

even Amy's tasteful furnishings had failed to disguise. It had sheltered in the course of its history very many sorts and conditions of men. Here had come "local preachers," travelling evangelists, temperance lecturers, reformers of all kinds, the ardent supporters of manifold "causes," from those who afterwards became notorious as fanatics or adventurers, to those who were to make for themselves great names in our land as benefactors of their fellow-men.

From time to time also it had afforded a night's resting-place to Methodist ministers of every variety of type. They belonged, many of them, to those earlier days of mammoth "tea-meetings," stirring revivals, large gatherings for the annual missionary meetings—the days when Methodist preachers had not yet lost all their Bohemianism, and settled down to the more professional life of our modern towns and cities. In spite of the greatest diversity of nationality, disposition, training, and individual opinion, they were, in general, men of force, of originality, of resource and enthusiasm, and they possessed, all of them, that love of conflict, toil and change, the heroic instinct of the Methodist itinerant.

Oh! these old parsonages, scattered through the land, what curious medleys of comedy and tragedy we should find if their histories were written—sorrow, petty intrigue, romance, adventure, fierce conflicts with the powers of evil—and with these strange tales, simpler but not less thrilling stories of quiet and untiring labor, of patient and triumphant struggle for individual character, and for the higher life of a community.

It was not strange if little Mrs. Trevor, with her ignorance of Canadian country ways and manners, felt herself somewhat out of her element in the Lyndon parsonage. Perhaps the little guest-chamber, with its slanting roof and its square-paned window looking toward the hills, was haunted with disturbing influences. At all events, as soon as Amy became convalescent, "Grandmamma" Trevor went back to the city, and the Lyndoners were left in undisputed possession of the Wilkeses.

All Lyndon had shown such personal anxiety and practical thoughtfulness, and had so well proved that it felt the minister's trouble its own, that on Sunday morning Sam thanked

his congregation publicly with an unsteady voice before he pronounced the benediction.

While Amy was getting well, all the village ladies had to have a hand in taking care of her. And so they came by degrees to feel a strong sense of proprietorship in the Wilkeses, to rejoice in their good points, and to feel very reluctant to recognize their failings. And Amy made the most of the situation, not deliberately, I think, but because it was her nature to be dependent and appealing.

The good women became more and more motherly. Amy certainly had the faculty of "getting round people," as the saying is. When she grew strong enough to be dressed, and come down-stairs again, she held quite a levee in the parlour every afternoon; gossiped in her kindly way, sympathized with every one's troubles, and confided all her own; rejoiced with those that rejoiced, and wept with those that wept, as only Amy could do. It became the fashion among us to go to the parsonage on all days and at all hours in the day.

The young people were more enthusiastically loyal than ever; and the women and young people are undeniably a force in any community. The storm of criticism that had seemed rising, died away utterly. Mr. Davis, though he was not disposed to make open acknowledgment that he had been mistaken, daily showed himself among the warmest friends of the Wilkeses. Those others who had been loud in their denunciation, now contented themselves with an occasional mildly disapproving remark; and even this seemed a mere matter of saving the dignity, for woe betide any outsider who might venture to express a criticism of either Sam or Amy in the presence of a Lyndoners.

And now that the spirit of conciliation was abroad, even Sam became a little less rigid in his methods of "standing by his principles," and on some occasions so far as promised as to wheel to his prayer-meeting in the Brook school-house in the orthodox frock coat and black trousers.

So all went well through the fall and winter. Sam, whatever may have been his faults as a minister, at least worked hard and conscientiously. The congregations grew until they could grow no longer. The active membership of the Epworth League expanded beyond belief. Methodism flourished