

back porch that opened from the kitchen, I found Mrs. P. busily churning, while on an old carpet at her feet sat her youngest boy with some common toys, and close beside poor little John in an easy chair, the peculiar and rude construction of which whispered a tale of paternal love ministering to the wants of the young sufferer. I looked around the neat kitchen. "Have you no servant Mrs. P.?"

"None," she replied.

"I suppose you find it difficult to procure them here in the country, but mamma could send you one from town."

"My dear Louisa," said my hostess, "we cannot afford to keep any."

"And do you really do all your own work?"

"All—except when this baby was born then we had a girl for a little while."

"I suppose it is holidays with the children as they are not at school."

"Their father and I are their only teachers, for were there a school near us, (which there is not,) our limited income would not allow us to avail ourselves of it. While Ellen my eldest was with me, I hardly knew care, and she was unwilling to leave me—but her grandmother's health is poor, and her sight so bad that she needs a reader constantly."

"But Mr. P. has surely a salary from his people."

"Yes, dear, but so irregularly paid that we can never calculate exactly on our income. This you know is always a great inconvenience. Then too, purchases for the family can not be made to so good advantage here as in town."

"Mrs. P. will you think me impertinent if I ask why you left your comfortable residence in Galton, where you had every thing so nice and in such good order." I have heard papa say the whole town were mourning at your departure."

"Impertinent, no, dear Louisa, and if you will not think me egotistical I will tell you our motives. I began to aid Mary and Alice in shelling the peas while Mrs. P. proceeded:

"You have heard from your papa that Mr. P.'s ministry was blessed in Galton to the conversion of many souls. The church increased to double its former size, and the pastor was much beloved. It was pleasant to labour among a population so kind and loving, and we were very happy. Accounts reached us of the utter destitution of the bread of life which prevailed in this section of country—none could be found to come. Many were willing to succeed Mr. P. in his parish, but none could be prevailed on to preach here. Mr. P. for a week devoted himself to the consideration of this subject, with earnest prayer for divine direction—and at the end of that time asked me

if I would come, I thought of my children and I said no—no—but I read in my bible, "He that loveth son or daughter more than me is not worthy of me," and I said I will go. At that time our mother was in good health and we hoped to send our children to stay with her, that they might have the advantages of school instruction, but the bank in which her property was invested failed, and grandmother, instead of being able to aid her offspring, has barely a support for herself. But, dear child, we have been very, very happy for the last six years—and what is of more consequence, a church has been gathered here in the wilderness, a Sunday School formed and many have been called into the Kingdom of God. We do not, we have never regretted our coming, but we sometimes despond a little that our children have so few advantages. Especially during Johnny's illness, when his poor father was compelled to ride for ten miles over bad roads and in the darkness of night, to seek for a physician, and this not once or twice only. Then too, before religion had made its way into the hearts of our parishioners, we missed in times of sickness and sorrow the unobtrusive act of kindness to which we were accustomed. The few who wished to do us a service often by the manner of its proffer annoyed us more than we should have been by neglect. But the grace of God refines the heart—as we have frequently seen exemplified here."

"Can you get books to read my dear madam?"

"Now and then some kind friend sends us a new publication which is to us invaluable."

But time would fail me were I to tell of all the self-denial which I discovered. I knew not the whole till, I returned home and talked with my father, when I was told that the Rev. Mr. P. (A. M.) had declined a professorship in one of our most flourishing Theological Seminaries, to toil in this lonely spot—with no congenial society. He, who was one of the most popular preachers of the day, able to command almost any city church—who would so eloquently discuss the principles of divine truth as to charm all who heard; he could patiently, Sabbath after Sabbath, prepare and deliver sermons to those, who, prejudiced and ignorant, had no other claim upon his love and attention than that like his divine master he sought "the Lost."

The sacrifice is great—the reward is found in an approving conscience, and as Fame carries to his humble dwelling the renown of those who (always acknowledged at the university his inferiors in intellect,) are now among the first of their age—or as he hears of the brethren on the foreign field, who, by their researches and interesting journals of a residence in other lands, are exciting public sympathy and attracting general