

Nearly on the top of a steep hill, 500 feet above the river, Mr. Wells has three or four acres of ground, laid out in field, lawn and garden, in the midst of which is a roomy and pleasant dwelling, which is "home" to the family for one-third of the year, the other eight months being spent in New York. I shall not requite my friend's hospitality by any unseemly publication of his domestic surroundings, but some particulars gleaned during this visit of a public nature, in relation to plans of christian work, may be given without impropriety. In the Grace Mission Sunday School, there is a "class of honour," consisting of girls and boys, the requisites for which are regular and punctual attendance and good behaviour without fail for the preceding six months, a certificate of good conduct equally unexceptionable from the parents, and another from the teacher of the day-school teacher or employer of the scholar! And how many of these Mission School children, living in the most crowded tenement houses and on the streets, does the reader suppose, attained to the honour through such an ordeal? not less than seventy-two! One of their rewards, in addition to public enrolment in the class, was to be invited for a day to Mr. Wells' country house, with free range of the place, strawberry beds and all. The teachers of the school come up from time to time, and behind the house, in some unclaimed wild land, is a large rock, which they call "Prayer-meeting Rock." "When we get into a tight place," said Mr. W., "we get together, and pray ourselves through." It was pleasant to sit with this distinguished teacher, on an observatory commanding the Hudson for miles up and down, watching the youngsters and their visitors at play, or to join the happy family circle, and nearly all the time "talk Sunday-school." One of Mr. Wells' recent plans is worth mentioning. In May, when all the New York and Brooklyn Sunday Schools held their Anniversaries, with processions, banners, music, joint-meetings, and so on, the scholars of Grace Mission School had a "treat" of this kind. By the aid of a friendly florist, Mr. Wells procured some 300 or 400 flower-plants in pots, 45 or 50 of a kind, geraniums, fuschias, roses, &c. One was given to each scholar, and on the 1st September rewards are to be given to those who bring their plants in the best order. Who can tell how much of taste and forethought will be awakened by this simple expedient? All the fathers and mothers are watching, with the children, over the precious flowers, which may . . . in every tenement window all around the mission. A passing look at Washington Irving's home at "Sunnyside," the mansions of Bierstadt the painter, Hon. Wm. E. Dodge, Richard Hoe of the great printing-press, and others, with a glance towards "Sleepy Hollow,"—it was too hot to go through it,—filled up part of the next morning. Before leaving, I carried away in my eye and heart some of the mottoes on the walls of mine host's study, which I may transcribe for the benefit of other labourers in the gospel. One was,—

*"The battle is not yours, but God's."*

another,

*"A heart wholly consecrated to Jesus is the great source of power in Christian work."*

and another,—

*"If you want to be discouraged,—look within :*

*If you want to be distracted,—look around :*

*If you want to be happy,—look up !"*