

"COME OVER AND HELP US."
Air—"From Greenland's icy Mountains.
From o'er the mighty ocean,
From Burma's distant shore,
From India's plains and mountains,
From China's opened door;
There comes a voice of wailing,
'Tis Woman's bitter cry:
O sisters, haste and help us,
Come hither ere we die!"

They dwell in midnight darkness,
Yet longing for the light;
Their outstretched hands are pleading
Within the gloom of night;
O why should we not clap them,
And lead them to the day,
And with our blessed Master
Teach them the better way!

God's vineyard is not bounded
By ocean, sea or shore;
Go preach to every nation,
The Christ whom you adore,
Go teach the heathen mother,
The way of life and truth;
And sow the seeds of wisdom,
In tender hearts of youth.

Our Master is our Leader,
In every work of love;
We may not pause or falter,
He watches from above,
And oh, what joy will thrill us,
In those bright fields of light,
To meet the ransomed spirits,
From heathen lands of night.

-Ida Glanville.

QUINCE, AND HOW THE LORD LED HIM.

(By Miss L. Bates.)

CHAPTER XXX.

OFF TO COLLEGE AND TO THE SEMINARY.

When Quince left the farmhouse, Mr. Dibell drove him over to Springvale. The latter was communicative. Together they had rambled through the ravine with fishing-rod and tackle, and together they had made fires and swung the kettle and with their eyes followed Olive, as, helped by the children, she broiled the fish and made coffee. What appetites they had! and with what zest they enjoyed everything! Now to books and study with muscles stronger and brains clearer.

Then the talk drifted into the future; and they spoke of the work of the ministry—the spirit with which it should be entered; its toils, its difficulties, and its rewards.

"It is a great work," said Quince; and then he listened in silence to the man who had already put on the harness, and who knew by experimental knowledge what he affirmed:

"A great work, as you say, and one that could not be borne but for his presence who has said, 'I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee.' After all, what can one do better than impress upon other lives pictures of love and truth and that sublime faith that is the foundation of all that is good and noble in the world? To do any service for humanity; to point and lead to paths that others have trodden and still others must tread—paths of usefulness and honor,—one must have a strong sustaining faith in God and in his promises of support and guidance in every circumstance of life. This faith leads to large-minded humility—the humility that Paul had, the faith that enabled him to become all things to all men, in order that he might win them to Christ.

"Does this faith come to us as soon as we begin active service in the work of the Master?" Quince asked.

"You mean by this, 'Does it spring up in the heart full-grown?' By no means. It is a plant that increases day by day. The daily mercies; the blessings of the hour; the wonderful providences; the leading hand of God as seen in every event of life,—each and all, like the dew of the morning, strengthen it and give it beauty. The sweet inner life of the possessor is made beautiful by it, inasmuch as it is this faith that gives access to God and companionship with him who took upon himself our nature, and himself turned every leaf in the book of human life and experienced every phase of sorrow and suffering that the child of humanity can ever know."

"We are subject to variations of mood," ventured Quince. "Some vary more in their moods than others; at one time they are on the mountain, and at another time in the valley. Sometimes I am despondent and think that I cannot take part in the work—that I can never go through the necessary amount of study and then do any effective work. I see many and various obstacles, and seem to be unable to oppose them."

A sad smile touched Mr. Dibell's lips: "In this I set you a bad example last Sunday; in my despondency I let you see my weakness and my sin. I am selfish and I am ambitious; I cannot endure to lose anything. As a boy, when I planted an acorn, I wanted it to spring up into an oak; if it was a seed dropped into the earth, I wanted blossoms and fruit to fall w quickly. I wanted to realize practical results. It is so as a minister. I have to fight against it."

There was a touching pathos in the voice that brought back with distinctness the pastor's study and the crowds of young people who attended on his ministry. Quince was moved to say,

"As a pastor you have every reason to be encouraged, I think. Possibly you do not find that all is just as you would have it, but to me the change since last year is very marked; and it is a change for the better."

"If I have been able to do any good, it is all of his abounding mercy. My aim is to unfold the riches of grace; so to hold up Christ and his loving tenderness before the people,—that they will be constrained to see in him the Friend they so much need; the dear Elder Brother to whom they can always go, knowing that he will be touched with a feeling of their infirmity; the precious Redeemer, receiving the punishment of a broken law, giving himself to die, and thus making it possible for ruined, undone humanity to be saved—more than saved; made heirs to an incorruptible inheritance."

The touching sadness of the voice had given place to exultation.

Quince looked with kindly gaze into the face of the young pastor.

"True, I have my hours of depression, but I am having fewer of them; I think I can never again feel just as I did feel last Sunday. I trust you will not be discouraged by any remembrance of it," he said, meeting the glance that showed how perfectly he was understood.

"In my dark hours the remembrance of it will do me good; it will strengthen me," returned Quince, with honest frankness.

At Springvale, Mr. Dibell waited until the coach was to leave; then he set out on his solitary drive home.

The stage halted at several places in the village—so many that Quince began to think they would never get thoroughly started, when the driver called out,

"One more stop! There's a new house just opened, and I am to pick up a traveler."

The new house had quite an imposing appearance. Broad galleries rose one above the other; wicker chairs and bright cushions and sofa-pillows were suggestive of social ease and comfort. From the busy, laughing group below a gentlemanly figure emerged. An instant he stood hat in hand, bowing and smiling his farewell; then, with the agility of a boy, he climbed over the wheel to the box. Anticipating the movement, Quince had slipped into the right-hand seat, as a matter of course leaving the driver to sit between him and the stranger.

Not until the hotel with its numerous guests was left behind did the traveller notice his neighbor. As their eyes met recognition was mutual.

"Quince?"

"Mr. Ashburton!"

"Well, now! If anything could be better! I was thinking of you and wanting so much to meet you. A misfortune, as I termed it, brought me to Springvale; now I am rejoiced that I came," said the latter, taking a careful survey of Quince. "You have grown and still you wear the same look. Yes," without taking his eyes from the bright, healthy face—"yes, I am glad to see that you wear the same look."

After calling upon Quince to tell him of everything that had come to him since they had parted, the latter ventured to ask about Barnston and Miss Esther.

"Miss Esther, or Mrs. Biddle? I presume you never heard her called by that name!

Her father opposed her marriage, and after Mr. Biddle died he would not have her called anything but 'Miss Esther.'" Mr. Ashburton said, by way of explanation. "Mrs. Biddle was married not more than three months ago, and went abroad. Her husband holds an office under government, and is, I am told, a very superior man."

"Ballard is there yet, I presume?" continued Quince.

"Ballard did not long survive his friend Petties," was the reply.

"Is it possible?" exclaimed Quince. It was not the man, so much as the views the man professed to hold, that gave rise to the exclamation. Now he was gone; now it was all plain to him.

There was a pause, in which Mr. Ashburton asked if his young friend remembered the Hardons.

"Certainly I do," said Quince, quickly. "Isabel must be quite a young lady by this time."

"She is a noble girl of whose acquaintance any one could be proud. Hardon is a new man. The family now live handsomely; everything is changed."

"I am heartily glad. I often think of those days," returned Quince.

"Meeting you to-day makes me long to go to Chelmsford, but to do so will take me out of my way. Where I am going I was expected yesterday, and I must not disappoint them to-night if I can avoid it," Mr. Ashburton said.

"Going to lecture?" asked the driver, his curiosity waging him on.

"I am to deliver a course of lectures, and was to open on the evening of the 6th, which was yesterday," was the reply.

Before the place was reached where Mr. Ashburton was to get off, he asked Quince if he was to enter college the coming term, and received an answer in the affirmative.

"I am glad of that—glad of that," he said, heartily; "I was sure that you would. And Quince, let me hear from you sometimes; and if in anything I can help you, let me know."

They were now at the place where they must part; there was a hurried clasp of hands, and the horses started into a quick trot.

"A friend of yours?" said the driver when they again got under way.

"He was my teacher; he is now a college professor," was the reply.

"He talks well,"

"Yes, he talks well," returned Quince, with polite attentiveness.

"I hear 'em say that Sego has a call to be President of some college," said the driver, priding himself on an item of news that possibly Quince could not have heard.

"I was not aware of that," returned Quince, without the least show of surprise.

"Something new, I reckon. Should think he had about as good a place where he is as he need want," continued the driver.

Before Chelmsford was reached several new scholars joined them, clambering over the wheels and taking possession of the top of the coach. Quince listened to their chatter, not once making a remark.

When he was set down at Mr. Sego's house, it was not long before Gerty told him of her visit to Scarborough, and likewise of the appointment tendered her father. Mrs. Sego's health had greatly improved during the summer; she looked almost youthful as she came forward to greet him.

"We have both changed," she said, in answer to his remark that her health must be greatly improved. You are taller, I think."

"And browner," laughed Quince.

Mr. Sego was not at all elated by the prospect before him.

"I have written a letter of acceptance," he said, a little sadly, as Quince thought.

Gertrude was sure it was the nicest arrangement.

"There will now be no necessity for your leaving us," she said to Quince.

When Quince went to his room, Frank Belden went with him. The latter was still pale and thin. Quince looked at him with grave alarm.

"Do not be troubled, Quince; I am here, and I am to study. Had I used my opportunities wisely, I could go to college when you go; as it is, I must do without you for a year. And, Quince," throwing his arm around the neck of his friend "you will be glad to know that my uncle quite approves of my being baptized. I was afraid he would consider it unnecessary. But no; he said he was glad, and I am to join the church

next Sunday. Say that you are glad, old fellow."

"I am heartily glad, Frank."

"I knew you would be; still, I wanted to hear you say so. I think that then I shall feel so much stronger and more willing to let you go from me. I can go to Jesus and ask him to help me, and feel that he will. I used to feel that you would do so, and you did. Oh, Quince, I shall always love you for that."

Frank had come to stay with Quince during the night. In view of college-life there were many things to talk about, many plans to arrange, and at a late hour they were still talking.

"And now we must go to sleep, I think," said Frank, as the clock struck once and was still. "I feel so much alive to-night; so wide awake, I should have said. I suppose it is because I have wanted to see you. And now you are to go away so soon."

Quince suggested that they might have another day.

"Dr. Lethbridge said that I must sleep if I would study, and I am determined to study, Quince. And now good-bye until morning."

Quince made no reply; he could not sleep. Frank was evidently far from being well, and in his face there was that look of exhaustion which is always indicative of a waning vitality.

CHAPTER XXXI.

QUINCE AND GERTY'S FIELD OF LABOR.

Years have come and gone, and again we meet Quince. The ordeal of college-life has been undergone, and seminary studies are behind him. Through all the varying changes of poverty, desolation and labor God has been merciful; from every source he has gathered strength. So fitting has made him tender and wise and sympathetic. Carrying burdens himself, he has learned how to ease like burdens when laid on the shoulders of others. Above all, he has learned the precious lesson of trust in God.

It is so easy for him to see a Father's quiet hand that he can lead others safely. All the way he has climbed over the hard places, going up into the heights and down into the valleys, because of the near presence of the dear Elder Brother, the sustaining force gained by calling out to him when the path seemed to be lost and danger threatened. He knows the places where the darkness rolled over him in waves, and where the wild cry of agony escaped him; and the voice sweeter than music, came to his ear: "It is I, be not afraid." And now the time is come when he is to give himself thoroughly for the work to which he has been looking through all his preparatory course. He is closing up one epoch in his life and another is beginning, with new cares, higher duties, and added responsibilities.

It is the hour of entire consecration in his ministerial work. Now he is to be known as a pastor, a teacher, ordained and sent into the world with but one thought, one object, one ambition, and that thought, that object, that ambition, to watch over a church of Christ, to strive to win souls to Him. He is anxious to begin, but still there is a depression. It is a great work, and who is sufficient thereto? Once more the voice, sounding clearer, sweeter, than before: "Lo, I am with you always." Again the cry for help, and the answer: "My grace is sufficient for thee."

With a firm step he mounts the platform on the day of his ordination. It is not for himself; it is for Christ. The ordination service begins, and is ended. The words have been spoken, and he stands an accredited messenger from the court of heaven.

A few moments later the audience breaks and rolls away like the waves of a great sea. The newly-ordained minister, awed and silent, stands looking over the fast-dispersing congregation. There is no surprise, only a glad delight, as Rachel Evans steps forward to clasp his hand. Noting the change in her step and voice, he sees a softened glow in her eyes; they are more like grandmother's. Does she know? Does his mother know?

Other friends hasten forward. One of them is Esther; she has brightened perceptibly; she sees at a glance that her lot is cast in a pleasant place. Gazing up into his face, her words fall tremulously:

"Work I am so glad, Quince! I feel it is the work Johnny would have chosen. You will never forget, I put you in his place, Quince."

Mr. Dibell wife—she Chase. M congratulate "You I won't for as he hurt words. "I ha hide my he presse much to to me as thrusting name, tot he was sta action w impulsive Quince in hand. B

Last of ing Gert wearing a with anot before hi a strang him—the spar; i the shelter f turn and celived. "I fel day," he Quince 7 old-time "You them, dr And t whose li ether, at into his table, s open let "I h cide for man; l auxi us where good, "I c lifting "The careful look.

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