

the ardent men before him, and thought of that modest, loving soul that he had left to fight its way upward amid the depressing influences of Picardy Green, and a kind of remorse took possession of his sensitive conscience. So, "after many days," Sam got a wonderful letter, and many letters, and the end was that within another year Sam was sitting again at his old pastor's feet.

Seven years make great changes in men, and it was seven years since these two had met. But the changes in Sam had all been good ones. There was still a kind of Doric simplicity in his dress, speech, and manners; but his great heart had so moulded his stalwart frame that his presence was in every way winning.

To no one was it more so than to the sweet, fair woman who had once so unceremoniously laid her hand on his brutal arm ten years before. Who, then, could have foreseen the consequences of little Mary Burslam's interference?

This change in Mr. Naylor's life introduced him to my personal knowledge. I was in Mary Burslam's Sunday-school class, and I loved her with a romantic affection. The instinctive jealousy of a child soon divined that Mr. Naylor loved her also, and perhaps I should have learned to dislike him if Mary had not generously asked me often to her home, and made much of me before my rival. Before long I was reconciled to him, and a year afterward I was very proud of the part I took in their solemnly happy bridal.

Then they went away, and for a long time I watched the Minutes of the Conference, and followed them over the map of England. But from no idols are we so easily weaned as from those of our childhood, and in newer loves and interests I quite forgot the Rev. Samuel Naylor and his wife.

Ten years afterward I was going southward to see the great Exhibition of 1851. At the manufacturing town of S—— I had many friends, and I resolved to stay over one Sabbath with them. They were Methodists of the strictest sort, and were full of joyful surprise and congratulation at my visit. I could not have come at a more fortunate time! It was a special providence; it was just wonderful! The great Mr. Naylor was going to preach at Picardy Green the next day! Surely I had heard of Mr. Naylor? And an old servant added, in his broad, honest *patois*, "Eh! but thou wert al'ays a lass in good time, thou wert."

It was six in the evening when we got within sight of the bare black moor and its smoking furnaces. Intersected by roads in every direction, every road was full of crowded vehicles, and men, women, and children on foot. They were all making for the large new chapel that Mr. Naylor was that day opening for worship.

It had been crowded in the morning, but it was soon evident that it would not contain the half of the evening congregation.