

ONE DAY IN A PASTOR'S LIFE.

Dr. Todd of Pittsfield, Mass., gives the readers of the *Congregationalist* the following account of one day in a pastor's life.

It is Friday. Having been hindered all the week by extra calls, I set apart this day to writing a sermon, hoping to finish it before Saturday night comes.

I rise at five o'clock. Let us see; four letters to write before breakfast, and none of them on my own business. But postage is cheap if paper is dear. One is to enclose twenty dollars from good Mrs. T. to the Tract Society—half for soldiers and half for sailors in the navy. A real pleasure to write such a letter! A second to a young man who writes me that I should send him five dollars, he being destitute, his home in Maine, his father a deacon, his mother very pious, and his minister's name so and so, and he, too modest to call in person, and too conscientious to work where people are wicked! He wants me to send it at once to the post-office! I find that the man whom he names is not the minister at that place. Does he think me a fool, or ministers in general all fools? Well, I have answered the letter, but about the five dollars, that is a secret of my own. The four letters are answered, and now breakfast and worship. I then go out to see my horse "Billy," and examine if he is all right. Hardly out of the barn before I am called in. A young man wants employment—bring good recommendations. I run around among my friends without success. I then send him where I am sure he will get employment.

Now for my study and sermon. No, a gentleman from another town wants to see me and "talk over" about a supply for their pulpit. I mention the best man I can and he is off at ten o'clock. Now for the study. No, a man from a distant part of the town sends me word that his child is sick, and wants me to come and see it and the family. So "Billy" has me help him on with the harness, and we go and come. It is now twelve o'clock. I will have one hour to write! Hardly, hardly! My neighbour has a great swarm of bees come out, and they are hanging on the tree, and won't I please come and hive them, for he don't know how to manage them? Bee bonnet and gloves! I go over, and mount the ladder, and saw the limb, and bring down the bees in a scientific way, and get them housed in their new home. They are beautiful creatures, albeit their stings are awful. But, neighbour, why do you use the old box-hive, since Langstroth's is so incomparably better? Well, they will do nicely now.

It is now one o'clock, and the dinner bell rings. Can't I eat very moderately, and write this afternoon on my sermon? Ah, no! no! my family tell me that a young lady several miles off is to be buried at two o'clock. She belonged to another denomination, but their minister is gone, and they want me to "be sure and attend the funeral." Come, down with the dinner—hurry, hurry, or I shall be too late! "Billy, why did I take the harness off? We must go again, Billy."

What a funeral! A young girl, beautiful and white as a lily, lies in that coffin! But what a respect paid to her! She had been a teacher the last five years—a natural teacher, who could subdue and draw all to her. How many young hearts have received impressions from her that will go down into the soul, and help form character! How much seed hath her gentle hand sown! What a multitude to attend her funeral—at least fifty carriages of one sort and another, and all the region moved, Shakers and all, to come to her funeral. How much of character and respect can be earned in a few years, by a gentle, unselfish laborious spirit! Many rise up and call her