



THE SINGING CHILD.

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It was not long after the death of that most virtuous prince, King Charles the Second, and in the reign of our late sovereign lord, King James, that I, Thomas Treadwell, clerk in Holy Orders, was presented by my Lord of Essex to the living of Elmtoft, being larger and wealthier than the parish of Queen's Lynn, the which for near ten years I had been holding.

And truly, I was grieved to part with the good people among whom I had dwelt so long, and from whom I had received no small kindness. Indeed, I doubted if I could have found it in my heart to leave them, had it not been that my faithful friend, Mrs. Elizabeth Long, brought me tidings that the good people of Queen's Lynn had already resigned themselves (not without inward affliction) to my departure, and had fixed on a godly young man from Beceles to be their minister. Thereupon, I wrote my Lord of Essex, accepting his good offer; and with many tears (the which on their part my parishioners restrained, though, I doubt not, with great difficulty,) I bade farewell to those who for so many years had borne with me in patience.

Scarcely, however, were we settled in our new vicarage at Elmtoft than my wife took occasion to fall sick and die, being Elizabeth, daughter of that worthy yeoman, Master William Curtis, of Brixton. She had been a godly woman, and, though of a family much inferior to mine, had brought me five hundred pounds at marriage, the same with which I restored the tower of our parish church at Queen's Lynn when it was near falling into ruin. The death of this excellent creature was to me a cause of