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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 III.

The winds and waves that chime all night
Where I am dreaming laid,
A tune so soothing in its might,
I scarce can be afraid:
And yet 'tis awful music, fraught
With memories scorned at home,
And whispering many a boding thought
Of trial years to come.

Keble.—Prayers for Emigrants.

On a November afternoon, as it was growing dusk, the good ship *Evangeline* was slowly creeping down the Thames from Blackwall.

The good-byes were spoken, good-byes that seemed to tear out a piece of the heart; the up-rooting was over: there was a sense of triumph and relief that the delays of starting were over, and that the voyage was begun, as the outline of the great city was lost in the mist and the fog, and one red gas-light after another was left behind, looming out of the fog. England was behind, new ground before, and hearts were full—full of plans or full of prayers—which? The faces did not tell, for the real life is hid.

'Should you not go below?' said Mr. Morton at last; 'it is raw and cold.'

'Oh, not yet,' said Grace; 'it is so close and poky down there, and I like to see myself off at last!'

'Perhaps Mary wants help.'