

THE LECTURE-TOUR.

"I was a stranger, and ye took me in."—Matt. xxv. 35.

Our first stopping place was Windsor, whither I had written to a venerable Baptist deacon, for the loan of the church. On alighting at the station, we had a short consultation as to our further movements, and agreed that my husband, whose health was still delicate, should wait there with our valise, while I sallied forth on a journey of inquiry after the Deacon. I had somewhat prided myself on my ability and readiness to travel with no luggage except this one valise for both of us; but now, and on many other occasions before the end of our *tour*, I found even that one to be an incumbrance, and ceased to wonder at the ancient Roman's having called their articles of baggage, *impedimenta*. I was much interested, as a stranger to the country, in the new scenes and characters around, especially being struck by the air of primitive simplicity, and *neighborliness* that pervaded the little town. Every one seemed to know everyone else, and all concerning them; and a general spirit of mutual helpfulness seemed regarded as a matter of course.