

propriety of being in church at all.

Two men finally came in and went to the altar, and took their seats. All eyes were fixed upon them, and a general stillness pervaded the house.

The men were unlike in appearance, one being short, thick-set in build, the other tall and well formed. The younger had the manner and dress of a clergyman, a full, round face, and a quiet, good-natured look, as he leisurely looked around the audience.

But my childish interest was all in the old man. His broad, deep chest, and unusual height, looked giant-like as he strode up the aisle. His hair was white, his brow deeply seamed with furrows, and around his handsome mouth, lines of calm and touching sadness. His eye was black and restless, and kindled as the tavern keeper uttered a low jest aloud. His lips were compressed, and a crimson flush went and came over his pale cheek. One arm was off above the elbow, and there was a wide scar over the right eye.

The younger finally arose and stated the object of the meeting, and asked if there was a clergyman present to open with a prayer.

Our pastor kept his seat, and the speaker himself made a short prayer, and then made a short address, at the conclusion calling upon any one present to make remarks.

The pastor rose under the gallery, and attacked the positions of the speaker, using the arguments, which I have often heard since, and concluded by denouncing those engaged in the new movements as meddling fanatics, who wished to break up the time-honored usages of good society, and injure the business of respectable men. At the conclusion of his remarks, the tavern keeper and his friends got

up a cheer, and the current of feeling was evidently against the stranger and their plan.

While the pastor was speaking, the old man had fixed his dark eye upon him, and leaned forward as if to catch every word.

As the pastor took his seat the old man arose, his tall form towering in its symmetry, and his chest swelling as he inhaled his breath through his thin dilated nostrils. To me, at that time, there was something awe-inspiring and grand in the appearance of the old man as he stood with his full eye upon the audience, his teeth shut hard, and a silence like that of death throughout the church.

He bent his gaze upon the tavern keeper, and that peculiar eye lingered and kindled for a half moment.

The scar grew red upon his forehead, and beneath the heavy eyebrows his eyes glittered and glowed like those of a serpent. The tavern keeper quailed before that searching glance, and I felt a relief when the old man withdrew his gaze. For a moment he seemed lost in thought, and then in a low and tremulous tone commenced. There was a depth in that voice, a thrilling pathos and sweetness, which riveted every heart in the house before the first period had been rounded. My father's attention had become fixed on the speaker with an interest which I had never before seen him exhibit. I can but briefly remember the substance of what the old man said, though the scene is as vivid before me as any that I ever witnessed.

"My friends!—I am a stranger in your village, and I trust I may call you friends—a new star has arisen, and there is hope in the dark night which hangs like a pall of gloom over our country." With a thrilling depth of voice, the