

But the hearts of the young are sanguine in their expectations. Hope whispers flattering tales, and Julia Ringgold, in a few months after this interview with her father, gave her hand and heart to the idol of her affections, trustingly and without fear.

Uncle Peter, as he was everywhere called, did not, by any means, smile approval upon this match. But Julia was economical in her habits, and the young clergyman at Morton was a popular and approved minister. They began their married life in the little parsonage. And domestic love, the one bright flower of Eden which survived the universal wreck, "gathered sweetness when shadowed by the Cross."

A truthful writer has said, that "there is nothing on earth so beautiful as the household in which love forever smiles, and where religion walks, a counsellor and friend. No cloud can darken it, for its twin stars are centered in the soul. No storm can make it tremble—it has an earthly support, the gift of heaven and a heavenly anchor. But the roof beneath which it dwells shelters a sacred spot, where the curious eye must not peer, nor the stranger's foot tread." Such a spot Julia felt her home to be, and as she looked into her husband's smiling eyes, she cared little for Uncle Peter and his gold.

But time is a great destroyer of romance. Children sprang up "like olive plants around their table." The clergyman began to find his salary hardly adequate to supply the wants of his numerous household. But he toiled, and seldom suffered himself to despond. "*Faithful is he that calleth you,*" seemed to ever be ringing in his ears. "He who soweth in tears shall reap in joy."

It was about this time that the yellow fever visited a neighbouring city, spreading devastation and death in its track. Uncle Peter had gone thither for purposes of trade, but as soon as he heard of the appearance of the scourge, he hastened to Morton, hoping to escape infection.

But the fatal fever soon raged in his system. The night air of the metropolis had sowed its poisonous seeds. As soon as the nature of his disease was ascertained, the simple hearted villagers, who knew little of its character, and had taken the idea that, like the small pox, it was contagious, fled from him, affrighted. No nurse could be procured to wait by his bedside. Men, who, in the days of his health, had been obsequious and cringing in his presence, now never entered his meanly furnished chamber. He lay down on his pallet, and prayed to die. He could obtain neither medicine or food. He saw nothing before him but a lingering death—death from starvation, if not disease.

One day a tall manly form entered his apartment. He paused beside the bed, and Uncle Peter recognized at a glance the Pastor at Morton.

"You are ill," he said as he stooped and took the yellow, shriveled hand of the miser in his. "You are ill and suffering for the want of nursing. I have come to take care of you. I have brought with me medicine and food. I hope to see you yet restored to health and happiness."

"You!" said the miser, scarcely believing the evidence of his senses. "Have you come to my aid—you, whose name and character I have so often reviled, and whom I have so thoroughly hated? This is strange! Why do you come to me? I am no Freemason. On the contrary, I have always been an inveterate enemy to the Order. I can not comprehend the motives which have brought you to me."