

are crosses when the crown is in view, and when we daily see immortal spirits going to endless perdition for lack of knowledge?"

H.—"I can appreciate your motives, and believe that they can only come from the Holy Spirit who dwelleth in us, and I should be rejoiced to see you enter the ministry. But how are you off, friend B.? do you need any help in this time?"

B.—"Well, no; I am pretty comfortably provided for the present. I have managed to save about forty pounds."

And thus, strengthened by the manly sympathy of him whom he called his kind and very dear friend, he went on his way, lifting up his heart to God. But it was a sore trial to him to leave his situation, and he thus writes: "Farewell, my master, in whose employ I have earned my bread these many years; farewell, my kind and tender-hearted mistress; farewell, ye ponds of water, and pleasant walks, and shady groves, and rocks and hills; above all, farewell, thou consecrated room, that hast often been to me the presence chamber of the King of kings. While in thee, how often have I been in the suburbs of heaven! But why do I weep? I take my Bible; and He who indited it will go with me. But will the Lord in very deed dwell with sinful man? Will He forget the evil I have done in this place?"

It was October. The month's notice had expired. The pious gardener had lost his situation. The sole grounds of his dismissal are the complaints of his fellow-servants and of some in higher position, in consequence of the faithful and perhaps stern manner in which he rebuked them for their sins. Either they will leave or he must. The master chooses to dismiss his gardener. For eight years he had served him faithfully. It had become a home to him, but now he must leave it. We think we see him that evening wending his way to his cottage home, probably trundling his wheelbarrow, and in it the few gardeners' tools he calls his own. In it, too, is a small parcel carefully done up. His countenance, serene yet serious, says, "I must trust where I cannot trace." He has taken his last look upon the embowered retreats where he had loved to meditate—the flowers, the trees, the walks, which had been his delight; of his mistress, who had shown the greatest respect to him, and of his master, from whose hands, with his wages, he had just received what he prized more highly, and what has remained in the family