

as a most precious heirloom—the Bible he had loved so much to read, with several other books. He reaches the wicket of his home. Wife with baby in her arms meets him there. The evening sunshine dances on the shrubs and flowers, and lights up the little cottage. It never looked so lovely, never so attractive; and must he give it all up, and go he knew not where, and all because he had tried faithfully to serve his God? His heart is somewhat sad as he sits down to his ready-prepared tea on the plain three-legged deal table, and thus they chat as he takes little Sally, his baby, upon his knee.

Wife—"Well, my dear, you are really dismissed, are you?"

B.—"Yes. Master asked me if I had considered the matter fully—if I would give up talking to the men about religion and about their sins, and if I would stop going to the jail to preach to the prisoners; and I told him 'No;' it was my duty to do it, and if I stayed I must serve God."

W.—"What did he say then?"

B.—"He said he thought it was the parson's business to do that; and that the clergyman did not like my interfering, especially my going to the jail. I told him I felt it my duty to reprove sin wherever I saw it, and that the poor prisoners seemed to have none who cared for their souls, and I felt I was doing God's will in visiting them and trying to point them to Jesus."

W.—"Well, what did he say to that?"

B.—"Why, he just said he thought I was very foolish to give up a good place for such nonsense, but he could not help it if I would not stop doing it. I must go, for the other servants would not stand it, and the parson had found fault about my going to the prison and preaching."

W.—"Why, it seems strange, when you don't interfere with them; and they hardly ever go there themselves or show the least pity to the prisoners."

B.—"Ay! And the poor fellows seem so glad to have me go in and talk to them a bit. I've seen the tears run down their cheeks often when I had prayed with them, but I suppose it makes the clergy feel ashamed. And they cannot bear it that a humble gardener should show more zeal than they who are paid for their services."