

cordially entertained. Nor, perhaps, will it surprise them either, that he so far overcame his innate bashfulness as to persuade that lady to share the duties and the pleasures of the itinerancy. She bore patiently the raillery of her bosom friend, Marion, who avowed her prescience from the first of "how it would all turn out, you know."

When another Conference came round, and the apple blossoms filled the air with sweetness and decked the orchards in bridal array, two loving hearts were united in the blessed bonds of mutual helpfulness and common labour for the welfare of mankind. In a quiet country circuit, surrounded by the fairest aspects of nature—undulating hills and fertile plains, green in summer with forest growths and waving fields of grain, crimson and golden in autumn with the gorgeous pageant of the year's expiring beauty—the young pastor found, amid an inartificial state of society, like that of his own boyhood's home, a congenial sphere of labour, with ample leisure for study and abundant opportunities for usefulness. In the pleasant village parsonage, embowered in syringas and lilacs, and festooned with climbing roses and Virginia creepers, in a peaceful round of dear home duties, in loving sympathy with her husband's labours, and supplementing his efforts with the subtle spell of woman's gentle ministrations, in kindly interchange of sincere warm-hearted rural hospitalities, the fair Ethel renewed again the sweet idyl of Eden—the old, old story of domestic bliss, old as humanity, yet ever new—under as happy auspices as ever vouchsafed to youthful bride in this world of blended joy and sorrow.

Her friend, Marion, shortly after attained the height of her ambition in marrying the fascinating Mr. Tomkins, and verily she has her reward. She leads a brilliant, fashionable life,—not for the personal enjoyment to be derived from the endless succession of routs and parties, for she often complains that the demands of society are a weariness and vexation,—but in order to be seen of men. She regards with a haughty commiseration the secluded happiness of the companion of her girlhood, "buried in a country parsonage." But Ethel, with a yearning solicitude, sincerely pities the joyless and hollow existence of her fashionable friend, and