

But while he was shunned and envied by the clergy, he was esteemed and beloved by the laity who were brought within the sphere of his influence; and his was a character that deserved veneration, for he was truly a physician of the heart. By study he was taught to teach, by observation he was led to practice; his manners were a reflection of his morals—he never had occasion to blush for his actions, for his practice was as pure as his precepts were true: though his living was a commentary upon his preaching, his discourses were not conspicuous for poetry; they were full of sincere earnestness and deep wisdom. He was never remarkable as a popular preacher, but he was affectionately beloved as a faithful friend, whose considerate heart could compassionate another's weakness, and rejoice in anything good as if it had been his own. In all the relations of life he was exemplary, and the tongue of calumny, though skilful to invent mischief, and ingenious to pervert truth, never attempted to defame him; simple minded and guileless himself, he was not prone to think evil of others. Whilst he partook not of the pleasures of the world, he would by his presence sanction the healthful games of children. Though he had no inclination to indulge the sports of youth, he would frequently be found the cheerful spectator of boyish pastimes. He was fond of children, and children, who have a great intuitive perception of character, regarded him as one who was worthy of their love; and upon Sunday, or holyday, in church or abroad, the child was happy who attracted his notice or gained his smile. And Youth, in the critical period of life, sought and found in him a safe adviser and a kind friend, whose solemn and faithful counsel gave an irresistible impetus to a wavering or a sinking resolution. Those in adversity sought him and found comfort, and he sought those in prosperity to warn them that until they had ceased to hoard they would not learn to live. At the house of mourning, beside the bed of death, he was ready with the offices of religion, to console the sinking spirit, to meet without alarm the agonies of dissolution, and he would comfort the bereaved survivors with the hope of a more blissful re-union hereafter with the friend whom they had lost.

His sacred office—as the office of the Minister of the Parish will, when properly sustained,—attracted towards him respect. His age induced veneration, and his long residence in the same place entitled him to the position of a seer. He knew every body, and he regarded them all as friends; when babes he had baptized them, when children he had catechized them, and when youths he had counselled them; very many he had united at

the altar in the holy rite of marriage. One generation he had buried, and though advancing years admonished him that the time was not remote when he too should lay his head beside those of his Parishioners who had gone before, still in the sure and certain hope of the resurrection at the last day, he was satisfied to take his repose amongst the people whom he had loved so well; to frame the connecting link between the generation which had passed away, and the one which was then hastening after him to the grave.

Religion with him never assumed a churlish or unloving guise. It is true that solemnity befitting the occasion, was impressed upon his manner when treating of eternal realities. He spoke not of eternal wrath as though it had no awful meaning belonging to it, nor did he on the other hand refer to the everlasting love of God, and the unending happiness to which it points, as though it were a quality, and a state of being, calculated to beget misery and despair. The Rector was solemn without being morose, cheerful without being flippant. His manner won confidence; men did not hold their breath in awe of his society, or think it irreverent and sinful to smile in his presence.

We have said that the Rector was sad, and so indeed he was, and the ineffectual result of old Jacob's inquiries, added to other disquieting emotions, occasioned his dejection. He thought of the poor pauper who had seen better days, and then he thought of his own dear Annie's helplessness when he should be removed from her. What wonder that the old man wept as he exclaimed, England has no home, no shelter for the fatherless! God help the friendless ones, and pity the bereaved; Oh! save and protect my own Annie in her orphanhood!

CHAPTER XIV.

THE bells of Allhallows rung out their pealing tones of joy, and each fast following chime seemed to note with welcome, the arrival of the gathering crowd of worshippers, whilst it beat a harsh rebuke to those who entered there with any other motive than that which induced the Saviour of the world to become a sojourner among men.

The church, too, on that day was adorned with its goodliest apparel. The fir tree, the pine tree, and the box, together had mingled their eternal verdure with the still more beautiful green of the ivy, the holly and the mistletoe; fair hands had intertwined the foliage into garlands, wreaths and festoons of beauty, and the ruby bud of the holly seemed to vie with its emerald