholder and a man of blood."

"On what do you base such a charge?"

"On your admissions to me."

"I admitted nothing."

"I understood you to."

"You understood wrong."

"Then I am wrong."

"You were so excited, Mr. Innes, that you did not know what I did say."

"Perhaps I am too hasty. I made up my mind at that time to leave your meeting, but soon changed. I feel tenderly on the subject of slavery."

"I merely refused to tell you for whom I voted, considering it my own matter."

"O, well, let us drop it. Your sermon yesterday was excellent — excellent."

Mr. Cushing did not leave the meeting, though he had resolved to do so. There was another party to the bargain. Mrs. Cushing was not at meeting, and did not see her husband retire, and was not aware of the difficulty. However, on Monday, after his interview with Mr. Forester, the wounded office-holder said to his wife, a strong-minded woman, "I am going to leave Park-place Church. I have had enough of that ——"

"Leave Park-place Church!"

"Yes."

"What for, pray?"

"O, you can't hear anything but politics."

"I don't hear politics there."

"If you don't, Forester is hammering at it all the time; and I shall leave. So, that's settled!"

"I shan't leave."

"Shan't!"

"No."

"I will sell my pew."

"I will buy it. I have no idea of leaving Park-place. You get into a fret, once in four years, on politics, and want to sell your pew. I have left two churches on your account, and won't move again. I am satisfied with Mr. Forester, and shall not leave his church. If I go away with you, it will not be two years before you will have a flare-up, and want to move again."

"Well, I don't want to have my political views controverted every Sabbath."

"I don't care anything about politics. I wish they would let women vote; we should not have so much fuss about nothing."

"Women and ministers are the last persons who ought to vote; they are always on the wrong side."

"Well, I don't leave Park-place."

"I do."

"Just as you please, Mr. Cushing."

There ended the discussion. Mrs. Cushing had her way, and Mr. Cushing, though he did not attend Park-place for some time, at length yielded, and thanked his wife that she did not yield to his wishes. By some party manœuvre he lost his office, and all at once declared that Mr. Forester knew more about political matters than a great many statesmen, and ever after was a consistent member of the parish.

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## CHAPTER XIX

EDWARD DEVOLL.

Adversity, sage, useful guest,  
Serene instructor, but the best,  
It is from thee alone we know  
Justly to value things below.

THE causes of dissatisfaction enumerated in the previous chapters soon disappeared, and the parish settled down quietly. Mr. Innes, Esq. Bradshaw Mr. Lyon, and the rest of the earnest politicians, concluded they had made themselves appear somewhat foolish, and betook themselves to acts of kindness to undo any unpleasant impressions which they had made on the mind of the pastor, whom they sincerely loved. Camberwell was quiet, while other towns and cities were convulsed.

One day, Mr. Forester received a letter from his early and long-tried friend, Edward Devoll, an extract from which we give below :

“ Oxford, July 31, 18—.

“ DEAR FRIEND: Come and see me, for I am in trouble; the deep waters are going over my

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soul. The connection I have had with this people must be sundered, and I must seek another place of labor. The people are dissatisfied; I am weary and sad, and you must come and talk over the matter with me.

“I have also domestic afflictions about which I must not write to you, and the character of which I will not even intimate on paper. But come down and see me, and I will commit all to your judgment.”

Devoll, as we have seen, was settled at Oxford about the time Forester was settled at Camberwell, and, though a man of mind, he had failed in his profession to a considerable extent. Though he had kept along with his church, he had failed to satisfy the wants of the people. His sermons were profoundly dry, and there was a want of adaptation to the people and the times. He had married a pious but strong-minded woman, who thought herself called to literary pursuits, and even neglected her family in order to write poetry for some half-dozen magazines, and prose articles for some half-dozen newspapers. She was really an intelligent, cultivated woman, but with no taste for domestic duties, and no adaptation to make the life of a pastor happy. Devoll, not being a man of popular abilities, had been kept

in a small parish; and his wife had grown sour and fretful under the constant annoyances to which limited means subjected her, and her husband, who had selected her among many, was disappointed at the course she pursued. The Oxford people, though poor, were willing to do everything possible for the minister; but it was becoming evident that a change must come, for the good of both pastor and people.

On the reception of the letter from his friend, Elwood Forester packed his valise and posted off to Oxford, where he found his friend, disheartened and sad, his house illy furnished, and his children, three in number, poorly clad, and growing up with some very objectionable habits.

Devoll met him at the door, welcomed him with much cordiality, and took him at once into the study. They conversed about half an hour, when Mrs. Devoll made her appearance in a loose robe, not the most appropriate for so late an hour in the day.

"O dear, Mr. Forester, you must excuse me," she said, "for not coming in sooner. I have been engaged this afternoon in writing a sonnet."

"A sonnet!" said Devoll, somewhat bitterly.

"A sonnet on Autumn," added the lady.

"Well, it will have time enough to mature before it is wanted, I see, as to-morrow is the first day of August," said Forester, laughing.

Soon the lady retired, and Devoll turned the attention of his friend to the subjects for which he had sent for him.

"I am in trouble," said he.

"Laugh it off," was the reply.

"I have tried to do so, but with very poor success. I have not the happy, or unhappy, faculty of laughing off trouble, which you have."

"Well, Devoll, what is the matter?"

"There are many things. My preaching, in the first place, does not suit this people. I am dry and tedious in the pulpit, I know."

"Well, adapt yourself to the wants of your congregation. Those wants you know, and you have ability to meet them."

"I have tried."

"And failed?"

"Yes."

"How have you tried?"

"I have selected new topics, and have striven hard to make them interesting to the people."

"But have you not put too much learning into your discourses?"

"How can I get too much learning into a sermon."

"You cannot; but you can get too much book style, too much musty, abstruse learning, which you alone can comprehend. I fear our ministers study

harder for deep, incomprehensible things, than they do to make simple, positive truths beneficial."

"I may have done so."

"I think you have, from the sermons I have heard you preach, and from a conversation I had with one of your best hearers and most sincere friends. Your congregation are good, common-sense people, — not learned, not ignorant; and, if I mistake not, you preach to them as scholars, and not as sinners to be saved by grace. You treat your themes in a learned, and not a practical way. You imitate Melancthon, who preached to students and professors, and for them; instead of imitating Luther, who preached to and for the masses, in which mingled the rich and poor, the learned and the ignorant, the virtuous and vicious."

"But I cannot change; I have ——"

"Yes, you can change. The man who has mastered languages and sciences, who stood at the head of his class in college, and who is favorably known among men of letters, can alter his style."

"You have more versatility than I have, and do not understand the difficulties which lie in the way of a downright plodder. You are a queer specimen of the *genus homo*, a sort of exception to general rules. It is useless to talk about adapting one to one's place. Men are not whalebone, and cannot bend to all circumstances."

"My dear friend, you are mistaken in some things, though I admit that you have studied much more closely than I have. You dwell in your study; you live among your books, and go not out to find how the public pulse is beating, and how ——"

"O, I despise the public pulse, and cannot consent to be an actor on the stage in order to get a congregation. I am not a time-server, and cannot become one. If I cannot secure a congregation by honest study, and well-digested, compact discourses, I must leave the sacred calling."

"You need not become a time-server, or an actor, in order to adapt yourself to the wants of your people. But, if you would know how to preach, and if you would benefit those who hear you, you must know what errors they are cherishing, what sins most beset them, what virtues need most to be cultivated, what wrongs need to be redressed, what sorrows are to be alleviated, and what hearts need to be inspired. The greatest pulpit orators that ever lived, Bossuet, Bourdalou, Massillon, on the continent, a noble host in Britain, and numbers among us, have all adapted themselves to the condition and wants of the people. You can do the same, if you keep in mind the solemn, awful fact that you are preaching to a congregation of *sinners*, who are to meet you at the bar of God."

"But, if this was the only difficulty, I might rise above it. Discontent already reigns in the parish."

"To what extent?"

"I don't know."

"Have you no means of judging?"

"Only from a single circumstance."

"What was it?"

"Nothing more than the fact that one of the members of the church called on me, and told me plainly that my usefulness in Oxford was at an end long ago."

"Usefulness at an end?"

"He so stated."

"And you believed him?"

"Yes, — no."

"You should have done as Dr. H., of B——, did, a while ago."

"How was that?"

"A discontented, peevish member of his church called on him, and said: 'Doctor, your usefulness is at end in B——.' 'How long have you thought so,' inquired the doctor. 'O, for some time,' replied the man. 'Well,' said the doctor, 'I have been thinking the same of you, brother Watson; your usefulness is evidently at an end in this church, and, as a friend, I advise you to leave, and go to some other church.' The doctor then told him that he was always making trouble, al-

ways discontented and restive, that he had unsettled several ministers, and that the church should be warned against him. The fellow was frightened, and from that day never crossed the doctor's path again."

"Ah, that is a good way to meet such men, but I could n't do it."

"You could try; you would be doing a real service to the church. But who was the man?"

"Brother King."

"What, that chap that carried me in a chaise to Camberwell, one night?"

"The same."

"And has anybody else told you so?"

"No."

"Have you heard any complaints from Deacon Burchard, Doctor Lawson, or brother Gates?"

"None."

"Do they express satisfaction?"

"Yes; but I don't know whom to trust."

"Trust them; they have stood by you for years; trust them, until they prove false. Ministers do their members great injustice by harboring suspicions concerning them."

"But who set brother King at work?"

"The Devil."

"I don't know; he must have had some one to give him this lesson?"

"Suppose he did; the persons who, instead of coming to you, like men, must set that ignorant man to work on you, are not worth your notice."

"Well, even this is not my chief difficulty."

"What more?"

"I am in debt, as are one half the ministers."

"That is bad; how much do you owe?"

"Three hundred dollars."

"How much do your people owe you?"

"One hundred and fifty dollars."

"What other means have you for paying the debt?"

"I have fifty dollars laid by for the purpose; but that does not meet the case, and I am falling behind every quarter."

Mr. Forester drew out his pocket-book, and filled up a check for one hundred dollars on the bank of Camberwell, and placed it in the hands of his friend.

A blush mounted to the cheek of Devoll as he said, "I cannot take this; I am not a pauper!"

"Certainly not, but God has prospered me, and I now only return you the payment of the many favors you did for me in college; you must take it."

After long entreaty and perseverance, Devoll consented to borrow the money of his friend, giving his promise to return it as soon as he could.

"But I have another difficulty," said he, at length.

"What, more?"

"Yes, domestic troubles."

"I fear I cannot help you there."

"I think not."

"But what is the difficulty?"

"You know I married a *writer*, and not a warm-hearted, domestic woman."

"I thought as much."

"My wife is kind and amiable, but has no conception of her true duties to her family."

"That is indeed an affliction."

"And I am thus afflicted. You are the first person on earth to whom I have mentioned my feelings, or made this statement. But I can contain it no longer."

"How does Mrs. Devoll manage?"

"Not at all."

"Have you conversed with her, with a view to her reformation?"

"A hundred times!"

"Does it do no good?"

"None at all; she neglects the children, spends her time in useless literary pursuits; devotes herself to reading which unfits her mind for serious and religious duties, and is a subject of various kinds of scandal in the town."

"When you reason with her, what does she say?"

"She replies that I am an odd creature, with no poetry in my soul; and then she will quote from all the gods at once, and pile up what she deems beautiful figures, until I am crushed beneath her towering Parnassus."

"And may you not be in fault, to some extent?"

"I do not see how."

"Perhaps you do not really value your wife's literary taste."

"Literary taste, — humbug!"

"O, no; your wife has abilities which, well directed, would add both to your happiness and to her own."

"I do not think so."

"It may be true, Edward, that your prosy nature needs some poetry to adapt you to the world. You might be a more successful preacher by it."

"Will you talk with my wife?"

"I do not like to."

"You must."

"Some other person would do better."

"No; she has unbounded confidence in you, and you must do it."

"I will see."

The bell here rang for tea, which was some half-hour behind the proper time; and the two clergymen descended to the dining-room, where it was to be served. Mrs. Devoll was seated at the table; her dress was quite carelessly arranged, and Forester could not help contrasting her with his own neat, tidy, loving wife, who never wrote poetry, but who took good care of his children. The children were dirty, ill-behaved, and gave evident indications of neglect; the table was well loaded, but without taste in the arrangement; the room was poorly ventilated, and filled with rubbish, which gave it a very disordered appearance.

Tea passed off, however, and Mr. Devoll, who had a meeting to attend, went out, leaving Mr. Forester to spend the evening with his family. The children having retired, Mrs. Devoll sat with her guest, conversing cheerfully, when the latter said,

"You pursue literary labors to some extent, do you not?"

"I do."

"It is agreeable recreation, I suppose."

"O, yes; I love to write. I have been writing some verses to-day, which I will read, if you wish."

"I should be happy to listen."

Mrs. Devoll then read the following lines:



## OUR COUNTRY.

Breathes there a man with soul so dead,  
Who never to himself hath said  
This is my own, my native land? — SCOTT.

Our Country! yes, our native land,  
Bought by a brave and noble band,  
Who crossed the ocean's briny spray,  
From tyranny and strife away.  
Each rock and rill, each mount and hill,  
Is dearer far, and brighter still,  
Than all the temples fair of Rome,  
Or the high-swelling Grecian dome  
Her bosom bears a harvest fair,  
And all the fruits of peace are there;  
Each rugged rock, and flowing wave,  
Possess attractions for the brave.

Our Country! 'neath her sacred soil  
Our brothers sleep, o'ercome by toil;  
They left the land they bled to save,  
And now they slumber in the grave.  
Our fathers' graves, — our fathers' graves!  
O'er them the sacred banner waves;  
They rest, set free from anxious fears,  
From pain, and care, and sorrowing tears.  
Their names will live till time shall end,  
Their children will their fame defend,  
Till all mankind their virtues sound,  
From pole to pole, the world around.

Our Country! here religion reigns,  
And here a mighty conquest gains;  
Each mount points up a snow-white spire,  
Each altar burns with sacred fire.

Our Country! sound her glorious name;  
Columbia, let it still remain;  
My proudest boast shall ever be  
That I'm a favored son of thee;  
That name inspires the soul with joy,  
That name my noblest songs employ;  
That name I'll sing when troubles roll,  
Or brighter prospects fill the soul.  
Inscribe that name on front of heaven,  
Till every cloud away is driven;  
Ascendant let Columbia shine,  
To praise her let all nations join.

Our Country! see that star-flag bright,  
Floating o'er our proudest height;  
Its flowing folds wave full and free,  
In every land, o'er every sea.

Go look at England's banner, red  
With blood of those who from her fled;  
That banner often stained in gore,  
In present days and days of yore.  
The Turkish crescent has grown old,  
Though guarded by a Moslem bold;  
Its glories all have passed away,  
Like evening clouds at close of day.  
The flag of Rome — the papal power —  
Is but the pageant of an hour;  
Her banner waved o'er realms of space,  
But now is shrouded in disgrace.  
Fair Grecia, too, that classic land,  
Her temples now in ruins stand;  
Her banner furled, her power fled,  
And she a trembling captive led.

But thou, Columbia, thou shalt rise,  
Till thou shalt reach the glorious prize,

Like the bold eagle of thy choice,  
Soaring on high, soaring, rejoice.

Our Country ! yes, we love her well,  
Her name, her flag, each pleasant dell ;  
We love to wander 'mid the flowers  
Which bloom around her happy bowers.  
When 'mid sylvan scenes we roam,  
In each bright and happy home,  
Then we praise her sacred name,  
And sing of her undying fame.

Living, I love my native land,  
The memory of her pilgrim band ;  
Living, I'll speak her praises forth,  
From east to west, from south to north.

Dying, my lisping, stammering tongue  
The loudest of these notes proclaim ;  
Dying, my richest boon shall be,  
My native land, to think of thee.  
And, when from earth the spirit's fled,  
And I am numbered with the dead,  
My bones repose beneath her soil,  
Secure from sorrow, care and toil.

Our Country ! brighter prospects rise,  
And scenes of joy salute mine eyes ;  
Her course is onward, — onward still ;  
Her banner set on every hill.  
Then let us strike each tuneful lyre  
In memory of each patriot sire ;  
We sing our country's statesmen band,  
We sing our pure and happy land.

Of course the listener professed himself satisfied  
with the poetry, though he hardly wished to listen

longer. But one or two other shorter and better  
verses she read ; and then, turning over her port-  
folio, said, " I will read you a prose article." Mr.  
Forester could not resist the temptation to pun,  
even at the expense of his friend ; so he said,

" Your husband is a *prose* article."

" So I often tell him, but he won't reform,"  
was the rejoinder. The lady here read the follow-  
ing effusion :

#### THE DEATH-BED OF A SLAVE.

Death comes alike to all. The low and the proud-hearted  
alike must feel his touch.

The sun was setting ; its last bright beams were  
falling upon a southern scene ; the gay birds of  
the South were chanting their farewell to the king  
of day, and the bright spring-flowers were lifting  
their heads to receive his parting beams. The  
golden light receded as calmly and as beautifully  
as if with its departure it took all care from man.  
It seemed to say that, when it came again, joy,  
too, should come to every heart.

But there are those who heed not the going  
down nor the uprising of the sun. There are  
those to whom its beams bring not the light of  
comfort ; who drink only the bitter-dregs of life ;  
who see the beautiful, yet feel it not ; who can go  
forth and look on nature in its loveliest form, and

\* heed not, for the suffering of their hearts, its beauties.

In yon low cot there is a scene of suffering. Death has marked for its prey one of its wretched inmates, — *a slave*. The “angel of death” has come to bear away to heaven one whose only happiness here was to *dream* of that *blessed land*. She looked abroad upon the face of nature, and then bade her companions, ere she died, a sad farewell.

“The hour has come, — I feel it; yet I do not dread to go. And now once more I would look upon the face of nature. It seems as though I could enjoy its beauties now. I have looked on nature when it was most beautiful, yet that beauty had not power to touch my heart. I have seen the purest wild-flowers grow, and have sometimes thought that sweet lessons might be gathered from their opening buds; yet I have felt I had not the heart to gather them. I have heard the notes of the sweet songsters of the wood, and have loved them, too; they seemed so plaintive, so like the feelings of my own sad heart, that I have sat hours, and wept when they sang; and it seemed as though those burning tears did wash away some of life’s dreariness. Life has been dreary. Its sweetest hours have been sad to me. Had I been free, they would not have been thus. O, that I

might have been free! I would not ask that I might have been the favored child of fortune; I would have been content to suffer e’en to death, might I have been free. O, then I could have loved so well the pure, fresh air of heaven, the song of birds, and the sweet, blooming flowers; and they were dearer to my heart than anything, save my mother’s memory, and those sweet dreams of heaven I used to have. I remember, when a little child, that, ere they tore my mother from me, I did love her tenderly. But now I do not mourn that they have taken her away; for, had she been left, there would have been a tie to bind me still to earth. Now there’s nothing here I love. I do not hate the world, though it has done me wrong; and I rejoice that death is coming, — that sweet angel of peace. O, I have watched for him so long, and wished that he might come, that I might go to heaven, and learn what Freedom was. And there I shall learn. Seraphs and angels there will sing it in their praises, and heaven itself will echo with the sound.”

After the reading was finished, the conversation naturally fell into the prevailing tastes of the lady, who was the enthusiastic admirer of this poet, and that moralist, and who gave much greater evidence of ability and culture than her own

school-girl literature would seem to attest. Delicately and adroitly the clergyman led her into such a train of reflection as would induce her to view her past life, and gaze over her present condition; and finally asked her if she did not fear that she sometimes neglected her family duties for literary pursuits.

The idea had not entered her mind, though she had heard it from the lips of her husband many times. Her questioner led her on from step to step; told her that the education of her children, the culture of her family, was her noblest work; that the most beautiful poem she could write was on the young hearts and intellects of those whom God, in his kindness, had committed to her charge.

The poetess, who had lost the wife and the mother in the woman of literature, burst into tears; and, as soon as her husband entered, hurried to her chamber, and reviewed the whole conversation, and made resolutions of amendment for the future.

Long that night did Elwood Forester and Edward Devoll converse together, and they both retired to rest better and happier men. The former had infused much of his own earnest spirit into his friend, who from that hour was a changed man.

The next Sabbath morning was bright and beau-

tiful, and the Oxford church was more than usually full; and as Mr. Devoll ascended the sacred desk, he felt within him a high and holy purpose. The preliminary services were conducted with more than usual unction and earnestness. The text was not some obscure passage, such as was often preached from in that pulpit, but the beautiful words of John: "My little children, let us not love in word, neither in tongue, but in deed and in truth." The theme founded on this simple passage of the divine word was beautifully developed, and its practical teachings were argued with much force and propriety to the audience, which sat listening with the greatest interest. It was evident that a new vein of rich spiritual truth had broken into the soul of the preacher, and his auditors left the house wondering how they could ever be dissatisfied with a man who could preach so good a discourse. As the people passed along the streets towards their homes, various were the comments made on the sermon. Good Deacon Lamb, a man whose head was white, and whose now venerable form had been seen in the streets of Oxford for more than eighty years, whose life was a living commentary upon the excellence of religion, met another aged member of the church, and said to him, "Brother Balch, we have had an old-fashioned sermon to-day, such as

you and I used to hear in the days of the old patriarchs who have all gone."

"Yes, yes," was the reply; "our minister has evidently been baptized in the holy fires of love, for he speaks like a man who has had communion with the Holy Ghost."

"We must not let him leave us; where could we get his like?"

"Leave us! no. That would be one of the greatest calamities we could meet with. He *must* stay with us."

John Humphrey, a shrewd, driving and somewhat wealthy merchant of Oxford,—a man who, though not a Christian, was a very amiable man,—met Mr. Haskins as he was leaving the steps, and, clapping him on the shoulder, said: "Well, Haskins, the parson has given some good preaching to-day."

"First-rate — tip-top."

"Such preaching is enough to make you and I Christians."

"O, not much hope of that; we drive business too hard."

"I'll tell you what I have been thinking about this afternoon."

"About shaving a note to-morrow, I suppose."

"No."

"Well, about selling that lot of sugar you have on hand."

"No."

"Well, I can't guess, but I do not believe it was anything serious, for you and I, business men, are not overburdened with religious convictions, and serious impressions."

"You may not be, but you must not judge others by yourself. However, it was nothing serious that I was thinking about."

"Well, out with it at once."

"I propose to make Mr. Devoll a present."

"Well, make it; nobody will hinder you."

"I design to converse with others about it, and see if we cannot raise a little sum of money for him."

"Why, is he starving?"

"No, I presume not; but he is living here on a small salary, and must have trials and perplexities, and we ought to do something for him."

"Perhaps so."

"Certainly so."

"Well, how will you get at it?"

"I will write a paper, and hand it to Jacob Haskins to head it with the trifling sum of twenty-five dollars."

"Ah, that is your game, is it? And how much will you give yourself?"

"The same, though I am not half so rich as you."

"How much do you propose to raise?"

"Five hundred dollars."

"Good luck to you!"

The paper was drawn up, and headed by Jacob Haskins, Esq., a rough but honest man; and the five hundred dollars was early raised and handed in to the minister, who received it with a great degree of stupor, such as he had never experienced before.

From that time the preaching in Oxford was changed. It might not have been so learned as before, but it was more effective. There were no Latin or Greek quotations, but plenty of plain, honest English; few flashes of fancy, but much sober good sense. The discontented ones were satisfied, and, in a few Sabbaths, a new feeling came over the people. They no longer slept in the house of God, but were interested and benefited. The minister's debts were paid, and he had a few hundred dollars on hand, which he invested in a profitable manner. A weight was removed from his spirits, and he was a new man.

In his family there was a change. His wife had listened to the calm, and what seemed to her, at the time, the somewhat impertinent advice of Mr. Forester. She had listened to his statements, and

had her eyes opened to the folly of her course. The results were soon seen. The parsonage assumed a more cheerful aspect; the children were better educated; the heart of the minister was lighter, and the whole parish wondered what new spirit had descended on the home of the pastor and his companion. About a year after this, Mr. Devoll wrote to his friend Forester, as follows:

"Oxford, Sept., 18—.

"DEAR FRIEND AND BROTHER: I have hardly seen you since your very fortunate visit at my house, months ago. But you have been in constant remembrance, for the effects of your visit are perceptible in my people and in my family. You was the means of raising a load from my soul, which had hung upon it for many weary months. I was accustomed to look upon the shady side of life, and, like our mutual friend, Edward Vernon, was continually gloomy and misanthropic. But you taught me kindly to look at life as it is; and I have risen as from a trance, to feel my soul nerved for its holy mission. I have learned how to be practical, and have thrown away the mysteries, for common sense; and I believe my people understand and appreciate me. A wonderful change has come over the parish. The little children, even, appear more interested in me; and

the old men look up to me on the Sabbath with eyes filled with tears. I am following out the maxims which in college I despised, but which I see plainly, now, have been the basis of your success.

"In my family, too, there has been a change. I have a wife, and my children have a mother. My wife, a woman of good sense and real affection, but almost spoiled in the seminary, by the foolish notions inculcated by her teacher, has become my helper. You was faithful to her, and her unbounded confidence in your judgment led her to reverse her course and change her life. We now have a happy home, a contented parish, and bright prospects for the future. Come again, not to rebuke and advise, but to rejoice with us, and to receive our thanks for your kindness.

"I give it up, Elwood; you know how to get along best in life. I have studied books, and you have studied men; your knowledge is most valuable. I give it up; I am the best linguist, the best mathematician, the best metaphysician, and you are the most of a MAN.

"But I am talking in the vein in which we used to converse in college, where ambition held out its laurels, and where unholy emulations urged us to a sinful competition.

"EDWARD DEVOLL."

Mr. Devoll is pastor at Oxford now. His people, while they know that he does not excel as a rhetorician, love the man for his profound arguments and his many virtues; and the day seems to be far distant when any one will tell him that his "usefulness is done."

## CHAPTER XX.

### DEATH OF LITTLE SAMMY.

The little crib is empty  
Where oft I 've seen thee lie,  
So beautiful in thy deep sleep,  
Emblem of purity;  
And, O, how silent is the place  
Where late I heard thy voice  
In gleeful shout or merry laugh,  
Making my heart rejoice !

Thy playthings lie around me —  
The silent rattle here,  
Gay toys and picture-books are there  
Ah, sure, thou must be near !  
Thy tiny pair of half-worn shoes,  
Thy life-like frock of red,  
Thy whistle, hat, and favorite whip  
Sweet baby, art thou dead ?

My trembling hand encloses  
Thy bright and clustering curls ;  
Millions of gold can't buy them,  
Nor India's gems or pearls :  
'Tis all that 's left to mortal sight  
Of thee, sweet baby, now ;  
O, holy Father, teach my soul  
Submissively to bow !

THE family of Mr. Forester had now increased

to seven persons, including himself and companion. The younger of these, a bright, beautiful boy, was named Samuel Newell, for one of the pious missionaries who early laid down his life on the altar of fidelity to God. As the youngest child, Samuel was the object of much attention, and was the pet of his parents. One day, as the minister returned from his duties abroad, his wife met him with an anxious look.

"What is the matter ?"

"Sammy has the croup !"

"Where is he ?"

"In the nursery."

"How long has he had it ?"

"A few minutes."

"Let me see him."

The lady led the way to the nursery, where the little fellow was sleeping in the arms of the nurse. Mrs. Brayton was at work, applying the usual remedies. The doctor, who had been sent for, soon arrived, and at once saw the necessity of using extra medicines. A few minutes had allowed the disease to make fearful havoc with that young child, who, as his father entered the room, stretched out his arms towards him, hoarsely crying, "Father, father."

"What do you think of him, doctor ?" said the minister.



"A bad case."

"What can you do for him?"

"I will do the best I can, but the croup is a terrible disease."

All that night Sammy lived, growing worse and worse each hour. Again, and again was the father driven from the bed-side, unable to witness the terrible struggles of his child; while the mother, like an angel of mercy, hung over the couch, wiping the sweat from the brow of her child, watching every breath, and administering to its want.

The next morning came, but it brought no smiles of hope to that afflicted family. The father bowed heavily in prayer: "If it be possible, let this cup pass from us; nevertheless, not my will, but thine, be done." He found that, after having given consolation to others, it was hard to apply those consolations to his own case. The mother was more calm; she heeded not the other children, as they sported before her, or stood trembling at the contortions and distress of "brother dear," as his breath choked, and his race came to a close. Ah! a mother's love! How does it hold out in times of distress, and how fearless it is in the dark night! Who does not love to remember his mother?

"That gentle hand I ne'er forget  
And now, though time has set

His frosty seal upon my brow,  
These temples feel it yet."

Little Sammy died at noon, and there was sorrow in that abode, and throughout all the families of the church. The funeral was attended by a host of sympathizing friends, who loved the child for the sake of the parents. A neighboring minister was called in to address the people, and offer a petition to God, for his consoling grace. Many and kind were his words:

"It is well with the child," he said, "was the language of a sorrowing mother, who had just been bereaved of a beloved son. That mother was a godly woman, and trusted in the watchful care and providence of her heavenly Father; and when He had taken her child, she had no murmuring word to utter, no murmuring thought to express. She bowed, in her grief, to 'Him who doeth all things well.'

"*Your* child is gone; *your* home is desolate, and there are sad echoes around your mourning hearts. Each place, each nook, each scene, reminds you of him, your fondly-loved and early-lost child.

'His place around your hearthstone,  
His seat now vacant here,  
His merry laugh so gleesome,  
All bring the bitter tear.'

"But can you regret that God should take your child? Were you in abject poverty, and some kind man should come to your door and give food to your children, propose to educate them in all the splendor of royalty, you would let them go; it would prove you narrow, selfish and cruel, to keep your children in a hovel, in ignorance, in want, when they might be well provided for, and educated, and honored. You would let them go, though it might grieve you to part with them. You would sacrifice your feelings to their welfare, and, though you knew you should never see them again, you would bless the hand which was leading them away. However much you might love your children, you would not stand in the way of their advancement. Now, in this same manner has God acted toward the child which you have lost. As he looked down from heaven, he saw you were unable to make your little one happy, unable to supply its wants; and that you would keep it only for a life of anxiety and care. He took the child away in wisdom, and it is now enjoying the society of sainted spirits around the throne.

"Nor is this all. By an unfortunate combination of circumstances, we are all under the influence of sin. Our first responsible acts are sinful, and we grow up averse to God and a holy life. Many of the human family become very wicked

break over all restraints, and almost rival Satan in iniquity. Not content with being sinners, they covet the distinction of being the *chief* of sinners. Now, the child whose death you mourn might have become extremely wicked. He might have become a drunkard, a Sabbath-breaker, a gambler, or a profligate. He might have been idle, indolent, vicious, and ended his life on the gallows. He might have smote the bosom that nursed him, the hand that fed him, and the heart that loved him. You shrink now from such a supposition. All the memories of your child are precious, and you have dreamed only of his growing up with a heart of angel goodness. But you have lived long enough, and seen enough of life, to know that other parents have had visions as bright as yours, and have had them dashed in a single hour.

"Besides, it will require no argument to prove that your departed infant has been wafted up to glory. Any other idea would be abhorrent to reason and revelation. The character of God, his plans and purposes, the teachings of the Saviour, and the great atonement, all are pledged to the precious doctrine of infant salvation. John, in the vision of Patmos, had a sublime view of an infant throng, who, standing on Mount Sion, joined in the grand chorus of the redeemed, and shouted, 'Glory to God, and the Lamb!' And 'I looked,

and lo, a Lamb stood on the Mount Sion, and with him a hundred and forty and four thousand, having his Father's name written in their foreheads. And I heard a voice from heaven, as the voice of many waters, and as the voice of a great thunder ; and I heard the voice of harpers, harping with their harps. And they sung as it were a new song before the throne, and before the four beasts and the elders ; and no man could learn that song but the hundred and forty and four thousand which were redeemed from the earth. These are they which were not defiled with women, for they are virgins ; these are they which follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth ; these were redeemed from among men, being the first fruits unto God and to the Lamb. And in their mouth was found no guile, for they are without fault before the throne of God.' ”

With these, and many other kind words, he comforted the hearts of the bereaved and stricken parents.

The death of Sammy made a chasm in that bright family circle, and long did the parsonage wear a mournful aspect. But the language of the young pastor was cheerful, and the heart of his wife was sustained by grace such as the world never conceived of. A letter written to her parents at the time was full of deep, far-reaching

faith, and abounded in many tender expressions of confidence in God. The death of the child was sanctified to both father and mother, and it was “ good for them that they were afflicted.”

## CHAPTER XXI.

### THE SINGULAR LETTERS.

He was a man scrupulously honest, devoid of selfish prejudice, who would trample the most desirable good beneath his feet if it came in a dishonorable way.

THE parish meeting of Park-place Church was at hand, and, just previous, several members of the church met and discussed the propriety of increasing the salary of the pastor, and the following conversation ensued :

*Dea. Brayton.* "I think it is a simple act of justice, and shall go for it with all my heart."

*Dea. Turner.* "So shall I. Our pastor has been the means of renting our pews, filling up the house, and increasing our income, and he should share in this prosperity."

*Mr. Skelton.* "I don't know. Mr. Forester has a very large salary now, and he ought to live on it."

*Dea. Turner.* "He does live on it, and he

does not ask an increase. But that does not affect the question of his just dues."

*Mr. Skelton.* "Well, I live on eight hundred dollars, and I do not see why the minister cannot."

*Dea. Turner.* "If he can, we have no right to force him to. He deserves a large salary, and ought to have it; and, if he does not want it for current expenses, let him give it away to benevolent purposes."

*Mr. Hammond.* "He gives now to every beggar that comes along."

*Mr. Edwards.* "He ought to lay up something. I think the minister has as much right to have a house, or a farm, as any other man; and a minister is unjust to his family if he does not lay up something for a rainy day."

*Dea. Brayton.* "Very true, Mr. Edwards."

It was generally settled that the minister should have an increase of salary, not because he asked for it, but because he deserved it, and the society was able to pay it.

The parish meeting was held, and the generous sum of five hundred dollars was added to the amount voted for supplying the pulpit, and not a voice was given against it. Even Mr. Skelton acted in the affirmative, and, when the vote was declared, Dick Hosmer clapped his hands for joy.

However, at an adjourned meeting, the proprietors of the house received a letter from the pastor, which read as follows:

*"To the Members of the First Parish in Camberwell, in Parish-meeting assembled :*

"GENTLEMEN : It is a circumstance which claims my thankful acknowledgments, and of which I hope ever to retain a grateful recollection, that while many ministers are constrained to ask, and perhaps ask in vain, for an increase of salary, the only request relative to a support which I have ever had occasion to present to you is that my salary may be diminished. Such a request, you will recollect, I made through the medium of one of the congregation at your last annual meeting ; but your kindness and liberality prevented you from complying with it. I now repeat that request in writing. The salary which you voted me at the time of my settlement is amply sufficient for my support ; for I can never consent to acquire wealth by preaching the Gospel of Christ. Permit me, then, respectfully, but earnestly, to request that the addition which you have so generously made to my salary may be used for some other purpose. That the Master whom I serve may repay all your kindness to his servant, is the first wish and most

earnest prayer of your deeply-indebted and grateful pastor,  
ELWOOD FORESTER." \*

The society was taken by surprise, and the pastor was firm. But the brethren were not to be out-done, and they from that time have voted a yearly donation to the pastor's wife of five hundred dollars.

Mr. Forester evidently made a mistake in writing this letter. His society was able to pay him a large salary, and, if he did not wish to lay it up, he should have used it for benevolent purposes. There is no fear that a society will be too generous with their pastor ; and, when they are so disposed, he should be the last to check their benevolent impulses.

About this time the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred on Mr. Forester, by Eton College. It was a title he did not desire, and which he felt would be cumbersome to him. Eton College had enjoyed his services, and shared his labors ; and the trustees, who were well aware of his standing as a Christian minister, without consulting him, gave him the title. The first intima-

\* This letter and the one which follows it will, in part, be recognized as the production of men who have stood high in the land. They are here put into the service of another

tion he had of it was from the pulpit of the village church, on commencement day. As his name was announced, he sank back further into the obscure corner where he had been concealed, and covered his face with both hands; and, as soon as convenient, hurried out of the house, and retired to Camberwell. On the next day he sent the following letter to the trustees of Eton College:

“CAMBERWELL, ———, 18—.

“*To the Trustees of Eton College:*

“GENTLEMEN: You have been pleased to confer on me the honorary title of Doctor of Divinity. I thank you for the kind design you had, and the cordial manner in which you expressed it. I am not insensible of the honor, nor of the weight of character required to wear it well. But, while I thus thank you, I must return the title, and reject your kindness. It is not fitting that a minister of Jesus should wear such a distinction. I fully agree with my friend Mr. Barnes, who says: ‘Jesus forbade his disciples to seek such titles of distinction. The reason he gave was, that he was himself their Master and Teacher. They were on a level; they were to be equal in authority; they were brethren; and they should neither covet nor receive a title which implied either an elevation of one above another, or which appeared to in-

fringe on the absolute right of the Saviour to be their only Teacher and Master. The command here is an express command to his disciples not to receive such a title of distinction. They were not to covet it; they were not to seek it; they were not to do anything that implied a wish or a willingness that it should be appended to their names. Everything which would tend to make a distinction among them, or destroy their parity, everything which would lead the world to suppose that there were ranks and grades among them as ministers, they were to avoid. It is to be observed that the command is, that they were not to receive the title. “*Be not ye called Rabbi.*” The Saviour did not forbid them giving the title to others when it was customary, or not regarded as improper (comp. Acts 26: 25), but *they* were not to receive it. It was to be unknown among them. This title corresponds with the title “*Doctor of Divinity,*” as applied to ministers of the Gospel; and, so far as I can see, the spirit of the Saviour’s command is violated by the reception of such a title, as it would have been by their being called Rabbi. It is a literary distinction. It does not appropriately pertain to office. It makes a distinction among ministers. It tends to engender pride, and a sense of superiority, in those who obtain it; and envy, and a sense of inferiority, in those who do not;

and the whole spirit and tendency of it is contrary to the "simplicity that is in Christ."

"Cherishing these views, I cannot accept the honor conferred upon me, and must request you to withdraw it, and my friends to withhold it.

"ELWOOD FORESTER."

Here was another mistake. The honorary title amounts to nothing, and there is more modesty in receiving it than in rejecting it; and it would have been far better to receive it, say nothing about and let it pass, than to formally reject it, and thus bring out the matter to notice. From that time to this Elwood Forester has been honored by the title; and, it must be confessed, has come to hear it prefixed to his name with no feelings of disapprobation.

## CHAPTER XXII.

### THE SABBATH-BREAKER.

With dove-like wings peace o'er yon village broods;  
The dizzy mill-wheel rests; the anvil's din  
Has ceased; all, all around is quietness.

AGITATING scenes will be found in all religious societies, and Park-place, though prospered to a wonderful extent, had its crooked, uncomfortable members, who would not rest. One day, it was announced that Hon. Mr. Upham, who had been a senator in the state legislature, would make Camberwell his residence; and in due time he arrived, purchased a fine residence, fitted it in a style of surpassing elegance, and moved into it with a showy, dashy family, consisting of his honorable self, Mrs. Upham, and three daughters, — Kate, Anna and Bell. Mr. Upham had retired from public life; had abandoned the bar, at which he was never very successful, and purchased a large saw and planing mill, with extensive water privileges, about two miles from the city, which, for want of a better name, we call the Clyde.

It was a matter of some consequence, to a few ambitious persons, where Mr. Upham went to church. He was a man of means, and his presence in certain positions was highly desirable. He received calls from several clergymen, who were very zealous in drawing him into their fold. Mr. Kendall, rector of Grace Church, was the first to ring the bell at Mr. Upham's residence. He was ushered in by a servant, and seated in a richly-furnished drawing-room. Soon the owner of the mansion entered, and, in a pompous way, inquired "to whom he was indebted for the *honor* of the reverend gentleman's visit."

Mr. Kendall replied, in an obsequious manner, much at variance with the real feelings of his heart, "O, I knew of your reputation, as a distinguished citizen, and called in to see you."

"Thank you, Mr. Kendall. Hope you will call often."

"How do you like Camberwell?"

"Well, thus far."

"Have you decided on a church to attend?"

"Not yet."

"Glad of it; I came in to give you an invitation to settle down at Grace Church."

"Grace Church, — Grace Church, — where is that?"

"But a few doors from you, in the next block."

"O, the church with a freestone front!"

"The same."

"Well, Mr. Kendall, though I think well of that people, I am not of that way of thinking. I am a ———, a regular old-liner."

"Ah, I did not know as you were fixed in your preferences."

"Most decidedly fixed."

"But I hope, before you decide, you will come in and see our church and people and hear — our — the organ."

"Thank you; maybe I will."

The rector here bowed himself out, with not very agreeable feelings.

The same day, Rev. Mr. Fletcher, of the Tabernacle Church, called. He had heard of Mr. Upham, and wished to make his acquaintance. He was a shrewder man than Mr. Kendall, and never asked a man to attend his meeting; but wherever he was, nobody ever seemed to know that there was any church in Camberwell but Mr. Fletcher's, or any minister but himself.

"Good-morning; welcome to Camberwell," said the minister, with a smile as bland as a ~~spring~~ morning.

"The same to you, reverend sir."

"So, you have come to live among us."

"Yes, to pass my days here."



"I shall be glad to hear that you are contented among us."

"I think I shall be; Camberwell is a pleasant place, and there are many fine specimens of architecture, and various other attractions."

"Certainly, sir; the *Tabernacle* is one of the finest Gothic edifices in the land."

"The people seem very courteous and upright."

"Yes; the *Tabernacle* society is the most pleasant to which I ever ministered. I have been settled twice before."

"I met, yesterday, with your mayor."

"Mr. Webster, — ah, yes; the *Tabernacle* people urged his claims strongly."

"Have you resided here long?"

"Several years; the *Tabernacle* folks are fond of permanency."

"I am struck with a peculiar feature of your city."

"What is that?"

"The people are mostly young."

"True; the *Tabernacle* congregation is mostly made up of young men."

"The young form the bone and sinew of our country, but I love to see a white head in the house of God."

"Everybody who comes to the *Tabernacle* is struck with the venerable appearance of some of

our people. Our six deacons are aged, and several venerable forms sit bending forward to hear the word."

"Yes, yes."

"Well, Mr. Upham, I never ask a man to come to the *Tabernacle*, but of course you will look round, and make up your mind for yourself; but it's generally understood that men who wish to take a high position here attend church at the *Tabernacle*."

"It is not my aim to stand high."

"Truly not; but we all love to."

"We may," dryly retorted the senator.

The minister departed about as well satisfied as was the rector. Mr. Upham had heard of Elwood Forester, and, being of the same communion, had decided pretty fully to attend his church; so the next day he went to the trustees to secure a pew. Deacon Turner was chairman, and with him personally the wealthy man commenced conversation.

"Good-morning, Deacon Turner."

"Good-morning, Mr. Upham."

"I have come to Camberwell."

"So it seems."

"And I want a pew in your church."

"A whole pew?"

"Certainly; I don't want to be crowded in with everybody."

"You can't get a whole pew, for love or money."

"I must have one."

"You can't hire one."

"What must I do?"

"We can accommodate you with two seats in one place, two in another, and one in another, as you want five in all."

"Well, if that is the best you can do, I must put up with it, though I speak for the next whole pew which is vacated."

Mr. Upham next called on the minister of Park-place Church, to whom he introduced himself with the salutation, "I have a letter from the sister church in Hoxton, and wish with it to unite with your church."

"I will examine the letter, and lay it before the committee."

In due time the letter was received, and Mr. Upham became a member of Park-place Church. He soon secured a whole pew, had it richly furnished, and cut quite a dash in Camberwell. It was not long before he proved himself to be a vain, conceited man, who loved to exhibit himself, and who was not satisfied unless he could have his own way. He had manifested a troublesome disposition in several instances, and was evidently a person whose absence was a greater security than his company.

One Sabbath morning, Mr. Forester had engaged to exchange with a neighboring pastor, and at an early hour walked out to the place. On his way he passed the extensive planing-mill of Mr. Upham, which he was astonished to see in full operation. The water-wheel was turning briskly, and the steam was puffing as spitefully as if it was not on the Sabbath day. On his return, the mill was in operation, as before, and the steam and the water, controlled by human hands, were at work with ceaseless vigilance. With grief and sorrow the faithful minister mentioned the matter to Deacon Brayton, who as highly disapproved the course of Brother Upham, and who agreed to see him. On the following day he called at Mr. Upham's house, just after dinner. The worthy man was reading the afternoon paper; but welcomed the deacon with great cordiality; for it must be said that, with all his faults, he was a generous-hearted man.

"I am told," said Deacon Brayton, after some other conversation, "that your mill was running yesterday."

"Yes."

"Do you often run Sundays?"

"Always."

"I am surprised to hear it."

"Perhaps so, but my fires never go out."

"But do you think it right?"

"Right, right, — what is there *wrong* about it?"

"Six days shalt thou —"

"Tush, tush!"

— "Labor, and do thy —"

"Did not Christ pluck ears of corn on the Sabbath?"

"Certainly he did, but that was a work of mercy."

"Well, I run my mill as a work of necessity."

"It cannot be."

"It is."

"How?"

"Why, if my fires should go out, I could not make a living."

"That does not undo the commandment."

"My men are rough creatures, who *will* work."

"You know the commandment: Thy man-servant, thy maid-servant, thy cattle, thy stranger that is within thy gate."

"Yes, but that was a Mosaic command."

"Yet in full force on us, — binding to the letter. The moral law has not been annulled. I do not know what the church would say, if they knew."

"What has the church to do with my business?"

"Nothing; but we have something to do with

your religious character, and your business affects your religious character."

"Deacon Brayton, if you will attend to your affairs, I will attend to mine."

This ended the conversation; Mr. Upham was determined to keep his mill going on the Sabbath, and Deacon Brayton was as resolutely resolved to represent the matter to the church. Mr. Forester also called, and pressed the conscience of his parishioner with truth on the subject, and was told at the close that he was meddling with that which did not belong to him, and might go about his business. Various attempts were made by the brethren to bring the erring man to his senses, but all in vain. He held out against their arguments and entreaties.

The pastor and deacon soon presented the matter to the church, for their action, and soon it was found that trouble was likely to grow out of the matter. Mr. Upham's book-keeper and two of his hired men were members of the church, and, though they did not work themselves, defended their employer. They, in turn, had their friends, and when the matter came up in church-meeting, Mr. Upham placed himself at the head of his party, and prepared to resist. He was a wealthy man, and had influence. He was linked in with various members of the church. One was his grocer, one was his

baker, one was his carpenter, and so he had quite a party in the church.

The church-meeting came, and the vestry was crowded with people. Deacon Brayton arose, after the meeting was opened, and remarked that he had a sad duty to perform; he came there with a serious charge against a brother member; and proceeded to detail the facts clearly, and solemnly. He paused.

Mr. Upham arose, and in a lawyer-like way began his defence. He admitted that his mill did run on the Sabbath, and defended it as a necessary thing; quoted scripture, appealed to facts, and made sundry hard hits at the various members who were opposed to him. "Here," he said, "if a minister exchanges, he does not hesitate to tackle his horse, and ride off ten miles, seen by the world; if a deacon wishes to see a friend, he does not hesitate to visit him; and the line cannot be drawn. Who shall say I have taken the step too far?"

Close remarks were taken on both sides, and the meeting adjourned for one month. During that month the erring man began to use all means to injure his minister. He did not hesitate to say he had no confidence in him; that he did not preach the Gospel, was always haranguing on Sabbath-breaking, rumselling or something else, and did not

preach the cross. He went from man to man, urging the necessity of a change of pastors, and using all his influence to divide the church. On Sabbath days his pew was occupied by one person, his daughter, Kate, who sincerely believed her father to be in the wrong, and who adhered to the pastor and the church. The difficulty was made worse by several ministers, who at once began to spread their nets for the rich and honorable Mr. Upham, ex-senator; and when the next church-meeting came, no one could tell how the matter would end.

At the opening of the meeting, Deacon Turner reviewed the case, and Mr. Upham and his book-keeper, Elbridge Clark, made long and windy speeches, in which the pastor was denounced, and open violations of the moral law defended. After all had been said, the pastor arose, and asked the deacons if they had anything more to offer. They replied in the negative. He then turned to Mr. Upham, and asked him and his friends if they had anything more to say. They also gave a negative reply. He then asked them if the church had neglected any of the usual disciplinary steps, and Mr. Upham at once professed himself satisfied with that part of the matter. The pastor then proceeded to lay down the Bible rule for the Sabbath; compared that rule with the

course of Mr. Upham ; replied to the objections of the erring brother, and demolished all his arguments, and made the case, which had been mixed up with many side issues, stand out clearly before the body. He then referred to the course of Mr. Upham, and his efforts to injure him personally, repeated his insulting remarks, and gave a view of the character of the man as it had been developed in the progress of the difficulty.

The members of the church were convinced, and many who came in purposing to vote for Mr. Upham resolved to vote on the other side ; and when the question was put, " Shall the hand of church-fellowship be withdrawn from Brother Upham, until he ceases to violate the Sabbath," nearly every response was in the affirmative, the only " nay " being from the lips of Elbridge Clark.

Mr. Upham arose, his lips white with rage, and shook his finger at the pastor, exclaiming, " You 'll be sorry for this ! " Then turning to the church, he said, " You have excluded me now ; I want letters of dismission for my wife and three daughters, who are members here. Elbridge Clark moved that the request be granted. Deacon Brayton thought the request had better be laid over for one month. Mr. Upham said it should not be delayed ; Deacon Turner said that was all in the hands of the church.

Just then, Kate Upham arose, and said, in a sweet, musical voice, " Against your custom, and perhaps against the scripture rule, a woman speaks in church. I implore you do not vote to dismiss me ; I am of age, and must act for myself. I wish to stay with Park-place Church. Here has my wounded heart found rest ; here have I met my blessed Saviour ; and, if it be so, I must leave father and mother, and come unto you." She sat down, and there was only one in that assembly whose cheeks were dry. Mr. Upham alone seemed unmoved. The request was laid upon the table.

\* \* \* \* \*

The scene changes from the church-meeting to the parlor of Mr. Upham. The daughter had reached home first, and sat with her Bible open before her, and hot tears chasing each other down her cheeks. The mother and the other daughters endeavored to draw from her the cause of her grief, for they had not been at the meeting. Just then Mr. Upham entered, and threw his hat and coat violently upon the table, and angrily drew on his dressing-gown, and began,

" Kate Upham, you are unworthy of the name you bear."

No answer.

" You have disgraced yourself, and me, and the whole family."

No answer.

"Now, unless you leave Park-place Church, you shall leave my house; and I give you till to-morrow morning to decide."

"What has she done?" asked Mrs. Upham, bursting into tears.

"What is the matter?" cried Anna and Bell, in one breath.

An explanation ensued, and Mr. Upham found he was not so strong at home as he supposed. Mrs. Upham said, "I cannot leave the church."

"You must, — you shall!" was the rejoinder.

"I can't," said the gentle Anna.

"I won't," added the impatient, high-spirited Bell.

Midnight came, and the family were still up. Kate, Anna and Bell, held out; the mother gave in; and it was decided that the father and mother should go to Grace Church, and that the daughters should remain where they were. The family divided, and Park-place was at peace again. The three lovely daughters, so different from their father, are more valuable to the congregation than the whole family was before, and none but Elbridge Clark regrets the absence of Hon. Mr. Upham.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

KATE UPHAM.

Though fools spurn Hymen's gentle powers,  
We, who improve his golden hours,  
By sweet experience know  
That marriage, rightly understood,  
Gives to the tender and the good  
A paradise below.

KATE UPHAM, whom we have seen in a previous chapter, was a frequent visitor at the parsonage. She was Mrs. Forester's companion in acts of charity and domestic duties, and she was endeared to the pastor and his wife by many acts of kindness, and by many noble traits of character. One day, she came into the nursery, where the pastor's wife was attending to her duties, and, with a brighter flush than usual on her beautiful cheek, said, "O, I have some news to tell you."

"And what may it be?"

"It may be that the Dutch have taken Holland, but it an't."

"Whatever it is, it seems to elate you."

"Not at all," said Kate, with a blush.

"Well, out with it; suspense is dreadful."

"Why it is—is—simply that Kate Upham has had an offer of marriage."

"Indeed!"

"Well you say indeed; for who ever heard the like?"

"But, Kate, who has made you the offer?"

"Guess."

"I cannot."

"You must."

"Well, at a venture, I say Elbridge Clark; he has been haunting you for two years."

"No."

"Ned Clapham, the banker, who wears spectacles with no glasses in them."

"No."

"George Brayton, one of the best young men in Camberwell."

"No."

"That Dr. Somebody—who is it?—who went home with you from the circle last week."

"No."

"Then I must give it up. There are a dozen hovering around you, like sparks around a lamp."

"I suppose I must tell *you*; but, for the world, do not let Mr. Forester know. Last night, Oswald Morton, who has just had a call to the Westches-

ter Church, now vacant in the city, called, and offered me his hand and heart, and——"

"You accepted him, of course."

"Of course I did no such thing."

"Did you refuse him?"

"No."

"What, then?"

"I referred him to papa, and consented to take the matter into careful consideration."

\* \* \* \* \*

In about three months, Kate was married to Oswald Morton by Mr. Forester, and the young couple settled down with the church in Westchester-street, which of late had experienced many changes, not greatly for the better. The wives of the two ministers were warm friends, and the churches were thoroughly united with each other. Kate makes one of the best of wives, and assures Mrs. Forester that she has one of the best of husbands,—equal to Mr. Forester, her pattern of perfection. The feelings of Mr. Upham are considerably softened towards Mr. Forester, and he is often seen in Park-place Church, in the pew occupied by Bell and Anna, both of whom are married to eminent merchants of Camberwell, and members of the church.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

### THE CONVENT ESCAPE.

One Priest alone can pardon me,  
Or bid me "Go in peace ;"  
Can breathe that word, "Absolvo te,"  
And make these heart-throbs cease.  
My soul has heard this priestly voice,  
It said, "I bore thy sins — rejoice !"  
1 Pet. 11 : 24.

He showed the spear-mark in his side,  
The nail-print on his palm ;  
Said, "Look on me, the Crucified, —  
Why tremble thus ? Be calm !  
All power is mine, — I set thee free, —  
Be not afraid, — 'Absolvo te.'"  
Isa. 14 : 22.

In chains of sin once tied and bound,  
I walk in life and light ;  
Each spot I tread is hallowed ground,  
Whilst him I keep in sight  
Who died a victim on the tree,  
That he might say, "Absolvo te."  
1 John 1 : 7.

By him my soul is purified,  
Once leprous and defiled ;  
Cleansed by the water from his side,  
God sees me as a child ;

### THE CONVENT ESCAPE.

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No priest can heal or cleanse but he,  
No other say, "Absolvo te."  
Matt. 8 : 3.

He robed me in a priestly dress,  
That I might incense bring  
Of prayer, and praise, and righteousness,  
To heaven's eternal King ;  
And when he gave this robe to me,  
He smiled, and said, "Absolvo te."  
Zech. 3 : 4, 5.

In heaven he stands before the throne,  
The Great High-priest above ;  
"MELCHISEDEC" — that name alone  
Can sin's dark stain remove ;  
To him I look on bended knee,  
And hear that sweet "Absolvo te."  
Heb. 8 : 1.

A girded Levite here below,  
I willing service bring,  
And fain would tell to all I know  
Of Christ, the Priestly King ;  
Would win all hearts from sin to flee,  
And hear him say, "Absolvo te."  
1 John 2 : 1.

"A little while," and he shall come  
Forth from the inner shrine,  
To call his pardoned brethren home ;  
O, bliss supreme, divine !  
When every blood-bought child shall see  
THE PRIEST who said, "ABSOLVO TE."  
Heb. 9 : 28.



AMONG the Park-place families, at the date of Mr. Forester's ordination, was that of Mr. Crowninshield, a merchant of opulence, and a man of sincere piety. He had a wife and one daughter, a fine girl of about eighteen years of age. This daughter had, in company with the family of an uncle, spent about two years in Europe, — much of the time in the city of Rome.

Near Camberwell, on Mount Pleasant, stood a convent of the Sisters of Charity. This convent was under the control of the Catholic bishop and his priests. A school was held in connection with this convent, to which many persons of Protestant faith sent their children to be educated; and many of whom were induced to take the veil, and become nuns.

On the return of Helen Crowninshield, or "Nell," as she was called, the directors of the convent called on her father, and wished him to send his daughter to the Catholic school. For some time the old man steadily resisted; but a young priest, whom we shall call Father Fitzhazel, had seen the young girl, and had found the way to her heart, and persuaded her to second the wishes of the church. Having become habituated to the sight of priests, and feeling herself secure against the wiles of the Romish faith, she urged her father to allow her to attend school at the convent. "At

length he yielded, but with some forebodings, and his daughter went to board at the convent. So much secured, Father Fitzhazel set to work to induce her to become a nun, in which effort he was seconded by several Roman Catholic ladies. It is needless to state by what specious falsehoods and by what subtle schemes the priest succeeded in winning the young girl over to his purpose. At the end of one year, the accomplished victim announced to her parents her purpose to give herself to the church. No argument, no entreaty, could shake her resolution. Mr. Forester reasoned with her, and her parents pleaded with her; but she persisted in her course, and soon took the customary vows, and disappeared from the view of the world, into a prison kept by priestly jailers. Her parents, crushed and broken-hearted, were laid in the grave side by side, within six months, and the daughter came not forth to see them. Mr. Forester sought many times to see her, and especially at the time of the death of her mother, but was repulsed by the priests, who told him that the recluse did not wish to have any conversations with him. Letters written to her by friends and relatives were never answered, and all efforts to learn her condition were unavailing.

The convent on Mount Pleasant was a large, gloomy, brick edifice, surrounded with a handsome

garden, enclosed within high brick walls. The gates were always kept locked, and no person could come in or go out without the notice of a watchful porter. In the stone walls, at a distance of one hundred feet from each other, were round holes, covered with iron bars, and now and then the face of a man, or a sentinel, would be seen peeping through.

One day, Mr. Forester, weary with the noise and confusion of the crowded city, had wandered forth into the country; and, on his return, took a road which led him along beneath the walls of the convent on Mount Pleasant. As he moved slowly along, meditating on themes which the place and the hour were calculated to suggest, a note, tied to a stone, fell at his feet. He took it, and saw that it was directed in pencil-lines to himself, and at once concealed it about his person. Anxiety to learn its contents would not allow him to reach his own house before reading it; and, after getting at a safe distance from the convent, he opened the note, which read as follows:

“MR. FORESTER: I saw you coming. Be here to-morrow evening, at eight o'clock, and I will throw a paper over the wall. I am a prisoner here.  
HELEN CROWNINSHIELD.”

At eight o'clock, on the following evening, he

was on the spot, and soon a heavy package was thrown over the wall. He seized it, and hurried back to the city; and, sitting down in his study, read the following

NARRATIVE.

“Two years have elapsed since I took the veil which shut me out from home and the friendships of life. When, a while before, I came to this convent to school, I had no idea of ever embracing what is miscalled a religious life. But I was no sooner here than means were taken to bring me into a position from which the Romish church appeared to be the most spiritual and elevated body on earth. Everything seemed sacred, and an air of hallowed sanctity rested on every rite which I saw practised. But I had seen the church at her own capital, and had become aware that she was a base hypocrite; and, though the religious aspect of the convent swayed my feelings, my judgment remained unconvinced; I was not a Catholic. At length, I began to receive visits from Father Fitzhazel. That wonderful man, from the first time I ever saw him, has not ceased to exert a most powerful influence over me. His first few visits at my room at the convent were short, and a religious life was not mentioned. He gave me directions about my studies, and laughed

and talked like an old, familiar friend. He seemed to lay aside entirely his priestly character, and entered into my literary pursuits with the greatest zeal. But a few years older than myself, of engaging personal appearance, and having fine conversational powers, his visits were exceedingly agreeable, and each evening I looked for his arrival with much pleasure.

"The first time he ever introduced the subject of a convent life, was one evening on which raged a terrific thunder-storm, which seemed to shake the solid walls of the convent. Filled with fear, I drew nearer than usual to the priest, and almost clung to him for protection. He calmed my fears; was placid and serene as a summer morning, while I was exceedingly terrified. The storm passed away, and the moon came forth in wonderful beauty; and, as we looked out upon the night, I asked Father Fitzhazel how he could be so calm in such dreadful hours.

" 'Our religion gives security, my sister,' he said. Everywhere else, and at all other times than on the occasion of these visits to my room, he addressed me as his 'daughter.'

" 'I wish I could be calm.'

" 'You can, if you will.'

" 'How can I?'

" 'Give yourself to the church.'

" 'No, Father, I am too gay for that.'

"One word led to another, and long did we sit conversing on the subject of a religious life. The lamp burned low, and the priest departed. I retired to rest with my faith shattered, my nerves unstrung, and my resolution gone.

"The next night Father Fitzhazel came again, and seemed determined to follow up his advantage; and, when he left me, I was committed to the church. I need not tell—I should blush to tell—the means he used, and how I wronged myself. Enough to say I had taken a fearful leap, and could not return. I was not what I was before. The caresses of the priest had effected what his argument had failed to accomplish.

"I announced my intention of becoming a recluse to my dear parents, and God only knows the anguish of my heart at the sad separation which took place. I became a nun, and my friends deserted me. From my parents I have heard nothing from that hour. I have written to them repeatedly, but my letters are unanswered. I have sent messages by Father Fitzhazel, but they have declared me an outcast, and have denied me a home, even if the church would allow me to escape. The world has turned its back on me, and I on it.

"I took the veil, — misled, blinded, deceived, —

and turned from the chapel where the ceremony was performed to a secret chamber, where the usual instructions were to be given. Conducted by a nun, I was taken through a long corridor, to a room which I had never entered before. The nun carried me forward, and bade me kneel at the feet of the Superior, who sat on an elevated seat at one extremity of the apartment. How long I kneeled I do not know, but to me it seemed an age. At length I was commanded to rise, by a voice so stern and severe that I burst into tears as I arose.

“‘The senses must be crucified,” said the Superior, in the same stern voice; and, at her bidding, a nun, whom I learned afterward was called Sister Mary, forced me to my knees. This time I was compelled to remain in this posture longer than before, and, knowing the discipline to be on account of my tears, I schooled myself into an apparent want of feeling, and when commanded to rise did so without emotion. My rich dresses were then taken from me, and I was clad in coarse but clean garments, and my hair was nearly all cut off. As I saw my tresses, which I deemed so beautiful, hewed and hacked to pieces by the relentless Sister Mary,—a coarse Irish girl, who seemed to be the tool of the Superior,—I wept again. A nod from the Superior, and I was compelled to fall upon my

face, and remain so half an hour. When this penance was completed, I was conducted to my cell. This was a little room in the third story of the building, lighted by a window in which were four squares of glass, across which stretched several iron bars. The bed was of the meanest kind, and not altogether cleanly; and the whole apartment was far different from the neat, tidy rooms allotted to the boarding pupils, one of which I was, only yesterday.

“Sister Mary, as she left me, gave me the welcome information that I was exempt from all services until the next morning; and no sooner had she left me, than I fell on the floor and wept myself to sleep. My dreams were troubled; sad visions filled my soul while sleep held me in its embrace, and I awoke long before day, only to feel the most sad forebodings.

“I pass over the first six months of my slavery. My name was taken from me, and I was called Sister Agnes; my time was filled up with useless religious ceremonies, such as midnight prayers, and daily and hourly howlings and mimeries. The severest penances were imposed upon me for the most trivial faults; whole nights have I been compelled to kneel in the Chapel of Our Lady before the altar; the very dust of my cell have I

licked with my tongue like a dog, and my flesh and beauty have wasted away.

"I had not been here a week before I was heartily sick of the place, and, in six months, I had fully determined to escape. Father Fitzhazel, whom I at first believed to be a saint, now appears to me like a fiend. His real character has been discovered, and I abhor him. He is my confessor, and he holds my soul in his grasp. My purpose to escape was discovered soon after it was formed, and ever since my discipline has been more severe, and the approaches of Father Fitzhazel more insulting. I could tell you of dreadful scenes which have been witnessed in this place; but it may not be safe for me to write them. I could tell of groans which have sounded at midnight from the room beneath my own; of silent and sad funerals we have had here, of which there are sad rumors among the nuns; of priestly debauchery within these walls. I could tell of crimes, of woes, but I must not.

"I have planned an escape for to-morrow night. Thrice have my purposes been thwarted, and cruel whippings have been my fate; I try again, and, O, if I do not escape, appeal for me to the civil authorities, that they may set me free. I hope to reach your home to-morrow night, at midnight; and, though I have written several times to you,

and you have not answered, yet I hope you will take me in, and assist in reconciling me with my parents.

HELEN CROWNINSHIELD."

The next day passed, and the evening came, and the family of the minister were in anxious expectation. Mr. Forester was sometimes almost persuaded to secure legal assistance, but wisely deferred to see what the night would unfold. Midnight came, and there were no signs of the young woman. The clock struck one—two. About half-past two the door-bell rang violently, and the nun fell fainting upon the floor. The door was scarcely closed ere two men cautiously passed down the street, looking anxiously in all directions, as if in search of some fugitive.

\* \* \* \* \*

Daylight came, and of all the friends who knew Nell Crowninshield before her incarceration not one would have known her now. She gave the particulars of her stay in the convent, in which many a sad incident mingled, and narrated the manner in which she had escaped. She had bribed the porter to leave the gate open, on pretence of having a sister who wished to commune with her; and, at a convenient moment, in as much disguise as she could assume, she started for the city. She was not a quarter of a mile from the enclosure,

when the alarm-bell of the convent was rung, and, as she turned and looked back, lights were seen flashing in every direction in the garden. Once or twice the pursuers were very near her, and she avoided them by turning abruptly into lanes and alleys, with which she was more familiar than were her enemies.

Deep was her grief when she found her parents were dead — had died of grief, without receiving her letters of penitence; and sad were all her friends at the melancholy wreck which had been made of a once beautiful woman.

During her incarceration Nell Crowninshield had indeed become a Christian. The tyranny and corruption, the duplicity and cruelty, of the Catholic church, had led her to the Lord Jesus Christ as her Saviour. Shut up in her cell, she had become a true disciple of the great High Priest, who gave his life a ransom for the sins of his people, and very soon expressed a desire to unite with the Park-place church. Mr. Forester communicated her desire to the church, and, on account of the peculiar circumstances, it was deemed best, though contrary to custom, that she should appear before the church in person, and relate God's dealings with her soul.

She came, and the vestry was crowded with people, among whom were many Roman Catholics. In

a clear voice and tone she related her religious convictions from childhood, explained how those convictions were turned towards the Romish church, and gave the date when she found hope in Christ. Before that tearful audience she stood and poured out the lessons of a full, deep, Christian experience, and declared how the light of mercy shone into her cell, and beamed upon the darkness of her affliction, and made glorious day around her, and how she said,

“Soul of mine,

Mourning in darkness thicker than the night,  
With clasped hands before an empty shrine,  
Give thanks — the heaven is opened — there is light!

“Rich and fair,

Glories of Nature home return to me —  
The calm serene that fills the violet air,  
The wondrous shading of the distant sea.

“Full and sweet,

On wings more light than ever spanned the air,  
The wondrous incense, for the altar meet,  
Descends once more unto my poet-share.

“Bright and grand,

Old pictures show, which, in my sad despair,  
I said, with aching heart and nerveless hand,  
God had denied to my beseeching prayer.

“Soft and slow,

Through all the chambers of my weary soul,  
I hear the blessed music come and go,  
And the low measures thrill me as they roll.

"Soul of mine,

*Shine in the light that breaks upon thee pure —  
Give back an answering flash ! the gem is thine ;  
Sing — and thy song shall teach thee to endure !*"

When her simple yet sublime narration was finished, the pastor asked her a few questions, more to get the truth before the minds of the Catholic portion of the assembly, than to satisfy his own mind.

"Do you believe in the forgiveness of sins?"

"Alas ! what hope could I have, but for the forgiveness of sins?"

"Who can forgive sins?"

"God only."

"Have you not confessed to priests?"

"In my weakness and folly, I have."

"To whom do you now confess?"

"To God alone, and hope for mercy through his Son."

"I lay my sins on Jesus,  
The spotless Lamb of God ;  
He bears them all, and frees us  
From the accursed load.  
I bring my load to Jesus,  
To wash my crimes and stains  
White in that blood most precious,  
Till not a spot remains."

"What value do you attach to the '*Absolvo te*' of a priest?"

"None."

The convert was received by the church, and is now a valued and faithful member, being employed during the week in teaching, and expending the fortune left her by her parents for the good of others. The convent still stands, and, for aught we know, Father Fitzhazel still lives, by his arts and devices to draw young, romantic girls into the veil of the Romish Church. The Lady Superior still sits on Mount Pleasant, doing her work of corruption ; and no law has yet been made which will open the doors of her brothel, or save from destruction the victims of her false and hateful faith.

## CHAPTER XXV.

### DEATH OF DEACON HOBSON.

The dear old friends of early time,  
Hearts round our hearts entwined,  
Have faded from us in their prime,  
And we are left behind  
To mourn,  
And we are left behind.

Pale stars, red sun, ye come again,  
For whom no hearts have pined ;  
We call our darlings back in vain,  
Still we are left behind,  
Alone,  
Still we are left behind.

O ! dear ones, teach us so to run  
Our race, in sun and wind,  
That we may win where ye have won,  
Though we be left behind  
A while,  
Though we be left behind.

WE have been introduced to Deacon Hobson. He was an old man, full of years, of a holy and gentle spirit. He was not an active man, for disease had laid its hand on him, and all through the

ministry of Mr. Forester he was suffering under the infirmities of old age. As he drew near to death, he sent for his minister, who came to see him, and received his dying testimony as to the value of a good hope through grace.

"You have come, Mr. Forester, to see an old man die."

"Yes ; but I trust death will be to you the gate of endless life."

"It will ; I have assurance of that."

"Then it is easy dying."

"Yes, O, yes !"

"Do you suffer pain ?"

"No ; the joy of my soul swallows up all pain."

"You can trust Christ now ?"

"Whom but him could I trust in an hour like this ?

'Jesus can make a dying bed,  
Feel soft as downy pillows are.'"

"Does the hope of heaven seem as sweet as when you were in health ?"

"Far more. I see heaven now, and have waves of glory rolling over my soul. The songs of angels are borne to my senses, and the harps of heaven make melodious music."

"Well, commit your trust to Christ, and he will



keep you. Never yet did he desert a soul in the struggle with death. He will be with you, and —"

"I know he will, — he is, he is!"

"He was with David, and Paul, and the blessed martyrs, and all —"

"And he is with unworthy me."

"And will be with you to the end."

"Yes, he said, 'Lo, I am with — you — *alway*.'"

The dying man here lay back, exhausted with the conversation; but he soon started up, and exclaimed, "Almost home!"

"Yes, almost," replied the minister.

The children were now called around the bedside, and were addressed as follows: "My children, my course is run; my lamp is almost out. Love each other; love God. You all profess religion; try to show to the world that you love it."

His wife, the companion of his youth, his middle age, and his declining years, now came forward, and he whispered in her ear, tremblingly, "I have loved thee on earth, I will love thee in heaven."

Then he clasped his hands, and sung:

"Now I lay me down to sleep,  
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;  
If I should die before I wake,  
I pray the Lord my soul to take."

For a long time not a word was spoken. The dying man breathed heavily, and now and then repeated, "Almost home!" At length he aroused again, and called Mr. Forester to his side. The minister hung over him, and heard him say, "Tell them — that — I died — well — happy. Tell them Christ was — with — me — poor me — a sinner. Don't forget to — say that I died — trust — trusting in Christ — not in myself."

Soon he called for his hymn-book, and asked his pastor to read the hymn commencing

"On Jordan's stormy banks I stand."

He then asked to have the eighth chapter of Romans read to him. In a rich, deep tone, broken by grief, the pastor read on slowly, letting each sentence fall on the ear of the dying man. He read to the declaration of the apostle: "He that spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all, how shall he not with him also freely give us all things?"

"True, true," cried the deacon.

The pastor read on: "For I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor —" A movement of the friends in the room arrested the attention of the reader. He looked toward the bed, and all was over, and the good man had gone to his long home.

Sincere was the grief of the church when it was known that old Deacon Hobson had departed from this life. "If there is a true Christian in the world, Deacon Hobson was one," was the common expression of all who knew him.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

### THE FUGITIVE.

When an injured people's cause  
Lies oppressed by lordling's might,  
When base, cringing, unjust laws  
Foster wrong and hinder right —  
Think upon the tiny drop  
Which will wear the rock away;  
In your efforts never stop —  
Though it now be dark, the day  
Soon will dawn, your hopes to cheer;  
Persevere, then, persevere !

ONE stormy night in February, 18—, the wind howled around the dwellings, and the snow drifted along the streets of Camberwell. The inmates of Park-place parsonage retired to rest earlier than usual, and as the pastor drew the curtains and closed the shutters, he said to his wife, "This would be a fearful night for a fire."

"Or to be out in the streets," added his wife.

"And yet some vessel may be on the coast, driven by the storms, or some friendless one may be roaming our streets."

"How happy we should be, and how grateful to God, that we are not exposed to danger !"

The evening prayer was more fervent, and the hearts of the worshippers were more thankful that night, on account of the storm raging around the dwelling.

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Sleep had settled down upon the city, and not a window gave forth a cheering ray. No sound was heard save the moanings of the storm. About midnight Mr. Forester was startled from his slumbers by a violent and twice-repeated ring of his door-bell. He hastened to the window, and asked what was wanted. A shivering creature, standing there, replied, "O massa, open de door,—for God sake, massa, let me in!"

"Where you from?"

"Can't tell, massa."

"Are you a fugitive slave?"

"Yes, no, massa; do let me warm me."

The door was open, and a negro, black as jet, came tremblingly into the house, half clad, and shivering with the cold. Mr. Forester asked no questions. He saw that the poor creature before him was in want, and his heart readily responded to the appeal made to him. Mrs. Forester, who had arisen with her husband, was heating some water, and preparing food, and soon the slave was devouring the articles placed before him, as if he had not tasted food for a month. Bread, meat,

fish, all went in the same direction, while scarcely a word was spoken. At length the repast was over, and the guest was taken to a close room and a warm bed, and the family again retired to rest. After being in silence awhile, Mrs. Forester said to her husband, "Did you not do wrong in taking that man in, and letting him retire, without questioning him more closely?"

"I think not."

"He may be an impostor."

"What impostor would come out in a night like this, and in such clothing?"

"But you might have questioned him."

"True, but I could not stop to question a man in his case. He wanted food, and I gave it; he wanted sleep, and he shall have it. My house shall be his castle till the morning, and then, if I find him worthy, I will furnish him with means to pursue his way to the North Star."

"Perhaps you are right; but suppose—"

"Suppose what?"

"That he be an impostor, and arise in the hight, and —"

"Pugh!"

"Well, he might —"

"Might what?"

"Kill us all."

"Folly!"

"Such cases have happened."

"But where there has been some inducement to kill; there is none here."

"You don't know."

"Why, we have no silver worth stealing, and, — but it is no use to talk. You are getting fidgety; so go to sleep."

The poor fugitive, for such he proved to be, had no disposition to disturb anybody, that night. He had travelled many a weary mile, and was now dreaming sweetly of freedom. In the morning he awoke at a late hour, and came down, trembling and fearful, and after eating a hearty breakfast, gave an account of himself as follows:

"He had been a slave in Virginia, owned and held by Col. Cuttle. His master was not very severe, but was accustomed to let him out by the day to other persons, and often to men who would shamefully abuse him. A few days before he ran away, he had been beaten most unmercifully, and the scars and fresh wounds, were still on his back. This whipping had induced him to run away, and in the cold night he had travelled on, hardly knowing where he went, until he arrived, late the evening before, in Camberwell. He had applied at a hotel, but, having no money, could not be admitted. He was afraid to go to the negro quarters, fearing he should be searched for. Late in

the evening, as he wandered up and down the streets, in passing a gun-shop, he saw, through the gas-lighted window, an agent of his master, a Virginian, whom he had often seen at home, purchasing a revolver. Two other rough-looking men were with him, and the poor slave rightly conjectured that he had been tracked to Camberwell, and was liable to be seized. So he waited till nearly midnight, and, at length, knocked at the door of a house, told what he wanted, but was driven away. Mr. Forester's was the fifth house at which he called, and, almost in despair, he would have died had he been again repulsed."

Just then the newsboy came along, and the Camberwell Gazette was thrown into the door while the slave was relating his story; and, on opening it, the eye of the minister fell on the following paragraph:

"A FUGITIVE. A run-away slave came into Camberwell during the day, yesterday, and was tracked by an agent of his master, who is now at the Revere house. He was seen in the evening by the agent, who was afraid to take him in so public a place. We hope the poor fellow will escape, but we fear the contrary."

The necessity of urgent means to save the poor fellow was apparent, and he was taken into a rear

room, a comfortable fire was made, and he was well clothed, and charged not to leave the apartment for any front window. The pastor then went to the Revere, where he soon saw the agent of the southern master. The fellow was sitting in a public parlor, conversing with a special policeman, who had been hired for the occasion, and who was ready for any deed of guilt and shame.

"I'll have him," said the agent, "if it costs a fortune."

"That's right; I glory in your spunk," replied the policeman.

"Do you think we shall have trouble?"

"Not much; the people of Camberwell bluster, but soon give up."

"Can't stand the fire, hey?"

"They have no pluck."

"But how shall we proceed? You know best about Camberwell."

"Wal, we had better have a few fellows to watch."

"S'pose we see him, will it be safe to arrest him?"

"O, arrest him for stealing."

"But he has n't stole."

"Wal, thunder, you can arrest him for it, and get him into the court-house, and he's safe."

"Ah, I see!"

"That we are accustomed to do. The abolitionists are easily gulled."

"Capital!"

"But about my pay?"

"You shall be satisfied, depend on that. Where do you suppose he is?"

"I don't know."

"Have you no inkling about it?"

"Wal, I have."

"Out with it."

"Why, I missed sight of him last night, right against the door of Parson Forester."

"Who's he?"

"One of the fanatics who stand in the way of law."

"Do you know him, personally?"

"No."

"Is he a large or small man?"

"I believe he is a small man, but tormented smart and wiry."

"We must look after him."

"That's a fact."

Mr. Forester thought he had heard enough, and hurried home to put himself and family into a position of defence. He had been in the house but a few minutes, when he saw the agent and the officer walking slowly by, and casting glances towards the house. As soon as they were fairly out of the way, he

ventured out to consult with friends, who advised an immediate removal to Canada. The slave was covered with a large cloak, and removed, by a back street, to the vestry of Park-place church, and that night was conveyed towards British territory.

Late in the evening, after the slave was safe, the agent and the officers were seen posting sentinels in all directions around the parsonage. One man stood in a little recess, directly opposite; one was put at a corner, and others in different places, shielded from observation. The minister was something of a wag, and determined to have a joke at the expense of these agents of slavery. So he sent out for Mr. Innis and Deacon Hendee to come in, and explained his plan. Mr. Innis was about the size of the fugitive, and could well personify him. So he was wrapped in a thick coat, his face covered, and the hat which the slave left was put upon his head. His hair was curly, and in the dark no one could tell him from the negro, who was lame, and whose lameness he was to imitate. They sallied forth, the minister on one side of him, and Deacon Hendee on the other. They had proceeded but a few steps from the door, when they heard a shrill whistle, and Mr. Innis cried out, "Massa, thar coming!"

A few steps forward, and six stout men confronted the trio.

"I am a police officer, and want to know who goes here," said the officer we saw in the morning.

"My name is Forester."

"Yes, we supposed so; but whom have you there between you?"

"You have no right to ask."

"I have."

"You have not."

"Come, come," said another; "don't put on any airs here, parson; if you do we'll take you to the lock-up."

"Well," said Mr. Forester, appearing to be alarmed, "it is Mr. — Mr. — Innis, a member of my congregation. We are taking him home."

A rude laugh followed this declaration, and the first officer replied, "Mr. Innis, is it? Well, I have a warrant for the arrest of Mr. Innis."

"For what?"

"For robbery."

"Come, come," said the agent, coming forward, "don't stop to parley any longer; take hold of him. We shall have an alarm soon."

The men did their duty, and seized the supposed fugitive and hurried him along to the court-house, thrust him into a dark room, locked the door, set a man to watch it, and went home.

In the mean while a writ was taken out, and when the six special policemen came together for

their pay, in the morning, they were all seized — a charge having been entered against them for false imprisonment, on behalf of Mr. Innis. The men were thunder-struck, and, on the door of the room being opened, Mr. Innis was seen sitting calmly at the window, and, as the police approached, he exclaimed, "Good morning, gentlemen."

"Fools! dolts!" cried the agent.

"Duped!" said the first officer.

"Thunder!" exclaimed all the rest; "we have arrested a white man."

The six men were taken before the police judge, and, being unable to procure bail, were committed for trial. They remained in jail about a week, and, it being generally supposed they had their due, they were liberated and discharged.

All said Mr. Forester's joke was a good one, though some thought it rather a funny one for a minister to play.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

### THE MINISTERIAL CONFERENCE.

I never saw an oft-removed tree,  
Nor yet an oft-removed family,  
That throve so well as those that settled be.

THE churches in the vicinity of Camberwell had formed themselves into a consociation, and the ministers were united in an informal ministerial conference. The object of this conference was mutual improvement; its meetings were held monthly; the services consisted of a free social discussion in the morning, and a sermon in the afternoon. The dinner, however, which cannot be said to be a part of the services, was a point of considerable importance, and over the table were bandied wit and humor, free discussion and kind debate.

One day the conference met with Edward Devoll, in Oxford, and the ministers of the whole region assembled together. At an early hour carriages of all descriptions, from the finely-decorated city cab to the plain country wagon, were seen

driving up to the door of the parsonage. The grave old man came, with his white cravat so stiffly bound around his throat, that his very countenance seemed to have assumed an expression of pain; the young, plain village preacher, with his cheek bronzed by the sun beneath which he had toiled, also came; and there, too, was the city preacher, with a nicer coat, but no more benevolent heart, — a softer hand, but no clearer head.

The conference having assembled, old Father Brighthopes was elected moderator. This worthy man was pastor of one of the churches in Cherterville, and was in life's decline. Long had he preached in that town, and his name was associated with almost every wedding, almost every civic celebration, almost every funeral, that had occurred for forty years. He was a patriarch among his brethren, and was esteemed by them as an elder who had ruled well in the church. His life was simple and his manner grave, and all who knew him loved him as a father and revered him as a patriarch. Many times had he been honored by being called upon to preside in their meetings, and control their deliberations. In his personal appearance he had a singular advantage. Well formed, straight and finely-proportioned, his figure in the pulpit was noble, and his manner dignified. Full, white locks fell upon his shoulders,

or floated in the breeze, and when addressing an audience his eye was lighted with startling brilliancy, and his whole manner was calculated to produce an effect upon an audience. His piety was undoubted, and his life unblemished, and, as his sweet, musical tones fell on the ears of an audience, his words seemed to be but the harmonious gush of a devout and holy soul.

Let us look into the room where this clerical company is assembled. The apartment is large, and comfortably furnished, and the members of the conference sit ranged around a large table, on which their books and papers are laid. Near Father Brighthopes sits Edward Devoll, pastor of the church in the village, with whose history we have become somewhat acquainted. Near him, leaning his head upon his hand, and gazing upon the venerable moderator, is Rev. Mr. Chester, of Bubbleton, a short, wiry-looking man, with a wild, rolling eye, and a sharp, severe countenance. Further along is Rev. Charles Holbrook, a tall, richly-dressed, and intellectual-looking young man, pastor of Downs-street Church, in a neighboring city. He has a book, and is eagerly reading the table of contents. Next to him, canted back in his chair, is Mr. Humphreys of Brookboro', a man on whose face is a look of honest, manly purpose. His eye sparkles with goodness, and his voice is



earnest, as he describes a new mill, which is being built in his town, and the operatives in which he expects will swell his congregation. The Edgefield minister, Rev. Mr. Williams, sits at the end of the table. His look is a sad one, for his church was burnt a short time before, and the ability of the people to build another is somewhat questionable. On the other side of the table, next to the moderator, sits a pale, careworn man, pastor of the church in Salem. His name is Edward Vernon. His coat is somewhat threadbare, his vest neatly darned and patched, and his whole appearance indicates a man who has seen trouble. Now and then he fetches a deep sigh, and his eyes are scarcely raised from the floor. He is a man who cannot bear up under trouble, but sinks when the waves of affliction come dashing against him. Beside him is Rev. Mr. Edwards, of Weston, the exact reverse of Mr. Vernon. He looks just as if he were ready for a joke, and the muscles of his mouth begin to twitch as soon as a clever remark is made. Elwood Forester stands looking out at the window; Dr. Langley lolls in an arm-chair, in a corner, and other ministers of the vicinity fill up the room.

The meeting is not open, and a brisk but random conversation is going on in the room. Two here are discussing the merits of a discourse re-

cently preached before the State Convention, on which there is a variety of opinions; two there are engaged in a political conversation, and both are on one side; two others, in another place, are dissecting an article from a learned professor, in the *Bibliotheca Sacra*. But now the moderator rises and says, "Order!" and at once all is still and every eye is turned toward the head of the table. The old man rises slowly and begins his speech, and all give audience.

"My brethren," says Father Brighthopes, "or rather my children,—for you are all in the morning of life, and younger than my dear boy, who now sleeps beneath the funereal cypress, would have been, had God spared him,—my brethren, I thank you for calling me to the chair; but sad thoughts oppress me while I take it. I seem to stand among you as a relic of a past time, as the part of a former history. You are all young, while age hangs on me, and I feel its influence. Those who started life with me are gone. The men who occupied the various pulpits with me, a long time ago, have all departed. This head has grown white, while theirs are laid to rest. I call them, but they come not; I pronounce their names, but they do not hear me, and I return to my home wondering when I shall die.

"In *our* times, the young days when the standard-

bearers lived, many evils which now prevail were not known. The preacher became pastor of the church, and lived and died with his people. He became identified with his church and congregation in all their interests, and was not a yearling, as some of our brethren now are. My heart has been affected by the changes which I have seen among the members of the sacramental host. Churches have been dismembered, useful ministers have been crippled, and endless injury done, by the frequent removals of clergymen from place to place. The spirit of change has come over us, and some of our churches are ordaining ministers every two years. Where this will stop none can tell; but it becomes us to cast our influence against the destructive habits of the churches whose fickle members demand such constant removals. I therefore propose that we consider to-day the causes of such a state of things, and the means by which a change can be effected."

The old man entered into the deplorable effects of frequent pastoral removals, and portrayed them before the minds of his younger brethren with great earnestness. They listened to him with much attention, and, when he sat down, a profound impression had been made on the minds of his auditors.

Edward Devoll was the first to break the silence

which succeeded the impressive speech of the moderator. "I think," he said, "that one frequent cause of the frequent pastoral changes is found in the fact that we do not adapt ourselves to the real wants of our hearers. We preach finely-written essays, and appeal to the intelligence of our hearers, and do not descend into their warm gushing hearts. I have had some severe experience in this, and have seen a discontented people, simply because I did not study their wants, but contented myself with preaching heavy, well-written, compact discourses on themes which had no personal bearing on the lives of my auditors. I made this great mistake, and my people as well as myself were disappointed in the results of my preaching. I had the reputation of being a *learned* man, but I was not a good minister of Jesus Christ. The error was pointed out to me, and I amended, and my prospect of permanency is bright and cheerful."

"O, you are an exception!" said Mr. Humphreys; "none of the rest of us will ever secure the reputation of *learned* men."

"And yet," replied Mr. Devoll, "I am convinced that much of the preaching of our times, though learned, eloquent, and truthful, is so much Dutch to our audiences. I know, for I have been a martyr to rules pounded into me by old Professor P——."

"Well, we can't remedy that," whiningly replied Dr. Langley. "We are just as we have been made."

"We can, we can," replied Devoll, with considerable vehemence. "I was a machine, and not a preacher, and the other day I burned a huge pile of sermons, which cost me years of toil, but which might well pass under the name of worldly philosophy, spun out, and Christianized."

"Good, brother Devoll, I will be your witness," good-naturedly remarked Mr. Forester.

"I think," remarked Mr. Holbrook, of Downs street church, that the pastoral relation is often broken up by a class of fanatics, who expect the minister to look through their spectacles at all the moral reforms of the day. Why, I have in my society a man named Bolton, who calls the church a 'brotherhood of thieves,' and who would tire the life out of a dozen ministers. Men of his stamp, who have more zeal than knowledge, and more sail than ballast, are unsettling ministers, and destroying churches. Brother Devoll lays all the blame to the want of practical common sense on the part of the clergy, while I lay the blame at the door of the uneasy, restless people in the church."

"Has Mr. Bolton troubled you of late?" asked Mr. Forester.

"Not much."

"Have you any others like him?"

"None."

"What do you do with him?"

"Let him alone."

"Does he let you alone?"

"No, that is the trouble. He is always at work doing mischief. He has been from church to church, and found rest nowhere."

"I have the opinion," pompously remarked Dr. Langley, "that the trouble grows out of a limited knowledge among the clergy themselves. Many of our ministers have never graduated at any college; they are unlearned men. The college-educated men never change much." The Doctor fell back in his chair, satisfied with this huge effort.

"May it not be," modestly asked Mr. Vernon, "that the ministry is changeable, and the settlements insecure, on account of the poverty which the churches compel the ministers to endure? I have been settled some time, and from the day of my ordination have been unable to pay my debts. Most of us are poor, and have hard fare from year to year. This I believe to be one cause, perhaps the greatest cause, of the frequent changes which ministers are making. Poverty is an irresistible argument."

He paused, and all present looked at him in pity, for every one knew he was pinched with want.

"Brother Vernon, you have touched a tender point," said Father Brighthopes.

"Ay, ay," responded Mr. Chester.

"He has, indeed," said Mr. Humphreys, with a sigh.

"But," asked Mr. Chester, "is there not a more significant reason why ministers are settling and unsettling almost every week?"

"There doubtless is," said the moderator.

"What is it?" asked Mr. Vernon.

"I could tell," said Mr. Forester.

"Well, one at a time, — order is Heaven's first law. Let brother Chester tell us what he considers as the chief cause of difficulty," said Father Brighthopes.

"I pronounce the evil of which we complain," said Mr. Chester, in reply, "to be the work of sour deacons."

"Sour deacons?"

"Yes."

"Ah! you have had a thorn in *your* side, friend Chester, have you not?" said the moderator.

"Surely I have."

"And is it out?"

"No."

"Is it a cause of present pain?"

"Yes, it is like the thorn which Paul had."

"But, I thought," said Mr. Forester, "that all Bubbleton deacons were men of god."

"They may be, for we read that the Lord is a man of war."

"But who troubles you so much?"

"O, my friend Arlington."

"What, the man who settled you?"

"The same."

"What is his trouble?"

"I have troubled his conscience."

"A good reason."

"For a bad man."

"Yes; but I thought he was your best friend."

"He was, for a time; he would have plucked out his eyes and given them to me; but he has changed."

"Well, a troublesome deacon is very bad," said brother Williams, of Edgefield; "but I think the evil which we all deplore is engendered by the extravagant expectations the people have of us. They can hardly allow us to be human. We must have India rubber lungs, and iron frames, and leathern feelings. They want us to study all the time, to visit all the time, and in a hundred ways make demands upon us, which are unreasonable

and improper. We fail to come up to the mark, and trouble ensues."

"Yes," said Devoll, "they expect a minister now-a-days to fill up an empty house, draw hearers from the four winds, and of the stones raise up children unto Abraham."

"True as the book," cried Mr. Chester. "I know by experience what you say."

"I have another reason to give," said Mr. Humphreys. "I think that a few quarrelsome members often succeed in unsettling a good minister. They make him a party to their difficulties, and draw him into their private quarrels."

"Have you met a case?" asked the moderator.

"I have."

"Is it likely to trouble you?"

"It will break up my ministry in Bubbleton."

"Can't it be settled?"

"No."

"How are you involved?"

"Both sides accuse me of taking part with the other."

"How so?"

"Because I condemn both."

"So you are between two fires."

"Exactly."

"A bad place, brother."

"I do not know how it is here in the east, but in the west, where I live," said Rev. Mr. Mason, "our changes come mostly from the destitution of means. The churches are free and liberal, but they are unable to support their pastors."

"Do not some of us lack economy?" asked Mr. Edwards, of Weston. "Some of us have large families, and lack judgment about our expenses. Extravagance is not to be commended: it does the minister and his family much harm some ——"

"O, don't talk so, brother Edwards!" impetuously exclaimed Mr. Forester. "The idea of a minister being extravagant, when living, with a large family, on three hundred and fifty dollars a year! It is all folly."

"So I say!" exclaimed a half-dozen at once.

"I think one reason of the changes of our times is found in the spleeny characters of our ministers," said Mr. Forester. "They are sick half the time, and are so sensitive that a parishioner cannot look at them without their having bad feelings."

Old Father Brightopes here commenced giving his view of the subject. He thought a want of *piety*, on the part of ministers and people, would account for many of the changes, and was sure that if *piety* was cultivated, pastoral permanency would be in a measure secured. He said

many excellent things on the subject, and was heard with great attention.

Dinner hour having arrived, the ministerial party took their places at the table, where other subjects were nicely dissected, and other forms of life laid bare. An hour was spent over the table, and the "feast of reason and the flow of soul" kept time with the means taken to supply the wants of the physical man.

In the afternoon a large audience gathered in the church to listen to a discourse from Mr. For-ester. Mr. Holbrook read that beautiful hymn commencing,

"In the cross of Christ I glory,  
Towering o'er the wrecks of time ;"

Mr. Vernon read the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah, in tones of wonderful sympathy with the spirit of the prophet. Mr. Edwards offered prayer, and, after another singing, the preacher announced his text, "For I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ : for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth : to the Jew first, and also to the Greek." No analysis of this discourse can now be given, but it fastened the attention of the audience to its close. The preacher drew a portrait of man before the fall, and afterward, and described the power of the Gospel to lift

him up. "Before the fall," he said, "man was like a beautiful temple, whose correct proportions and vast dimensions drew the eye and won the admiration of every beholder. After the fall, man was like the same temple, when the fire had crumbled its walls, desolated its altar, and destroyed its beauty. The grand temple of the human soul is now in ruins. The fires of sin have passed over it, the altar of the heart is broken down, and God's holy image is marred and defiled."

The application of the Gospel to the ruined condition of man was shown, and its power to lift up nations, as well as individuals, was clearly set forth. Christ was shown to be the central theme of the Gospel, and it was proved that the idea of atonement must be comprehended, or there can be no permanent reformation, no liberal government, no virtuous society. "Strike out this idea," said the preacher, "and you strike out the sun of the system of truth, and leave the world of thought without a centre. Remove this fact, and the relations which exist between Creator and creature are at once divided, and the world is found without a governor."

The doctrines of the Gospel, he contended, must be at the basis of every society, or that society is rotten at the core. "Hence," he said, "we ask

not in vain why the nations of antiquity have fallen. Orators and statesmen tell us why. They have ascribed it to certain defects in their political economy. We ascribe it to an absence of those doctrines which constitute the foundation of moral rectitude in the hearts of the people — we ascribe it to an absence of moral truth, and, consequently, an absence of virtue. They had nothing substantial upon which to rest; and, like the 'baseless fabric of a vision,' they have passed away. Old Rome never could have been conquered by fire and sword alone. Her shattered pillars would have stood until the end of time, had her children been as virtuous as they were heroic. Greece — the land of literature, the scholar's ideal of Paradise — would never have become the by-word of the world, had she not preferred her own philosophy, sin-stained and corrupted, to the wisdom of Almighty God. The Jewish nation would not have lost its identity, had not the people crucified the Saviour, and brought his blood on them and on their children. We see, also, why every effort to civilize the world, without the aid of religion, has proved abortive. For ages philanthropy sent out civilization as the pioneer of religion. She advanced in her own impotent name, with the implements of husbandry in the one hand, and those of the artisan in the other. No permanent

good was effected. Her converts became seven-fold more the children of Satan, and used the name of civilization to spread death and destruction. At length Christianity advanced *alone*, the banner of the cross floating over her, and the doctrines of the Gospel inscribed upon her front. A wondrous change took place; and now over all the earth are found the trophies of victorious grace. Earth's wildest children, whom civilization passed by as incorrigible, have listened, believed, and loved. The African Negro, the wild Caffre, the filthy Hottentot, and the wandering red man of America, have yielded to the melting story of the cross."

The sermon ended, and the people returned to their homes; the ministerial conference adjourned to meet in Weston a month from that day.

Dr. Langley and Mr. Forester took chaise together, and drove towards Camberwell. On the way, the Doctor seemed determined to get into a dispute with his younger brother, and, after trying a variety of ways, said abruptly, "I don't think you use the most honest means to fill up your church."

"What do you mean?"

"Nothing particular."

"Well, such a remark should not be made without meaning something."

"Well, I supposed a few years ago you used underhanded means to get Mr. Barney from my meeting."

"What means?"

"Wrong means."

"What were they?"

"You know."

"I do not know."

"Well, don't be so testy about it"

"The charge is a serious one, and —"

"Did you not visit Mr. Barney?"

"I went into his store occasionally."

"Did you not use undue influence on his mind?"

"I treated him well."

"No more than that?"

"No."

"Well, I *may* have been mistaken."

"*May* have?"

"Yes."

"Now let me ask, Dr. Langley, if this is proper or Christian for you to make such groundless charges against me?"

"I made no charge."

"O, I see it is no use to converse with you on

these subjects. Drop them, or stop the chaise and drop me, and I will walk to the city."

The conversation turned into more pleasant channels; but Mr. Forester could not help saying to his wife, on his return, that the Doctor was "the same old sixpence."

25\*



## CHAPTER XXVIII.

### CONCLUSION : A SCENE AT THE PARSONAGE.

So live, that when thy summons comes to join  
The innumerable caravan, that moves  
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take  
His chamber in the silent halls of death,  
Thou go not like the quarry-slave at night  
Scourged to his dungeon; but, sustained and soothed  
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,  
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch  
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

WE have now carried the Park-place minister through a long and prosperous pastorate. He has secured influence, character, and popularity, yet has never sacrificed to any of these the claims of the Gospel, or lowered the character of the Christian minister. He has had enemies enough to release him from the woe pronounced upon those of whom all men speak well, and friends enough to prove that the good man's ways are all ordered by the Lord. Under his ministrations Park-place church has enjoyed unexampled prosperity, and yet sin has been denounced, the vices of society

have been marked for detestation, and the Cross of Christ, in its beauty, majesty and glory, has been held up. Under such preaching, the drunkard has been reformed, the vicious have been reclaimed, the erring have been brought to the paths of rectitude, and sinners have been converted and saved.

In closing this account, let us walk to the parsonage, and take a farewell glance of the pastor and his family. We enter the spacious hall, and advancing into the well-furnished parlor, where hang several fine engravings, pass on to the study where the family is assembled. In his old arm-chair sits the minister himself, reading an entertaining book, which has been handed in by a friendly parishioner; on a lounge sits the wife, sewing upon a garment for one of the children, while the children themselves are building cob-houses of books, which they have taken from the shelves. The sides of the room are covered with books, of all the usual kinds found in a minister's library, well assorted, well arranged, and well used. A golden light from a well-shaded gas-burner, sheds mellow rays on the whole scene, which is one of the finest pictures imaginable of domestic bliss.

"We have stayed in Camberwell a long time," said the minister, raising his eyes from the book.

"Yes; longer than kind friends predicted we should remain."

"Yes; our friends had sad forebodings when we entered this large and wealthy parish."

"But we have reason to be grateful that God has so prospered us."

"True; he has given us all we could desire."

"We may be thankful that there are so few things to be regretted on our part, and on the part of the people."

"Yes; we may be thankful that God has given us grace to act and live, so that, to some extent, we have secured the approbation of the wise and good. Though I feel my weakness and imperfections, yet I have the consciousness of having tried to do my duty. No sick-beds have I shunned; no poor families have I neglected; no doctrine, however unwelcome, have I withheld, and no sin have I feared to rebuke."

"God has promised to reward faithfulness."

"He has, and he will do it; but I have not been faithful. The longer I live, the farther I seem from perfection. But if any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father."

"A glorious advocate."

"What should we do without him? Our best services are poor and feeble in the sight of God."

Thus conversing on the glorious hope we have

in Christ, the couple sat a long time, and at length retired to rest. That same night many prayers were offered in Camberwell, and, in many of them, the pastor's name was mentioned by an affectionate and grateful people, who loved their minister, and whose countenance was associated with many scenes of good and evil, and whose life was a constant model for the young and unguarded.

Park-place Church is united, and not a few of the members, warned and terrified by the rocks on which other churches have split, are determined that no root of bitterness shall arise,—that no cause of division shall come,—and are looking forward to long and happy years of pastoral permanency. May that God, who holds all things in his hand, and orders all things according to his will, grant that it may be so; and when the pastor dies, may the lines at the head of this chapter be appropriate to his case.