

W.—“Was there nothing else except reproving the servants?”

B.—“Yes. It appears what had given most offence was what I said to some young gentle folks about their sins, and who came to master with their complaints.”

W.—“Did mistress say anything to you?”

B.—“Ay. She said she was very sorry to part with me, but she could not help it; and she asked me many questions about you and about the bairn, and what I thought of doing.

W.—“Did master give you the books you wanted?”

B.—“Yes, he gave me this Bible, which I have been accustomed to read.”

W.—“Ah, I’m sure you must have felt very sore when you left the Hall for the last time.”

B.—“Well, my mind has been kept in great peace; but when I got to the garden gate and looked back to say farewell, tears would, unbidden, come to my eyes, and I could scarce tear myself away.”

W.—“Come, my dear, thy feelings will overpower thee. Reach me thy Bible and I will read, and then thou shalt lead us in prayer.”

B.—“Ay; that I will do right cheerfully, for my heart is full.”

He reaches her the Bible, and she opens to John xiv., and reads: “Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father’s house are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also. And whither I go ye know and the way ye know. . . . I am the way, the truth, and the life. No man cometh to the Father but by me. . . . If ye shall ask any thing in My name, I will do it. . . . I will not leave you comfortless; I will come to you. . . . Peace I leave with you; My peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid,” &c. Was it that the book was now all his own? or was it the tones of his wife’s voice in reading it? or was it that the words seemed so remarkably suitable? or what was it that gave to the reading such a sweetness, a sweetness that produced such a holy calm in the cottage, as though another had been there talking to them with His own living loving voice? Both countenances are lit up with holy joy and peace unspeakable; and for a few moments they listened in silence, as though expecting to hear the voice again. The silence