The House in the Meadow.

LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

They sat at peace in the sunshine
Till the day was almost done,
And then at its close an angel
Stole over the threshold stone.

He folded their hands together,
He touched their eyelids with balm,
And their just breath floated outward,
Like the close of a solemn psalm.

Like a bridal pair they traversed
The unseen, mystical road
That leads to the beautiful city,
Whose builder and maker is God.

THE BARTON EXPERIMENT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HELEN'S BABIES."

Crupp, with a very white face, advanced a step or two toward the old man; but the participator in the Black Hawk War was not to be frightened, especially when he was so excited himself, and he spoke now; so he roared,

"Come on! come on! perhaps you want my b'ood on your soul, with all the others; but just let me tell you, it isn't easy to get."

Crupp recovered himself and replied, "Father Bagusa, all that you've done is very well in its way, out it wasn't going into temperance. You've been a first-rate talker, but talk isn't cider. Why, there's been lots of men in my store after listenin' to one of your strong temperance speeches, and laughed about what they've heard. I've told them they ought to be ashamed of themselves—don't shake your head—I have, and all they'd say would be, 'Talk don't cost anything, Crupp.' But if you'd followed up your tongue with your brains, and most of all your pocket, not one of them chaps would have opened his head about you."

"Money!" exclaimed the old man; "didn't I tell you that division dues alone had cost me more'n a hundred dollars; not to speak of subscriptions to public meetin's?"

"And every cent that didn't go to pay "division" expenses, that is—for keeping a lodge-room in shape for you to meet in, and such things—went to pay for more talk. Did you Sons of Temperance ever buy a man away from his whiskey? It might have been done—done ch up too—in almost any week since I've been in Barton, by helping down-hearted men along. Did you ever do it yourself?"

Father Bagusa was nonplused for a moment, noting which a bystander, also a Son of Temperance, came valiantly to the rescue of his order, by exclaiming,

"Tongues was made for use, and the better the cause, the more it needs to be talked about."

"There's no getting away from that" said Crupp. "Talk's all right in its place; but when anybody's sick in your family, you don't hire somebody to come in and talk him well, do you?"

The auxiliary replied by pressing perceptibly closer to the bale of blankets against which he had been leaning, and Crupp was enabled to concentrate his attention upon Father Bagusa. But the old soldier had in his military days unconsciously acquired a tactical idea or two which were frequently applicable in real life. One of them was that of flanking, and he straightway attempted it by exclaiming,

"I'd use money quick enough on drunkards, if I saw anybody fit to use it on," said he; "it would do my old soul good to find a drinking man that I could be sure money would save. But they're a shiftless, worthless pack of shotes, all that I see of 'em. There wus a young fellow—Lije Mason his name was—that I once thought seriously of doin' somethin' for; but he went an' signed the pledge, an' got along all right by himself."

"But there's your own neighbors, old Tappelmine and his family—they all drink; what have you done for 'em?" asked Crupp.

"A lot of Kentucky poor white trash!" exclaimed Father Bagusa. "What could anybody do for 'em? Besides, they do for 'emselves; they've stole hams out of my smokehouse more'n once, an' they know I know it, too."

"Poor white trash is sometimes converted in church, isn't it?" asked Mr. Crupp; "and what's to keep poor white trash from stopping drinking? what but a good, honest, religious, rum-hating neighbor that looks at 'em so savagely and acts 'em alone my hand that they'd take pains to get drunk, just to worry him? I know how you feel toward them: I saw it once; one Sunday I passed you on the road just opposite their place; you was in your wagon takin' your folks to church, and I—well, I was out trying to shoot a wild turkey, which I might't have been on a Sunday. They were all laughin' and cuttin' up in the house—it's seldom enough such folks get anything to laugh about—and I could just see you groan, and your face was as black as a thunder-cloud, and as savage as an oak knot soaked in vinegar. The old man came out just then for an armful of wood, and nodded at you pleasant enough; but that face of yours was too much for him; and pretty soon he looked as if he'd have liked to throw a chunk of wook at your head. I'd have done it, if I'd been him. They did run as awfully drunk when I came back that way, two or three hours later. That was a pretty day's work for a Son of Temperance, wasn't it—and Sunday, too?"

The casing of Father Bagusa' conscience was not as thick as that to his brain, and he was silent; perhaps the prospect of getting some mill stock aided the good work in his heart.

Crupp continued: "I'm a 'Son' myself, now, and I know what a man agrees to when he joins a division. If you think you've lived up to it—you and the other members of the Barton Division—I suppose you've a right to your opinion; but if my ideas, picked up from both sides of the fence, are worth anything to you, they amount to just this: the Sons of Temperance in this town haven't done anything but help each other not to get back into bad ways again, and to give a welcomin' hand to anybody nat's strong enough in himself to come into the division with you; and that isn't the spirit of the order."

Crupp got his sugar, and no one pressed him to stay longer; but, as he slowly departed, as became a soldier who was not retreating but only changing his base, Father Bagusa followed him, touched his sleeve as soon as he found himself outside the store door, and said,

"Say, Crupp, I'll try to do something for Tappelmine, though I don't know yet what it'll be, an' I don't care if you do let me have about five sheets of that mill stock; I s'pose you won't want more than you paid for it?"

CHAPTER IX.

SOME VOLUNTEER SHEPHERDS.

The mail-stage did not made its appearance at the usual hour on the day following Crupp's conversation with Father Bagusa, and during a lull in the desultory conversation which prevailed among those who were waiting for the mail, the postmaster displayed at his window his large, round face, devoid of its habitual oily smile, and remarked,

"Too bad about Wainright, isn't it?"

"What's that?" asked half a dozen at once.

The postmaster looked infinitely more imposing in a second. It is but seldom in this [illegible] that a man can tell a bit of news to an educated crowd; and in a backwoods town, before the day of the omnipresent telegraph pole, these occasions were proportionately fewer than now. The postmaster felt a generous impulse, and at the risk of losing his [illegible] he opened his treasure-house all at once.

"Why, pretty high on whiskey for two or three [illegible]," said he, "and they say he's got snakes in him, too; anyhow, he's made a [illegible] pots now; anyhow, he's made a [illegible] Louisville; he started on foot, [illegible] miles below [illegible] to Brown's Landing, seven [illegible] stop for new [illegible] he's headed enough to find out [illegible] that's about dis[illegible] likely that the Excellence, [illegible] don't have any freight to [illegible] but there's nothin' else half wild about [illegible]."

"Poor, misguid[illegible] poor thing can do."

Wedgewell, who was [illegible] Parson [illegible] hear the story. "Arrived just in time to [illegible] undoubtedly wise, ways of Providence are [illegible] ous. Judging accounts are indeed myster[illegible] tics. It would be natural, our finite capacities so unusual as to suppose that capabilities would be divinely guided" Mr. Wainwright

"I saw him coming [illegible] served Squire Temple, [illegible] the walk," observed rather peculiar, so I thought he [illegible] the street; I don't like to be stopped across [illegible] men in that fix."

"Of course, getting into a [illegible] row with [illegible] thing that could be done," said ya the only apparently been carefully read[illegible] who had [illegible] face of a sheriff's sale. [illegible] posted no[illegible]

The Squire did not enjoy the [illegible] Crupp's remark was delivered; but which could reason with the new reformer[illegible] erend Timotheus Brown dashed in Rev[illegible] in defence of a beloved idea, which [illegible] pastor had seemed covetably to assail. [illegible]

"The reason such natures aren't d[illegible] guided," said he, in a voice which sugg[illegible] mingle grace to the world more sensibility [illegible] Parson Wedgewell, "that they don't impl[illegible] submit themselves to the Divine will."

"A man can do nothing unless the Spirit dr[illegible] him," said Parson Wedgewell valiantly.

"That's rather hard on a fellow, though, isn't it?" soliloquized Fred Macdonald.

"Not a bit of it," spoke out Father Bagus[illegible] who had been scenting the battle from an inner room. "Bless the Lord! the parab[illegible] the lost sheep that the shepherd left the rest of the flock to look for, and the lost coin that the woman hunted for, wasn't told for nothing. The Lord knows how to 'tend to his own business."

"And nobody else can do a thing to help the Lord along, can he?" said Crupp, pushing his arm through the postmaster's window, and extracting from his box a copy of the Louisville *Journal* (then the chief paper of prominence in a large section of Western country); "all that men have to do in such cases is just to talk."

Crupp departed, encountering on the way the wide-open countenance of Tom Adams, who was waiting for Deacon Jones's mail. The two pastors preserved silence, that of Mr. Brown being extremely dignified, with a visible trace of acerbity, while that of Mr. Wedgewell was strongly suggestive of mental anguish. The distribution of the small mail, which had arrived soon after the conversation had begun, gave everybody an excuse to depart—an excuse of which most of them availed themselves at once. Squire Temple having first changed the direction of the conversation by inquiring particularly of Father Bagusa as to the number and probable weight of the porkers which the old man was fattening for the winter market. The subject lasted only until the two men reached the door, however, and then each sympathized with the other over the wounds received at the hands, or tongue, of the unsentimental and irreligious Crupp. Yet the more they talked of Crupp, the less they seemed to realize their pain.

Tom Adams went straight to his employer's store, and exclaimed, not in his usual ingenuous manner,

"Deacon, old Berry won't take that load of brickyard—he gets 'em right off; I guess I'll take 'em right out to him. It's a long trip, but there's three hours yet afore dark."

"Be sure you do, then, Thomas," said the Deacon.

Tom was soon in his wagon, and going toward the brickyard at a livelier rate than was consistent with the proper care of horses with a long, heavy pull before them. The bricks were loaded with apparent regard to count, but not in good order, and, as Tom followed the road to old Berry's he soliloquized:

"I ort to be able to ketch him after I deliver the bricks, but what in thunder am I to say to him? Like enough he'll knock me down if I don't look out. That's just the notion, I de-clare! I can knock him down, and put him right in the wagon and bring him back; the jolvin' would fetch him to and clear his head, like it's done mine often enough when I've been in his fix. But, hang it, what a ridick'lus goose-chase it does look like!"

Meanwhile the Rev. Timotheus Brown had limped down the main street, looking a little more unapproachable than usual. As he reached the edge of the town, however, where there began the low plain which led to the river, he quickened his race somewhat, and he did not stop until he reached the river. Upon a raft sat a man fishing, and near by a canoe was tied; in the latter the preacher seated himself, having first untied it.

"Hello, there! What are you a-doin' with my dug-out?" shouted the fisherman.

"The Lord hath need of it!" roared the old divine, picking up the paddle.

"Well, I'll be——!" exclaimed the man; "if that ain't the coolest! The Lord'll get a duckin', I reckon, for that's the wobbliest canoe. I don't know, though; the old fellow paddles as if he were used to it."

Away down the river went the Reverend Timotheus; at the same time Fred Macdonald, on horseback, hailed the ferry-boat, crossed the river, and galloped down the opposite bank, and Crupp, a half an hour later, would have been seen lying on his ears in a skiff in a shallow a mile above the town waiting to board the Excellence, as she came down the stream.

"Pears to me preachers are out for a walk to-day," said one old lady to another across a garden fence, in one edge of the town. "I saw Mr. Brown 'way down the street ever so far to-day, an' now here's Brother Wedgewell 'way out here. I thought like enough he was goin' to call, but he went straight along an' only bowed, awful solemn."

Parson Wedgewell certainly walked very fast, and the more ground he covered the more rapidly his feet moved, and not his feet only. In long stretches of road shut in by forest trees he found himself devoid of a single mental restraint and he thought aloud as he walked, as Hezekiah by a sinner! O God! with my whole heart I have sought thee, and thou hast instead revealed thyself not only unto babes and sucklings, but unto one who is certainly not like unto one of these little ones. Teach me thy will, for verily in written books I fear I have found it not. What if the boat reaches the landing before I do, and this lost sheep escapes me! Father in heaven, the shepherd is astray in his way, even as the sheep is; but O thou! who didst say that the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong, make the feeble power of man to triumph over great engines and the hurrying of mighty waters. Fulfil thy promise, O God, for the sake of the soul thou hast committed to my charge!"

Then, like a man who believed in helping his own prayers along, the parson snatched off his coat and hat and increased his speed. He was far outside of his own parish, for most of his congregation were townsmen, and the old pastor knew no more of the geography of the country about him than he did of Chinese Tartary. He had taken what was known as the "River Road," and thus far his course had been plain; now, however, he reached a place where the road divided, and which branch to take he did not know. Ordinary sense of locality would have taught him in an instant, but the parson had no such sense; there was no housein sight at which he could ask his way, and, to add to his anxiety, the Excellence came down the river to his left, puffing and shrieking as if the making of hideous noises was the principal qualification of a river steamer. The old man fell upon his knees, raised his face and hands towards heaven, and exclaimed,

"The hosts of hell are pressing hard, O God! Thou who didst guide thy chosen people with a pillar of fire, show now to thy unworthy servant that thou art God!"

What the parson saw he never told, but he sprang to his feet and went down the left-hand road at a lively run, a moment after Tom Adams, half a mile in the rear, had shaded his eyes and exclaimed,

"Blamed if there isn't a feller a-prayin' right out in the road; if he wants anything that bad I hope he'll get it. Travel, Selim—get up, Bill! let's see who he is."

CHAPTER X.

BRINGING HOME THE SHEEP.

Speaking after the manner of the flesh, the Reverend Timotheus Brown had found only plain sailing on the river; spiritually, he had a very different experience. "As student in a little" was the most common of the current estimates of Pastor Brown's character; and if the conscientious old people had ever possibly heard this opinion of himself, the verbal expression thereof would have given him but a slight amount of comfort, compared with that which he experienced from his own inner man as he paddled down the stream. To forcibly resist something so natural and strongest demand of his nature that neither shortening breath nor blistering hands caused him to slacken the speed with which he plied his paddle against the water. But another contest was going on, and in this the consistent theologian was so triumphant as he always to be. Harry Wainright was one of the ungodly; that he owned (and frequently occupied a high-priced pew in Mr. Brown's own church was only another reason why the preacher should quote concerning him, "He that being often reproved hardeneth his neck shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy"—should apply! What could prevent his doing so, if Wainright was guilty of the desertion in the first half? Had not the same God inspired the whole passage? If so, what right had any man, least of all a minister of the Gospel, to try to set at naught the Divine will? Harry Wainright was accordingly the decree of an unchangeable God, one of the lost—as much so as if he were already in the bottomless pit. And the old man had spoken of new; once on the trip he had felt as if the weakness of the arm of flesh would decide the case for him, and if favor of the Word could expounder he was; he found himself wishing that it might, so that he could feel that although God had overruled him, he might have comfort in the assurance that he had not proved indifferent to his sudden emotion of yearning for his fellow-man. But the mysterious physical readjustment known in animals as "second breath" came to the rescue of his fainting frame, and then it seemed as if no watery torrent could prevail against the force of his arm. Oh! if he might but talk to some one of the fathers of the church! that he might be, even for ten minutes, back in his own library! But no father of the church res ded along the road and Brown's natural course, now was there a theological library nearer than his own, and there he was, actually bent upon saving one whom the Eternal pronounced lost! Hold! "For the Son of Man is come into the world to save them that are lost." If Christ had a right to save them that are lost, had not an ambassador of Christ the same privilege? was not an ambassador one who stood in the place—who fulfilled the duties—of one who had sinned? "Glory be to God on High!" shouted the Reverend Timotheus, and the dense woods echoed back "God on High!" as the old man of forty years a conscientious pastor, but only that instant converted to Christianity, crove his paddle into the water with a force that nearly threw the canoe into the air.

As for Parson Wedgewell, whom we left arising from his knees after asking information from his Divine guide, he found himself upon the right road. The river was nearer than he had dared to hope—a run of half a mile brought him into clearing, in which stood Brown's warehouse, near the river. The Excellence had put her nose against the bank, and the workers at the warehouse was tired of wondering why Fred. Macdonald, on the opposite bank, was shouting so impatiently to the ferryman, and why an old man in a canoe should be coming down the river at the rate of fifty-paddle strokes per minute, when he saw Parson Wedgewell, coatless, hatless, with open shirt, disordered hair, and face covered with dirt deposited just after an unlucky stumble, come flying along the road, closely followed by Tom Adams, who was lashing his horses furiously. A happy inspiration struck the clerk; he shouted "Horse thief!" and seized the parson, and instantly received a blow under the chin which rendered him inactive and deposited for the space of half an hour. The parson saw the gang-plank shoved out; he saw Harry Wainright step aboard; he saw the Rev. Timotheus jump from his canoe into water knee deep, dash the plank, and throw his arm over Harry Wainright's shoulder; but only a second or two elapsed before Parson Wedgewell monopolized the runaway's other side, and then, as the three men started at each other, neither one speaking a word, and the two pastors both bursting into tears, Tom Adams hurried aboard, and exclaimed,

"Mr. Wainright, Mrs. Wainright is particular anxious to see you this evenin', for somethin', I don't know what, an' I hadn't time to get any sort of scarriage for fear I'd lose the boat; but there's good springs to the seat of the brick-yard wagon, an' a new sheep-skin besides." No other words coming to Tom's mind, he abruptly walked forward muttering, "That's the cock-an-bullest yarn I ever did tell! I knew I wouldn't know what to say."

As Tom meditated, he heard one "roustabout" say to another:

"I say, Bill, you know that feller that used sell such bully whiskey in Barton? "Well, he's around there on the guards, dancin' like a kite. I shouldn't wonder if that's what come ye earin' off drinkin'."

Bump unsuspicious[illegible] "cept Wainright made not the slightest sm[illegible] mucho going back home, and he acted very in wha a man who was glad of the company [illegible] he found himself. The divine of the [illegible] the result at his blistered hands, and paid the first available clerk to send the boat back by crossing the river. While Fred Macdonald was back the river, Tom Adams kindly drove well's cost and recovered Parson Wedge[illegible] the hospitable, and the parson accepted [illegible] water, soap, of the boat to the extent of make his peach [illegible] towel. He attempted to functionary, but [illegible] the injured clerk; but that Adams, insisted [illegible] already interviewed Tom and asked the old [illegible] no apology was necessary, he preached [illegible] gleman in what church

As the party start[illegible] back, they saw, coming through a cross-road [illegible] buggy violently driven, and containing two [illegible] who proved to be Squire Temple and Pab[illegible] Bagusa—in a vehicle belonging to the latter. [illegible] their errand of having merely happened there [illegible] of all Harry Wainright [illegible] no one, least goss did not live in town [illegible] Father Ba[illegible] miles of it; but when [illegible] nor within four gested that he would beg [illegible] Temple sug[illegible] Adams' wagon, Father Bagusa [illegible] remarked that he guessed [illegible] ted, ness in town himself, so the [illegible] he had busi[illegible] his seat, and Father Bagusa fell [illegible] tained wagon as decorously as if he was taking part in a funeral procession. As the party came Fred Macdonald, who had [illegible] them to gallop back to the [illegible] attraction that awaited him in Barton, but politeness [illegible] in his present company. As the [illegible] remain proached the town, Tom Adams [illegible] unfrequented streets, and stopped as near as possible to Wainright's house. Wainright politely declining any escort, walked quickly [illegible] Father Bagusa stood up in his buggy, with [illegible] hand to his ear, in the original position of a [illegible] sentient statue, he exclaimed,

"There! I heard his door shut; now, brethren." And Father Bagusa started the doxology. "Praise to God from whom all blessings flow," and the glorious harmonies of the old choral were proof even against the tremendous but discordant notes which Tom Adams, with the most honorable intentions, intoned for his rapid successor. Then the party broke up. The two pastors escorted each other home alternately and several times in succession, during which apparently meaningless proceeding they learned, each from the other, how much of good intent had been stifled in both of them for lack of prompt application. Crupp and Tomple talked but little, and no "Imaginary Conversation" would be at all likely to reproduce what they said. Father Bagusa made the whole air between Barton and his own farm redolent of camp-meeting airs, and Fred Macdonald heard in Parson Wedgewell's parlor something sweeter than all the music ever written. As for Tom Adams, he jogged slowly toward his employer's stables, repeating to himself

"The bulliest spree I ever went on—the very bulliest!"

To be Continued.

FALLEN FORTUNES.

BY JAMES PAYN, AUTHOR OF "LOST SIR MASSINGBERD," "WALTER'S WORD," ETC., ETC.

"I would rather stay with mamma than even go to Eton," he said, which, under the circumstances, was as strong an asseveration as could be made.

"You will have them all about you, Edith that is my comfort," Mrs. Dalton, earnestly.

"But you—you will be alone, my darling," answered she. It was for him she was thinking, weeping, praying all along.

The conferring of the little family from its head took place that night, for Edith could not trust herself to come down-stairs next day till he was gone. He left her in her room, half dead, but murmuring to the last that she was hopeful, happy, confident of his return—lies that were holier than any truths. She knew that she was strengthening him by those last words; and, if they had been her own last breath, she would have "eked his living out" with it.

CHAPTER XXVII.

FAREWELLS.

There were other partings that would have wrung Dalton's heart, had it not been already wrung out to the very core.

Jeff, with his large black eyes filled with unaccustomed tears, had a word with him in private.

"God bless you, Mr. Dalton!" faltered he; "you have always been a good friend to me, and I am very, very sorry—"

"Never mind, my lad; all will come right with us, no doubt," interrupted Dalton cheerfully. "You must not give way like that, but help to keep up their spirits, now I have left them. My wife and the girls—and, of course, Tony—will be looking to you for that, you know."

"Yes, yes; that is what I wished to say; for though, as I said, you have been always good to me, Mrs. Dalton—she—I would lay down my life for Mrs. Dalton!" cried the lad, with energy; "and Kitty—I love Kitty, sir."

"And Jenny, too, I hope, my lad," said Dalton. He understood what the boy meant well enough, but his time was too short, his mind too full, to argue with him upon such a hopeless passion, which at Jeff's age, moreover, could hardly be held a serious thing.

"Yes, sir, and Jenny, too; but not as I love Kitty," continued the other, with great earnestness; "I should like you to know that, before you go."

"Well, you shall talk to me about that, Jeff, when I come back again," returned Dalton, kindly. "There is plenty of time before you to chat matter, and very little time left just now. You'll keep an eye on little Tony, won't you?"

"I will keep my eye on all of them, and do my very best for them, Mr. Dalton; so help me God!"

There was a manliness about the handsome lad, as he drew himself up, as with the consciousness of the responsibility he had thus solemnly undertaken, that impressed himself upon Dalton for the first time. He had always regarded Jeff as a mere lad, and almost in the same category with Tony; now he held out his hand for the other to shake, as a man holds it to his equal in age and standing. Jeff took it, and, to his great surprise, carried it to his lips; then suddenly left the room—just as Holt entered it.

"I wanted to have three words with you alone, Dalton."

"Very well, my good sir. I am quite at your service."

Dalton had been unmanned for the instant at Jeff's unexpected manifestation of supreme regard; but at the sight of Holt's sneer he recovered his nerve as a rock, and, truth to say, as hard. His dislike to Holt—though it would have been hard to say why, from man's mind, he had been singularly free from offence of late, and indeed of signification of any kind—had grown within the last few days into positive hatred. He specially resented that he had been asked to stay on at Riverside, and was not about to leave it, apparently, even now.

"There is a rumor, Mr. Dalton, which has been tacitly tabooed to both of us of late, but to which I wish to revert once again before you go."

Dalton uttered a little sigh of relief. At the man's first words, he had grown pale and grim, apprehensive of his old jealous subject, might be his daughter Kate; but as she had never been spoken of between them, it was plain that Holt could not have to do with it.

"Say what you like to me my good sir," said Dalton, carelessly, "since it is not likely you will have another chance for some time to come."

"That is the very point I wish you to reconsider," observed Holt, gravely.

"What point?"

"As to your going to Brazil. I knew your mind was made up, but I felt I was therefore bound to dissuade you from what I will stake my existence it will be a fatal, a disastrous pointing errand. But, really, after what I have seen during the last few days—or rather have felt without perceiving (for they all bear themselves like heroines)—of the distress and anguish your departure is causing your family, I cannot but make one more effort to move you from your purpose. If you had any really definite aim, if there was any positive good to be achieved by your expedition, I would be the last to deter you; indeed, as you remember, I advised your going abroad—though it is not my place to interfere—and stand by your money, which would be taken to heart by those belonging to you. But now, when I see you actually starting upon a fool's errand, chase, throwing the good one of the fathers of the church; that as might be, even for ten minutes, back in his own library! But no father of the church res ded along the road and Brown's natural course, nor was there a theological library nearer than his own, and there he was, actually bent upon saving one whom the Eternal pronounced lost! Hold! "For the Son of Man is come into the world to save them that are lost." If Christ had a right to save them that are lost, had not an ambassador of Christ the same privilege? was not an ambassador one who stood in the place—who fulfilled the duties—of one who had sinned? "Glory be to God on High!" shouted the Reverend Timotheus, and the dense woods echoed back "God on High!" as the old man of forty years a conscientious pastor, but only that instant converted to Christianity, crove his paddle into the water with a force that nearly threw the canoe into the air.

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"My wife has rather cottoned to the fellow of late," replied Mr. Campden, "and owns she used to judge him harshly. Now, for her to confess she had been in the wrong, is rather—"

"A portent," answered Dalton, smiling. "Well, it shows at all events there is something in the fellow. I really don't know whether it is good or bad. He was just now offering to lend me money; but I told him that, while I was away, you had kindly given me permission to draw on you."

"Well, yes, my dear fellow," hesitated Mr. Campden, "I believe I did." His honest face had become crimson; he hitched at his neckcloth, and pulled at his shirt-cuffs—"shooting his linen" is the technical phrase for that form of nervousness—in evidently dire distress of mind. "But the fact is, one doesn't much like being drawn upon."

"What can earth do you mean, Campden?" answered the other, growing very white.

"Well, of course you are welcome to the money, my dear fellow—any amount of it that I can get at. Here's a couple of hundreds in five, which—Well, that's the only way I can do it, John; and that's the long and short of it."

And Mr. Campden took out his handkerchief and wiped his forehead, which was bedewed with a cold perspiration.

"Say what you like to me my good sir," said Dalton, carelessly, "since it is not likely you will have another chance for some time to come."

"That is the very point I wish you to reconsider," observed Holt, gravely.

"What point?"

"As to your going to Brazil. I knew your mind was made up, but I felt I was therefore bound to dissuade you from what I will stake my existence it will be a fatal, a disastrous pointing errand. But, really, after what I have seen during the last few days—or rather have felt without perceiving (for they all bear themselves like heroines)—of the distress and anguish your departure is causing your family, I cannot but make one more effort to move you from your purpose. If you had any really definite aim, if there was any positive good to be achieved by your expedition, I would be the last to deter you; indeed, as you remember, I advised your going abroad—though it is not my place to interfere—and stand by your money, which would be taken to heart by those belonging to you. But now, when I see you actually starting upon a fool's errand, chase, throwing the good one of the fathers of the church; that as might be, even for ten minutes, back in his own library! But no father of the church res ded along the road and Brown's natural course, nor was there a theological library nearer than his own, and there he was, actually bent upon saving one whom the Eternal pronounced lost! Hold! "For the Son of Man is come into the world to save them that are lost." If Christ had a right to save them that are lost, had not an ambassador of Christ the same privilege? was not an ambassador one who stood in the place—who fulfilled the duties—of one who had sinned? "Glory be to God on High!" shouted the Reverend Timotheus, and the dense woods echoed back "God on High!" as the old man of forty years a conscientious pastor, but only that instant converted to Christianity, crove his paddle into the water with a force that nearly threw the canoe into the air.

As for Parson Wedgewell, whom we left arising from his knees after asking information from his Divine guide, he found himself upon the right road. The river was nearer than he had dared to hope—a run of half a mile brought him into clearing, in which stood Brown's warehouse, near the river. The Excellence had put her nose against the bank, and the workers at the warehouse was tired of wondering why Fred. Macdonald, on the opposite bank, was shouting so impatiently to the ferryman, and why an old man in a canoe should be coming down the river at the rate of fifty-paddle strokes per minute, when he saw Parson Wedgewell, coatless, hatless, with open shirt, disordered hair, and face covered with dirt deposited just after an unlucky stumble, come flying along the road, closely followed by Tom Adams, who was lashing his horses furiously. A happy inspiration struck the clerk; he shouted "Horse thief!" and seized the parson, and instantly received a blow under the chin which rendered him inactive and deposited for the space of half an hour. The parson saw the gang-plank shoved out; he saw Harry Wainright step aboard; he saw the Rev. Timotheus jump from his canoe into water knee deep, dash the plank, and throw his arm over Harry Wainright's shoulder; but only a second or two elapsed before Parson Wedgewell monopolized the runaway's other side, and then, as the three men started at each other, neither one speaking a word, and the two pastors both bursting into tears, Tom Adams hurried aboard, and exclaimed.

"Mr. Wainright, Mrs. Wainright is particular anxious to see you this evenin', for somethin', I don't know what, an' I hadn't time to get any sort of scarriage for fear I'd lose the boat; but there's good springs to the seat of the brick-yard wagon, an' a new sheep-skin besides." No other words coming to Tom's mind, he abruptly walked forward muttering, "That's the cock-an-bullest yarn I ever did tell! I knew I wouldn't know what to say."

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"Well, I'll be——!" exclaimed the man; "if that ain't the coolest! The Lord'll get a duckin', I reckon, for that's the wobbliest canoe. I don't know, though; the old fellow paddles as if he were used to it."

Away down the river went the Reverend Timotheus; at the same time Fred Macdonald, on horseback, hailed the ferry-boat, crossed the river, and galloped down the opposite bank, and Crupp, a half an hour later, would have been seen lying on his ears in a skiff in a shallow a mile above the town waiting to board the Excellence, as she came down the stream.

"Pears to me preachers are out for a walk to-day," said one old lady to another across a garden fence, in one edge of the town. "I saw Mr. Brown 'way down the street ever so far to-day, an' now here's Brother Wedgewell 'way out here. I thought like enough he was goin' to call, but he went straight along an' only bowed, awful solemn."

Parson Wedgewell certainly walked very fast, and the more ground he covered the more rapidly his feet moved, and not his feet only. In long stretches of road shut in by forest trees he found himself devoid of a single mental restraint and he thought aloud as he walked, as Hezekiah by a sinner! O God! with my whole heart I have sought thee, and thou hast instead revealed thyself not only unto babes and sucklings, but unto one who is certainly not like unto one of these little ones. Teach me thy will, for verily in written books I fear I have found it not. What if the boat reaches the landing before I do, and this lost sheep escapes me! Father in heaven, the shepherd is astray in his way, even as the sheep is; but O thou! who didst say that the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong, make the feeble power of man to triumph over great engines and the hurrying of mighty waters. Fulfil thy promise, O God, for the sake of the soul thou hast committed to my charge!"

Then, like a man who believed in helping his own prayers along, the parson snatched off his coat and hat and increased his speed. He was far outside of his own parish, for most of his congregation were townsmen, and the old pastor knew no more of the geography of the country about him than he did of Chinese Tartary. He had taken what was known as the "River Road," and thus far his course had been plain; now, however, he reached a place where the road divided, and which branch to take he did not know. Ordinary sense of locality would have taught him in an instant, but the parson had no such sense; there was no housein sight at which he could ask his way, and, to add to his anxiety, the Excellence came down the river to his left, puffing and shrieking as if the making of hideous noises was the principal qualification of a river steamer. The old man fell upon his knees, raised his face and hands towards heaven, and exclaimed,

"The hosts of hell are pressing hard, O God! Thou who didst guide thy chosen people with a pillar of fire, show now to thy unworthy servant that thou art God!"

What the parson saw he never told, but he sprang to his feet and went down the left-hand road at a lively run, a moment after Tom Adams, half a mile in the rear, had shaded his eyes and exclaimed,

"Blamed if there isn't a feller a-prayin' right out in the road; if he wants anything that bad I hope he'll get it. Travel, Selim—get up, Bill! let's see who he is."

CHAPTER X.

BRINGING HOME THE SHEEP.

Speaking after the manner of the flesh, the Reverend Timotheus Brown had found only plain sailing on the river; spiritually, he had a very different experience. "As student in a little" was the most common of the current estimates of Pastor Brown's character; and if the conscientious old people had ever possibly heard this opinion of himself, the verbal expression thereof would have given him but a slight amount of comfort, compared with that which he experien