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TALES, ESSAYS, AND REVIEWS.

OPENING NEW GROUND;

A TALE OF MISSION LIFE.

By the Author of the Heir of Redcliffe.

CHAPTER II.

'I humbly pray
That, ere this youthful year is white with age,
I may have looked my last on England's skies
And be o'er-domed by fairer. Yet I love
The very air that kisses her black shores;
But still my home is elsewhere—it's in Heaven,
And I am but a stranger everywhere.'

Jackson.

THE usual course of parish work at Avonside was resumed so naturally that it sometimes seemed like a dream that any change had been spoken of. Mr. and Mrs. Morton and Agnes went on apparently just as usual; and there was not much difference with the sisters, only that Sarah's eyes were apt to look terribly red and weak in the morning, and Grace always said, whenever she was asked to do anything she disliked, that it was not worth while, since she was going away so soon. The same rule did not seem to hold good as to what she liked—that was always a beginning which Philip Sadler could go on with.

All the books about South Africa and the mission papers that could be found were in the house, and every one was reading them—all but Sarah, who in her quiet way always kept out of the very sight of them as much as possible; when she saw the word Natal on the outside of a book, always turned it down; and when Grace or Louis brought her descriptions that they thought so charming and delightful that they must convince her, only shook her head, and begged to hear nothing about it.

There were a good many visitors at the parsonage that summer—