MANXLAND.

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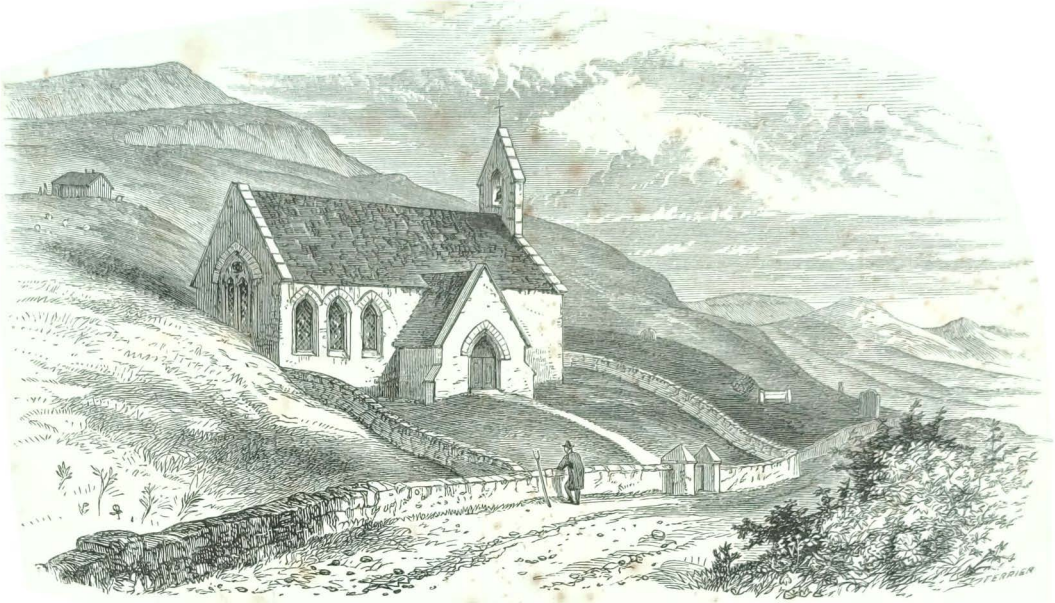

CRONK-Y-VADDEE CHAPEL.

MANXLAND:

A Tale.

WITH AN

INTRODUCTORY SKETCH OF MANX HOME MISSIONS.

By B. STOWELL.

But [now] the sweet-toned Sabbath chime
  Pours its music on the breeze,
Proclaims the well-known holy time
  Of prayers and thanks on bended knees.
[Here] rustic crowds devoutly meet,
  And lips and hearts to God are given;
And souls enjoy oblivion sweet
  Of earthly ills in joys of heaven.

REV. J. MOULTRIE.

LONDON:
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M.DCCC.LXIII.

PREFACE.

THIS little book consists of two parts: the first is intended to represent the strict truth, and to give, as far as the writer's information extends, a correct account of the modes of operation, the localities, and the aims of the Isle of Man Diocesan Association, enumerating its supporters, and endeavouring to plead its cause with those who are not yet of that number.

The second part is fiction—a simple illustration of what has been, and what may yet be done, through this Association, for an interesting people, in a lovely country, by a very numerous class of our residents and visitors,—wealthy Christians, willing to offer a portion of their wealth as thanks for the blessing of health restored in this island.

No personalities are intended. Names familiar to Manx ears have been applied to persons and places;

but the incidents and characters of the tale have, intentionally, no personal or local application.

For the sketches of Manx scenery the editor begs to thank those friends who have so generously presented the work with the fruit of their pencils. If in any case some of their drawings have not found a place here, let them feel assured that the omission is not caused by any want of appreciation of their kindness nor of their skill, but by the fear of incurring too much expense.

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A SKETCH OF MANX HOME MISSIONS.

THE Isle of Man Diocesan Association was formed about twenty years ago, mainly by the exertions of Bishop Bowstead, one of our best-loved bishops. Soon after his translation from this humble see to the diocese of Litchfield, he laid down the pastoral staff with all its cares and responsibilities, and went to rest. But the good work once begun was earnestly pursued by all his successors while they were connected with the island. His predecessor, Bishop Ward, had, with praiseworthy energy, succeeded in renewing the dilapidated parish churches.

The patron of the society in 1839 was his Excellency the Lieutenant-Governor, Colonel Ready. He, too, was removed by death, but Governor Hope and Governor Pigott, in turn, have kindly patronised the Association.

Bishop Shirley would, doubtless, have aided this work

well, but he just appeared among us for a few weeks, giving the promise of a bright future to the Manx Church, and was snatched away by death before the promise was fulfilled. While connected with the diocese, Bishops Pepys, Short, and Lord Auckland befriended this mission, and we may well believe that, now their official connexion has ceased, they do not forget this little see, the scene of their apprenticeship, if we may so speak, to the important art of ruling a Church. Our present diocesan, Bishop Powys, shews the interest he takes in the society, by issuing a pastoral letter, suggesting the preaching of sermons annually to advocate its claims in the parish churches. His lordship's personal interest in the work is also indicated by the fact of his accompanying, on foot, one of the curates employed by the Association in a mountainous district of the island, from cottage to cottage, through muddy lanes and pathless bogs, in order to become acquainted with the nature of the work, to judge from his own observation of its results, himself preaching in the little school-house, to the great delight of the rustic congregation.

In the subscription-list we see the names of most of our *county families*, who have been steady, liberal contributors to the funds from the beginning. Many of the clergy, too, (who ought not to be expected to give a penny,) have not only advocated the cause of Manx Home Missions in their pulpits, begged for it, walked many a weary mile on wet dark nights to preach in remote districts, but they have also contributed a

large proportion of their worldly substance, which in this dear little primitive Church of Sodor and Man is never too largely dispensed to its parochial clergy, not even to its highest functionaries.

It might be objected, "This is purely selfish on their part, so far as collecting for and subscribing to the funds go; of course if there is additional help in the parish, there will be less for the vicar to do." Not so, friend,—the vicar who abets and aids diocesan association exertions, does advisedly and disinterestedly *make more work for himself.* The object of the Association is to establish services in remote parts of the parish; every additional service is an additional care, and responsibility, and expense, and labour for the vicar.

There is provision made in the Manx Church for fourteen vicars, two rectors, an archdeacon, and a bishop; also, till within the last ten or twelve years, for one clergyman, called a supernumerary, whose duty it was to take the service for a vicar, if from illness he was unable to take it himself; the supernumerary regularly served a parish in the interval between the death of a vicar and the appointment of his successor, but no provision was ever made, by the state, for curates to aid the vicars in their weekly routine. A change of pulpits now and then is all the relaxation permitted to the parish vicars. To keep a curate is, in most cases, impracticable, unless with the help of the Pastoral Aid Society. How is it possible for £140 per annum (the average income) to support *two* men of education with the habits and tastes of gentlemen? to say nothing of

a wife and family; but we need not shock the prejudices of those who have notions about the celibacy of the clergy, their small incomes being the best argument in favour of that dogma.

So, when a Sunday service is established in some mountain pass, many miles from the vicarage, and there is no chaplain, what is entailed on the vicar? Why, to trudge many a Sunday night, wet or dry, moonlight or pitch dark, the more severe the weather, the more needful the ministrations in that far-off hamlet, whose inhabitants, weary with the six days' struggle for their daily bread, are too little disposed to recommence their toil on the seventh, the day of rest, even though it be to obtain nourishment for their immortal souls.

It is seldom that a Manx vicar can afford to keep a horse expressly for his own use; if he have a horse, it must be one that has been working the glebe the whole week. So he walks to the distant school-house or chapel, after performing two full services in the parish church. We will suppose that he has a wife who has been engaged in the intervals of worship at the Sunday-school; children who have seen their father in the pulpit or reading-desk only, all the day. Funerals, baptisms, ministrations to the sick and the dying, with the preparation of his two discourses for Sunday, have occupied him every day during the past week.

Because a clergyman is a minister of the gospel of Christ, is he therefore exempt from the duties of a Christian parent? of a Christian husband? Certainly

not! and if he hurries from his first social meal, when can he see his children? It is round the cheerful tea-table that he meets the little troop who are all impressible and ready to take their first and most lasting notions of Christianity as they see it exemplified in their own dearest, best, and, as they think, best-known friend. Now it is that seed should be sown in young hearts, seed that may bring forth in them a hundredfold, the love and energy, faithfulness and diligence, so needed for their father's great work—the bringing of souls to Christ. How much mischief may be done in this seed-time if the pastor, the father, is never seen but hurried, and anxious, and weary—weary with work yet to be done, not with that which is accomplished; and, being anxious and weary, how natural for the delicate conformation of the scholar's and the conscientious pastor's mind to become irritable. Let it not be so. Let the parish clergyman have his loving children and beloved helpmate around him to assist him to praise God for himself, not as an official, but as a man, a Christian; let him be permitted to enjoy on this blessed day of rest, some little portion of more than rest; let him be able on one evening at least to develop the latent qualities of his children, and after the short day of childhood has been concluded with family worship, suffer him to enjoy some Christian intellectual converse with his intelligent, happy wife—happy in that she is not the only one who can benefit by his sympathy and counsel on this blessed Sabbath-day. Surely, in this Christian country, it is not the place of

the parish clergyman to toil every moment of the Sabbath; enough if he has well performed the ministrations of the parish church. Young men who have as yet no family ties, or those clergymen who have no parochial duties, seem more suited to go into the outskirts of the parish and teach those who cannot, or think they cannot, come to the parish church to be taught. Such are the men the Diocesan Association would employ.

"The nearer the church the farther from heaven," is perhaps an Italian proverb; but, however applicable it may be in the Papal States, certainly it is not so in this Protestant country. Our experience is, that the peasantry living at great distances from the parish church, and from the clergyman and his family, are exceedingly ignorant, and, in many cases, sadly immoral in their lives; their ideas on religious subjects are limited and unscriptural. At the same time, the Manx peasantry are of a highly religious temperament, and, like those of Macedonia, waiting to be taught the truth as it is in Jesus, in order to believe, embrace, obey.

Much has been done by Wesleyans to meet this want; but there is still much to do; and it seems as if the quiet energy, the holy fervour, the humble penitence expressed in our liturgy, were exactly adapted to the wants of such a people; indeed, scarcely anything can be more touching than the devotion of a rustic congregation: the beautiful, grand language of the prayers and chants, the confessions and creeds, deeply felt though imperfectly pronounced, the unskilled but

not unmelodious voices of the rustic choir, having not, nor perhaps much needing, the aid of clerk or of organ, but filling the little temple with the rich incense of sincere worship, making it ring again with hearty praise.

The probability of a vicar's not having a horse entirely at his own disposal has been hinted above; that a curate without private means should possess that luxury is not likely, nor for preaching purposes does he much need one, as the Association for the most part has provided residences near the chapels where curates have been appointed. But another desideratum might be suggested, perhaps for the first time, namely, a *missionary horse.* Do not smile, dear reader, or smile if you will, but smile approvingly, not derisively. It is not suggested that there should be one horse to go about on messages of mercy throughout the whole diocese of Sodor and Man, (rather a merciless proceeding.) But if some arrangement were made by means of which two or three clergymen might have the use of one horse, kept at the expense of the Association, it would be a great boon conferred on the Church. For with how much more life, and vigour, and cheerfulness can a young man visit his flock, comfort the afflicted, cheer the old, encourage and instruct the young, when he goes into their cottages fresh and elastic, his mind invigorated as well as his body strengthened by the bracing exercise of horsemanship, than when he tramps weary and footsore through our passes of mud in solitude and uncertainty. Those

young clergymen who walk any distance in any weather to perform a duty, deserve the indulgence—such lives are worth preserving; and those who, either from bodily ailment or from constitutional want of energy, are almost daunted by the difficulties they have to encounter, need it. How convenient, too, to deposit in saddle-bags the nourishing viands prepared for the sustenance of some poor invalid by the curate's kind housekeeper, or affectionate sister or mother, well pleased to aid their young relative in his work of administering to the wants, temporal as well as spiritual, of the flock committed to his care.

But this "missionary horse" has taken us a long way from our subject, namely, the subscription-list of the Isle of Man Diocesan Association as printed in its reports. We were going to remark that it was gratifying to see so many names on the list, evidently of foreign origin—the names of residents whom we Manx call, I must say, somewhat uncourteously, strangers—names of families who have pitched their tents on our shores, grumbling, it may be, now and then that our winters are not Italian—that our villages have not all the conveniences of London or Paris, but, at the same time, paying us the substantial compliment of living amongst us, spending respectable incomes, giving us the advantage of a refined society, employment for our artisans, and the consumption of our produce, in exchange for a rosy-tinted, clear-eyed, sound-lunged progeny, born amongst our breezes, nourished by our unwatered milk, strengthened by morning rambles over

our heath-covered hills and our sandy shores. Yes, many of these "*strangers*" have beautifully expressed their gratitude to the good Providence that has led them here, by endeavouring to bestow on the inhabitants of these lovely glens where their children used to stroll,—where their little girls can safely gather wild flowers, and their boys pursue unmolested the streamlet's course in search of its finny treasures. These have done what they could to bring instruction to the lonely hut on the mountain's side, to the peasant in the deepest glen, and to the fisherman's perilous home beside the wild sea-beach. We regret that comparatively few are the old Manx names—the Kennaughs, and Cubbins, and Corkills, and Shimmons, and Quines, the Cannels, and Craines, and Kewleys, &c., &c., &c. Such are the names that should crowd the columns of the subscription-list of a society that has for its object the bringing of enlightened scriptural instruction—the gospel, in fact—to every cottage, every farm, in every parish of our little island.

What has the Diocesan Association accomplished? It has assisted to maintain educated men, ordained by our bishops to instruct in the truths of the gospel those parishioners, whether rich or poor, farmers or labourers, natives or residents, who live too far from the parish church to walk to it and back again, between their early breakfast and noontide dinner, especially if they take with them their wives and children. And what a pleasant sight is the Sunday family-party; even the little four-year-old proud to take "father's" hand on

Sunday, to sit on his knee in church, or kneel beside him trying to read off his Prayer-book, at least to find out "Our Father" by the great red "O."

The Association also has built several parsonages, so placing clergymen and their families in the midst of thinly-peopled districts distant from the more advanced civilisation. Intelligent, cultivated *Christian* men, women, and children, if indeed "living epistles," must prove a powerful accessory to the Sabbath ministrations.

In order to understand and appreciate, in even a very small degree, the operations of the Diocesan Association, it will be necessary to make at least an imaginary excursion through the diocese: if the reader would take horse and make the tour in reality, he would be well rewarded for his trouble. However, that not being practicable in every case, we shall give what help we can towards the supposed tour, by means of the pen and the pencil.

As everybody at all interested in the Isle of Man is likely to know Douglas, we make that town our starting-point.

After a stroll on Douglas Sands, revelling in the exquisite beauties of the crescent shore and bay, bounded by Douglas Head on the south, and Banks's Howe on the north, we ascend Kirk Onchan or Concan Hill; but we must not loiter in the village, nor by the pretty church and vicarage, nor must we let the elegant public gardens tempt us to rest amid their gay flowers. We must quicken our pace till we enter the hilly parish of Kirk Lonan. Nor yet here do we linger till we reach

Laxey, one of our mission stations, a place rife with interest for various reasons. In the days of our grandfathers the village consisted of a few cottages, clustered on each bank of the river Laxa, where it fell into the beautiful little bay of the same name: a few were perched on the brows that overhung the sea, and one or two skirted the steep roadside. But the cottages were principally inhabited by fishermen. It is probable, from the recent discovery of an old pier buried deep in the debris washed down by the river, that at one time Laxey had some commercial importance, as piers have not always been easy to procure for places of more consideration than Laxey is, even at the present moment. However, it is certain that whatever facilities Laxey might have had for intercourse with other places by sea, it had none by land.

The village was dived into by means of two perpendicular roads, one south from Douglas, and the other north from Ramsey, hanging over the sea. On these roads poor horses dragged laboriously up, perilously down, heavy vehicles, seldom burdened with living loads, for few even of the fair sex would ride up or down "Laxey Hill."

A beautiful glen is formed by a deep and winding stream, fed by many a rill from the grand amphitheatre of mountains that tower above the few little habitations sprinkled on its banks, looking more diminutive and mean from their vicinity to our highest mountain-range. Indeed, from the high downs of the Leargagh, the thatched white cottages looked like sheep on the

broad sides of Snafel. Each tiny rill, as it tumbled from a mountain-spring, made a little neighbourhood for itself of moss and rushes, till, as it approached the bed of the river, it became a thorn-clad and willow-planted glen, diverging here and there, streaking the russet of Snafel with a softer green.

Few sounds could be heard but the wild bird's scream or the baaing of the sheep; for noiselessly the ploughman and his patient beast trod the rare level spots, and yet more quietly the grain was sown. In the morning and evening the milk-maid's song might be heard; or when the quickly-ripening grass or corn demanded many hands to make quick work, and half the damsels of the parish united in the shearing-time to get in the harvest, the air would ring with the merry laugh, the whetting of the scythe or the sickle. Then indeed the solitary places were made glad, and the glens were instinct with life. But when the *mheilleas** were all taken, and the land all ploughed, and the seed all sown, no more life would be heard, unless you entered the cottage-door; then you might hear the humming wheel turned by the foot of the thrifty housewife, or the click of the weaver's shuttle, for the loom was then a necessary part of every farming establishment; or if you approached the shore you might hear the *yaw-haw* of the fisherman, as he was hauling his nets, rise above the roar of the waves as they dashed on the steeply-descending beach.

Far, far away might be seen the tower of *Kirk* Lonan,

* The last sheaves.

hopelessly far from the people in the glen or on the beach. Many a parishioner had never been in the church except when taken to be christened, and haply when a boy to be confirmed: in his early manhood he went there with his young bride to be married, there he took his child to be christened, thither he followed his father when carried to the grave, and there he himself expected to be laid in a ripe old age; but as to weekly visits to the parish church, that was not to be thought of. The good vicar would visit him in his cottage-home, however remote, at stated intervals, besides on occasions when he was sent for on the sickness, perhaps death, of some loved one, a parent, a child, or a wife; but for these visits, and the prayer-meetings and exhortations in a good neighbour's barn or kitchen, no more of the gospel would this mountaineer know than if he were a colonist of Labrador, where the gospel is only preached once in some years, when one missionary traverses a parish of five hundred miles in extent, and baptizes whole families at once, even though the vicar of Lonan might have been the holiest, the most eloquent, the most revered of Mona's clergy.

And no blame to our parochial system for this state of things. The things of the world have changed; the parochial system remains the same, too closely intertwined with the very vitals of our constitution to be *changed*, but quite capable of being ameliorated.

The Episcopal Established Church of England in the Isle of Man is now in a position to do that for herself which John Wesley and his followers endeavoured to

do for her a hundred years ago. There exist now, fervour and piety and zeal and evangelical teaching largely among our clergy, and they only want that help from the laity which it is especially the province of the laity to give, namely, *funds*, in order to enable them to bring the gospel, the purifying, saving teaching of the Bible, to every house in every parish; in fact, literally to follow the example of the allegorical master of the feast, who sent out his servants to the highways and hedges with invitations, that his house might be furnished with guests.

But to return to Laxey. Things there are changed indeed. An unusual substance found one day by an observing and communicative labourer, while turning up the soil in the parish of Lonan, has changed the whole scene pictorially and morally. Farming and fishing are not now the only occupations; engineers, machinists, miners, from other lands, are congregated here; not only on the beach, or in the village that clustered round the little wayside inn at the foot of the hill, but still further away from church or meeting-house, deep in the wildest, remotest part of the glen. No longer does the precipitous road appal the traveller, or half-kill the poor breathless horse: a noble viaduct now carries the road across a deep ravine. This new road, splendid, with high mountains frowning on one side, and the lonely valley smiling invitingly on the other, takes you right round the glen, at the top of which is the great Mona wheel, we are told, the largest in the world, affecting much mysterious-machinery. Hun-

dreds of men are employed above ground washing the ore, &c.; while hundreds more are toiling below in the treasures of the earth's crust.

These toilers have for the most part wives and children; these are the tenants of the well-built white cottages thickly dotting the roadside and the glen. Some houses, evidently the habitations, or fit to be the habitations, of a wealthier population, have been recently built. The mansion of the captain of the mines bears the stamp of comfort and elegance. A neat school-house had been erected for many years; there was also a Wesleyan chapel; and there was an annual grant from the Association for the maintenance of worship in the school-house,—but it was not until the year 1856 that a chapel was erected, chiefly by the exertions of G. W. Dumbell, Esq., for the benefit of the miners, and a chaplain appointed to the district. This chapel is singular in beauty, placed on a tiny platform in the nave of the grand chain of high mountains surrounding it, and close to the "Great Wheel," the little spire seems to point to the awed traveller and the tired labourer alike, saying, "There is something beyond all this, something superior even to these beauties, this grandeur; something more important than these busy, clever contrivances of man to procure earthly treasure—as the little hymn of our childhood says, 'There is beyond the sky a *heaven*.' Look up, miner, *there* is the real treasure; you need not toil early and late, night and day; you need not shut yourself out from home, and wife, and children for ever;

come under my sheltering roof; here, in prayer, you will have your spirit led towards Him who keeps you safe amid your daily, nightly, hourly perils, and no common perils are the miner's. Here God's minister will point out to you, *you*, poor sin-stained, self-convicted soul, the Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world. Here your wife and little ones may one day in the week see your manly countenance freed from the traces of labour, and with you they may thank God that you are all spared to be together after the dangers of another week. Here your little ones will be taught to make their father's God the guide of their youth; *they* shall not have the anguish of repentance for a youth spent in sin and forgetfulness of their Maker.

"Ascend, traveller; but mount higher than Snafel that towers above you. True, there is a spring on the mountain's top, pure as the snow-flake that sometimes rests on its brow, cool as the winter's breath, bright as the treasure of Golconda, refreshing to the thirsty traveller as the sight of one he loves. But you need not pant up the mountain's rugged side to obtain a still more refreshing draught, if your soul thirst for the living water, 'whereof if a man drink he shall never more thirst' after the impurities of earthly streams. Enter my portal; rest here a while; read, or listen to some holy word from the Holy Book, and your soul shall be satisfied." Yes; if ever a building spoke to the spirit of a man, thus speaks the little chapel of Laxey Glen.

We pass on northwards over the splendid new road

to Ramsey, and before reaching the parish church of Manghold we arrive at a small chapel and parsonage near the roadside. This is Christ Church, in the district of the Dhoon, so called from a deep, dark, wild little stream that dashes through a rocky glen in its course towards the sea. There is no great show of population in this neighbourhood, but doubtless there are many little cabins nestling under the beetling rocks, or low in the shady valley, inhabited by precious souls. A school-house had been erected many years ago nearer to the glen, mainly by the exertions of A. Oswald, Esq., and the interesting daughter of his tenant, Dr Noakes, residing at the Rennie. Miss Noakes herself taught the children gathered in the school-house; and the Association provided a service there. In 1855, the chapel, so generously built in what was considered a better situation, and partially endowed by the family of the late Christopher Saltmarsh, Esq., was consecrated, and a chaplain appointed by the Association, with an annual grant of £30 towards the salary.

With the aid of farther liberality from the Saltmarsh family, the Association has provided this district with a residence for the clergyman, for little avail the Sunday services to the Manx peasant if there is not some one to go from cottage to cottage during the week, inviting the shy cotters to church, making acquaintance with the children, inducing them to attend the Sunday-school, sympathising with their joys and sorrows. If there be a lady at the parsonage so much the better; she will take the comfortable garment to the aged or

the delicate; nourishment to the sick, when required. Children are sure to create a sympathy between the pastor and his flock; for they too have little ones, and nothing calls forth more genial feelings than a common interest. All the members of a large family have become regular attendants at church from the simple fact of the parson's child having measles at the same time as the children of a farmer; a mutual interest was excited in the families for their respective children. Kindnesses were interchanged, and a grateful appreciation of the clergyman's Sunday ministrations was the consequence.

The pretty town of Ramsey must not detain us, as here is no trace of the Association's benefactions excepting a grant of £50 towards the new parsonage, unless it has assisted in renewing and preserving the dear old chapel on the hill, so beautifully placed out of the town's din, for the withdrawal of the weary or the heart-sore to join in prayer and praise.

Leaving Ramsey by the Lezayre road, we pass the Kirk Christ and its picturesque vicarage. In this parish, and about midway between the church and Bishop's Court, is Sulby Glen, the fairest, broadest, most fertile glen of this rugged little island of ours. Through it winds the broadest of our streams, nay, before it reaches Ramsey Bay it may almost justly claim its designation of Sulby *river*, for so it is called by those who have not floated on the Mersey or the Thames; and boats have sailed on its bosom carrying from Ramsey, if not bales of India's stores, and cargoes of

England's manufactures, yet bearing precious freights of the pleasure-bound fair ones of the northern metropolis.

The stream and the road wind round the base of green hills, some sown with corn to its very edge, while here and there a little tributary rill dashes through and over masses of gray rock that protrude through the rich verdure, making a dark seam in the mountain-side with its fringe of foliage; for those little accessory glens are delicious in their minute beauty. Nature's richest colours are lavished on them: they glow with tufts of purple heath; gorgeous bushes of yellow gorse; bunches of harebells of heavenly blue wave their delicate stems to every breeze; crimson fox-glove raises its proud, high head above the bright, green, plumy ferns. The rock is painted with golden lichens or emerald mosses; ivy is sometimes clinging to the rock, sometimes drooping from the trees that find a scanty footing for themselves on the steep sides of the ravine, all lovingly decking the sweet gush of water whence all their freshness comes.

The main glen extends more than five miles from the high road, and for three miles you may drive; it then becomes impracticable for a carriage; but you enter the mountain-gate, and are in sight of two miniature places of worship—one a Wesleyan chapel, the other a little church supplied by the Diocesan Association.

One wonders where a congregation can come from in this lonely place, for, with the exception of the mills at the entrance of the glen, not half-a-dozen dwellings are visible; but the many little paths on the hill-sides

indicate that cottages are scattered behind the hills, whose inhabitants make tracks into the glen as the great highway to Ramsey, or to the parish church of Kirk Christ Lezayre. But what a distance is the parish church! Well, it is pleasant to know these poor mountaineers have the opportunity of hearing the gospel preached without taking that long journey. But the little chapel in the glen and its mountain congregation form but a small proportion of the Sulby chaplain's charge. In the neat and populous village through which the Ramsey road passes is a much larger building, consisting of chapel and school-house, close to the roadside. Here it is not so much the cotter or labourer that is the pastor's care as the wealthier farmer and his numerous household, and the English resident in some villa-like dwelling, of which there are so many scattered along the roads of Lezayre, as well as Kirk Michael, Ballaugh, and Andreas.

The population of this neighbourhood has been much increased since the erection of the starch mill and cloth mills, attracting many families who find there an employment that affords a variety from the incessant field work, ordinarily the sole occupation in our rural districts.

The liberality of the late vicar, the Rev. W. Christian, has provided this village with a neat residence for the chaplain. The Diocesan Association has long been the benefactor of Sulby by making an annual grant of £60 for its chaplain, and in assisting somewhat in the erection of the parsonage.

Our road to Peel takes us through Ballaugh and Kirk Michael, but we must not be tempted to linger here, where we do not find anything relating to the Association; although it may be interesting to visitors from Manchester to know that Ballaugh was for many years the scene of the labours of the late Rev. Hugh Stowell —its rector and Canon Stowell's father.

The beautiful little chapel close to the rectory is a restoration of the old parish church. Neither must we allow the beauties of Kirk Michael to detain us, much as there is to interest the traveller in the bishop's palace, in Bishop Wilson's tomb-stone, and the new church, with the old churchyard, rich in Runic monuments; for here is no Home Mission station.

In the parish of Germain are two stations assisted by the Diocesan Association. As the traveller ascends Craig Willisill, he sees, perched on its summit, the little chapel of Cronk-y-voddee (dedicated to St John the Evangelist) and its neat parsonage, one of the many generous gifts to our island from Mrs Cecil Hall, the late archdeacon's widow—a lady who seems never weary of contributing to the good of Mona. The Diocesan Association has aided in the erection of the parsonage, and in a grant to the chaplain.

The exceedingly beautiful chapel of St John the Baptist and its singularly interesting neighbour, the Tynwald hill, invite us to stay a while and study them both. The one merits attention by the good style of its architecture, and an ecclesiastical propriety of its accessories that is rarely met with in our Manx churches; the

other, from its being the sole relic (as we understand) of the old Saxon Wittenagemote, (meeting of the wise men,) or most primitive of parliaments. Here the Lieutenant-Governor of the island meets the council and the twenty-four keys, (as, oddly enough, the Manx legislators are called,) the clergy, and the gentlemen of the bar.

The Tynwald mount is composed of sods brought from every parish in the island. It is a series of circular terraces or broad steps. These steps are annually strown with green rushes, on which stand the keys, clergy, and Manx bar, and a guard of soldiers around the Governor and Bishop, who have chairs of state on the highest platform, under a temporary awning. The whole cortege assemble first in the chapel, where divine service is performed by the Government chaplain; then an avenue is formed by the soldiers from the chapel to the mount, a distance of about a hundred yards, and his Excellency, followed by the two deemsters, (or judges,) the twenty-four members of the House of Keys, the clergy, barristers, &c., walks through the double file of soldiers to the mount. The new laws are read in English and in Manx, proclamations made, new coroners sworn in, &c. The Governor and some officials return to the chapel to sign certain documents, and the business of the day is over. But not the pleasures. This is for many scattered families and friends the happy meeting-day looked forward to for months. The neighbouring glens of Renass, Glen Moij, and the ruins of Peel Castle, present a gay scene on the 5th of July.

We must not leave the reader to suppose that this annual ceremony is the only use to which St John's chapel is devoted. By no means: this is the most central place of worship for the numerous inhabitants of the outskirts of the parishes of Kirk Patrick, Kirk Marown, and Kirk German, supplying the means of Sabbath worship, besides constant ministerial attention to a large population distant from any parish church. So St John's had a claim on the Diocesan Association, responded to by the erection of a residence for the chaplain, and a small annual grant.

To reach the parish of Patrick, where Dalby, our next mission-station, is situated, it is not absolutely necessary to go through Peel; but this little town is so very interesting, that we are tempted to take it on our way. St Peter's, the parish church of Germain, unlike any other parish church in the Isle of Man, stands right in the middle of the town. From this circumstance, we might infer that the ancient inhabitants of Germain were much devoted to the observance of public worship, as it would appear that they planted their dwellings around the church, and so congregated into a town. It is a pity to destroy a theory so favourable to the old parishioners' character for piety; but another cause might be assumed—the vicinity of Peel Holme, or, as it is commonly called, Peel Castle, with its fortress, palace, and cathedral—sometimes the court of the powerful Stanleys. May we not imagine that the poor fishermen would be glad to cluster beneath the sheltering towers of Peel Castle. But we

must hasten to our next station without waiting for the loveliest of sunsets on one of the finest of bays.

Dalby, or Dawby, as it is called in "Feltham's Tour," and by the present inhabitants, is a long five miles from Peel; but the drive is so beautiful, that a lover of the picturesque would hardly wish to shorten it. This road passes Kirk Patrick church and its sequestered vicarage, the pretty seats of Glenfabar, Ballacosnahan, Gordon, and Raby, whose well-planted and highly-cultivated lands line the road on each side for some miles before you enter the romantic region of Dalby, forming a contrast to the wildness of its scenery. When you have gained the last ascent, and have turned the abrupt angle that placed you exactly *vis-à-vis* with all that you had passed, again the road winds, and a smiling valley at the base of a range of mountains bursts on the view; numerous little mountain-roads seem to converge in this valley, and many little streams pour from the mountain-sides, rushing till they reach some level field, where they gently glide by the cottage garden, or the little corn-mill, or the well-stocked farm. On the more level part of the road, where are clustered some well-built and snugly-thatched cottages, together with some nice-looking houses of a better sort, is a spacious, long building, including the school-house, master's house, and chapel.

That part exclusively devoted to worship is the end facing the high road, and is distinguished by various queer pinnacles; within, it is separated from the part devoted to teaching, by sliding doors, which are opened

to afford larger accommodation for the Sunday service. Not far from the chapel is a very pretty parsonage at the head of the road that leads to the Niarbil—a rocky point running some distance into the sea, and looking at low tide like a very irregularly-constructed pier. But when the tide is high, this rock is concealed, and often proves dangerous to ships driven by the storm into what seems a friendly haven. From the road, as it approaches the sea, you might jump down on the roofs of a row of thatched cottages that must be often washed by the waves.

The Niarbil seems to divide into two the splendid bay, encircled by the fine outline of hills, terminated on the south by the Calf, and on the north, by Peel Castle Island.

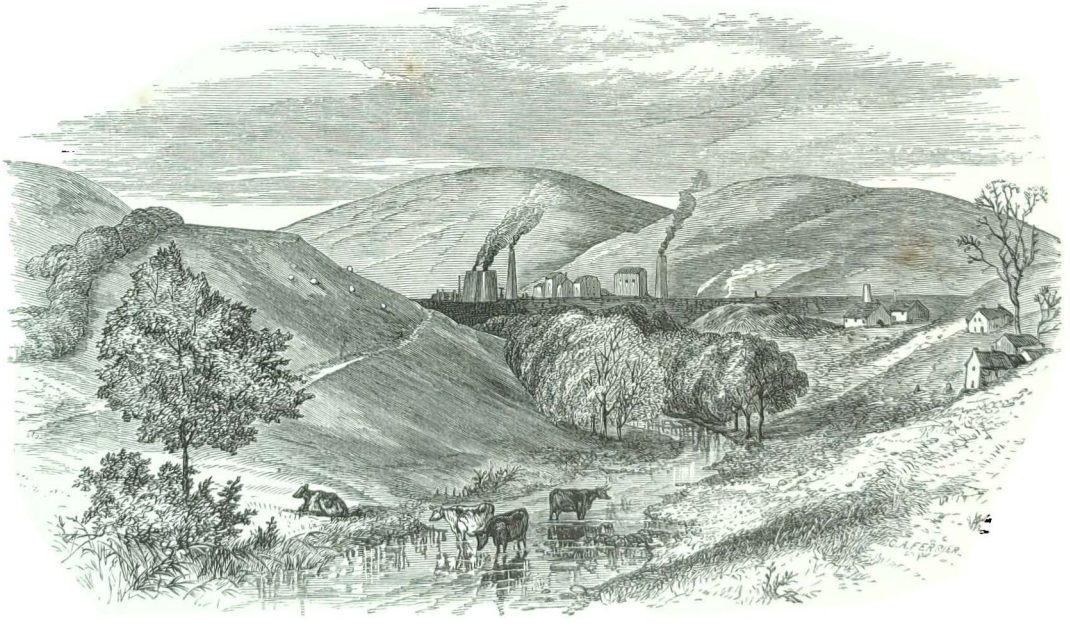
A few miles inland, in the hollows of South Barrule, within the shadow of 'Crouk ny irre lhaa,' (the hill of the risen day,) are farms employing many labourers. There is Glen Rushen, of goblin fame, where are mines worked by some scores of men, whose lives are spent in labours dangerous as that of their neighbouring fishermen. For these we plead that the solace of a Christian minister and Christian worship may not be taken from them. The nearest parish churches to this important locality are Kirk Patrick in the north, and Kirk Arbory in the south; their own parish church is five miles from the chapel. Surely, then, a chapel, chaplain, and residence, are not ill bestowed on this little promontory; and such the Association has given.

We must now guide our steps, or our steed, warily

across the mountain path till we reach the high road between Peel and Castletown.

About midway on this road, we find the Foxdale mines. Foxdale (folks' dale) takes its name from the tradition that this hollow between Sleawhallin (the lion's hill) and Barrule was tenanted by the "Good Folks," as our forefathers amiably called the fairies. The village is on the confines of Patrick and Malew. The fairies have given place to the magic of science. Steam-engines are puffing, wheels are turning, waggons laden with ore, drawn by invisible horses, running along the tram-roads. Great fires are roaring—a goblin scene it presents to the traveller over the mountain on a dark night, nothing visible but what is discovered by the lurid light of the watch-fires at the shafts.

Besides the compact little village built of granite fit to construct a fortress, many is the little turf hut perched on the mountain-brow, or crouching beside the little stream which, collected from a hundred rills that trickle among the ling and the gorse-roots, flows at last safely downwards, forming for itself a grassy bed, quite an oasis in this bleak, sterile mountain height. These little huts are formed of no stabler material than the peat which the farmers and cotters strip off the mountain-side for their winter's fuel. The mines attract a large population, consisting not only of the miners themselves and their families, but of those who supply their wants, for being so far from a town or other village they must be sufficient to themselves for their provisions, &c.



FOXDALE MINES.

There are also the overseers and their families; and it is to the credit of the gentlemen connected with the mines that they so interest themselves in the moral and intellectual welfare of their people that usually the Foxdale school is the best supplied with teachers and teaching apparatus of any country-school in the island. They have good masters; and besides, the superior officers of the mines use their mental powers for the benefit of those who risk their lives, and spend their strength in bodily labour.

A resident curate is appointed to this important district, and the school-house is licensed for preaching, but there is neither a chapel nor a residence. These the Association would provide had it funds; for though it should be considered a great blessing to have divine service on the Sabbath wherever it is performed, still it is a greater boon to have public worship with suitable surroundings; at least free from secular associations.

Children especially must find it difficult to dissociate the scroll of the creed hung on the wall on Sundays from the map of England which occupies that place all the rest of the week; and the "Ten Commandments," that forms a pendant to it, is likely to remind them of the "black board," and the last puzzling sum they saw on it. Where attempts are made to refine the rustic psalmody by the introduction of a harmonium, ten to one, that urchin who is bawling at the top of his voice the tune and hymn he knows so well is considering whether the marble he lost on Friday has rolled under the big thing with the music in it.

As an example of the confusion of ideas likely to be produced by using the same place for secular and for sacred purposes may be cited a little incident that occurred in this same school-house of Foxdale, and related to the writer by a young lady who witnessed it :—

A ventriloquist wished to try his powers of entertaining a rustic audience, and for this purpose begged the school-room for one night. Permission was given, and the performance duly advertised. The ventriloquist arrived, accompanied by a band of musicians. He arranged his slight apparatus in that part of the room where the reading-desk usually stood ; the benches were placed as for Sunday service. Not many of the miners have yet arrived, but a few of the gentry, whose patronage had been solicited, are already there, some of the school-children, an artisan or two, several country girls sent by their mistresses for an evening's innocent mirth, when an old woman, attracted by the lights in the school-house windows, and associating with the building but two ideas, school on week-days and church on Sundays, enters, and, conscious or not of what was going on, (for the ventriloquist had commenced,) perhaps from sheer habit, drops on her knees. Either her devotion was deep or her perceptions dull, for the good woman did not attempt to rise till a neighbour pulled her up with his strong arm. Of course a spirit of devotional seriousness could do no harm anywhere or at any time, but it is to be feared that the next Sunday the old lady came to the school-house this

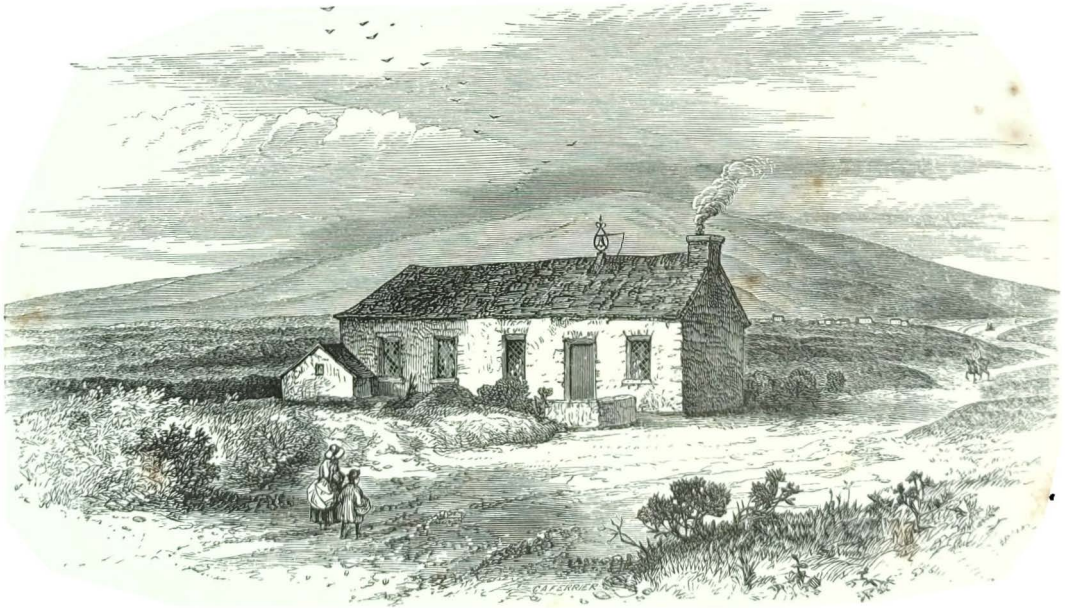
circumstance might run in her mind, and rather disturb her devotions.

From Foxdale runs a little stream that ceases not in its pleasant and useful task of turning mills, making a home for trout, clothing with lovely green many a patch of ground on its way to Castletown Bay, passing by humble cot, and well-stocked farm, and ancient abbey, and as its last and crowning work, forming a moat to Castle Rushen. But, instead of following the *Silverburn* in its course to the town we see so clearly defined on the glassy sea, we are arrested by the beauty and singular primitiveness of the little village of Grenaby. Here we make acquaintance with the good-natured-looking miller. He talks to us of the young parson, and the school, and the schoolmaster; "and need enough there 's for him," (the parson,) he says, "for the people are terrible for not going to church." The busy corn-mill is impelled by no other force than the impetuous little stream that foams over the queer black wheel, the whole forming an object picturesque and useful, for the mill not only supplies the neighbourhood with flour and meal, but employs many of the villagers or people of the hamlet, for so should we call the few houses clustered at the foot of the hill. But as we ascend we see the smoke of many a fire kindled for the twelve o'clock dinner rise out of the hollow in which a cottage is hid; and many a stack-yard, prominent where the farm-house is scarcely seen, informs you that Grenaby has a considerable population scattered over Mount Barrule.

There must be at least fifty families in this district, some of them as far as six miles from their parish church, Malew, and these six miles not of good high road, but over mere by-roads or mountain paths, bad enough in summer, and in winter impassable. We well know that there needs more zeal than is usual amongst our peasantry, or indeed among any but very earnest Christians, whatever might be their position, to induce people to walk six miles over rugged, dirty roads to church on the day of rest.

There is a good school-house at Grenaby, and a good master, who usually attends the parish church himself, and occasionally brings a portion of his little flock along with him. But there are many in Grenaby who never go to church, and who could have no church instruction but that the worthy vicar visits the sick and the aged in their own homes. These visits, however, cannot be frequent, as the distance is great from his house to these remote parts of the parish.

A good old man, a Wesleyan, has endeavoured to keep alive religious feeling among these mountaineers by holding a prayer-meeting every Sunday morning in the kitchen of a large farm-house, sometimes giving the little assembly an exhortation. This surely is a field for the labours of a home missionary. The Diocesan Association has in some measure considered the wants of Grenaby; the school-house has been licensed for worship, and a grant of £30 per annum voted. But as this sum is inadequate to the entire support of a clergyman, only a proportion of his time



GRENABY SCHOOL-HOUSE.

can be devoted to the work; while a resident clergyman would greatly strengthen the influence already attained in no small degree by the Sunday teaching and the occasional visits of the curate. As an instance of the influence already gained, may be mentioned that the managers of the Wesleyan Sunday school (a very large one for the locality) have lately handed it over entire to the "young parson," and the former teachers and supporters of the school have cordially come forward to assist him in carrying it on.

Now we resume our ramble by the Silverburn, and it leads us through the old village of Ballasalla, where the curate of Malew, in addition to the Sunday-morning service at Grenaby and his ministrations in the parish church, gives a lecture in the school-house every Wednesday night, besides doing much in other ways for the welfare, moral, intellectual, and temporal, of the villagers. We follow its course to Castletown. There is nothing for the Association to do here, the Government chapel and chaplain being quite adequate to the wants of the church-going population of Castletown. So we are tempted to follow the example of the pretty stream that has been our guide so long, and (taking boat) go out to sea.

Steering southwards, we soon arrive at Port St Mary, in the parish of Kirk Christ Rushen. This is a superior village, almost a town, with a good deal of business going on in it, especially in the herring season. E. Gawne, Esq., a gentleman beneficent as he is wealthy, and owning much of the neighbouring pro-

perty, has contributed so liberally to the funds of the Diocesan Association, that its committee have been able to afford considerable aid towards providing this village with a clergyman.

It is a pity not to pursue our voyage round the magnificent cliffs of Spanish Head, to thread the little strait between the interesting islet of the Calf and *the* Island, till we reach Port Erin Bay, that lies so prettily in the hollow between the two heads, Spanish Head and Brada; but we take a short cut across the promontory, and are soon at the village of Port Erin or Port Iron. The shore rises in terraces, on which are scattered little cottages. On the highest platform, commanding a fine view of the lovely bay and the bold scenery surrounding it, stands an excellent hotel. The principal occupation of the inhabitants is fishing and mining; for here, as at Laxey, the most romantic scenery is connected with the hardest of labours. The church is not far off, and the neighbourhood not populous; but it is probable that here, as at most other places of the kind, an evening service in a small chapel would be an inducement to the fisherman and the miner to devote a greater portion of the day of rest to the worship of their Maker.

If we take the old Castletown road to Douglas, we pass Oak Hill, the beautiful residence of R. Crossfield, Esq., and are attracted by the very pretty little chapel near its gate. This little chapel is, or would be, one of our diocesan stations, had the society sufficient funds. But we must go back a little in the history

of this building. An excellent lady, who owned and resided at Oak Hill some years ago, highly valuing the privilege of a gospel ministry herself, and knowing the difficulty of getting more than once to the parish church of Bradden on the Sabbath-day, even with the convenience of a carriage, felt for her neighbours, and fitted up her barn with reading-desk and benches, invited some of her clerical acquaintances to conduct a service there occasionally on the Sunday afternoon and regularly every alternate Wednesday evening. These services were carried on for a long time, performed sometimes by Douglas clergy, sometimes by the vicar. For a short time, when the vicar had a curate, the Association gave £15 for these services; but that was soon withdrawn for want of funds. Still the indefatigable vicar of Bradden endeavoured to keep them up himself, and succeeded for some time. However, no one with the vast amount of duty that devolves on the vicar of Bradden could accomplish so much, and gradually the Sunday service was dropped.

In the mean time the revered and beloved proprietress of Oak Hill was removed from her various walks of usefulness. Some time before her death, she freed herself from many earthly cares by selling Oak Hill, but not unheedful of the welfare of her beloved neighbourhood. The gentleman who made the purchase acceded to her wish that the barn should be retained for public worship until a place equally suitable was provided, and for some time things went on as usual.

Not long after Oak Hill had changed its proprietor,

a small plot of ground close to the gate was for sale. The owner of Oak Hill purchased the ground. Many of the neighbours heartily united with Mr Crossfield in raising a substitute for the barn on this better site; and in an amazingly short time, under his vigilant superintendence, a perfectly neat little building was erected. It was licensed for worship by Bishop Powys, and the week-night service is still performed; but, until a regular and sufficient income is raised, the Sunday service is wanting.

We are again at Douglas, and the Association leaves traces in a grant towards building St Barnabas's parsonage. At the earnest suggestion of the late Rev. Robert Brown, vicar of Bradden, once chaplain of St Matthew's, the oldest chapel in Douglas, the Association insured a Manx service to the old townspeople of Douglas, by voting a grant of £30 per annum to the chaplain for this especial service. At one time the Association assisted to provide a Sunday service in the hulk of an old man-of war presented by Earl Grey to the island. It was neatly fitted up as a church, and called the "Mariners' Chapel;" but failing in its object of attracting a congregation of seamen, though the harbour was full of boats, the service was given up.

In the parish of Bradden, about two miles from Douglas, there is an establishment for the manufacture of sail-cloth at Tramode. This factory employs a large number of men, women, and children, whose pretty cottage-homes, and the extensive buildings where the work is carried on, form a tolerably-sized village, plea-

santly situated near the river that winds through this beautiful vale. The factory is under the direction of its owner, William Moore, Esq., residing near in an elegant villa. This gentleman, of large property and liberal mind, takes every means to improve the condition of those employed by him; not only by giving them good wages, constant work, and comfortable dwellings, but also by providing for their moral, intellectual, and spiritual good. There is a good school for the children, and lectures and other intellectual amusements for parents and children. In order to promote a reverence for divine things, he has built a beautiful little chapel, and provides the services of a clergyman for the benefit of his people.

We seem to be fond of tracing the course of rivers; and if we walk along the banks of the stream which helps to make canvas at Tramode, we shall arrive at Baldwin, some five miles further from Douglas. Our object is to reach St Luke's Chapel; but the scenery here is so bewitching, that it is difficult to tear one's-self from the delicious nooks by the water's edge, although we know that still greater beauty awaits us at every step. Here, however, is the chapel, supplied with a curate by the Association. A house for the chaplain of St Luke's has long been a desideratum with the committee; but in this, as in so many other cases, its wishes are limited by its finances.

We have now taken the reader over the ground of our Manx Home Mission stations—not one has been omitted, we believe; and, even through the imperfect

glimpses he has obtained, we trust enough has been seen to awaken his interest.

That an Association, with such aims, such objects, and such necessities, should be cramped in its work by the want of a few hundred pounds that could be so easily spared by many, is a subject for regret. If every individual that has the privilege of the gospel at his own door would lay by a small portion of his money to procure the like blessing for his countrymen, (some of them as little disposed as the heathen to bring it to themselves, some as unable,) a large sum might be added to the treasury of our Home Mission. And would there not be a rich return to the contributor, every Sunday, in the pleasant thought, that many a cottager was, like himself, enjoying the Sabbath in Christian worship, who, were it not for the exertions of this Society, would be lounging about in the fields, or lying in bed, or, horrible to tell, besotting himself the live-long day in the ale-house, wasting the greater part of his week's earnings, his health, his time, his soul's life.*

If anything is to be gained by the regular performance of divine service on the Sabbath; if it accords with experience that the weekly recurrence of public worship and scriptural teaching has a humanising, civilising, moralising, spiritualising effect on a community, (and it *does* accord with experience;) why, in the name of humanity, common sense, and charity, is

* Since July 1857, the public-houses are closed from 10 P.M. Saturday till 6 A.M. Monday, by Act of Tynwald.

it not the desire of every Manxman's, nay, every resident's, heart to provide this blessing for our countrymen?

It is the daily complaint of ladies that they cannot get good servants. "We want to find," they say, "honest, innocent country girls, such as our mothers and grandmothers used to keep in their service for years and years, till they died or were married; but now, even in the mountains, their heads are full of finery and nonsense; they waste our time and property without remorse." Agriculturists and tradesmen make the same complaint of labourers and apprentices. Trusty workers are rarely found; the master's eye is needed everywhere. Physical strength, moral rectitude, and even mental power, (for sharpness is not reasonableness,) are hardly as great as formerly. Why is it? We know not: but there may be something in the changed habits of the farmer's household.

Once upon a time, the inmates of every farm-house turned out every Sunday, wet or dry, to the parish church, far or near, bad roads or good; no, *good* roads were not known, consequently, not thought of, nor missed. First, would sturdily walk the farmer, in his home-spun blue, with his comely wife upon his arm—she looking back after the youngsters and servants, giddy and loitering to the last; but out they all come, except the one left to look after the sick cow, or the lame horse, or the young lamb; or to watch the colt that *will* stray into the neighbours' fields on Sunday. Yes, to church they all go, not caring much,

perhaps, whether the vicar preached Calvinism or Arminianism, was doctrinal or practical, logical or rhetorical, High Church or Low Church. Old Ballavarkish would perhaps venture to express as his opinion, that parson So-and-so "was failing terribly—his voice was not near so grand as it used to be;" while the old dame would coquettishly reply that *she* "could hear him as well as ever."

And why should not the country people do the same now? surely the parish churches are where they used to be! Yes; but young Mr Ballavarkish and his wife, and children, and servants, lineally descended from old Mr Ballavarkish and his servants of 1700, or earlier, it may be, are as different in their habits, ideas, and circumstances from their forefathers, as the artisan, or tradesman, or gentleman of 1860 is from his great-grandfather. Why should they not? Everything is changing and *progressing*, as our Western brethren say. May it be so! and may the progress be evinced as remarkably in heavenly as in earthly things, in the affairs of our souls as well as in the affairs of our bodies, in what relates to "things eternal" as well as in "things temporal!"

But, alas! it is not so. The progress in the supply of appliances for bettering men's spiritual condition has not been commensurate with that of contrivances to improve his material state.

While the farmer has a steam threshing-machine brought to his own door, to save the trouble and time of hired labourers in procuring the "bread that perish-

eth," will he not naturally expect those whose province it is to provide him with the bread of instruction, to lessen *his* trouble in finding it. The value of the one is not, of course, to be put in competition with the other. How joyfully would the weary labourer go any distance after his six days' toil to hear the glad tidings, if he really appreciated their worth. But it is in order to teach him such appreciation that it is necessary to bring instruction to him, for naturally there is not that thirst for the knowledge of the truth, human or divine, —certainly not for divine truth—that men will put themselves the least out of the way to obtain it; yet, when brought to them, to their very doors, with heartiness and simplicity, it seldom fails to produce some effect. Even if, like the seed cast on the waters, it may seem wasted, no fruit being apparent, yet after many days, it will rise, it may be, to bless other generations.

Preaching the word is the means appointed by Christ for the evangelising of the world. There is no mistake about that; therefore it is a plain duty to preach that word. On whom rests the responsibility? On every soul that has had the word preached to himself. It would be strange if any into whose hands this little messenger comes should not have had the gospel preached to him. We take it for granted, reader, that you have the weekly privilege of joining in divine service within a convenient distance from your dwelling; *you*, then, are expected to aid this Association to preach the word of life to those who have not this privilege. It cannot be long that these small churches will need

help. They will in time become self-supporting. Surely we may expect as much of Manxmen as of South Sea Islanders, or of Caffres, or Hindoos; and some of these are now in a condition not only to support their own Christian churches, but to send help to others of their countrymen to keep up the churches founded by English Christians. And this is what you are invited to do—to aid the Association to keep up the churches already founded by past benevolence.

The Home Mission stations at present in connexion with the Manx Church are Baldwin, Sulby, Cronk-y-Voddee, Dalby, Port St Mary, Foxdale, Dhoon, Laxey, Grenaby. Some of these require additional aid, either in the shape of salaries or residences; and Oak Hill prefers a claim to the auspices of the Association. But without a considerable augmentation of the funds it will be difficult to continue grants to all the stations, and impossible to establish new places of worship, or to build residences where they are very much required.

We have but one more plea to offer; that is drawn from the reports of the first meetings of this Association as found in the insular journals of that date:—

Abstracts from "Manx Advertiser" and "Sun" newspapers of July 1839.

In July 1839, a meeting was convened by Bishop Bowstead for the purpose of establishing an association in his diocese of Sodor and Man for the maintaining of public worship in districts remote from the parish churches.

On the 16th of July, a meeting was held in Castletown, at which assisted Deemster Christian, Edward Gawne, Esq., of Kencraugh, Dr Underwood, Frederick Gelling, Esq., besides many others of the principal inhabitants and the neighbouring clergy.

On the 28th a similar meeting was held in Douglas.

Bishop Bowstead entered into a luminous view of the state of the Church establishment in this island, the want of salaries for many of the chapels, the insufficient stipends of the parochial clergy, the want of residences for ministers contiguous to the scene of their labours, and the supplying of curates to aged and infirm ministers.

The High Bailiff, J. Quirk, Esq., remarked that the laity were bound by every tie to support such an institution.

The Rev. Robert Brown insisted on the necessity of affording the poor Manx population increased means of religious instruction. The Manx service in Douglas was first established by the Rev. Hugh Stowell, forty years ago. "I have myself seen," said Mr Brown, "the market-place an hour before the time of service covered with the throng of the aged and afflicted, eager to enter the courts of the Lord and worship there. The scene reminded me of the pool of Bethesda. I have seen the poor man's countenance beam with delight when the church-door was opened. I know well the benefit resulting from this service, for I have attended those in the chamber of sickness and death who have declared they had to bless God for the Manx service in St Matthew's Chapel." . . . .

Mr Bluett congratulated the Bishop and the country on the formation of this society.

The Rev. Vicar-General Hartwell said the great object of the late lamented Bishop (Ward) was to provide for the spiritual good of his people by erecting houses for divine worship, and expressed his satisfaction at seeing the object prospering under the auspices of the present Bishop.

The Rev. Mr Carus said that one of the principles of the English Church was, that the minister should be ever ready to administer to the wants and necessities of every family, to instruct them in religion, to attend to them in sickness and in health, to rejoice when they rejoice, to mourn when they mourn, to be a participator of their joys and sorrows. . . . . He expressed astonishment at the smallness of the salaries of the Manx clergy, whom he styled "a self-denying race of men;" and he called upon the meeting to give a proof of *their* self-denial. He hoped that while the head of their Church was endeavouring to procure resident curates for the various churches to supply the spiritual wants of the people, the people themselves would not be backward in tendering their assistance.

Mr Dumbell shewed the necessity for establishing a diocesan society in this island. He said that on the road from Ramsey to Lonan there was not a single church, and it was very unlikely that people living between those places would travel weary miles over mountains and through glens in all sorts of weather to hear the gospel preached.

Mr Thurtell thought that credit was due to the Wesleyan Methodists of this island, who, by their exertions, had done much good; and he could not see why they should not come forward and support the society.

The Rev. Mr Phillips (Principal of King William's College) admitted that the Wesleyans merited great commendation for the good they had done, still he rejoiced to think that the objects proposed by this Association were superior. Where Dissenters send a minister once a week this society proposes to establish a resident clergyman. With respect to the Manx service, he considered that if there were but one individual who did not understand English it was the duty of the Church to provide for that individual.

Mr Howard rejoiced in the formation of the society.

Mr M'Gufforg accepted the office of treasurer.

The Rev. Mr Fisk, an old Cambridge friend of the Bishop's, said that when he returned to England he would testify with joy that he had seen his Lordship surrounded by a loving, praying, and devoted clergy, and laymen holding official and influential stations in this island all anxious to further his Lordship's efforts for making the Church efficient in the Isle of Man. When away from this island, his hearty prayers should be with this Association; and indeed it was a prayerful work, for without imploring God's blessing on it, the funds might be plentiful, but it would not prosper.

The Rev. Maurice Day remarked, that to the blessings enumerated by Mr Bluett, for which the Isle of

Mann should be grateful, might be added the absence of Popery.

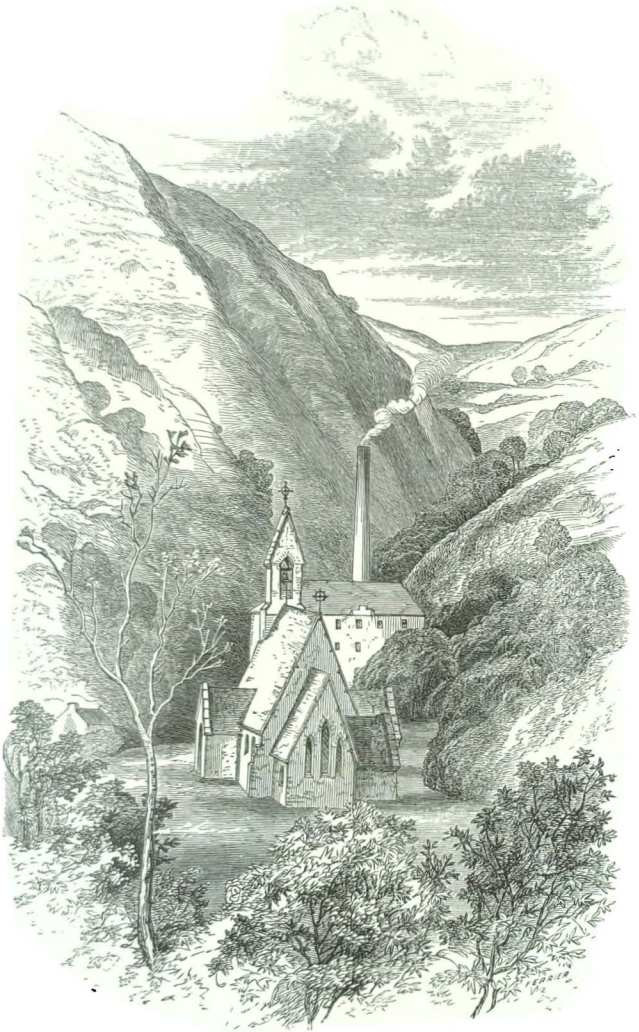
The Rev. Mr Perry moved a resolution, to the effect that a local association should be formed here (in Douglas) in connexion with that in Castletown.

The Rev. R. Qualtrough expressed his conviction that the people of Douglas would not disgrace themselves by not supporting this society. The room in which they were speaking (Athol Street school-room) was a proof of their liberality, for which £1500 had been raised by voluntary subscriptions.

The Rev. W. Carpenter took the chair to move a vote of thanks to the Bishop.

There were present on the platform besides, the Rev. Messrs Gill, Parsons, Caley, Cannel, Macguire, Stevenson, James Moore, Esq., Cronkbourne, Captain Pollok, and R. Quirk, Esq.

It would be sad indeed if a society, commenced under such happy auspices as those which marked the first meeting of its friends in July 1839, were left without support. Even though so many of those good friends have departed, doubtless they have left behind them children who will only have to be reminded of the interest their parents took in this work cheerfully to carry on what their fathers began, and even with greater eagerness, having the sentiment of veneration for the memory of the beloved dead added to the supreme motive of respect for God's worship, and a desire to promote His honour and glory.



LAXEY CHAPEL.

MANXLAND.

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CHAPTER I.

A RAINY SUNDAY FAR FROM CHURCH.

THE rain pours thickly, heavily; the wind moans sadly; and everything that was so bright yesterday to-day seems converted into mud. Yet dreary as it is outside, still more cheerless is the interior of the little cottage which, by right of imagination, we enter on this wet Sunday morning.

James Quilliam's dwelling contains four rooms—two on the ground floor, separated by a narrow passage with a door at each end, one opening into the road, and the other into a sort of garden at the back. One of these rooms is the bedchamber, or, as the Manx cotters usually call it, "the parlour;" the other room is the kitchen, the family-room, where all the business of the household is done. Above these rooms is the "laff," attained by means of a ladder that reaches from the kitchen floor to a hole in the ceiling of that apartment.

The "laff" is divided into two compartments, and in one of them the little girls sleep; in the other the family stores are kept.

In the kitchen a round table is prepared for breakfast—that is, on it are placed two cups and saucers, a teacup with some sugar in it, two or three barley-cakes cut in quarters are piled on the table, and between the bars of the little grate is pushed a herring; on one hob is the teapot, and on the other the kettle.

A pretty woman is washing the face of a somewhat refractory little girl of five years, while an elder one is finishing her own toilet by carefully folding a bit of wall-flower in a pocket-handkerchief with a hymn-book.

"The childer isn't going out this terrible day, sure, Betty?" sleepily calls out some one from the "parlour."

"Indeed I don't know," querulously replies Betty; "but Catty won't be held no how from going to the school."

"Oh, well, that's not so bad; but as for church, there's no talking of it."

"Indeed, no. Their bits of things would be washed to rags in the rain, not a decent stitch left on them; and Annie's shoes isn't done yet. But aren't you going yourself, Jem?"

"No, not I. I walked as good as ten miles yesterday, between going to town, and across to Balakermeen for the seed-potatoes. I've no notion of another ten miles to-day. Maybe if it turns out fine I'll go in the evening, or maybe to the preaching at night." And all

this was intermingled with many a yawn and expression of weariness.

"Well, well, I wish the church was nearer; I think I might get myself a time now and then, now that Catty could mind the child. But, 'deed, I 've no heart to go; it takes 'most all the morning;" then rather impatiently, "Come, Jem; how long must I wait for thee?" Betty then took the baby, who was beginning to cry, out of the cradle, and slowly poured out a cup of tea for herself, practically answering her own question to the effect that she was not to wait at all for her tardy husband.

Catty and Annie came in from school dripping wet. The careful mother dried them, and gave them a cup of hot tea.

This occupied the morning till it was dinner-time, when Jem appeared, unrefreshed and irritable. The children's prattle annoyed him, and, after eating a morsel, he sauntered out, rainy as the day continued to be. The weather was still less inviting to walk to church than it had been in the morning.

The first house Jemmy came to was the village alehouse; there he took shelter. Soon one and another of his acquaintances dropped in. The Saturday's paper lay on the table. They called for beer; and, without positive drunkenness, or anything like jollity, Jemmy boozed away with them the remainder of the day, forgetful of everything at home, of his intention to go to "the preaching"—forgetful that poor Betty expected him to join her at least at the early evening tea, hoping

for his escort to the meeting-house that was close by, where she might go when baby was asleep, and leave the steady little Catty in charge.

But no Jem. Beer and pot companions had more attractions for him than Betty's cheerful fireside and Sunday tea-table, grand as it was with the best "chany" and gilt tea-tray, her mistress's marriage gift, never used but on Sundays and christenings. The labourer's rare luxuries of butter and milk were added too on this Sunday, "because Jem had not had much heart to his meat that day."

Catty and Annie enjoyed the meal, though they were sorry "father" had not come; baby crowed with glee at the sight of the pretty cups, and almost made Betty forget her chagrin. Still she waited and waited. No father came till it was quite too late to go to the preaching; and thus the Sunday was spent in what might be called a superior peasant's family, without one of that family having been to the house of God, without one hour of it having been devoted to divine service; and but that the little ones had been to the Sunday-school, and, of course, had there heard the Word of God read, His praises sung, and prayer offered to Him, this day would have been spent without any note of God by a professedly Christian family in a Christian land.

CHAPTER II.

DAILY WORK, AND ALE-HOUSE INFLUENCE.

On Monday morning it still rained; but Jemmy Quilliam was betimes at his work; and Betty had his breakfast ready when he came in at eight o'clock. There was no time for conversation during this short meal, beyond the request that Catty would bring him his dinner to the Claddagh, naming a field two miles distant from his home.

"I don't want to waste my strength in the walk; indeed, master doesn't like it."

"Well, I'll send you a sup of broth; it'll be nice warmed up; I saved it yesterday."

Now they none of them seemed to consider the rain an obstacle to going out to-day, though yesterday the father thought it was not fit either for himself or for Catty to go to church. Ay, but to-day they have both of them their working-clothes on; yesterday all they possessed of decent exterior would have been spoiled. No Mackintosh, no water-proof cloak, no galoches to save the peasant's "bits of things." However, it cleared up, and little Catty had a pleasant walk to the Claddagh after all.

The early spring flowers were beginning to blossom, and the weary walk home was beguiled by the attempt to fill with primroses the can that had contained the

broth—a more agreeable burden than the "hot, spilly thing," as Catty called it.

She got barely in time for afternoon school, and denied herself her dinner to get there at all—contenting herself with a bit of bread and a drink of butter-milk.

Betty cleared-up, and nursed, and sewed a bit; and so passed the Monday with our cotter's family—all working hard, and yet not slaving—for all felt they were working for those they loved; and if a cloud came over poor Jem's brow now and again when he thought of the pence he had wasted at the ale-house on Sunday, he soon whistled it off, with the remark to himself, that it was not often, and that it was only on a wet Sunday, when he could not get to church, that he was tempted to go in; but he would not be so foolish the next time, *that* he wouldn't.

"And where do Betty and Jemmy live?" If you take sufficient interest in them to inquire, kind reader, I will direct you to their dwelling; and though your walk thither may, in the first instance, be prompted by motives of pure benevolence and human sympathy, if you have also a spark of love for picturesque landscape, it will be fanned into ardour by the time you have reached Jemmy's cottage.

If the reader resides in any part of the Isle of Man, it would be strange if he were not familiar with Douglas, its most important port; and if a passing visitor, it may be the only part with which he is acquainted. We invite him to extend his knowledge and augment his enjoyment by strolling along the banks of the black

river, or the Dhoo, a stream which, not long before it falls into the sea, joins the gray river, or the Glaas, hence the name "Douglas" given to the town built on the confluence of the Dhoo and the Glaas.

Before the Dhoo meets the Glaas,—before it lazily meanders in the rich vale of Bradden,—it tumbles wildly over the rough bed of Baldwin Glen. Penetrate deeply into this glen, and you will be well rewarded, even though you have sometimes but an inch of footing on the river's brink; discard the fear of prickles, and boldly leap the briery hedge; recklessly stride the gorse-covered gate, even though you may encounter some rebuffs from the farmer standing on his own inheritance; if you meet him with good-humour, praise his country, and ask, as a favour, permission to go through his property, you need not be prevented walking and clambering amid scenery lovely as can be found in many a foreign land.

Jemmy's master is one of these farmers. Ballashelagh is not in the prettiest part of Baldwin; but you reach it after walking through all this beauty. The cottage in which Jemmy lives is on high ground near the "Cross-four-ways," where more cottages are grouped together than in the glen, and which might be almost dignified with the appellation, village, being graced by a school-house—and though I will not say *graced* by a public-house, yet I cannot say *dis*graced, because Mrs Cain was a respectable body, and kept her house as decent as circumstances would permit. She cleared out every night at ten o'clock; sent her

servant, and *husband*, and children to church, though the did not see it possible for herself to go. To say that she discouraged drinking, would be as absurd as to say that she discouraged her own prosperity. No; her hearth was always clean, her fire always bright; no "squalling babbies" were heard in her kitchen; she never complained of the tobacco-smoke, or of the hard times; she never teased Jemmy to go to church; and here it was that he had gone on that wet Sunday to enjoy himself after a fashion.

That was not the first Sunday that Jemmy had spent at Mrs Cain's. Many a "wet Sunday" before had been the excuse for his going there instead of to church. Nor was he singular. One after another of his companions dropping in, they kept on treating each other till sense and sensibility had alike departed. But long before they had arrived at this state, Jemmy and his companions had had a great deal of talk. Tom Carran began by saying,—

"The parson would be terrible mad with him not being to church, for he was a singer, and would be missed."

"A capital plan of them to make thee a singer—a trick to get thee to church, boy."

"A good job if the parson would put thee in the choir, Bill."

"Me! he doesn't know the face of me, I'll be bound, seeing I had never been at church since I was christened till I went to be confirmed; and I wouldn't have gone then, only Jack Cain and me was working

together, and Jack says, 'Bill, hast ever been confirmed?' 'Confirmed,' says I, 'what's that?'—(I knew all the same as well as himself)—'Why, to go to church, and say the Catechism, and get the Bishop's hand on thee head, and after that thee can get married.' 'Oh ho! that's it, is it? thee wants to get married, ho, ho!' Well he got red in the face, and did not laugh at all, but said, 'What's it to thee? *thee'll* not get married, anyhow—no one would have thee—so *thee* needn't bother to be confirmed.' Ye see he thought a great man of himself, for he had big red whiskers and a sweetheart, and smoked powers; and me,—I cared for nothing better than a good game of marbles,—so thinks I, I'll be a man as much as yourself; and I goes to the parson and tells him I want to be confirmed. 'What's your age?' says he. 'Fifteen years come Lammas,' says I. 'Can you read?' 'I was reading in the Testament at school.' 'You can say the Catechism, I suppose?' 'I used.' 'Well, come to the church on Thursday night, and I'll hear you.' I said the Catechism, and I got a ticket and a new waistcoat, and went up with the rest as smart as you please, and got the Bishop's hand on my head; and that's the last time I was at church, and that's near on to ten years ago; for I've never got a wife yet, as Jack Cain tould me, and he's got one long ago."

Such profanation of an impressive rite took place before these days when clergymen take so much pains with catechumens.

"Oh, you 're worse nor myself, then, for I do go to church every Eil Varey and every Easter Sunday," says Peter Craine, a musical genius.

"Ay, ay, in course you go to sing your carval at the Eil Varey; and I suppose you lend a hand in the anthem at Easter."

Conversations like the above had in time the effect of making Jemmy feel less and less dissatisfied with himself for not going to church. Not that he became a sot or an infidel, but he became more careless and indifferent, and less ashamed of staying away when he saw men richer, and wiser, and older than himself absent themselves from church without any compunction.

But Jemmy has a potent charm in his house that will preserve him from being completely led away: he has a loving, caring wife, who has herself a hankering after good things, though she is very ignorant, and a dear little daughter on whom the lessons of a faithful teacher at the Sunday-school are not lost.

On the Monday following the Sunday on which the Quilliam family were introduced to the reader, Jem really was ashamed and quite sincere when he said he "would not be caught again, that he wouldn't. On his return from the Claddagh, where he had been working hard all day at a new drain, he found the kitchen tidy, his arm-chair placed by the fire, and the little round table near it covered with a clean coarse cloth, a pot of potatoes and herrings on the fire, a large dish and a plate on the table ready to receive

them, for this was before the days when tea was the universal meal of the Manx peasant every day, morning, noon, and night; it was then a luxury reserved for Sundays. Catty and Annie, with clean hands and faces, were watching for their father at the gate of the little garden before the cottage door. Betty had managed to keep baby in the cradle till supper was ready, and soon after the father's arrival, all were sitting round the "big dish" enjoying its contents, for the potatoes were mealy, and they had more than "a *point* at the herrings" to relish them.

After supper, Betty took up the woollen stocking that she was knitting for her husband. He tossed and played with baby till it fell asleep, while Catty and Annie plied their tasks; then Jemmy busied himself about some little jobs that Betty had reserved for his strong arm—jobs that would add to the comfort of the little *ménage*, and serve as an amusement to the labourer, for, compared with his daily toil, the construction of a three-legged stool for Annie, and the putting up a shelf for the two or three books they had, the nailing an additional lath to the frame-work suspended to the ceiling, gave an opportunity for displaying some brain work.

CHAPTER III.

LECTURE IN THE SCHOOL-HOUSE.

ONE evening Catty Quilliam came running home from school, exclaiming as she entered, "Memmaa! memmaa! there 's going to be a lecture in the school-house to-night, and they 're saying the parson 's going to bring the mistress with him; can 't we all go? I 'll help to wash up, and I dare say Annie can mind the child while we 're out." All this was said in a breath, and her mother could in no wise edge in one word, or perhaps she might have remarked on Catty's urgent plea for all going to the lecture being that "the mistress" was coming. Perhaps she would, and perhaps she would not.

Betty was a simple-minded woman. She had no notion of what would be considered the right thing to say; in fact she was very much in the habit of saying what came into her head, or what is better, into her heart, never thinking of reproof or praise; and as she fully sympathised with little Catty in the pleasure of seeing "the mistress," she did not reason about it. She knew the lecture would be quite as good, and the prayers quite as well read, whether "the mistress" were there or not; but she did not tell Catty that she was a simpleton for talking such nonsense, for in her heart she wished the mistress to see her fine children, and her good-looking husband. Indeed Catty's last

proposition, of leaving the child to Annie's tender mercies, took away the mother's breath. "What on earth is the girl thinking of?—leaving baby with Annie?—No, not for all the lectures, nor all the parsons and all the mistresses in the parish. Why, girl, that little windy-one would toss the child out of the cradle before our backs were turned!"

"What will we do then?—will I stop at home, memmaa, and you and Annie and father go to lecture? it will be so nice, and I dare say some of the quality from Ballaoats will be there too: the mistress mostly takes tea there when she comes with the parson."

"Well, I don't know that I can rightly go neither. I 'm not willing to leave you at home, cree."

And so it was left: the father came home to his supper; but he had told Billy Quayle on Sunday that he would meet him at the public-house on Wednesday about a pig he was thinking of buying, and he could not "rightly go" either. So poor Catty's ardour was a little damped, and her pleasant project of the higher powers of the family (herself included) attending the lecture in their Sunday-clothes, quite adding an *éclat* to the little meeting, and in return the anticipated pleasure of seeing "memmaa" get a shake of the mistress's neatly-gloved hand all vanished, and nothing was left to her but the hope, that if neither "memmaa" nor "dadaa" went to the lecture, she might take Annie there, and get her to make her best courtesy with herself to the parson and the mistress.

The school bell gave the village boys an hour's

pleasant amusement at fitful intervals before the time appointed, so that one half of the congregation, (the half that believed in bells) had the benefit of half-an-hour's meditation before the service commenced. And the other (the unbelieving experienced) half waited till the last peal had died away—waited again, to hear if the ting should be renewed, waited in vain. The parson had stepped into his little reading-desk, given out a hymn, and instead of another twang of the bell the rustic psalmody had reached its highest pitch before the too cautious time-savers set out on their way to the school-house, thus being quite as much too late as the equally cautious place-securers had been too early.

Catty and Annie, neatly dressed, had taken the places they usually occupied at their lessons, before the bell had ceased; and Catty's eyes glistened with delight, as she saw the mistress follow her husband towards the reading-desk and place herself on a bench near him. Some other ladies accompanied Mrs Russell, some of whom were in the habit of attending the week-night service; but there were two or three who had evidently come out of compliment to her.

Altogether there was a nice little congregation, some very old people who never got to church on Sunday; and some, who, *because* they went to church on Sunday, and felt their hearts stirred, and their cares lightened, and their difficulties smoothed, and their ignorance removed, by the faithful, affectionate, encouraging, and instructive preaching of the vicar, were eager to

benefit again by his teaching, felt their hearts panting for another opportunity of joining God's people in God's house.

"They had been there, and still would go."

There were some hard-working men, too eager for the lecture to doff their working-clothes, for they had to come a good distance from their work, and after a hasty meal got only in time for some of the prayers.

The peasant and the artisan do truly obey the second clause in the fourth commandment, "*Six days shalt thou labour.*" They do labour the six days, they have no day of rest but the seventh day—the blessed day that God has given—man would not have given it to himself. Of the six days not one can be given to rest the body nor to refresh the spirit, the rest must be taken at night, the refreshment must be administered at night; and it is only when a keen desire for this refreshment of the spirit is excited by the Sabbath ministrations, that a man will voluntarily devote a portion of the night, which nature needs for bodily rest, to the refreshing of the higher part of his nature.

However, from various causes, the little room was nearly filled, and pleasant it was to see. The large black-bonneted, blue-cloaked matrons, the middle-aged men, in their tawny mud-bespattered working-clothes, the silver-haired old men in their decent blue home-spun, young men coming in later, more carefully attired, young girls in their pretty best bonnets, and a large number of school children, girls and boys, come

because the master and mistress had told them to come, and they felt that they had a claim on anything that was going on in the school-room, whether a divine service or a magic-lantern show.

Mr Russell read some portions of the liturgy, simply, prayerfully; an evident sympathy existed between him and his congregation, who energetically performed their part of the worship both as to responses and singing.

The lecture was a plain, practical exposition of the second lesson for the day, into which he introduced an earnest, affectionate appeal to the hearts and consciences of his hearers. It seemed as though the unusual size of his congregation called forth more than his ordinary ardour. Certainly, even little Catty could not help wishing that her mother and father were there, not as she had before anticipated for the sake of the mistress's notice, but for the sake of the parson's sermon, which she felt sure would have done them good. Catty thought the parson's sermons were always better in the school-house on the week night than they were on the Sundays.

This could scarcely have been the case, Catty, as your vicar's Sunday sermons were the result of much prayerful study,—study, not only on the three mornings of every week that he conscientiously and regularly devoted to the preparation of his Sunday sermons, but of all those academic years of his youth and early manhood which had been given for the service of the sanctuary. All the elegance of diction acquired by assiduous study of the classics,—all the soundness of

argument founded on close attention to, and nice appreciation of, the reasonings of Plato and of Bacon,—all the flowers of rhetoric culled from the bowers of Greece, even the acquaintance more recently and less methodically made with the discoveries of science and with modern literature, whether English or continental, were brought into play, as well as his more obvious attainments in Bible lore, and, above all, his experimental knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus.

Every sermon he preached contained in it the fundamental doctrine of Christianity; but he did not stop here, or keep always harping on the one string. Ten thousand chords of divine love vibrated to his touch,—chords in union with that human love that is created by the divine,—love that can only be fully satisfied by that which is divine.

He felt that the mines of Bible truth were so deep, so rich, so varied, that if a new theme were touched upon every time he entered the pulpit, even though he should preach from youth to old age, the treasures would still be unexhausted.

But he pursued a different plan in the school-house. For the most part, what he said there was unpremeditated, just the thoughts that arose in his mind at the time, suggested by the portion of Scripture read during the service. Being familiar with the character and circumstances of the greater part of his congregation on these occasions, he naturally made his remarks bear on their several cases, thus bringing more directly home to their hearts and consciences the lessons of Holy Writ.

Well could the vicar sympathise with human sorrow, human care, human infirmity; and, like his divine Master, he had compassion on human wants, bodily as well as spiritual—earthly cares were not beneath his notice.

He had himself known what it was to struggle with poverty, that poverty the worst of all to bear, poverty that must be concealed, to which compassion but adds a sting. Such had been Mr Russell's lot for many a year. An early marriage had soon surrounded him with an expensive family and many cares. "How unfortunate!" said many, when child after child was laid low in sickness, and the mother, never strong, was exhausted by perpetual cares of the nursery, "How unfortunate for our vicar, his studies will be interrupted, and his mind distracted from his ministerial duties!" But "*Who teacheth like Him?*" This was the method taken by the great Teacher to induct His disciple into a philosophy, a science, that no academic course could impart: thus was he taught to weep with those who wept, to have fellowship with the brother of low degree. But everything,—his learning, human or divine,—his experience, his conflicts, his victories,—all, all were heaped on the altar that he had consecrated to the honour of his God, and the good of his fellow-creatures, his fellow-sinners, his fellow-men.

CHAPTER IV.

THE VICARAGE FAMILY.

WORK goes on at the vicarage as well as in Jemmy Quilliam's cottage. The time is ten in the morning. For two hours, Herbert, George, and Edith Russell have been (reverently, one might say, but that so much cheerfulness pervades the lesson hours) receiving the instructions of their father in languages, mathematics, and philosophy. For one hour they will yet be engaged, and this hour their mother devotes to her two little ones, Alice and Frank; she teaches them to read and write, so preparing them for the invaluable teaching of their father. Phœbe is, as usual at this hour, asleep; and Frank and Alice are accustomed to say their lessons quietly so as not to disturb her.

While these four are thus occupied in the parlour, and the other four in the study, we will describe these apartments.

The parlour of Bradden vicarage is large, but low; the windows open into a garden; the furniture is simple. A sofa, piano, some book-shelves, and a few pictures are the only articles of luxury in the room, unless we add the ornaments of the mantelpiece, seen in many a farmer's parlour, or even on the workman's chimneypiece, the large conch-shell. Two of these shells are made water-tight and converted into flower-vases. Over the delicate pink lip of the shell hangs the

no less delicate pink rose. The bright greens and rainbow colours of a summer bouquet contrast well with the rich purply brown of the shell's interior. No common taste was it so to appropriate the gift of a sailor boy, who had once been Mrs Russell's Sunday scholar, and who had brought to his beloved teacher this token that he had not forgotten her whilst beholding wonders in the great deep.

Baby's cradle is the showiest, brightest thing in the room after the flower-shells; and scarcely less bright, less delicate, less lovely than the flowers is Mrs Russell herself, who is seated on a low chair near the cradle. Her two children, a boy of five and a girl of seven years, stand near her with books in their hands; copy-books, slates, pens, pencils, ink, and rulers are on the table, and a large work-basket full of little garments is on the floor by her side. Her foot is occupied in rocking the cradle, her hands busily plying the needle, while eyes, ears, head, and heart are occupied in the strenuous task of keeping those volatile little people's attention fixed on their lesson.

These lessons are nearly ended, and before those above-stairs are ended also, we will glance at the father's study. Not so large as the parlour, but quite as pleasant. Over the store-room, behind the best bedroom, it is never noisy. It looks into the garden, too, and the open window is the passage of much sunshine and fragrance after the heavy rain of yesterday. But the sunshine and fragrance are all unheeded by the busy group within. The walls are lined with books, except where

maps and diagrams come between. A pair of large globes and a case of mineralogical specimens are the ornaments of this room. The father and his three elder children—Herbert thirteen, George eleven, and Edith fifteen—are sitting at the long library-table, deeply engaged with books and papers, hastening to pack up, so to speak, the information they had received, the rules, the principles deduced from the morning's lesson, that they may have them ready for use in the preparation of their work for the next day.

Now all is ready, school-books put into their places, and father and children, teacher and pupils, together relax, and repair right merrily to the parlour and mamma and baby and the little ones, as if that were the abode of rest and cheerfulness ; there was the goal of all their hopes, there was the smile that awaited them, there the ear that would gladly listen to the accounts of all their achievements, the heart that would sympathise with all failures, would encourage them in all enterprises, and whose praise would reward them for all their toils.

The arrival of " father and the boys " (for Edith was not distinguished from her brothers where lessons were concerned) was a signal for Phœbe to jerk herself out of the cradle, if she could not get out by fair means, to be tossed in her father's arms, for the little ones to jump on George's back, Herbert to pull away Edith into the garden, and, in fact, for a general hubbub, which could only be subdued by mamma putting on her own and baby's hood, and, with garden-tools in hand, drawing

the whole party into the garden, where their mother left the boys and Alice to work till dinner-time, while she looked about her household affairs; for though a first-rate gardener, she could not work herself, she could only give orders, which were usually well attended to. Edith accompanied her mother, and found a little housekeeping a pleasant change from the morning's close application to study. All the pleasant chat that must occur in an intelligent good-humoured family was reserved for the dinner-hour; and though the family met at the homely hour of one, the neat arrangements of the table always the same, whether graced by the presence of a dignitary as a guest, or surrounded only by their own children, the suitable though simple attire of each individual, from the vicar down to the little maid who waited table or nursed baby, the simple viands, well-cooked and well-served, however homely, rendered this unostentatious meal as pleasant and salutary an episode in the labours of the day as the most elaborate six o'clock dinner to which the vicar and his wife might be occasionally invited. This was a daily refreshment, a daily treat, but never could become a daily dissipation.

Naturally, the parish and parish concerns were a frequent subject of conversation. It was the vicar's habit to take some member of his family with him in his visits, so they were all pretty well acquainted with those parishioners of every class that resided within a walking distance of the vicarage. Indeed, they had few interests that were not connected with the parish, for they were all infected with their father's enthusiasm, as

some would call it, for so thoroughly was he penetrated by a sense of his vast responsibility, so conscious that his most incessant exertions were disproportioned to the wants of his parish, that sometimes he was well-nigh overpowered, and would probably have become either morose and irritable from despair, or his conscience might have been seared to insensibility and indifference by the repeated neglect of known duty; but help came to him when and whence he little expected it.

CHAPTER V.

THE HEALTH-SEEKERS—MANX BETSY.

We must change the scene from Betty's kitchen and Mr Russell's study to a dwelling more elegant and luxurious than the vicarage, but less pleasantly situated than Jemmy's cottage; this is to a handsome house withdrawn a little distance from the crowded and busy streets of a large manufacturing town, but not so far as to save it from much of the noise and smoke and dirt necessarily attending on a wealth-gaining community. Every appliance for health that wealth can purchase has been lavished on this house; but wealth cannot purchase pure air and quietness in the town of Barton, and

pure air is necessary to the existence of the dearest inmate of that house, the lovely Mrs Marshall.

Two years ago, William Marshall, the only son of the largest manufacturer in Barton, brought to his father's house a beautiful bride, Mary Lennox, from her home among the breezy hills of Perthshire. Mr Marshall senior had been a widower for many years. His two daughters lived at school; and it was not until the eldest of them had returned home to take the head of her father's table that Mr Marshall would hear of his newly-found and much-loved daughter leaving his house to set up her tent in the abode which her husband had provided for her.

They had not been very long settled in their new dwelling when it became evident that Mary was suffering from the want of bracing air. Her father-in-law, her new sisters, and, above all, her husband, became very uneasy about her, and medical advice was obtained. It was after Mrs Marshall was pronounced recovering, but still an invalid, that one day her doctor suddenly turned to Mr Marshall, exclaiming—

"I see nothing better for you to do than take a trip somewhere."

"Where shall it be?—Hastings?"

"Too hot."

"Scarborough or Bridlington?"

"Too near."

"Torquay?"

"Too distant, and not bracing enough."

"Blackpool?"

"Horrid!" exclaimed Mrs Marshall.

"Well, where shall it be? the Continent? up the Rhine?"

"Oh no; that would be too fatiguing for Mrs Marshall; besides"——

"Ah," interrupted Mary, "I could not bear the idea of going in a crowd; I had much rather go somewhere that nobody else went to."

"My Polly, are you growing proud or a misanthropist, that you are so exclusive and solitary in your tastes?"

"Neither, William; and I do not absolutely desire a desert island, or some 'vast wilderness, some boundless contiguity of shade;' but I mean I don't want to go to a fashionable watering-place or show-place, where I should be worried to death by importunities to visit this, that, and the other wonderful sight, or carry home with me a conscience burdened with a sense of having neglected such splendid opportunities of improving my mind by the sight of dilapidated castles or machines that could do everything but talk."

"Well, my love, what would you like?"

"Oh, some quiet spot near the sea; sea air is good for me, isn't it doctor? And I should like to see something pretty, to be sure, and should not object to any one being civil to me."

"By the by, I have just heard of a new place which has not yet become fashionable; indeed, all I know about it is from a little servant-maid who is from that place, and talks of it with great affection."

"And pray, where is that, doctor?"

"The Isle of Man."

"Oh, to be sure, I have heard of that little island. It is in the Irish Sea; I learned *that* much at school; and I well remember pointing it out on the map of the British Isles. It is a little dot about the same distance from England, Ireland, and Scotland. But how are we to get there?"

"A steamer goes there two or three times a-week from Liverpool."

"Suppose, Dr Harvey, we ask your little maid to tell us something about this Isle of Man."

"Well, if you like, I will send her to you with that book we were talking of." And so the conversation ended for the present.

CHAPTER VI.

A TRIP TO THE ISLE OF MAN—EXCURSION TO BALDWIN GLEN.

BETSY CAIN arrived in the course of the next morning, and gave so glowing an account of her native isle, that Mrs Marshall decided on making the Isle of Man the scene of her quest after health.

This was before these days when all the world go on

trips, when we see a joint-stock trip to Mont Blanc advertised, and may expect to see for hire pleasant perambulating lodgings, and suites of family apartments, let on board the *Great Eastern*. So that a "trip" to the Isle of Man, from the heart of England, was not then so easily arranged as now, when trains are flying from every town in England to Liverpool, where the traveller bids farewell to land, and (as some think) to civilisation, before entering on the perils of the deep, *alias*, the Irish Sea—some seventy miles across on that part. Now when messages are transmitted at lightning speed; now when this little isle is united to the great mother by a tie more tangible, more wonderful than that of policy; now that the telegraphic cable is anchored to our shores, we seem to be nearer, more assimilated, especially now that there are few in Manxland who cannot understand the stranger's talk, and be equally well understood by him, the Londoner finding less difficulty with the Manx accent than with the Yorkshire or Lancashire dialects.

The arrangements were made after some little delay in order to allow Miss Marshall to accompany her brother and her sister-in-law.

We must now consider that the inland journey has been made, and that the ladies find themselves for the first time on board a steamer. Mr Marshall was an old sailor, and placed his wife in the steadiest part of the ship, (near the companion-stairs,) wrapped her well up in shawls and rugs, with her feet on a camp-stool; while he paced the deck with his sister.

The whole party were so fortunate as to escape sea-sickness, and Mr M. had the pleasure of seeing his Polly's cheeks tinged with a brighter glow before they landed at Douglas pier head.

Poor Mrs Marshall was sorely distressed when she saw the crowd assembled on the pier to receive her. She thought this did not look very like "a place where nobody went to," for at that early period, the arrival of the packet, being *the* event of the day, the whole town, whether residents or visitors, turned out to see the passengers land. However pleasant a voyage may be, people are usually very glad to get on shore, and the anxiety to have all boxes, parcels, &c., carried to a respectable hotel, engrossed every thought; and our travellers wading boldly through that ocean of faces, soon reached the inn that had been recommended them by a Liverpool friend. But it was not until they found themselves sitting at a comfortable tea-table, spread with all the luxuries that a Manx tea-table boasts—nice bread, butter, jam, bacon, potted herring, eggs and chops, good tea and superior cream—that they had time to feel all the pleasantness of their position. Now, through the open windows of the tea-room, which commanded a lovely view of the bay, they quaffed the sea breezes and luxuriated in the beautiful scenery, far surpassing any of poor little Betsy's sublimest flights in her most patriotic mood.

Let us not, however, forget or despise Betsy. She is more nearly related to us as readers than we suspect, for she is Betsy Quilliam's eldest daughter, the only

child of an early marriage with her former husband, Charles Cain.

Before little Betsy was ten years old, her mother, who was a comely young woman, not yet thirty, became the wife of Jemmy Quilliam—glad to get her, little girl and all, knowing how industrious and thrifty she was; but when Betsy got older, and there were three other children to provide for, she could not bear to see her mother work so hard, and determined to go to service. Brought up in habits of industry as Betsy had been, she was esteemed as a treasure in an English family residing in Douglas.

Mrs Harvey was an old friend of Betsy's mistress, and in her letters she often touched upon that favourite theme of housekeepers, the troubles connected with her servants. Most unselfishly this lady named to her friend her own good servant, and in a short time Betsy found herself far from her mother and her beloved island, comfortably settled in Dr Harvey's household.

In her interview with Mrs Marshall, Betsy had not omitted to mention to them what was the loveliest spot of the isle in her eyes, the home of her mother. Indeed, she had given so good a direction to the village of Baldwin, that Mrs Marshall promised that she would go and see Mrs Quilliam. Remembering this promise, one morning after Mr Marshall had left them settled in lodgings, (for his business required him at home,) Mrs Marshall made the proposition to her sister.

"Catherine, what think you of going to Baldwin to-

day? We might take some tea and sugar with us, and Betsy's mother would boil the kettle."

"With all my heart, I should like to see some real Manx folk, for the people in Douglas are half English."

A car was hired, and, after an early dinner, a little basket was packed, and off they went on their voyage of discovery. The drive was through a beautiful country, high above the bed of a capricious little stream, now turning a mill that ground the peasants' corn, now dashing wildly over moss-covered rocks, and presently subsiding into a pleasant trout-stream. As they advanced, hill above hill rose before them till they found themselves overlooking a hollow surrounded by rugged crags that became green banks as they descended towards the bed of the stream. Here and there a clump of alder trees adorned the valley, willows overhung the river, and everywhere in the shade the graceful ferns enriched the soft fringe of the glen. All this was spread like a picture before the eyes of the two ladies, for, not being able to walk, they lost that feeling of identity with the scene which the pedestrian so much enjoys. To Catherine Marshall it came with all the vividness of something entirely new. Dense foliage, highly cultivated land, broad rivers, and princely architecture were familiar to her, but never before had she seen, in the circumscribed space of five miles, and within the short period of two hours, so many lovely pictures, each of which would be a gem if transferred by the pencil, and secretly she determined, on some future occasion, to place them in her sketch-book.

Mrs Marshall's gratification was different: it arose from the similarity of this wild glen to the scenes which she had been accustomed to in childhood;—the stream where she and her brother had sailed their little boats; the hedges where she had gathered wild flowers for her governess to botanise; the hills looking like miniatures of the grand mountains of her native land, which she had often attempted to represent on paper, but, in her own opinion, without success, though her brother extolled them as masterpieces of art. The sky was intensely blue, as it usually is in the Isle of Man in hot weather, and scarcely a sound was heard or a being seen in motion. At length they heard the noise of a mill, and as *the mill* was the starting-point of their search, they alighted from the car, and commenced their inquiries after Mrs Quilliam. Betsy's directions had reference to the foot-path; but on explaining to the driver the situation of the cottage, it was found practicable to drive, so they mounted the car, and in a few minutes were at Betty's door.

Great was the good woman's astonishment to see two "*rale ladies*" get out of a car and walk straight through the garden to her cottage. She was standing at the door with the baby in her arms. Mrs Marshall asked if Mrs Quilliam lived there.

"Yes, sure, if you please, ma'am, I am Mrs Quilliam."

"Well, Mrs Quilliam, I come from Barton; and I saw your daughter Betsy the other day, and she is very well, and sent her love to you."

"Aw, well now, only think of that! And you've

come all this way! Well, well!—but will you be pleased, ma'am, to come in and sit ye down?"

Mrs Marshall and her sister soon made themselves quite at home with their peasant hostess; and when they told her of their scheme of having tea with her, the conflict between her pleasure in having such guests, and the perplexity of providing for them properly, was strong; but, on the whole, pleasure prevailed. Of course, there were many apologies for the place not being tidy, regrets that "Catty" was not home from school yet—"she would put things right in no time;" but it ended in Catherine Marshall proffering herself as nurse while Mrs Quilliam mended the fire and put the kettle on. However, Catty came in pretty soon, and relieved Catherine by taking the baby, and the ladies proposed relieving Mrs Quilliam of their presence while she performed some of the inner mysteries of preparation for tea. They would take a walk. Now a new difficulty arose—where would they go? "Aw, the pity himself's not in; he knew every place that was a fine view;" but himself would not be in till after six o'clock, so they contented themselves with sauntering about the little garden, looking in now and then at the cottage, getting glimpses of Catty making strenuous efforts to put baby to sleep, and Mrs Quilliam baking slim-cakes. The tea was made, the best china brought out and displayed with no little pride, and all things as nice as could be contrived in a Manx cottage twenty years ago. A broad grin of delight on Betty's countenance, and a merry chirp from

the baby, announced the entrance of "*himself*," and soon a fine tall man of ruddy complexion, blue eyes, and yellowish hair, in mud-stained garments and hands to match, was presented to Mrs Marshall by Betty as "My man, if you please, ma'am."

Jemmy was somewhat abashed at the unusual apparition of two ladies in his kitchen; but, with the true courtesy inspired by kind feeling, he bade them heartily welcome.

Informed that they knew Betsy, he launched forth into her praises, pronouncing her the "born image of her mother"—"a rale stout girl," &c. The simple circumstance of these ladies having but seen Betsy and having conversed with her a few times, established an intimacy between them and the Manx cottager's family more close and familiar than is often the result of formal visits exchanged many times between persons in polite society.

Mrs Marshall's delicate health and appearance excited much interest, and called forth many expressions of kind pity, by no means intended to be disrespectful: "Aw, the craythur, she looks white enough!"—"She 's distrying nothing!" (She eats nothing.)

The drive home was pleasant; and as Mrs Marshall was better rather than worse for the excursion, it was determined that it should be repeated when Mr Marshall came back.

In the meantime, this little inroad into Betty's daily routine gave the Quilliams something to talk about for many a day. Pic-nics were not the every-day oc-

currences that they are now, and the townspeople were not brought into such frequent and close intercourse with their country neighbours, so that two ladies — English ladies, too — coming to their cottage to tea, was quite an event not likely to be soon forgotten.

Catty thought Mrs Marshall "*straight*," like the mistress, and was most anxious that they should know each other. Poor little Catty, little can you understand that secret, mysterious cord that draws kindred souls to each other, souls that may and *must* affect each other through the endless ages of eternity. How slender, how feeble, how mean, we might be ready to say often, are the influences that bring these souls together! As the little Syrian maid brought the heathen monarch into relations with Judah's prophet, so, by little Catty's means, Mrs Marshall and Mrs Russell became acquainted, and through that acquaintance a whole family became blest for time and for eternity, and a whole district was provided with intelligent scriptural teaching, and the means of Christian worship.

How this all came about, must be left to the next chapter to develop.

CHAPTER VII.

A COTTAGE TEA-PARTY.

On the day appointed by Mr Marshall's last letter for his return to Douglas his wife and sister were in no little flutter. How anxious they were about the weather! How often they ran to a window at the top of the house from which a glimpse of the bay could be had! And what consultations as to which would be the better way to receive their visitor, on the pier or at their pleasant tea-table. It was decided that they would wait quietly at home. Every possible charm was to be added to the little parlour, different enough from the elegant drawing-room or the comfortable dining-room of Mosley House.

Mary had here no conservatory where she might cut at will the choicest flowers to decorate her rooms, or to finish her toilet in the manner William loved so well. But the morning hours had been spent in a stroll on the headlands, and the sisters, on household cares intent, for that day forgot their botany, and only gathered flowers with an eye to colour. Large bunches of heather, purple and rose-hued, of golden broom, many-coloured orchidæ, pure white woodruff, and the sweet hare-bell, mingled with ferns and grasses, almost compensated for azalias, cactuses, geraniums, and camellias, by the grace with which they were arranged.

Simple seaside luxuries covered the tea-table; and

the overflowing joy of satisfied affection rendered this little reunion of the husband and wife, the brother and sister, a bright, bright spot on which all unenvious eyes might love to rest.

Much had to be told and heard on both sides, and though, of course, home news had the most absorbing interest, the little adventures of the exiles were not unheeded by their loving and anxious visitor. The pedestrian excursions described by the ladies gave Mr Marshall especial pleasure as signs of the returning strength of his wife. The visit to Mrs Quilliam's cottage was related with great animation, and Mr Marshall felt grateful to those unknown peasants who had shewn kindness to his "dear Polly."

"Let us have another day at Baldwin while William is here, Mary," said Catherine, one bright morning when her brother had been about a week with them; "I am sure he would enjoy it."

"That he would," responded Mrs Marshall. "The quaint talk of Jemmy is just what he would like."

"And then the lovely scenery!" suggested Catherine, the sketcher.

So it was agreed, a carriage hired, and preparations made in a more substantial style for dinner in the glen and tea at Betty's. When they arrived at the cottage Betty was sitting at her tea alone, her little baby on her knee. The little girls were at school, but they soon joined her, and their meal being quickly despatched, the tea equipage was cleared away, the kettle refilled with fresh water from the brook, slung on the hook suspended

from the chimney. It was little Annie's occupation to supply the fire with dried gorse and ferns, as her mother said, "She was middlin' good at put-undering," though not "good at take-caring of the child." The kettle soon boiled, heated by the bright flames from the hearth, and was then swung aside to make way for the griddle that rested on two bricks, for barley-bread and slim-cake were to be baked, so that the tea-cooking was no sinecure in a Manx cottage.

Mr Marshall had heard so much of Jemmy from the ladies that he expected a treat in chatting with him, for having much to do with working men, a working man was an interesting object to him; but on asking Mrs Quilliam when her husband would be at home, she replied, "'Deed, sir, I don't know; it 's not often he 's at home much afore dark."

"Oh, I hoped he would be in time to take tea with us as he is too late for your tea."

"Aw, he 's not much *for* tea; but he 'll not be very long now, I 'm thinking."

However, the second tea was cleared away, and the visitors, under the escort of little Catty, had found some new beauties in the neighbourhood before Jemmy slowly found his way home, and then, it is to be feared, only because Annie had teased him into it; for she had met him at Mrs Cain's, and got him to come and see the nice "quality that memmaa had with her."

Mrs Marshall was grieved to see that in two short months a change for the worse had come over Jemmy. The Sunday visits to the public-house had led to week-

day appointments there, ostensibly on business. Little Billy's dances were less frequent, and though Betty contrived to keep the children still at school, she found it more difficult every week; and few were the Sundays that she and Catty could get to church, either for want of shoes or some garment. Sometimes, indeed, the poor woman stayed at home from sheer weariness and depression.

In course of general conversation with the family these things came out, and Mrs M. determined to do something, but hardly knew what it was to be. Mr M. talked to Jem in a manly, friendly manner, not as if looking at some natural curiosity, nor questioning him as if he thought him devoid of feeling; but he discovered the subjects on which he could talk, asked him for information about field-labour, draining, cattle, and the like; and he found him intelligent and communicative, although the Manx peasant, not speaking English very fluently, nor understanding it perfectly, appeared at first rather stupid.

Mr Marshall did not at that time pay particular attention to his own spiritual concerns, so it was not likely that he should care much about the welfare of other people's souls; but he did care much about the moral condition of his work-people so far as it affected the comfort of their families. He took considerable trouble to make them sober and their wives and children comfortable; he encouraged church-going as he did savings banks, benefit clubs, and teetotalism.

His wife and sister were kind-hearted, amiable ladies,

with little thought beyond this world, though they could scarcely be called worldly, for they were no votaries of the world's pleasures, generally so called, or its gains; but their enjoyments, though perfectly innocent, intellectual, refined, and inexpensive, had only reference to time, and to man, and to earth; they had no higher aim; "God was not in all their thoughts." It had never occurred to them that He had given them all things richly to enjoy. Going to church and reading the Bible were duties that had always been regularly performed on Sundays, as honouring an *English institution*, respectable from age and precedence.

But as to going to church for the purpose of pouring out the full heart in prayer and praise, with a soul hungering for instruction in the law of Christ,—as for reading the Bible because it was a book containing a treasure of knowledge,—as to coming to it for comfort in sorrow, for guidance in the daily walk of life—that was uncomprehended, unconceived, unthought of. The sisters read and enjoyed the best authors, they wrote their thoughts in letters to beloved friends in elegant English drawn from the purest sources, they looked with the artist's eye on the beautiful works of God, and endeavoured to represent them on the canvas; or, as naturalists, they revelled in discoveries of beauty, and design, and analogy in the animal kingdom; they thought of them as fresh proofs of the wisdom and love of the Creator; they were kinder to the dumb brute because they saw excellences in it that the ignorant do not see; they loved to observe the manifestations of

character in those placed by circumstances below them, to see in them qualities as interesting as in their own compeers; but they were ignorant of the grand bond between the Christian, as such, and all mankind and all creation. They felt a deep interest in Betty and her family; they wished that Jemmy would not spend all his earnings in the public-house. To Betty they gave money, and to her husband good advice, but felt themselves utterly powerless to render them happy.

This was the last visit to the Quilliams for the present, for Mrs Marshall was so strong now that her husband took her home at the end of the week.

The Marshalls had made few other acquaintances in the Isle of Man, for Mrs Marshall had not cared much for the society of strangers, and Catherine loved to devote herself to her sister. She had found enough excitement in forming the acquaintance of the glens, and streams, and creeks, and rocks, and hedge-flowers of Mona; zoophytes, perhaps, had not as yet become young ladies' pets, or she would have found in them an additional motive for scrambling over the rocks. So, when they embarked on board the steamer, not many adieux had to be made, excepting to the hills as they paled and receded, and the emerald water into which Catherine affectionately dipped her hand as she looked over the side of the little boat down, down, down into the flickering depths to the many-coloured pavement of the bay. And the sea-weeds seemed to float lovingly over the white hand, trying to detain it in their soft clasp, as the little boat carried her over them to the

steamer bound for Liverpool. Yes, each breeze seemed to whisper a farewell, loving and sad; and, though she was going to meet a sister and a father very dear to her, Catherine could not check a sigh of regret that she was leaving a spot she thought full of beauty, simplicity, and truth.

During this sojourn in the Isle of Man, Mary and her husband had been so much separated, that the fact of their going home together absorbed every other thought; and although they had been the great gainers by this visit to Douglas, they only rejoiced in the termination of it, and indulged in no regrets at leaving the green hills behind.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE PIER—THE POST-OFFICE—THE PREACHER.

MOSLEY HOUSE looked all comfort and affluence after the somewhat economised furniture and space of the Douglas lodging-house; but through the fragrance of the conservatory were wafted puffs of smoke and oily fumes; music, the sweetest or the most brilliant produced by Margaret Marshall, was overpowered by the clank of machinery and the roar of steam-engines. Drives in the pony-carriage or the chariot were in

vain; before Mrs Marshall reached the purer air of the moors, she was quite exhausted. Her husband longed to take her again to the sea-side; and it was settled that she should go to Scarborough;—for as another was added to the travelling-party in the person of William Marshall, junior, the voyage to the Isle of Man would be too fatiguing both for him and his mamma, this year.

At first the fresh breezes of the German Ocean seemed to invigorate both mother and child; but soon the air proved too strong, and it was necessary for them to return.

The same languor and suffering came on as had followed Mrs Marshall's return from the Isle of Man, but much increased by the sight of her dear baby's sufferings; for the poor little thing faded away, and before winter the pale blossom had dropped entirely from the stem, leaving the mother more faded and drooping than ever.

Dr Harvey recommended an early visit to the island; and in April Mr Marshall took his fragile wife, accompanied by his younger sister Margaret, to Douglas. They sought the lodgings they had occupied before, but found that Douglas had been moving both upward and sea-ward, and that their former hostess had been carried along with the age.

Mrs Curphey had removed her abode to a handsome house in a terrace commanding a fine view of the bay. This was an improvement on the run up to the garret to ascertain that the steamboat was in sight. Now

the ladies could sit quietly in the window, and while Mr Marshall read to them, wait for the first appearance of the smoke, that he might have time to walk to the pier, and enjoy what to him was the great treat of the day, the landing of the passengers. An amusing sight it was to those who had nerve enough to stand the bawling and hauling, rushing and crushing and squabbling of the porters, or *hobblers*, as they were then called in Douglas. "I say, the gentleman tould me."—"I got the portmanty first."—"It was none of your right."—"I axed him first."—"You clear away there." Nor were the passengers without some share in making the din. "Where 's my bandbox," screams a young woman at the highest pitch of her voice. "Some one has taken my umbrella," roars an elderly gentleman. "That 's not my trunk," squeals a lady, vainly trying to arrest the progress of the brawny hobbler she has employed to carry her luggage; he has on his shoulders a huge hair trunk of no particular description, with no direction.—"In my existence, I never beheld such an intolerably filthy, disgusting collection of individuals," lisps an exquisite, viewing, with ineffable contempt, the throng through his eye-glass. "No badges, no police, no cabs, no landing-stage, and, ugh! the smell of herrings." After a good deal of jangling and hustling, the passengers succeed in disentangling themselves and their luggage from one another, and walk in procession up the long pier to their various destinations, keeping an anxious eye on the luggage-laden hobbler trudging on before.

Rather tired with the bustle on the pier, Mr Marshall avoided the noisy thoroughfares, and was glad to find a quiet street that led towards his lodgings. He was attracted by the sound of music proceeding from a church, a little recessed from the street. He stopped a moment to listen, and would have gone in, for a week-night service was a novelty to him and excited his curiosity; but a vision of the waiting faces at home impelled him on; he resolved, however, to take Mrs Marshall and his sister there the following Sunday.

It was a pleasant little excitement, after tea, to go to the post-office; for in those days no scarlet-liveried postmen brought you your letters an hour or two after the arrival of the steamer. If you expected letters, you must go for them.

The custom was to push your way into a dark narrow passage not ten feet long, tap at a wooden pane, or if a post-night, wait till the pane was opened, and then what a crush! Through the pane might be seen two ladies of agreeable aspect, one busily employed in sorting letters, the other in delivering them to the eager inquirers. What large sympathies, and what a benevolent heart that dear lady must have had: there was a touching condolence in her tone, when, shaking her head negatively, she would reply to your out-stretched hand, "No: there is nothing for you *to-day*, Mr ——," putting into the *to-day* a gleam of hope for the next mail; allaying a little the agitation of disappointment and suspense. While, if she

answered the inquiry, "Any letters for me to-day Miss ——?" affirmatively, she would give you a letter with so bright a smile, you felt that you must be pleased, even though the missive might be your tailor's tenth dunning epistle. Nay, I wrong you, dear dispenser of joys and sorrows, for usually you seemed to have an instinctive perception as to whether the letter was of a pleasing nature or otherwise.

The letter received by Mr Marshall to-night, did not give any great satisfaction to the little party at No. 6 Sea-View Terrace. It was a recall for Mr Marshall; business required his presence at Barton; and in two days he must leave.

On the morning of his departure, he recollected his plan for Sunday, so he said to Mrs Marshall, "By the by, Polly, I quite intended taking you and Mag on Sunday to the church I told you of. I can't now; but if you are able to be out, you might as well go there as anywhere else. You can find it out I think, and tell me what it is like."

The ladies did go there on the following Sunday, more to please their absent friend than with the hope of being much gratified; but they were both impressed with an air of devoutness, earnestness, and seriousness, in the congregation, that was new to them. The prayers were prayed rather than read; and although there was a clerk, he did not substitute himself for the congregation. Miss Margaret Marshall's nice ear and cultivated taste were somewhat offended to be sure by the nasal tones and husky sounds that rose from the

free pews; but the simplicity, fervour, and earnestness of the worship went at once to Mrs Marshall's heart; why, she could not have explained; as yet, she but listened to it all as to a tale, without taking part in it herself.

The clergyman gave no elaborately-learned discourse, containing in elegant diction a mere code of moral precepts; neither was the sermon unlearned, nor ungraceful, nor void of the best and purest of moral lessons. The subject was the work of the Holy Spirit, and text after text was quoted, word after word was explained and enforced, mingled it might be with many a homely illustration; then an exhortation so earnest, so impassioned, an appeal so affectionate followed, that the hearer was reminded of Whitfield or Wesley.

To hear such preaching indifferently was impossible. The homely illustrations might excite some to scoff. Some who had been educated as the Marshalls, were not sure of the teacher's orthodoxy. Yet what he said was in the Bible; he proffered no sentiment which he did not prove from Scripture. It would be hard to gainsay a man who did not give opinions on his own *ipse dixit*, but backed every doctrine by a "God says." Many thought him a fanatic, but some were led by his teaching to think, to repent, and to desire to hear more of the way of salvation. Of this number were Mrs Marshall and her sister.

The familiarity, so unusual in the pulpit, attracted their attention at first; then the frequent recurrence of Scripture proofs led to habits of research that shortly

became daily in their own homes as well as on Sunday in church.

They did not talk to each other about the sermons or their own feelings; each was conscious of something too sacred for utterance rising in her soul—something that could not form itself into words to mortals; only the sublimity of prayer could embody such feelings—only to the divine ear could they be uttered.

In Mrs Marshall little change was apparent to outward observers. The sadness that had shaded her spirit on the loss of her darling first-born had not yet been chased away; and the seriousness of demeanour, caused in reality by the serious nature of her thoughts, as she pondered over the new subjects of reflection offered to her mind, was easily mistaken for the pensiveness of sorrow.

Margaret Marshall, on the other hand, a stylish girl, accomplished, elegant, fond of, and accustomed to, society, an eager partaker of the little gaiety that was available in this obscure country-place, when she preferred attending Bible-meetings to a walk on the pier, when she accepted an invitation to a Dorcas Society in preference to a ticket for a subscription-ball, purchased tracts for distribution among the poor with the money formerly devoted to the hire of novels from a circulating library, and spent in visiting the sick the time that had once been wasted in shopping and ceremonious visits; this excited some attention, and was remarked and speculated on.

Some said she had had a disappointment; but that

again was doubted, for she was even more cheerful than she used to be. Then they chose to say she was going to marry a clergyman, and of course she *must* be very good and charitable and pious, and all that. How far all these chatterers were from guessing the truth! How few saw Margaret Marshall as she saw herself! Instead of imagining for one moment that she was attracting attention by her works of charity and deeds of piety she only thought how far she came short of her desires for the glory of God and the good of her fellow-creatures. She had a new motive for exertion much stronger than any previous one, "the love of Christ constraining her" to devote her heart and soul and time and strength and money to the service of Him who had done so much for her.

CHAPTER IX.

LITTLE CATTY'S INTRODUCTION.

A RESIDENCE from May to October in the Isle of Man had rendered Mrs and Miss Marshall quite denizens of the place; they had formed many pleasant acquaintances, and cultivated some friendships. Among others, or rather above all others, the most important, most sacred, most beneficial, to the sisters had been the ac-

quaintance of Mr and Mrs Russell. The introduction had been brought about, strangely enough, through Catty Quilliam.

To go back in our story. When Catherine Marshall was in the Isle of Man she took every opportunity of carrying out her intention of sketching some of the pretty scenes so admired by her on the way to Quilliam's cottage.

She one day met little Catty on her way from a farm near Bradden church. They were both some distance from home, and were glad to sit on a stone by the wayside to chat a little and rest. Catherine's sketch-book was on her lap, and, seeing the child's inquiring gaze, she good-naturedly pointed out to Catty some of the sketches of familiar scenes, which were immediately recognised.

"O miss," she exclaimed with delight, "how beautiful! But how I do wish you could make the pattern of the parson's house!"

"But I don't know where it is, Catty."

After a few moments' reflection, with a rather puzzled look, the child blurted out, "Please, miss, I'll take you."

"Thank you, Catty; but is it very far from here?"

"Only a step, miss; there's only a field between us and the church, and then we'll soon be at the parson's."

More with a desire to please her little companion than with the expectation of finding a good subject for her pencil, Catherine accompanied the child, and was

soon agreeably surprised by the pretty scene that burst on her view.

From behind a clump of venerable trees rose the gray belfry of the old church. The trees looked as if they had been keeping watch over the dead of a hundred generations—as though to a hundred generations they had been teaching the same lesson, "We all do fade as a leaf." To thousands of believing mourners the buds bursting with pent-up life each returning spring had suggested the same precious promise of renewed existence in the resurrection of the body when Christ our life shall appear.

Here and there were scattered curious stones, with Runic inscriptions, relics of the times long past, when the Norsemen ruled our isle. Very thickly was the ground studded with memorial stones, and above all towered a monumental column, erected to the memory of a loved soldier by his brother officers.

No painted glass or marble slabs then adorned the interior of the church, no architectural grandeur increased the sublimity of the scene. The building was severely simple, impressive only in its venerableness, and in the unison that was felt to exist between it and external nature. "The pattern of the church" was not Catty's aim, but the artist would not leave it without delaying for a few minutes to dot it in her sketch-book, determining to visit it again some day.

While Miss Marshall was so engaged a funeral wound its way into the church; this solemn procession, and the closing cadences of the funeral psalm, gave the

finishing touch to the sombre sentiment inspired by the scene.

The ceremony of the interment occupied no more time than did Catherine's sketch; and she had not ascended the hill many paces, Catty trotting on before, impatient to introduce her to what she considered the finest picture in the world, when they were overtaken by a fine-looking man, evidently a clergyman; and as Catty whispered, "The parson," Miss Marshall felt slightly embarrassed—being on the way to take possession of his property. If she could make the appropriation unknown to him, so much the better, as she did not wish for any interference; so when the worthy vicar courteously raised his hat in passing, she was conscience-stricken, and almost repented her temerity. Catty, however, was not to be baffled, declaring they could not be seen at all from the parsonage if they got behind a hedge. In this she was mistaken. Mrs Russell, from her bedroom window, saw a lady making vain attempts to steady herself and her drawing-paper in the wind; and she herself being a draughtswoman, knew the inconvenience of the position, and that there was a better view of the house to be had from a different direction—more in view of the parlour windows—which it had been the sketcher's chief aim to avoid.

Mrs Russell did not go out herself, thinking that would annoy the young lady, but she sent her little girl, telling her to take the stranger to the best site; and Frank took her a chair. Such civilities demanded some notice; and Miss Marshall, breaking through

her natural reserve with strangers, called when her sketch was made, to thank the lady and her children for their kindness. Catty took back the chair; she was recognised by Mrs Russell, greatly to the child's delight. Miss Marshall wrote her name in pencil on a bit of drawing-paper, and sent it in by Catty with her thanks. She was invited to walk inside the vicarage by Mrs Russell, who met her in the garden. In the little parlour which we have before described, she found the gentleman whom she had seen in her walk, and his kind, benevolent smile, as he handed her to a chair, almost gained from her a confession of her thoughts on her way up from the church. But timidity kept her silent beyond the exchange of common courtesies. With the lady, however, she got on better; hers was a master-spirit that invariably exerted an influence over all who came in contact with it. Soon they found themselves engaged in confidential talk. Mrs Russell learned that Catherine was a visitor in Douglas with an invalid sister, and promised herself the pleasure of calling, if Miss Marshall thought it would be agreeable. Mrs Marshall was pleased with Catherine's account of her morning's adventure, and regretted, when she found how near the church was to town, that they had not found it out before, to attend service there.

Mrs Russell fulfilled her promise of a visit to Mrs Marshall; and the vicar accompanied her. He felt that to all invalids clergymen were bound to administer consolation and instruction, as they are so frequently debarred the privilege of public worship, and to those

in his own parish he owed especial visits. They were both well-received by the Marshalls, who, though not religious people, being refined, cultivated, and amiable, the society of refined, amiable people was particularly acceptable to them.

Mrs Marshall's delicate health prevented her from enjoying the fatiguing formality of worldly society; and Catherine's studious habits made the frivolous cares of dress, and formal morning calls, and evening dances irksome to her—neither, indeed, was she suited to them, nor likely to be very popular in such circles. There was no very violent attempt in this first visit to introduce religious topics, either on the part of Mr or Mrs Russell. He asked no questions on the spiritual state even of the invalid, but expressed keen sympathy with the position of the young wife obliged to be partially separated from her husband, talked to Catherine about her father and sister. Mr Russell seemed to have some acquaintance with their county—hoped to have an introduction to Mr Marshall. Mrs Russell begged that their first drive should be to the vicarage, where she would shew them a troop that would frighten poor Mrs Marshall, but she would not let them harm her.

And so the visit concluded, greatly to the satisfaction of both parties—satisfied, not that it was ended, but that it had been made—each hoping that the acquaintance thus commenced might ripen into friendship.

An early opportunity was taken to return the visit; and Mrs Marshall was quite as much pleased as

Catherine with the beautiful churchyard and the pretty vicarage, and still more so with the lovely family. The children and parents had just been released from morning lessons when a car drove to the door. The two elder boys had climbed the two elm trees that guarded each side of the court gate when they heard the sound of wheels, each emulous of being the first to announce a friend.

They did not know the *horse*—the first of a party usually recognised by boys—nor the car, nor the ladies; and had not their curiosity detained them, they would really have been so rude as to hide themselves in the barn till the receding wheels should give them notice that the guests had departed.

The pleasant intercourse which our English ladies had promised themselves from this introduction was postponed to a later period, as Mrs Marshall and Catherine went home to Barton shortly afterwards; and it was not till Mrs Marshall's return, accompanied by Margaret, that the acquaintance was matured into intimacy—Mrs Russell coming to see Mrs Marshall as soon as she knew of her arrival.

One visit led to another, till the vicarage became the favourite resort of the Marshalls. Margaret attached herself much to "Sissy," or Edith Russell, as we should call her when introduced to strangers. Margaret preferred the family's mode of naming her young friend; and to Edith Russell no name was so dear as that which all in the house called her; and, indeed, that was the name she merited, for a *sister* in a thou-

sand was she. Her three brothers and two sisters were scarcely conscious of what she did for them; but had she desisted from her usual cares and occupations but for one day, sorely would they have been missed—loudly would have been the complaints, no doubt. Not that I would insinuate that any of the Russell family would be ungrateful; but they had no idea of the daily, hourly trouble they gave: no young people have—they were not singular.

Mrs Russell had little help from her husband in the discharge of family duties, besides the three hours of the mornings devoted to teaching their three elder children. The claims of the parish on his attention were unremitting; and his wife never allowed him to feel that she required his assistance. No; had she detailed to him every paltry annoyance in the household arrangements, every instance of insubordination in the children, of carelessness in the servants, or the unreasonable dissatisfaction of parishioners that came to her knowledge in her cottage-visitings, it would have harassed his mind, shackled the soarings of a spirit that was to lead her and many to the gates of heaven.

Mr Russell would have more than met the least requirement of his wife; he was not indifferent to her cares, her toils, her anxieties; and in all serious ills, next to Divine aid, she sought and valued her husband's help and sympathy and prayers. But she did not worry him with every trifle, which she knew it would cost him more to remove than her to bear.

The children were not trained to consider their father a sort of punishing institution in the family, and the mother the source of all indulgence. No; they were trained to love and revere both parents equally.

Such lessons could not be lost on a mind like Mrs Marshall's; and frequently she prayed that, if God should bless her and William with a family like this, that He would also enable them to rule in the same spirit of firmness and wisdom and love.

When the sisters began to think seriously of their spiritual concerns, a new and stronger tie of sympathy bound them to their friends; and gently, steadily, the good vicar, by his preaching, conversation, and life, led them on in the way they had chosen.

But again they were to part. It was now October; and Mrs Marshall was to be settled at home before the winter set in.

CHAPTER X.

THE THANK-OFFERING.

THE years rolled by. Mrs Marshall's visits to the Isle of Man had become a regular item in the family scheme for the year's proceedings. Her health was now established, and the annual visit was not absolutely needed; but she had now a second son, and she was proud to

take her baby, six months old, to shew to her friends, Mrs Quilliam and Mrs Russell. Another and another being added to the group, it became more difficult to take them with her, or to leave them at home; but when a lovely girl of three years old shewed symptoms of delicacy, Doctor Harvey declared that they must take her for a year or two to the sea-side, and it was decided that a house in Douglas was to be engaged for a year.

The home-feeling that this arrangement gave to Douglas was very pleasant to Mrs Marshall; and when she saw the bloom restored to little Minnie's cheek, and heard her merry laugh as she capered on the sands, her enjoyment would have been complete, but that Mr Marshall was obliged to be so frequently absent from her and the children. As some sort of compensation, one of his sisters was always her companion; and they had become so accustomed to connect his visits to Barton with the hope of a speedy return, that, on the whole, the prevailing feeling of the parents was thankfulness to God for the restoration of their darling's health, and attachment to the place which He had used for that end.

It was near the time appointed for their return, and the whole family were enjoying a ramble on the beautiful sands of Douglas Bay.

"William dear, how could we shew our gratitude for the recovery of dear Minnie's health?" said Mrs Marshall to her husband, as they were watching the gambols of the lovely child with her baby brother.

"And for your own health, my Polly, and for our little Manx boy. I declare Frank is as fat as a Manx puffin, and as strong as a mountain pony!"

"Yes," softly added Mary, her eyes filling with tears, like the gentle summer showers on the tender grass—"Yes, we have much to thank this dear little island for; here has been born my healthiest babe, and here, I humbly trust, my own soul has been born again into the new nature of a believer in Christ Jesus."

"It is very wonderful, to be sure, that we should all have been very good people, as things go, at Barton,—church-going, and all that,—and yet that we should have come to this out-of-the-way, barbarous place (as some of our fine neighbours would call it) to learn the real thing after all. As for you, Polly, you were always good, and Catherine too; but Margaret and I, we never thought any more about our souls than the black-a-moors, till I heard that rousing sermon in the queer church, in the queer street."

"How strange indeed have been God's ways in bringing us to Himself! For my part, I am sensible that Catherine and I were just as far wrong, William, as you and Margaret; indeed, we were in a more dangerous state, for we were like climbers on broken steps, which the first stumble would crush; for we fancied that amiable dispositions and good-natured charities were quite sufficient to help us to heaven. Both to *your rousing* preacher, and to the persistent, earnest, and enlightened instruction of our dear vicar, and to the deep piety of his wife, we feel indebted under the

Almighty for the great change in our views of the way of salvation. But to return to our subject," added Mrs Marshall. "How can we best evince our gratitude? What shall we render to the Lord for all His benefits?"

"What can we render Him, indeed? We can only serve Him by serving His creatures."

"There is *one* thing we can do," said Mrs Marshall; "we can serve our fellow-creatures and glorify Him too, by helping them to worship Him, and so do a little good to this dear island and its honest inhabitants to whom we owe so much."

"What scheme have you in your head now, Polly?"

"Perhaps you will think it a very bold scheme, William, but it has come into my head to ask father to help us to build and endow a little chapel in one of these country places. You know Mr Carphey and the vicar were talking one day of the difficulty of getting the country people to come to church, on account of the great distance of some of the farms and villages from the parish church."

"Oh, that's a capital notion—the very thing. I wonder I never thought of it before. Why, I believe, if the church had been as convenient as the public-house, poor Quilliam and his family would have been better off than they are."

"Shall it be in Baldwin then?"

"Well, we shall see, my dear; there are many things to be considered. You must not suppose that I can buy a field and set masons to build a church in it, then put money in the funds for a perpetual salary for a

curate, as I could buy an estate for Minnie, or annuity for Mary."

"Why not, if you have the money?"

"O you silly little goose! little you know of the mountains of difficulty there are to be removed when anything for the public good is to be effected."

"How is that?"

"In the first place, your scheme is looked upon with very jealous eyes—it is turned about and about, and hummed-and-hawed at, and wet blankets thrown upon it. If allowed to be adopted at all, it must be put into the hands of a committee; and, of course, a matter of this sort has a right to the consideration and sanction of the Bishop. So, you see, not much is left to the originator. Ten to one, it may get into the meshes of the law, and, peradventure, into the hands of the state, before you have done with it. After all this pulling into shape and out of shape, you may be hardly able to recognise your own scheme; indeed, except in the shape of applications for funds, you will not be much troubled with it."

"O William, surely you are ill-natured; in what a disagreeable light you place my bright scheme. Such beautiful imaginings I had of a sweet little church with a spire, built in the very prettiest part of Baldwin Glen —and I could hear the bells ring cheerfully, and see the people wending along the valley, and dotting the little paths on the hill-side, coming from every cottage door—old men leaning on their sticks—old women leaning on their sons—young fathers and mothers lead-

ing their little ones, too weak to walk as far as the parish church—and a good, faithful minister preaching to them *rousing* sermons such as you like;—and now and then, the dear vicar, in his mild and gentle way, pleading, teaching. Oh, what a happy village it might soon become! and I might see it; but if all this fuss with committees and trustees is to be gone through first, we may all be in our graves—Betty, and Jem, and all —before ever a sermon is preached in the new church."

"Well, dear, and should that prevent our attempting to do good? Catty and Annie and Billy might benefit by it at any rate; and our children would have the gratification of seeing it, and of knowing that their mother had been the founder"——

"And their father and grandfather, and their aunts; for they will all help, I am sure," interrupted Mrs Marshall. "Oh yes, dear William, forgive my pettish impatience; I am like a baby crying for its porridge before it is cool, for its fruit before it is pared."

"Let us be thankful if we have the porridge to cool, and the fruit to pare; and you shall have it, Mary—I will speak about it to the vicar this day."

That evening, Mr Marshall walked to the vicarage without the ladies; he thought it would be more business-like. Luckily, he found Mr Russell at home. When informed that business was the object of the visit, Mr Marshall was asked into the study. They were hardly seated when Mr Marshall began.

"Mr Russell, it is no use beating about the bush. I am a plain man, as are most of my countrymen, and at

once I will tell you what is on my mind. My wife and myself owe great obligations to this little island, and have derived benefits from it that money can never pay for. As a family we have been wonderfully blest here; my wife, my sisters, and I would humbly add my unworthy self, have here, by God's mercy, learned the truth. My wife and my child have been saved from the grave. To these benefits has been added that of 'the thankful heart,'—and though it is little enough that we can do, one idea presents itself to us both; it is respecting this that I have come to talk to you."

Mr Russell, who probably supposed that his rich Yorkshire friend was going to give a handsome donation to the charity schools, or to the poor-fund, smiled and thanked him, little thinking that anything so important as the building and endowing of a chapel was coming; so, when Mr Marshall added—"Our notion is to build and endow a church, a small village one, you know, in some district whose inhabitants are too far from the parish church;—now, can you help us?" the good vicar was astounded as much as gratified.

"The idea does you honour, my dear sir; but are you aware of the cost of every kind that you are incurring? These things are so difficult to manage."

Mr Marshall could scarce forbear smiling; indeed, had Mrs Marshall been there, it is to be feared he would have laughed outright at this first trickle from the wet blanket, which would rather have surprised the worthy vicar.

"Oh yes. I see a hundred bug-a-boos swarming all round the plan; but that shan't hinder me, if I can get my father's consent to my taking up the needful, and of that I have little fear; my sisters will have their hearts in it as much as I, and the old gentleman only wants to make purses for them."

"Well, far be it from me, my dear sir, to damp your ardour; gladly will I help you every way I can. How can I help you?"

"Tell me, first, which would be the best site, and then how I must set about getting permission. I should not like to get into a scrape with the authorities; any irregularity on my part might hinder the usefulness of the building after it was got up. Then about the site;—have you any objection to another church in your own parish?"

"Certainly not in my own person; but I do not know how my successors might like it. I prefer not having the responsibility on myself. It should be put into the hands of a committee."

Again Mr Marshall smiled inwardly, but he merely said, "Oh yes; exactly;"—then added, "My wife and the young ladies have a great fancy for a place in your parish; it is called Baldwin, I believe. Could we get a bit of ground there?"

"There is considerable difficulty always in buying land: the farmers, who are generally heirs, have a great objection to sell; yet if they thought it was their interest, they might be induced."

"Don't you think the best plan would be to talk to your Bishop about it? He can put all things to rights, surely?"

Mr Russell shook his head, and smiled.

"I have no doubt but that he desires to put all to rights, as you say, but it is not an easy affair. However, you are right; he is the person to appeal to for advice and sanction, and I will take an early opportunity of stating the case to him."

"We must not let the matter cool for want of friction. Poor Mary was quite disheartened this morning when I gave her a glimpse of the difficulties we might encounter, and the delay likely to occur."

"No, no; I will not lose any time. I will go to Bishop's Court and see the Bishop, and as early as possible inform you of the result of my interview with his lordship. But why not come with me yourself?"

"Thank you. I believe it is better to leave you ecclesiastics to manage your part of such affairs yourselves. When you want materials—the cash—I am your man; I will go with you to the banker's, but not to the Bishop's."

CHAPTER XI.

THE BISHOP'S DINNER-PARTY.

IT has often been remarked that the old monks had the pick of the land for their places of mortification; and certainly, if we may judge of the past by the present appearance of some ecclesiastical edifices, there is some truth in the observation; and the site of Bishop's Court, the episcopal palace of Mona, is a corroboration.

In the parish of Kirk Michael is a low irregular building, tolerably spacious and elegant, though by no means grand or imposing; more adapted to the requirements of those who loved to shew hospitality to the brethren, and to bring up families in decency and order, than to the desires of the great ones of the earth; a residence that well becomes a servant of Christ, one devoted to moral rather than worldly progress. But the natural advantages of this sweet spot are great. Embosomed in finer trees than often fall to the lot of Manxland, a clear little brook, flowing through a lovely glen, waters the gardens, and is crossed by many rustic bridges; now and then you are surprised by arbours in shady nooks, and what was once a wild brier-covered ravine, is converted into a picturesque pleasure-ground, with clear, smooth paths for the walker, and rustic seats for the rester.

Each diocesan, from good Bishop Wilson, who planted some of the trees which form the chief charm of the

place, had added some beauty or comfort to the palace: one, with an eye for the picturesque, had devoted his leisure and his purse to the planting of the glen; another, with a numerous family, had added to the commodiousness of the house; a third, with a taste for architecture, had improved the chapel.

The Bishop to whom Mr Russell proposed naming Mr Marshall's generous offer was a bachelor—one who might have said, like Bishop Wilson, "his diocese was his wife." The palace more than met his simple wants. He had not directed his attention to ecclesiastical architecture, but he had been touched by the spiritual wants of his flock, by the cares and difficulties of the shepherds; so he was well-disposed to receive Mr Russell's communication respecting Mr Marshall, and hailed it as a beginning of the good things he hoped to accomplish for his Manx diocese.

It was but a few days after this private interview on the subject, that the annual convocation was held at Bishop's Court, when, as usual, the clergy dined with the Bishop. At dinner, the conversation turned on some of the subjects that had been more formally discussed at convocation. Among other things, Baldwin was named. An old college friend of the Bishop's visiting at the palace, asked where Baldwin was. "In Bradden—the largest and most important parish in the diocese. Is it not, Mr Russell?" said the Bishop, turning towards the vicar of Bradden.

"I believe one may say so, my lord, as containing not only Douglas, but several remote hamlets."

"Only one church?" asked Mr Vernon.

"There are three in Douglas, but only one for the rural population."

"But I hear that the parish churches are but poorly filled in general; and yet it seems that the Wesleyans think it worth while to build little chapels in all directions."

"It is true, my lord," replied Mr Russell; "and probably one reason for these chapels being better filled than the churches, is, that they are generally placed where they are most needed."

"But why cannot the people now come to the parish church as well as their forefathers did? the distance is no greater now than it was then."

This objection was made by the vicar of a large parish with a scattered population, to whom the little chapels were, as he thought, a great snare, and to himself a great annoyance.

"Many things have changed since those days, my dear Forsyth; even the labourers have contracted luxurious habits unknown to our grandsires."

"But do you think, my lord, that if we *had* little chapels in our parishes nearer to the populous localities, they would be better attended?"

"Certainly I do; the Manx peasantry are a religious people, but—they are—dare I say it in the presence of so many of my Manx brethren? a l——well, I would soften it—an apathetic, nor a particularly active people. They very much prefer their blessings to come to them, than that they should travel in search of their blessings."

A laugh, as much of a laugh, at least, as was thought proper for episcopal ears, followed this mild allusion to Manx laziness.

"Besides, it should be considered," suggested Mr Lancaster, a town incumbent, "that there really is not room in the parish churches for the increased population."

"Are the churches filled?" drily asked Mr Forsyth.

"The churches are not filled," said Mr Russell, "as has been remarked by my lord Bishop; but we ought to expect and provide for the attendance of the majority of the population on public worship."

"Enlarge the parish churches, then," responded Mr Forsyth.

"That has been done where the accommodation was very bad; and in some cases, too, the site of the church has been changed. In one of your parishes, the new church was built nearly too miles distant from the old one; some of the parishioners who had attended the old church did not find it so convenient to attend the new one, and the village people having got accustomed to the Wesleyan preaching-house, were not willing to change the short night-service there for the long prayers at church in the morning."

"Then, Mr Russell, you leave us no hope even from the plan of placing chapels in more central places."

"I beg your pardon, my lord; my meaning rather is that it might be as well to leave the old churches as they are, for those who have become accustomed to them, and that new chapels be built in populous dis-

tricts. If there are Methodist meeting-houses, we must not be disappointed if they are better filled than our chapels."

"Discouraging again; but even supposing that the preaching of my clergy, the younger ones especially, does not suit so well the fastidious taste of the peasantry as do the energetic exhortations of those who address them in the meeting-house, depend upon it that the influence of a resident clergyman among them, whose daily life is his best sermon, would be appreciated and highly beneficial."

"I believe you are right, my lord; and if I, a stranger, might take part in this discussion, I would add that it is impossible for any but a resident clergyman to have that influence. The best sort of Wesleyan preachers are only transient visitors in the rural districts—consequently, the relations of pastor and people do not exist among them; so it is always to the clergyman that the people look for help in any strait, temporal or spiritual."

"You are right, Mr Vernon; it is there we have the great hold on the people. The smaller the circle of our influence, the closer the relation; and the closer, the more influential."

"Then, Mr Russell, you would have many such small circles within the great parish circle."

"Yes, my lord; as through the medium of your clergy, your lordship exerts a wholesome influence over the whole diocese, so we, the vicars, by means of our curates, might maintain a closer relation with our

parishioners: and not only that, but experience teaches us that the families that are nearer to our residences, and with whom we and our families are in closest communication, are the best church-goers, as those clergy who are favoured with parishes in the immediate neighbourhood of the palace have better opportunities of knowing your lordship's feelings, opinions, and wishes, and, of course, are more ready to carry them into effect." Here several involuntary glances were directed to a very near neighbour of the Bishop's, who was known to be rather the reverse of "ready" to carry into effect his lordship's wishes! Let it be understood, however, that good Mr Russell had no notion of this state of affairs, or he would have been the last person to make an allusion that would have been disagreeable to any one. "I fear," he added hurriedly, "that I have monopolised too much of the conversation." "No, no," heartily shouted the Bishop. "No, not at all," resounded from all sides; all the guests echoing the host's words, but not all with the same heartiness. Mr Lancaster and Mr Forsyth, however, almost at the same moment, added gravely, "Indeed it is a subject most interesting to us." "To *me*, deeply so," almost groaned the Bishop; "and something must be done."

"But, my dear old Sodor, if it makes you so melancholy, I positively forbid the subject being renewed to-day. I little expected to see your brow so overshadowed by the bishop's wig, (á fiction happily now-a-days,) which I always felt sure would *grace* it some day."

This deprecation was uttered by Mr Vernon, an old college friend of the Bishop's, who was the only guest at the table not connected with the Manx Church. The cheerful, affectionate tone of this sally chased away the anxious expression from the countenance of the worthy prelate, and reminded him that he was host as well as Bishop, so he gaily replied, "Well, be it so, we will drop the subject now, but only to renew it with greater earnestness at some future opportunity, when no selfish *Englishman* is present to be annoyed by our petty cares."

"Too bad; too bad. You know very well that no one is more interested in this dear little island see of yours than myself. First, because it *is* yours; then for the sake of its lovely scenery, its primitive people, and its pure Church; and now, I may add, since I have had the honour of these gentlemen's acquaintance, for the sake of its clergy, whose disinterested Christian zeal for the good of their respective parishes is exemplary."

The elaborate compliment, of course, elicited mingled murmurs of applause, deprecations, and thanks.

"I well believe you, my dear Vernon; and I know you will help us in the plan that has just come into my head. We will have a public meeting about this matter, and you will give us assistance to interest the laity in its behalf."

"With all my heart. When is this rhetorical display to come off?"

"That requires some consideration. You do not leave us for a week. In the mean time, I must trouble

Mr Russell and Mr Lancaster, as being nearest to Douglas, to give publicity to our intention, and to ascertain what day will best suit."

"Thank you, my lord; no commission could give us greater pleasure."

The conversation turned then on general topics till the departure of the guests, but it was late before the Bishop and his friend retired; and this scheme for bringing the gospel to the doors of his flock, occupied their thoughts and their conversation for the remainder of the night.

A public meeting was held in Douglas within a week of this dinner-party, and so much had to be said, and so many were interested by the novel subject of a "Home Mission," that it occupied many hours, and the result was, "The Isle of Man Diocesan Association."

CHAPTER XII.

THE NEW CHAPEL.

It is a bright Sunday morning at the end of harvest. Unusual excitement pervades the village of Baldwin. Near the top of the glen, where four roads meet, not far, indeed, from Mrs Cain's, whose house Jemmy Quilliam found so attractive, has arisen a pretty little

building, not quite so grand as a church, but more ornamental than a "preaching-house."

Along the four roads, threading the little path by the river, scattered over the hill-side in the foot-paths leading from the mountain-villages, little bands are seen. Here is seen an old woman in a black silk bonnet and blue cloak, hobbling along with a stick. There an old man, whose white hair falls on his decent home-spun coat, his thin legs encased in blue yarn stockings of his grand-daughter's knitting; groups of girls and lads now hurrying on, now loitering for a new-comer, while whole families are walking quietly together.

Perhaps the most agreeable figures in this pleasant picture are the members of the Quilliam family; Jemmy, holding by the hand his youngest child, who clutches his mother's gown with the other little hand, while Catty gravely chaperons Annie. Jemmy carries a large Prayer-book, and each of the girls hugs a little volume folded in a pocket-handkerchief.

Many respectable farmers are standing about the building, eyeing it critically. A cluster of labourers, in their Sunday clothes, are gazing at it complacently, as if inspecting some newly-acquired property of their own; and well may they consider it as such, for with their own hands they have dug the foundation, and they have carted the stones that compose it.

The interior is neatly fitted up with reading-desk and pulpit, open poppy-head pews, all alike, and all facing the pulpit.

A little bell has been tinkling to announce the time

for public worship; now it has ceased, and the service begins. Mr Russell is in the reading-desk; he reads a hymn; and now, with a shout, the worship commences. The prayers are read impressively; the congregation follow the lead of a self-elected clerk, and the service goes on as heartily, as solemnly, perhaps, as if celebrated with the help of four-and-twenty choristers, a pealing organ, and an intoned litany.

The good vicar preached a simple, earnest sermon, and was attentively listened to by all the congregation, some of whom, like little Billy Quilliam, had never been to church before; and some, like the old woman with the stick, and the white-haired old man, had not been to church for years. Others there were who, like Jemmy Quilliam, had been in the habit of spending that part of the day in bed, making the excuse that they were too tired with their week's work to walk four or five miles to the parish church. Now they were ashamed to be in bed when the church was brought to their own door; the novelty, too, it must be owned, had some attraction this day. Of all that congregation, the most interested in the proceedings of the day were two ladies, two children, and a gentleman, who had brought Mr Russell in their carriage; but instead of driving to the chapel door, they had left it at the farm-house nearest to Quilliam's cottage, and walked to the chapel just as the bell had ceased to ring, and the congregation had gone in.

Mr and Mrs Marshall, with Catherine and the two elder children, are easily recognised in this party.

It was their intention to spend the time between the services with their friends the Quilliams, but they considerately forbore to go near them till after morning service, lest they might disconcert Betty's arrangements; and it is probable that if the grand equipage, and the beloved old faces, had appeared at the cottage door before the broth-pot had been prepared, Jemmy's one comfortable dinner in the week would have been spoiled.

The Marshalls sat near the entrance, and were not seen by the Quilliams, who had come in early, were near the pulpit, and with their backs to the door; but Annie, who had got tired of behaving well before half the service was over, turned her head quite round and was amazed to see confronting her the whole Marshall family. This was unfortunate; for though in danger of a sharp reprimand from her mother for looking behind her, the little girl could not resist telling the good news, and by dint of sundry twitchings of her gown and shawl, at last succeeded in gaining her mother's attention, and averted the coming shake, by whispering, "Memmaa, the *ladies* is here." Betty shook her head, tried to frown, and went on with her prayers; in her heart she was right glad to know that these dear friends were mingling their prayers with hers.

When the service was over the two families met at the chapel door, and great was "the joy they took of each other," as Betty expressed it.

"We will not go with you now, Betty, for we are taking Mr Russell part of his way back; but as we are

staying for the evening service, I daresay you will allow us to take tea with you?"

"Oh, thank you kindly! that we will." And Catty and Annie jumped with delight.

"And is the parson going back without his dinner?"

"He must take the duty in the parish church this afternoon, to let the curate come here; and as we want to hear him, we will stay."

"Oh, that's it. Well, ma'am, I was considering how the parson could preach here and at the church, too."

"His preaching here this morning is only because he wished to have the privilege of opening your new chapel for you."

"Well, indeed, he's wonderful good to come all this way to preach to us; walking back, too. Some of us, too, that usen't to take the trouble of walking to him," said Jemmy.

"Well, that is past and gone, my good fellow," and Mrs Marshall kindly shook Jemmy by the hand; "and now, we hope, you will be very regular at the new chapel."

CHAPTER XIII.

MRS QUILLIAM'S HOUSEKEEPING HINTS.

"How did you manage about the goodman's dinner, Mrs Quilliam, for you used never to get to church in the morning?"

"There's plenty of time to boil the priddhies when I come home from church, and he takes the children a turn in the fields while he is waiting. Then the broth gets on the boil before we goes out, and I leaves it on the hob, so that it won't singe, and it's beautiful when we get home."

"Well, I might be trying that myself, for sure I'd like well to hear the curate, and get a sight inside the new place."

"Now, just you get the yerbs cut and put in the pot on Saturday night, with a little sup of water, to keep them fresh like, then put in the bit of meat, and fill it up with water after the breakfast things is sided. Set the pot on the fire, and before you go to put your things on, throw in the dust of meal; it'll come to a boil while you are getting ready, and if you set it on the hob, half like, it'll be terrible nice by you come back."

"Indeed, I'm thinking that's what I'll do, for it's middlin' handy."

This very interesting conversation on culinary matters took place between Mrs Quilliam and her neighbour, Mrs Kelly, one Monday morning soon after the open-

ing of the new chapel, when Mrs Kelly had come into Betty's to borrow a can.

"And how did you like the preaching, now?" asked Mrs Kelly.

"Like it! Why it was like water when one's thirsty, and bread when one's hungry; and do you know that it's all along of the *ladies* and Mr Marshall that the chapel was built; and they're going to put a curate in that will be always living here and looking to us."

"'Deed and that'll be a rale comfort, anyhow; for do you know, that often and often I have felt that we were like some lost ones here, so far from the church and the parson, it was not likely that we could be so good as other people."

"Oh, I don't see that at all, Mrs Kelly; for you know we have the Sunday-school for the children, and some of us could read in every house; and we had Bibles, too; and if we won't learn good from our Bibles, what will we get good from? But, as you say, it *is* a comfort to have a rale parson living amongst us; and if he'll have a wife, it's nice to see a lady coming into one's house now and then."

"Ay, it's nice enough, if she's not altogether too meddlesome. Our Jane says—she was living in town a bit, you know—she says that there's some ladies there that would lift up the pot-lid to see what you've got for dinner; and they ax them the queerest questions. You never seen the like."

"Well, no one ever meddled with me; for till Mrs Marshall happened to come in our way, never a lady

put her nose into our cottage; only once or twice, perhaps, the parson's wife, when Catty was sick that time."

"And then the childer, bless you. She says they take the complete mastery of them, as if a body's child wasn't their own, anyhow."

"Indeed, an' I believe it would be a terrible good job if anybody would take the mastery of some children, they're so bad behaved."

"You may say that, with your Catty, that's like a born angel. She's so good; and the little one's can't give you much trouble yet."

"No; that's true, the children do not give me much trouble. Mrs Marshall tells me that they're thinking a power of Betsy at the Doctor's; and she's to be let home to see us this summer."

"Well, well, you are one of the lucky ones. I only wish I had fallen in with the likes of them Marshalls; but there 's not that luck on me."

"They have, indeed, been uncommon good to me; but you know, Mrs Kelly, that part of their goodness has come to you as well as to me. Didn't you know that it was all along of them that the chapel was built?"

"Oh, yes; you told me that this minute; but I don't see what particular good that will be to me. It won't help to make my pot boil, anyhow, nor get my children decent clothes, nor keep Jane in a good place."

"Won't it? But I'm thinking it will, now, for that's just what it's doing for me."

"Well, you *are* quare. Isn't Mrs Marshall giving you money every time she takes tea with you, and Miss

Catherine bringing you presents of clothes for the children? and them that's speaking well of you to Betsy's people?"

"No, Mrs Kelly. Mrs Marshall does not give me money every time she takes tea with me. No; she does far better than that, bless her! She gives me many a good word of advice. She tells me how to manage the meat, like, and the children's things; and many a nice way in the house she puts me up to. To be sure, Miss Catherine does make an odd thing now and then for the child, by way of pattern, she says, for Catty to learn from. But I'll tell you what Mrs Marshall done for me," said Betty, getting quite excited with her theme, "when I was low enough, and thinking things were all going wrong, and I had a trouble that I would not talk about, I knew she felt for me; I knew she was sorry for me, though she never said so; and she used to comfort me, and encourage me to hope for better times, and not to lose heart."

"And isn't it what I'm saying, that never the likes of that comes in my way; as if I hadn't plenty of trouble; and who cares? There's my John, and its barely five shillings he brings me out of his week's wages on Saturday night; an' if I didn't get out-work to do myself, it's not a rag there'd be to put on myself or the children; but *he* must have his drop whether we have clothes or no."

Mrs Quilliam sighed as she thought over past times, when this was so nearly her own case.

"Does your man go to church?"

"Church! A likely thing. No, no; my gentleman likes better to spend his mornings in bed, and his evenings at Mrs Cain's."

"Don't you think you could coax him to the new chapel?"

"Ugh, woman, he'd never be up in time. He's middlin' tired when he goes to bed, and it's not so early he goes to bed either on Saturdays; for there's a parcel of them meetin' reglar at the cross-a-four-ways just for a bit of jaw, like; then they step into Mrs Cain's, and there's no knowing how long they stay; and, ye see, that's making us all late on Saturday night; for as often as not, I send little Tommy to the public-house to wait for his father, and when Jane's at home she sits up to keep me company."

"Do you think that's a good plan, Mrs Kelly?"

"What, to keep Jane up for company?"

"No; but to send Tom to the public-house. You may depend, he will see nor hear no good there."

"Well, it's better for him to go nor Jane; besides, he's only in the way, and Jane helps to side up."

"Jane! My sakes, no; don't send her for the world."

"An' what will I do, then?"

"Just send the children to bed at the right time, and if some one *must* go, go yourself; but I don't see what call there is for any one to go to bring a man home."

Poor Mrs Kelly shook her head, and wrung her hands wofully, muttering, "Little you know." Nor did she; for though Jemmy Quilliam had yielded suffi-

ciently to the temptation of the public-house to distress his wife greatly, yet he had never become a noted drunkard like Kelly; and owing to his wife's prudence, his delinquencies had never been the theme of village scandal, as Kelly's had been. Nevertheless, it is possible, that if Jemmy had not been reclaimed from Sabbath-breaking by the stimulus of the new chapel, he might have run so rapidly the downward course that even good Betty's patience would have given way, and her efforts to preserve him from village contempt have proved unsuccessful.

Now, this was passing in Betty's mind—if John Kelly could be induced to attend divine service on Sundays, he would gradually leave off his bad ways; he would bring home to his wife the wages now wasted; besides that, he would probably work better and earn more money, so enabling her to make a better marketing on Saturday, and lay a little by for her own and the children's clothes. Jane, being brought up in a more respectable home, would be more likely to get and to keep a more respectable place. All these blessings, she argued, might alight on Mrs Kelly's home from the building of the new chapel by the Marshall family. So she felt justified in saying, that part of their goodness had come to her neighbour as well as to herself.

But as Mrs Quilliam saw that her visitor's mind was not in a state to follow out this reasoning, she wisely confined herself to purely practical hints, hoping that some of them would be adopted, and so lessen the evils of this unhappy home.

CHAPTER XIV.

TEA AT THE VICARAGE.

It seems long since we paid a visit to Mrs Russell; and some others of her friends are of the same mind; so, as the evening is fine, nothing need be more agreeable than a walk through the "Nunnery Grounds" to Bradden vicarage. Our companions are Mr and Mrs Russell, Catherine, and her sketch-book.

Catherine is not unsociable, but she is sensitive and nervously afraid of intruding herself on other people. She has the good sense to divine, that in the brief sojourns of her brother in Douglas, these moments of intercourse with his beloved wife must be infinitely precious. When the three went out together she usually carried her sketch-book with her, and often lingered to jot down a bit of foreground, a twisted branch, a spray of ivy, a winding brook, or a rustic gate; everything, from a passing cloud to a bunch of dock leaves, possessed an interest for her, and found a place in her sketch-book, ready for use at home on some wet day, when she would work them up into a picture.

This day Catherine was eagerly engaged in sketching the picturesque but inconvenient stile at the brook, that separated the Nunnery Grounds from the Millfield, while her brother and sister were walking slowly on. A gust of wind blew away the paper, (she ought to have had a block,) and she saw, with vexation, her pretty

sketch floating down the stream towards the town she had left. Naturally, she ran back a little way, but the case became hopeless, and she was reconciling herself to the loss, which was not very great after all, for the sketch had not occupied many minutes; but with that perversity of human nature, which makes us overrate anything that is taken from us, Catherine determined to repossess herself of the floating sketch, and would have followed the ripples of the brook till it reached the black river and the gray, but that she feared that her brother and sister might happen to recollect her existence, and become uneasy about her. The pertinacious young lady considered herself very fortunate when she espied a young boy fishing in the stream. The promise of the full value of his afternoon's fishing, if he made the attempt, and an additional gratuity if he was successful, induced the boy to take the lady's place in the pursuit of her sketch. Miss Marshall then retraced her steps, and reached her friends just as Mr Marshall had begun to think of going back in search of her. They were, by this time, near the high road, and, sketching over for that day, they all walked sociably together to Mr Russell's.

The Russell children are playing in the garden; Mr Russell and the two elder boys are visiting in the parish; Mrs Russell and Edith are sitting in the parlour-window, busy with their needles. On a work-table beside them lies an open book, which they have been reading aloud in turn, but now it is the theme of their conversation. Edith has raised her eyes from her work

to meet her mother's bright glance, as she utters some of those wise, holy thoughts, more precious to her daughter than all the wisdom or the wit of all the books she reads. She gets a glimpse of her visitors; and, with the exclamation, "O mamma, the darling Marshalls!" throws down her work, and in a moment is in the court welcoming her friends.

With less impetuosity, but with no less heartiness, Mrs Russell meets them in the hall, and in a few minutes Edith has the ladies in her room to take off their bonnets, while Mrs Russell and Mr Marshall stroll about the garden.

They soon all meet again in the parlour; Mrs Russell going on quietly with her sewing, while conversing with her dearly-loved and highly-esteemed friends. The conversation, as was natural, turned upon the events of the preceding Sunday—the opening of the little chapel.

"Mr Russell tells me the congregation was larger than he expected it to be," said the vicar's lady.

"The place was filled; but do you think, Mrs Russell, that will continue to be the case?"

Mrs Russell shook her head doubtfully. "Perhaps not; and yet it is possible that the congregation may even increase after a while. Many people who have lost the habit of going to church at all, would dislike making themselves conspicuous on a remarkable occasion like that of the opening, yet may be induced, in time, to go regularly. But, of course, much will depend on the sort of curate we get."

"True; that is what we wanted to talk to Mr Russell about. When will he be in?"

"He will join us at tea. I dare not hope for him before; but I don't think he has any evening engagement to-day."

By and by the little ones came trooping in; they had been black-berrying in the Glebe fields, and were marched off by Edith to make themselves presentable. Shortly after, Mr Russell and the two elder boys returned from their parish visiting.

The tea-table was spread with a simple, refreshing repast, and surrounded by happy faces. The little ones quickly despatched their bowls of bread and milk; they were rewarded for eating it without a row with pieces of bread and jam, which were eaten with more relish and less haste. But this enjoyment, like all others, was too soon ended, and they quietly slipped, one by one, off their high chairs; and, tired with their afternoon ramble, sat on pet stools in corners, with books or dolls, by no means disturbing the elders of the party, whose conversation presently subsided from tea-table pleasantries into sober discussion.

"What is to be done about the curate for B——, Mr Russell?"

"I have been thinking much about it, Mr Marshall, both as to the man and as to the means of supporting him."

"Oh, you may leave the last item to me, my dear sir. Of course, *you* must have no additional burthen. You find the man suitable for the work, and we'll do the rest. Shan't we, my dear?"

Mrs Marshall's eye, glistening with gratitude and delight, gave the answer without words.

"But, my dear sir, you surely would not take on yourself the whole expense of a curate?"

"Why, what would it cost? Not more than a hundred a year, eh?"

"More! No, no; that would be munificent; much more than is usually given to a country curate."

"Well, I don't see how a fellow could do with less. Now, you try and find a young clergyman who is able and willing to undertake the duty; and you may depend upon me for the cash. Are any of your Manx clergy suitable, think you?"

"By far the most suitable, in my opinion. It requires Manxmen for most of our country districts. Many of the old people do not understand English, and none but Manxmen (and not all of them, I fear) can speak Manx."

"Ah, I see; that is an additional item in the requisites. We want more, in fact, in a curate for the rural districts of the Isle of Man, than in a vicar of an English parish."

"It seems absurd, and yet it is true; and creates an additional difficulty."

"A difficulty to be got over, nevertheless, I hope?"

"Certainly; and now that you have so generously helped us out of what is usually found to be the greatest perplexity, it is cowardly to apprehend any other, and ungrateful to suggest one."

"Won't your Bishop be the right person to apply to?

He should know the strength of his own staff, and the eligibility of each minister for the several departments of work."

"Yes; he does with the aid of his Archdeacon, who is indefatigable in his endeavours to become acquainted with the younger clergy and the aspirants for orders."

"There it is, then; you'll see the Archdeacon, who is probably more accessible than the Bishop, and it will not be long, depend upon it, before we shall have a resident curate settled at Baldwin."

"Resident, did you say? Then he must have a house to live in."

"Pardon me for interfering, gentlemen, but might I observe," said Mrs Marshall, "that if the curate be an unmarried man, he would be much better cared for, and live at half the expense, as lodger in a respectable farm-house."

"I dare say you are right, my dear; and as it is not likely that a young lady could be found brave enough to live in the mountains on a hundred a year, we will suppose the young curate to be a bachelor," said Mr Marshall.

"Now, that is hardly fair, William. Why should there not be Christian ladies, as well as Christian gentlemen, brave enough and self-denying enough to endure poverty and privation for the sake of doing good amongst her own countrywomen (to say nothing of love to her husband)? There are men and women who undergo tenfold greater hardships that they may offer the gospel to the heathen."

The dignity and ardour with which Mrs Marshall uttered this speech somewhat surprised the gentlemen, and they made no reply; while Edith and Catherine were ready to clap their hands in token of their ready concurrence. Mrs Russell felt more than she could express, the sentiment so perfectly accorded with her own experience.

It did not prove very easy to find just the man they wanted; but with the assistance of neighbouring clergymen, and the willingness of Mr Alwork (Mr Russell's curate) to help, matters went on better than might have been expected in the absence of a regular clergyman.

More time elapsed than our friends had anticipated before a person suitable for the position was found. Yet, even now, while this subject is occupying their thoughts, the work is begun; machinery set in motion which will place the right minister at Baldwin; and the impulsion is given unconsciously by one as ignorant of the fact, as she is unaware of the personal interest that she will have in the affair.

CHAPTER XV.

THE LOST SKETCH.

We are not well versed in love-lore, or we might make a pretty story of the manner in which Frederick Darley wooed and won Catherine Marshall. We can only nar-

rate such particulars as justify Mrs Marshall's assertion, that women might be found willing to brave privation and poverty in the mountains, and to share with the husband of their affections his labours among the ignorant and the poor; actuated not only by love to him, but also by the higher, holier principle of love to their Divine Master. There was one woman born to wealth, brought up in affluence, and accustomed to luxury; one whom intellect, education, and self-culture, however, had rendered independent of costly pleasure; and whom Christianity had taught to be habitually self-denying and actively benevolent, who was willing to accept, as a gracious boon, the position in which it would be her daily, hourly duty to do something for Christ.

As Catherine Marshall, the rich manufacturer's daughter, she had found and made many occasions of usefulness. She had been in the position of a loyal subject, who, whether in the midst of friends or foes, had endeavoured to maintain the honour of his sovereign, and to obey his laws; but as a clergyman's wife, she felt as that loyal subject might feel, if appointed to some place in the royal household, where, without any counteracting force, he would devote his whole attention, his entire energy, and his every faculty, to the service of his beloved monarch.

How it all came about is likely to be imagined by any young-lady reader who may honour this little book with a perusal, more vividly than it could be narrated by me.

Suffice it to inform such reader, that the lost sketch

was one link in the chain of events that placed Frederick Darley as pastor over the district of Baldwin.

It will perhaps be remembered that Catherine employed a boy to find her sketch. The little fellow was assiduously following the course of the stream towards Douglas Bay, when he caught a glimpse of it as it was whirled rapidly into an eddy caused by the sudden descent of the water over some stones.

A cry of delight escaped the boy, now sure, as he thought, of his reward. But another was on the ground. A gentleman had just caught the paper in his hand, as he lay stretched on the river's brink.

"O sir, please," gasped the boy, almost breathless with his run—"please, give it me!"

"Give it you?—why, pray? It 's not yours."

"No, sir; but the lady told me to bring it to her."

"Oh, thank you! I will take it to her, as I have found it."

"But indeed, sir, I 'd have cotched it if you hadn't of been here; and it 's too bad, it is—for I 'd have got five shillings, I would. Besides, what 's the good to you?—she 'll not give you nothing—leastways, a gentleman can't want nothing of her."

Notwithstanding the justness of the little logician's conclusion, the gentleman still resolved to keep possession of the drawing till he had an opportunity of presenting it to the fair owner in person. It now occurred to him that one difficulty in the way was removed—the boy knew the lady's address.

"Well, well, my good fellow, we will not quarrel

over this bit of paper, like robbers over their booty. Tell me who the lady is that lost the sketch, and where she lives, and I will give you the five shillings she promised you; but I must keep this, you know."

It must be confessed that the young angler had no chivalrous feelings to contend with, and he was well satisfied to give up the pleasure of restoring the drawing to the fair sketcher on condition of receiving five shillings. He cheerfully gave his rival Miss Marshall's address, and they parted—each well pleased with his bargain.

And who is this gentleman, so eager to possess a thing of so little value as a young lady's unfinished pencil-drawing? He is Mr Frederick Darley—a gentleman under twenty-five, who is pursuing his studies at Trinity College, Dublin, with the intention of becoming a member of the Manx Episcopalian Church. His parents reside in the neighbourhood of Douglas, and he is now at home in the long vacation. He had frequently met Miss Marshall in his walks, and had some vague notion of who she was, but had never met her in society; indeed, she seldom paid visits, and he was so little at home, that he had made few acquaintances. Mr Russell was known to them both, yet, strange to say, they had never heard each other's names, nor had met at the vicarage, where they both visited.

On this day, he too was lounging with a book in the Nunnery Grounds, and, unseen, had been observing Miss Marshall, as she stood to make one little sketch

after another, till he had quite lost sight of her; for he would have thought it sacrilege to have intruded on her, so he walked back in an opposite direction towards Douglas.

When the piece of drawing-paper came floating down the stream, he was at no loss to conjecture what it was; and a sudden impulse seized him to make this sketch the medium of an introduction to this agreeable-looking young person. In a moment, he was on his face, bending over the water's edge, and had caught the paper, when another came to claim the prize.

Mr Darley had not taken time to consider whether the drawing would afford any clue to the lady's name or abode, or whether she would consider it of sufficient importance to justify his intrusion; so when the disappointed claimant gave him information on both these points, he was quite elated, and determined to lose no time in making use of his advantages.

It was a few days, however, before he could muster courage to pay the visit, conscious as he was that the drawing was merely a pretext for a call. The man was somewhat modest withal, notwithstanding his frequent intercourse with the sister isle; and he feared a little that he might not be as well received as the little boy would have been, and perhaps the five shillings would have been paid more cheerfully to the mere mercenary, than grateful thanks and the boon of acquaintanceship to him; and, indeed, he was conscious that he was scarcely less mercenary himself, for he did hope for a reward—no less than the friendship of the

ideal he had formed for himself of Catherine Marshall, for of Catherine Marshall herself he knew nothing.

At last the visit was paid. He found the ladies at home, and was politely, nay, kindly received. The way had been paved for him by the little boy, who had called to tell Miss Marshall how nearly he had "cotched the picture," but that a gentleman had got it before him, and would not give it up. He honestly told the ladies that the gentleman had given him the five shillings; and Mrs Marshall was so pleased, that she gave him five shillings more.

Catherine was amused at Mr Darley's account of the matter, told him candidly that she had been expecting him to bring her the sketch for the last two days, but at the same time wondered that he should take the trouble, as the boy could have brought it.

Here was an awkwardness that he had not provided for; he felt that he should have prevented the boy from telling Miss Marshall anything about it; but he was no adept in stratagem. However, clumsy as he was, the scheme had succeeded beyond his hopes. Mrs Marshall regretted the absence of her husband, hoped Mr Darley would spend an evening with them: in fact, he got on charmingly, and soon found himself quite on an intimate footing with the family.

In time, Frederick Darley had ample opportunity for studying the character of Catherine Marshall, and of judging how far the reality accorded with the ideal. In many respects, the ideal was inferior to the reality, for he had not conceived all the excellence, the energy,

the self-denial, the good sense of Catherine; and in loveliness of temper, delicacy of sentiment, refinement of manner, correctness of taste, and cultivation of mind, all strengthened and mellowed by earnest piety, she was all that his most exalted imagination had pictured.

Catherine had never formed any ideal of his character, so she had simply to learn to know him as she found him; and when she discovered in him frankness and generosity, earnest steadfastness of purpose and hearty zeal in every good work, united to a mind well-instructed in Bible truth, endued with heavenly wisdom, able to guide her where she most needed help, she thought herself a happy girl the day that Frederick Darley asked her, in much humility and diffidence, to share the lot of a lowly labourer in an obscure corner of his Master's vineyard.

But it was not till he had finished his university course that Mr Darley arrived at this point, nor without many misgivings as to how his proposals would be received, if not by Catherine, by other members of her family. He knew that he had not the home to offer her that he would fain take her to, and which she had a right to expect; he might even be accused of presumption, or worse, of worldliness, in seeking the alliance of the wealthy Marshalls; but he would risk all, dare all: he knew the noble, generous, fond heart that he sought to win; and he knew his own heart well enough to be certain that, if Catherine Marshall were the penniless daughter of the poorest peasant in

the land, and yet what she was in character, he would be proud to possess her.

Frederick Darley was a native of the Isle of Man—partly of Manx descent. He had been educated for the ministry at his own earnest desire, from a sincere wish to do good.

Long before he aspired to the hand of Catherine Marshall, Mr Russell had introduced him to the Archdeacon's notice, as one who for many reasons would, when his studies at Dublin were completed, be a suitable chaplain for Baldwin.

One difficulty in the way was the Manx language—requisite then in country districts; however, having had early associations with this Celtic dialect, it was hoped that he would soon acquire enough to read the prayers and explain the Scriptures to the older country people in the tongue most familiar to their ears. He read the Manx Bible with diligence, carrying on his Manx studies chiefly in the vacation, under the direction of a Manx clergyman, but with occasional assistance from Jemmy Quilliam in the colloquial Manx.

Mr Darley had been introduced to old Mr Marshall—he pleased him; and though, doubtless, the old gentleman would have preferred a rich manufacturer, a holder of broad lands, or the practitioner of a lucrative profession, for his son-in-law, yet he became on further acquaintance so convinced of the young clergyman's excellent character and disposition, of the happiness that the union would secure for his daughter, that he, at least, offered no obstacles to their marriage.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE CURATE'S WIFE.

SOON after his last term at Dublin, Frederick Darley was ordained to the chaplaincy of Baldwin; and this great step in life taken, it was not long before he took another of the next importance—he married Catherine Marshall; and truly he found in her a helpmate, for she was as ardent in her desires to do good as he was himself, and they determined to work hand in hand for their common Lord and Master.

There was not a suitable house near the chapel, and the first year of Mrs Darley's married life was spent in the farmhouse occupied by a respectable farmer's widow, whose children, all but one daughter, had left her to make homes for themselves. Here Mr Darley had lived in his bachelorhood, and Mrs Cown managed to make him very comfortable. When he brought home his wife, his good old hostess feared she would never be able to suit a "rale lady," like Mrs Darley; but it was soon found that the real lady—a real Christian too—was not so difficult to please as one of her daughters-in-law (a town girl) had been when she came to visit her in the summer. Mrs T. Cown complained of draughts, of stable-odours, of farmyard noises, of hard chairs, heavy quilts, home-made carpets; while Mrs Darley expressed herself as pleased with everything, from the chickens that pecked about the

kitchen door to the rosy-armed maiden that waited on her and her husband.

It is true that Catherine very shortly put the impress of a lady's presence on the most trifling details of their new home, but in such a manner that the improvements seemed to her hostess more due to the use made of the old furniture belonging to herself than to the introduction of certain imperceptible elegances—the peculiar property of the bride.

Being almost free from the cares of housekeeping, Mrs Darley had a large part of her time to dispose of in the way she liked best,—aiding her husband in his parish duties, by visiting the sick, teaching the young, reading to the ignorant, and in many ways strengthening his hands, and promoting the growth of religion and morality, and the increase of comfort in the little fold.

Still, it was not to be supposed that they would always live in lodgings; but no house could be procured near the chapel, and they would have been under the necessity of leaving this field of usefulness, but that the Association founded by the Bishop built a residence suitable for a minister and his family.

Neither are we to conclude that there would now be an end to Catherine's usefulness in the parish. She did not, to be sure, assist her husband exactly in the same way as before; but she became in many respects a more valuable aid to him. Her experience and her example as a mother and a housekeeper profited her neighbours in the same situation; and having

during her leisure mingled a good deal with the farmers' families, she had become so intimate with many of their daughters, that they had in several instances, almost unconsciously, adopted her modes of thinking, and adopted some of her nice ways, thus becoming more valuable in their own homes, more useful to their poorer neighbours, and enjoying this life with more zest themselves, while they were in a more direct way to prepare for the life to come than when all their ideas were gross and selfish.

In the course of a few years, there were always to be found among these young people ready helps for carrying out the ideas originated in Catherine's fertile brain for the good of the labourers—such as reading to those who could not read for themselves, lending books and tracts to those who could read, collecting their pennies for Bible and missionary societies, their clothing clubs, penny-bank, and all the various machinery for village reform, that Catherine had set a-going. She encouraged them to call upon her; when she took her little ones for walks, the farmers' houses were their resting-places; and in every possible way she endeavoured to lead them to feel that they and she had one common subject of interest,—the welfare of their district of the parish, that portion of the flock of which they too were members.

As Catty Quilliam grew up, she became Mrs Darley's right hand; and even the "windy flid" Annie, as her mother called her, under the kind, steady influence of Mrs Darley, became a useful member of society. But

Mrs Quilliam began to talk about Catty's going to service—"It was time for her to do for herself," and Annie was big enough to help her mother at home. Mrs Darley heard this with regret, for the young girl's removal would be a real loss to her and to the parish. What is to be done? the best plan would be to take Catty into her own service; though, of course, if she is her servant, she must do her work. Never fear; Mrs Darley is a good contriver, and she will arrange things so that Catty will have some time at her own disposal, and that time, she knows, will be well employed, for Catty is as anxious to do her heavenly Master's work, as she is to serve her beloved earthly mistress.

Three days in the week, Catty's housework is done by three in the afternoon. One of these afternoons she spends with her mother, one in sewing, and the other in visiting the cottages, going on errands of mercy for her mistress. Thus a constant intercourse is kept up between the little parsonage and Mr Darley's congregation. As the children grew older, they accompanied their mother or Catty in these visits; between them and the Baldwin families, there subsisted a strong sympathy—in some cases, a friendship arose, not of the romantic character met with in story-books, of foster-brothers and sisters, lucky finders of lost jewels, or of children distinguished by wonderful beauty; theirs was the friendship naturally arising from mutual good services, mutual acquaintance with character, strengthened by the sacred bond which should ever exist between fellow-worshippers in the house of God.

The chapel was well filled twice on the Sabbath; two nights in the week, Mr Darley had a class of boys, whose time was too valuable in field or other work to allow them to attend the day-school. He was assisted by a young farmer of education and intelligence superior to many of his fellow-parishioners, in imparting some knowledge of arithmetic and geography, and practising them in the art of writing. They read with their pupils some elementary works of history and natural philosophy, encouraging them to express their thoughts either in conversation or on paper; while through all, and above all, a tone of piety pervaded their instructions, so associating religious truth, Christian humility and simplicity, with secular lessons, that it would be strange indeed if intellectual conceit, or that dangerous thing, "a little knowledge," should lead those youths astray.

On two other nights, Mr Darley was assisted by Mrs Darley in instructing the young women of the neighbourhood. Mrs Darley gave them lessons in the art of needlework, usually accompanied by many a useful hint on the management of clothes, houses, and children, which, if well carried out, would make those valuable servants who had to leave their homes, or promote the comfort of their own homes, as daughters, wives, and mothers.

This class was indeed a blessing to poor Jane Kelly. "She never had the luck," as her mother said, to get a good place, and no wonder, poor soul; she had not a decent stitch on her back, could not write her own

name, and her whole appearance was so unprepossessing, that brave indeed must be the lady who would venture to trust any part of her comfort to a person who seemed to have so little regard for her own.

Catty was a great help to her mistress in the management of this class; for when it happened that she could not attend the night-school, she would send Catty with prepared work, and messages to particular pupils, and without taking upon herself the office of teacher, she could give many a practical lesson to the young girls. Her manner was so perfectly free from conceit or assumption of superiority, that though they were her equals in position, some her superiors, indeed, and older too, they were willing to be taught by her, for they knew how worthy she was, and how able to teach them. All looked upon her as part of the parson's family; and had anything been wanting before in the completeness of the chain of sympathies and reciprocal benefits that bound pastor and people, the rich and the poor, the godly and the careless, in this little community, to each other and to the great Source of all, our friend Catty Quilliam well supplied the "missing link."

So things went on in the district of Baldwin. Many were induced to give up the morning sleep and the afternoon drinking-party, for the healthy, soul-elevating practice of attending Divine service in God's house on the Sabbath-day. The sick and the aged were visited in their homes by the young pastor, were refreshed and

comforted, were saved by the holy words of the blessed Book.

Those struggling with poverty or with vice, or with other troubles, ungrateful children, perhaps, or oppressive masters, were encouraged by his manly converse, not priestly or patronising, but tender and sympathising. Their pastor took sufficient interest in their temporal affairs to shew that he remembered that he was himself a man as well as a clergyman.

In time, other little districts were added to this, and week-night services conducted in distant cottages; but Baldwin still remained Mr Darley's especial charge, there was his own peculiar flock; and the loving interest which Mrs Darley took in its inhabitants added no little to strengthen the tie that bound him to this people—a tie daily becoming stronger, and promising to last for ever.

CHAPTER XVII.

EDITH A BRIDE.

Mrs Russell's hair is streaked with white, her step is less elastic, her slight figure a little bowed, but her heart is still young as ever. The vicar is becoming more portly, but does not look much older than when

we first met him. Alice and Frank have taken the place of his old pupils, Edith, George, and Herbert. Edith is going to be married, George has gone to learn a business, and Herbert is at Cambridge, preparing for ordination. Little Phœbe has become her mamma's pupil.

It is now six years since we were introduced to Edith Russell; she was then a girl of fifteen, pursuing her studies with her brothers, under the direction of their father, a bright, happy girl, enjoying her pleasant, cheery home in the beautiful vale of Bradden. She is now going to leave this beloved home for one no less beloved, but certainly less beautiful, in the parish of Maughold.

The vicar of this parish was Arthur Morrison, a truly conscientious pastor, but from weak health inadequate to his work.

The most populous part of the parish was situated far from the church and vicarage, and thither he could seldom travel.

With the friendliness existing amongst the Manx clergy, (and all clergy, most probably,) Mr Russell frequently assisted Mr Morrison in his work, though there were two parishes between Bradden and Maughold; and often, after preaching in his own church in the morning, and performing the evening-service at Kirk Maughold, when he came home wearied with his twenty-eight miles' ride, he talked more of the pale, nervous, sensitive young vicar, so painfully conscious of his inability to do his work, and yet so devoted, so

earnest, so intelligent, so holy, than he did of his own fatigue; indeed, he seemed to forget it in the pleasure he had in serving one whom he loved so well.

Mr Morrison had but lately recovered from a serious illness, and Mrs Russell, with her usual kindness, bethought her that a change from the bleak promontory to the soft breezes and sunny skies of Meadowlands would aid in his restoration to perfect health; so the next time Mr Russell went to Maughold, she suggested to him to bring back Mr Morrison.

The invalid was nothing loath; and a few days of this milder air, the kind care of Mrs Russell, the cheerful prattle of the children, and the wholesome society of Mr Russell, which formed so bright a contrast to his lonely bachelor home, made him almost feel sad at the thought of returning to his parish at the end of the week.

This was a pity. Earnest appreciation of, and delight in, any profession is necessary to success in it, but of all professions, it is most needful that a clergyman's heart should be in his.

These visits to Meadowlands were often repeated, and it was not wonderful that the sight of this happy home should create in the lonely vicar a desire to make such another home of Maughold vicarage; nor was it more wonderful that he should conceive the idea that Edith Russell would render Maughold vicarage all he wished. And wise was his choice. Her well-balanced mind, strong constitution, and cheerful temper, well compensated for his nervous excitability, delicate frame, and somewhat sombre habit of mind.

"Poor Edith!" will say some gay, high-spirited young lady, *slightly selfish*, it may be, "how could anything induce you to marry a man like that?" Well, in the first place, perhaps it should be mentioned that Arthur Morrison loved Edith with all the deep, tender devotion that men of such character usually do love. Then Arthur was highly gifted—he was a musician, an artist, a poet, a scholar; above all, a devoted Christian. Yes, amid all his infirmities of temper, his dark views of life, his despondency with regard to his usefulness, sometimes even of his own soul's safety, there ran a deep, clear, precious stream of piety, pure, warm, fervent, humble, that could not but glisten at times through the brakes and brambles and swamps that deformed and concealed it.

Then, in his frequent visits to her father's house, when he was ill and depressed, Edith had been placed almost in the position of benefactress to him, many little offices of kindness towards him being incumbent on her as the daughter of his host; and we generally get to like what we are kind to.

So it came to pass that Edith, full of vigour, both mental and physical, herself a simple-hearted, practical Christian, came to esteem, honour, and love the feeble Arthur; and when in fear and trembling he told her how necessary she was to his happiness, to his usefulness as a Christian minister even, she felt sure that she could joyfully forego her happy home, her idolised mother, her revered father, all the brightness of that joyous band of brothers and sisters, if she could only

help him to promote, as she knew he fervently desired, the good, spiritual and temporal, of his parishioners.

So Arthur Morrison took away from Kirk Bradden vicarage one of its dearest treasures; but this time he returned not unwillingly to his once desolate parsonage. Edith will brighten it with such a glow of love and joy and thankfulness, as we hope may not be dimmed for many a long day—a glow that will radiate throughout the parish, and cheer many a cottage home, directly or indirectly. And so it was; for wherever Edith went, she carried with her that bright spirit, and left a portion of it behind without being herself a loser.

Why is it that the pastor not only visits his people more frequently, but his visits are more acceptable and more useful than formerly? Why is it that his sermons are preached with more energy, and make a deeper impression on his audience? Many causes, all tending to these points, originate in Edith's presence at the parsonage.

A cheerful home and constant attention to his material comforts have produced a better state of health, so that he has not so many attacks of illness to disable him for cottage-visiting, consequently, is relieved from the remorse attendant on neglect of duty—for a weak conscience constantly reproached him for the omission of duties he was unable to perform. This state of mind injured his pulpit ministrations; a mind ill at ease is as unfit for study as an unhealthy frame is unequal to the fatigue of long walks.

Pain of body and uneasiness of mind produced irri-

tability of temper. This made his religion to be evil spoken of. All these troubles vanished under the magic of Edith's presence. Not that Mrs Morrison started any grand new plans for the good of the parish. She was not like a new sun, or even a new planet, on the Maughold horizon; but rather like the clear light of a summer morning, penetrating into every nook, cheering the lowly hovel, gilding the mountain top.

And this sunshine lasted long; yea, it was as the light that shineth more and more unto the perfect day. True, some clouds swept over their sky; but they were only such clouds as softened the glare of prosperity, saved from the scorching rays of unalloyed human happiness, saved from the enervating effects of uninterrupted ease.

But the story of Edith's experience as a clergyman's wife shall be told by herself in the correspondence with her mother, which she commenced immediately on her arrival at Maughold.

CHAPTER XVIII.

COUNTRY NEIGHBOURS.

MRS ARTHUR MORRISON'S first letter to her mother is dated—

"MAUGHOLD VICARAGE, *September* 20, 18—.

"MY DEAREST MOTHER,—Here I am, settled down like an old matron; I feel very far from you, although a few hours' travelling would bring us together; further, I think, than when we were in Wales, for then I had my return in view: now I have returned, but not to my dear old home, not to my darling mother.

"No; I have left that loved, tried home for another, untried, but not unloved. Don't think, dear mamma, that I repent of trying this new home. Oh no! that would be very ungrateful, for dear Arthur's love would make any place a home for me; and this place, though not so beautiful as Bradden, is really very interesting.

"I went yesterday to church for the first time in the Isle of Man since my marriage. You may be sure that I missed the many familiar faces that used to smile upon me at dear old Bradden; but instead of allowing memory to dwell upon the past, I indulged imagination in picturing a bright future, when in every parishioner I should see a friend, and when every parishioner should be a fellow-worshipper. I must confess that it grieved me to see so small a congregation to benefit by the exceedingly beautiful sermon that my dear husband preached for us. Why is it that people *will not* come to church? Here, to be sure, the church is much out of the way, and many of the old people do not understand English well, so perhaps I shall see more next Sunday, when the service will be in Manx.

"I hope to be useful in the Sunday school. But what

I look forward to with the greatest pleasure is the visiting of the people in their homes. I suppose the ladies of the parish will call upon me; but whether they do or not, I mean to call upon them, and make them be friendly with me and help me in my endeavour to promote a Christian fellowship amongst us who are members of the same Christian church.

"Arthur feels very strongly on this point. He thinks that *conjointly* we may nurture a more sociable feeling and practice in the congregation, though, as a single man, he could do little.

"I must tell you how nice the vicarage is. I do not think it is as large as ours—*yours*, I mean—but very like it, with a wide porch, and low little parlour, and large kitchen. Arthur has a small study going out of the bedroom, and we have one spare room, which I hope, dear mother, you will very soon come and occupy. Oh, how much I want you! how much I need your advice in many things! What a mercy that we have an ever-present Friend, who is the 'Counsellor' as well as the 'Almighty Father!'

"I don't feel at all lonely. I can't think what Arthur meant by telling us that this house was so desolate. It is very near the sea; but that is a pleasant change for me.

"Margaret Marshall has come this morning. She will *sit* with me to receive my visitors. Don't you pity me?

"Give our love to my dear, dear father, and the boys, and Alice; darling Phœbe, 'smodder her with

kisses' for me.—I am, dearest mother, your ever-loving daughter,

"EDITH 'MORRISON!'"

"MY DEAR, DEAR MOTHER,—How good of you to write me that long delicious letter! And I think Arthur enjoyed it almost as much as I. Such precious letters will almost make up for our separation.

"You are curious to know how my 'Quixotic schemes,' as Frank calls them, succeed. Verily the obstacles that come in my way, and the difficulties that I have to contend with in the pursuit of sociability, seem more numerous and more formidable than those the valiant knight had to encounter in behalf of his fair Dulcinea; yet, for aught I know, I may be magnifying windmills into castles and asses into lions.

"All *the ladies*, I am told, that are in this parish, and some of those in the next, have called upon me; but they are not many: a smaller number place themselves under this category than one would expect from the gay appearance of the majority of the congregation. Respectable farmers' wives and their daughters, quite as good as I am, think, it seems, it would look too proud if they came to call on the parson's wife; so I must go to them, and ask them to call on me.

"Of all my visitors, the one who interests me most is a young girl, not quite as old as myself, the daughter of that clever, eccentric man who lives in the large house in the glen you admired so on your way to Ramsey. She came with her father, Dr Knowles, and

apologised for her mother, who is a great invalid. I found from her discourse that she is the eldest of a large family. Her countenance is sweet and intelligent, a shade too thoughtful for one so young. I feel sure that we shall be good friends.

"Soon after Dr Knowles and his daughter left, arrived a carriage full of very dashing people. I felt rather frightened at having so many to encounter at once; but Margaret relieved me by monopolising two of the ladies, and Arthur fortunately was also in the room when they came in.

"We soon found that they were of a quite different stamp from our last visitors. Mr and Mrs Herwood, two daughters, and a cousin from Cambridge on a visit with them, all very curious, no doubt, to see what the parson's wife would be like. I am sure they discovered that she was very stupid. In vain I searched my memory for topics of conversation; nothing would come that could interest them. They did not seem to know any of the people or places in the parish that I asked them about, and put a decided damper on any remark of Arthur's that might lead to conversation on parish work, or of Margaret's about the scenery, or of mine about—anything. They were evidently disgusted at the plain appearance of me and my bridesmaid; and no doubt said to each other, when they went out, Mr Morrison might have brought something better than that from Douglas. I am ashamed to say these people discouraged me. I thought that one or two like them in a community would paralyse it."

* * * * * *

"*November* 1.

"MY BELOVED MOTHER,—Arthur and Margaret and I have just returned from paying visits. As the weather is still fine, we have begun with our most distant neighbours, and one of these, I regret to say, is the sweet girl I named to you. The Knowleses live a long way from us. We saw the invalid mother, an interesting, melancholy-looking woman. I find that Lilian educates the whole family, including a sister not two years younger than herself, and a brother nearly fourteen years old. Dr Knowles is a man of property, but with some peculiar notions about education, and he will not send any of his children to school, nor have a governess in the house. He has himself given a man's education to Lilian, instructed her carefully in the classics and mathematics, leaving to her mother's care and her own feminine instincts, all the graces and accomplishments that generally form the chief part of a young lady's education. His time and thoughts are now much occupied with various speculations, and Mrs Knowles's health is very feeble; so the care of the family devolves upon Lilian; but, from the intelligent countenances and pleasing manners of the three boys and four girls that we saw, I should think there was every justice done to them by their young teacher. Some of them were called into the drawing-room to be introduced to me, and others we met on the road. One young lady looked quite as old as, and far more clever than her instructress.

"We called on several of the farmers and cotters on

the way back, and were very pleasantly received. Arthur, I am sure, is liked and respected by them all. Their wives and daughters, though rather shy, seemed pleased at my requesting them to come and see me; and I think they will come.

"The cry everywhere is, at the farm and in the cottage, 'O parson, I wish the church were nearer! It's hard work to get to church in the morning; but to get again in the afternoon is impossible.'

"'Deed, I feels the time middlin' long on Sundays,' said an old man that lived alone in a little cottage, 'for I cannot get to church, and there's no preaching in till evening.' 'Oh! you go to the preaching-house, then?' exclaimed Margaret, who is rather opposed to conventicle worship. 'Certainly, Miss; for if I didn't go there, it's not a bit of a sermon I'd hear from Christmas till Easter, for sure enough I can't walk to church on the bad roads; not but that it's the parson himself here that I'd be more pleased to hear nor any one else.'

"I fear my dear mother will think that our own parish affairs so monopolise my thoughts, that I have forgotten all about dear old Bradden. No, indeed! I am anxious to know how the new schoolmistress gets on. Does dear father ever go now to preach in the barn at Elmvale? I see now more than ever the value of those off-shoots from the parish church in the remote districts.

"And, to come nearer home—Do you miss me *very* much, dear mamma? Does dear Alice try to help

you? I have forsaken many home duties, I feel; but new ones, more important, I conceive, await me here. Wherever I am, may I be able to do something, however little, for my Divine Master!

"My dear husband unites with me in all kind greetings to you especially, and all the dear inmates of the vicarage.—I am your loving daughter,

"E. M."

"*November* 20.

"MY DEAREST MOTHER,— . . . . We have been to visit such a pretty little school! It is near the glen, and has been built by Dr Knowles's landlord, urged to it, I believe, by dear Lilian. She and her sister teach in it. They had twenty children around them, some sewing, some reading.

"Arthur talked a little to the children, heard the elder ones read a chapter in the Bible, and questioned them; their replies were prompt and intelligent. I looked at their sewing and writing, and found both very creditable. Their manners and appearance are much superior to our town Free School; at least, I like them better." . . . .

"*February* 3.

"DEAREST MOTHER,—We are all in trouble about a wedding. Is not that unnatural? But I am sure you will sympathise with us, when I tell you dear Lilian Knowles is going to leave us. She is to be married to a gentleman who lives a long way off. It is a shame to feel so dull about it; it is selfish; but every one

seems dull except her father; he has made up the match with an old friend of his own, many years older than she. He is a clever man, and wealthy, and very fond of her; but I don't think she is very bright about it herself; she does not know much of him, and she is so identified with all that is good in the parish,—so rooted here,—that it is hard to lose her, especially if it is not for her own superior happiness.

"She certainly is too great a treasure to keep in this retired place. She is so refined, so clever, yet so unobtrusive. Her sister Laura has betrayed her having written some beautiful poems. We have coaxed her to publish them, and she will on condition that the profits go to her beloved school.

"We must get a paid teacher here now. No one else will do what she did without remuneration." . . . .

"*May* 20.

"Our dear Lilian has gone. And though her residence was five miles off, I feel that I have lost my nearest friend; we have always had such a strong sympathy with each other. . . . .

"The church does not seem to be any better attended. The only way to get at the majority of his parishioners, is for Arthur to go to their houses, and that is tedious work, and impossible to do very frequently. He thinks of asking the Bishop to license the little school-house at the glen, to have a service there on Sunday evenings. In time, perhaps, he may have a curate, and then there can be a morning's service as well.

"I have made some nice friends among the farmers' wives and daughters, and several of the latter have consented to teach in the Sunday school, and to visit the day school to teach the girls sewing. A master has been provided to take the management of both boys and girls; but we cannot afford a mistress besides. And if we had, and visitors too, I don't think that all of them put together would be as efficient as dear Lilian was. There was a holy, calm steadfastness in her demeanour, a quiet energy in her teaching, and so much love in her heart towards the children, that she could not but influence their characters by her constant presence among them. I think our Alice will grow up something like her, more so than any one of her own sisters, though they are clever, interesting girls.

"I am rejoiced to hear such good accounts of our dear boys; they seem to have made some valuable friends; and how delightful to think of George being so near the Marshalls!

"Herbert will soon be in orders, I suppose, and George settled at business. How many changes have taken place in our family the last few years! The blessing of our father's God has been upon us; but on none of your children has it been shed more abundantly, dearest mother, than upon your loving

"EDITH."

CHAPTER XIX.

THE SOLEMN SERMON.

Poor Edith had to bear greater trials than the removal from the parish of her most valuable and best-loved neighbours. It was not long after Miss Knowles's marriage that Edith's husband quite succumbed to the disease that had long been preying on him; and he was compelled to leave his parish to the care of his kind brother clergy, and the supernumerary then provided for the Manx Church, while he sought health and medical advice at a much-frequented watering-place in Derbyshire.

There Mr and Mrs Morrison met with a lady who, from some previous connexion with the Isle of Man, took an interest in the good Manx vicar and his sweet young wife. Mrs Hill possessed considerable wealth, which she desired to use aright, and especially devoted a portion of it to the promotion of Christian worship.

When she learned from Edith what sort of parish Mr Morrison's was, and saw his unfitness for the labours required, she determined to help him, and to benefit the little island that held so warm a place in her kind heart. She would build and endow a chapel in Maughold, and so take off a large responsibility from Mr Morrison's mind.

The chapel was built, a parsonage erected, and a pastor and his family settled there; for Mrs Hill's

endowment was so liberal, that, with the aid of the Diocesan Association, a sufficient stipend was granted to induce a married man to take the chaplaincy. Mr Quayle and his excellent wife proved a blessing to the district, spiritually and temporally; but poor Mr Morrison did not long live to see the good results.

From Derbyshire he returned much improved in health and spirits, delighted to carry out Mrs Hill's benevolent plans.

The prospect of seeing his long-cherished desire fulfilled, seemed to add new life to his Sunday ministrations: each sermon was more impressive than the last; he went from cottage to cottage, from farm to farm, bringing with him a cheeriness that was like sunshine. For years he had not appeared so well, so happy, and never more holy, more anxious for the souls of his flock. He had during the week visited nearly every part of his parish; and on the Sunday morning, the congregation were assembled, many, according to country fashion, loitering in the churchyard till the vicar was in the reading-desk,—a fact announced by the ceasing of the bell. The bell still rang; the men still loitered outside, while the women were waiting wonderingly and rather impatiently in their pews. At last the bell ceased. A strange clergyman entered the desk. The men came clattering in, took their places in their pews, ready to commence the worship with their hearty psalmody. But no organ pealed, no voice was raised: the clerk, evidently in possession of some painful intelligence, did not attempt to give out the

hymn. The strange clergyman arose, and with much difficulty, in great agitation, said, "Before we commence the worship of God, dear brethren, I must perform a sorrowful task. I must tell you—your beloved minister—will never more stand in this desk. He has exchanged his ministry on earth for the service of God in his heavenly home.—We will now proceed with that worship in which he so delighted. May we so worship, that were we to be called from earth as suddenly as he was, we might as easily resign this mortal life, and as joyfully go to be with Christ our Saviour!"

Awe, consternation, grief, surprise, produced a dead silence for a few seconds; then a burst of exclamations of tender affection could not be repressed even by the sacredness and the publicity of the place.

The "Exhortation" read by the clergyman from the Prayer-book was scarcely heard, and the prayer that followed was one long sob, mingled with groans from many a rough-voiced labourer, down whose coarse features showered unusual tears.

The sermon was judiciously brief; for the highly-wrought feelings of the congregation would not brook argument or instruction. All were impatient again to gather in the churchyard, to give still further vent to their feelings in lamentations and praises of the beloved dead. All were anxious, too, to get information on the sad subject.

Mr Morrison had been in his study the greater part of Saturday, and in the evening gone out for a stroll in his own glebe. He returned soon, complained to Edith

of acute pain and sickness; she hurried to procure him some restorative, and when she reached him he was dead.

Edith was not left long alone in that dreary dwelling; Mrs Russell hastened to her darling child, and brought her back to the home of her childhood. There we will leave her for some time, to regain in that peaceful, cheerful abode, sufficient calmness to realise her sad position; for she was so stunned by the suddenness of the blow, that even the power to weep had forsaken her.

On Mr Quayle naturally devolved the whole charge of the parish for the present, and eventually he was installed as vicar, and another chaplain appointed to the glen chapel.

CHAPTER XX.

VILLAGE WORK—THE MISSIONARY HORSE.

We have spent so much time with Edith in her sea-bounded parish, that the little mountain chapel of Baldwin, with its chaplain, Mr Darley, and his wife, our earlier acquaintance, seem quite forgotten. But we will now take a peep into Baldwin parsonage.

There we see Catherine, not looking quite so fresh and bright as when we last saw her: a shade of anxiety,

an expression of weariness, have taken the place of the eagerness and energy of former years. She is writing in the little parlour; a boy of three or four years old is playing on the floor, and an infant not a year old is in the cradle. A bright fire burns in the grate; the tea-things are set on a table near the fire, and the kettle is singing on the hob.

Catherine often raises her eyes from her writing, and looks towards the window, that commands a view of the road, through which a little girl, standing on a chair, is straining her eyes to get a first glimpse of "papa" as he appears on the winding road by which the village is approached.

At last a stand, a clap of the hands, and the exclamation, "There's papa! I see him! close by Mrs Cain's!" is the signal for Catherine to put away her writing materials, all but one thick manuscript volume, and busy herself in arranging the tea-table.

It is almost dark, and right glad are all, mother and daughter, to see Mr Darley enter.

"Hallo! what's here?" he cheerfully cries out, as little Fred creeps towards him, twining about his legs; and soon the little crawling fellow finds himself elevated high above everybody's head.

"I'm glad you've got home to tea, dear!"

"Did you not expect me, Kate?"

Catherine shakes her head. "I *hoped* for you, Fred; but I can hardly say I *expected* you. How many times this winter have you been home to tea? or even before Maggie's bed-time?"

"Not often, indeed, love. I find it so hard to get away from people, and the further up the mountain they live, the harder it is to satisfy them with short visits, they are so lonely. Poor Bob Luke is dying fast. His young wife is in great trouble."

"Poor things! Does he know that he is dying?"

"To-day he does, and he has told her. I found them both in such a painful state of mind, that it required a long time to get them calm enough to listen to reading with any profit. I left them more composed; but I was so exhausted and wearied myself, that I could go nowhere else; so I came straight home."

"I am glad you did; you look tired enough."

"Oh no! I am not tired now; but I have been to the furthest boundaries of the parish to-day, and the roads are terrible, to be sure." So saying, he threw off a pair of shoes encased in mud.

"Sippers, pa, sippers! me put 'em on." But very officiously Miss Maggie took the pretty-worked slippers out of little Fred's hands; and the meek child, without a word, substitutes for them the dirty shoes, which he carries off to the kitchen fire.

"Frederick, you will be worn out with these long walks; for, though you have come home to tea, you have to go out again to-night to lecture at the schoolhouse."

"My dear, do not be afraid that I shall have more to do than God will give me strength for."

"If we could only buy that pony that Mr Clucas has to sell, it would be the very thing for you."

"The pony is not dear, and we might manage to buy it; but it is the keep of it that would be the chief expense, because a continual one. Even if your brother gave me the horse he talked of, it would be rather a disadvantage than otherwise, situated as we now are."

"I suppose you are right; but it does seem hard"——

"*My dear!*"

"Indeed it does; why, even the butcher considers it necessary to keep a horse to carry on *his* business, because he has to go about hunting up sheep in the mountain farms."

Mr Darley indulged in a quiet laugh at the analogy between himself and the butcher, but turned off the subject, which had become rather annoying to him.

"By the by, I have some good news for you; you are to have a visitor."

"Dear Edith, I hope, at last?"

"Yes, she has taken courage at length to leave her father's for a little while; they think the change will do her good; for though she bears her affliction nobly, never allowing her depression to hinder her from any exertion that might benefit others, she feels deeply her loss and her altered position; not that she is proud"——

"Proud! oh no; but it must be painful to her to have no place to fill in her father's house—strange to be a visitor there! With us it will be different; it is quite natural for her to be our visitor."

"I am very glad she is coming, both for her sake and for yours, pet; you must be very dull here sometimes."

"Dull! not I. I have always plenty to do; the children are both work and play for me; and I go out a great deal. Besides, I've my writing to fly to when I've nothing else to do, and have anything to say, and nobody to say it to."

"Well, I am glad you have that recreation; and some of these days it may be a valuable record of the difficulties, and pleasures too, of a country curate's life."

"I have been writing to-day an account of our setting up the cottage-reading and the library; I must read it to you by and by."

The pleasant evening meal despatched, Maggie and Fred put to bed, and baby left in Catty's care, Catherine accompanied her husband to the school-house, where he was to lecture.

Her company made the walk an enjoyment to him, and she was refreshed by the word spoken, and the united prayers and praises of the little congregation of faithful men and women, hungering and thirsting like herself for their soul food.

The husband and wife were both thinking somewhat in this manner—that is, one was contemplating the pleasure of having a companion in his walk, and the other on the advantage of a service in the middle of the week.

Mr Darley suddenly exclaimed—

"I'm sure this is better than riding; now acknowledge it, Kate. If I had a pony, should I not be tempted to ride to the lecture, and"——

"I should stay at home. That is quite possible;

still I do not give up my point, that a horse would enable you to get through more work, and give you vigour to do it better."

"Well, well, you must set your woman's wit to work, and I doubt not but you will manage it."

"I don't see that I can do anything; but I will talk about it to William. I think we shall see him soon; he is in Douglas at present."

Although the requirements of health did not now oblige Mrs Marshall or her children to visit the Isle of Man, it is not to be supposed that all intercourse had ceased between the two homes. Mr Marshall frequently came to see his sister; besides, he had made many valuable friends in Douglas, and "it did him good," he used to say, "to get among such primitive old-world folks now and then, to find people who were blessed with an unlimited supply of the luxury *dolce far niente*." It was a rest to his ears to exchange the clatter and whir of machinery for the plashing of the waves and the gurgling of the streams.

But best of all, he loved the quiet, unworldly conversation of the good vicar in his cosy study, and the cheerful tea-table of Mrs Russell in the low, little vicarage parlour.

From the vicarage he would ride to Baldwin—a place replete with interest for him. It was not long before he made the visit Catherine expected; and she did not lose the first opportunity to talk to him about the pony.

But her brother, like her husband, shifted the burden

of contrivance off his own shoulders, and laid it upon her.

"Contrive something, and I will do what I can to put it into effect."

"I think the Diocesan Association would do something, if it was suggested to them."

"Well, Catherine, why don't you suggest it?"

"It would not be at all becoming in me."

"Perhaps not; but as I am a subscriber, and would subscribe something more for that especial purpose, they would not take it amiss from me, I should think."

"Of course not. You will, then"——

"I will lay the matter before the committee, if you will put it into some shape. You know we can't well ask the Association to keep livery stables in every mountain district, nor to present each country curate with a horse; and you say yourself that if they did, that would not answer the purpose, as the expense of keep, &c., would be too great for the curates."

Catherine was a little amused at her brother's grand ideas, but simply said, "I will try and put my notion into some form, and send it you before you leave Douglas."

Two days after, Mr Marshall received the following from his sister:—

"MY PONY SCHEME.

(Subject to your emendations.)

"Let a certain sum (£) be given yearly to a farmer

in each district for the use of a saddle-horse, to be at the disposal of the curate two days in the week, enabling him to visit the most distant parishioners on those days. This plan, I think, would obviate one great difficulty in the way of keeping a horse; all care for the animal would be taken off the clergyman's hands, for the farmer would send it ready to start in the morning, and the curate might leave it at the farm on the way home. It is understood that the nearest farm to the parsonage should be selected, if practicable.

"C. DARLEY.

"*P.S.*—The scheme will do to find fault with, if nothing else."

Mr Russell was with Mr Marshall when he opened his sister's note. They had been talking over church matters, and without much consideration he read it aloud. Mr Marshall smiled as he laid it on the table, saying to Mr Russell—

"Will you lay this before the committee, as a committee-man?"

"I see no harm in proposing it; only, we must not let them know that it comes from a lady, or they will see a thousand fallacies in the scheme."

"I shouldn't have let *you* know that, by the by. But really it looks feasible enough, in some respects. I should not much like the notion of leaving the horse at the farm myself."

"Oh, after all, it's only ideal; what's the difference between leaving it at a farm a stone's throw from your

house and riding round to your own stables out of sight of the ladies' rooms, as gentlemen who keep their own horses often do?"

"I suppose the Manx farmers do sometimes keep a thing fit to ride; one would not like, you know, to see a poor young fellow stuck on a block, or something little better than a donkey."

Mr Russell laughed. "Nothing that *you* would think fit, I dare say; but racers or hunters would hardly do for our mountain roads. Let us get the grant from the Association, and never fear but the animal will be forthcoming that will suit the wants of the rider."

"Well, you may back the proposal with the promise of my annual subscription of £10 additional for that express purpose."

"An excellent way to second a resolution. I hope your example will be followed."

"Why, if it is not, of course, the thing must be dropped; my £10 would do very little good, and indeed I would withdraw it and give it to Darley to help him to keep a horse, which I would give him, only he can't afford to keep it."

"Certainly there would be great economy in Mrs Darley's scheme. But we must not be disappointed if the proposal is not well received at first. Let us be patient."

It was many a day before Mr Darley saw the missionary pony trotting up to his door to take him over the mountains; but he *did* see it, and he was thankful for it, too.

CHAPTER XXI.

EDITH A WIDOW.

EDITH shortly fulfilled her promise of a visit to her friend Catherine, and though the change was undoubtedly beneficial to her, it was impossible to avoid many little incidents that must have painfully reminded the young widow of what she had lost, and have brought back the past vividly to her mind.

Edith was too loving to be envious; but it would not have been in human nature not to contrast the bright hearth of her friend, surrounded by happy faces, ringing with cheerful voices, with the last few months of her own experience of home, when day by day she had seen her husband sink under an accumulation of labour.

Sometimes, when she saw her father and his curate arranging their plans together for the good of the whole parish, each cheering the other on, she would sigh as she thought of lonely Maughold.

One night that she and Catherine were sitting up rather late for Mr Russell and Mr Darley to come home from a missionary meeting, Catherine remarked, "I am glad Fred has company to-night."

"Ah, Catherine! I always think, when I see my father and your good husband together, what wisdom and kindness there was in our Lord's sending out the seventy, two and two!"

"Yes," gaily replied Catherine, "it is comfort to think that neither of them is trudging home alone to-night."

"And more than that, Catherine; how pleasant for them both to feel that they are not working alone in the parish—that if one is wearied, the other is ready to take up his burden, or when it is very great, they can carry it together!"

"They have each their own separate 'beats,' you know. Fred rarely visits in the vale of Bradden, nor does Mr Russell often come to Baldwin. Indeed, I sometimes think there would be quite enough employment for another curate to help them both, Mr Russell especially; for Fred cannot help him nearly so much as he would, and he does not keep Mr Alwork now."

"Ah," said Edith, "how thankful my poor Arthur would have been for such help! I think, Catherine, dear, you are too hard to please."

"Oh dear! don't think that I am grumbling or dissatisfied; far from it. But I must confess when I was at Bangor Cathedral last summer, and saw that train of clergy in canonicals walk up the aisle, I said to myself, 'I wish a few of you would come and do a little real work in our mountain churches; it would, in my opinion, be doing as much honour to God's worship as one reading the Epistle, another the Gospel, a third the Litany, others dividing the rest of the service among them, and'"——

"Hush, my dear!" and Edith gently placed her

hand on Catherine's lips; "we don't know; wiser heads than ours arrange these things; besides, they perhaps have done a great deal of mountain-work in their day; you told me they were mostly old men."

"Well, perhaps things are as they ought to be; but at any rate I ought to know that the Wisest and the Best rules His own Church, and He surely knows best."

Now the footsteps of the two clergymen were heard on the gravel walk, and the ladies dropped their discussion to give them a hearty welcome.

The vicar stayed a little while with them, cheering by his hearty, intelligent Christian conversation the closing hours and the most sociable meal of the day—a day passed by them all in labours of love, labours of the body, and labours of the spirit; for none in that house ate the bread of idleness.

As Mr Russell kissed his daughter's cheek bidding her an affectionate good night, he added in a whisper, "I almost envy for thy sake, darling; but be of good cheer: rejoice with those who do rejoice."

Poor Edith. It was hard for her to see the sort of work going on daily that she and Arthur had done together. But that did not hinder her from helping heartily and diligently. She even comforted herself with the consideration, "Had I been working under the auspices of my husband, and to lighten his toil, it would not have been easy for me to know whether my exertions were offered on the shrine of divine love or of human love. Now I know that my chief desire

is to do the will of my heavenly Father, by working as long a day in His vineyard as is His will."

And this thought sustained the humble, lowly Christian.

CHAPTER XXII.

EDITH A GOVERNESS.

MR RUSSELL was not rich. He had still three children to provide for; and Edith added this to her other griefs, that she was a curtailer of their luxuries, if not of their comforts; not that by the slightest word or look of others she was made to feel this.

The little ones loved her so well that they almost rejoiced in the calamity that restored her to them. Frank and Phœbe, after a grave conference on the subject, came to the conclusion that it was a very good thing that God had taken away Mr Morrison, for now they would have "Edie" back; but when they saw the pale cheeks and tearful eyes of poor "Edie," they did not think it a good thing at all, only they determined to be very good children, and not give mamma much trouble, that she might have plenty of time to comfort "Edie."

But all this love and consideration did not prevent Edith resolving, as soon as practicable, and if not abso-

lutely forbidden by her father, to enter a stranger's family as companion, housekeeper, or governess.

Days, weeks, months passed before she could bring herself to name it to her mother. She knew the subject would be very painful to them both. It would open anew the wounds of her bereaved heart. It would be a third breaking-up of home. She had lost the home of her childhood when she married; then it was to find one dearer still. That home, the home of her husband, was gone; but she had taken shelter in the old nest, and had found a warm welcome there. Must she again forsake it? and for what? for a home among *strangers*. It was a bitter, a painful thought; but so often did it come into Edith's mind, that she could not resist it. She would tell her mother. She would ask her friends to aid her in her search after a "situation."

The mother and daughter were sitting together sewing one afternoon; the little girls playing in the garden; Mr Russell and Frank paying parish visits. All was quiet. Edith thought this a good opportunity for the talk she wanted, or rather dreaded, to have with her mother. How was she to introduce the subject?

At last, with a sort of gulp, she began:—"Mother, I ought not to keep on living at home"—— She could get no further. Her mother looked up from her work, astonished, alarmed, grieved.

"Edith, what do you mean?"

"I mean, mother, that as I left my father's house for my own pleasure, I ought, now that that other dear home is taken from me"——

"Ought to come, dear child, back to your father's, of course."

"No, mother dear; it is very sweet for me to be with you and the dear children, and have father's care again, but I am sure—I believe, I mean—that when God took that home from me, it was His will that I should make another home for myself. If I were older and more experienced, I would open a school; but as it is, I will go into a family in some capacity. I have brought my mind to it," she went on quickly, "and mean to do it, but I would not take any steps till I had told you."

"Dear child, your are quite mistaken; *this* is your natural place. You do not know why you have been sent back to us—perhaps to nurse us in sickness, or comfort us in affliction."

"But, mother, you are not sick now; you nurse me a great deal more than you allow me to nurse you. I am young and healthy, and when not bowed down by my sorrow, active and vigorous. If you ever are sick or in trouble, my place will be beside you and dear father. Perhaps I may be settled somewhere near you. Now that I have spoken to you, I will write to my friends, and—I am in no hurry, you know."

"Oh no, Edith; do nothing till we have talked it over with your father. My heart strongly rebels against it, and so, I am sure, will his."

This first development of anything like self-will in Edith formed the subject of supper-table talk, and serious discussion between the daughter and her

parents, many a night after the children had gone to bed.

At first, Mr Russell peremptorily, yet tenderly, forbade her thinking of leaving them; but when he saw how her heart was set on it, he listened to her reasonings and pleadings, only requiring of her not to apply for a situation, but to wait patiently till she was asked to leave her father's house; so only her most intimate friends knew of her intention.

Some time after this intention of Mrs Morrison's was known to the Darleys, Mr Darley had to preach at a distant parish, and spent the Monday with the vicar of Southby. He there met with a Mr Gwynne, an old friend of Mr Russell's, and also of the Marshalls. When this gentleman knew that Mr Darley was engaged in Mr Russell's parish, he made many inquiries respecting the Russell family; among other things, he was desirous to know all about his widowed daughter, Mrs Morrison.

"She lives with her father, I suppose?"

"Yes, at present; but she wishes to take a situation. She does not think it right to encroach in any way on the comforts of the family after she had left it."

"That seems rather too scrupulous, or too independent. But what sort of a situation will she take?"

"She is so modest that she dares not name anything in particular, and they are very loath to let her leave home."

"Would she take a governess's post?"

"She has had an excellent education from her father,

and her intelligence and Christian character would, in my opinion, render her invaluable as a governess. But she has never been at school, and knows nothing of routine, she says; again, she fears she might be thought too young to manage servants, or she would undertake the duties of housekeeper. She thinks herself best suited to be companion to an elderly or invalid lady; but she could well take any position of trust."

This information was more interesting to Mr Gwynne than Mr Darley supposed. The fact was, Mr Gwynne had for some time been endeavouring to persuade Mrs Gwynne to have a governess for their children, but hitherto without success.

Warrendale was not in the town, and Mrs Gwynne gave her whole time to her family. She was fond of teaching, and had her own peculiar views of education. So the fear that a regularly-trained teacher would take the task entirely out of her hands prevented her yielding to Mr Gwynne's desire for a governess.

It occurred to Mr Gwynne, while Mr Darley was talking, that if his wife and Mrs Morrison met, they would like each other, and that she would be a person well adapted to give efficient aid in the education of the children, without interfering with their mother's plans.

An introduction was speedily brought about; the liking was mutual; and soon Mrs Morrison found herself installed in Mr Gwynne's family, with new surroundings, new occupations, and new friends.

As there were many hours in the day that the

children were engaged with their mother alone, Edith had a good deal of time at her disposal, and naturally she fell into her old parochial habits, visiting all the peasants within her reach.

Mrs Gwynne never delegated to another the privilege of instructing her children in their religious duties. So Edith had the whole of Sunday disengaged. Some part of this day she spent in teaching at the Sunday school the children from Brada, a little fishing town close by. One Sunday that she was sitting at tea with Mr and Mrs Gwynne, Edith observed, "How well the children attend the Sunday school!"

"I wish they and their parents would attend church as well," remarked Mr Gwynne.

"But, my dear, you do not consider what a long way some of them have to come," said Mrs Gwynne.

"Not much further than Mrs Morrison has to go to school."

"Ah, but consider the difference there is between them and me, Mr Gwynne; I am not wearied with six days' toil, nor have I any cares at home."

"I am sure it does not surprise me that women who have the constant care of little children, and all the drudgery as well as care of the house, don't like to add to their toil by a walk of three or four miles on Sunday, their day of rest," said Mrs Gwynne; "but I don't see why the men should not go to church."

"On the contrary, the walk would be a refreshment to the women who have been keeping house all the week; while to the men who have been trudging miles

to their field-labours every day, rest in-doors is the greatest treat."

"That may be a very rational view of the case; but I don't believe that people of that sort philosophise much; they usually act as their sensations direct, without much regard to consequences. Indeed, I think the women are the least to be blamed for not going to church."

"You talk, my dear, as if women were not expected to be Christians, if the assembling ourselves together on the Lord's day is to be considered as a Christian observance."

"That is too bad!" and Mrs Gwynne smiled at the absurdity of the notion, that she was putting poor women outside the pale of Christianity by what she intended to be a good-natured plea for them; but she soon looked very grave, and added, "It is really a very serious thing, though, so many nominal Christians living in habitual disrespect of an institution of the Church, observed in all Christian countries, under various circumstances, sometimes at the peril of life."

"Truly it is, my dear. But what can be done? We can't compel them to come to church on pain of fine, though I believe there is a law to that effect."

"No; but if we can't bring them to the church, we can bring the church to them."

"How?"

"Why, we can build a church at the village."

"Easier said than done, my dear."

"Of course; but not impossible to be done.

Edith's eyes glistened with delight when she heard this from Mrs Gwynne. The desire had long been in her own heart; but what could she do? Now she felt sure that it would be done. She knew Mrs Gwynne's determined spirit, her influence with her husband; she knew that his wealth was considerable and his disposition generous. No wonder, then, that she imagined visions of good for the little village of Brada.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE FISHING VILLAGE.

THE church was built; an application made to the Diocesan Association, to which Mr Gwynne and some other wealthy and devout neighbours or landowners gave handsome subscriptions, and shortly a curate was settled there.

In one respect, Edith was gratified beyond her most sanguine wishes: her own brother was appointed to this district.

Mr Russell's son George had been placed at business in Bradford, and from his connexion with the Marshalls, had a good opening into the business world.

It was while engaged as assistant-inspector of a mill, that he became acquainted with so many scenes of vice,

ignorance, and misery, that he was led to think seriously of the remedy for all this evil; and as he thought upon it, the impression on his mind was irresistible,—"Woe unto me if I preach not the gospel!" So far as he had the opportunity, he proclaimed the remedy to all under his influence; but his influence was too limited to satisfy his large desires. Moreover, this strong impulse distracted him too much from his necessary occupations, so long as he was engaged in business; therefore, after heart-searching as to his motives, and prayer for God's guidance, with the counsel of his friends, he resolved to give himself up entirely to the preaching of the word.

In order to fit himself for the office of public teacher, he studied for some time at one of the universities, and in due time was ordained to be curate to the venerable vicar of Kirk ——, and chaplain of St Bridget's, at the little village of Brada.

The young curate was not long in making the acquaintance, and in winning the regard of his little flock, the fishermen and their families. He found a lodging in a farmhouse near the chapel, and in the midst of the cottages. He took a peculiar interest in the fishermen. Often, when the boats were ready to set sail, while waiting for the night's tide, he would gather the men who were going to trust their lives on the waters for a scanty subsistence, into the schoolhouse, and there pray with them and for them, commending them to the protection of God. If a storm arose, George was the first to hasten to the cottage of

the lonely mother, or the weeping wife, surrounded by frightened children. His presence alone cheered them, and he always left some word of hope to sustain them till the storm ceased or the boats returned. He, too, was the first to congratulate the men on their safe return and successful fishing. He had frequently some scheme afloat to interest them more than the public-house. His great aim was to lead them to find their enjoyment at home, and for this purpose it was needful to enlist the good offices of the women. This was not easy to accomplish, though they themselves were to be the gainers; but he found his sister a valuable aide-de-camp in this battle. She perseveringly visited at the cottages till she was on such intimate terms with most of the families, that, without at all assuming a dictatorial or meddling manner, she could offer simple but efficient suggestions as to the best modes of doing many things in the household; and she had the satisfaction of seeing many of her hints adopted.

One great point was to have all the scrubbing finished early in the afternoon, so that in the evening there was nothing for the women and girls to do but knitting and sewing. The boys were encouraged to make toys for themselves, such as boats, whistles, balls, and whips, in one corner of the kitchen, while the best reader, who, it must be acknowledged, seldom proved to be the master or the mistress of the house, read aloud one of the books of the village library. Occasionally two or more families joined, and generally some lonely one who had no family ties was admitted

to the circle. It was very rarely that an evening so spent was followed by a visit to the public-house.

Thus, by his daily intercourse and influence, George Russell worked a great change in the temporal condition of his people. But he had a higher aim; he was not satisfied with men having neat houses, good food, and cheerful evenings. He longed, he laboured, and he prayed for their eternal good. It was in the pulpit that he felt most at home. There he experienced the highest pleasure in announcing the grand truths of the gospel, in speaking peace to the penitent, and proclaiming pardon through the Redeemer. There he patiently and clearly explained the Scriptures, enforced holiness and purity of life. He there spoke so faithfully, so forcibly, yet so affectionately, that they who could go away without their hearts being touched, their consciences smitten, their fears and hopes alike excited, must have been more encased in self-esteem, self-righteousness, and pride of intellect, than those simple-hearted peasants of the mountain and the glen.

Nor was the parish church forsaken. Never had the vicar so many communicants at the festivals as during the second year of George Russell's appointment. The general congregation was better; for many who from indifference to a blessing always within reach, had altogether neglected public worship, being at first attracted by the novelty of the new chapel and new curate, now became really interested in religion, and longed for the Sabbath-day, that they might not only rest from their labours, but refresh their souls with the

beautiful worship of a Christian assembly in the parish church where their fathers had worshipped before them.

Nor did the vicar forsake the village. His stated visits at Christmas and Easter were still continued, and his special visits to the sick and afflicted were no less frequent; while his ministrations had never been received with so much affection as now that his parishioners had learned to value him for his work's sake.

Thus the young curate and the venerable vicar worked well together; there was neither jealousy on the one side, nor arrogance on the other. They were sensible that their Master had work enough for them both to do, and all their desire was that it might be done, and well done.

CHAPTER XXIV.

MRS GWYNNE'S ENTERPRISE.

Mr Gwynne had been engaged for an hour one morning reading a thin pamphlet. As Mrs Gwynne came into the room, he exclaimed, "No, indeed, I don't think I ever spent money better;" at the same time placing the pamphlet rather energetically on the table.

"Do you mean in the purchase of that tract?"

"No, I did not buy this, it was given to me; but I mean I never spent money better than in subscribing to the Diocesan Association, of which this is a report."

"Perhaps that is rather too strong, my dear; but certainly we have cause to thank the association. What should we have done without the curate after we had built the chapel?"

"You may well say the curate; the chapel alone would do little good."

"Well, even the having a chapel is some good, because the vicar could sometimes preach there, and we might get other clergymen occasionally, as they do at Elmvale, near Douglas."

"Indeed, my dear, if you are so very moderate in your desires, you deserve greater things."

"Don't mistake me; that is by no means the limit of my desires, and I quite sympathise with the people at Elmvale, who earnestly desire a settled stipend to be given for regular service on Sundays. They have built a pretty little chapel themselves; and now they want help from the Diocesan Association. If you have any influence there, I wish you would use it for them."

"The association can do nothing more, unless it is richer this year than it was last."

"We must make it richer, then."

"Is it by my adding £10 to my annual subscription, and getting the committee to grant £60 to an additional chaplain?"

Mrs Gwynne smiled at his mode of calculation; but after a moment's thought, she replied, "We must beg

for subscriptions, institute a corps of collectors for the 'Manx Mission.' It surely is the first duty of every Christian to see that his neighbour is provided with religious instruction. And, though it may be said that we have the parish church, yet if it does not extend to the wants of the population, some one should see that these wants are provided for."

"Ah, but who is that one that can do it? A large amount of money and exertion is required."

"Let us each act his own part, however small. As the tiny ant calls upon her neighbours to aid her in raising the mighty wheat-grain, let us call on others to add their wealth, however little; and when all is added together, no inconsiderable sum will be raised."

"That is pretty nearly what is done already; the society is supported chiefly by annual subscriptions. Certainly there is not a corps of collectors. One gentleman has occasionally given his services very kindly to collect the money, but usually a person is employed and paid a small percentage. I am sure I for one would prefer to pay a man for collecting than go myself: besides the subscribers live very far apart."

"Who would expect gentlemen to go about begging? I mean lady collectors. What large sums the Ladies' Bible Association collect, and missionary societies of various denominations. Why should there not be a Ladies' Home Mission Association?"

"A capital idea!" exclaimed Mr Gwynne, laughing at the same time at his wife's eagerness to become a beggar.

"I think I have heard that the Wesleyan Society's expenses are mainly defrayed by the weekly penny of each member. And how many chapels and ministers they support!"

"Ay, if we Churchmen were half as zealous, we might have a church and a clergyman in every village."

"I daresay *they* have."

"Pretty nearly; and it has been objected to our society, that, owing to that circumstance, there is no necessity for our chapels of ease in our rural districts."

"I don't see that: for one thing, many people prefer going to church; some think it wrong to go to chapel. Besides, the Wesleyans have no ministers settled in the villages; and we see in the instance of Brada what an inestimable blessing the resident clergyman is to a neighbourhood."

"Certainly, certainly. I daresay it is only an excuse put into people's mouths by Mammon, always ready with a reason for withholding money when it does not immediately concern self. You see these chapels do not affect the interest of the most monied part of the town population, the tradespeople, who are for the most part situated near the churches."

"Oh, do not be so suspicious, so uncharitable; you will see that we shall get the largest amount of subscriptions among that class of people, if we only set about it properly."

A month has elapsed since Mrs Gwynne broached the subject of the Ladies' Branch of the Diocesan

Association. But she has not been idle all this time. Gradually and steadily she has been working out her idea, and one of the results is a meeting of ladies which is to be held in her house to-day, and at this meeting we invite our readers to be present.

Behold, then, Mr Gwynne seated at his library-table, and his lady, with her little davenport before her, by the fireside. Mrs Gwynne, not feeling herself competent to organise an association, had prevailed upon her husband to set them agoing.

Presently is announced Mrs Clucas, a clergyman's widow, with no family. She possesses some property, and has a kind, active disposition, always ready to help in every good work. She is accompanied by Miss Lestrange, an unmarried lady, with few home duties, very good-natured, and very fond of going about.

"This is a good beginning, Mrs Clucas; we are sure to get on if we have you among us," said Mr Gwynne as he handed the ladies to seats.

"And you are just the person we want, Miss Lestrange," said Mrs Gwynne, "you know so many people."

Miss Lestrange was in the habit of calling on every new resident within walking-distance of her house, without waiting for any introduction.

"I am sure I am very glad we came. I hope we shall accomplish something."

Now entered two young ladies, sisters, whom Mrs Gwynne had interested in the subject of procuring curates for destitute districts.

Miss Carphey and her sister Caroline were the daughters of a wealthy gentleman in the town; they had not long been out of the school-room, and had not yet entered into any pursuits to take the place of lessons. Mrs Gwynne had been glad for their own sakes to give them some occupation for their abundant leisure. She thought, too, they would be an acquisition to the association, for they had many rich acquaintances who would be sorry to check these first attempts of their young friends to promote the welfare of their country.

"I think we had better have only one book," said the eldest, as Mrs Gwynne was preparing a collecting book for each of them; "you know we have both of us the same acquaintances, and we should not like to ask any one else. Besides, we always like to go together; don't we, Carry?"

"Oh, of course, I would not go to ask any one without you."

"Very well, my dears; only you must take a double district."

"You intend to divide the town into districts?" inquired another lady.

"That is the usual way of proceeding in these cases; is it not, Mrs Clucas?"

"I believe it is; but how will that plan answer for young ladies who will only ask their own acquaintances?"

"True; that would be losing a great deal," said Mrs Gwynne, "for not many of one's acquaintances live in the same street."

"Might I suggest, Mrs Gwynne?" quietly asked Mrs Morrison, who had come in from the school-room when this conversation commenced.

"Certainly; we shall be glad of all kinds of help."

"Suppose that at first the ladies be not expected to apply to any but their own acquaintances."

"At first?—that implies that an alteration may be made afterwards," said Mrs Gwynne. "What do you think, Mr Gwynne?"

Mr Gwynne did not reply for some moments; he looked thoughtful, and then said, "Well, perhaps it had better be so. I can imagine how unpleasant it would be for ladies to beg from perfect strangers; it is placing them in an unsuitable, ungraceful position."

"Oh, it would be dreadful!—almost as bad as the French ladies going about with their collecting bags in the churches at Paris."

"Far worse, Carry, for they have gentlemen to take them—their fathers or brothers, or some one."

"But, Mr Gwynne, we all know a great many of the same people."

"I hope, my dear ladies, you won't quarrel like robbers over booty. But Miss Lestrange has just touched the sensitive point of the question: one of the grand arguments for dividing towns into districts, for obtaining support for any association by collected subscriptions—namely, the danger of the same people being solicited by several parties for the same object. It is apt to irritate them,—very unreasonably, I grant; still,

as unreasonableness is more commonly met with than reasonableness, we should be prepared for it."

"You say one of the arguments. What is the other?" asked Mrs Morrison.

"Why, one more important in a financial point of view—many will not be asked at all."

"Ah, that would never do," exclaimed Mrs Gwynne. "It would be better to make districts, after all."

"I am not so sure, my dear; there are other things to be considered as well as getting a large subscription list. The best thing is to get friends for the society; is it not?"

"Undoubtedly."

"And how do you think friends are the most readily acquired: by a stranger calling at a door and sending in a collecting card, with a request to the lady or gentleman of the house to give his or her name and a few shillings, annually or quarterly, to the association; or by a friend talking over the matter to a friend, meeting all objections, placing the subject in every good light, and earnestly, persuasively, coaxingly, as you ladies know so well how to do, pleading the cause till not only a subscription is given to please you and save from further importunity, but the subscription is given from a conviction that the thing is right and good to do? Moreover, you will have made a friend for the association who will interest others in its prosperity; so gradually there will be some in every street prepared to receive the collectors."

"Ah, I see now; you are right—I was too impatient. In this way, many will be prepared to receive us, not only our personal acquaintances, but those who will be glad of an opportunity to give subscriptions to a society that they wish to help."

"Then afterwards, Mrs Gwynne, we shall have to take public districts?" inquired Miss Caroline, with rather a frightened look.

Mr Gwynne smiled at the term, "*public districts*," and said, "The name is not bad either. Yes, we shall come to that; I—must I say fear or hope?"

"Oh, I *hope* so!" said Mrs Gwynne and Miss Lestrange at once.

"And it will not be so terrible, after all," added Mr Gwynne, addressing the two younger ladies. "When the object is known, you will only have to send in your card like the missionary and Bible collectors, and have nothing to do but put down the money in your books."

"But we shall not go to our own friends," objected Miss Carphey.

"Never mind, they will be transferred to other collectors; and I am sure by that time you will have become too good a friend to the society, not willingly to sacrifice your own gratification to its benefit."

So Mr Gwynne entered in the minutes of the meeting, that at present the ladies were to take subscriptions wherever they could get them, and enter the names of subscribers wherever they lived. But at the end of the year the town was to be divided into districts,

and the districts appropriated to the collectors by lot, they being at liberty to exchange with one another by mutual agreement.

They were to be called the "Ladies' Southby Branch of the Isle of Man Diocesan Association." How they prospered, adding to their staff of collectors, lengthening their lists of subscribers, and how willingly they all, even the timid sisters, each took a new district—how they swelled the Isle of Man Diocesan Association's funds to such a degree that the pretty little chapel at Elmvale was provided with Sunday services, a residence built at Silverdale, salaries increased to faithful and efficient labourers, may easily be believed, when we know that the good example of Warrendale was followed. The ladies of Southby were not alone in the good work. A similar feeling is awakened in Douglas. Ramsey and Peel take up the ball, and ere long not a village or hamlet of our lovely isle is without the happy influence of a settled pastor for its little flock—all cared for by the parish vicars, ever ready to help on their younger brethren by advice, encouragement, and Christian sympathy.

THE END.

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