

THE PELICAN ON THE SEA OF GALILEE.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

"A single pelican was floating there, and, like myself, he was alone."—*Incidents of Travel in Egypt, Arabia Petraea and the Holy Land.*

Lone bird, amid yon sacred sea,
Dimpling with solitary crest,
The sleeping wave of Galilee,
Where shall thine oary foot find rest?

Hast thou a home, 'mid rock or reed,
Of this most desolate domain?
Where not one ibex dares to feed,
Nor Arab tent imprints the plain?

What know'st thou of Bethsaida's gates?
Or old Chorazin's desert bound?
What heed'st thou of Capernaum's fate,
Whose shapeless ruins throng around?

Once, when the tempest's wing was dark,
A sleeper rose and calm'd the sea,
And snatch'd from death the endanger'd bark:
This was the flood—but who was he?

He heard the surge impetuous roar,
And trod sublime its wildest crest;
Redeemer! was you wat'ry door
Thus by thy glorious feet imprest?

Oh! when each earthly hope and fear,
Each dreaded loss, each fancied gain,
Shall, to my swimming sight, appear
Like the lost cities of the plain,

Then may my soul, enslaved no more,
Launch boldly on my Saviour's sea,
And part from time's receding shore,
Lone, peaceful pelican! like thee.

BISHOP GEORGE AND THE YOUNG PREACHER.

An aged traveller, worn and weary, was gently urging on his tired beast, just as the sun was dropping behind the range of hills that bounds the horizon of that rich and picturesque country in the vicinity of Springfield, Ohio. It was a sultry August evening, and he had journeyed a distance of thirty-five miles since morning, his pulse throbbing under the influence of a burning sun. At Fairfield he had been hospitably entertained by one who had recognised the veteran soldier of the cross, and who had ministered to him, for his Master's sake, of the benefits himself had received from the hand which feedeth the young lions when they lack, and he had travelled on refreshed in spirit. But many a weary mile had he journeyed over since then, and now, as the evening shades darkened around, he felt the burden of age and toil heavy upon him, and he desired the pleasant retreat he had pictured to himself when that day's pilgrimage should be accomplished.

It was not long before the old man checked his tired animal at the door of the anxiously-looked-for haven of rest. A middle-aged woman was at hand, to whom he mildly applied for accommodation for himself and horse.

"I do n't know," said she, coldly, after scrutinizing for some time the appearance of the traveller, which was not the most promising, "that we can take you in, old man. You seem tired; however, and I'll see if the minister of the circuit, who is here to night, will let you lodge with him."

The young circuit preacher soon made his appearance, and, consequentially swaggering up to the old man, examined him for some moments inquisitively, then asked a few impertinent questions, and finally, after adjusting his hair half a dozen times, and feeling his smoothly-shaven chin as often, consented that the stranger should share his bed for the night, and turning upon his heel entered the house.

The traveller aged and weary as he was, dismounted and led his faithful animal to the stable, where with his own hands he rubbed him down, watered him, and gave him food, and then entered the inhospitable mansion

where he had expected so much kindness. A methodist family resided in the house, and, as the circuit preacher was to be there that day, great preparations were made to entertain him, and a number of the Methodist young ladies of the neighbourhood had been invited, so that quite a party met the eyes of the stranger as he entered, not one of whom took the slightest notice of him, and he wearily sought a vacant chair in the corner, out of direct observation, but where he could note all that was going on—and his anxious eye showed that he was no careless observer of what was transpiring around him.

The young minister played his part with all the frivolity and foolishness of a city beau, and nothing like religion escaped his lips. Now he was chattering and bandying senseless compliments with this young lady, and now engaged in trifling repartee with another, who was anxious to seem interesting in his eyes. The stranger, after an hour, during which no refreshments had been prepared for him, asked to be shown to his room, to which he retired unnoticed, grieved and shocked at the conduct of the family and the minister. Taking from his saddlebags a well worn bible, he seated himself in a chair, and was soon buried in thoughts holy and elevating, and had food to eat which those who passed him by in pity and scorn dreamed not of. Hour after hour passed away, and no one came to invite the old, worn-down traveller to partake of the luxurious supper which was served below.

Toward eleven o'clock the minister came up stairs, and without pause or prayer hastily threw off his clothes, and got into the very middle of a small bed, which was to be the resting place of the old man as well as himself. After a while the aged stranger rose up, and after partially disrobing himself, knelt down and remained for many minutes in fervent prayer. The earnest breathing out of his soul soon arrested the attention of the young preacher, who began to feel some few reproofs of conscience for his own neglect of this duty. The old man now rose from his knees, and after slowly undressing himself got into bed, or rather upon the edge of the bed, for the young preacher had taken possession of the centre, and would not voluntarily move an inch. In this uncomfortable position the stranger lay for some time in silence. At length the younger of the two made a remark, to which the elder replied in a style and manner that arrested his attention. On this he moved over an inch or two, and made more room.

"How far have you come to-day, old gentleman?"

"Thirty-five miles."

"From where?"

"From Springfield."

"Ah, indeed! You must be tired after so long a journey, for one of your age."

"Yes, this poor old body is much worn down by long and constant travel, and I feel that the journey of to-day has exhausted me much."

The young minister moved over a little. "You do not belong to Springfield, then?"

"No, I have no abiding place."

"How?"

"I have no continuing city. My home is beyond this vale of tears."

Another move of the minister. "How far have you travelled on your present journey?"

"From Philadelphia."

"From Philadelphia!"—in evident surprise. "The Methodist General Conference was in session there a short time since. Had it broken up when you left?"

"It adjourned the day before I started."

"Ah, indeed!"—moving still farther over toward the front side of the bed, and allowing the stranger better accommodations. "Had Bishop George left when you came out?"

"Yes, he started at the same time I did. We left in company."

"Indeed!" Here the circuit preacher relinquished a full half of the bed, and politely requested the stranger to occupy a larger space. "How did the bishop look? He is getting quite old now, and feeble, is he not?"

"He carries his age tolerably well. But his labour is a hard one, and he begins to show signs of failing strength."

"He is expected this way in a week or two. How glad I shall be to shake hands with the old veteran of the Cross! But you say you left in company with the good old man—how far did you come together?"

"We travelled alone for a long distance."

"You travelled alone with the bishop?"

"Yes—we have been intimate for years."

"You intimate with Bishop George?"

"Yes, why not?"

"Bless me! Why did I not know that? But may I be so bold as to enquire your name?"

After a moment's hesitation, the stranger replied, "George."

"George! George! Not Bishop George?"

"They call me 'Bishop George,'" meekly replied the old man.

"Why—why—bless me! Bishop George!" exclaimed the now abashed preacher, springing from the bed. "You have had no supper! I will instantly call up the family. Why did you not tell us who you were?"

"Stop, stop, my friend," said the bishop, gravely. "I want no supper here, and should not eat any if it were got for me. If an old man, toil-worn and weary, fainting with travelling through all the long summer day, was not considered worthy of a meal by this family, who profess to set up the altar of God in their house, Bishop George surely is not. He is at best but a man, and has no claims beyond those of common humanity."

A night of severer mortification, the young minister had never experienced. The bishop kindly admonished him and warned him of the great necessity there was of his adorning the doctrines of Christ, by following him sincerely and humbly. Gently but earnestly he endeavored to win him back from his wanderings of heart, and directed him to trust more in God and less in his own strength. In the morning the bishop prayed with him long and fervently, before he left the chamber, and was glad to see his heart melted into contrition. Soon after the bishop descended and was met by the heads of the family with a thousand sincere apologies. He mildly silenced them, and asked to have his horse brought out. The horse was accordingly soon in readiness, and the bishop, taking up his saddlebags, was preparing to depart.

"But surely, bishop," urged the distressed matron, "you will not thus leave us?" Wait a few minutes—breakfast is on the table."

"No, Sister I——, I cannot take breakfast here. You did not consider a poor, toil-worn traveller worthy of a meal, and your bishop has no claim but such as humanity urges." And thus he departed, leaving the family and minister in confusion and sorrow. He did not act thus from resentment, for such an emotion did not rise in his heart, but he desired to teach them a lesson such as they would not easily forget.

Six months from this time the Ohio Annual Conference met at Cincinnati, and the young minister was to present himself for ordination as a deacon, and Bishop George was to be the presiding Bishop. On the first day of the assembling of the conference, our minister's heart sank within him as he saw the venerable bishop take his seat. So great was his grief and agitation that he was soon obliged to leave the room. That evening, as the bishop was seated alone in his chamber, the Rev. Mr.—— was announced, and he requested him to be shown up. He grasped the young man by the hand with a cordiality which he did not expect, for he had made careful inquiries, and found since they had met before, a great change had been wrought in him. He was now as humble and pious as he was before self-sufficient and wordly-minded. As a father would have received a disobedient but repentant child, so did this good man receive his erring but contrite brother. They mingled their tears together, while the young preacher wept as a child, even upon the bosom of his spiritual father. At that session he was ordained, and he is now one of the most pious and useful ministers in the Ohio Conference.—*Baltimore Athenaeum.*