

For the Messenger and Visitor. A Talk With Jesus. BY A. CLARK. Lord! bid this heart rejoice; Each thought and wish control; And let Thy tender, loving voice Go echoing through my soul.

What we publish here is from an article in the last Contemporary Review, by Francis P. Cobb. Her object is to meet the Agnostic on his own ground. We bespeak for it an attentive perusal.

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parent that this principle is bearing fruit, and that men and women are beginning to be systematically selfish and self-indulgent where their health is concerned, in modes not hitherto witnessed.

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of penitence and restoration. As a necessary consequence they never see the true proportions of good and evil, joy and grief, sin and retribution.

In all I have said hitherto, I have confined myself to discussing the probable results of the downfall of religion on men in general, and have not attempted to define what they would be to those who have been fervently religious; and who, we must suppose (on the hypothesis of such a revolution) to be forcibly driven by scientific arguments, out of their faith in God and the life to come.

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only mourning, it is not despair. Our ears are cheered and softened, not tarred to stone by the memories of the dead.

We have been told that in the event of the fall of religion, "life would remain in most particulars and to most people much what it is at present."

The Baptist mission work in Sweden is of larger proportions than is commonly supposed. The last report shows the existence of 371 churches, having a membership of 25,277, and 23,310 pupils in Sunday-schools.

Dr. George Smith, in his "Short History of Christian Missions," gives some recent figures in reference to the missionary forces now engaged in sending the Gospel to non-Christian lands.

KING THEBAU'S GREAT CRIME.—All the civilized world was shocked, when, at his accession to the throne, King Thebau, of Upper Burma caused to be murdered one hundred of his own relatives.

The child was so sensitive, no like that little shivering plant that curls at a breath and shuts its heart from the light.

She stood looking at me, astonished, personified, with her great mournful eyes wide open—I suppose she had forgotten her misdeed till then, and I left her with big tears dropping down her cheeks, and her little red lips quivering.

Presently I was sent for. "Oh, mamma, you will kiss me; I can't go to sleep if you don't!" she sobbed, every tone of her voice trembling; and she held out her little hands.

From that night a raging fever drank up her life; and what think you was the incessant plaint that poured into my anguished heart?

Well, grief is all unavailing now! She lies in her little tomb; there is a marble urn at her head, and a rose-bush at her feet; there grow sweet summer flowers; there waves the gentle grass; there birds sing their matins and vespers; there the blue sky smiles down to-day; and there lies buried the freshness of my heart.

"Some years ago, while digging in the Nile deposits," says the Observer, "a skele was found. From the depth from which it was brought it was contended by those who would discredit the Bible that it must have been there sixty or seventy thousand years.

Some say "Consumption can't be cured," Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, as proved by forty years experience, will cure this disease when not already advanced beyond the reach of medical aid.

A HOME DRUGGIST. TESTIMONIES. Popular as it is, it is always the best that we can get. It is sold in every city, town, and village, and is the best of its kind.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla. "I have been afflicted with Rheumatism for several years, and have tried every remedy, but have not found relief until I used Ayer's Sarsaparilla."

SALT RHEUM. "I have been afflicted with Salt Rheum for several years, and have tried every remedy, but have not found relief until I used Ayer's Sarsaparilla."

LOTUS OF THE NILE. "I have been afflicted with a skin disease for several years, and have tried every remedy, but have not found relief until I used Lotus of the Nile."

DAVIS & LAWRENCE CO., MONTREAL. BUCKEY BELL FOUNDRY. "I have been afflicted with a skin disease for several years, and have tried every remedy, but have not found relief until I used Lotus of the Nile."

Baltimore Church Bells. "I have been afflicted with a skin disease for several years, and have tried every remedy, but have not found relief until I used Lotus of the Nile."

ISAAC ERB'S Photograph Rooms. "I have been afflicted with a skin disease for several years, and have tried every remedy, but have not found relief until I used Lotus of the Nile."

PARKER BROS. Market Square. "I have been afflicted with a skin disease for several years, and have tried every remedy, but have not found relief until I used Lotus of the Nile."

C. H. LEONARD, Commission Merchant. "I have been afflicted with a skin disease for several years, and have tried every remedy, but have not found relief until I used Lotus of the Nile."

J. E. COWAN, General Groceries. "I have been afflicted with a skin disease for several years, and have tried every remedy, but have not found relief until I used Lotus of the Nile."

NEW FALL GOODS. "I have been afflicted with a skin disease for several years, and have tried every remedy, but have not found relief until I used Lotus of the Nile."

Advertisement for a medicine or product, mentioning "Ayer's Sarsaparilla" and "Lotus of the Nile".

Advertisements on the right margin, including "The Sewing Machine", "Crawford's", "Harp", and "The Yellow".

Messenger and Visitor

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Messenger and Visitor

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 14, 1893.

COLLEGE CONSOLIDATION.

The Halifax Herald has published what appeared in our last issue, on this subject. To all the reasons there given for preferring a college where the classes are not too large to present the most stimulating mental contact between professor and student, it is thought sufficient to reply that we, as Baptists, act inconsistently with this idea. We do not need to say that this might be true, and still our position be well taken. But until our institutions are so largely attended that the system of education we plead for becomes impossible, our people are not fickle to this charge.

The Herald's argument, founded on the supposed precedent in the case of our Ontario brethren, is invalid in a double way. If their action were in harmony with our contemporary's pet project, while we have a high regard for the Baptists of the West, we would prefer to do our own thinking on this question, as we must take our own action, if the need ever comes. But the Baptists of Ontario have committed themselves to no scheme which will leave the shaping of their educational system in other hands than their own.

Just what relation this will have to Toronto University is yet unknown. We confess to serious alarm at this idea of consolidation; if we understand the indefinite term. Can we give up our independence, in the matter of the higher education of the best talent of our people, and not incur peril? Can we permit our course of instruction, and our whole educational policy, to be shaped by others than ourselves, and not risk loss? Can we venture, in this age, when colleges are controlled by religious bodies, to become more and more favorable to atheistic science, and a godless philosophy, to make the smallest surrender of our institutions, built up so firmly and so well on Christian principles, into untried hands?

Can we be true to the trust committed to us in the promising young people of our body, if we hand them over to an institution for the completion of their education, when we have no power to secure proper safeguards and to secure an influence which shall help to start them forth upon their career with true ideas of the responsibilities of life? Would this not be a poor recognition of the blessing of God which has rested upon Acadia in all her history, and a very strange reading of the divine leading? From the stand point of the mere secularist, all this, we are aware, has no force, and for this very reason, we wish to save the highest education of our people from danger of a control which sees little value in anything other than mental power. So long as we continue to believe, however, that we are in possession of a higher part than the mental, grand though it be, we shall plead for educational facilities when there is no danger that the lower shall be cultured at the expense of the higher, and so the useful and the eternal be made to bow to the selfish and the temporal.

We cannot conclude this article better than in the vigorous words of an esteemed correspondent. "The truth is, Acadia College exists for the development of a very different conception of college life and training from that of Dalhousie. Acadia is avowedly a Christian college, and while no religious tests or subscriptions are required, the character of its professors, the philosophy taught in its lecture rooms, and especially the influences which pervade the daily life of the institution, are positively Christian. It has a work to perform, in connection with the higher education of this country, which cannot be performed by any 'consolidated' college."

As the use of agnosticism and infidelity, widens, parents are becoming more and more unwilling, to send their sons to colleges, where Christian truth and principle are not accorded a regnant position and influence in the conduct and the life. Power, efficient life, is the end sought,—life which glows with noble purpose. This is a day of enlargement and growth. Let the friends of Acadia remember, that every year adds to the responsibilities under which we labor in the great department of university education. We have been called to a great and high service,—no less a one than the upbuilding and thorough equipment and maintenance of a great Christian college. Let us bear this thought, on our hearts before the mercy seat."

REV. A. COHEN'S COMMUNICATION. Bro. Cohen's communication in last Messenger and Visitor is as significant as brief, 55 fields in the Maritime Provinces depend upon the Home Mission Board for aid. These are fields, each containing from one to four churches. They include nearly one quarter of the number of our churches, and nearly all the newer ground. The old churches, where the population has reached its limit, and the people are all supplied by the various denominations, cannot much more than hold their own. It is on these very fields which now, in their weakness, claim our aid, that the hope of our denomination for enlargement depends. From Bro. C's article, it also appears that other bodies are alive to the importance of possessing these fields, and are expending much to gain them. This is wise for them, and it is wise for us to bestir ourselves and do likewise, or they will be taken from us, and the virgin soil for the most plenteous harvests of the future be given to others.

Thirty of these fields are at present unsupplied. There is much new ground which might be occupied, had we the men and the means. God's richest blessing has rested on the work of the board. Are there not many who can increase their gifts, this year, to the treasury of the Lord. Souls are perishing, and the richer truth we hold places us under a greater obligation, and affords us a higher privilege. Let us enquire what our dear Lord wishes of us, and then do it.

GOD KNOWS THE REST.

A little child was once repeating the little prayer, "Now I lay me, etc." But she had been romping all day, and was tired. So she began "Now—I lay—me," each word spoken more slowly, until at last with a contented "God knows the rest" she gave up the struggle with sleepiness, the eyes closed tight, the little hands fell down, and she was in dreamland. Here is a Christian. He wants to do right. But perplexities thicken and his eye can only penetrate a little into the mists which darken around him. Is it not his privilege to whisper, "God knows the rest," and lay his burden of care down before Him, and have peace.

Here is one who would like to do much for his Lord. His soul is on fire with the love which cooets with the cross brings. But soon he finds that his powers flag before the difficulties in his way, and no spur of will, or fire of zeal, can enable him to do what is in his heart. O how blessed is it then to say "God knows the rest,"—all I would do if I could, and he takes the will for the deed,—and let the tired heart rest.

Here is one who is engaged in successful work for the Master. His whole soul is wrapped up in it. It is his joy, his very life. But all at once, his mind gives way, or his health breaks, and a wreck of his former self, he must see the golden fruit of opportunity hang all around, and he not able to lift his palsied hand to pluck it. Nothing under the

blue sky is harder to bear than this. But be not disturbed, dear bowed and broken worker, "God knows the rest." There is a reason worthy of God, and consistent with his fatherhood. Let your broken soul rest on this thought as on a Sowny pillow, and forget its pain.

Here is one who is oppressed with a sense of the great difference between the love and service in his life, and the claim from the sacrifice of Christ, and the needs of men. But he wants to love his Lord more: he desires to do Him a better service. The sweetest thought of heaven is in its perfect love and service to the Lamb that was slain. "God knows the rest"—all the love you would years after, all the service you would do. Be not cast down, but brave and strong.

Here is one poor, bereaved, afflicted. The soul is full of bitterness. The cry of anguish goes up; why has he done it? I cannot see the reason. Nay, but God knows, and let that comfort you.

The dying day is nearing. The soul is shrinking from the mystery. The eye is looking intently forward, expecting soon the uplifting of the veil, but it can see nothing yet through its sable folds. Do not be afraid, fearful saint, you do not know much, but "God knows all the rest," and you can realize the truth of the old stanza.

Jesus can make a dying bed, Feel soft as downy pillows are, While on his breast I lean my head, And breathe my life out surely there. Take this fact, God knows—He knows the rest, and think upon it, and it will be sweeter than honey and the honey comb. There is scarcely an hour in life, in its struggle, its cares, its disappointments, its failures, its mysteries, its dangers, its aspirations, and its fears, when this thought will not be a window in the seal to food it with heavenly light. Try it.

THE QUESTION FOR THE HOUR.

The minds of many are filled with questionings about many things. Is Gordon to be rescued? Is Wolsey to be successful in his dash across the desert? Is the Gladstone government now to be overthrown? Is Europe soon to kindle up in a flame of war? Are the hard times soon to pass away? These are all questions of moment, and much is depending upon them.

But we are sure there is a greater question than any of these, which should press more heavily upon many hearts, just now. The time has come when, whether right or wrong, people expect ingathering into the churches, more than at any other season. The great question for each church, each family, each individual, is this: Shall souls be saved among us this winter?

If we could but estimate the soul at its true value, with its priceless dower of immortality, capacity, possibility—all that it may, may it, become—all that is involved in its salvation or destruction—all the danger it is in, all the love and blessing it is refusing, while separated from Christ—we should have no doubt, but that this was the question of all questions.

Let each church in the land ask the question—pastors, deacons, members, apart and together—shall these to whom I as pastor have preached, for whom I as members have all prayed—shall these bright eyed, ruddy, cheeked children in the Sunday School, these young men and women in the Bible-class, with their budding power and bright promise, be saved this winter. Let parents ask, shall these children, for whom we would give up our lives, shall they be saved?

To many who read these lines, there will come great changes this year. Ministers will see empty seats in church, if they are permitted to look over their congregations twelve months hence. Parents will look with aching hearts at vacant places in the family circle. Church members shall have offered up their last prayer for some souls now in sin, before many months. Sabbath school teachers, too, will miss some forms which have dropped away into untimely graves. Are all these to be saved, before they go where changes are not known?

Dear unsaved friends, and we have many such who are upon our hearts, some of whose faces haunt us as we write, faces, many of them bright with gladness, others furrowed with business care,—let this question have place in your thoughts. Do not seek to banish it, ask it: shall I accept salvation this year? Shall I continue to treat the dear, long suffering, all-

sacrificing Saviour with indifference? Shall I go where character and destiny are fixed forever? Stop and think.

Brethren of the churches, let this be the question for a little time. Let it stir our souls. Let it bring us to our knees. Let it lead us to greater consecration and devotion. So much is depending.

OUR STUDENTS ABROAD.

There are six young men from the Maritime Provinces at Newton Theological Seminary. Four of these will graduate next June, to begin or continue their life work. While we have no sympathy with the sectional narrowness which recognizes no service for the Master at its full value, unless it be done near at hand, yet we cannot but desire these brethren to return to their native Provinces, where they are needed so much. Our H. M. Board are sending to England for laborers for our destitute fields, and still there are not only mission fields, but a large number of our more prominent churches, either vacant or about to become so. We believe these brethren desire to labor here at home. If our vacant churches approach them, might they not be secured? We venture to publish their names. Robt. McDonald, J. L. M. Young, Geo. B. Titus, Alex. McLeod. A word to the wise is sufficient.

For the Messenger and Visitor. Am I A Steward!

How few there are, even of the professed followers of our Lord, that give evidence that they believe in man's accountability to his Maker for the use that he makes of his worldly goods?

If I am a steward it is but reasonable that I should know something of the amount of means intrusted to me, and that I should hold myself in readiness to honor every call that my Lord and Master makes upon me, according to the amount committed to my trust. The Scriptures tell us that "to whom much is given of him much shall be required." If I am a steward, then I should know how much my Lord has committed to my care. How few there are that have this knowledge! How few keep an account of what they receive, or of what they give for the glory of God! Alas for the want of system in giving, among those who are the professed followers of Jesus! Surely, giving for the glory of God is one of those duties that should be done by rule, rather than under the influence of sudden and violent impulses. How many there are, who under exciting circumstances, give all that they can command for the time being, when, in the absence of those circumstances, though they may be far more able to give, they do nothing. While it may be all right for us to be stirred up, a sense of our duty, and to give when thus excited, would it not be much better to give by rule? But some will say, "where is the rule?" Is it not definitely given in the New Testament?

In 1st Cor. 16, 2, we read, "Upon the first day of the week, let every one of you lay by him in store as God hath prospered him, that there be no gathering when I come." Here is a plain Scripture injunction. Let it be applied to the mechanic, the laborer, the farmer. He has earned so much during the week, let him decide what portion of this amount he owes to his Lord. Let him say for instance as did Dr. Doddridge and others, that he will give the tenth dollar, or the fifth, or one half. Let the matter of system, or rule, be settled, remembering that he is only a steward; then let the account be opened, charging to the income, and crediting the contributions; and let the account be balanced at least once a year. Let this rule be adopted, and a man may prosecute his business with safety. He may make all he can, and save all he can, if he do but give all he can. While a man has this safety-valve of giving, he can never be ruined by prosperity. Where there is no such rule, how often when the Master draws on us, we are unprepared to honor his drafts. There is "nothing laid by in store." If a demand is made, whether it be for general missionary work or other benevolent enterprises, how unwelcome is the call, because we have used our Lord's money, and we find it difficult to gather it when he comes.

If this rule be established, it will, 1st. Check the rise and growth of

avarice. 2nd, It will keep alive and quicken the conscience in regard to the important duty of giving. And if this rule be observed for the glory of God, then, it will secure the blessing of God on our business. Hear what the Word says, "Honor the Lord with thy substance and the first-fruits of thine increase; so shall thy barns be filled with plenty, and thy presses shall burst out with new wine." "Give, and it shall be given you," &c. Nathaniel R. Cobb, a merchant connected with the Baptist church in Boston, followed this rule, and after having given away \$10,000, made ample provision for his family.

Let this rule be adopted by the individual members of our churches, whether they are enjoying the blessing of pastoral care or otherwise, and verily a great burden will be lifted from the hearts of those comprising our Home and Foreign Mission Boards, as well as those upon whom devolves the duty of securing funds to meet the general expenses of the individual churches. In addition to this it will relieve us of those painful apprehensions that the thoughtful Christian will have, when he thinks of giving an account of his stewardship. Our Lord says "Occupy till I come." Blessed is that man who is conscious of doing the part of a good and faithful steward of his Lord's goods.

How many appeals come to us from time to time for money to improve the moral and physical condition of our race, and do not these appeals call for a more general and systematic liberality in the church? Happy will we, the professed followers of the Lord, be, if at the last, we hear the Master say, "He hath done what he could!" A. LAYMAN. Tryon, P. E. I.

For the Messenger and Visitor. Christmas Meetings.

As I have communed with my own heart, the question has arisen, how nearly are we in our Christmas doings, following in the footsteps of Him whose birth we celebrate? "He was rich; yet for our sakes became poor that we might be made rich." Are we showing the same disposition at this time, when thoughts should specially be drawn towards Him? Are we, some of whom are rich, others well-off and very few in needy circumstances, denying ourselves for others good? Or are we thinking only or mostly of ourselves? Christ was the friend of the poor, the helpless and the outcast, in deed and in truth. He did not deny the charge of being the friend of publicans and sinners. Their representatives in our time are the despised and fallen ones whom we are apt to loathe, or at least care nothing for. Do we, in making Christmas gifts, remember those who, especially need them; or are we acting upon a wholly selfish principle, the opposite of that which Christ inculcated in the words "When thou makest a dinner or a supper, call not thy friends, nor thy brethren, neither thy kinsman, nor thy rich neighbors; lest they also bid thee again, and a recompense be made thee. But thou when thou makest a feast, call the poor, the maimed, the lame, the blind?" These last he states cannot recompense us, but that all who so do shall be recompensed in the resurrection of the just. How many Christians among the great multitude, that Christ has redeemed to himself in these Provinces, have such an appreciation of this recompense, as to do in accordance with this command? Our selfish hearts prompt us to care only for those who can recompense us in this life, and we forget that he who giveth to the poor, lendeth to the Lord who repays in infinite measure. Thousands of dollars and much time have been spent in gift making by the many thousands of Baptists in the Provinces, during the past two weeks. In what proportion to the whole, has been the amount spent for the poor, and for Christ's cause? My heart has been saddened as I have thought that in many homes the collectors for the Convention Fund will probably be told that "money is so scarce I cannot do anything this quarter" while the truth is that more has been spent in gifts to earthly friends than they have given to their Heavenly Friend in a twelve-month. Forty cents to Home Missions and twenty-five to all the vast Foreign field is all many a brother and sister will give in the year; while they will use every en-

deavor to give to friends ten or twenty times the amount, and think lightly of it. As to the poor, we give a few cents, when asked to do so. Why are these things so? Is it not true that where our affections are there will our hearts be also? If we love Christ most of all will not our hearts go out first to his cause and thence when he commands us to remember? Some Christians may deny the implied charge. But our acts tell what is in our hearts, while words are very easy of utterance, and often far from the truth. We will give to those we love most, say what we may.

But I would not have it supposed that I think it is always as I have written. No, thank God, it is not! Some hearts are open wide to the loud calls of Christ and the destitute. May the glad day happen when all shall bring their gifts unto him whose first coming we have been celebrating. NATHAN. Dec. 31, '84.

Union Baptist Education Society.

MR. EDITOR.—I wish to say through you that I have resigned the pastorate of the Brussels Street church, after a most pleasant and successful term of service of four years and a half, in order to take the management of the interests of our Education Society. My duties will have reference both to the internal and external work of the Society, viz., the supervision of the work of the Seminary, and the direction of the agency to secure the amount of the capital stock of the Society, viz. \$100,000. The Institution has received a number of new students since the holidays, and the vacancy caused in the teaching staff is to be permanently filled in a few days, by a gentleman of large experience. All departments of the school are working smoothly and well. As to the agency, it is proposed to raise the amount of the capital stock of the Society in shares of ten dollars each, not less than twenty per cent. of the amount to be paid annually.

In accepting this onerous task I have been influenced entirely by the magalitude and vital character of the work. To sever my pastoral relations has been a wrench to my sympathies, but my brethren over the province have considered, and I quite agree with them, that the greatest work before us at present is the equipment of our Seminary to realize its mission, and the promotion of a union of the two Baptist bodies which jointly own and control it. In this great and good work we hope to have the hearty co-operation of all our Baptists in the Lower Provinces and the able advocacy of your paper which represents this work as a part of the legacy of the old Christian Visitor. For fifty years Baptist have worked and prayed for their Seminary, and for thirty-six years the old Christian Visitor was its unflinching advocate. We are sure the spirit of the past still lives in the present representatives of Baptists, both in the churches and in the press. Next week we shall have something more definite to lay before your readers as to our plan. J. E. HOFFMAN.

Rev. C. Goodspeed.

DEAR SIR.—I enclose you a sketch of your farwell meeting. Your well known modesty would probably prevent you from reporting it, but it is the united request of your brethren that it might be published, if you can find room for it. J. B. W. (We do not know about our modesty; but nothing saves the wish of dear friends whom we so highly esteem could induce us to publish what follows.—Ed.)

Farwell Meeting at Yarmouth.

MR. EDITOR.—Can you find room in your columns for a brief sketch of a very interesting meeting, held in the First Baptist church of this town, on 8th, ult. The occasion was the retirement of the late pastor—after a faithful and successful pastorate of three years.

The house was filled. T. B. Crosby, Esq., occupied the chair. He briefly referred to the object of the meeting, and the deep regret felt by the church and community in parting with the pastor, Rev. C. Goodspeed. The financial record of the old church never was better, her prosperity continuous, and her working power gold

as over. The gentleman would through the paper!

Rev. Dr. Day the church. He pastorate had ceaseful, and amount of church. Three retiring past Goodspeed was not only felt because the old denomination's editorial chair paper.

Rev. Mr. Maczole (Congreg Rev. Mr. Roger Presbyterian of course terms, feeling that between Rev. M. brother clergymen. He has much appreciation only in religious temperance agency town. While the first church esteemed pastor the Baptist de secured so fit edit there deno

Rev. Edwin minister, said with his brother regretting the worker in all the prosperity of the He felt that the loss one, that great principle, lition, and evocosity of est Rev. J. T. Rev. J. A. G. and Rev. J. H. and pointed re- sense of loss a tendered their future success.

Rev. C. G. thanked his brethren and with timely words, sterling, true, church which exhorted those consider what they.

Yarmouth.

Rev. John J. ens, by birth more than two pastor in Call part in Rest D. also, died end of December stepping from leaves a beloved people of the Francoise, and all over the St. parture. His His was the character he, Elijah, not in in John the B. for him to speak evil of services were deposed, in East B. Morris, on 25th, assisted city. We should, more forwarded to mourning wid

THE ORA- thou have much and much in thine eye be thine heart of him, and be st sin is likely to go to him, tell of his ene to resist, and help thee gain nothing some new wou gin, lay it out his love shall sinful lusts. pride and pas world and sell the virtue of hi. Seek his meekness and love. Look of thine heart to it to himself a self. Areas?—L

Let it pass. Do not wait to take offense; Let it pass! Anger is a fire to smother; Let it pass! Blood not thickly o'er a wound; Let it pass! Which will disappear ere long; Let it pass! Rather stay this cheery song— Let it pass! Let it pass!

SHILOH: OR, WITHOUT AND WITHIN.

BY W. M. L. JAY.

CHAPTER I. FITTING TEXT.

I have turned a leaf in my life's book, dear Francesca. The last paragraph—broken short off in its joyous, triumphant flow, and blurred and blotted with tears—is covered from sight. Let it rest in peace. Here begins a fresh page. We were leaning over the gate, Bona, Mala, and I. Do you need to be introduced to these persons of the drama? Bona is my alter ego, my letter self, my Mentor, my counselor, my confidant—or, to speak more to the purpose, the grace of God working within me. So Mala is my worst self, my evil genius, by turns my tempter, father, tormenter, betrayer,—that part of me which Holy Writ declares to be deceitful above all things and desperately wicked. And the entity here represented by the pronoun "I" is the arbiter between the two, influenced by both, alternately swayed by each, yet to whose decision either must submit with what grace she is able. In brief, "I" represents the Will-Power of the concern.

"Is it hill country or plain?" I asked the man. "Hill country, ma'am. You climb straight up, from Shiloh bridge, for three miles and a half. When I went there, I had a mind to settle, for fear Ed never got any nearer heaven." "Is it quiet?" "Quiet as a graveyard. You'd think 'twas Sunday all the time." So it was settled. Aunt Belle was most graciously acquiescent, after a polite remonstrance, or two;—doubtless, she was charmed that I should thus voluntarily remove myself from her orbit for awhile. Flora pouted and gaped, Uncle John growled good-naturedly from the midst of business cares and projects that always enveloped him—"Nonsense, child! go to Saratoga with your aunt and cousin, and enjoy yourself." "But, uncle, I am as tired of enjoying myself as ever was a convict of the treadmill. I want quiet and rest." Surprised, Uncle John came out of the mist, and, for the first time in six weeks, brought the eyes of his mind to bear on me. "I should think you did!" he muttered after a brief inspection. "What on earth have you done with your roses? Why, Belle, the child is as pale and thin as a ghost? What is the matter with her?" "Nothing, uncle," I hastened to say, "but too much of Madame La Mode, and too many calls and balls and receptions. Only let me go to Shiloh for the summer, and I will bring you back my roses in the fall." "Be off with you, then! and mind and keep your promise." Nineteen-twentieths of my journey were performed swiftly by rail, the remaining fraction slowly in the farmer's wagon. If I saw anything on the way, I forgot what it was;—my mind was still wandering, in a dazed and aimless manner, among the rains of the Past.

The first object that made any impression on my consciousness, was the cheery, kindly, sensible face of Mrs. Divins, framed in the dark doorway of the venerable old farmhouse, to whose gate the lapses of an hour had brought me. She led me to a large chamber, fragrant with cleanliness, and of a most comfortable aspect, and left me to myself, which opportunity I improved by taking myself to task for my moodiness and apathy. "That dream is over," I said, giving myself a moral shake; "no amount of brooding will bring it back. Now you have to do with realities." And then Bona, Mala, and I, strolled out to the gate, and looked about us. Evidently, Shiloh was neither town nor village, as it presented to view no public-house, nor store, nor contiguity of roofs, but merely an ancient neighborhood of well-to-do farm-houses, each standing apart within its own principality of orchards, gardens, corn-fields, meadows, barns, stacks, and whatever gives the broadest idea of rural plenty; and all with a certain freshness and peacefulness about them, as not being touched by the dust, nor the turmoil of the highway. Right before me rose a huge rampart of a hill, steep, but smooth and grass-grown to the top, where its vivid green met the rosy horizon-line of the sky. On its left crest a farm-house, painted red, dazzled me with the splendour of its sun-gilded windows, and below it was a long slope, covered with mosaic work of corn and potato fields and orchards, falling off suddenly to a deep dell or ravine. I concluded, for I saw the bossy tops of large trees just beyond the corn, and apparently on a level with it. On the right crest, a small white church lifted a square yard of belfry and a modest triangle of spire into the azure of the sky, and a bowed and decrepit school-house crept humbly close to the hill's foot, other shade being inscrutably withheld from it and its sun-burned occupants. "A cosy and a peaceful spot," said Bona; "brimful of the goodness of God, and nowise spoiled by man. There can be no excuse for sinning here."

Mala. And every excuse for rusting and rotting; not a soul worth speaking to; none of that inspiring contact with refined and cultured minds, which is the great advantage of city life. I (sarcastically.) Seem as a mor-

ing spent with Madame La Mode, settling about the width of our finesses! MALA (taking no notice of the interruption). To be sure, these woods and rocks are well enough in their way, and you had better content yourself with their society. BONA (in dismay). I hope you have brought no Pharisaeism—that is to say, aristocratic—notions hither. Why, every leaf, laying its cheek softly to its neighbour leaf, every dew-drop, oring not whether it falls on rosebud or potato-stalk, so it refreshes something, will be a sharp rebuke to you. I. He says, Bona; I never had less of the not-as-other-men spirit. MALA (scoffingly). But you are weary, and sore, and sorrowful, and have no heart, for society. And society in Shiloh, surely, has no claim upon you. It did nothing to you before you came, and need not aid you when you go. Lead an idle and isolated life as you please, free from all bonds and burdens, and so gather strength for the future's needs. BONA. An idle, isolated life never gave strength to any human soul. Bonds and burdens are ordained of God, and strength is found in bearing, not in shirking them. It is a good and safe rule to sojourn in every place as if you meant to spend your life there, never omitting an opportunity of doing a kindness, or speaking a true word, or making a friend; seeds thus sown by the wayside often bring forth an abundant harvest. You might so spend your summer among this people, that they and their descendants should be better and happier through time and eternity, for your works and your example. I (nearly). Let me alone, both of you. I do not mean to make a fool of myself, Mala, by putting on airs in this out-of-the-way place. Neither, Bona, did I come here with any Quixotic ideas of reforming or elevating a community which has gotten on thus far without me; and will, doubtless, till the end of time. I came here for rest, and I must have it. Such persons as I meet I intend to treat civilly—kindly, if you will have it so,—but I will not be drawn into any relations which must force me into action now and may be inconvenient entanglements hereafter. I design to make friends chiefly with woods, and meadows, and brooks; to study good Mrs. Divins, who is as original a character as can be found outside of Dickens's stories; and to lead a leisurely, thoughtful, restful life under this moss-grown old roof— I turned to get a clearer idea of the gray, quaint, weather-beaten dwelling, and forgot to finish my sentence. Its side was turned towards the street, showing the long slope of the back roof, canted all over from high ridge-pole to low eaves with a soft, verdant mossiness, and mottled with the greenish-gray growth of oaks, lichen, all fed, doubtless, by mouldy secretions from the breath of bygone generations. The ridge-pole was somewhat depressed in the middle, and one corner-post bulged out noticeably, as if those portions of its framework had grown a little weary of their age-long task, and did so set themselves thereto with all the vigour of youth. A wide-open door, in the lean-to, gave the passing wayfarer a pleasant look right into the heart of its domestic life—viz., the low-wadded, time-darkened kitchen—with its bare floor, scrubbed white; its old-fashioned dresser, displaying orderly rows of polished pewter plates, and dark blue cups and saucers; its grim old clock, in a tall case of carved oak, whose loud, slow tick seemed to mark the tread of inexorable Fate; and its enormous fireplace, in the corners of which one could sit on a chilly night between a dusky jumb and a pile of blazing logs and watch the slow march of the stars across the huge, irregular, stone chimney. He could see, too, the brick, blithely mistress, passing to and fro between pantry and oven, with scant skirts and flying apron-borders, or pausing in the doorway, and lifting her spectacles, the better to see if he were likely to prefer any claim upon her acquaintance or her charity. The whole place was thickly and lovingly shaded. A grand old maple, of whose birth Time had lost the record, flung a broad shadow over the gate and the lean-to door; a group of gnarled, knotty, vugabond

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