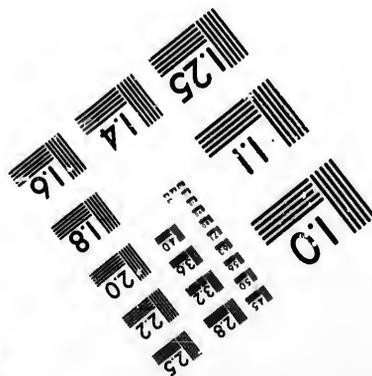
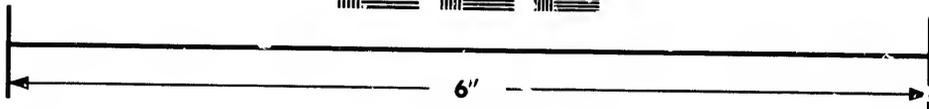
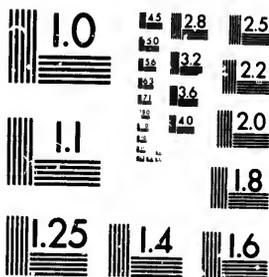


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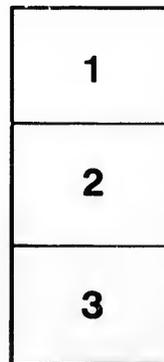
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TRIED BUT TRUE:

A TALE.

BY

MARK MAPLETON.



ST. JOHN, N. B.:

"DAILY NEWS" STEAM PRINTING AND PUBLISHING HOUSE.

1874.

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CHAPTER I.

CLOUDS AND STORM.

The morning was mild and cloudless, the hills were yet dreamy with the haze of night, the multitudes who go forth early to their daily toil were not yet astir, and the streets of Liverpool had a somewhat deserted appearance as the good ship, "Carthagena," glided gracefully from her moorings, and, with every sail set to catch the favoring breeze, moved upon the waters as a thing of life, and stood out to sea. The waving handkerchief and the ringing cheer assured the departing ones of the sincere

sympathy felt for them by those that had been left behind, and of the earnest desire that they might be preserved from the many dangers of the deep, and brought in safety to their desired haven. And as the space widened between them, and forms grew indistinct in the distance, many a silent prayer was breathed to heaven that they all might meet again where partings are unknown.

The passengers gazed upon the fast-receding shore with feelings of sincere sorrow ; and when at length every familiar object had faded from the view, the dim outline of the coast had disappeared beneath the horizon, and nothing could be seen but the wide waste of waters, a sense of bereavement and of exile took possession of their hearts, tears flowed freely at the thought of leaving the dear old home of their fathers, with all the fondly cherished associations of their earlier days, and of going forth to commence life anew in a region to them unknown, and among a people with whose manners, customs, and character they were necessarily unfamiliar. And many an one, as he trod the deck with slow and measured step, or leaned in pensive thought over the vessel's side, and surveyed the wide, extended main, realized, as he never had before, his

own helplessness and insignificance, and was led to exclaim :

“ Tis here Thine unknown paths we trace,
Which dark to human eyes appear,
While through the mighty waves we pass,
Faith only sees that God is here.

Throughout the deep Thy footsteps shine,
We own Thy way is in the sea,
O'erawed by majesty divine,
And lost in Thy immensity.”

The passengers, numbering in all between two and three hundred, represented all ages, classes and characters. Some were poor, whose poverty was directly traceable to their own vicious habits, and who carried in their persons sad and unmistakable evidence that “the way of the transgressor is hard.” Drinking, gambling and their related vices had left their impress upon the body and mind. Several who had enjoyed rare religious advantages, and whose early morning had been rich with golden promises, had been, by these means, dragged down to the deepest degradation, and the most abject want. Oh, it was enough to make an angel weep, to see such with bleared eye and bloated face, clad in rags and weltering in crime. And who, without a shudder, can contrast the actual condition of such persons, with what it might and ought to have been, or think of the grief and agony, the

sore and bitter disappointment of those whose gray hairs had been brought down in sorrow to the grave.

The poverty of others was their misfortune and not their fault. Loss of health had reduced some to circumstances of real distress ; failure in business had suddenly brought others down from competence to want ; an unproductive harvest had prompted others to go abroad to better their condition, and various other causes had contributed to the same result ; but the general reason was a want of remunerative employment. Some could have struggled on a while longer, and, perhaps, have risen above their present difficulties. But the fear of further failure, and the dread of the workhouse on the one hand, and the glowing accounts they had heard from time to time of what they might be and do in America, had determined them to try the experiment, and seek homes in the Western World. And each, from his own stand-point, was wont to beguile the tedious time in pleasing dreams of restored health or improved circumstances, in the new and happier situations in which he hoped to be placed, in the home he was seeking beyond the sea.

But a goodly number knew nothing of the pain

ful privations to which their poorer fellow-voyagers had been subjected, and had only left their native land for the purpose of re-joining much-loved ones who had preceded them to this continent. Enterprising young men—their sons and brothers—fired with the laudable ambition of winning for themselves a name and a place among the world's worthies, or of working for the Master among the lost and the lowly; and believing that a more inviting field was open to them in America than in Europe, and the chances of success more certain, had left all and crossed over the sea. Several of these had been eminently successful, their most sanguine expectations had been more than realized, and anxious that their friends should be partakers of their good fortune, and share in their joy, they had succeeded in persuading them to leave the land they loved so dearly, take a final farewell of scenes hallowed by many a touching memory, and encounter the difficulties and dangers of the ocean, in the hope of being re-united, and spending the rest of their days in each other's society.

Of the captain, officers and crew we need say but little. The former was an able, active, and experienced commander, thoroughly acquainted with

his work, and ever ready to contribute to the comfort of those who voyaged with him. Born upon shipboard, the son of a sailor, he was truly a child of the ocean, and upon it he had spent nearly all his life. He was a man of pure and lofty principles, of strictly temperate habits, of a frank and generous disposition, and an humble and devoted Christian. He was loved by all who knew him ; his firm, but kind demeanor commanded respect ; in his judgment all had the greatest confidence, and crew and passengers deemed themselves fortunate in having so competent a commander. The subordinate officers were superior men, and were the worthy associates of their chief, and every man belonging to the ship was intelligent, trustworthy and pious. The " Carthagena " was indeed a floating " Bethel." Religious services were regularly held, immorality received no countenance whatever from any one ; and if ever there was a ship that might have been expected to ride the sea in safety, and pass unharmed through every storm, because of the character of these who manned her, this certainly was the one.

For some time after their departure the weather was all that could be desired. The sun walked

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through the heavens in cloudless splendour, and the moon lit up nocturnal skies with her silvery rays. The stars seemed to shine with unusual brilliancy, and glowed like diamonds in the coronet of night. The appearance of the sea was exceedingly beautiful, and its ceaseless roll and vast expanse awakened thought, and suggested new and interesting themes for study to the landsman. A pleasant breeze bore the good ship gallantly along through the sparkling waters, and rapidly diminished the distance between them and their future home. The grief of the first few days gradually passed away, and the majority seemed disposed to play the agreeable. Grouped together on the deck, little parties might have been seen in earnest conversation about what they had seen and heard at home, listening in rapt attention to the interesting experiences of some weather-beaten tar, as he told in graphic and appropriate phrase, the story of his hear-breadth escapes, or clustering around some one to whom America was well known, eager to obtain all the information they could concerning it, that could contribute to their advantage after their arrival.

But how little, how very little do we know of the future. How often, how very often do we sit

under the shadow of some overhanging calamity, yet all unconscious of the same. How very ignorant we are of the clouds that may darken our pathway, of the dangers and difficulties that may imperil our safety—or of the furnace of affliction into which we may be thrown? How often do we stand on the verge of ruin, and yet flatter ourselves that all is well? And while we are sometimes tempted to believe that many of the disasters that befall us, and much of the misery that we experience could be avoided, were the mysterious veil that screens futurity from view, but occasionally drawn aside, we are nevertheless persuaded that here, at least, ignorance is bliss. Did we know what lies before us, one grand incentive to humble trust in the Divine goodness would be removed, sight would take the place of faith, and instead of that childlike simplicity, so truly characteristic of a devoted discipleship, there would either be a reckless disregard of consequences, or a cowardly non-employment of preventive agencies.

So unconsciously slept in treacherous security the hundreds on board the ill fated "Carthagena," on the fifteenth night of the voyage, little dreaming that the destroying angel hovered so near them,

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or that such overwhelming disasters awaited them in the immediate future. There had been nothing in the appearance of the sea or sky at the time of retiring to rest, to excite the least uneasiness, and storm and danger were not thought of. But at midnight—that strange, mysterious hour which the superstition of man has clothed with such gloomy horrors, and invested with such dread importance—the wind suddenly changed, and began to blow at a furious rate. All hands were called on deck, and everything was done that was deemed necessary to secure the safety of the ship. The men worked with a will, every order was promptly responded to and no one betrayed the least uneasiness. The storm had come up so suddenly, that it was supposed to be nothing more than a severe squall. And although it had become a perfect hurricane, it was expected to be of short continuance. But as hour after hour dragged wearily along, and the tempest raged with redoubled fury, the situation became grave in the extreme.

The morning dawned, but there was no abatement of the storm. The sea was terribly agitated the waves ran mountains high, the vessel pitched and rolled with tremendous violence, and a falling

barometer indicated a continuance of the gale. About sunrise a heavy sea swept over her, carrying away part of the bulwarks, and causing her to creak and shiver as if she were going to pieces. Soon afterwards the foremast was snapped in two as if it had been a pipe-stem, and various other disasters continued to occur, at short intervals, during the whole of that long and dreary day. Still nothing serious was apprehended, for the ship was new and strongly built, the hold was free from water and the pumps were in perfect working order. The captain was unwearied in his endeavours to be prepared for any emergency that might arise, and his calm and self-possessed demeanour was well calculated to inspire confidence. And every one under his command attended to his particular duty with a vigour and promptitude, as if the safety of the whole depended on his individual exertions.

Meanwhile, the greatest alarm prevailed among the passengers, and many believed that matters were even worse than they really were. Some, conscious of their unpreparedness for death, were engaged in reading the long neglected Bible, in tearful conversation with those who were known to be religious, or in earnest, though subdued, sup-

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gale. application to that God who has promised to be "a covert from the tempest and a refuge from the storm." Some gave way to their fears, and passionately appealed for help, now to man and then to God. Others sat in moody silence, as if incapable of comprehending the dread solemnity of the circumstances in which they were placed. Friends and families drew closely together; and in low and whispered conversation, endeavored to lighten the load of sorrow that was settling down upon each other's heart. All appeared to feel that they were standing in the near neighbourhood of eternity, and the past with all its follies, and the future with all its dread realities, seemed to meet and mingle in the awful present. And although the captain went below from time to time, and strove to encourage them with the hope that they would outride the storm, the general impression was that some terrible disaster was at hand.

Nor were they mistaken. About midnight, when the storm had reached its height, and the roar of the angry elements was truly terrible, a mighty wave broke over the ship, which carried away everything that came in its way, and sent a thrill of horror through every heart, for all thought she

was going down. To add to their distress and danger, it was soon discovered that she had sprung a leak, and that water was rising rapidly in the hold. Carpenters were promptly sent below to ascertain the nature of the injury she had sustained, and, if possible, to repair it. Crew and passengers took turns at the pumps, but, notwithstanding all their efforts, the water gained steadily upon them. All were now convinced that the sinking of the ship was only a question of time, but they were resolved to keep her afloat as long as they could. The boats were gotten ready, such stores as were deemed necessary were prepared, crews were told off for each, and the best arrangements were made for saving the largest number possible. And with an agonized heart, the captain went below and warned all to prepare for the worst, for unless deliverance came soon, they would all find a watery grave.

Towards noon, the storm having somewhat abated, and as the ship was fast settling down, the order was given to launch the boats. With much difficulty this was, at length, accomplished, and the women and children placed therein. The married men were next directed to follow them, and after

s and these the younger ones. Then came the crew, or rather those of them who were not manning the boats; and not until it was supposed the last man had left the sinking ship, that the captain consented to provide for his own safety. But all had not left, for just after the last boat had pushed off, five men came up from below and shouted for help. Misguided men, they had fancied this an excellent time to enrich themselves with what others had left behind, and had been seen a few minutes before in the act of breaking open the captain's chest. But they paid dearly for their folly, for it was now impossible to do anything for them. The ship gave a great plunge and went down amid the great waters, while those in the fast retreating boats held their breath, in fear that they too would be drawn down with her. The sight was terribly grand, and could never be forgotten by those who witnessed it. All eyes were riveted upon the spot where last had been seen the beautiful "Carthage," and gratitude for their own deliverance, was blended with sincere regret for the unhappy men who had thus thrown their lives away.

As Halifax was the nearest port, it was resolved, if possible, to keep together and steer thither.

They had been driven considerably out of their course, and, according to their calculations, they were still some hundreds of miles from land. With moderate weather the run would soon be made, and there was good reason to hope that they might be picked up by some passing ship. Thus encouraged, they anew committed themselves to the deep, in hope that no new disaster would overtake them.

As our story is more intimately connected with those in the long-boat, we may just say before passing from this part of our subject, that during the first night another storm arose which so widely separated them that on the following morning they had lost sight of each other. One was never after heard from, and what they suffered, and how they perished, are among the secrets of the sea. Another was picked up by a homeward bound vessel, and carried back to Liverpool, and restored to their friends. A third, by the same means, reached New York, from whence they went to their western home, and the rest found their way to Nova Scotia. By all they were cared for, the story of their sufferings awakened wide-spread sympathy; liberal contributions were made on their behalf, their friends were corresponded with, and made acquainted with

their circumstances, and work was provided for those who were without friends, and were willing to be employed in the above named places.

But to return. Among the passengers on board of the long boat was a Mr. Gowrie and his daughter, Alma. The former was, perhaps, forty years of age, of pleasing address, superior intelligence, and gentlemanly deportment. The latter was in her fourteenth year, as sweet looking a creature as could be met with in a million, with mild blue eyes, flaxen hair, which fell in beautiful ringlets on her finely formed shoulders, and a voice as soft and silvery as a bird's. For her father she cherished the fondest affection, and esteemed it a pleasure to contribute to his happiness. To please him was her highest ambition, and his commendation her most coveted reward. If perchance she displeased him, her sorrow was deep and distressing, while the kiss of forgiveness would lift the load from her heart, and again wreath her lovely face in smiles. Every day brought out some new and interesting feature of her character, she grew in loveliness as she grew in years, and as she stood upon the verge of young womanhood, if ever the term "angelic" could, with propriety, be applied to anything human, it could have been applied to Alma Gowrie.

For this, his only child, Mr. Gowrie cherished the warmest affection. Years ago she had been left motherless, and deeply had he felt the double responsibility thus devolved upon him. Assiduously had he striven to train her up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, and as he beheld the many virtues that adorned her youthful character he felt more than recompensed for all his labours. Not only did he love her for her own sake, and for the numberless, nameless attentions bestowed upon himself, but he also loved her for the sake of her now sainted mother, to whom she bore a striking resemblance. Her tone of voice, her easy and graceful manner, her amiable disposition, her kind and sympathizing ways, and the deep solicitude she manifested in all that concerned his welfare, perpetually reminded him of the happy days of his wedded life. And while he sighed over the irreparable loss he that had sustained in her early removal, and painfully realized the loneliness of succeeding years, he was gratified to see the mother being reproduced in the daughter, and to find some of the happiness of former years restored to him.

But of late a terrible fear had seized upon him

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and he shuddered at the bare possibility of its becoming a reality. Never very strong, his health had been failing, but he would not allow himself to think there was any immediate danger. During the first part of the voyage he had decidedly improved, and he was very sanguine that a change of air and associations would render that improvement permanent. But the turmoil and excitement consequent upon the foundering of the "Carthagera," and the dread that his child might be lost to him, or *vice versa*, operated disastrously upon his enfeebled constitution, and brought on the very calamity that he had so much dreaded. Ten days and nights in an open boat, driven hither and thither by contrary winds, on short rations and a scarcity of water, had been too much for him. He sank rapidly, and with the arms of his dear, disconsolate daughter twined around him, and her tear-stained cheek pressed fondly against his own, the weary wheels of life at length stood still, while the wild waves sung his requiem, and the shades of evening hung around him like a pall.

Poor Alma! As long as life had lasted she had been untiring in her efforts to aid her sorely distressed father. Day and night she had watched

by his side anticipating his every want and wish, whispering words of loving comfort into his ear, and tenderly wiping the dews of death from his pallid brow. With an intelligence far in advance of her years, she had ministered to his necessities, preparing with her own hands the various remedies that were within her reach, and tending him with the diligence and care of an experienced nurse. Though little more than a child, she did the work of a woman, and with true greatness of soul, was equal to every occasion. Knowing that much of her father's distress was the result of his deep solicitude for her welfare, and unwilling that that distress should be increased by any betrayal of her own agonized feelings, she had sought to maintain an appearance of quiet and hopefulness that was the very reverse of her real feelings, and with a strength of purpose that surprised even herself, she went through the fiery ordeal like a true heroine.

But when death had done its dreaded work, and the lifeless form of her worthy sire lay before her when she realized that all her anxiety and care had been unavailing, and that he had passed beyond the reach of earthly influences; when she

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wish, had kissed those lips for the last time that had never uttered a harsh or unkind word in her hearing, and had seen that once manly form sink in the seething waters ; and when she thought of the terrible consequences to herself—of being orphaned at such an early age, away among strangers, with a mere pittance for support, should she be spared, and in imminent danger of death from storm or starvation—we need not wonder that her tender heart was ready to break, and the long pent up emotions of her soul burst forth with uncontrollable fury. Gladly would she have died, too ; but her Heavenly Father had work for her to do. And after the first paroxysm of agony was over, she subsided into her ordinary habits of quiet and unassuming usefulness, and was treated with a kindness and consideration which proved that worth is sure to be appreciated, and excellence admired.

What she, and others, suffered during those ten days and nights of peril, that were passed upon the deep, no tongue can tell, nor pen describe. Their greatest distress arose from want of water, and to hear the frantic appeals for something to drink were enough to make the strongest tremble. Some were washed overboard by the seas that

swept over them from time to time. Several died from over-exertion, and exposure to the chilly dews, a number of children expired in indescribable agony in their mothers' arms. Day after day their number grew less, and as corpse after corpse was cast to the hungry sharks that followed in their wake, a sense of their utter helplessness grew more and more oppressive, and strong men shuddered at the fate that seemed to await them in the near future.

For one who had been so tenderly brought up, and who had never known what hardship meant, this was rather rough usage. In her father's house she had possessed every comfort, every want anticipated, and every known danger provided against. But now she was a sharer in the common misery, and fully participated in the terrible privations, to which others were subjected. And yet to the surprise of every one, she passed through all with comparative ease, and experienced not a tithe of the sufferings endured by many, to whom hardship had been no stranger. Whether this was the result of her calm and even temper—and the disposition has much to do with the health ;—or from an intelligent understanding of what was necessary

to be done to guard against disease in their then trying circumstances — for her physical education had not been neglected — we are not prepared to say, but from some cause or causes, she was marvellously supported in this time of need. She deeply sympathized with the distressed ones around her, and did all in her power to relieve them; and many an hour did she sit and nurse the sick and dying little ones, when their mothers were too far gone to do anything for them. And more than one grateful mother, with tears of joy coursing down her cheeks, has blessed her for the interest she manifested in their welfare during that distressing time.

The case of one young man deserves particular notice, as we shall meet with him again in a subsequent chapter. He, too, was motherless. She had just lived long enough after his birth, to place him in her husband's arms, with the request that he would bear his father's name, be brought up religiously, and educated for the Christian Ministry. Well and faithfully was the work, thus solemnly confided to him performed, and the son, now in his sixteenth year, was returning to America, in order to enter upon a Collegiate course of study.

He had lately accompanied his father, to the home of his ancestors, on the banks of the Clyde, and had visited many of those interesting localities, that are immortalized in Scottish song. But America was his home, with its scenes he was most familiar, and much as he had enjoyed himself during his brief sojourn in the

"Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
Land of the mountain and the flood,
Land of his sires,"

yet his joy was greater when his face was turned homeward, and the "Carthagena" was speeding on her way.

But his joy had been turned into sorrow, for his father had been one of the first that had found a watery grave. This sore affliction, together with the sufferings common to all, had entirely prostrated him, and for days his life hung tremblingly in the balances. Brother or sister he had none, and situated as they were, but little attention could be paid him. Alma, wholly destitute of that mock modesty which is too often the curse of womankind, could not behold his sufferings with indifference, and following the promptings of her generous nature, she waited on him with all the tenderness of a sister. With the deepest solicitude she watched by his side,

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moistened his lips with some spirits that she had carefully concealed upon her person and reserved for the last extremity, soothed him with simple tales of her childhood, and was untiring in her efforts to secure his recovery. She was indeed a good Samaritan, with her own hands caring for the sad and the sorrowing, a ministering angel, whose delight was in doing good, and the memory of the many little acts of kindness was often gratefully recalled in after years, by every member of that suffering crew, and her story told to interested listeners on both sides of the Atlantic.

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At length, the thrilling cry was heard of "Land Ahead." The words had a magical effect, every eye beamed with pleasure, and a marvellous change was noticeable in every face. A faint cheer was raised, hope once more took possession of their hearts, and with sail and oars they made towards the long-looked for land. Great was the astonishment of these lone dwellers by the sea, as the pale and haggard ones stepped feebly upon shore, or were carried thither, and gladly did they welcome them to their humble homes. Alma and her friend were taken to the same house, and treated with every imaginable kindness by a worthy fisherman

and his estimable wife. And when, at length, with health restored, William Garvie went forth to seek his friends in the West, his greatest grief was that Alma Gowrie could not accompany him.

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CHAPTER II.

ALMA'S CHILDHOOD.

As the reader may wish to know something more of the history of our heroine and her family, we must go back some twenty-five years, and see Mr. Gowrie beginning life. His father was a well-to-do farmer, residing a few miles from the town of Dumfries, in Scotland, and by that thrift and industry so characteristic of the Caledonian, had accumulated sufficient wealth to start his son respectably in life. As he had no other surviving child and his wife had long since gone to the better world, he was anxious that William should settle down upon the old homestead, and take the whole responsibility of the farm upon himself. William was strongly disinclined to devote his life to agricultural occupations, but knowing his father's love for the

dear old home, and his unwillingness to have the family divided, duty triumphed over inclination, and he decided to do as the old man had desired.

Maggie Marvin, the daughter of their nearest neighbor, was then in her twentieth year, and had long been regarded as the most beautiful young woman in the parish. Tall and well-proportioned, with expressive blue eyes, hair that hung in rich wavy tresses almost to her waist, and a face that was faultless in all its features, she was sure to attract attention wherever she appeared. Such personal charms are not always to be coveted, and beauty is not always a blessing. But it harmed not its possessor in this case, for the many virtues that adorned her character, were in beautiful harmony with the graces of her person. From the earliest dawn of reason she had been carefully instructed in holy things, and as the follies and fashions of the city were there unknown, the temptations to display few and feeble, and the associations in which she mingled of a decidedly religious character, it was a source of unspeakable gratification to her parents, that as she grew in years and physical beauty, there was a corresponding growth in all that was good.

To the great delight of both families, William Gowrie wooed and won this lovely girl. Brought up side by side, learning in the same school, and worshipping in the same sanctuary, they had had ample opportunities for studying each other's character, and they had learned to love each other's worth. Her father-in-law was especially well pleased, and when he received the beautiful girl as his daughter, gave her the old country kiss of welcome, and installed her as mistress of the household, he was forcibly reminded of the happy day, when he had brought home his own blushing bride. The long wished for dream of his life had been realized, his son was settled just as he had fondly hoped, and rich in the love of his children, his earthly happiness seemed complete. But he was not long to enjoy it, for returning home from Dumfries one night, his horse took fright, and threw him from the saddle, by which he sustained such serious injuries, that, notwithstanding all that could be done to relieve him, he only survived the accident a few days.

William now removed to town, and commenced business in the dry goods line. For this work he was well adapted, and in it he took the greatest

delight. Of frugal and industrious habits, kind and courteous to all, and honest and upright in all his dealings, he soon became one of the most popular traders in the town. Fortune favored him, and everything he touched turned to gold. In the course of a few years, he had outdistanced all competitors, had won the confidence and esteem of all who knew him, and had been called to fill high offices of trust and responsibility. But, better still, he had sought and found the "pearl of great price," and, with his lovely wife, was a humble and devoted follower of Christ. True piety and grace were found beneath their roof, everything connected with either public or domestic duties was regulated by the purifying and elevating influence of Christianity, their delight was to do good in every possible way, their confidence in, and love for each other was unbounded, and, having consecrated all to God, they enjoyed more of pure and real happiness than often falls to the lot of mortals during their earthly pilgrimage.

But Christians can claim no exemption from trial. The multitude, whom no man can number, standing near the throne, passed through great tribulation on their way thither. There is no soft

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nd flowery by-way, along which the pious journey
to the sinless land above. The fever-fires lose not
their intensity when the child of God is cast into
the flames. The yielding waves have no power to
refuse a resting place to the body of the ship-
wrecked saint, when over the blue depths the tem-
pest sweeps in its terrible strength. With swift and
noiseless tread, the angel of adversity may come,
and arrest the man of holiest life in the midst of
his half-done duty, or half-formed plan, and leave
him like some storm-rocked tree in the late autumn,
leafless and bare. Piety never benumbs the finer
sensibilities of human nature, or renders the dis-
ciple of the Savior less susceptible to pain. And when
the sad hour comes that rives the blended affection
of husband and wife, of parent and child, of brother
and sister, no hearts bleed more freely, or feel
reverence from dear ones more keenly, than those
that have the love of God shed abroad therein.

The family of Mr. Gowrie was no exception to
the rule, and of late it had experienced many
strokes of the chastening rod. One after another
of their children had been taken from them, and
laid away in the quiet old churchyard, and only
one of seven now remained to cheer them in their

loneliness and grief. To that one they turned with the most anxious love, and clung to her with a fondness that may be felt, but cannot be described. Nevertheless, no undue indulgences were granted merely because she was the only and the last. They knew their duty as Christian parents too well for that, and spared no pains, either by precept and example, to instruct her in those things, which could alone fit her for the trials of earth, or the joys of heaven. And well was it for the dear child that she had been thus taught, for the time was not far distant, when she would require all the Christian's armour to fit her for the great battle in which every one who lives is called to contend. To some the strife is more severe than to others, but to all who would win the glorious prize, Divine grace is indispensable, and to teach their child to rely on the all-sustaining arm of God, was the constant endeavour of these devoted parents.

When Alma had attained her eleventh year she was called to experience her first great sorrow. Her dear mother was suddenly prostrated by disease, and the best medical skill that could be attained confessed itself unable to render her any effectual aid. Their principal, if not only, ground of trust lay in her

ned with a naturally strong constitution, and, for a time, there
with a did appear good reason for believing that she would
described recover. Only those who have sat by the side of
granted the suffering, and watched with trembling anxiety
the last the progress of the struggle, upon the issue of
too well which life or death was depending, can form any
cept and appreciable idea of the distress and agony of Alma
s, which and her father during those dreary days and nights of
the joy suspense. For days the sufferer lingered in that mys-
child that erious border land that separates the seen from the
was not unseen, as if undecided whether to cross over and
all the join the ranks of the shining ones on the other
battle in side, or return to the weeping ones she loved so
contend dearly. She was truly in "a strait between two
o others, having a desire to depart, and to be with Christ,"
e, Divine r to remain below a while longer. But she left
child to the decision in the hand of One who cannot err or
the con- ct unkindly, and when she found that decision to
e death, she bowed her head in silence, and un-
year she murmuringly awaited the hour of her departure.
ow. Her As her end drew near she called her husband
ease, and nd child to her side, and, with a tenderness that
onfessed nly a dying wife and a mother can feel, yet with
Their onderful composure commended them to the
y in her therly care of that God who gives grace accord-
g to our need.

“William,” said she, as he hung over her with a breaking heart, “we must part, but you must not grieve so. I would like to stay longer with you, but the Lord knows best, and His will be done. I am sorry to leave you, for you have been to me a dear good husband. An unkind word from you I have never heard, and an unkind feeling towards me, I am sure, you have never had. In this solemn hour of separation, I can recall much in myself that should have been otherwise, but you knew my heart, and that you could and did trust. We have had our troubles, our six dear children have been taken from us, and wave after wave of sorrow has rolled over us. My trials are almost over, and Oh, my William, whatever yours may yet be, my dying counsel is, keep close to Jesus, put your whole trust and confidence in Him, and all will be well.

“And you, my precious daughter, it is a comfort to me now to know that you have never caused me much uneasiness. You have been a dutiful child, and have often been the means of cheering my heart in my moments of sorrow. I had hoped not to leave you for long years yet, when you would not need me as you do now. But our Heavenly Father does nothing wrong. Be kind to your father. He

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every way worthy of your love. He will feel
 nely after I am gone. Try and cheer him. Help
 m all you can. And whatever else you do, or
 glect to do, neglect not your duty to yōur father,
 to your God. Kiss me, my darling. There!"

nd placing the child's hand in that of the father,
 e added: "William, take her, train her for
 aven, and if ever she does ought to displease you
 cause you grief, I ask you, for the sake of the
 other that loved her and you so dearly, to forgive
 r."

The effort was too much for her, she sank ex-
 usted, the angels were waiting to accompany her
 me, and with a heavenly smile playing upon her
 untenance, and the single word "Jesus" upon
 r lips, she peacefully passed away to the home
 her Father and her God.

For a time, father and daughter were almost in-
 nsolable, from a sense of the great loss they had
 stained. Her innumerable acts of tender provi-
 nt love; the gentle pressure of her soft warm
 nd; the sweet caress; the recollection of her
 ightly prayers; and the fervent and faithful man-
 r in which she had performed her every duty,
 ould never be recalled without awakening the

deepest feeling. And as that hallowed death scene, when the dear departing one had joyfully yielded herself to the cherubic guards, that, with wide-waving pinions were waiting to waft the freed spirit to the home of the blest, could never be forgotten, neither could that dying charge lose its power. And when that great sorrow-wave that broke upon that domestic scene had somewhat spent its force, the anguished father, gathering to his heart the sweet treasure that was yet spared to him, bore her to the footstool of Mercy's throne, and solemnly placed her beneath the Divine protection, with the earnest prayer that the estimable qualities of the mother, might be reproduced in the daughter. No did he pray in vain.

But their cup of sorrow was not yet full. The second year after Mrs. Gowrie's decease was a time of great commercial disaster, and many an one was reduced to beggary in an hour. Firm after firm in the great cities failed, and these dragged down with them multitudes of smaller traders in the towns and villages. A general feeling of insecurity prevailed, men supposed to be wealthy became insolvent, and many of the banks suspended payment. The business of the country was seriously deranged, a vast

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scene, amount of property changed hands, and many an
elded honest man, from no fault of his own, saw the
wide-labor of a lifetime swept suddenly away. Mr.
spirit Gowrie was one these unfortunates. By a train of
rotten, circumstances over which he had no control, and
power, which no human foresight could have imagined
upon possible, he found himself stripped of everything—
force, a poor man in his old age. His creditors were ex-
rt the ceedingly severe, and would listen to no proposals
re her by which he might have had an opportunity of re-
emply covering from the stunning effects of this unlooked-
th the or disaster, and rather than his fair fame should
of the suffer by availing himself of the expedients so fre-
Ncr quently resorted to by those in such circumstances,
e gave up everything he possessed.

The Recognizing the hand by which he had been
a time mitted, and believing that all things would, in
e was some way, work for his good, either here or here-
firm in after, he prepared to enter upon a course of life,
n with ore in keeping with his altered circumstances.
ns and ut it was hard to leave the dear old home, that
ailed, as closely associated with the happiest period of
t, and s life, and the thought that the rooms in which she
busi- ad presided with such grace and dignity, the vines
a vast at her hands had trained, and the little garden

which they had both delighted to keep, must pass into the hands of strangers, gave an additional pang to the grief already so great. For Alma's sake, his only remaining treasure, he bore up as bravely as possible, and resolved to exert every energy on her behalf; but finding it next to impossible to rise above his difficulties, he availed himself of the offer of a free passage on board the ill-fated "Carthage," to seek those comforts in America that were denied him at home.

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CHAPTER III.

HOMELESS AND FRIENDLESS.

Homeless! What a depth of melancholy meaning is there in the word? What a wave of sorrow sweeps over the soul when it becomes an experience? How gloomy are its associations? How dreary the prospect that looms up before those who have no home to turn to in the day of discouragement and disaster? How natural it is for the young and inexperienced, to tremble at the idea of going forth to grapple with the stern realities of life, and be exposed to its temptations and trials? How widely different is the home of the stranger to the home of our youth? And just in proportion as that home has been happy, will its loss be regretted and exile from it considered a calamity.

Friendless! A sadder word there is not in the language, or one that is more suggestive of all that is distressing. How lone and desolate does the world appear to those who know by experience its terrible import? What a feeling of utter abandonment takes possession of the soul, when the last stay has been removed, the last prop taken away, and the last friend laid in the grave? And when the rugged pathway of life has to be travelled alone, with no friendly hand to grasp, and no kindly heart to love, the present is a burden and the future a terror.

“*Homeless and Friendless.*” Such were the words that welled up from the bursting heart of the lone orphan, as she tearfully gazed upon the disappearing form of William Garvie. The full sense of her great loss had not been felt until now, but with this departure the last link that bound her to the past had been broken, and she painfully realized that she was indeed homeless and friendless, a stranger in a strange land. And when the carriage that bore him away had passed out of sight, she threw herself upon the ground, and wept and sobbed as if her heart would break. Memory went back to the happy days of her childhood when

He had a good home, parents that most tenderly loved her, and when she knew not what sorrow was, and in the bitterness of her grief, she exclaimed : " Can God be good and kind to deal thus with me ? Were not my parents pious, and did they not try to do all the good that they could ? Can the Bible be true ? Has he not promised to be a ' a father to the fatherless,' and a friend to the friendless, and here I am without a friend in the world. Oh, what will become of me ? "

The words had scarcely died away upon her lips when the voice of song roused her from her reverie, and a soft, clear, childish voice warbled forth the beautiful words :

" Jesus, Lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high,
Hide me, O my Saviour hide,
Till the storm of life be past,
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last,

Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on thee ;
Leave, ah ! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me :
All my trust on Thee is stayed ;
All my help from Thee I bring :
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing."

The minstrel ceased, but the song had wrought wondrous change in the feelings of the listener.

The tone was so tender and subdued, the language so beautiful and appropriate, and the spirit of the piece so suited to her circumstances, that her heart was thrilled with new and strange emotions. The tumult in her bosom was hushed, her wounded spirit was soothed, she felt calmed and comforted and deeply regretted that she had so far yielded to doubt and despondency as to question the goodness of God. Who the messenger was she then knew not, but she felt that the message was from Heaven. Wiping away her fast-flowing tears, she opened the little Bible—her mother's last gift—and the first words that met her eye, were those of the Master to his sorrowing disciples, or the eve of his departure from them, "Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you, not as the world giveth, give I unto you, let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid." And with an earnest desire that God would watch over and open up her way, she reverently repeated the lines:

"Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.

Anxious to know who it was that had thus been the means of so greatly comforting her, she pro-

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ceeded in the direction from whence the sound had come, and soon discovered the object of her search. Sitting on a grassy mound, watching the curling eddies of a little stream, that went dancing onward to the sea, was a lovely dark-eyed little girl of some seven summers. She was poorly, but neatly attired; a plain calico dress, a straw hat, and coarse shoes. There were tears in her eyes and an expression of sadness in her countenance, that spoke of recent and severe affliction. No sound was to be heard, and no other living creature was to be seen. As she sat there with clasped hands and tearful face, Alma thought she had never beheld so interesting a sight. She had approached quite close to her, but the little one was so wrapt up in her own thoughts, that she was quite unconscious of the presence of another. Unwilling to disturb her, Alma sat down beside a fallen tree, and quietly watched the movements of the child. In a few minutes she knelt down and offered the following simple, but beautiful prayer, every word appearing as applicable to Alma as to herself. "O Lord I am very lonely now since my dear pa and ma have gone to Heaven. People are not very kind to poor little Gerty. O Lord, help me to be patient and to trust

in thee. Make me a good girl for Jesus Christ's sake, Amen."

Alma was deeply moved, her sympathies were aroused, and, unable longer to restrain herself she ran over to where the child was kneeling and, throwing her arms around her neck, she kissed her with the greatest tenderness. The other was very much surprized, and somewhat frightened, but reassured by the looks and manner of the stranger, she re-seated herself on the grass, with the simple remark :

"You is one of the castaways, is you?"

"Yes, my dear," replied Alma, with a quivering voice, for the word, "castaway," recalled again most vividly, the horrors of the past, and the loneliness of the present, "I am one of them."

"I'se very sorry for you, so I am," said the little one, "where is your pa and ma?"

"My pa and ma, are both in Heaven. Ma died three years ago, and pa waa drowned in that big storm."

"So you is just like me. No pa nor no ma, nobody to love poor little Gerty. But Jesus does, ma told me so, and ma never told me a lie. Does you love Him?"

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"I try to, Gerty, but I sometimes find it very hard to do so. I often feel as if God should not leave poor little things like us without a friend in the world. I know that it is wrong to feel like that. I do not want to, but I cannot help it. Can you?"

"I is sorry," said Gerty, "that i'se got no home, and when they whip me hard, I does feel bad, but I always "member what ma told me when she was dying. She said, 'Gerty, be a good girl, love Jesus, and He will take care of you,' and I does believe He will, for ma said so."

"Who do you live with now?" said Alma."

"I stays," she replied, "with o.d Nellie Newton in that little house on the hill. She is very old and very cross. She whips awful, but i'se gettin' used to it."

"Does'nt no. Can't member pa at all, was so small then. Ma went away last winter."

"Do you think the Lord will watch over you, and raise you up kind friends to take care of you," said Alma, as much for her own sake as for Gerty's.

"I'se sure of it," said the child, with a beaming countenance, "for ma told me so."

There was something so sublimely touching in

this repeated reference to her mother's words, something so hopeful in her utterances, and so confident in her expectation that God would be her friend, that Alma could not help regarding her with mingled emotions of delight and awe. With too many she had supposed that experimental piety can only be enjoyed by those of maturer years, and that children are not capable of comprehending the deep things of God. But this is certainly a great mistake. If youthful conversions are the exception, and not the rule, the reason must be found, not in the nature of Christianity, nor yet in the necessary disqualifications of children, but rather in the want of the proper means being made use of. Multitudes of children have been early brought to God, and the words of the Master—"Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven"—ought to encourage all to labor with that end in view. The more she thought about these things, the more was she convinced that this dear child had true faith in Jesus, and she retired to rest that night with the hope, that the day was not far distant, when she, too, would be enabled to cherish the same unwavering confidence in the divine goodness.

Alma continued to reside with the fisherman and

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his family, by whom she was treated in the most kindly manner. They sympathized very deeply with her in her severe affection, and did all that persons in their circumstances could do, to contribute to her comfort. They were poor, their home was humble, and their provisions of the plainest kind, but with true Irish hospitality, she was welcome to the very best they had. They were earnest, simple-minded Catholics, devotedly attached to the religion of their fathers, and were firmly persuaded that Romanism alone was right. But they had, nevertheless, a high sense of honor, and were careful not to wound the feelings of their guest. Paddy and his wife often talked about these things, and while they thought it a pity that such "a shwate little craythur should be a Protestant," they wisely concluded to say nothing to her on the subject, "for" said Paddy, "me sowl couldn't slape in quietness, if any one was coaxin' Nora to change her religion."

But however kind they were to her. Alma was much too observing a child not to see that they were really unable to support her, and that it was hard enough for them to live. She felt that she ought to do something to support herself, but what to do was the perplexing question. At length

after much thought, she determined to go to Halifax, and to try to get a situation as house-servant in some private family. For this she was not altogether unfitted, for her mother, with provident forethought, had instructed her in all the mysteries of housekeeping, and young, as she was, she had largely superintended her father's household since her mother's death. It was indeed a formidable undertaking for one so young, but she knew not what else to do, and having talked the matter over with her kind host and hostess, and being assured of their aid in procuring her a suitable place, she set about making the necessary arrangements for her departure.

Having completed her preparations, Alma bade farewell to her kind friends, and set out for Halifax in company with a neighbor who was going thither. By this person Paddy sent a letter to a gentleman there with whom he was slightly acquainted, and as the epistle was something of a curiosity we give it in full:

RAWKY HILL, Siptimbir 10, 185—.

DEER SUR :

Please exkuse my fradom in ritin' to you, but i'm a stranger in Hallifacks, and don't no no wun else. The Barer is an orfun. God bless her, and is wun of the

dashaways from the Carthajana. She is a shwate young
 praythur, an' so she is, an' both me and me ould woman
 are sorry to part wid her. She is rale lady like, and
 so she is, and its meself that 'ud kape her if I kud. She
 wants to go to sarvice, sir, an' I want you to thry an'
 git her a place. She is not very shtrong, but she's
 willin', an' as onnest as the day is long, an' I'm sure that
 any dacent fammily wud be sure to like her. Do awl
 you can for her, plase. an' may awl the saynts bless you,
 is the prare of your humble sarvint

PADDY O'MARA.

Upon her arrival in the city, she waited upon
 Mr. Carter, the gentleman to whom the letter was
 addressed, who was fortunately at home, and was
 pleased to find him a kind, fatherly old gentleman,
 with a countenance indicating great tenderness of
 heart. Having read the epistle, and made some
 general enquiries about her early life, the loss of
 the "Carthargena," and her subseqent stay at
 Rocky Hill, he assured her of his sincere sympathy,
 and promised to do all that he could to find her a suit-
 able home. He was greatly pleased with her
 appearance, with her artless simplicity he was de-
 lighted, and the guilelessness of her disposition
 charmed him much. The story of her griefs deeply
 moved him, and as he noticed the shade of sorrow
 that clouded her sweet young face, he inwardly re-

solved to befriend her. Leaving her alone for a few minutes, he sought his wife, and made her acquainted with the merits of the case, and finding the good woman quite prepared to second all his generous proposals, they finally concluded to keep her in their own family. This, of course, was highly gratifying to Alma, who entered upon this new era in her life, with the firm resolve to do the very best she could.

But to one who had been brought up as Alma had, with kind friends to wait upon her, with every wish anticipated, and every want provided for; who had been wont to be served instead of serving, it was no easy matter to readily adapt herself to the new and altered circumstances in which she was placed. The change had been so great and unexpected, the descent from affluence to poverty had been made so suddenly that, until now, she had hardly realized it. But when she found herself a common maid-of-all-work in a family that three years before would have deemed itself highly honoured to have been classed among her father's friends, it need surprise no one, that the poor girl felt it keenly. Bitterly did she bewail the adverse fortune that had befallen her, and her young and

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sensitive heart was agonized with the thought that the happiness of other days could never be brought back.

But knowing that however hard her situation was, there was really no help for it, she bravely determined to repress every murmuring feeling and make the best of everything. She consoled herself with the thought that her present poverty was, as far as she could see, purely providential, and that after all, honest labor, however lowly, was not dishonorable. In one of the few books she had succeeded in saving, she found the following good advice, which we here give for the benefit of those who are similarly situated:

“Do not be afraid of work. Activity is favorable to health and cheerfulness. Indolence occasions both disease and discontent. * * * * Perhaps you may think that yours is a very hard place, and you wish you could change it for one that is lighter and easier, and that would leave you more at liberty to amuse yourself in your own way. These are very common feelings with young persons, when they first experience the confinement and fatigue of constant employment. But take courage and persevere. Most things are possible to diligence and

patience, and among them this is one,—that you may easily become reconciled to your duties. In order to do this you must take nothing amiss. You must give your mind to what you are told to do, and move about briskly ; clear up everything as you go, and instead of brooding over your difficulties, when you become discontented and discouraged by thinking how much you have to do, cheer yourself by thinking how much you have done. Eat not the bread of idleness, work away with a will, and every day you will get stronger and better able to work. Whatever your business is, endeavor to think of something that will reconcile you to it. If you cannot think of nothing else, think of it as a duty, and be thankful that you have employment of any kind. Since it is a settled point that you must be employed for others for the present, the more you can do, and the better you can do it, the more valuable you will become to your present employer, and, at the same time, you are enlarging your own treasure of knowledge and aptitude for future usefulness. **And instead of despondingly saying, or even thinking, ‘I can’t,’ be stimulated to try, and try again, and again, and you will soon begin to taste the pleasure of conquering difficulties and making progress.”**

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Acting upon this salutary advice, Alma tried to look at the bright side of everything, and hoped to see happier days. By diligence and punctuality in the performance of duty, and by truthfulness and straight-forward honesty in all things, she commanded the respect of her employers, and more than sustained the good opinion they had at first formed about her. She believed in the importance of trifles, and was assiduous in attending to those minor matters which enter so largely into the experience of every day life, and upon which its happiness is so much dependent. She wanted to please, and to accomplish this, she was willing to do many things, that were not, properly speaking, her work. And while she made many mortifying mistakes, she frequently found herself at her wits' end, this was more than compensated for by her invariable good temper and disposition to oblige. She did her work well and thoroughly, carefully avoided all extravagance and waste, and was really desirous of preserving the character of a good servant.

CHAPTER IV.

CHANGES.

This is a world of change. Mutability is
ten upon everything earthly. The indigent
independence, and the merchant prince
pauper. The dreams of youth are rarely real
the brightest prospects soon become clouded,
hopes, apparently well founded, end in
appointment. All is shadowy and unsubstantial
nothing real and enduring. The tenderest
are only temporary, the most endearing
tion is subject to sudden termination. Our dearest
friends may be taken from us, at any moment
our most valued associations abruptly broken
Failure of health, loss of property, falsity of friends,
the death of dear ones, and the general uncertainty
that attaches to all things here below, remind

forcibly that we are passing away, and show the necessity of setting our affections on things above, and not on things of the earth.

When Alma had resided with Mr. Carter about a year, circumstances led to his removal to New York. His only son had been settled there for several years, and was very anxious that his father should go thither also. But up to this time he had firmly refused to do so. He was strongly attached to the land of his birth, was doing a good business, and had many dear friends with whom he was unwilling to part. But the earnest solicitations of his wife, his own increasing years and infirmities, and his growing unfitness for the efficient discharge of his duties, had, at length, decided him to go. Alma received the announcement with dismay, for she had loved to love them, and was fearful that she should not be permitted to accompany them. They, however, treated her with uniform kindness, had taken a deep interest in her welfare, had treated her with more consideration than is usually accorded to domestics, and had granted her many privileges to which one in her position could lay no claim. In fact, it seemed to have been a settled understanding between master, mistress, and servant to render

each other as comfortable as possible, and the thought of being again thrown among strangers awakened within Alma's bosom the gloomiest apprehensions.

But her fears were groundless, for Mr. Carter had no such intention. He felt it incumbent upon him to still care for her. He delighted to do good and the claims of the poor and friendless he deemed sacred. He was one of those large hearted individuals who can do nothing by halves, and who consider no kindness too great, provided the party to whom it is shown is a worthy one. And that Alma was worthy, he was well convinced. The more he had seen of her, the more he had been led to respect her. The uncomplaining manner in which she had taken to a work, to her both new and difficult; the willingness with which she had submitted to be taught, and the praiseworthy manner in which she had ever conducted herself, had been highly creditable to her. Mr. Carter, being more with her, and having better opportunities for estimating her worth had an equally high opinion of her, and, with a real motherly feeling, had greatly contributed to her comfort. And so necessary did she seem to be

and the their happiness, and so much like a member of
stranger the family had she became, that the thought of
niest ap leaving her behind had never once occurred to
em.

r. Carter After a short and pleasant passage, they reached
ent upon New York in safety, and were most cordially received
do good the younger Mr. Carter. He had purchased a
deemed comfortable residence for them adjoining his own,
started in and had fitted it up in a neat and tasteful manner.
and when he had spared no pains to render it as attractive
ne part possible, and had striven to make it as much
And that like the old homestead as was in his power. He
d. The was fearful that the old folks would feel lonely
been left away from the home and friends of their youth,
anner and had made it a study to meet their wishes in
both ne every way. In this he had succeedod most ad
she ha irably, and they were perfectly delighted with
eworth the arrangements that had been made to ensure
ed her their comfort. Robert had ever been a kind and
r. Mr thoughtful boy, whose absence from them so long
g better ad been their greatest grief, and they were thus
had a ssured that his love for them was as strong as ever.
a re his wife was an excellent woman, and, though
to he personally unknown to them, had heartly co-oper-
n to be ed with him in his efforts to please; and their

four children, who now for the first time saw their grandparents, contributed in no small degree to their comfort and satisfaction.

But no one was more delighted with the change than was Alma. She no longer occupied the humble position of a servant, but was treated as a child, and having proved her worth, Mr. Carter was determined to deal with her as she deserved. And believing that in no way could he render her greater service than in affording her the means of acquiring a good education, he sent her to the schools in the neighborhood. Nothing could have given her greater pleasure than this, for her education was very defective. At the time of her mother's death, she was well advanced for one of her tender years, but the circumstance in which she had been subsequently placed, had not only prevented any further improvement of her mind, but she had really forgotten much that she had once known. This she had deeply regretted, for she loved study and had good natural abilities : and she had ever hoped to be so situated that she might again resume her studies. That hope was now about to be realized ; her thirst for knowledge was about to be gratified, and with a glad and grateful

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heart she entered upon the new and honorable pathway opened up to her.

Appreciating the privileges with which she was now favored, she applied herself to her studies with a zeal and earnestness that was highly commendable. She believed that whatever was worth doing at all, was worth doing well, and that patient and persevering effort were indispensable to success. She had but one object in view, and to that she consecrated her every energy. Everything else was made to give way before it, and her greatest ambition was to do her work well and wisely. Discouraged she often was, but she never despaired, and with strong will and unwavering purpose, she persevered in the path of duty. She was a hard student, diligent and painstaking, and determined to do the very best she could. Indeed she could slight nothing, and whatever she did was done thoroughly. The more she learned the more she wished to learn, and every addition to her present stock of knowledge, only prompted her to still greater endeavours. And afraid that adverse circumstances might deprive her of the present privileges, she resolved to make a wise improvement of her time, and to turn everything to her advantage.

And well was it for her that she did so, for dark days were before her in the near future. Young as she was, she had already passed through trials of no ordinary kind. Blow after blow had fallen upon her, and wave after wave of sorrow had rolled over her. The storms of adversity had beaten pitilessly around her, and her young life had been full of grief. Stripped of everything — of parents, property, and position — and cast out upon the world, a poor friendless orphan, her experience had been a sorrowful one. What she had suffered no tongue can tell, and no pen describe, and the greatness of her grief God alone could gauge. On her countenance she carried the evidence of care; in her merriest laugh there was an undertone of sadness, and shades of unusual seriousness mingled with the lights of her girlish days. But her cup was not yet full. Her Heavenly Father, who is too wise to err, and too good to be unkind, saw fit to subject her to additional suffering, and to require her again to pass through the furnace of affliction; for just when the dark clouds that had so long overhung her pathway were being lifted, and the prospect began to brighten, the sudden death of her benefactor, again plunged her into grief and distress.

Mr. Carter's death was quite unexpected. For a man of sixty he was remarkably active, and his health of late was unusually good. He had gone out to take his daily walk, accompanied by two of his grandchildren, when the messenger came and summoned him away. He was chatting away quite pleasantly with the little ones, and describing to them, for the hundredth time, his old home in Halifax, when he was smitten by apoplexy, and fell dead upon the pavement. Great was the grief and consternation of his family when his lifeless form was brought home, for he had been a kind husband and an affectionate father, but, perhaps, no one felt his loss more keenly, or grieved for him more sincerely than did Alma. She felt that she had lost her best earthly friend; we might almost say her only one, for since the death of her dear father, she had meet with no one like him. His treatment of her, and especially so of late, had been so kind and considerate, and characterized by so much of a father's feeling, that her heart had gone out to him, with all the fond affection of a daughter. And from certain remarks he one day happened to make in her presence, she had learned that it was his intention to do yet more for her. Such being

the case, we need not wonder that the old feeling of desolation took possession of her heart, and that she felt herself anew orphaned. The gleams of sunshine with which she had been favored, during the last two years, only rendered her present darkness the more distressing, and she trembled at the thought of being once more alone in the world. With a bursting heart she turned away from the grave, wherein had been deposited the mortal remains of the one she valued so highly, and, seeking the seclusion of her own chamber, gave way to her grief in sobs and tears. For a time she was inconsolable, and her sorrow knew no bounds, but this did not last long. Tears have been termed the safety-valves of the heart when too much pressure is laid on; and the grief that would often prove destructive to health and reason, exhausts itself in a healing shower. Such was Alma's experience at the time of which we speak, for when she retired to rest that night, she felt more calm and composed than she could have imagined possible under the circumstances.

As Mr. Carter had died intestate, the whole management of his affairs devolved upon his son, and he, deeming it unwise to keep up two establish-

ments, persuaded his mother to give up housekeeping and take up her abode with him. With all his good qualities,—and he was in many respects a worthy man—he had never felt very kindly towards the friendless orphan, and had thought his father rather foolish in manifesting so much interest in her welfare. He had been jealous of her popularity with his father, and was fearful that she might stand in the way of his own or his children's advantage, and although he had prudently kept quiet during his father's life, he was more than pleased to find that his unexpected decease had left everything in his own hands. He considered himself under no obligation to care for her, and his mother was too much under his influence, to plead very strongly on her behalf. Still he did not wish to appear unkind, for although avarice had somewhat blunted his finer feelings, he was fearful that his good name might suffer by any ungenerous treatment of one who had been known to stand so highly in the estimation of the deceased, and who had generally been accepted as his adopted daughter.

Alma soon perceived that her presence in the family was no longer desired, and it grieved her to

see that the old lady whom she had learned to love as a mother, was being prejudiced against her. While there was nothing as yet said or done of which she could complain, yet in many nameless ways she was made to feel that her position was entirely changed; and the constrained manner, the unnatural reserve, and the cold and formal manner in which she was addressed, were harder to be borne than positive unkindness. To her sensitive nature this was exceedingly trying, and she pondered the question long and deeply, what she ought to do. Necessity is the mother of invention, and trial a great sharpener of the wits, and unwilling that anything should lead her to feel unkindly towards a family with which she had been so happily associated, and from which she had received so much real kindness, she determined with commendable forethought to anticipate difficulty, by seeking a home and employment elsewhere. She soon succeeded in securing a situation as governess in a neighboring family, and much to the relief of Mr. Carter, severed a connection that had become disagreeable to both parties.

But, still, she could not leave without regret, and it required considerable effort to repress her feel-

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ings and appear calm. Old Mrs. Carter was touched by her meek and uncomplaining manner, and regretted that she had not taken more interest in the motherless girl and tried to save her from this fresh hardship. But she knew it was too late now, and she said nothing. Mr. and Mrs. Carter had purposely gone away from home, that they might not witness her departure. But the children who loved her dearly, were loud in their lamentations, and declared it was a shame to send her away. Little Bobbie, in particular, who had always persisted in calling her his "own dear little aunty," would have it that it was "too bad," and wondered why it was that she could not stay and tend on "grandma" and teach "us little folks." And with that instinctive knowledge of the true state of affairs which children perceive much more readily than is generally supposed, Bobbie was sure if "grandpa hadn't died, his own dear little aunty wouldnt have been turned out of doors." But he added earnestly, "I'll be a man soon, and then you'll come and live with me."

Thanking Mrs. Carter for the kindness she had received from herself and her deceased husband, and expressing the hope that the Lord would re-

ward her for it all ; and kissing the little ones who clustered around her, and promising to come and see them sometimes ; she took her departure. What her feelings were can be better imagined than described, and can only be understood by those who have been similarly situated. But her habitual hopefulness came to her aid, and by the time she had reached the residence of Dr. Davison, she had completely recovered her self-possession, and no stranger would have supposed, that the scene, through which she had just passed had occasioned her much uneasiness. But it had been far otherwise. She had a genial, loving heart, full of feeling, and keenly sensitive ; but a high sense of duty, and respect for the memory of her deceased parents, gave her the needed strength, and she went forth to do, and, if need be, to suffer. What lay before her she neither knew nor wanted to know but she hoped to be able to bear whatever might be laid upon her.

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CHAPTER V.

THE YOUNG GOVERNESS.

Dr. Davison was one of the most highly accomplished and successful physicians in the city. In his youth he had enjoyed rare educational advantages, and his literary attainments were of a very high order. His parents had come from the South of Scotland when he was a mere boy, and had since resided in Philadelphia. As they were quite wealthy, and had no other child, they had given him the best education the country could afford. Their wish had been that he might devote himself to the ministry, but as he shewed a decided preference for the medical profession, they offered no opposition, and were only anxious that he would excel in whatever he undertook. His natural abilities were good, and his devotion to his work.

highly commendable, and at the end of the usual College course he graduated with high honors. Gratified with his success, and wishing him to win fresh laurels, they then sent him to Scotland, where he carried for some of the best prizes, and won for himself an honorable name. Returning to America he had taken up his abode with his parents, and as his practice was large and his prospects were good, he had concluded to permanently settle there. But having married a New York lady who, like himself was an only child, and her mother was a widow, and as the old lady could not be persuaded to part with her daughter, he removed thither shortly after his marriage. Ten years had since rolled away, and great changes had taken place. His mother-in-law had gone the way of all the earth, and had left him in possession of a splendid fortune. He was universally respected as a large-hearted, noble-minded man, and his professional utterances had great weight. The poor and the friendless ever found him willing to assist them, and in him the church had one of its most liberal supporters. His aged parents were frequent visitors at his house, and never were parents made more welcome. His merry-hearted, good-natured wife had done all that

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a true woman could to make his life happy. His home had been gladdened by the presence of three lovely children whose ringing laughter thrilled his heart with real pleasure. And if external circumstances could have made him happy, his cup of bliss must have been full.

But—and what a world of meaning is in that little word, and how suddenly is the whole current of our thoughts and feelings changed by its presence—men are not always what they appear to be. Many a heart and countenance wear the semblance of gladness only to conceal its great grief. With many who live in luxurious ease, and roll by in their cushioned coaches, the poorest beggar upon the street would not exchange places, did he know all. Beneath many a bright and sunny face, there are sorrows too deep for utterance, with which a stranger dares not intermeddle. Across every pathway flits some dark shadow; into every home enters some cause of sadness. There is a crook in every lot, a poison in every cup. Paul had his thorn, Naaman his leprosy, and Haman his Mordecai. The fairest character has usually some defect—some easily besetting sin—some weak point some unprotected avenue of the soul, by means of

which the enemy gains the ascendancy, and mars what is otherwise good and beautiful. And however sad it is to say so, it is as true as it is sad, that after we have said all we can in favor of an individual, we have generally to conclude with a—But.

And Dr. Davison was no exception to the rule. With all that was good and noble about him—and he was certainly no ordinary man—he had one sad defect,—he was a lover of strong drink. He was not a drunkard in the ordinary sense of the term, and would have shuddered at the idea of ever becoming one. He was seldom so far under its influence as to be affected in voice or manner, and the possibility of his becoming too fond of the deadly draught had never once occurred to him. Indeed, in his way he was a great temperance man. The champions of the cause were frequent visitors at his house, believed it to be a good thing, and had persuaded many a poor inebriate to take the pledge. And yet, when plied with his own arguments, with an inconsistency by no means uncommon, would refuse to do so himself, with the usual remark that in his case there was really no danger. But there was danger. The habit grew stronger day by day, and while, as yet, the world knew nothing of it, his wife

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saw with deep concern that their domestic peace was endangered. How to grapple with the difficulty she knew not, and to talk with him about it seemed to be too great an undertaking, and while she hesitated and waited in the vain hope of seeing him improve, the darkness continued to deepen around her.

Such was the state of things in Dr. Davison's family when Alma entered upon her duties as a governess. Of the Dr. himself she saw but little, and while, with every one, she was favourably impressed with his appearance and manners, she was not long in discovering that there was a shadow resting on the household. With Mrs. Davison she was soon on very intimate terms, and was much pleased with her easy and unassuming ways. She readily perceived that Alma was a very superior person, and, without appearing to be inquisitive, soon learned her sad history. She would often spend a half an hour with her, and as she found her to be intelligent and conversational, he seemed to enjoy her company very much. But the depressed look, the melancholy tone of voice, and the sigh that could not be kept back, more than ever convinced Alma that happiness was not dependent upon

external circumstances, and with that generosity which seemed to be a part of her nature, she longed for an opportunity to minister to the necessities of the sorrowing one. And while she knew her place too well, and had too much true delicacy of feeling, to attempt to find out the cause of her distress, she was assiduous in her endeavors to aid her in every possible way, and to dissipate the gloom that had settled down upon her.

The morning after her arrival she was introduced to the children, and, at once, entered upon the discharge of the duties devolving upon her. In many respects she was well qualified for the work. She had a pleasing manner, a kind temper, practical good sense, and a fair education, combined with the ability to enter into the thoughts and dispositions of her pupils. She had a pretty good acquaintance with music, and was not only a skilful performer, but an excellent singer also. Thoroughness, as we have already stated, was a prominent trait in her character, and whatever she knew, was known well. And while her attainments in the higher branches were not very great, that, in no sense, disqualified her for her present position, for her pupils were yet young, and their education had been very much

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neglected. Their previous instructors had been more intent upon pleasing than profiting them, and their parents too much occupied about other matters, had paid no personal attention to them whatever. The consequence was that nothing practically useful had been accomplished, and Alma found that she had really to begin at the beginning.

Hettie, the eldest, was nine years of age, and was a high-spirited, hot-tempered, wilful girl. She had never been very strong, and about five years before had lain for some time at the point of death. After her recovery she had been so petted that she had been spoiled, and she had since expected to have her own way in everything. Mildness or severity seemed to make no difference in her conduct, for the one only appeared to encourage her in her self-will, and the other would throw her into a state of temper that was terrible to behold in one so young. Alma's predecessor had therefore let her please herself, and the consequence was, that a not naturally bad disposition, had been rendered exceedingly disagreeable and difficult of management. She was not devoid of good feeling, and when she chose could be as kind and obliging as any one. She had good natural abilities, could

learn anything, if she was so minded, and had, for one so young, great musical talent. She was certainly a remarkable child, and Alma felt that such powers as she possessed, unless properly cultivated and controlled, would lead to consequences of the most serious kind, and that she judged rightly the sequel will show.

Bertie was a bright, blue-eyed little fellow of some seven summers, and the opposite of his sister in almost every particular. Anger he never showed, an improper expression he was never known to utter, and was a most sensitive and conscientious child. From the earliest dawn of reason he had manifested a strange interest in holy things. His mother had taught him some simple prayers, which he delighted to repeat, and about which he asked many a question of deep and solemn import. His disposition was the most amiable, and as he looked at you in his own sweet way, he seemed like some cherub from another sphere, sent to woo you to the better land by gentle words and winning smiles. His influence in the house was uncounded, and it was wonderful to see how every one yielded to the mysterious power of the dear child. He, alone, could manage Hettie, and often in her fits of rage,

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he would talk to her so tenderly, and try so to calm her, that she would sit down by his side, and almost smother him with her caresses, and declare that if everybody was as good as Bertie, she would never get angry again.

Lillie was a lively little four year old, and was still known as "the baby." She was all life and animation, full of fun and frolic, and as playful as a kitten. She was ever on the move, but divided her time chiefly between the nursery and the school-room. Her innocent prattle made music in the household, and her "playin' tool" was a never failing source of amusement to the whole family. She loved Bertie dearly, but thought Hettie not very "dood." She had great imitative powers, and the comical manner in which she would represent Hettie, in one of her fits, was really laughable. Sometimes she would perch herself on a chair, or throw herself on the floor, and go through the whole performance with such perfect precision, that Hettie would be so ashamed of herself that she thought she would never be guilty of the like again. She had much of her sister's vigor and strength of mind, combined with Bertie's sweetness of temper and disposition, and was just such a child as no one could help loving.

“Well, Hettie,” said Mrs. Davison to her, a few days after Alma’s entrance upon her work. “I hope you like your new governess?”

“Indeed I do not, nor never shall” was the quick reply.

“Why, my dear, what is the matter, what fault do you find with her?” enquired the mother.

“O nothing in particular, but I hate her already—I do,” was the sharp rejoinder.

“Hettie! Hettie!” said the mother in a grieved tone, “you ought not to talk and feel thus. You know that it is very wicked, and I hardly think that Miss Gowrie has done anything that ought to displease you. Has she, Hettie?”

“Has she? Why isn’t she doing something all the time? Isn’t she finding fault with everything I do, and trying to make me do as she wishes. But I won’t! see if I do!” said the excited girl, for by this time she had worked herself up into quite a passion.

“But, Hettie, my child,” said her mother, “what has she done, for you see you have not preferred a single charge against her. And before we allow ourselves to feel unkindly towards anyone, we must be sure that we have good reasons for it.”

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“Ma,” said Lillie, who was playing with her doll, and who had appeared to have taken no notice of what was being said; “I’ll tell ’oo why Hettie don’t like Miss Dowrie,”—she always made D do service for G. —“Hettie wouldn’t ’tuddy, and tolded yeal bad, ’cause Miss Dowrie made her to. That’s it, ma, that’s it, sure.”

“But,” said the mother, “suppose it is, Lillie, do you think it kind to tell tales on your sister. You know ma does not like to have her little girl do that, and hopes she will not do it again.”

“Ma, I’se yeal sorry,” said the little and, “for I does love Hettie, but,”—and she gave her sister one of her comical looks—“she’s yeal toss, and Miss Dowrie is yeal dood,” and with that she sprung upon Hettie’s knee, twined her arms around her neck, and kissed her, with the question, “Doesn’t ’oo love Lillie?”

The mother was very much grieved at Hettie’s manner, and though unwilling to have one child appear to speak against another, she felt that she ought to find out what had so soon occurred to create such unpleasantness between Alma and her pupil. She did not wish to say anything to Alma on the subject, and yet she wanted to know the

truth, for she was beginning to fear that Hettie's temper would be her ruin.

As Lillie was too young, and too full of fun and mischief, for her words to have much weight, her mother sent her off to the nursery, and as there was no use in questioning Hettie any further, while in her present mood, Mrs. Davison knew that from Bertie alone could she get a reliable account of whatever had taken place. Whatever he said could be depended upon, for while he was too conscientious to swerve from the truth in the last degree, he loved his sister too well to say anything needlessly to bring her into disfavor. He had heard the foregoing conversation, and had hoped that he might escape questioning, for the scene had been too painful for his sensitive nature; and with an instinctive dread of having to testify against his sister, he was leaving the room as quietly as possible, when his mother called him back.

"Well," said she, kindly,—and her voice always soft and tender, was peculiarly so when talking to Bertie,—“and how do you like Miss Gowrie?”

“Like her, ma,” and his face beamed all over while he spoke, “why, I can't help liking her, she is such a sweet nice person, I am sure we never had such a governess before.”

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"Your opinion differs very much from Hettie's, my son," remarked the mother.

"O, you know she is a little queer sometimes," was the quiet reply.

"Hettie seems to dislike her very much," said the mother, "and I would like to find out the cause."

"I am very sorry she does," said the boy, appearing to take notice of the enquiry couched in the closing words of the preceding sentence, and unwilling to criminate his sister, "very sorry ma."

"So am I, Bertie, for after all the trouble I have had with your governess, I did hope that Miss Gowrie would please you. But it seems that I was mistaken, for, from what Hettie and Lillie have said, there has been some serious disagreement between you already."

"O no, no, ma, we have had no trouble with her,—Lillie nor I—we love her,—we do," said the boy earnestly, "the trouble was only with Hettie."

"Well, I supposed that, Bertie, and I want you to tell me all about it" said his mother.

"Must I?" he enquired with a slight trembling of the voice, as he cast a deprecating look at his sister, and softly added, "I'd rather not."

“Perhaps so, my son, but both for Hettie’s sake and for Miss Gowrie’s, I must know all, as I cannot allow any stranger to treat my children unkindly, nor can I permit them to do so either.”

Bertie, thus appealed to, though with very great reluctance, gave a circumstantial account of the whole transaction, the story was a long and a sad one for a mother to hear, and without going into unnecessary particulars, was substantially as follows: It seems that Alma having received instructions from Mrs. Davison to deal kindly, but firmly with Hettie, and to see that she applied herself to her studies, had taken an early opportunity of letting the children know what was expected of them. All she wanted Lillie to do, was, when with her, to be a good girl, for she was yet too young to be taxed with studies, and was only sent to the school-room to familiarize her with its appearance and usages. With Bertie she would not be particular, as he was not very strong, but hoped he would do the best he could. But Hettie was quite a big girl, and it was time now that she gave attention to what was told her. She hoped they would be very good friends, would do all she could to help them, had a great love for little ones, and was quite interested in their

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welfare. But she wished them—Hettie especially—to understand, that there was to be no play in school hours, that idleness or inattention would be displeasing to their parents and to her, as well as injurious to all concerned.

Hettie had listened to such advice as this before, and imagining that it was mere talk, and supposing that Alma would do just as others had done in the past told her at once that she meant to have her own way, and to learn or not, just as she pleased. Alma was surprised and shocked to hear such defiant language from a child, and hardly knew how to reply, and her confusion was regarded as an evidence of defeat at the very outset. But she was speedily undeceived, for she was assured that what was said was meant and that such language must never be used again. Upon this Hettie flew into a great rage, threw an ink bottle at her which fortunately missed her head, and seizing a ruler, struck her violently on the arm. Although much hurt, Alma tried to calm the excited child, but finding this was useless, she confined her in a small room adjoining the school room, for the rest of the day. As the Dr. and his wife were away from home, and would not be back for several days;

Alma was not interfered with and the unruly one was finally conquered. But though conquered, she was not subdued, and she was fully resolved to have her sent away, as soon as possible. But she was ashamed to say anything about it, and the matter might never have been reported to her parents had not her own wrathful words excited her mother's curiosity, and led to a full disclosure.

Mrs. Davison was exceedingly distressed with what Bertie had told her, and only that she had implicit confidence in all that he said, she could not have believed it possible that a child of hers would have been guilty of such conduct. She had known her to be wilful, and hard to manage, but never dreamed she was half as bad as she really was. Like too many parents in her position, she had been accustomed to take the instructors of her children upon trust. Their characters and capabilities had never been enquired into, beyond the possession of a respectably signed certificate, and the influence they had wielded over their pupils had never been considered. She now saw how unwisely she had acted in trusting so much to others, and hoping that it was not yet too late, she resolved at once, to turn over a new leaf. And having much confidence in

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Alma's tact and judgment — and that confidence was daily increasing — she expected to find in her a valuable assistant.

CHAPTER VI.

GLEAMS OF SUNSHINE.

Time, that never wearies nor waits for any, had sped on with rapid pace. Another year, with all its joys and sorrows, had rolled away, and Alma was still residing with the Davison's. Patient and persevering in the performance of her duties, and prudent and painstaking in her efforts to please, she had won the respect and confidence of her employers, and the love of, at least, two of her pupils. Bertie and Lillie were devotedly attached to her, and tried to please her in every possible way. With them she never had the slightest unpleasantness, her wishes were readily complied with, and her approving smile was their most coveted reward. For one of her years, Lillie had made wonderful progress, and could read really well, al-

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though the G's were still a great trouble to her. Bertie, considering his delicate health, had astonished every one. And as Alma listened to the praise bestowed upon her youthful charge, by those whose opinions had weight and influence, she felt glad and thankful that she had succeeded so well.

But—and here again we are confronted with that formidable little word which abruptly breaks in upon our musings, and suggests all manner of gloomy things, and so suddenly darkens our pathway, and excites our fears — there was another and a darker side to the picture. Like Mordecai sitting in the King's gate, Hettie continued to be a great source of annoyance to Alma. She had made her disposition a study, and had taxed her powers of ingenuity in her endeavors to ascertain how to deal with her, but thus far all her efforts had proved ineffectual, and good old Job himself would sometimes have had his patience pretty sorely tested, if he had been her teacher. At times, she was as good, and kind, and diligent, as any one could desire, but such occasions were few and far between; and though, perhaps, not quite so boisterous as she had been a year previous to this, she was as self-willed and stubborn as ever, and equally hard to

manage. Rarely does it happen that one so young, exhibits so much determination in wrong-doing, for the anger of the child is generally of short continuance, but the spirit of settled and unrelenting animosity that she displayed was as unusual in its intensity, as it was painful in its manifestations. Her dislike of Alma was deep and strong, and daily seemed to become more and more so.

Had Mrs. Davison known how matters really were, it is more than likely that she would have felt it to be her duty to have sought a new governess, in the hope that she would succeed better in the management of her wayward child. This she would have done with regret, for she had become much attached to her, and believed her to be every way worthy of confidence; and the high esteem in which she was held by Bertie and Lillie, would have made it very painful for them to part with her. But, as we have already seen, she was so opposed to every species of talebearing, that, unless specially questioned, the little ones carried no stories from the schoolroom; and Alma was far too generous, and had far too forgiving a disposition, to say or do anything that was calculated to widen the breach between them. She did hope that kindness, gener-

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ally so powerful, would ultimately prevail, and that all unpleasantness would pass away. For this she lived and labored, and to its accomplishment she devoted much thought and effort. But as time sped away and she saw no signs of improvement, she would certainly have thrown up her situation in despair, had it not been for the love of the little ones, the sympathy of Mrs. Davison, and her strong desire to do her good.

Apart, however, from this one great trouble, Alma felt that she had much to be thankful for, and that she had much to cheer her as she passed along the rough and difficult pathway of life. She happily proved that the darkest cloud has ever a silver lining; that there are many sunny spots in this weary wilderness world of ours; and that however situated, and wherever found, there is much to console and comfort. No situation is so hard but that it might be much worse, and it is always well, in moments of discouragement and dismay, to contrast the actual with the possible. There is always something to lighten the load that, at first sight, seemed too heavy to be borne, always something to encourage hope and confidence in the day of distress and danger. In her experience, there had

been much commingling of light and shade, of joy and sorrow, and many sad and sudden changes; she had been permitted to view life from various standpoints, and through different media; with the rich and the poor, the cultured and the untaught, she had been associated, and was no stranger to the temptations of the one, or the trials of the other; but she was slowly learning the lesson that every one must learn, sooner or later, that happiness is largely dependent upon ourselves, and is within the reach, and may be enjoyed by every one.

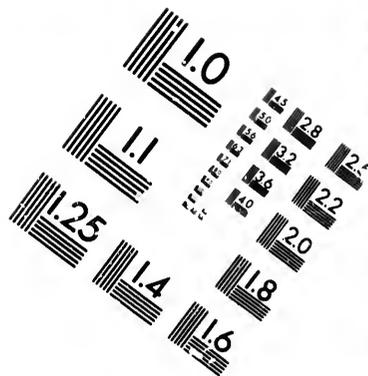
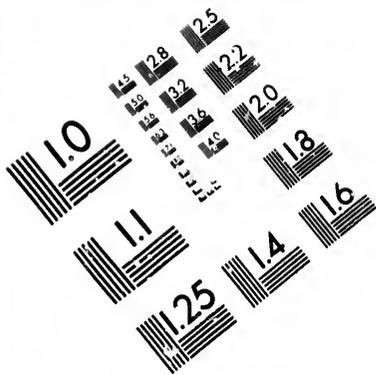
Her situation was, all considered, a very desirable one. She had a good home, and was well and abundantly provided for. Her duties were light and easily discharged, and, but for the trouble already alluded to, would have been a source of real pleasure. Her remuneration was very liberal, and enabled her not only to dress respectably, but also to lay by something for the future. Her privileges were very great, for she had much spare time, and this, with commendable industry, was devoted to self-improvement. She was permitted to attend public worship twice every Sabbath, and once during the week evenings, besides accompanying the Dr. and his wife to a number of literary and musical

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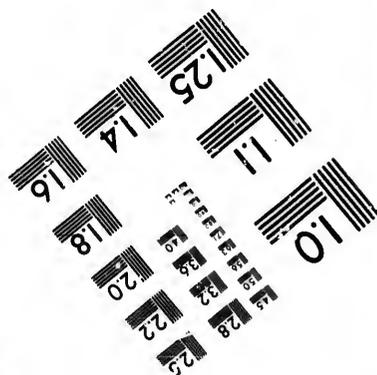
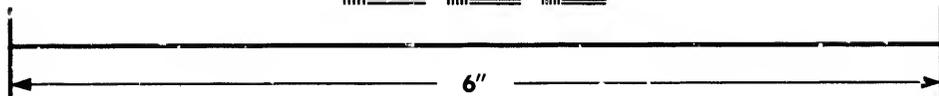
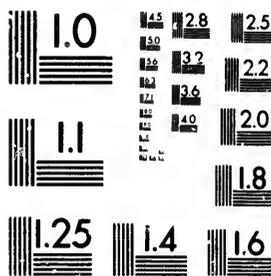
entertainments during the winter season. As they generally took their children with them when they went to Philadelphia, or paid their annual visit to Niagara, she had gone with them to each of those places, the past summer. She was so intelligent and trustworthy — so untiring in her attentions — and so ready to render all the assistance she could to make the time pass away pleasantly, that Mrs. Davison valued her very highly as a travelling companion, and the Dr. who had never seen so much of her before was equally well pleased. Under such circumstances, she felt no disposition to complain, but, on the contrary, to be thankful and happy.

With Philadelphia she was greatly delighted, but as it has been so often and so well described, we shall not attempt anything of the kind here. But with the home of the elder Mr. Davison she was really charmed. Pleasantly situated in one of the loveliest spots in the city, surrounded by an open, ornamental ironwork fence, and shaded by a number of stately elms, it presented a very prepossessing appearance. It was covered by trellis-work, and beautiful creepers, vines, and parasite flowers, then in the full magnificence of summer, grew up





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and clustered around the windows. A number of flowers of the rarest kind, adorned the neatly-kept garden, and everything about the premises indicated a faultless taste, and love of the beautiful. The interior of the building was admirable in all its arrangements, and though, by no means, a princely palace or mansion, was nevertheless fit for a prince to live in. But there was nothing about it after all, half so attractive as the venerable pair who called it home. With heads blossoming for the grave, without any of the peevishness of old age, and cherishing for each other a love that had been growing stronger and deeper for more than fifty years, they were beautiful specimens of a green and happy old age.

But the sight of Niagara had strangely excited her. With the water she had been familiar from her earliest childhood. She had pleasant recollections of a lovely little lake near her old Scottish home, which dotted over with grassy islets, lay sleeping among the hills, and over whose quiet waters she had often sailed with the father she had loved so dearly, and whose memory she so sacredly cherished. With that same dear parent, she had voyaged upon several of those streams which have

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been rendered immortal by the bards of old Scotia, the rugged beauty and grandeur of which, had produced imperishable impressions upon her young mind. She had been far out upon the wide, wide sea, and gazed with delight upon its glassy bosom, as it lay before her like one vast extended plain, in the calm moonlight; or listened, with blanched cheek and sinking heart, to its wild roar in the deep darkness. But Niagara exceeded everything. The resistless sweep of the fast flowing river, the fearful leap of the waters, the ceaseless rush and roar of the cataract, and the seething, boiling tide below, thrilled her soul with new and indescribable emotions. Well and truly has it been described as, "at once defying description and analysis, and exciting, by turns, ideas of grandeur, beauty, terror, power and sublimity. Changeless in its everlasting change; stable in its perpetual instability; a thing to be 'pondered in the heart, like the Revelation to the meek Virgin of old;' with no pride in the brilliant hues that are woven in it its eternal loom; with no haste in the majestic roll of its waters; with no weariness in its endless psalm; it remains through the eventful years an embodiment of unconscious power, a lively inspiration of thought,

and poetry, and worship—a magnificent apocalypse of God * * * * Kindling in the most insensate heart an awe and a rapture of which they had hardly thought themselves capable before.”

That awe, that rapture, Alma experienced as she gazed upon this splendid panorama of nature's wonders. She never wearied of the sight, for there was something about it, ever new, and fresh, and beautiful. But however grandly it appeared by day, it was, if possible, still more so when seen in the silvery moonlight. Then it possessed a strange fascination, and wielded over her a mysterious power. And as she looked up at the overarching sky, upon the unsleeping stream, she realized, as she never had before, the near presence of the God of Nature.

Walking with the children one day in the neighborhood of the “ Falls,” she met a little girl who appeared to be in great distress. The sight of suffering always excited her sympathy, and she promptly inquired the cause of her sorrow. The little one at first was rather shy, but reassured by the kindly tone and manner of her questioner, she sobbingly replied :

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“ What has happened to him ? ” kindly enquired the other.

“ Sure, an’ he was blastin’ a rock,” said the girl, “ an’ a sthane sthrucc him on the thigh, an’ they say that he is awfully smashed.”

“ What is your father’s name ? ” said Alma, for there was something familiar in the child’s looks, and she was anxious to find out whether or not, there was any foundation for a suspicion that had just flitted through her mind.

“ Paddy O’Mara,” she replied, “ an’ so it is, an’ a fine man me ould daddy is too.

“ I have no donbt of it, my dear, and you are Nora. I am so glad to see you. I thought I knew your face, but was not quite sure, you have changed so much. I am real sorry for your poor father, and hope that he may not be as badly hurt as you suppose ; ” and tenderly kissing the weeping one, she bade her run home as quickly as possible, and tell her father that a Doctor would be there immediately.

Bertie and Lillie were very much interested in what they had heard and seen, and manifested

much sympathy for the sufferer ; but Hettie was highly displeased that they had been seen in such company, and hoped that Miss Gowrie would never do the like again when she was with her.

Anxious to allay Hettie's irritation, and to vindicate herself from a seeming impropriety. Alma explained who and what the child was, and how much she felt indebted to her family. She told how, when shipwrecked and friendless, Paddy O'Mara had taken her in, and kindly cared for her ; how he had exerted himself on her behalf ; and how he had finally succeeded in getting her a good home. She had often wondered what had become of them, and had always wished for an opportunity to show how thankful she felt ; and she was really glad that Providence had at last thrown them in her way.

Of that eventful period in her history, the children had never heard, and they listened to the story of her sufferings with much interest. The sympathy of the little ones for Nora and her father was greatly increased by the knowledge that she had been good to Alma in other days ; and even Hettie while hoping that none of her fashionable friends had seen them, frankly admitted that she had done

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perfectly right. But Bertie's sympathy went further than mere feeling — he wanted something to be done for the poor man immediately — and at once suggested that his papa should be sent to see him as soon as possible. This course Alma had already decided upon, and having fortunately found the Doctor at his lodgings, and explained to him the nature of the case, was gratified to find him quite ready to carry out her benevolent suggestions.

After a careful examination, it was found that Paddy's injuries, though severe, were not dangerous, and that, with proper treatment, he would be all right again before a great while. He had several bad bruises about his body, and one of his hands was somewhat torn, but his chief trouble was a broken leg. This was soon set and bandaged, and his other wounds dressed, and promising to see him again, the Doctor took his leave.

Alma availed herself of an early opportunity of visiting Paddy, and evincing her sympathy with him in his present suffering. From what Nora had told him, and from certain remarks dropped by the doctor, he had ascertained to whom he was indebted for the medical assistance that had been so promptly rendered him. He seemed to forget his

own distress, in his anxiety to see the "shwate young craythur" again, and had kept Nora on the lookout all day. Again and again had he asked the question, "Nora, darlint, is she coming?" and every repeated negative only increased his anxiety. But, by and by, as the shadow began to lengthen, and Paddy was almost beginning to fear that she would not come that night, Nora ran in exclaiming, "Here she is, daddy, here she is!" The poor old man was almost wild with joy, and laughed and cried by turns, while Nora danced about like a little fairy. Had she been his own child he could scarcely have manifested more pleasure at meeting her. He gazed at her for some time without speaking a word, as if in doubt whether the tall, womanly looking person then before him, was really the lonely little orphan that was once dependent upon his charity; and when, at last, he was fully satisfied that she was the same, he grasped her hand, exclaiming, "sure, an' its yerself, an' no mistake."

During that, and succeeding interviews, Alma learned the particulars of Paddy's history from the time she had parted with him in Nova Scotia, until the present. About a year after that Mrs. O'Mara had died, and he, feeling very lonely and sad, had

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left the old place. He had jobbed around in Halifax for some time, but as work was hard to be gotten, and wages were low, he thought he would try and make his way to the Province of Ontario, where he hoped to do better. A vessel bound to Montreal being short of hands, and having some knowledge of the sea, he shipped as a deck hand, with the understanding that Nora was to go with him. From thence he had worked his way up to Niagara, and had now been residing there for nearly two years. With plenty of work and good wages, their circumstances had been greatly improved, and their home, though humble, had many little comforts and conveniences which had been denied them before. Nora, for one of her years, was a remarkably good housekeeper, and managed matters with neatness and frugality. She knew how to make the most of everything, and it was something surprising to see what a savory meal she could make out of a few scraps. The little house, and all within it, was kept as clean as a new pin, and neat and tidy in her person, amiable in her disposition, and smart as a cricket, her father was accustomed to call her, "the pride of me heart."

Dr. Davison was unremitting in his attentions,

and, under his judicious treatment, Paddy speedily recovered. Many a little delicacy, which the sick are supposed to need, but which were beyond his means, were sent to him by Mrs. Davison, partly for Alma's sake, and partly from her natural sympathy with those in trouble. The doctor's services were entirely gratuitous, and whatever medicines or other things in his line had been required, he had himself provided. Nor did he stop with mere professional service. He was much interested in his welfare, and suggested to Mrs. Davison that a little outlay would add greatly to the poor fellow's comfort. The good woman fell in with the idea at once, and with the aid of Alma, purchased a number of articles of household furniture, and sundry things for Nora. When these were taken home, Paddy thought some mistake had been made, but when assured that they were really for him, his delight and gratitude knew no bounds. And when, at length, the time came for Alma and the Davisons' to return to New York, and the former had slipped into Paddy's hands a twenty dollar bill, he looked and felt unutterable things; and the passage of Holy Writ that Alma had repeated at their former parting: "Cast thy bread

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upon the waters, and thou shalt find it after many days," he found was more than realized.

The trip, with its relaxation from study ; its change of air and occupation ; its grand and soul-inspiring scenery ; and its interesting and pleasing incidents and associations, had been decidedly beneficial to her, and she felt greatly invigorated both in body and mind. There was a cheeriness in her tone, a joyousness in her look, and a vivacity in her manners, that was new and pleasing ; and the sad, pensive expression that had always seemed to sit upon her countenance, had all but passed away. The dreary, lonely feeling of strangers that had ever hung round her was becoming weaker and weaker, and the place had now a familiar, homelike aspect. The time, too, passed away more pleasantly than before, and her duties appeared lighter and more easily performed. She was better acquainted with the tastes and dispositions of the different members of the family, and was learning to adapt herself to their ways. Everything was looking brighter and more hopeful ; the sun was shining once more upon her pathway ; the Providence that had so long watched over and protected her, was still guiding and caring for her ; and from a review

of the past with all its joys and sorrows, she turned to the unknown future with hope and confidence.

As an index to her state of feeling at this time, we give the following little incident: A few friends had been invited to spend the evening at the Doctor's, and, as usual, she was present. The conversation had turned upon a sermon that had been preached the previous Sabbath, by a leading minister of the city. It was during a period of great commercial distress, when men, reputed wealthy, sank into hopeless bankruptcy, and when all were wondering what the issue would be. The discourse from the words, "All things shall work together for good to them that love God," had been an eloquent indication of the ways of Providence, and well calculated to excite trust and confidence in God. All who had heard it were of the opinion that a more masterly sermon, even he had never preached, but some while delighted with its eloquence had doubted its doctrines. The idea of the Divine Being having aught to do with the ordinary affairs of men, was, in the estimation of several, too ridiculous to be entertained for a moment, and declared it to be beyond belief that the Creator and upholder of all things, should feel any interest whatever in the

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failure of a firm, or in the breaking of a bank. Some were more orthodox in their views, and had no faith in, or sympathy with, the opinions previously expressed. But the almost unanimous feeling was one of doubt and distrust, and no one seemed able to understand how it could be possible that the present widespread distress, could be made to advance the interests of the individual, or the community. Alma, of course, said nothing, but she drank in every word, and was surprised and grieved to hear persons of culture and refinement, give utterance to such infidel-like opinions. Wearying of the discussion, and anxious to change the subject, some suggested music, and as Alma was known to be a good player, and to have a superior voice, she was requested to play. Knowing her own ability to do so, and desirous of rebuking the heterodoxy of those who would make the Almighty an indifferent spectator of his children's sufferings, she arose, took her place at the piano, and after running her fingers over the keys for a moment, sang in a soft sweet voice, the following from Cowper's well known hymn :

" God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform,
He plants his footsteps in the sea
And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines,
Of never-failing skill
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sovereign will.

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take
The clouds ye so much dread,
Are big with mercy, and shall break,
In blessings on your head.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace,
Behind a frowning Providence
He hides a smiling face.

Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain,
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain."

For a short time all was hushed and still, for no one seemed inclined to speak. Alma was deeply moved, she had caught the inspiration of the poet, her heart was full to overflowing and leaning forward upon the instrument, she burst into a flood of tears. But they were not the tears of sorrow. Hastily regaining her composure, she apologized for her seeming weakness, and begging to be excused, retired to her room.

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CHAPTER VII.

LITTLE BERTIE.

Of all the philanthropic enterprises for which this age is pre-eminently distinguished, no one, perhaps, has accomplished more real and lasting good, or has stronger claims upon public sympathy, than the Temperance Cause. Many of the finest minds have discussed its claims, and many of the purest hearts have given to it their best energies. They have spared no pains, shrank from no toil, and have left no means untried to ensure success. By means of their tireless benevolence, many, very many, have been reclaimed; many miserable homes made glad with the sunshine of re-awakened love; many withered hearts freshened and vivified by recovered hope; many of the young and inexperienced saved from the enchantments of the empoisoned cup—and many a wilderness and solitary place made to

rejoice and blossom as the rose. And beneath their soul-thrilling appeals, long slumbering echoes have been awakened, and long-sealed fountains have been stirred; and a father's counsels and a mother's prayers have been recalled with wondrous power and the tide of memories thus sent vibrating through the heart, has melted and won the wild and the wayward.

But notwithstanding all their energies, their efforts, and their successes -- the triumphs of the past, and the trophies of the present -- the deadly leaven is still at work. Despite the warnings and entreaties addressed to them from the pulpit, the platform, the press, and the fireside, multitudes seem prepared to peril everything, rather than give up the sparkling wine. Fancying themselves stronger than those who have fallen, they are being lured on to meet a similar fate. O could they but see the serpents that coil in the cup of enchantment; could they but realize the measureless misery that awaits them; could they but see the bitter, scalding tears that a heartbroken mother or a worse than widowed wife may one day weep over their untimely end; could they but survey the wreck of all domestic happiness, watch the progress

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of the sad tragedy, which closes in despair and death ; and could they but unveil the mysterious future, and see the terrible consequences of wrongdoing in another sphere, they would place an impassable barrier between them and the cup without a moment's hesitation.

To this great evil, Dr. Davison was becoming more and more addicted. Stronger and stronger grew his appetite for the deadly draught, and daily did he find himself less able to resist the temptation. Like the fierce anaconda, which twines itself around the body of its victim, that it may the more readily accomplish its destroying work, the demon of Intemperance was firmly binding him with chains not easily to be broken. It has often been remarked, that while persons of a penurious and unsocial disposition are comparatively safe, and seldom become addicted to this vice ; the large-hearted, and the genial, are its ready victims. Nor need this excite any surprise. Such persons cannot live to, and for, themselves alone—they must have friends. Their heart's sigh for companionship — it is a necessity of their nature — and in solitude and seclusion they would die. They are always, therefore, in great danger, and unless, in the formation of their friend-

ships, and the choice of their companions, they are guided by wisdom, and governed by right principles, they will surely be led astray. And dispositions which might have been perpetual foundations of affection, growing deeper and purer with age, have been perverted, corrupted, and made the occasion of much misery, and grief, and shame.

As Dr. Davison was one of these open-hearted, society-loving persons, his position, at this time, was one of great peril. Moving in what is termed good society, associating with many who deemed wine-drinking indispensable to respectability, and having no fear for himself he continued to indulge yet more and more. The effects of this course could not be long concealed, and unpracticed eyes wondered what was the matter with him. There was a perceptible change in his manner, his habitual cheerfulness forsook him, and he was fast becoming irritable and unsociable, except when under the influence of liquor. He took less interest than formerly in public matters, and his love for his own home was steadily diminishing. And though he would have denounced it as a base slander, had anyone dared to have said so, it was nevertheless too true that he was no longer the affectionate husband and father he used to be.

Mrs. Davison saw, with a sinking heart, the sad change was taking place in the character and disposition of the man she had been proud to call her husband. That he could have so far degenerated—so far wandered from the ways of sobriety—so sinned against light and knowledge, she had not imagined possible. The thought that the idol of her heart, the companion of her wedded life, the father of her children, the one on whom her all of earthly bliss was dependent—the thought he was a drunkard, was heartrending in the extreme. True, he had not yet sunken so low as to play the fool in company, or to stagger upon the street; he had not yet learned to speak unkindly to wife or children; he still respected the proprieties of life, and the graceful epithet—drunkard—was not yet applied to him. But while she clung to him in all the sacred mystery of her woman's love, and cherished the hope that all might yet be well; while she wept and prayed that their domestic happiness might not be hopelessly ruined; and while she labored to find excuses for his conduct, and strove to take the most hopeful view of things, terrible truth was, at least, known to her, and must soon be known to others also, that she was that

most miserable of all beings—the drunkard's wife.

What the issue would have been it is impossible to determine, had not the Great Father mercifully interposed, and arrested him in his downward career. We say mercifully, for while there was seemingly little mercy in the mode of treatment, the results proved the Divine goodness. As the most compassionate physician, when the case demands it, hesitates to administer the most nauseous drugs, or perform the most painful operations, so it is with Christ. When ordinary agencies fail, he has recourse to sterner measures. Disappointment, sickness, sorrow, and adversity, in every variety of form, are among the remedies which the Great Physician applies. And while he has no wish to see us unhappy, and has no pleasure in giving us pain, he sometimes sees it necessary to cause us to suffer, and to inflict the keenest agony to save us from ruin. Nor does he always confine the chastisement to ourselves, but frequently fixes upon our children to bear our punishment — a process more painful to us than to bear it ourselves. And as the gentler means had failed to save this poor erring father from his follies, and they were fast losing their influence over him, the Lord deter-

mined to speak in tones too plain and loud to be misunderstood or unheeded, and to strike where he would feel it the more keenly.

Bertie, dear little Bertie, had always been a delicate child. By good nursing and great care he had been, by the blessing of God, saved from death more than once. Consumption, the most common and fatal disease of our country, had laid its deadly hand upon him, and the distressing cough and hectic flush indicated that the end was not far distant. Still, as from time to time, the deceitful disease seemed to relax its hold upon the sweet little sufferer, the hope had been cherished that he might recover, or, at least, that his life might be indefinitely prolonged. But the system was being steadily undermined, and, of late, he had been sensibly declining. He no longer visited the school-room, he had to give up his daily walk, and his face grew thinner and paler than ever. The best medical skill the city could afford was obtained, in addition to all the father could do; he was nursed with the most tender and affectionate care; and every expedient that skill could devise, or love make use of, was employed; but notwithstanding all these efforts, there was no improvement in the

patient. He continued to grow weaker and weaker, and though still able to go about the house, and take his meals with the family, it was painfully evident that his days were numbered.

When Dr. Davison saw that his child must die, he awoke as from a long and troubled dream. Brought face to face with death in his own family for the first time, he was startled by its presence and awed by its power. Strange feelings rose within him, sweet memories of his own guileless childhood were recalled, and the love of his now aged parents was gratefully remembered. He contrasted their sincere and simple piety with his own indifference to sacred things, and their pure and irreproachable lives, with his own so blurred and disfigured of late. His conscience condemned him for not being more thoughtful, more attentive to the dear child, and he felt that the time spent with convivial companions around the flowing bowl, while his weeping wife kept watch by the couch of the sufferer, ought to have been differently occupied. The tender floweret that had been entrusted to his care, was too fragile to be left with him any longer. The Heavenly Gardener was about to remove him to the Paradise above, where the air is balmy, and

the skies are clear. And however painful it was to part with the child, and however much he might grieve over his loss, he felt that such a child was too good to be exposed to the deadly influences that he was throwing around him.

At length, Bertie's last day on earth had slowly passed away. The sun had set amidst richest hues of purple and crimson, and gold and violet, which glowed and burned long after he had gone to rest. The faintest shade of color had died away, and the deep blue sky had been lit with its myriads of starry lamps. The stillness of evening had stolen on, and the stricken mother and sad-hearted father sat by the side of the sufferer, weeping at the sight of sufferings they could not relieve, and vainly endeavoring to preserve a life that was fast ebbing away. Silence had longed reigned unbroken in the room, save by the hard, quick breathing of the dying one, or the smothered sob of the grief-smitten parents and friends; when Bertie expressed a wish to see Hettie and Lillie. The deep quiet that prevailed, the whispered conversation, the light burning dimly upon the mantel, the desolate look of their parents, and the slender little form lying upon the bed, filled the minds of the children with

awe, and produced an impression that could never be forgotten. Twining his emaciated arms around Lillie's neck, and tenderly kissing her, he bade her good bye, telling her he was going to Heaven, and hoped she would be a good girl, and come there too after a while. Drawing Hettie's ear down to his lips, unwilling that any should hear what he wished to say, he advised her to try and be good tempered, to pray that God would help her to do right, and hoped that she too would come to Heaven by and by. Poor Hettie was completely overcome, and kissing him most affectionately told him she would try and do as he wished. Alma could not be forgotten in that hour of sad farewells, and his taking leave of her was exceedingly touching. He then desired all to leave the room, excepting his father and mother. Taking a hand of each, and clasping them between his own, he looked at them for some time without uttering a word, as if debating the question whether he would speak or be silent. A painful expression passed over his countenance, and his lip quivered, as if he wanted to say something, and yet had not the courage. His father saw his embarrassment, and divining his thoughts, said :

“What does Bertie want to say,”

“Papa,” said the child, “I do love you, I do, and don’t you love Bertie, too?”

“I know you do, my son,” said he, “and you know I love you, Bertie.” “But what makes you ask such a question?”

“Papa,” said Bertie, and his voice quivered with emotion, “I want to say something to you, but you’ll not be angry with me, will you?”

“No, my dear, no, say whatever you wish?”

“Papa,” said the dying one, in a soft whisper, “ma is not happy. I have seen her weeping often, when you have been out late at night. And once when you thought I was asleep on the sofa, I saw you stagger and look queer, and heard you say words I never heard you say before. And oh, papa, I was so sorry, for you are such a good dear papa, that it hurt me so much to think that you were ——, but I won’t say what. And now I want you to promise me before I die, that you will never drink any more—*never*—NEVER—NEVER. Won’t you promise me?”

Every word went to his heart as if it had been a dagger, his whole frame shook violently with suppressed emotion, and the strong man bowed his

head upon his hand, and sobbed aloud. Had he indeed sunk so low? Had his pure and guileless child seen him in such a state as this? Was his good and noble-minded wife really unhappy on his account? Was his family peace thus being destroyed, and was he pursuing a course that was calculated to entail untold misery upon those that were dear to him as life itself. The thought was maddening, and he rose and paced the floor in agony.

“O, Papa,” said the distressed child, “don’t be angry, I did not mean to offend you, no I didn’t.”

“I am not angry,” said the father, seating himself by the bedside, and trying to appear calm, “nor have you offended me. But I am angry with myself and sorry that I ever should have been so foolish and wicked. But with the help of God, I make the promise that I will never taste another drop of anything that can intoxicate,”

“O ma, ma, you’ll be happy once more,” cried the child, “and now kiss me, both of you for I am getting tired.”

They did as he requested, and with his arm around her neck, the **Dr.** repeated the promise he had just made, a promise we are thankful to say he

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never violated—while all she could say was “David I believe you never will.” Then for the last time, Bertie looked from the one to the other, an involuntary smile played upon his lips, he tried to speak but no sound was heard, a short struggle, and all was over, the weary little form was forever at rest and the ransomed spirit passed away to the home of angels and of God.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE GREAT CHANGE.

We now approach the most important period in the history of our young friend. As the reader is aware she had ever been thoughtful and serious, reverencing holy things, having great respect for religious persons, and regularly attending the means of grace. The lessons taught her in her early youth, by her now sainted parents had not been forgotten, and the impressions then produced upon her mind had never passed away. She read her Bible regularly night and morning, and neglected not to kneel before God, at the commencement and close of the day, to return thanks for past favors, and seek, for the future, the divine presence and protection. She was the subject of much good feeling, and was blessed with a tender conscience.

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She had all a Caledonian's respect for the Sabbath, and was scrupulous in avoiding anything that tended to its desecration in the least degree. Her character was a blameless one, her conversation pure, and her influence and example good. And as far as the eye of man could see, there was but little room for amendment or improvement.

And, still she was not a Christian in the true Scriptural sense of the term, inasmuch as she had never yet knelt in lowly penitence at the feet of Jesus, and sought and found forgiveness through the atoning blood. She had often thought about it, often felt the necessity of a change of heart, believed experimental piety to be both a duty and a privilege, and had frequently been almost persuaded to seek the pearl of great price, but she had never yet yielded herself to God. Like too many others, she knew her duty, but she did it not, and despite the appeals from the pulpit, the admonitions of conscience, and the gentle drawings from above, she continued to say with the delaying Felix, "Go thy way for this time, when I have a convenient season I will call for thee." She was yet young, and naturally timid and retiring, and she shrank from taking upon her the vows of God—

the duties and responsibilities of the believer. She had placed the standard of excellence very high, and considered a professor of religion as the representative of the Savior, and not knowing the dangers that might lie in her way, or the temptations to which she might be exposed, with a well-intentioned, but mistaken respect for religion, she hesitated to obey the call of duty.

But the Master makes use of various agencies, and employs different classes of laborers in his vineyard, and even the little ones can do much for the promotion of this cause. Little hands can oftentimes do work where larger ones would fail, just as little sparkling dewdrops will make the tender floweret grow which the mighty tempest would destroy. Jesus listened with delight to the lisping praise of infant voices in the Hebrew Temple, and who can tell but that the sweet songs of those little ones cheered and comforted his heart, in those dark hours of dreadful agony, that so soon followed his triumphant entrance into Jerusalem. Multitudes have been led to the Cross through their instrumentality, and their artless simplicity and guileless utterances, have often been successful, where argument and appeal have failed. And in that bright

and sinless sphere where sorrow can never come, and the ransomed ones sing their never-ending song of joy ; we may, perhaps, be permitted to see the little ones who have thus been instrumental in doing good, leading those who have been saved through their efforts, right up to the throne, and presenting them to the Lord. O, despise not the little ones, for we know not the good that they may yet accomplish, or the souls they may be the means of saving !

And Bertie had been rendered a great blessing to Alma. His earnest talks had not only interested but profited her, and many a question that he proposed caused her to feel her need of Christ most keenly. She had often found herself listening with rapt attention as he spoke of Jesus and the joys above, and wondered at his knowledge of sacred things, and his strong sense of right and wrong. His influence over her had been very great, and the hours she had spent with him during his last illness, were rich with hallowed memories. With his thin, hot hand in hers, with his pale face turned brightly up to hers, and depth of feeling and tenderness of tone that had often thrilled her heart, he had often told in simple phrase how he loved his

Savior, and how happy he hoped soon to be. And when with folded hands and bowed head he was wont to repeat the words :

“ Jesus, tender sheph-^{er}d hear me ?
Bless thy little lamb to-night ;
Th^ough the darkness be Thou near me,
Watch my sleep till morn^{ing} bright.

All this day Thy hand hath led me,
And I thank Thee for Thy care ;
Thou hast clothed, and warmed and fed me,
Listen to my humble prayer—

Let my sins be all forgiven,
Bless the friends I love so well ;
Take me, when I die, to Heaven,
Happy there with Thee to dwell.”

She had often been deeply affected ; and if she had not envied him his happiness, she had at least, wished that she was possessed of the same rich devotional feeling. Divine grace had been so beautifully manifested in the un murmuring manner in which he had borne his severe afflictions, and the serene and happy frame of mind with which he had thought and spoken of death, that religion had been presented in a new and lovelier light than ever. And when she had stood by his dying couch, and had seen with what calmness and composure he had bidden adieu to all his friends, the feeling of her heart had been that of the old-time prophet, “ Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like His.”

The year eighteen hundred and fifty-eight, will long be remembered in New York, as a time of wide-spread religious awakening. The Holy Spirit was poured out upon the churches in a very remarkable manner, and large numbers were gathered into the fold of the Redeemer. The whole community was deeply moved, and very many who had not entered a place of worship for years, were found, night after night, and day after day, listening to the words of eternal truth, and seeking redemption through the blood of the Lamb. Many a hardened sinner who came to scoff, remained to pray—many a wild and wayward one was found at the feet of Jesus, clothed and his right mind—and many an one who had long halted between two opinions was then led to decide for God. So widespread was that awakening, and so blessed the results, that, although revivals are not uncommon occurrences in the great metropolis, it is still spoken of as “the Great Revival.” Many who then sought the Savior are still the living witnesses for the truth, many others have passed away to the land of the pure and the holy; and eternity alone will fully reveal the glorious results of that blessed work.

As the church in which she was accustomed to

worship, was sharing largely in the revival influences, Alma had the privilege of attending many of the meetings. She was, at first, strongly prejudiced against the work, but the more she saw of it the more was she convinced that it was truly of God. She soon became deeply interested in the proceedings, and gladly availed herself of every opportunity of being present. For the Pastor she entertained a very great respect, and many of the members were among the excellent of the earth, and the sermons and addresses of the one, and the prayers and efforts of the others, were highly appreciated. She was really desirous of deriving benefit from the services she was permitted to attend, and she sincerely hoped that God would make them a blessing to her soul. The Holy Spirit was leading her to see and feel the necessity of an immediate surrender of all to God — her heart was being gradually opened to receive the truth — and as she listened to the joyous experiences of the recently converted, she longed to feel as they did. But she still kept her own counsel, opened her mind to no one, maintained a perfect silence on the subject that was so agitating her soul, and shut herself out from all human sympathy, at the very time that she needed it the most.

The services of one evening in particular were of an unusually interesting character, and could never be forgotten by those present. The spacious room was densely crowded. The place seemed solemn in the extreme. The utmost seriousness prevailed. A deep subdued feeling appeared to pervade every bosom. The singing was earnest and soul-inspiring. The opening prayer fervent and powerful. The address was peculiarly appropriate. The subject was "Instant Decision." Never had the Pastor spoken better. Never was assembly more attentive. All felt that God was truly present. Many a bosom heaved with emotion. Tears flowed freely from eyes unused to weeping. Smothered sobs were heard in different parts of the house. Long-forgotten vows were remembered. Misimproved privileges were mourned over. Neglected opportunities were recalled. Life passed in review. Memories of other days — of a father's prayers and a mother's tears — went trooping by. Consciences were aroused. Sin was felt to be exceedingly sinful. Men marvelled at their own ingratitude and folly. Futurity was anticipated. And coming events casting their shadows, caused great searchings of heart.

Alma was awed. Such a scene she had never witnessed, and strange emotions thrilled her soul. The time was when she would have left the house in alarm, but she knew the cause and remained. Some time before the service closed, a little girl of some nine years of age, arose and requested an interest in the prayers of the congregation. The thing was done with such artless simplicity, but with such evident sincerity, that every one seemed to feel it deeply. That act led Alma to decide for God, then and there, and imitating the child she rose, and although she could not utter a word, her mute appeal for Christian sympathy was readily understood and responded to. With a grief laden soul she sought her chamber, and, through the long hours of that dreary night, she wept and prayed for the Divine favor and forgiveness. It was a wild night without. The wind howled and the storm raged. The rain and the hail descended by turns, and the darkness was deep and dense. But yet wilder was the storm that raged within her heart, and darker was the night that brooded over her soul. At length, utterly exhausted both in body and mind, and realizing her own weakness and ignorance, she threw herself upon her knees, with the agonizing cry "Lord save, or I perish."

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Morning dawned. Alma, pale and tearful, sat sorrowfully in her room. The storm in the outer world had passed away. The air was soft and fresh, and all nature looked bright and gladsome. No one in the house was yet stirring, and a delightful quiet reigned around. The rising sun was flooding her room with his golden and life-giving light, and a little grey bird was singing sweetly in one of the old elms. The sound attracted her attention, and she looked out upon the pleasing scene before her. A calm and blessed influence stole over her, she raised her eyes to Heaven, the tumult in her soul was hushed, a Holy peace took possession of her heart, and falling upon her knees, she softly murmured :

“ Now I have found the ground wherein
 Sure my soul's anchor may remain,
 The wounds of Jesus for my sin
 Before the world's foundation claim ;
 Whose mercy shall unshaken stay,
 When Heaven and earth are fled away.

Though waves and storms go o'er my head,
 Though strength, and health, and friends be gone,
 Though joys be withered all and dead,
 Though every comfort be withdrawn ;
 On this my steadfast soul relies :
 Father thy mercy never dies.”

Believing it to be both a duty and a privilege, she immediately united with the church.

In the various service of the sanctuary she took great delight, and her first communion was a season never to be forgotten. As she took her place at the Sacramental Table, and thought upon that Calvary scene which has no parallel in suffering, as it has had no equal in results, she was deeply humbled, and adored the grace that had led her into the enjoyment of the love of God, and she retired from the service with the firm resolve to live for some good and noble purpose.

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CHAPTER IX.

DOING GOOD.

No sooner had Alma experienced the great change, than she felt a longing desire to do good. With all true followers of the Savior, she happily proved that Christianity is a religion of love, and that it is adapted to, and intended for, all men, however situated, and wherever found. Grateful for the benefits that she had received, she was anxious that others should be possessed of similar blessing. Her love for the Savior was too deep, too trusting, too active, to be hidden in her own heart, or merely evidenced in consistency of life and conversation. She wanted to work for God; to benefit others, that they, also, might rejoice in God as their Father and friend. And believing that He was ready to receive them graciously, and

to love them freely ; to pardon the past, and to give grace for the future — and to encircle them in the arms of an all-encompassing compassion ; she laid her all at the Redeemer's feet, consecrated herself to his service, and patiently awaited the opportunity to be employed for him.

Nor was the opportunity long awaiting. Returning from Church one Sabbath morning, she was accosted by a little boy of some seven years of age, who begged most piteously for a few cents to buy some food for his sick mother. She had frequently met with such vagrants before, and was well aware that much of what is given to such characters, finds its way to the rumseller's instead of the baker's. To give to such is rather to encourage idleness and crime, than to relieve honest poverty. But all who beg are not imposters, and no doubt there are many who are really deserving of sympathy, who are refused assistance because of inability to know who and what they are. Stern necessity drives many to this as a last resort ; and others who are unwilling to seek aid from benevolent societies or from former friends, seek it thus at the hands of strangers, in the hope that should their circumstances improve, their present poverty and distress may remain a secret.

Alma saw at a glance that begging was a new business to this boy. The peculiar whine, and the hackneyed words so common to the street were wanting, and there was an evident reluctance to make the appeal. His quivering lip and fast flowing tears, sufficiently attested the genuineness of his grief, and led her to conclude that the case was worth enquiring into. The appeal of such an one would have moved her at any time, but now it was irresistible. She had just been listening to a deeply interesting discourse on the "Good Samaritan," in which the claims of suffering humanity had been pleaded with great power and pathos. Her warmest sympathies had been excited, and she had left the church with the resolve to go and do likewise whenever occasion required it. Yielding, therefore, to those generous feelings, she kindly enquired of the boy, his name and place of residence. These having been given, and finding that the distance was not great, she determined to accompany him to his home, and see for herself the state of things there. It required some nerve to do this, for on their way, they met several of her acquaintances who manifested much surprise at seeing her in such company, and one young lady

wished to know where she had picked up the young Arab, and what she meant to do with him. But she had counted the costs and was not to be turned aside by trifles. And too intent upon her work to heed such remarks, and too much interested in what the little fellow was telling of his family's history, she followed her guide to the humble dwelling that he called his home.

The house was located on one of the back streets, and was a very poor and unpretending building. The first flat was used for a grocery, and the second and third as private residences. In the upper one Mrs. Henderson, the mother of the little boy resided, who had, at this time, four other children. Mary, the eldest, was only nine years old, and Annie, the youngest, was not yet able to walk. While the father had lived, they had succeeded in keeping want from the door, but since his death, now nearly a year ago, they had been reduced to very great straits. Mrs. Henderson had worked hard to keep her little ones together, and was anxious to retain them under her own care. But she was not very strong, and such steady work told injuriously upon her health. One article of furniture after another, had to be disposed of to

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provide the necessaries of life, and more than once the little ones had to be sent supperless to bed. She had solicited aid from several persons only to be refused; and as they were but strangers in the place, they had but few acquaintances. Things had continued to grow worse and worse, until unable to bear any longer the cries of her famishing children, she had at length sent her little boy out to solicit charity as a last resort.

Mrs. Henderson felt very much surprised when Alma entered the room. Handing her a stool, and desiring her to be seated, she gathered the little ones around her, who seemed to be as much surprised as she was herself. Her face was pale and careworn, and her eyes were red with weeping. Alma's heart ached as she saw the wretchedness with which she was surrounded, and inwardly prayed that she might be the means of bringing joy to this comfortless home.

"I met your little boy," said Alma, breaking a silence that was becoming painful, for after the first salutations, each had seemed to wait for the other to speak; "and I was so interested in him, that I thought I would come and see you. I hope you will not think me rude in doing so."

“Certainly not” said the woman.

“You seem so unwell,” said Alma, “have you been long so?”

“Yes, a good while,” was the laconic reply.

“Can I be of any service to you; if I can it would give me much pleasure,” said the visitor.

“I am afraid not,” said the other, who misunderstanding the character of her questioner, was evidently disinclined to talk.

“You must not think me impertinent,” said Alma, “but from what your little boy told me, I am sure you are in trouble. I know what hardship means, and can therefore sympathize with those who suffer. Please be honest with me, and let me help you. Are you not in need of food?”

“We are,” said the woman, bursting into tears, we have had nothing to eat since yesterday. I tried everywhere, but no one would give me anything. I did not know what else to do, so, although it was the bitterest trial of my life, I sent Willie out to beg to-day.”

“And the Lord sent him to me,” said Alma, “and as you are better acquainted with the neighborhood than I am, take that,”—handing her a two dollar bill—“and get what will meet your im-

mediate wants, and I will remain with the children while you are out."

"God bless you, for He has surely sent you here," said the woman smiling through her tears, as she left the room and went forth to obtain the much needed provisions.

During her absence, Alma chatted away with the little ones, and tried to make them forget their hunger. She inquired their names and ages, and ascertained that the two oldest were able to read. They appeared to be bright and intelligent, and expressed themselves as anxious to go to school. It is wonderful what power there is in kindness, and Alma was delighted to see the interest she had awakened in these young hearts. The prospect of a plentiful supply of food was quite encouraging, and the mother's return with bread and butter, a can of milk, and sundry other articles not necessary to be named, was the signal for such youthful demonstrations of delight, as the clapping of hands, and capering around the room. Oh, could those who do not know what want means, and who perhaps, waste many a slice of good bread and butter, and are dissatisfied with the food provided for them, could they have but seen the joy that sparkled in

the eyes, and the delight that beamed upon the countenances, of these hungry children, as they partook of this frugal meal, they would have learned a lesson worth remembering. And thankful that she had been permitted to minister to their necessities, and promising to call again, Alma took her leave.

And she did call again, and often, and every visit deepened her interest in, and called forth her sympathy for them. Through the influence of Dr. Davison and others, she succeeded in finding a more suitable place of abode, for them, and in procuring such a light and remunerative employment for the mother, as enabled her to keep her little ones at home with her. But she did more than this, for while ministering to the necessities of the body, she neglected not those of the soul. Ascertaining that they did not attend any place of worship, she represented to Mrs. Henderson the propriety of doing so, both for her own sake, and that of the children, and after much persuasion, had the pleasure of seeing her in the sanctuary. Her next effort was to get the children to the Sabbath School, and after meeting the usual objections of strangeness, want of clothes, and others of similar import, she

triumphed in this also. Many a time did she drop in and spend a few minutes in religious conversation and the reading of the Scriptures with the family, and when, after some time, she saw the mother hopefully converted, and a member of the church, and the children regular attendants at the Sabbath School, she felt more than recompensed for all her toil.

Greatly encouraged by the success of her efforts with the Henderson family, she continued to seek opportunities for doing good. Having learned that in the neighborhood where they had resided, there were a number of families who attended no place of worship, and whose children were growing up in ignorance and crime, she felt that something ought to be done for them. She named the matter to some members of the church, but they thought it was useless to try, as they seemed to be such an abandoned set. It was certainly a formidable undertaking for a young woman, but finding no one inclined to aid her, she determined to try what she could do alone. Furnishing herself with a good supply of Tracts, she went forth one Sabbath afternoon to try to seek and to save the lost. The scene presented to her was anything but pleasing.

Men sat smoking in the doorways, women lounged around the windows, and children, ragged, unwashed, and uncombed, were playing marbles on the sidewalk. At first she was half-inclined to turn back, but the feeling was instantly dismissed, and she determined to proceed. Some refused to receive the proffered tract, some tore it in pieces before her, some addressed her in language that cannot be repeated, and some rudely ordered her off. But the majority treated her with the utmost civility, received the tracts with thanks, and requested her to call again. She said but little, and to rude or improper remarks she made no reply. Strange as it may appear, the women were by far the rudest, and more than once the men cried "shame" at some coarse jest that was uttered at her expense. Believing that most parents are pleased with attentions paid to their children, and that if she could secure the attention of the little ones, a most important point would be gained, she chatted familiarly with them, tried to engage them in conversation, and was pleased to see a favorable impression made upon some of them. The innocent look and artless manner, of one little fellow particularly interested her, and led her to enquire into his history.

She soon learned that he was an orphan, his parents having both died quite recently, and having no other relative, had been committed to the care of an aunt who resided here. The poor little fellow was sadly out of place in such company. In his father's house he had never heard an improper word, and the morning and evening prayer had never been neglected. His mother had tried to teach him how to live, and her last words were a prayer that God would watch over the friendless orphan, and save him from the evil influences with which he might be surrounded. But there was no prayer here, no reading of the good book, no Sabbath School instruction, no sanctuary service. He had repeatedly pleaded with his aunt to take him to Sabbath School, but she had never done so. And as he could not be persuaded to associate with the children who surrounded him, he would either sit and cry, or wander around all alone. Some pitied him, some scolded him, but the greater part only laughed at him. But the moment he saw Alma he ran to meet her, seized her by the hand, and joyfully cried out, "I knew you'd come, I did." It seems she so much resembled his former Sabbath School teacher that he supposed she was the same.

and was bitterly disappointed when he discovered his mistake. She spoke kindly to him, told him to wipe away his tears, and said if he would be a good boy, she would, if his aunt would allow her, take him to Sabbath School with her some day. This quite reassured him, and more than made up for his disappointment. And as Alma wended her way homeward, and meditated upon what she had seen and heard, she felt that in little Tommy Thompson she had secured one to aid her in her work.

Alma continued her visits upon each succeeding Sabbath afternoon, and soon had reason to believe that her labor was not in vain. The good seed she had sown in tears was beginning to take root, and the respectful manner in which they spoke to her, and the welcome she met from those who had, at first, rudely repulsed her, was highly encouraging. Her earnest and unpretending piety commanded respect, and the tracts and books she offered were generally received with thanks. Whenever she deemed it prudent to do so, she would read a few verses of Scripture, and sometimes she would find herself surrounded by men, women, and children, who seemed really anxious to hear what was read. Again and again she read the touching story of the

“Prodigal Son,” and more than once she saw eyes fill with tears, as conscience made the application ; and then she would turn to the third chapter of Saint John’s gospel, and read the soul-inspiring declaration “ For God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him, should not perish, but have everlasting life. For God sent not his Son into the world to condemn the world, but that the world through him might be saved.”

Convinced that the time was now come for more decided action, Alma proposed that a Sunday School should be started. Some laughed at the idea, and some few opposed, but as several were found in favor of it, it was determined to make the attempt. A room was accordingly procured, some rough seats were provided, some little whitewashing was attended to, books were obtained, teachers were engaged, and such other arrangements were made as were deemed necessary under the circumstances. The promoters of the enterprise awaited the issue with considerable anxiety, and Alma, though hoping the best, was very fearful that failure awaited them.

Sunday came, and fortunately was a fine day, and

at the appointed hour, in company with a few friends belonging to the Sunday School, in connection with their own church, she repaired to the place. About twenty-five little ones, and a few grown-up persons were already there, and a kind of cheer was raised as she entered. But such a motley crowd she had never before seen. A few of them were rather clean and tidy, the brightest and neatest of the whole being our little friend Tommy; but the greater part of them looked as if soap and water were things quite beyond their reach, and combs nowhere to be had. A more ragged, dirty, uncared-for collection of children it would be hard to find anywhere. And they were about as rough in their manners as in their appearance. Some were sitting on the floor playing with their toes. Some were pretending to sit quietly, but were only watching a chance to pull some one's hair, or prick him with a pin. Some were beating time with their feet to some dancing tune, and all were tittering and laughing, and evidently resolved to have a jolly good time. Altogether it was a scene not soon to be forgotten, and it must be confessed, that the prospect of making anything good of these untaught Arabs appeared rather gloomy.

Still, there was an intelligent look on many of those faces, and a something that indicated the possession of powers that only required the husbandry of patient discipline in order to yield a rich and glorious harvest. And besides, all this, the thought that they were immortal beings not only lent them an importance, but also suggested the possibility of their being raised to the position and privileges of the children of God.

We have no disposition to weary the reader with the details of that, or succeeding services, suffice it to say that the success which crowned their efforts exceeded their most sanguine expectations. Out of that little school has grown a respectable church; and the character of the place has been greatly changed. Nearly all who were present at the organization of the school, have become good and useful members of society, and not the least pleasing fact in connection therewith is the position attained by our little friend Tommy. From a scholar he soon became a teacher, and feeling anxious to be employed in the service of the Lord, he gave himself to the work of the ministry. Friends aided him in his efforts to qualify himself for this important work, and he has just graduated with high

honors, and is about to enter upon missionary work in the distant East. Little did Alma dream that such glorious and far-reaching results would have grown out of that meeting with Willie Henderson, but it only shows how important it is to make the best of every opportunity of doing good that is placed in our way.

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CHAPTER X.

MORE TROUBLE.

With the future we are happily unacquainted. Of its joys or sorrows, its pleasures or its pains, its sunshine or its shadow, we know nothing. All before us is shrouded in gloom and uncertainty, and the mysterious veil we can neither draw aside or see through. What we may be, or do, or suffer, we cannot even guess. Our pathway may be soft and easy to the feet, or it may be rough and thorny: the suns of prosperity may flood it with golden light, or clouds and darkness may settle down upon it; our experience may be bright and joyous, or gloomy and sad, but which we cannot tell. And for this very uncertainty we have great reason to be thankful. For did we know that our career would be one of ever-brightening prospects and

ever-increasing joys, we might forget that this was not our home; or if on the contrary, we were assured that trial would succeed trial, and sorrow after sorrow would sweep over us, we might become so discouraged as to deem further effort both impossible and unavailing.

And well was it for our young friend that the future had been thus hidden from view. However pleasant her position had been, and however useful she had been in it, she was not permitted to retain it any longer. Painful as her previous afflictions had been they dwindled into nothingness, when compared with this one. Keenly as she had felt the losses already sustained, her heart never quivered with such intense agony and her tears never fell so fast or so freely, as when this last great trial overtook her. Never had she known as now the meaning of sorrow. When her parents died, she was too young to realize her loss; and in the sufferings of subsequent years, there had ever been some mitigating circumstances. But it was altogether different now. She had arrived at an age of all others, perhaps, the most important in a woman's life, and was fully alive to the importance of not only possessing, but also of preserving, an

unsullied character. That character was now assailed, and the cruel charge of theft was preferred against her. The bare idea of being suspected was unbearable, and her heart died within her at the thought. Every avenue and door of hope appeared to be closed, and circumstances seemed to conspire to render her wretchedness complete.

Why our Heavenly Father should subject his children to such severe trials, is often hard to be accounted for, and how events, painful and distressing, can be rendered conducive to their good, is frequently more than we can tell. But though it is impossible for us, in many cases, to point out the way in which they are connected with spiritual and eternal advantages, we can still believe that such a connection really exists, that God, even when we are inclined to think that He is dealing severely with us, is acting on principles of the purest kindness; and that those very things which now distress us, will eventually be causes of gratitude and thanksgiving. We are so unacquainted with the operations, tendencies, and results of things, and are so totally ignorant of the future scenes of our own lives, that we do not know what is proper and necessary for ourselves; we cannot determine what

will prove beneficial, and what injurious ; what will promote or prevent our happiness. As children are frequently called upon to give up their own will, to forego gratifications, to submit to inconveniences, and to be brought under a course of discipline, the nature and design of which they cannot comprehend ; so in the dealings of our Heavenly Father with us, we shall meet with things strange and inexplicable, and will find that the way by which he leads us, will sometimes appear dark and intricate. Hence it is perfectly in character with our situation on earth, as candidates for another and a better world, that there should be in the divine administration things mysterious and inscrutable. The lapse of a few years makes material changes, and often draws aside, in some degree, the veil of obscurity, and lets in light upon our providential path ; so that, even in the present life, we are sometimes enabled to understand dispensations, by which, at first, we were greatly perplexed and troubled. And it will be one of the delightful employments of the Heavenly world, to see all the mysteries of Divine Providence unravelled, and trace, in every part, the footsteps of unerring wisdom and unbounded love.

Before referring to the unhappy circumstances which led to the grave charge of theft being preferred against Alma, it will be necessary to state that her difficulties with Hettie had continued to grow greater and greater. All her efforts to soften her animosity and to win her love, had proved ineffectual, and every little while some new trouble would arise and widen the breach between them. Latterly she had been worse than ever, and had tried to annoy her in every imaginable manner. Supposing that as she had been patiently borne with in the past, and as her misdeeds had not been reported to her parents, she could do as she pleased without any risk, she seemed to go beyond herself in her efforts to provoke. But convinced, at last, that forbearance had ceased to be a virtue, and that any further concealment of her conduct would be injurious to all concerned, Alma sought an interview with her mother, and gave a plain and truthful statement of her whole conduct. The consequence was that she was pretty severely corrected, kept in her own room for a couple of days, and only permitted to resume her place in the family, under promise of thorough amendment.

About a fortnight after this, when the storm had

apparently passed away, and an unusually good state of feeling was existing between Alma and Hettie, Mrs. Davison missed a very valuable locket. The article in question was not only prized for its intrinsic worth, but especially so as it had been a present from her husband on her wedding day. No wonder, therefore, that she valued it very highly, and felt great grief at its loss. As the day previous had been the anniversary of their marriage, she had, according to custom, given a party in honor of the occasion, and, as usual, had worn it. She distinctly remembered to have shown it to several in the company, and, among others, to Alma, but whether or not it had been returned to her she could not recollect. She had searched for it in the parlor, and in the hall, thinking that, perhaps, she might have dropped it there, but she had searched in vain. She had sought it in her own room, but it could not be found. Every pocket and drawer had been examined, and every place where it was deemed possible to be found, had been subjected to the most diligent search, but the lost locket remained undiscovered. No one seemed to know anything about it, and what could have become of it, was a question that no one ap-

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peared able to answer. The character of her guests precluded the possibility of suspicion attaching to any of them, and in her domestics she had every confidence. Still, she could not divest her mind of unpleasant feelings, and knowing that it must have been lost in one of the rooms, it made her quite uncomfortable. Much as she had valued the thing itself, and much as she regretted its loss, she regretted still more the unaccountable manner in which it had disappeared, and the thought would arise that, perhaps, some one in the house had yielded to temptation and taken it. The bare possibility of such a thing greatly distressed her, and she would gladly have given twice its value, to be sure that there was no ground for the suspicion. But she was too conscientious and considerate to give utterance to a word that would wound the sensibilities of any one, and she prudently kept her thoughts to herself; but it rendered her very unhappy. She kept her own room for some days, and would see no one. Every one in the house felt similarly, and a feeling of discomfort settled down upon all.

But the quick eye of the mother soon detected a something in Hettie's manner that both grieved and puzzled her, and led her to believe that she knew

more about the matter than she was willing to tell. She was evidently unwilling to talk on the subject, and her answers were given in such a constrained manner, that Mrs. Davison felt it incumbent upon her to ascertain the cause of this strange conduct without delay. Accordingly, taking advantage of the first opportunity that was presented, she questioned her closely as to her knowledge of the affair.

“Hettie, my dear,” said the mother, “I wish to talk with you about my lost locket. I am strongly impressed with the idea, why, I can hardly tell, that you know more about it than you have told me. If you have broken it or lost it, or know anything of it, I wish you to tell me so frankly. Much as I prize it, I think you know me too well, to think that, whatever has happened to it, that I will deal severely with you. I am really distressed about it, for its loss is calculated to make every one in the house feel as if they were suspected of having taken it. For the sake, therefore, of all concerned, I hope you will tell me all you know about this unfortunate affair.”

“Why ma,” said Hettie, in a tone of surprise, “what in the world makes you think that I know anything about it.”

"Nothing in particular," said Mrs. Davison, "but I still have the impression that you know something more about it, than you have yet told me."

"Do you think I have stolen it?" queried the child. "No, my dear, I do not, for besides the wickedness of such an act, you could have no inducement to do such a thing. But I thought that, perhaps, you had broken or lost it, and was ashamed or afraid to confess it. Have you done so?"

"I have not," was the prompt reply.

"Well, I am both glad and sorry to hear you say so," said the mother, "glad that you have not tried to deceive me, but sorry that I am left still in the dark about it."

"I don't want to think about it at all," said Hettie, "I wish you would try and forget it."

"That, Hettie, I can never do, I respect your father too highly to lose anything that he has given me without regret, and especially that locket."

"You may, perhaps, get it yet; you may find it where you would never dream of looking for it," was the careless reply.

"What do you mean?" said Mrs. Davison, as she eyed her sharply.

“O, nothing in particular,” was the evasive answer.

“Hettie,” said the mother sternly, “I want none of this trifling. I am fully convinced that you are hiding something from me, and something too that it is important for me to know. Tell me at once all you know about it.”

“I would rather not.”

“But, in this, I must and will be obeyed. I insist upon knowing everything. Have you seen it?” demanded the mother.

“I have.”

“Where?”

“On Miss Gowrie’s table,” said Hettie, with great apparent reluctance.

“Are you sure you were not mistaken,” said the mother with a troubled look and tone.

“No, I was not mistaken, for I opened it, and saw both your likeness and that of papa.” was the deliberate reply.

“How came you to go there? Are you in the habit of going to her room?” enquired Mrs. Davison.

“O yes, very often, nearly every day.”

“Why, then, knowing all this, did you not tell

me before, and save us all from so much anxiety and inconvenience."

"Well, I did not like to," said Hettie.

"Give your reasons, please."

"Well," said she, with much hesitation, "Miss Gowrie and I are not good friends. You know I do not like her, and never did, and I was afraid that you might think that I was spiteful, and wished to harm to her. If I must speak, I believe she is a thief."

"Hush," said her mother, "I will not permit you to say anything of the kind. Miss Gowrie is no thief,—of that I am quite positive. How it come there, of course, I cannot imagine, and I confess I wonder why she has not named it, knowing how anxious I have been. But then, she may not have known that it was there at all, she may never have seen it. Unaccountable things do sometimes happen, and this may be one of them."

"She knew it was there," was the reply, "for as I was passing her door yesterday morning, I saw her looking at it, and when she heard me she slipped it into her workbox."

"Poor girl," said Mrs. Davison, "I am really sorry that this thing has happened, for I have felt

very much interested in her. For her own sake, I do hope that she may be able to explain all satisfactorily, although, from what you have told me, appearances are very much against her now. But, God forbid, that I should prejudge the case. If she has sinned, she is to be pitied, but I still believe her to be innocent of intentional wrong doing. I will see her and talk with her as soon as possible, but in the meantime I wish you to name the matter to no one."

"After Hettie had retired, Mrs. Davison sat for some time in deep and anxious thought. She calmly considered all she had heard, weighed the probabilities for and against believing the same, and tried to view the thing in the most favorable light. But while her heart pleaded strongly for the accused, and suggested many an excuse, and while she would have willingly let the whole pass without further remark, she felt that justice required an investigation, and that an opportunity ought to be afforded her to prove her innocence. In this her husband concurred, and anxious to end this state of suspense as soon as possible, she requested Alma to meet her in the library after school hours.

"Miss Gowrie," she said, after a somewhat lengthy pause, during which she had been trying to appear calm, "I wish to have a little talk with you about the locket I have lost. It has worried me more than a little, and I want your assistance in my search to recover it."

"I shall be happy to render you all the assistance in my power," was the ready reply; "but you will have to tell me in what way I can serve you."

"Well, that is just what I cannot do," said Mrs. Davison, "but I thought that, perhaps, you knew something about it."

"Why, Mrs. Davison," said Alma with undisguised astonishment, "you surely do not imagine that I have any knowledge of what has become of it. If I had I would not have kept you in ignorance of it so long."

"Then you know nothing about it."

"No, nothing whatever; I have not seen it since the night you lost it. Do you think I have," she asked, while her voice quivered, and her eyes filled with tears.

"I am sorry to say that I do," was the brief, sad answer.

“ You do? O Mrs. Davison how can you do so? What grounds have you for preferring such a terrible accusation?” cried the poor girl in tones that thrilled the heart of her accuser.

“ My dear Alma,” she said tenderly, “ without strong reasons for doing so, I would never have spoken to you as I have, for I assure you, it is the most painful task I have ever performed. But simple justice demanded that you should know what those reasons were, and have an opportunity of setting yourself right, if you were able to do so. Remember, I do not accuse you; God forbid that I should say or do ought that would injure you,—I know too well the worth of character to a young woman unnecessarily to speak against it, and I have respected you too much to readily believe anything prejudicial to you,—no, I do not accuse, but there are some things that require explanation, and nothing will give me greater satisfaction, than to find you can clear yourself from all blame.”

“ My dear Mrs. Davison.” said Alma, “ what do you mean? What things do you refer to? What do you want me to explain?”

“ Well Alma,” said the other sadly, “ I will be frank with you. Hettie tells me that having oc-

casion to go to your room for something the other day, she saw it lying on your table, and that passing your door yesterday morning she saw you examining it, and that when you heard her you slipped it into your workbox. Whatever unpleasantness there may have been between you, she was really sorry for you, and told me this with evident reluctance. Of course you can tell me how it came into you hands, why you have retained it, and where it now is."

"Mrs. Davison," she calmly replied, for although astonished beyond measure at the terrible charge, she had perfectly recovered her wonted composure. "It is not, nor never has been in my possession. I have not seen it since the night you lost it. What has led Hettie to tell you this is best known to herself, but this I know, she was mistaken."

"Then you have not seen it?"

"I have not"

"Well, this is very strange," said Mrs Davison, "I do not wish to question your word, but I have no reason to believe that Hettie told me what was not true. How shall I know the truth?"

"Search my room," said Alma, "search everything belonging to me. I am anxious to have this

matter thoroughly investigated, for I have nothing to fear. I would like it to be done at once, and if you have no objections, I would prefer the Doctor and Hettie both to be present."

"It shall be as you wish," she replied, and summoning the two in question, they proceeded to her room.

Before proceeding to make the search, Dr. Davison apologized for what they were doing, and expressed the hope that everything might yet be satisfactorily explained. He felt that it must be a great trial to her, but, for her own sake, the search was necessary; and to comprehend the nature of the evidence against her, he would request Hettie to repeat before her what she had told her mother. This she did, though with considerable reluctance, which the parents attributed to an unwillingness to criminate her, but which Alma knew to proceed from a very different cause. And although her statements were positively denied, and some of them shown to be quite improbable, she maintained them with such apparent candour and earnestness, as convinced her parents that she was speaking the truth.

Finding that no further information could be obtained, and that she still denied all knowledge of

the matter, Dr. Davison requested the use of her keys. The keys she handed to him at once, remarking as she did so, that it was not necessary, as she had never locked anything since she lived in the house. Drawers were emptied of their contents, pockets were searched, and everything was subjected to the most careful examination, and they had about concluded, that wherever else the missing property was, it was not there, when Hettie spied a small parcel attached to the lower side of the seat of a large easy chair, that always occupied one particular part of the room. Seizing and quickly opening it, she exclaimed in an amazed tone, "O papa, here it is?" Had a thunderbolt fallen in the room, it would have occasioned no greater confusion, than did this discovery. Dr. Davison looked confounded, for his hope had been to find nothing. His wife covered her face and wept freely, for now that her guilt was placed beyond a doubt, she felt really distressed for the poor unfortunate creature, and now regretted that she had allowed the search to have been made. And even Hettie showed signs of real regret, and manifested much sympathy for her.

But Alma, poor Alma, how shall we describe

her, or what shall we say about her. For a moment or two she stood like a statue, as if trying to realize the nature and consequences of the dreadful discovery just made. The thought of hearing the character of a convicted thief was too much for her to bear, her cup of misery was full to overflowing, but not a tear flowed to her relief. A deadly pallor overspread her countenance, she turned her eyes imploringly to heaven, and with the low moaning cry, "God help me," she sank upon the floor in a state of insensibility. They gently raised and placed her in the bed, and administered the usual restoratives, but apparently to no purpose, and they began to fear that she was dead. Life, however, was not extinct, and after a period of painful anxiety, she showed signs of returning animation. She was cared for with the utmost tenderness, and the crime of which she was believed to be guilty, was quite forgotten in the anxiety that was felt for her recovery.

When consciousness returned she seemed to awake as from a troubled dream. The room was closely curtained, everything was hushed and still, and where she was she could not imagine. Mrs. Davison was sitting by the bedside anxiously await-

ing any change that might take place, and watching her movements with much interest.

"Where am I?" she exclaimed, attempting to rise, but she was so weak that she sank back upon the pillow.

"In your own room," was the reply.

"What is the matter with me? What has made me so weak?" she enquired.

"You have been very ill, and quite unconscious for some time," replied Mrs. Davison, but you are better now, and you must try and keep quite quiet."

"O, I had such a dreadful dream," she said, with a shudder, I dreamed—"

"Never mind telling me now," she said, "the Doctor says you must not talk. You can tell me some other time."

She lay still for some time, and Mrs. Davison supposed she had fallen asleep. But she had not. She was trying to account for her sudden illness, but felt it difficult to do so, as she was unable to recall anything very distinctly. She had a vague idea that something wrong had occurred, her heart was strangely excited, and she mused long and deeply in the matter. Suddenly the whole thing

was remembered, her whole frame shook violently, and burying her face in the bedclothes, she sobbed out:

“O, it was not a dream, but I did not steal the locket. God knows I am innocent.”

“Hush, hush,” said Mrs. Davison, partly from pity, and partly from a dread of hearing her deny what she believed to be too true; “do not talk about it at present. Wait until you are stronger and better able to do so. Must she not,” she said, addressing her husband, who had just entered.

“Certainly,” he said, “quietness is indispensable in your present state, and I must insist upon your keeping still.”

“O, Doctor,” she replied, “I cannot do so. I must speak, I cannot lie under this terrible accusation. You believe me to be guilty, and not without reason. But how it came into my room, I know not. I know the evidence against me is very strong, and I have no means of disproving it. Some one has plotted my ruin, but I leave myself in the hands of that God who has promised to be ‘a father to the fatherless.’ But tell me, do you really believe me to be a thief?”

“We thought,” said Mrs. Davison, as her hus-

band seemed disinclined to reply, "that, perhaps, you had found it, or thoughtlessly taken it to your room, and then felt fearful of saying anything about it, lest we should have suspected you of intentional wrong; or that, possibly, you might have yielded to a momentary temptation. And, if either of these conjectures are correct, and you will frankly confess the truth, we will allow the matter to pass without further remark, and no one will ever be told a word about it."

"I appreciate your kindness," she replied, "but your conjectures are wrong. I once more declare my entire innocence, and, whatever the consequences may be, can do nothing else."

"Press her no further," said the Doctor somewhat sternly; "if she persists in her denials of what has been so clearly proved against her, she must blame herself for whatever may be the result."

The Doctor and his wife then withdrew, and consulted together as to what they ought to do under the circumstances. The idea of giving her into the hands of the law was not entertained for a moment, for they had no wish to injure her, and they were persuaded that with the evidence against

her, imprisonment would be her lot. But to retain her in the family was out of the question, and although they much regretted it, and were sincerely sorry for her, the conclusion was that she must seek a new home as soon as she was strong enough to do so. This decision Mrs. Davison soon made known to her, and as she speedily regained her usual health, she commenced to make preparations for her departure.

But where was she to go? and what was she to do? were the questions that now agitated her bosom. To remain in the neighborhood she did not think would be advisable, and after much thought and prayer for divine direction, she determined to go out West, and seek a situation as a common school teacher. As her salary had been respectable, and as she had lived economically, she had saved a snug little sum of money: enough to pay her expenses on the way thither, and until she could find employment. And having provided herself with certificates of character from her Pastor and Sabbath School Superintendent, and taken an affectionate farewell of the teachers and scholars of the little Mission School, which had been originated by her self-sacrificing endeavours, she awaited the

time of her departure, with mingled emotions of hope and fear.

"I am sorry we part thus," said Mrs. Davison, "but you cannot blame me. Your kindness to poor little Bertie I will ever remember with pleasure, and, notwithstanding this unhappy affair, if ever I can in any way assist you, I shall be happy to do so."

"I have one request to make," said Alma, "and that is, that you will think as kindly of me as possible, until my innocence is clearly proved. That it will be proved sometime, I am fully convinced, and for that time I will patiently wait."

"I sincerely hope that it will, and no one will be better pleased than I when that day comes," was the reply. And with mutual expressions of good-will, and wishes for each other's happiness in the future, they parted with little expectation of ever meeting again on earth.

CHAPTER XI.

TEACHING SCHOOL.

From New York she proceeded to Chicago, and presented her letter of introduction to the Pastor of the ——— Street ——— Church, who kindly received her, and expressed his readiness to aid her in any way that he was able. He was well acquainted with the western country, had but recently removed therefrom, and was well qualified to give her much useful information concerning the manners and customs of the people. He strongly disapproved, however, of her purpose to go thither and urged her to remain in Chicago. He knew of several families in connection with his church, who were in need of such a person as governess, as she was represented to be, and he had no doubt but she could soon secure a good and respectable home.

But she could not be persuaded to do so, a something told her to go farther, and thanking him for his kindness, gave him to understand that her mind was fully made up not to remain in Chicago, but to seek a home in some quiet country village in the West.

Finding her thus minded he introduced her to a friend of his from the interior of the State of Wisconsin, who with his daughter, was then in the city, and soon about to return home. Mr. Bennett was perhaps fifty years of age, of prepossessing appearance, quiet and unpretending in his manners, and intelligent and well informed. His disposition, was cautious and retiring, and he was rather slow in forming acquaintances. But when convinced of the worthiness of an individual, no truer and better friend could anywhere be found, and wherever he was known he was held in great estimation. His daughter was in her fourteenth year, a lively, joyous light-hearted creature, full of life and animation, and a general favorite wherever she went. With this estimable couple she spent a very agreeable evening, and with the frank and vivacious Gertrude, she was greatly delighted, and each having formed a favorable opinion of the other, it was arranged that

she should accompany them to their home at Bennettville, and as a female teacher was then wanted, there was every reason to believe that she would secure the situation.

In these days of rapid travel distance is little thought of, and what would once have been deemed a formidable undertaking, is now regarded more as a recreation than a labor. Chicago, with its busy multitudes, was soon far away behind, and many a thriving town and village were quickly passed by or through. The rich lands lying all around, the comfortable homes dotting the country in every direction, and the evidences of thrift, energy and enterprise wherever the eye might rest, afforded themes for interesting converse, and kept Gertrude and Alma on the continual look out for something new. By and by they left the great thoroughfares, and journeyed the rest of the way by coach, and after a most delightful trip they reached the quite little village of Bennettville, and were warmly welcomed by Mrs. Bennett, and some half a dozen little ones. Gertrude humorously introduced the stranger as a stray cousin she had picked up in the city, an announcement that much amused her mother and the children, while the father spoke of her as a

young lady from New York, who tired of living in the city, had come to seek a home in the lovely West.

Bennettville is a neat little village, and had then a population of about three hundred inhabitants. It had a post office, three stores, a lawyer's and a doctor's office, a public hall, and a school house. The people were thrifty and industrious, free and social, and, generally speaking, moral and well behaved. The schoolroom was situated in the most pleasant part of the village, was surrounded by a beautiful grove which stretched down to the banks of a little stream that murmured by. It was a large, well built house, and was liberally supplied with all that was necessary to carry on the work of instruction with comfort and efficiency. As the place was yet in its infancy, comparatively little had been done in the educational line, and the school had hitherto been conducted by incompetent teachers. Through Mr. Bennet's influence Alma was now engaged to take charge of the school, his fellow citizens having the fullest confidence in his judgment. She made his house her home, and derived much benefit from his wise and fatherly counsel. Every one respected him, and although he has since gone the way of all

the earth, his influence is felt in that community still, and his name is still a household word.

Of all practicable methods of contributing to the future advancement of society, the proper training of the rising race, is at once the most available and the most effective. In forming the character of the young and fitting them for usefulness, we operate powerfully upon a class of agencies, whose chief work will be to give form and spirit to the succeeding age. It is therefore of the utmost importance that the youth of our land should be early trained and disciplined, for in the approaching future, when the matured manhood of the present will have passed away, our country will be precisely what the youth of to-day will be able and willing to make it. Their busy fingers will fabricate its manufactures, build and navigate its stately ships over the briny floods, rear its cities and cultivate its soil. They will enact its laws, administer its government, and mould its institutions. And whether the men and women of the coming time will acquit themselves worthy of their glorious ancestry, will largely depend upon the training they receive, and no patriot can better evince his love for his country than by diligently attending to the enlightened culture of its children.

With much fear and trembling did Alma enter upon this new and arduous work. In the children before her, she saw the men and women of the future, and felt persuaded, that what they would become would largely depend upon what and how they were taught. Ardent and irrepressible, full of glee and gladness, with little of wisdom or discretion, the young require to be kindly and judiciously dealt with. Innocent, confiding, and inexperienced, impulsive, weak, and thoughtless, they never dream of the dangers that lie in their way, nor of the tempters that lurk on every hand to lure them to ruin and to death. Viewing them thus she felt it incumbent upon her to try to point out the dangers with which they were surrounded, and to suggest such courses of conduct, such principles of action, and such inspirations to virtue and honor, as might render them safe, and lead them into the paths of truth and uprightness. And as she thought of the different home influences that were thrown around them; of their various natural gifts, and of their opposite constitutional temperaments, she did feel that the work required intelligence, tact, and patience.

How far she succeeded in realizing her own idea

of what a teacher ought to be and to do, we cannot say, but she did succeed in winning the good opinion of both parents and children. She possessed the happy faculty of combining amusement with instruction, and of making duty a delight instead of a task. She strove to convince her youthful charge that she loved them, and was deeply interested in their welfare. She was a rigid disciplinarian, kind, but firm in the enforcement of order. Corporal punishment she was utterly opposed to, and the rod she considered a relic of barbarism. She believed that to whip a child in the presence of his schoolmates, was either to beget a feeling of indignation and hate against the teacher, or to degrade him in his own eyes. A scholar, trembling with fear, or burning with anger, is in no mood to be instructed, and the moment that any one, whether old or young, loses self-respect, that moment a powerful check to evil has been removed, and the way opened to speedy and utter ruin. A judicious teacher will have no great difficulty in devising expedients for the sutiable correction of the wayward, without the assistance of a birchen rod or a cat-o'-nine tails.

Once, and only once, during her residence at Bennettville was her theory put to the test. There

was in the neighborhood a certain half witted individual, who was in the habit of calling every religious person a "Hippercrit." The term became a byword, and many a laugh was indulged in at Jerry's expense. In the lesson read by the senior class one day, was the word "hypocrite," which Arthur Thompson the largest boy in the school, pronounced "Hippercrit," with Jerry's peculiar drawl, to the no small amusement of the rest of the scholars. The teacher requested him to pronounce it correctly, but he did it as before. Again he was told to do so, but this time, somewhat out of temper, he flatly refused. Everyone was surprised and looked for a storm, but taking no further notice of the matter she proceeded with the usual exercises. When the rest were dismissed she detained Arthur, sat down beside him, and in a firm but affectionate manner, reasoned with him on the folly and impropriety of his conduct; of its influence over the younger scholars; of the necessity of rule and discipline being enforced; of the grief such conduct would be to his parents; and of the evil consequences that would result from such a course if persisted in. She then told him that all the punishment she would inflict would be that he would read the les-

son correctly in the school the following morning. If he did so, well and good, he might remain, but if not he would be expelled. Expressing the hope that he would arrive at such a decision that he might look back upon with pleasure in after life, she let him go. Arthur was in his place the following morning, the lesson was properly read, no notice was taken of the previous day's proceedings, and everything passed off in quietness. Kindness had conquered, and from that day he was the best boy in the school, and one of the teacher's very best friends.

Her home life was very happy. In Mr. and Mrs. Bennet she found real friends, and the juvenile members of the family were all that could be desired. With their free and easy manners she was truly delighted, and experienced more real enjoyment than she had in the palatial residence of Dr. Davison. But Gertrude particularly interested her. There was something in her appearance and manner that seemed as familiar as if they had been old friends, and from the moment they had first met, she had been strangely drawn towards her. Why, she could not tell, but she frequently found herself scanning her countenance, or listening to her voice,

in the hope of finding an explanation of the strange feelings that her presence had awakened. But the more she looked and listened, the more she was perplexed, for such interest in a stranger she had never felt before. She began to have a dreamy idea that they had met before, but where, or how, or under what circumstances, she could not recall. And although the thing appeared quite improbable, as Mr. and Mrs. Bennett were total strangers to her, and she was sure she had never seen, or even heard of them, before she came to Chicago, she finally concluded that with the daughter at least she was not wholly unacquainted.

Nor was she mistaken, or long left in doubt. Mr. Bennett was a God fearing man, and regarding it both as a duty and a privilege, was in the habit of regularly conducting family worship night and morning. And believing in the elevating influence of sacred song, the singing of some piece with which they were all familiar invariably formed a part of the evening's exercises. In this way he rendered devotion a delight, and the hour of prayer was alike regarded by old and young, as one of pleasure and of profit. "Gerty," said Mr. Bennett one evening, "I think we will have your favorite

hymn to-night. You will please lead, and we will all follow." Folding her hands reverently she sang in a soft, sweet and expressive manner the beautiful words :

"Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high.

Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life be past
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last.

Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee ;
Leave ah leave, me not alone,
Till support and comfort me.

All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring.
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing."

That was sufficient. Memories of other days were recalled. That scene upon the Nova Scotian coast long years ago was brought up vividly before the mind, when the little orphaned Gerty had sung the same sweet song, and had spoken so touchingly of her trust in the goodness of God. She was now convinced that Gerty and Gertrude were one and the same person, however impossible that might now appear, and she longed for an opportunity to fully satisfy herself that her conjectures were correct. And when the exercises were ended, and the

girls had retired for the night, for they roomed together—Alma introduced the matter thus ;—

“Gertrude,” said she, “I never hear that hymn you sung to-night without having recalled to my mind a little circumstance that occurred several years ago, and which, at the time, was rendered a very great comfort to me.”

“It is indeed a rich and beautiful hymn,” said the other, “and I never sing it without thinking about my dear mother who taught it to me before she died.”

“What?” said Alma, “is not Mrs. Bennett your mother?”

“No,” said Gertrude, “my parents are both dead, but I call Mr. and Mrs. Bennett, father and mother, for they are the only friends I have in the world, and they have ever been good and kind to me. Mr. Bennett is only a cousin and his wife is no relation whatever, but after the death of my parents they sought me out, and have since treated me as one of their own children.”

“Were you ever in Nova Scotia?” enquired Alma.

“O yes,” she replied, “it was there my parents died, and I have only been in this country about seven years.”

“What part of the Province?”

“On the seaboard, at a place called Rocky Hill, some distance from Halifax,” was the reply. “But why do you ask?”

“Because,” she answered, “I was there at that time also, and have an idea that we are old acquaintances.”

“You there then,” said Gertrude, “I do not remember having ever seen you before we met in Chicago.”

“I have thought so ever since we met there,” said Alma, “but I am quite sure of it now.”

“What leads you to think so?” said the other.

“Well,” she replied, “one day while there, feeling very sad and sorrowful, I wandered some distance from the house at which I was staying, and felt tempted to think that God was dealing severely with me, just then a little girl sung the same hymn you sung to-night, and in conversation she told me that her parents were dead, and I derived much comfort from the assurance she had that ‘God would take care of poor little Gerty.’”

“O, I remember it quite well,” said Gertrude, much moved, “You were one of the passengers that were saved from the shipwrecked ‘Carthagea.’”

Dear me how strange it is that we have met away out here. But where have you been, and what have you been doing all this time?"

Alma briefly related how she had found her way to Halifax, and from thence to New York, telling how first as a servant in Mr. Carter's family, and then more as a daughter, she had been kindly cared for. How Providence had led her into the family of Dr. Davidson, of the death of little Bertie, of her own conversion to God, and of her subsequent career. Gertrude was much pleased with the discovery she had made, and particularly so when she found that Alma was a follower of the Saviour, and when the matter was reported to Mr. and Mrs. Bennett, their interest in her was very much increased.

The life of a teacher in a quiet country village is necessarily an uneventful one. There is but little to excite—little to astonish, and the inhabitants know but little of, and are unmoved by, what may be transpiring in the great and busy world. But to the thoughtful student of nature, such a place presents peculiar features of interest—has rare charms—has decided advantages. In its beautiful surrounding she did prove that universal nature is

full of materials for observation, for thought, for enjoyment, and for profit. The clear sky in its depth of blue, or as it was embossed with every form of tinted cloud at sunrise or at sunset, furnished food for the imagination. There, on a little eminence overlooking the village, she often lost herself in delicious thought, as she gazed upon the golden masses of gold and silver, which seemed like stepping stones leading up to the very throne of Heaven's light and glory. How beautiful to mark the diversified aspects of nature; how rich the pleasure of observing the various foliage; to mark the alternate effects of light and shade; to trace the silvery stream as it danced on its course, now retiring from observation as if in virgin modesty, and then bursting full into view, as if to assert its independence. How delightful to witness the stir of the village; to catch the mingled sound of the lowing of the herds, the bleating of the sheep; the cheerful song of the milkmaid, "driving home the cows;" the shout of merry children; the whistle of the late returning plough boy; the soft music of the grove; and the sighing of the evening zephyrs as they murmured through the trees. And as all these were blended, and yet distinguishable; and

filled the eye and ear without oppressing the sense, there was a luxury of enjoyment, awakening emotions of a new and pleasurable character. There is an upward influence in nature, and the man whose religion hallows and uses all the eye can see, feels that

“Each cloud-capped mountain is a holy altar;
An organ breathes in every grove;
And the full hearts a Psalter,
Rich in deep hymns of gratitude and love.”

CHAPTER XII.

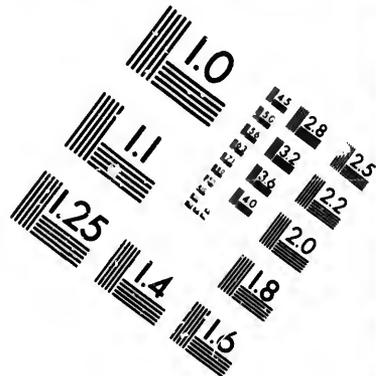
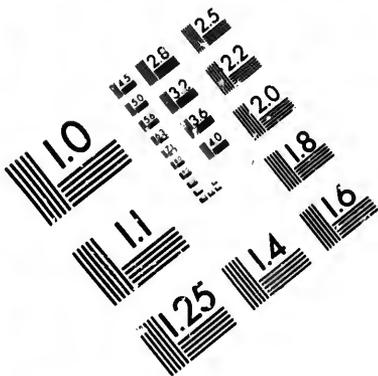
WORKING FOR JESUS.

Up to this time Bennettville had never been blessed with the services of a regular Pastor. The ministers of the various denominations in the neighbouring villages had occasionally visited it, but there was no Church organization, no stated services, and no Christian ordinances. When a service was held, there was a general turn out of the inhabitants, for although representing different shades of religious opinion, they agreed to differ on minor points of doctrine, and gladly availed themselves of every opportunity of hearing the word of life proclaimed. In this way some good had been done, and a few had been led to the Saviour. These were in the habit of meeting together on the Sabbath afternoon, when one of their number read a sermon, or con-

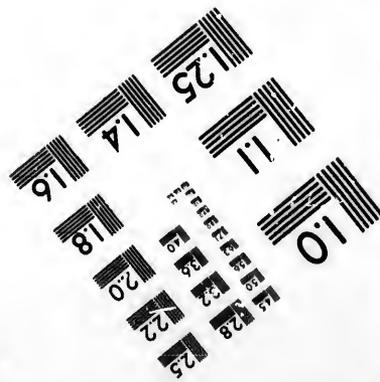
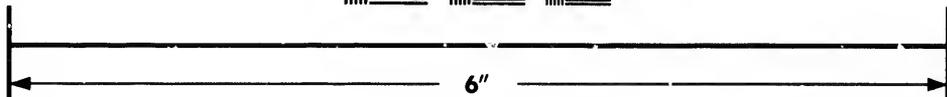
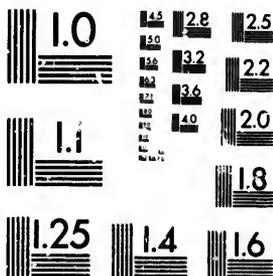
ducted a service for prayer and praise. But such services are not generally very popular with the unconverted, and comparatively few attended; the majority preferring to spend the day in gossiping from house to house; in reading the news, or in slumber.

Alma was very much distressed about this state of things, and felt that something ought to be done for the moral and spiritual improvement of the people. Remembering how successful her efforts had been in New York, and believing that the chances for success were far greater here than there, she suggested the propriety of organizing a Sabbath School, as a first step in the right direction. The thing had been tried once before this and failed, and the fear was that this effort would share a similar fate. But although her labours on the week days were pretty trying—for whatever she engaged in she did well and thoroughly—and much as she needed the Sabbath for rest and the enjoyment of religious privileges, she was nevertheless quite prepared to make any sacrifice for the sake of those for whom her Saviour had died. She talked the thing up among the people, showed its advantages to the young, and strove to awaken an interest in the





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cause among the leading men of the place. Many spoke encouragingly and hoped she might succeed. Mr. Bennett promised to attend and help her as far as he could, and some few others promised to come and take classes, but after all her most efficient ally was her friend Gertrude.

The school was commenced under very auspicious circumstances. All the day scholars were present, and a goodly number of the young people attended, though mostly as spectators. Mr. Bennett was elected superintendent, but as he had no experience in such things, the chief responsibility devolved upon Alma. To carry on a school successfully is no easy matter, and requires great prudence, patience and perseverance. If tact is needed anywhere it is in the Sabbath School, and not only tact but knowledge also. The teacher who meets his class without previous preparation, and relies upon the commentary, or question book, for the information he wishes to communicate, is but poorly qualified for his work. He needs not only to make himself well acquainted with the lesson, but also to study how he can best give his class the results of his labour. He will use the simplest language to express his ideas, and strive to be not only under-

stood, but that he cannot be misunderstood. This, of course, will require time, and thought, and effort, but he who would be loved while living, and regretted when dead, and who would not wear a starless crown in yonder world of glory, must be prepared to make sacrifices for the good of others.

But nothing can compensate for the want of personal piety, and nothing is so much needed to ensure success as teachers who have been taught of Christ. A teacher may be thoroughly informed on the lesson ; he may be well instructed in the theological matters ; he may have the best aids the land can afford ; but without the constraining love of Christ, he cannot be eminently successful. No other qualification can take the place of a warm heart, for what comes from this is most likely to reach the heart. It has been said—and truly—that heart-power is the strongest moral power in the world, and those who have led the largest number to the Saviour, have possessed this power in a great degree. And as this power can only be obtained by earnest, fervent, and believing prayer, he is often found upon his knees pleading on behalf of himself and his class.

Mr. Bennett and his associates in this good work

really did their best, and although of necessity they labored under many disadvantages, they succeeded beyond their most sanguine expectations. They secured the best books for the library, circulated a good children's paper, had a judicious system of rewards, instituted quarterly concerts, and spared neither labour nor expense to promote the prosperity of the school. And the Lord blessed them abundantly. The seed that was sown in weakness and in tears was not sown in vain. A religious interest was soon awakened among the children, and quite a number were hopefully converted to God. Meetings were held among the little ones, with very good results, and their simple statements concerning the good they had received were very pleasing to hear. Many, of course, had no faith in the movement, and tried to account for it in some other way, but when they came to see the marked change in the manners and conversation of the children, the most sceptical were willing to admit that something unusual had taken place. There is no argument so powerful as consistency, and there is no evidence so convincing as purity of life. And if the church did but work for the children, and put forth a tithe of the effort to bend

the young saplings that she employs to break the hard old trees, that consistency and purity of life would be more generally found among the youthful than the aged.

The Sabbath afternoon service was now supplemented by a prayer meeting on Wednesday evenings, and both were now very well attended. Old and young, those who professed religion as well as many who did not, made it a point to be there, and the few who had so long struggled to keep up the meetings, were greatly encouraged by the pleasing change that had taken place. Here, Mr. Bennett was quite at home, and his prayers and addresses, though brief, were always pithy and well put, and calculated to do much good. His well known and truly Christian character lent weight and influence to his utterances, and prepared the way for the reception of the truth. A few others heartily co-operated with him, and the exercises were generally of an interesting and profitable nature. The hours thus spent in singing, prayer and exhortation, were often seasons of rich and hallowed interest, and many who at first attended merely out of curiosity, soon learned to love the exercises, and look forward to the hour of meeting with an impatience that was pleasing to

behold. And although, for obvious reasons, Alma took no active part in these more public proceedings, she nevertheless, in her own sphere, greatly promoted the good work.

As willing hands can always find plenty to do, Alma was never out of employment. By a judicious division and improvement of her time, she was enabled to do a large amount of work, and to do good in various ways. To labour for the well-being of others was her delight, and to be busy she found was the surest way to be happy. In the work of Tract circulation she was deeply interested, and in its prosecution she met with much encouragement. A gentleman in Chicago, who had some knowledge of the place and people, and anxious to help forward the good cause, sent her a large supply of Tracts, paper covered books, and small religious publications, for gratuitous distribution, and about an hundred volumes of standard religious works for an adult library. These were from the pens of such men as Baxter, Bunyan, Clarke, Chalmers, Dick, Doddridge, Flavel, Fletcher, Hall, Harris, James and others, both English and American, and embraced divinity, history, travel, and duty, and were just such works as such a people

required at such a time, and as were well calculated to be of lasting benefit, to those who read them ; while the tracts and smaller books were fresh, pointed and earnest expositions of duty and of privilege, and specially, adapted to promote revival work.

And much good was thus accomplished. A love of reading was begotten in many minds, studious habits were induced, and time previously spent in idleness or gossip, was now devoted to intellectual or moral improvement. Young and old joyfully availed themselves of the rare privileges with which they were now being favored, and when the toils of the day were ended, nearly every house in the neighborhood was converted into a reading room. While mother and daughters would be busy about some of the thousand and one things that go to make up woman's work ; father or son would read aloud for the benefit of the whole. As the reading would proceed, pauses would be demanded, questions proposed, reflections made, fine passages repeated, doubtful ones reconsidered, maps consulted to trace the movements of armies, the wanderings of travellers, or the perils of mariners, and events located in their proper time and place. Sometimes

a sermon was the subject, and at others a speech ; and sometimes the weighty words of some wise expounder of theology or of science would be exchanged for the thrilling strains of the poet, reciting the deeds, and re echoing the fame of some celebrated one. Such exercises, at once so rational and edifying, could not fail to be beneficial, and prepared them for something better still.

As illustrative of the good thus accomplished, we give the following interesting incident : Among the families regularly visited by Alma in her capacity as a tract distributor, was one consisting of the father, mother, and seven children. They were Irish Catholics, and had but little utterance with the rest of the people. Moriarty was a steady, hardworking man, had constant employment, and yet, somehow, he was miserably poor. His home was a wretched one, his family were poorly attired, and all efforts to induce them to send their little ones to school, had thus far failed. But they ever treated her with respect, and received the tracts and books that she left with apparent thankfulness. Whether or not they were read she could tell, but her hope was that if they were not, they yet would be. She gave them nothing of a controversial

character, nothing that was calculated to offend, nothing but what was plain and practical. And as she left the silent little messengers, her prayer was that God might render them a lasting benefit to the poor benighted souls, that were groping their way to eternity in the dark, and be the means of leading them to the only Saviour of sinners.

Gradually their reserve melted away, and they became more free and easy in her presence. She was gratified to see that her visits were looked for with pleasure, and that the house was much more neat and tidy than formerly. The children too were generally washed and combed, and there appeared to be a disposition to put the best face upon everything. The two eldest came to Sabbath School, out of compliment the mother said to Miss Gowrie, and not because she wished them to become Protestants. In common with the majority of Roman Catholics she had a poor opinion of Protestants, and believed them to be woefully in the dark. But she believed in practical goodness, and she had no hesitation in saying that the young teacher was a good Christian, even if she was not a Catholic. Moriarty thought that perhaps they had not done their neighbors justice, and that pos-

sibly Romanism might not be the true religion. The prejudices of both were beginning to give way, their confidence in the peculiar tenets of their own faith was being slowly undermined. Protestantism appeared in a more favorable light than ever, and to the astonishment of every one, they, and several of their children, were present at the prayer meeting one evening, and seemed to be deeply interested in all that was said and done.

And they were so interested that they came again and frequently, and it was not long before it was evident that the good Spirit was leading them in the right and good way. It was hard to give up their faith in the religion of their fathers—hard to turn away from what they had been wont to regard as the only true church—hard to unlearn what had been taught them by parent and by priest; but the more they thought about it, the more were they persuaded that salvation was not to be obtained by masses nor by penances, by the prayers of the saints, or the invocation of Mary, but by faith in Christ. To this conclusion they were much assisted by the books that were placed in their hands, and from “James’ Anxious Inquirer,” and from works of a similar character, they derived much in-

struction and consolation. For some time they were in great distress, the struggle was severe and painful, the enemy strove hard to prevent them following the dictates of conscience, and all the ordinary difficulties lay in their way, but through the mercy of God, they were enabled to rise above everything, cast themselves upon the atoning blood, and prove the ability of Christ to save.

But whenever and wherever the friends of Jesus make special efforts to promote the moral and spiritual improvement of those by whom they are surrounded, his enemies will labor with corresponding zeal and earnestness to neutralize their influence, and prevent their usefulness. Agents, active and ready, are never wanting to engage in such an enterprise, who, though often defeated, return to the work with a will and energy, worthy a better cause. When one expedient fails they have recourse to another, and when old arguments and ways of working have been proved ineffectual, something new, and strange, and startling is promptly brought forth. No means are left untried, no efforts unemployed to accomplish their purpose, and everything impossible is pressed into their service. And those who could win in a contest

with such subtle and determined enemies, have need of superior intelligence, good common sense, rare tact and judgment, and above all an unfaltering faith and confidence in God.

About this time Bennettville was thrown into a state of unusual excitement by the advent of those modern mountebanks, the Spirit Rappers. Of the rise, progress and present position of this misguided people, it is not necessary now to speak of the pernicious tendency and unhappy results of,—their teachings, eternity alone will fully reveal. And although the novelty of the thing has passed away and a healthful reaction has taken place in many localities, yet the unholy leaven is still at work, the ministry of evil is still active, and it becomes the church to be unflagging in her endeavours to counteract the poisonous influences. Its advocates are untiring in their efforts to advance its interests, and books and papers in defence of it are widely circulated, volumes have been written in opposition to it, able, clear and convincing, which never have been, nor never will be successfully refuted. But as the great majority of mankind are ruled more through their emotional than their intellectual natures, all such efforts in their case are simply thrown away.

A young woman, a medium, came to the village who claimed to be able to hold communication with the spirits of the departed. This announcement created a profound sensation. Night after night anxious crowds repaired to the hall to witness the wonderful performances, and to listen to the mysterious "raps." Many a question was put, and many an answer was given, and great was the wonder of all, as the table told its strange story in the language of the Spiritualists, many who had believed that a knowledge of the state of the departed, was among the secret things that belong to the Lord, and who had thought it necessary to await the developments of a future world to answer the many questions that will arise respecting these who have passed away to the other side, were now almost persuaded that the mysterious veil was about to be lifted, and the secret of the unseen state disclosed to human view. And many who had grave doubts about the supernatural character of the "manifestations," yet yielding to that morbid curiosity which prompts men to pry into the future, and which has even proved the fruitful source of error and superstition, were regular in their attendance, and by their presence countenanced and encouraged what they

had good reason to believe was nothing but a sham, a delusion, and a snare. Parents and children, friends and acquaintances, long since deceased, were interrogated as to their present condition, their knowledge of terrestrial things, how they were occupied, and a hundred others that excited human curiosity. Some of the answers were simply ridiculous, and others perfectly blasphemous, common sense was outraged, religion held up to ridicule, and the divine authenticity of the Sacred Scriptures entirely repudiated. Scenes were enacted of every imaginable character from the gravest to the gayest, from the most serious to the most silly.

One evening a wag of a fellow, who cared very little for either angel or spirit, and who believed the whole thing to be a perfect farce, determined to have some fun at the expense of the credulous crowd. He and another lad had it so arranged, that at a certain time, the spirit of Samson was to be called for. Having gotten access to the hall during the day, they had skilfully contrived to have that part of the floor upon which the medium was to sit, so under their control, that by touching a hidden spring, she could be instantly dislodged.

Accordingly, at a given signal, while the assembly was waiting in breathless anxiety for the arrival of the mighty dead, medium and table went whirling across the room, the lights were suddenly extinguished, the door flew open, and a large dog with a flaming fire-brand attached to his tail, bounded into the room with a dismal howl. The scene that followed beggars description. Some screamed for help, some fainted away, and strong men quailed as if in the presence of the veritable Samson, and his corn-burning foxes; while the few who were in the secret could hardly repress their merriment and satisfaction at the complete success of their scheme.

But other and sadder results followed. A young widow whose husband had been suddenly taken away, being troubled about his condition in the spirit world, requested information upon the subject. The answers given were not calculated to soothe the sorrowing one, she allowed it to prey upon her mind that she lost her reason, and eventually died by her own hand. She left two dear little girls to the charities of a cold-hearted world, the victims of a system that has entailed untold misery upon multitudes in this world, and sent many of

them in an unprepared condition to deal with the dread realities of the world to come.

For a time Alma did not know what to make of these things. Much that she saw and heard was utterly beyond her power of comprehension. The more she thought about them the more was her faith staggered—her mind bewildered. Spiritualistic works were thrown in her way, and what the issue would have been it is hard to say, had not Providence mercifully interposed. An ably written pamphlet was put into her hands, which in a brief but powerful manner, grappled with the whole question, exposed its fallacies, demolished its arguments, and unmasked its true character. It opened her eyes, revealed to her the dangerous ground upon which she was standing, and re-established her faith in the doctrines of the gospel. It did more. It enabled her in a quiet way to meet and refute the arguments of the Spiritualists, and thus to check the progress of the evil. And the reaction that soon took place, was largely attributable to her influence.

How true it is that "no man liveth to himself." For weal or for woe we affect the character and destiny of those with whom we associate, and,

through them, influence multitudes with whom we have no acquaintance. Our daily walk, our words, or our thoughts transferred to paper, will operate upon others when we are sleeping in the dust. No action is trivial, no deed is unimportant, and no word is powerless. And on the sunlit summits of the everlasting hills, we may first meet with those who have been led thither through our instrumentality.

As an illustration of the power that we possess to affect the destinies of those with whom we have had no personal acquaintance, we give the following interesting examples: Upwards of two centuries ago, an old Puritan divine wrote a book called "The Bruised Reed." This fell into the hands of a young man who was troubled about his sins, explained to him the way of life and salvation, and Richard Baxter went forth to tell to listening thousands the story of the Cross. His "Call to the Uncoverted" was the means of the conversion of Philip Doddridge who became a burning and a shining light. He gave to the world, "The Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul," which being taken up for a young traveller to while away the time, led to the consecration of his splendid abilities

to the cause of God and suffering humanity. William Wilberforce on the floors of the British Parliament, on the platform, and through the press, plead eloquently for the injured African, and never rested till a grand shout of triumph went up from eight hundred thousand emancipated negroes. His "Practical View of Christianity," found its way into the study of a young Scottish clergyman, to whom it simplified the grand old faith, and Thomas Chalmers—the good, the great, the gifted—went forth to inaugurate a new era in the religious history of Scotland. The same book was read by an unconverted clergyman of the Church of England, was made a blessing to his soul, and Legh Richmond wrote the beautiful and affecting story of "Elizabeth Wallbridge, The Dairyman's daughter." And the good that has been accomplished by that simple and touching story, the great day alone will disclose, but there is on record upwards of a thousand and well authenticated cases of conversion, as the direct results of the reading of that interesting story.

Such, in degree, was the good accomplished through the agency of the above mentioned tract. A young woman is perplexed with certain unaccountable phenomena : others around her are aban

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doning their faith in gospel verities ; and her own mind is wavering, when this is put into her hands. Her doubts are removed, her perplexity is at an end. She keeps in the old paths, and is instrumental in doing much good. What an encouragement to those who labor in this department of Christian enterprise? By this means they effect classes that are necessarily beyond the reach of their voice. And as an engraving will carry a painter's conception of form into multitudes of homes, that could never have been reached by the productions of his brush, so will the printed page take to a wider circle of readers, what would otherwise have been confined to a narrow and select audience.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE YOUNG MINISTER.

As every ship requires a captain, to whom the crew may look for counsel and direction in the time of trouble and danger—as every army needs a general to lead and guide it in the day of battle—and as every enterprize, to be successful, must be committed to the care and supervision of some intelligent leader, so a Sabbath School, to be and to do what it ought, and to fill its own appropriate sphere, must be under the control, and have the sympathy of the church. Sometimes, as in Bennetville, it may do pioneer work, and prepare the way for the permanent establishment of gospel ordinances, and the settlement of a minister; but whether it essays to do purely missionary work in the city or in the country, or is the natural out-

growth of a church organization, it must merely regard itself as a means to an end—as an agency for bringing the young into the fold of the Redeemer.

Our friends, Mr. Bennett, Alma, and Gertrude, had long felt this, and had frequently spoken about it at home, but as there was a great diversity of religious sentiment among the people, they had been anxious to avoid anything that looked like a disposition to obtrude their own peculiar opinions upon others. This over-cautious policy had hitherto prevented any decided action, but the circumstances narrated in the last chapter led them to feel that it would be criminal to hesitate any longer. Each felt it to be a most serious matter, and one that required the utmost prudence and care. Prejudices had to be overcome, conflicting claims considered and reconciled, opposition judiciously dealt with, and something like unanimity arrived at, before anything could be done. To do this was no easy matter, for many who care little about religion, will contend to the last for the church they call their own. And believing that God alone could open up their way, and remove the obstacles with which they were confronted, they fervently prayed that he would give them the grace neces-

sary to direct, in a matter at once so difficult and so delicate.

Accordingly Mr. Bennett laid the matter before the principal persons in the place, and assured them that while he had his own strong denominational preferences, and was devotedly attached to his own church, he was, nevertheless, prepared, for the good of the community, to sink all minor considerations, and unite with the majority in securing the services of some Evangelical clergyman. Such a proposal disarmed opposition, and met with a hearty response, and it was suggested that a meeting of all supposed to be favourable to the plan should be held as soon as practicable. The meeting, with wonderful unanimity, requested Mr. Bennett to correspond with the authorities of his own church, and ask for a supply. This was highly gratifying to him, and was not only a pleasing proof of the estimation in which he was held by his neighbours as a man and a Christian, but also as a compliment to the church of which he was so worthy a member. Of that church they knew but little, but they judged, and rightly too, that if he was worthy of it, it was justly entitled to their respect and consideration.

And if ever the population of the outlying por-

tions of our country are to be brought directly under gospel influences, a similar course will have to be pursued,—with those who decry denominationalism we have no sympathy, for different churches seem to be a necessity of our present imperfect condition. Wherever men search the Scriptures for themselves, the inevitable result would seem to be a conscientious difference of opinion on many points, according to the peculiar cast of mind, or the special circumstances of the student. Truth is one; but it is also many-sided, and until all men can view it from the same standpoint, or until all shall possess a perfectly clear and unbiassed judgment, unity of belief will be unattainable. Diversity of opinion is the result of enlightened investigation, and to put an end to that diversity, would be to put an end to the progress of inquiry. But while this variety of form and administration is the strength, and not the weakness of the Protestant church, we are nevertheless persuaded that communities like Bennettville, with a small population composed of persons representing several denominations may with propriety and advantage, agree to differ on minor points, and unitedly accomplish what otherwise would be utterly beyond their reach.

In accordance with the request of his friends and neighbours, Mr. Bennett wrote to the Corresponding Secretary of the Home Missionary Board of the — Church in —, giving a somewhat detailed account of the place, the character of the people, the origin and progress of the good work already spoken of, the recent raid of the Spiritualists, and the generally expressed wish of the inhabitants that a minister might be located among them. An answer was soon afterwards received, stating that after due consideration, the Board had decided to accede to their request, and that a minister would be with them in the course of a few weeks. He described him as a young man of very great promise, of undoubted piety, anxious to work for the Saviour, had been laboring for some time as a Home Missionary in another part of the State, and was every way worthy their respect and confidence. He had been acquainted with him for many years, had watched his career with great interest, and concluded with expressing his conviction that he would be the right man in the right place.

Such a glowing recommendation naturally enough excited considerable curiosity among these simple minded villagers, and awakened a great desire to

see and hear such a remarkable young man. Persons who have been favored all their lives with regular religious services, and who have regarded the minister as a familiar friend and counsellor, are not prepared to sympathize with those who have been differently situated. The very commonest of many of our greatest blessings seem to detract from their importance, and their loss alone would enable us to appreciate their value. The arrival of a minister in a remote country village, or backwood's settlement creates quite a sensation, and the announcement that he is to preach is the signal for a general turn out. All work is suspended, every one puts on his Sunday suit, every one that is able goes to meeting, and everything wears a holiday appearance. The novelty of the thing pleases some, others are anxious to hear the news from other parts of the country, some go to have what the youngsters term "a good time," while others are glad to have the privilege of hearing the gospel preached once more—that gospel which they were accustomed to hear long years ago in the glens of Old Caledonia, in the villages of Old England, or among the hills and dales of the land of the Pilgrim Fathers.

At length the eventful day arrived upon which the minister was to make his first appearance before the people of Bennettville, and his arrival was looked for impatiently. Having met with a mishap by the way, it was Sabbath morning before he reached the place, and it was nearly the time for service to commence, when he drove into the village. Mr. Bennett, who was on the watch for him, received him most cordially, led him into the house, and introduced him to his wife. Alma and Gertrude had already gone to meeting, and were anxiously waiting for his coming. While partaking of some refreshment, he explained the cause of his delay, which had not only detained him so long, but had also imperilled his life. Mr. Bennett then led the way to the place of meeting, introduced him to a few of the principal inhabitants, who had purposely remained outside to greet him, and then conducted him to the stand. His entrance was the signal for a dead silence; every eye was involuntarily turned upon him, and he felt that he was being subjected to a severe scrutiny. His appearance and manner had already produced a favourable impression, expressive glances were exchanged, and one old gentleman, forgetting where he was,

and by whom he was surrounded, murmured, as if speaking to himself, "Waal, he is a fine looking feller, I declare."

Yes, he was certainly an unusually good-looking young man; on that point there could not possibly be two opinions. Tall and well-proportioned, possessed of a fine physical organization, and endowed with every grace of form, he might have been called really handsome. His hair was dark and glossy, his eyes black and full of expression, his forehead broad and high, indicative of superior intelligence, and the general conformation of his head was such as a phrenologist would have pronounced as near perfection as possible. The general expression of his countenance was exceedingly pleasing, a faint smile was beautifully blended with a seriousness becoming the place and time. He evidently realized the solemnity of the circumstances in which he was placed, and was clearly resolved to do his work well and wisely. All this was thought of during the short interval that elapsed between the time of his entrance and the commencement of the service, and the opinion of the old gentlemen above quoted, received the unqualified endorsement of the whole congregation.

By the reverent and thoughtful manner in which he conducted the service ; the clear, forcible, and effective way in which he proclaimed those grand old gospel truths which are so well suited to the condition of men, at all times, in all places, and under all circumstances, and upon the right understanding of which their happiness here and hereafter is made to be dependent ; the earnest and persuasive manner in which he pressed home the truth ; the knowledge that he evinced of the Sacred word, and of the entire absence of parade or pretension, we need not speak. He established himself at once in the good opinions of his hearers, and his inaugural produced an excellent impression. One class was delighted with his ability, his fluent speech, his easy command of words. A second rejoiced to find him so gentle and unassuming, and clearly one whom to know was to love. And a third raised their hearts to heaven and thanked God that in his good providence he had guided one to them who was qualified to declare the whole counsel of God, and promised to be a workman that needed not to be ashamed, giving to each his portion of meat in due season.

But there was one person in particular that was

strangely excited, and that found it exceedingly difficult to preserve a calm exterior. No sooner had he risen to commence the service, than Alma felt persuaded that she had seen him before, but when or where she could not remember. That face was familiar, that voice was not the voice of an entire stranger, and the longer she looked and listened the deeper and stronger the conviction grew that they had crossed each other's path some time. Had she met him at Dr. Davison's? She recalled all those with whom she had met during her residence there, and no one answered the description. Had she met with him at Niagara among the many she had chanced to see there? No, she had not known him there. Was it at Mr. Carter's? She thought about it, but the mystery was still unsolved. Had she ever seen him at all? Was it not a mere fancy? Was she not altogether mistaken? No, she was sure she was not mistaken. Again she took a mental review of her life, and was about beginning to think that, perhaps, she was, when the peculiar pronunciation of a certain word recalled a never-to-be-forgotten scene, and with emotions better felt than described, she recognized in the man before her none other than William Garvie.

By a powerful effort she succeeded in retaining her self-possession, but her whole soul was in a tumult of excitement. Memories of other days came crowding upon her thick and fast, and especially of that awful period, when she had been left a poor friendless orphan, adrift upon the ocean, with death in various forms staring her in the face. Time is unusually a great healer, and our sorrows are measurably diminished as months and years roll away. She had never forgotten—had never wished to forget—that honored parent, or the anguish that had wrung her heart when she saw him breathe his last, but the poignancy of her grief had been considerably abated, and it no longer weighed her down as formerly. But this meeting with William Garvie, the companion of her sorrows and the sharer in her griefs, the one of all others who knew the best of what she had been and done during those days and nights of distress and danger: had recalled everything as if of the most recent occurrence, and convinced her that the wound then inflicted never would be healed. Her heart was full, tears filled her eyes, and fearing that her feelings would overcome her, she slipped out quietly as soon as the sermon was ended, and, in the solitude of her own chamber, sought relief in a flood of tears.

"Why Alma," said Gertrude who had hastened home to ascertain the cause of her mysterious disappearance before the conclusion of the service, and had found her in her own room weeping, "what in the world is the matter with you? Are you ill?"

"No," she replied, "not ill, but greatly excited. It came upon me so suddenly and unexpectedly, that it found me quite unprepared. It was more than I could bear, and afraid that my feelings would overcome me, I thought it best to come home."

"You quite perplex me," replied the other. "You say something came upon you suddenly and unexpectedly, but you have not told me what it was. I saw nothing, heard nothing unusual, save a large congregation and a splendid preacher. Only that I know you are not easily carried away by appearances, I would certainly say that you had fallen in love with him. And really, if you had, I could hardly blame you for he is really one of the finest looking persons I have ever met with, and unless I am much mistaken, is as good as he looks."

"Oh Gertrude," said Alma, "do not talk thus, for I am in no mood for merriment. Like you I went to hear the new minister, little dreaming who

he was, or that I had ever seen him before. But I had, and under such circumstances that can never be recalled without a shudder. He was "one of the castaways of the Carthagera," as you once called me. He was with me in that awful hour when we were both orphaned. I nursed him in that open boat, as day after day and night after night we were carried hither and thither on the stormy sea. We have never met since we parted at Rocky Hill in Nova Scotia. I have often wondered where he was, and what had become of him, but I have never heard anything about him. And when I saw him this morning, and recalled that painful past, you will, I think, readily account for and excuse my seemingly strange behavior."

"Yes, indeed I can," responded Gertrude, "for to have acted otherwise would have been far more surprising. But you must wipe away those tears, put on your cheeriest looks, and come down and meet your old friend, who will no doubt be as much surprised to find you here, as you were to find him. As the novelists say, the plot thickens, and I expect that the end of all will be a —— well never mind, come down to dinner."

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CHAPTER XIV.

A HAPPY MEETING.

With feelings better felt than described, Alma repaired to the parlour, and was introduced to the young minister. She met him in that easy and artless manner, which ever lent such grace and sweetness to all her actions, and which so endeared her to all with whom she met and mingled. Her greeting was cordial, though her words were few, for she could hardly trust herself to talk, and was glad to take refuge in an old-fashioned arm chair in the farthest corner of the room, where she was half hidden from observation. She was very fearful that she would lose her self-possession, and Gertrude, who was watching her most attentively, saw, by her rapid changes of colour, and the nervous twitching of her lips, that it required all her strength

to repress her emotion, and to preserve a calm exterior.

At the mention of her name, Mr. Garvie started, looked bewildered, and, for a moment or two, appeared to be completely lost in thought. Memories of other days came trooping up around him, and before him passed on rapid wing,

“The smiles, the tears, of boyhood's years,
The words of love then spoken.
The eyes that shone, now dimmed and gone,
The cheerful hearts then broken.”

The vision of a fair young creature flitted by, to whose tender sympathy and, unwearied care he owed his life, and whose image had been enshrined in his heart. That name had sent a strange thrill through his soul, and recalled scenes with which the reader is already familiar. And strong-minded man though he was, anxious as he was to conceal it, he was visibly and powerfully agitated.

Recovering his wonted composure, and feeling that some explanation of conduct so singular was necessary, he turned to Alma and said apologetically.

“You must excuse me, Miss Gowrie, but your name touched a tender cord in my heart, and recalled scenes that can never be by me forgotten.

The young lady of whom I speak, although then but a mere child, for the circumstances to which I refer occurred years ago, was the means, under God, of saving my life. She was a fellow-passenger across the Atlantic, and our ship, the "Carthagena," having foundered in mid ocean, we had to take the boats. The story is a most painful one. We had both been motherless before, and then we were left fatherless. Through exposure to wet and cold, I was brought down to the very gates of death, and had given up all hope of recovery. But like an angel of mercy she ministered to me, watched over me with all the affection of a sister, and to her I am laid under deep and lasting obligation. What has become of her, I know not, for since I parted with her in Nova Scotia, I have never been able to discover her whereabouts."

This was more than Alma could bear. In explaining the cause of his own emotion, he had, unwittingly, opened the floodgates of feeling in her heart. To hear him speak thus was too much for her. She tried to speak, but she could not utter a single word. The tender and respectful manner in which he had spoken of her, the evident interest he still felt in her welfare, and the fact that he was

anxious to find her, was exceedingly gratifying. She, too, had often wondered what had become of him, where he had wandered to, or whether he ever thought of the poor little orphaned girl who had watched by his side with a sister's care. It was no silly, sentimental feeling that she had cherished all these years, but she had even hoped that she was still remembered kindly by him. And now that she met him once more, and heard him acknowledge his deep indebtedness to her, need we be surprised that her fortitude gave way, and that her tears flowed fast and freely.

It was now his turn to be astonished. For a young woman of tender feelings to be deeply interested in the story he had recited was not to be wondered at, but her conduct seemed to suggest that something in his narrative had awakened more than mere interest. This was a problem that he could not solve, her emotion greatly troubled him, and he regretted that he had thought it necessary to speak as he had. Until now it had never occurred to him that the Miss Gowrie whose conduct he had eulogized so highly, was the one to whom he had just been introduced. Man's perceptions are not usually as quick as woman's, and the cir-

cumstances in which he was now placed, and the improbability of meeting her in this remote section of the country, will readily account for his inability to divine the true cause of her emotion. But when he saw how deeply his words had moved her, and caught the beaming smile on Gertrude's face, the true state of affairs suddenly flashed upon his mind, and under the influence of deep though suppressed feeling, he exclaimed—

“Is it, can it be possible, that the Miss Gowrie I now address, is the dear friend of whom I have been speaking? Is this the kind little Alma to whom I owe so much, and for whom I have searched so long and so diligently, but hitherto in vain? Am I right in my conjecture, or is this only a mere fancy?”

“I am,” she replied, looking up and smiling through her tears, “the same little Alma who was saved with you from the sinking ‘Carthagena,’ and with whom you parted at Rocky Hill, Nova Scotia.” And with a gush of genuine feeling, she added, “I am so glad to see you again!”

“Not any more than I am to see you,” he answered, as he grasped her warmly by the hand. “This is indeed an unexpected pleasure. I had little

idea that in coming here such an agreeable surprise awaited me, but," he reverently added "God's ways are not as our ways, nor are his thoughts as our thoughts, and he often leads his children by a way that is to them both strange and unaccountable."

All this took place in far less time than we have taken to describe it, and the parties most deeply concerned therein had regained their accustomed composure, ere the bell rang for dinner. Obeying the summons, they proceeded to the dining room, the delighted Gertrude leading the way, and took their seats at the table. Mr. Bennett had been out caring for Mr. Garvie's horse, and his wife had been busily engaged since her return from service in superintending domestic matters, and in consequence thereof were still ignorant of the interesting discovery that had just been made. But a matter of such importance could not be kept a secret, and Mr. Garvie was on the point of introducing the subject, when the vivacious Gertrude, with a countenance radiant with smiles, and a voice as cheery as a lark's, joyously exclaimed—

"Father, I have great news to tell you."

"Well, daughter," he replied, "what is it?"

"Guess."

"O, no," he answered, "I am not good at guessing."

"Won't you try?"

"It would be useless if I did," was the reply.

"You may as well tell us first as last," said Mrs. Bennett, whose quick eye had already detected that something unusual had occurred, and with woman's natural curiosity was anxious to know what it was.

"Very well," she answered somewhat demurely, "if I must tell, I suppose I better do so at once, but," she added, as she cast a roguish glance at Mr. Garvie, "on sober second thought, I think I will devolve that task upon one who is every way better qualified to do so than I am."

By this adroit manœuvre Mr. Garvie had thrown upon him the responsibility of making Mr. and Mrs. Bennett acquainted with all that the reader has already been told and which it is unnecessary to repeat. And great was the surprise and pleasure of the worthy pair, as they listened to the wonderful story, and reverently did they recognize the good and guiding hand of Providence in bringing together again, after long years of separation, those whom sorrow had united by very tender ties.

As the reader may desire to know something of

the history of Mr. Garvie, from the time of his departure from Rocky Hill until the present, we will give the substance of a conversation which he had with Alma the day after his arrival in Bennetville. As the schoolhouse was undergoing some repairs, and she was thereby relieved from her ordinary duties, he was glad to avail himself of the opportunity thus afforded him, of spending a few quiet hours in her company, and of renewing the intimacy of former times. Of her recent history he knew nothing, and what her life had been he could not tell, and his habitual prudence suggested that a man in his position ought to be careful in the choice of his friends. But his knowledge of what the girl had been, assisted him in forming his estimate of what the woman was. And when he reflected on the consideration paid her by his worthy host, and by every member of his family, and on the respectful manner in which she had been treated in the Sabbath School the previous day, he felt assured that the bright promise of her youth had been fully realized.

After some general conversation about the shipwreck and its associations, and their residence at Mr. O'Mara's, Mr. Garvie said:—

“ Taking it for granted that a brief sketch of my subsequent career, may not be devoid of interest to you, I will begin at the beginning. My friends in Cincinnati having heard of the disaster, corresponded with the owners of the ship, and having learned where I was, and not being able to come for me, wrote to a gentleman in Halifax to seek me and send me on to New York by the first steamer. I made no stay whatever in Halifax, for on my arrival there, the ship was ready to leave, and I had just time to get on board. Nothing of importance occurred during the passage, the weather was delightful, the sea smooth, and we reached in much less than the usual time. We had no sooner touched the wharf, than my uncle Charles—my father’s brother—came on board, received me in the most affectionate manner, and assured me that he would try and fill, as far as possible, the place of that dear father of whom I had been bereaved.

“As my uncle had some business matters to attend to, we remained in New York for more than a week. Anxious to divert my mind from my great sorrow, he took me to a number of public places, and used every effort to chase away my gloom, but my loss had been too recent and too heavy to allow

me to take pleasure in anything at that time. For some time after our return home, I resided with my uncle, and was strongly tempted to discontinue my studies, and to turn my attention to something else. My friends advised me to go into business, for which they believed me to be specially adapted; I was offered a partnership in a large and flourishing establishment in Cincinnati; the prospect of becoming a wealthy merchant was very hard to be given up, and it is more than likely that I would have yielded to the pressure thus brought to bear upon me, had not a circumstance just then occurred which completely changed the whole current of my feelings, and led me to pursue a different course.

“Until then I had known nothing of experimental piety. My religious training had not been neglected, with the doctrines of the gospel I was not unfamiliar, and in the sacred services of the sanctuary I took great delight. But I had never known the joys of pardon, and knew not the happiness of the true Christian. I was persuaded that something more than I possessed was necessary to make me happy in life and peaceful in death. I sought and found the pearl of great price. And no sooner had I experienced the great change, than I

felt a longing desire to consecrate my all to the service of God. The chances for wordly preferment no longer wielded any influence over me. I saw the world lying in the arms of the wicked one. The voice of the Saviour seemed to summon me into the vineyard. And, fully convinced that God had called me to the work of the ministry, I gave up every other consideration, and resolved to prepare myself for this holy and important calling.

“I shall not weary you with the details of my College life, but will simply say in passing, that after spending the usual time there, I graduated, and then turned my steps homeward. Close application to study having somewhat impaired my health, I was advised to travel in the hope that change of air and associations would prove beneficial to me. I spent some time in the British Provinces, and again crossed the Atlantic. I revisited those places in which I had spent such happy hours with my dear departed father, and then passed over to the South of France, where I remained one winter. By that time my health was completely restored, and I felt that I ought to return, and give myself to the work to which my life had been consecrated. I did so. But, unwilling to take upon me, at once, the

whole responsibility of a minister and pastor, I gave myself to Home Mission work. And at that work I was engaged, when circumstances, with which you are quite familiar, led to my coming here at this time.

“ During all this time I had never forgotten you, and made repeated efforts to learn what had become of you, I first wrote to the kind hearted old fisherman with whom we had resided, enclosing a letter for you, but after a delay of some months, the letter was returned to me, stating that O'Mara had left the neighbourhood, but where he had gone to the writer could not tell. I next corresponded with the Postmaster in Halifax, who informed me that a person of your name had resided with a Mr. Carter who had since removed to New York. Upon inquiry there I found that Mr. and Mrs. Carter were both dead, and their son with whom they had resided had gone to California. Having ascertained the name of the vessel in which they had taken passage, I was shocked to learn that she had been wrecked and that all on board had perished. Whether you had gone with them or not, no one could tell, but as I had no proof that you had, I continued my search. I still believed you were

alive, and was determined to find you if possible, but all my efforts proved ineffectual. I did not wish you to think me ungrateful, or that I could ever forget your kindness to me. I have ever hoped to have the privilege of seeing you, and assuring you that such was not the case, and now that we are thus unexpectedly brought together, I can only say that, while I may never be able to repay you, my hope and prayer is that He will do so who is able."

Alma had listened to his narrative with great attention, and when she had learned the interest he had taken in her welfare, and the efforts that he had put forth to find her, she felt that it was due to herself and due to him to acquaint him with the leading circumstances in her own career during the period of their separation. In his honour she felt that she could safely confide, and of his sympathy she knew she was sure. She told him, therefore, the story of her life—of her temptations and her trials, of her days of sunshine and of shade. And although it cost her a great effort to do so, she determined to tell all, and, among the rest, that most painful of circumstances, when her character had been rudely assailed, and she had been branded as a thief.

“Poor girl,” he said, compassionately, “how you must have suffered. I do not wonder at your astonishment at being charged with such a crime, nor at your confusion at being confronted by your enemy, when appearances were so strong against you. What a wicked creature she must have been to lie away your character so persistently. But it is by being tried in the fire that the true metal is discovered, and rest assured that the Refiner had some wise purpose in subjecting you to such a terrible test. And painful though the process may have been, and hard though it may be to lie under such a cruel imputation, I am persuaded that He will yet vindicate your character, and though it tarry, it will surely come.”

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CHAPTER XV.

THE SOLDIERS' FRIEND.

The Horrors of War. The blood shed, the lives destroyed, the women widowed, the children orphaned, the exchequers drained, the industry and commerce paralyzed, the animosities engendered, and the barbarism induced by war, have long since stripped it of its glory in Christian eyes. It is agreed by all that it is a calamity to be avoided by every means consistent with national honour, the precepts of religion, and the permanent interest of mankind. It is properly regarded as the most fearful affliction that can befall a nation, and one of God's great weapons for chastising individual and national transgression. And even when the quarrel is a righteous one, its implication therein and the sufferings that follow, may be per-

mitted for the correction of national faults, and to teach a lesson too little heeded—the dependence of the nation on the favour and blessing of God.

It is equally certain, that in every instance war is the result of sin. Bad passions and evil designs are universally the cause of it. Wherever there is war, there is not only crime unspeakable developed in its progress, but it is in itself and in the causes which originate it, an enormous and appalling crime. Those who wantonly provoke it, incur a responsibility which cannot be estimated, and no heritage of title, or prestige of victory should be allowed to shield them from the maledictions and abhorrence of mankind.

But while this great evil is universally a calamity the most dreadful, and a judgment the most terrible, it is not necessarily, on the part of all who engage in it, a crime. Cases may arise in which it becomes not only justifiable, but a positive and solemn duty. And the nation which will refuse to defend itself against unprovoked attack, or to maintain its rights, is guilty of great sin, and is laying up store of retribution for time to come.

At that time the Southern Rebellion was at its height. The red tide of war was surging and

sweeping through the land. Death was holding high carnival, and our once quiet and happy country was converted into one battle-field, which trembled beneath the shock of contending armies. A wail went up to God from many a blood-stained scene of conflict, and cries of lamentation and bitter weeping were heard from the widowed and the orphaned. Multitudes had already gone down to the grave, while defending the dear old flag for which their fathers before them had fought and fallen, and, according to appearances, multitudes more would have to die ere it would wave again in triumph where the flag of treason was then waving. The enemy was jubilant over his successes, and was confident of ultimate victory. Many openly talked rebellion, and sympathized with the Secessionists, who would give almost anything to-day if their words could be forgotten now. The prospect was dark and gloomy in the extreme, and many a truly loyal heart trembled for the fate of his country in that time of distressing and widespread disaster.

Yes, these were indeed dark days—days never to be forgotten. Heavy clouds overhung the land, and what the issue would be, no one could tell.

The business of the country was terribly deranged, its currency depreciated, its credit endangered, and its commerce nearly swept from the sea by piratical cruisers. The attitude of foreign nations was menacing; France advocated intervention, and urged England to aid her in bringing the contest to a close. Rebel agents were abroad working up a feeling in favor of the Confederacy, and watching for a favourable opportunity to urge the recognition of its independence. Republicanism was said to have been tried, and to have proved a failure. Weakness was supposed to be inherent in the system. Its friends everywhere were despondent, and its foes exultant, at what the one feared and the other hoped might be the result. Everything, for a time, appeared to be working to its disadvantage, battles were lost and the flag dishonoured. And as one disaster swiftly succeeded another, it required strong faith in the righteousness of the cause, and confidence in God, to believe that a free and undivided nation would emerge from the struggle.

And that faith was manifested in the most practical and efficient forms. The call for more men was generally responded to, and more than once

numbers had to be refused. Such an uprising of the people had never been before witnessed, and the world was astonished at the unwonted spectacle. Such intense patriotism had never been equalled even in the days of Bruce or of Tell. Such generosity was highly creditable to the nation, for not only did the Government pledge its whole credit for the vigorous prosecution of the war, but private citizens gave largely for the same purpose. The glorious heritage bequeathed to them was felt to be entailed property, and was merely held in trust for posterity. And believing that future generations would hold them responsible for any injury it received from their neglect, it was the high and sacred resolve of all, to leave it, if possible, even better than they had found it.

But any history of the war that did not devote a large space to Woman's Work in connection therewith, would be sadly defective, for by means of her ministrations the struggle was divested of half of its horrors. Her presence by the side of the dying on the field of battle, or by the wounded in hospital, was a comfort and a joy to many a poor fellow, whose last thoughts were of mother, wife, and children. The draught placed to their lips

was all the more readily drunk, because prepared by her hands, and the thousand and one little nameless attentions that only woman can perform, often created a happy home-feeling in their hearts. The touch of her soft hand, and the sweet low tones of her voice, forcibly reminded them of dear ones at home, and assured them that no means would be spared to contribute to their comfort. And if the name of Florence Nightingale will live forever—not for the noble blood that flows in her veins, the hereditary honours that cluster upon her brow, the literary distinction she has won, or the high social position to which she has attained—but for her love for the soldier, the names of the “Women of the War,” will go down to posterity covered with glory.

But woman's work was not confined to the battle field, the camp, or the hospital. Her mind was busy planning, and her fingers busy working for the comfort of fathers, husbands, sons, or brothers, who were away battling with the foe. Ladies' Unions, Sewing Circles, Soldiers' Aid Societies, and similar organizations sprang up in every part of the country, and women of all classes and conditions in society vied with each other in their

efforts to mitigate the miseries of war. Contributions of money, clothing, medicines, or whatever else was supposed to be of service to the soldier, were thus obtained, and many who were too poor to give anything else gave their time to the manufacturing of various articles of wearing apparel. These were forwarded to the places where they were required, and distributed by trusty agents on the spot. And in this way not only was much suffering alleviated, but much was also prevented, and many an one who lives to-day to gladden his family and bless his country, without the aid thus rendered, would have been sleeping the sleep that knows no waking.

And Bennettville was no exception to the rule. Although a majority of the people were not native born Americans, the war had been popular from the commencement. They had learned to love the land of their adoption for the privileges they possessed and for the blessings they enjoyed, and they felt it was incumbent upon them to stand up in its defence. Some had already fought and fallen, others were in hospital never to return, and others had come back maimed and marked for life. The armless sleeve, the wooden leg, and the widow's

weeds in the Sabbath service, told their own tale of suffering and of sacrifice. But nowise intimidated, others went to fill the vacant places, and the general feeling was well expressed by one noble-hearted woman, who said:

“I have a husband, five brothers, and three sons in the war; and a brother and a son already killed, but if I never see one of them again, I shall feel that they did no more than their duty, however terribly I may feel their loss.”

The good work of caring for the soldier was not neglected by the people of Bennettville. If they were not wealthy, they were generous and any appeal to their generosity was sure to be warmly responded to. The dear ones from home could not be forgotten. They were thought about and prayed for, and the time was longed for when this cruel war would be over. The story of their hardships and dangers awakened wide-spread sympathy, and evoked a feeling that was highly creditable to the community. Prompt and decided action was taken; earnest and well-directed efforts were put forth; the people had a mind to work, and worked well and perseveringly; a society was organized to which was entrusted the care and man-

agement of all matters pertaining to the business of befriending the absent ones ; and the best possible arrangements were made for the accomplishment of the greatest amount of good, with the means at their disposal.

Of this society Mrs. Bennet was chosen as President, and Alma as Secretary, and the choice was the wisest that could have been made, for the one possessed age and experience, and the other tact, energy, and perseverance. Alma delighted to do good, and to work for others was a real pleasure. She deeply felt for those who were far from home and friends, and ever exposed to danger and death, and determined to do all in her power to aid and comfort them. She was unremitting in her efforts to advance their interests, she spared no pains to make the work of the society a success, and the labor that she performed was very great. "Never give up," had been her motto all through life thus far, and in such an enterprise as this, she felt that no one could be more appropriate.

For a time Mr. Garvie had had a strong desire to go forth to the field of conflict, and minister to the spiritual necessities of his suffering fellow citizens, but circumstances having clearly con-

vinced him that duty required him to remain at home, he gave Alma and her friends his warmest sympathy in their labor of love. He aided them in every possible way, encouraged them with his presence, and threw himself into the work in a most enthusiastic manner. And if their efforts were eminently successful, and if the work they accomplished was great, considering their circumstances, no inconsiderable share of the credit thereof was due to his intelligent and untiring efforts.

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CHAPTER XVI.

THE CLOUD LIFTED.

In the midst of all this excitement and labor, Alma continued to pursue the even tenor of her way. Notwithstanding the numerous and heavy demands upon her time and attention, her professional duties were discharged with a highly commendable diligence, and her efforts to promote the intellectual and moral improvement of those committed to her care, were conscientious and preserving. The rapid progress of her pupils was alike creditable to herself and to them, the interest taken in the welfare of the school was steadily increasing, and a much larger number than ever were in regular attendance. And in the various walks of life, whether public or private, she commanded universal respect and confidence, old and young

spoke of her in the highest terms, and there was no exaggeration in describing her as a model of womanly excellence.

A person possessed of so many excellent qualities could hardly fail to have admirers. Several young men of the neighborhood had thought of her as one eminently fitted to discharge the duties of domestic life, and to adorn and bless any home. Some of them had made advances towards her, and had manifested a disposition to cultivate a more intimate acquaintance with her. But she had never given them the least encouragement. She did not fancy any of them. Her tastes and disposition differed so widely from theirs that she feared her happiness would not be promoted by so unequal an alliance. She was too good to be a coquette, a flirt she despised from her very heart, and to trifle with the affections of any young man, she considered dishonorable and wicked. A good home she hoped yet to have, and an husband to whom she could look up to, respect, and love. And well aware, notwithstanding much about them that she admired, that none of them could be all that to her, she refused to encourage proposals which would end in a refusal upon her part, and chagrin and disappointment upon theirs.

We need not wonder that one so pleasing in person, so accomplished in manners, so intelligent and pious, should have attracted the attention, and won the affections of the young minister. He was delighted with her zeal; was surprised at her ability and energy, and admired and appreciated her noble and self-sacrificing spirit. The more he saw of her the better he became acquainted with her the more was he pleased with her. Her past kindness had won his gratitude, her many and severe trials had aroused his sympathies, and her rare endowments of head and heart had commanded his respect. From respect to love the transition is easy and natural, and ere he was fully conscious of it, he was devotedly attached to her. He felt that his happiness was largely dependent upon her. He loved her deeply and strongly, and his interest in and love for her grew deeper and stronger day by day. And believing that she was the one woman of his acquaintance with whom he could be happily associated with in his journey through life, he sought an opportunity of telling her all that was in his heart.

His conduct on that occasion was every way worthy of the man. There was no sentimental

nonsense, no foolish and extravagant declarations. He avowed his affection for her in a frank and manly manner. His words were few, but were weighty and full of meaning. He evidently said what he meant, and meant what he said. His language was that of the heart, and was eloquent and convincing.

And her conduct was equally commendable. She neither felt nor manifested any surprise, for his manner towards her had prepared her for this disclosure, and she would not affect a surprise that was only assumed. She cared not to conceal the pleasure with which his words had filled her, for she had learned to love him for his many virtues, and was not unwilling to acknowledge it. His affection for her she warmly reciprocated, and readily admitted that she had never loved another, and she hesitated not to assure him that she feared not to confide her happiness to his care and keeping, and was quite willing to become his wife at some future time, but not under existing circumstances. Her character, she reminded him, was under a cloud, and both for his sake and for her own, she could never wed him, until that cloud had been lifted, and she had been exonerated from all blame in connec-

tion with that unhappy affair that had caused her so much sorrow.

In reply to this he urged that she attached far too much importance to that matter; that the people of Bennettville knew nothing of it whatever; and that whether they ever would or would not, it mattered but little, and as far as he was concerned he was fully persuaded of her entire innocence. That, of course, she did not doubt, but her course was the wisest. She was determined that her husband would never be placed in the unenviable position of having to vindicate her character, or to prove her innocent of wrong-doing. On that point she was firm, and besought him to urge her no longer. They must wait patiently for the proof of her innocence. That proof would surely be forthcoming; and if God intended they should be united, and travel the journey of life together, he would in his own good time, remove this difficulty out of their way.

And that Alma's resolve was a right one, his own sober second thought fully assured him, and however anxious he was to call her his own, he was convinced that it was advisable to wait. Nor had they long to do so. Sooner, far sooner than they

had dared to hope, the gloomy cloud was suddenly lifted and driven away, and the difficulty that lay in their way was happily removed. About the very time of the conversation above alluded to, a letter had been mailed to her address from the New York Post Office, which contained a complete vindication of her character and established her innocence beyond a doubt. Many and important were the letters that passed through official hands that day, and messages of great and pressing moment were forwarded to their respective destinations. But it may be doubted whether there was one upon which greater issues were dependent, or out of which happier results were to grow, than the one addressed to Alma Gowrie. And as the reader may desire to know its contents, and learn how the said affair was explained, we shall give the letter in full :

NEW YORK, Oct. 15, 186

My dear Miss Gowrie,

For nearly a year I have been searching for you and, save advertising in the newspapers, have used every means in my power, to learn where you were and what had become of you. But until yesterday all my efforts had proved unavailing, and had begun to fear that you were either dead or had left the country. But having, at length, found

out your present residence, I hasten to discharge a duty, which, however painful in some respects, is nevertheless pleasing in others.

Many are the changes that have taken place since we parted, and numerous and heavy have been the afflictions I have had to suffer. My path has been a rough and thorny one, and the cup of sorrow I have had to drink exceedingly bitter. But it becomes me not to murmur. My Heavenly Father knows best how to deal with me. My trials have been rendered a blessing to me. And while blow after blow has fallen upon me, grace has enabled me to bow submissively to the Divine will, and say, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, and blessed be the name of the Lord."

When poor little Bertie died, I thought it was more than I could bear, but that was light compared to what I have since borne. Dear little angel, how we all loved him, and how we missed him when he was gone. And during my recent and heavy trials, I often fancy I see his sweet little face, and hear his gentle voice telling me to trust in God.

My first great affliction after you left was the death of my dear noble husband. When the war broke out, his patriotism was aroused, and he felt it to be the duty of every loyal citizen to rally to the support of the Government in order to secure an early and an honorable peace. He loved his home and family, and was very unwilling to leave

them, but the path of duty seemed to be too plain to be misunderstood, and the necessities of the case too pressing to admit of delay, and he determined to go, and serve his country in ministering to the sick and the wounded. I offered no objection, but my mind was filled with the most gloomy forebodings. For his sake I tried to be cheerful, for I knew that he felt our separation most keenly. But while I hoped for the best, I feared the worst, and trembled for the issue.

He went to the South, and gave himself to the good work of caring for those who were battling for their country. His own case he never consulted, his own comfort never cost him a thought, for other than he truly lived and labored. He was unremitting in his attentions to the suffering, and spared no pains to alleviate their distresses. Gentle and kind as a woman, his presence was required everywhere, and the words of welcome with which he was always greeted, were his most coveted reward.

But such incessant labours were too much for a frame not very strong. His health gave way, and he was reluctantly compelled to return home. The moment I saw him, I knew that his days were numbered. He was utterly broken down, and was much worse than I had expected to see him, for he had always written hopefully about himself. All that good nursing and care could do for him was done, and, for a time, he appeared to improve. But the improvement was only in appearance, his

... too plain disease assumed a more serious character, every effort to arrest its progress proved ineffectual, and after a period of severe suffering, the

“Weary wheels of life at length stood still.”

Never, until now, had I really known the meaning of suffering. All other sorrows were nothing in comparison to this great one. I was stunned and bewildered by the blow, and could hardly believe that it was anything more than a troubled dream. Kind friends ministered to me in that dark hour, but no human power could comfort me. I thought that *he* was dead, and that I was left a widow was agonizing, and my sorrow knew no bounds. But calmer moments succeeded, and the thought that he had gone to join our dear child in the better world, gave me comfort. In that day of bereavement I learned to lean upon the strong arm of the widows' God, and I indeed found him present help in the time of need.”

But troubles seldom come alone. I had scarcely recovered from the shock occasioned by the death of my husband, when my eldest daughter was prostrated by fever of a most malignant character. For many days her life hung tremblingly in the balances, and what the issues would be no one could foresee. Her medical attendant had no hope of her recovery and finally told me to prepare for the worst. I was much surprised to hear her during her delirium often speak of you, and express a strong desire to see you. She seemed to be living in the

past, and to be greatly troubled about something. "Poor Miss Gowrie," she would say, "I wonder where she is now? I wish I could see her. I am so sorry she went away. I know I was not kind to her. It was too bad, it was." What she meant I could not conceive, but supposed she was thinking of the generally unkind manner in which she had treated you, and was pleased to find that in her heart she really respected you.

When the fever had run its course, she awoke again from a long and troubled dream. She was extremely weak, but she was quite rational. Her condition was exceedingly critical, and a few hours would decide the question of life or death. The utmost quiet was enjoined, and no one but myself and the doctor was permitted to be present. And as the time dragged wearily along, the only signs of life she gave was a low and imperceptible breathing.

After lying in this state for some time, she opened her eyes, and motioned me to approach her. Putting my ear to her mouth, she thus addressed me in a tone almost inaudible.

"Ma, I want to tell you that Miss Gowrie did not take your locket. I did. I put it where you found it. I was angry with her and did it to spite her, I did not think that it would end as it did. I have often wanted to tell you all about it, but was ashamed to do so. I am sorry I did it. I was mean and wicked. I hope the Lord will forgive me? You will? And you will try and find her and tell her all."

This disclosure greatly grieved and astonished me, that a child of mine should have acted thus was more than I could have imagined possible, and the thought of how cruelly you had been dealt with was terribly distressing. But I was thankful she had vindicted your character, and bidding her be calm and look to God for his forgiveness, and assuring her that she had mine, I promised that I would do my utmost to find you, and repair, as far as possible, the wrongs you were suffering.

But although brought down to the very gates of the grave, she did not die. The disease took a favorable turn, and her recovery was very rapid. But without health her resolution to do you justice has never wavered for a moment. She has nobly aided me in all my efforts to find you, and would stop at no sacrifice to make reparation. The great reason is that she rose from her bed a changed creature. Her old wilfulness has passed away and she is now a great comfort to me. And as she has received the forgiveness of her Heavenly Father, she begs me to ask for yours.

Lilly is the same lively, good natured child she ever was, and would be delighted to see you. And if you could be persuaded to come and live with us again, not as formerly, but as one of the family, we would all regard it as a very great favor. We feel that we have wronged you, and wished to have an opportunity of proving the sincerity of our sorrow.

Hoping to hear from you soon, and that you will favorably consider our proposal,

I am, yours very truly,

MARGARET DAVISON.

Alma's feelings while perusing this epistle can be better imagined than described. Towards Mrs. Davison she had never cherished the least feeling of resentment, and had always made great allowances for her. Her own daughter had been the accuser, and it was natural for a mother to believe her own child in preference to a stranger. But apart from that sad affair, Mrs. Davison had always treated her most respectfully, and she was not one to forget a kindness. And now that she had read the story of her sufferings, she deeply felt for her, and would gladly have aided her in any way possible. But when she found that the dark cloud that had so long overhung her own pathway had been lifted, and her innocence had been fully proved, her joy was too great for utterance. Her heart was full, and she sat for some time completely lost in thought, and then falling upon her knees, she poured forth her gratitude to that God, who had so graciously heard her prayers, and had sent her help from His Holy Hill.

Feeling that Mr. Garvie had a right to a share in her joy, she took an early opportunity of placing the letter in his hands. In its perusal he was very much interested, and was much gratified to find that his estimate of her character was receiving confirmation from so many different quarters. And when he read the request to return to New York and again make her home with the Davisons, he smilingly observed that he thought she would soon find a home without travelling so far.

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CHAPTER XVII.

THE YOUNG WIFE.

Unwilling to break the thread of our narrative, we have omitted to mention several circumstances, which must not be passed over in silence, as they bear more or less directly upon the happiness of our heroine. It is time she did not appear to be much effected thereby, now to figure very largely in connection therewith, but as the happiness of one who was now very dear to her was largely affected thereby, her joy was increased by whatever contributed to his happiness. Even had he been nothing more to her than a friend and minister, she would have taken a deep and lively interest in whatever would have added to his comfort and a usefulness. But as he sustained a nearer and a dearer relation to her than either that of friend or

minister, his happiness correspondingly increased hers.

The first was the dedication of a new Church edifice in Bennettville. Heretofore all the religious services in the place had been held in the Hall, but it had long been felt that a public building in which all kinds of meetings were held, was not the most suitable place in which to conduct divine services. Nothing however had been done in the matter, until quite recently, when the congregation having become too large to worship in the hall with any degree of comfort, and the interest in religious matters very general, that what was first spoken of as something desirable, was at length felt to be a necessity. Steps were accordingly taken to have a building erected with as little delay as possible. The work was vigorously pushed forward, the people laboured at it with a will, and, ere long, the task was completed. The church was a neatly finished and commodious structure, and was a credit to the neighbourhood. And the dedicatory services—of which we need not speak particularly—were of an exceedingly interesting and profitable character.

Another was the ordination of Mr. Garvie to

the full work of the Christian ministry. It is always a touching sight to see a youthful candidate kneeling in the presence of aged and apostolic men, to be sacredly set apart to this office and ministry, "by the laying on of the hands of the presbytery." To that event he had long looked forward with mingled emotions of fear and hope—fear that he might fail to realize his own idea of the true minister, hope that grace would be given according to his day—and he had sought prayerfully to prepare for it. He felt it to be a time of deep and solemn interest, an important era in his career, and the step he was taking to be fraught with consequences of the greatest moment, both to himself and to others. As he took upon him the vows of God, in the presence of the great congregation, hallowed and indescribable emotions thrilled his heart, and imperishable impressions were produced upon his mind. And weighty as he had ever regarded the responsibilities that were devolving upon one in his position, their weight was immeasurably increased by this impressive service.

The next thing to be done was the erection of a parsonage. Believing that it is not good for man to be alone, and that, in all probability, their much

esteemed minister would soon be entering the charmed circle of domestic life, the people of Bennetville resolved to get ready for that interesting event. A site was secured in one of the most pleasantly situated parts of the village, and a lovely little cottage was erected thereon. Its external appearance was really beautiful, and the passer-by could not fail to notice the neat little structure. The interior of the building was all that could be desired. It was furnished and fitted up with much taste, and while neither showy nor pretentious, was a perfect gem of neatness and comfort. The surroundings were quite in keeping with the character and appearance of the building. Its well arranged garden, stocked with a rich variety of flowers, and planted around with ornamental trees and shrubs, and the admirable order in which everything was laid out, gave pleasing evidence of taste and ingenuity.

Every obstacle to their union being now happily removed, and believing that his usefulness would be promoted by his marriage, Mr. Garvie renewed and pressed his suit with such earnestness, that Alma having really no good reason to urge for any further delay gave her consent. In doing so she

clearly comprehended the difficulties of her position as a minister's wife, and timidly shrank from placing herself so prominently before the world. She felt that much, very much of her husband's success in his high and holy calling would depend upon the sympathy and support she would give him, and she trembled at the bare possibility of lessening his influence for good. But she was a brave woman, and wherever duty led she hesitated not to follow. Here however, duty did not conflict with inclination and the path was easy and pleasant to her feet. And persuaded that a suitable partner is a man's strongest earthly safe-guard, her approving smile his greatest encouragement, and her good opinion his most coveted reward, she was resolved to render him all the assistance in her power and be to him a true helpmeet.

The announcement that Mr. Garvie and Miss Gowrie were about to be married occasioned no surprise, and excited but little remark. Ever since his arrival in Bennettville it had been taken for granted, that unless previously engaged, he would be sure to win and wed her. They resembled each other so very much in appearance and manners, and their tastes and dispositions were so similar,

that they seemed to be specially adapted to and for each other. Indeed, long before he came the remark had often been made that she ought to be a minister's wife, she was so good and amiable, and such a diligent laborer in the Master's cause. Highly as he was esteemed, and that deservedly so, she was considered his equal in almost every respect, and many hesitated not to say. that he might deem himself fortunate in finding such a wife. And when it became known that they were old friends, and when the story of their sufferings was circulated around, their union was accepted as a foregone conclusion, requiring only time and circumstances to bring it about.

In reference to the generally expressed wish of the people, the marriage ceremony was performed in the church. As the day was being held as a holiday in honor of the occasion, the commodious building was filled to overflowing, as everyone was anxious to be present and witness the proceedings. The children of the day and Sabbath Schools occupied the side pews on one side, and the young ladies of the congregation those on the other. The officiating clergyman, the Rev. Mr. Robertson, was an old friend and fellow-student of Mr. Garvie's,

who had been but recently ordained, and who had come all the way from Central New York to perform the service. Everything passed off most agreeably, the bride and bridegroom carried themselves with ease and dignity, and when the ceremony came to a close, the bell rang out a merry chime and the happy party retired from the church, amid the warm congratulations of their numerous friends, and the best wishes of the whole assembly for their future comfort and prosperity.

Immediately after their marriage they paid a short visit to Mr. Garvie's uncle who resided in Cincinnati. The worthy old gentleman was much attached to his nephew, although he had never approved of his entering the ministry, he had hoped to see him win wealth and position in the world, and had thought it a pity for a man of such endowments to give himself to a work that promised so little remuneration. When he had heard of his intention to marry a dowerless bride, he had considered him exceedingly foolish, and would gladly have had the match broken off. His good old wife, however, had always encouraged him to do whatever he believed was his duty at any sacrifice, and she had repeatedly assured her husband

that William's wife would be worthy their respect and love. And she was right. A very short acquaintance convinced him that she possessed a wealth of soul that money could not buy, and that she was a lady in every sense of the word. Her winning ways completely charmed them, and they frankly admitted that all William's representations concerning her had fallen far short of the reality.

From Cincinnati they proceeded to New York as Alma was anxious to visit her old friends, Mrs. Davison and her daughters. She had written to them from Bennettville, assuring them of her sympathy in their great sorrow, and also that whatever wrongs she had suffered while residing with them, were all freely and fully forgiven. She also intimated that, in all probability, she would soon be in New York, when she would call and see them, and give her reasons for declining their proposals to make their house her home. This letter had greatly disappointed them, for they had hoped that their request would have been favorably considered, and that an opportunity would have been afforded them of repairing the wrongs of the past. But its generous tone and spirit convinced them

that her refusal did not proceed from wounded pride or resentment, but from some good and justifiable cause. And it was a real pleasure to them all, that if she could not remain with them, she was coming to see them, and her arrival was impatiently waited for.

With a palpitating heart, Alma passed up the old familiar avenue leading to the house, and paused for a moment or two at the door that she might recover her wonted composure. To do so was no easy matter, for memories of other days came crowding around her. Here she had seen some pleasant, which appeared like sunny spots in her review of life. Within this hospitable mansion many an hour of real enjoyment had been passed, the recollections of which were now pleasingly recalled. But other and sadder scenes rose before her. Of all the dark days she had ever passed through, that was the darkest when she had gone forth from this place branded as a thief, to grapple with the stern realities of life, without a friend in the wide, wide world. But God had befriended her, and graciously sustained her in the time of need. Her character had been fully vindicated by the only person competent to do so, she

had risen above every trial and difficulty, and was now returned the wife of a man of whom any woman might indeed be proud.

Her reception by the Davisons was most cordial, and mother and daughters vied with each other in their efforts to please. The former was very much changed, the bloom of health and beauty had departed, and the traces of care and sorrow were many and deep. But she was the same gentle and amiable person as formerly, for although adversity had saddened her heart and broken her spirits, it had not lessened the natural sweetness of her disposition. Lillie was overjoyed to meet her old governess, for she had always loved her, and had stoutly maintained her rights from the first, and would never listen to a word against her. But no one was more pleased to see her than Hettie. Hard though it was to meet one whom she had so cruelly wronged; and humiliating though it was to confess it, she wavered not in her determination to do the right. And as soon as the first greetings were exchanged, she made a frank statement of the whole sad affair, offered no excuses at all for her conduct, confessed with many tears her sorrow for the same, and begged that the matter might be forgiven and forgotten.

Alma's reply was kind and considerate. She made no allusion to the agony of that hour when the crime had been charged upon her, but spoke of the manner in which all things had worked together for her good, and, to lead them away from the painful subject, gave a brief outline of her own subsequent career. They rejoiced in her good fortune, and understood now why she had declined their kind proposal. The interview was a most pleasing one, and terminated with the request that she would return and bring her husband with her. She did so the next day. With Mr. Garvie they were much delighted, and he was the same with them. The visit passed off most agreeably, Hettie was most assiduous in her attentions, and the past was forgiven and forgotten. The most friendly relations were re-established between them, Mrs. Davison insisted upon dealing with Alma as with a daughter, and on her departure for Bennettville, gave her a cheque for a thousand dollars as a marriage present, which, under the circumstances, she felt bound to accept.

The day they had intended to start for home, Mr. Garvie took up the morning paper, and as he hurriedly ran his eye over it, his attention was directed to the following advertisement:

INFORMATION WANTED

Of Miss Alma Gowrie, a native of Scotland, who emigrated to this country in the year A. D. 185— on board the "Carthagera" that was lost at sea. It is believed that her father was among those who were drowned. She resided for some time in Halifax, and afterwards in this city, but where she is now the advertiser has failed to discover, although he has made the most diligent search. Any person giving such information as will lead to her being found, will be suitably rewarded. And if Miss Gowrie is alive and will correspond with the undersigned, she will hear of something to her advantage.

Address,

JAMES GOWRIE,

Nassau Street,

New York.

Mr. Garvie quietly passed the paper to his wife, calling her attention to the advertisement in question. Its statements were so clear and explicit, that she saw at once that she was the party indicated. Who this James Gowrie was she could not imagine, as she had never heard anything of him. But it was very evident he was a relative and was in possession of information about herself and family that was important for her to know. Their departure was therefore postponed until they could ascertain who he was and what he wanted. And what the result of that interview was, we shall see in the next chapter.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A GREAT SURPRISE.

Greatly wondering what it all might mean, and anxious to have the mystery explained at the earliest possible moment, Mr. and Mrs. Garvie lost no time in repairing to the place indicated in the advertisement as the residence of Mr. Gowrie. On their arrival they were somewhat disappointed to find that he was not at home, but learning that he was expected every minute, they determined to remain until his return. Mr. Garvie spent the time very pleasantly in conversing with a young gentleman who was present, whose broad Scottish accent showed pretty clearly that he was a stranger in America, but whose superior intelligence and extensive acquaintance with the Old World, rendered him a most agreeable companion. While Alma

sat in silence vainly endeavoring to remember whether or not she had ever heard of any member of her father's family of the name of James Gowrie.

In the midst of her musings that gentleman was announced. He was a fine, hale, hearty looking old man of between sixty and seventy years of age, whose silvery locks were in striking contrast with his complexion, which was almost as dark as that of an Indian. He was quite portly in appearance, stood remarkably erect for a man of his years, and in his younger days must have been a really noble looking person. He was free and easy in his manners, carried himself with a quiet dignity, and possessed the happy faculty of making all around him feel at home in his presence. Although his Caledonian accent left no doubt as to his nationality, it was very evident that but little of his life had been passed in Scotland, while his swarthy countenance told of many years spent beneath the scorching sun of the distant East. His buoyancy of manner might have led the thoughtless or superficial observer to conclude that uninterrupted prosperity had been his portion, and that grief and hardship he had never known, but to the more attentive eye there would have appeared lines in that face that great sorrow alone could have traced.

After the interchange of the ordinary civilities, and a few common place remarks of a general character, Mr. Garvie thus introduced the object of his visit:

“I have called,” he said, “in response to an advertisement in one of the morning papers, asking for information concerning a Miss Alma Gowrie, who left England some years ago on board the ‘Carthagena.’”

“Indeed” said Mr. Gowrie, cordially extending his hand, and speaking in a most animated manner, “Then I am very, very glad to see you, and shall feel myself under lasting obligations to you if you can give me such information as will enable me to find her. I have been searching for her for some time, but all my efforts thus far have been in vain. I succeeded in tracing her to this city, but here I lost her track. I have sought her everywhere, enlisted others to aid me in my efforts, and had about concluded to give up the search. I shudder at the bare thought of the temptations and trials to which a young and friendless girl must be exposed in such a place as this. But,” he added, checking himself, “you will excuse an old man speaking thus on a subject so interesting to himself, but, tell me, please, what you know about her.”

"I was," replied Mr. Garvie, "one of the passengers on board the ill-fated 'Carthagena,' and became acquainted with Miss Gowrie and her father at the time of the disaster."

"Was her father really drowned," he eagerly enquired. "Tell me of him first."

"No, sir, he was not drowned. Just before the ship went down, he and his daughter, and a number of others got into one of the boats, as our only chance of being saved, in the hope that if we could outlive the storm we might be picked up by some passing ship, or possibly make our way to some land. For days and nights we were driven hither and thither by contrary winds, our rations were reduced to the smallest possible allowance, and our condition was truly distressing. A number died from sheer exhaustion, and of these Mr. Gowrie was one. The excitement and exposure was too much for him, for he was not strong and his constitution speedily broke down. All that could be done for him in our circumstances was done, his daughter nursed him with the greatest care, but all was unavailing, and with a prayer that God would watch over his soon-to-be-orphaned child, he breathed his last, and we committed his body to the deep."

“Poor William,” murmured Mr. Gowrie, “his was surely a hard lot. Robbed of his property, bereft of all his children but the one, his dear wife taken away in the middle of her days, and last and worst of all to die under such circumstances was truly terrible. But what about the daughter? Was she saved? What of her?”

“She was saved,” he replied, “for after passing through a series of sufferings that cannot be described, God graciously guided us to the Nova Scotian coast. There we were kindly cared for and hospitably entertained by a poor but worthy Roman Catholic fisherman, until we could find our way to our homes.”

“And what became of her? Where did she go? Where is she now?” he hurriedly enquired, forgetting that his very impatience to know all, was keeping the longer from him the information he was so anxious to obtain.

“It would take too much time to give her subsequent history,” said Mr. Garvie, “suffice it now to say that she has recently become my wife, and,” turning to Alma who advanced to where the old gentleman was sitting, “it affords me no small pleasure to introduce her to you.”

This announcement took the old gentleman completely by surprise, and he sat for some moments quite bewildered. He had been so deeply interested in what Mr. Garvie had told him, and so much excited by the terrible story of the shipwreck and its saddening associations, that he had forgotten that Alma was present, and, consequently, had not noticed how powerfully the conversation had affected her. From what he had just heard he was satisfied that the missing one was still alive, and he was quite sanguine that, with the assistance of one who appeared to know considerable about her, he would yet be able to find her. But for such a disclosure as this he was not prepared. It seemed to be too good to be true. Gazing earnestly on the fair young creature that stood before him, and pressing his hand upon his forehead, he seemed to be wondering whether this was a dream or a reality. Satisfied that this was no phantom of the imagination, but a *bona fide* affair, he started to his feet, threw his arms around her, and, folding her to his heart, exclaimed with much warmth and feeling :

“Thank God. I have found you after all.”

After the first outburst of feeling had somewhat

subsided, Mr. Gowrie introduced his visitors to the young gentleman above referred to, who, as the reader may have supposed, was none other than his own son. Though he had taken no part in the conversation, he had been a most attentive and interested listener, and had divined the true state of affairs, even before Mr. Garvie had made his final disclosure. Without appearing to do so—for he was too much of a gentleman to be guilty of of aught that had the semblance of impertinence—he had carefully scanned the countenance of their lady visitor, and distinctly traced there the family likeness of the Gowries. Delighted with the discovery that he had made, he impatiently awaited the *denouement*, and wondered greatly at his father's want of discernment. Young and ardent, and naturally of an enthusiastic disposition, he was more than once on the point of interrupting the conversation, and bringing matters to an issue. But he succeeded in restraining himself. And when the whole truth was declared, and every lingering possibility of doubt had been removed, he was prepared to greet his long-sought relative with comparative calmness though with great cordiality.

Mr. Gowrie having fully recovered his usual self-possession, and feeling that it devolved upon him to explain who he was, and what his reasons were for issuing the advertisement already given proceeded to do so as follows :

“ You will, no doubt, my dear,” he said addressing himself to Alma, “ be surprised to learn that I am your uncle, as you may always have supposed that your father was an only child. But he was not as I shall show you, although I can readily understand how you would be ignorant of it. The story is a long and painful one, but it is, perhaps, necessary that I should tell you all, and in order to put it before you as plainly as possible, I must go back to the days of my boyhood.

“ I was, as you may judge, considerably older than your father, so much so, that when he was but a mere boy, I had almost attained to man’s years. As I could never bring my mind to settle down to be a quiet country farmer, I was sent to Glasgow to attend a High School, that I might receive such an education as might fit me for some calling more suited to my tastes ; and as I was thus taken much away from home, we knew comparatively little of each other.

“ As the land was then ringing with the praises of those who had broken the power of the Great Napoleon, and had added the names of Badajos, Vittoria, and Waterloo to the list of places where our gallant countrymen had won immortal fame ; to my young and inexperienced mind, the military seemed to be the surest road to honor. I had naturally a roving disposition. I wanted to see the world, and having read and heard a great deal about India, I resolved to proceed thither at the very first opportunity. I said nothing of this to my parents, for I knew that they would strongly disapprove of it, and as my mind was fully made up to go, I did not wish to grieve them by obstinately refusing to follow their advice. As a consequence, I lost all interest in my studies, went home as seldom as possible, and was thus preparing myself for the separation that I felt must come. You may think I had little love for my parents, but I had, or at least believed I had. And although I knew that I would cause them great grief at the present, by following my own course, my hope was that I would again come back, having won distinction and honor, and be with them and gladden and comfort them in their declining years

"A young friend and fellow student having enlisted in a regiment about to embark for Calcutta. I at once decided to do the same. How to break the news to my parents, I hardly knew. My first thought was to write, as I dreaded to meet them under such circumstances. But affection triumphed over every other feeling. The thought that, perhaps, I might never see them again, constrained me to go and visit. Until that hour I had never known how much I had loved them, and, when it was too late, bitterly regretted the step I had taken.

"Of that visit I shall not speak. Amid all the changes and dangers of my subsequent career, I have looked back upon it with a mournful interest. The events of that hour are as fresh in my memory as if they had occurred but yesterday. My father's grief was too deep for utterance, and he said but little; my mother's agony was uncontrollable, and I trembled with fear that her heart would break; and poor little Willie hardly realizing what it all meant, joined in the general lamentation. They gave me good advice—advice that I have ever tried to follow—and bowing low with me around the old family altar, commended me to God, with the prayer that if we never met again on earth, we might in heaven.

“Immediately after our arrival in India, we were ordered to Burmah, war having been recently declared against that power. I shall not detain you with any account of our long and tedious marches beneath a scorching sun, the dangers and difficulties to which we were exposed, or through which we passed on our way to the scene of strife, nor of the various battles in which we participated. In one of these I was severely wounded and fell into the hands of the enemy. Had it not been for a wholesome dread of British power, my life would have been of precious little value. As it was my sufferings were nearly insupportable, and what I endured during my captivity almost exceeds belief. Month after month passed away, during which I was subjected, to all kinds of insults and hardships, and the wonder was that I did not sink under them. At length deliverance came. The approach of our troops to the capital compelled the haughty monarch to sue for terms, and ere long my prison doors were thrown open, and I once more found myself in the midst of my fellow countrymen, under the protection of our own flag.

“Thirteen years passed away, and again the war-cry resounded throughout British India. Troubles

arose in Afghanistan, and a fierce and bloody struggle ensued. With its causes and issues I shall not weary you, suffice it to say, that it was in many respects, a useless expenditure of blood and treasure.

“ When the war was over I retired from the service, married and settled at Madras. I had saved a considerable sum of money, and as my wife was the daughter of a wealthy planter, I was enabled to go into business on a pretty large scale. While money will make money anywhere, it is especially so in India, for labor is cheap, and the productions of the country command remunerative prices. My business prospered, everything went well with me, and I soon acquired a respectable fortune.

“ When our boy was born our cup of happiness seemed to be full. But how very little do we know of what lies before us. His mother's health soon after began to fail. Slowly, but surely, she grew weaker and weaker, and after a few years of severe suffering I laid her away in the grave.

“ During all this time I had never, given up the idea of returning home. I had repeatedly written to my parents during the earlier years of my resi-

dence abroad, but, strange to say, never received any reply. Postal arrangements were very different then to what they are now, and I suppose my letters never reached them. Some years later I learned that they were both dead, and after that I ceased to write, as I thought it useless. I was now getting pretty well advanced in years, the old home feeling began to grow stronger, the climate of India did not seem to agree with my boy's constitution, and I resolved to close up my business and return to Scotland. Just at that time came the terrible Sepoy Rebellion, which brought everything to a sudden stand still, and sent a thrill of horror throughout the civilized world. This delayed our departure for some time, for the country was in such an unsettled state that but little business was attended to. At length, having completed all our arrangements, we bade farewell to India, and in due course of time arrived in Scotland, and made our way to the old homestead.

“I immediately instituted enquiries as to what had become of William, but all that I could learn was that, having lost his all, he had, years ago, left for America; that the ship in which he had sailed had been lost at sea, and that he was among those who

had perished. This information I received chiefly from an old woman who had formerly resided with him, and who also gave me a letter from him, in which, supposing it possible that I was still alive and might return home, he gave a brief sketch of his troubles, and charged me, as the only relative he had in the world, if it would be ever in my power, to interest myself on behalf of his daughter, who, he feared, would soon be a friendless orphan.

“That request I could not disregard, but determined to find you if possible. But I had yet another reason for seeking you. A distant relative of ours had died in the meantime, and bequeathed to us and our heirs, property to the amount of ten thousand pounds. In the event of your being dead, it would, of course, all belong to my son William, but until that fact was established beyond a doubt, we would not touch a penny of it.

“And now, my dear, you cannot imagine how pleased and how thankful I am to have found you, for now I will have the satisfaction of not only carrying out the wishes of your father, whose greatest care was your comfort and happiness, but also of putting you in possession of what is legally your own, and which will comfortably provide for



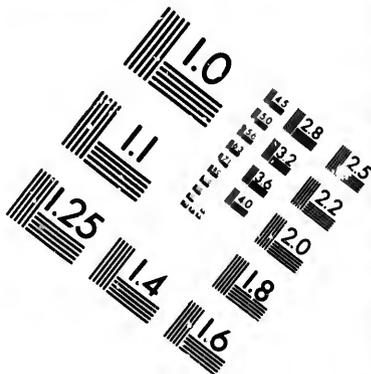
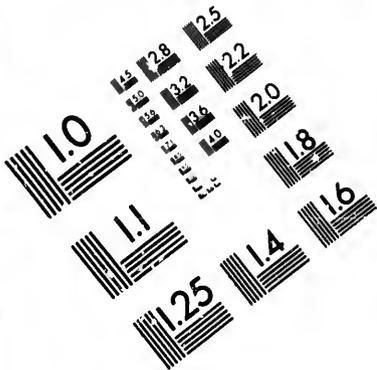
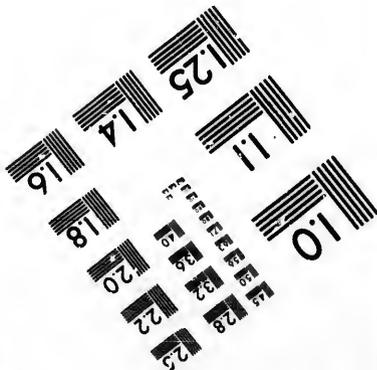
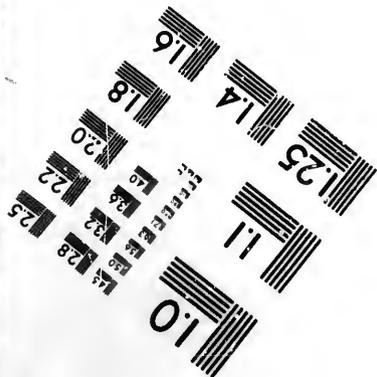
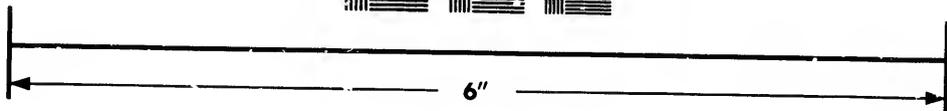
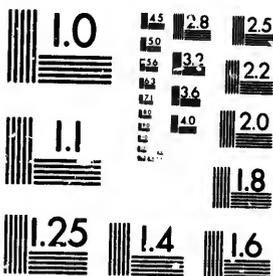


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the rest of your life. Providence has been kind to us all, however mysteriously at times we may have been dealt with. And I am sure it becomes us all to return thanks to our Heavenly Father for thus bringing us together."

To this interesting narrative Alma had listened with the most marked attention. The discoveries she had made filled her with delight and wonder. She was gratified to find herself in such circumstances that the benevolent promptings of her heart need no longer be restrained by conscious inability. She was glad especially for the sake of the man who had wedded her when poor and friendless. But nothing pleased her more than the thoughtful care of that dear father whose image was engraven upon her heart, and whose memory she sacredly cherished.

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CHAPTER XIX.

THE END.

Alma and her husband remained but a short time longer in New York. They felt that the interests of the little church at Bennettville demanded their attention. Their tour had already taken up more time than they had intended, and they hastened back with as little delay as possible. While thankful for their unexpected good fortune they were not unduly elated, for without it they had the prospect of being pretty comfortably provided for. Mr. Garvie possessed some means of his own, and although far from being wealthy, was in easy circumstances. His stipend was liberal for the place in which he was settled, and, by prudence and economy, Alma had been enabled to save something from her earnings. They rightly re-

garded the wealth thus placed in their hands as a sacred deposit, for the proper employment of which they would be held responsible. And in acknowledgment of the Divine goodness, they at once consecrated a tenth of their income to the service of God.

Mr. Gowrie had been somewhat disappointed in finding her married. He had hoped that she might become the wife of his son, and had anticipated much happiness as the result. His intention had been to return to Scotland, repurchase the old homestead, and spend the evening of his life in quiet and retirement, as a member of their family. As she was now the wife of another, these pleasing dreams could never be realized, and all his plans and purposes were frustrated. But his nature was too noble and unselfish to allow this to mar his happiness, and he was glad to know that the man she had married was every way worthy of her. His interest in her welfare was not lessened by this discovery, however disappointing it was, and he was still determined to deal with her as with a daughter. With her husband he was greatly pleased, his appearance and manners quite captivated him, while his profession was a sufficient

guarantee of a spotless character. And the more he saw of her, the more was he persuaded that, independent of the ties of kindredship, she was well entitled to his respect and confidence.

As the business matters connected with the legacy above mentioned could not be settled for some time, and as the stir and confusion of the city was anything but agreeable to him, Mr. Gowrie accepted the pressing invitation of his nephew and niece to accompany them to Bennettville, and spend the interval with them at their Western home. He did this all the more readily as he was anxious to know how they were situated, and whether or not it would be advisable for them to remain in such an isolated place, as he naturally supposed Bennettville to be. While such a place might not be without attractions for a young minister of humble abilities, or for an aged one seeking rest and quiet, he hardly thought it was the right place for a man of such superior abilities as he believed Mr. Garvie to be. He did not wish to have him spend his days in a quiet country village when he might win position and fame in the city. And in going with him now, he thought that, perhaps, he might assist him in bringing

about, what appeared to him, so desirable a consummation.

William Gowrie entered into this arrangement with all his heart. In far-off India, he had read and heard much about America—of its history, laws, and institutions—of its rich and varied resources of river, forest, field, and mine—and had often wished to see it. Now that he was here, he was in no hurry to go away. He had spent some time in Boston, and with New York he was getting to be familiar, but he was anxious to visit the great interior. He had seen enough to convince him that it was indeed a great country, and having but little of his father's love for old Scotia, he felt much more willing to remain here than to return home. Besides, of his cousin he had formed a very high opinion, and her husband he pronounced to be one of nature's noblemen. Since their first interview he had been much in their company, and each succeeding one had confirmed this impression. And having so very recently found the only surviving member of the Gowrie family, he was unwilling that the ocean should roll between them, and gladly seized the opportunity of prolonging his stay.

When they reached home, they repaired at once to the parsonage, meeting, as they passed along, with many a nod and smile of recognition. The little cottage was all astir, and presented an appearance as busy as a beehive, for a number of Mr. Garvie's parishioners had taken possession, and were preparing to give them a warm reception. Mr. and Mrs. Bennett met them at the garden gate, and welcomed them home most cordially, and led them into the house. Gertrude, looking the very picture of happiness, came bounding down the steps to meet them, and received them with every demonstration of delight. Others came forward expressing their pleasure at seeing them back again in safety, and the greeting of all was so sincere and heartfelt, that it was highly gratifying to the minister and his friends. Alma introduced the strangers to the company, whose surprise and pleasure was very great to learn that they were her uncle and cousin, as they had always supposed she had no relatives living. A sumptuous repast was then partaken of, and soon after the party broke up, and left them in quiet possession of their new home.

Mr. and Mrs. Bennett remained and spent the

evening. Gertrude did the same, as Alma declared she could not think of going into house-keeping alone, and begged so hard that Mrs. Bennett consented to allow her to remain for a week or two at least. The evening passed away most agreeably, for Mr. Gowrie was a very pleasing companion. As he had seen much of the world, and possessed rare conversational powers, he was listened to with the most marked attention, and his descriptions of Eastern manners and customs, were often amusing and always instructive. William devoted his attention to the ladies, and interested them greatly in relating his personal experiences during the Sepoy Rebellion, some of which were of a very exciting character. Thus pleasantly the hours sped away, and the evening was one not soon to be forgotten. Friendships were then formed that were destined to be lasting, and impressions made that were never to pass away. The simple and unaffected manners of these honest-hearted villagers reminded Mr. Gowrie of the days of his boyhood, and led him to conclude that, after all, perhaps Mr. Garvie's choice was not an unwise one.

That "truth is stranger than fiction," the history

of our heroine sufficiently attests. The scenes through which we have seen her pass, are clothed with an interest and possess a power, not often exceeded by the highly wrought and sensational novel. In that history Gertrude has played no unimportant part, and in her experience the truth of the adage was to be conspicuously seen. Of her antecedents we have told but little, around her earlier years there has ever hung much of mystery, and even her name we have never known. Treated by Mr. and Mrs. Bennett as their own child, she was generally regarded as such, while, of her own parents she had but dim and shadowy recollections. Of her father she remembered nothing, and her mother's dying charge was about the only thing that she could distinctly recall. And from the way in which Mr. and Mrs. Bennett evaded all her enquiries concerning them had led her to conclude that there was something connected with their history which they cared not to talk about.

While it is not our purpose to write her history, we may be permitted to say, that strange as it may appear, Gertrude proved to be the daughter of Mr. Gowrie's wife's sister. Of this no one had the least idea, until one day while conversing with Bennett

about family matters, Mr. Gowrie incidentally mentioned the name of his brother-in-law. This led to enquiries about his parentage and history, the answers to which left no doubt upon Mr. Bennett's mind that he and Gertrude's father, were one and the same person. It was the old story of an unequal marriage. Her father had been a servant in her grandfather's employ, and had succeeded in winning the affections of his master's daughter. Aware that he would never consent to their union, they had eloped, hoping that after their marriage, he would forgive them. In this however, they had been mistaken, the old man was inexorable, and at once, and forever disowned them. He soon after went to India, and at his death left all his property to his only surviving child, the wife of Mr. Gowrie. Disappointed at the result, Mr. Morrison had emigrated to Nova Scotia, where he soon after died. His wife did not long survive him, and at her death bequeathed her child to the care of Mr. Bennett who then resided in New Brunswick, as the most likely to care for her.

William Gowrie's pleasure on learning the relation in which he stood to Gertrude was very great, for he had already become warmly attached to her.

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She was such a frank and guileless creature, so full of life and animation, and yet so thoughtful and considerate, that he regarded her as one of the most interesting and engaging persons he had ever met with. Meeting her every day and spending much time in her company, he was enabled to form a pretty accurate estimate of her real worth. With him she was equally well pleased, and there had sprung up between them a feeling of mutual regard. This was materially strengthened by a knowledge of the fact that they were so closely connected, and anticipating somewhat the order of events, we may just observe in passing, that that feeling ripened into marriage. That issue was highly gratifying to the friends of both parties, and to none more so than to Alma. for in Gertrude's welfare she was deeply interested. And thus by a singular train of circumstances, the property that had been unrighteously withheld from the mother was restored to the daughter, and the family was again united in the persons of William and Gertrude.

Matters having taken this unexpected turn, and finding William strongly disinclined to return to Scotland, Mr. Gowrie, to the great joy of all, concluded to remain and make Bennettilie his home.

He closed up his business abroad with as little delay as possible, and settled down in quiet with his son and daughter. Mr. Garvie rejoiced to receive such valuable accessions to his congregation, and Alma's pleasure was unbounded at still having Gertrude as a friend and companion. Liberal as well as wealthy, they projected many public improvements, and in various ways, greatly contributed to the material prosperity and progress of the place. Mr. Gowrie is getting very feeble, his once stately and commanding form is considerably bent, and his eye is becoming dim. With patriarchal mien he moves about, and is everywhere treated with marked respect by old and young. His seat in the sanctuary is seldom vacant, and his voice is yet heard in the prayer meeting. But his earthly career is fast drawing to a close, his race is almost run, and the goal is near at hand, and the day is not far distant, when he will pass to the other side and be forever with the Lord.

Mr. Garvie is still the pastor of the church at Bennettville, which has greatly prospered under his earnest and enlightened superintendence. He has received repeated invitations to change his residence and take charge of a city church, but he has

never felt the least inclination to do so. He regards Bennettville as his home, and has no wish to seek another. He loves his people, and is more popular with them than ever. Through his instrumentality many precious souls have been led to the Saviour, and he is loved and honored as a man and a minister. Western villages soon grow into towns, and towns into cities, and this humble and unpretending hamlet, has since become a place of considerable importance. With an increase of population, other denomination have obtained a foothold, and several church bells now ring out their call to prayer. With his brother ministers he is on the most friendly terms, and gladly aids them in their work of faith and labor of love. He looks upon them, not as rivals, but as fellow-toilers in the Master's service, and sincerely rejoices in their success. But all regard him as the pioneer preacher, to whom they are under great obligation. And although he is yet a young man, his advice and counsel is respectfully sought and generally followed.

Concerning our heroine but little more remains to be told. She is as earnest, active, and devoted a worker for the Lord as ever, and renders her

husband valuable service in his work of winning souls to the Saviour. She gladly avails herself of every opportunity that is presented of promoting the moral and spiritual improvement of her people, and countenances and encourages every benevolent enterprise. But domestic duties necessarily occupy much of her time and attention, and in woman's appropriate sphere she appears to the greatest advantage. Two lovely little ones, to whom she has given the names of James and Gertrude, call her mother, and her greatest care is that they may be trained well and wisely and led to remember their Creator in the days of their youth. Her home is a pattern of neatness and order, and for everything there is a time and a place. She is never idle, yet is never in a hurry. Meet her *when* you will, she is calm and self-possessed; meet her *where* you will she commands your admiration. The lessons she learned in the school of adversity are not forgotten, but are now made to contribute to the comfort of her family. And if she was once known as the model young woman, she is now spoken of as a model wife.

Our task is accomplished—our work is done—and to us it has been both pleasing and profitable.

As we have traced the career of our heroine we have recognized the good and guiding hand of Providence, and have been more than ever convinced, that patience and perseverance in well-doing are the sure precursors of honor and influence. And to the youth of both sexes we would say: Whatever the difficulties that lie in your way, the disadvantages under which you labor, or the painful circumstances in which you are placed, let your motto be "Trust in God and do the right!" Cultivate a spirit of self-reliance! If fortune favors you, if the times are auspicious—if the present encourages you to hope—be thankful, and try to turn everything to your advantage. But if the days are dark—if the prospect is forbidding—and the clouds gather thick around you on every hand—do not despair! And if you are subjected to severe suffering, and thrown into the furnace of affliction, maintain a strict integrity, do right at any hazard, and you will pass through the fiery ordeal

TRIED BUT TRUE.

