blue blaze whirled up the chimney and darted into the room. There was a cry of fire, and Mr. Stillwater, summoning himself, lifted Pluck to his feet, and shoved him into the street. The old toper anticipating some such issue of the day, agreeably to custom, had taken Margaret with him to the village to be conducted home by her at night. Margaret leading the way, they ascended the hill, crossed the Pasture, and entered the woods. The clouds hung low, and their floating skirts seemed to be pierced and bleached by the trees. The rain had thinned into a fine close mist. The path, to inexperienced eyes, would have been absolutely indistinguishable. They had threaded it before in similar darkness. They came to the Brook, which, increased by the rain, flowed with a dismal sound. They entered the ravine, that brought them now on a level with the Brook, whose hissing waters rolled over their feet. They attained the summit above, where the Tree-Bridge lay. Pluck seemed terrified, and hesitated to cross. He sat down, then extended his length on the grass, and ere long fell asleep. Margaret would have been unwilling that her father should go over, and was not sorry to have him stop; though it was night, and rainy, and they were alone, and still a mile from home. The rain-drops from the trees showered on her head and lap, the grass was wet underneath her, and her clothes were drenched with water. But of this she hardly thought; what she more feared was the ways of her father in his drunken sleep, his mysterious sufferings, his frenzied utterance, his spasmodic agitation. Thus, and for this she feared, she looked for it, and it came. She tried to quiet him, and as she rubbed his arm he said she was a dove feeding him with milk; and then he scratched and tore at his breast, which she soothed with her hand, hot, rough, and hairy as it was; then he said he was boiling in the still, and Solomon Smith was holding the cap on; he shrieked and yelled till his roar exceeded that of the Brook. Then he began to laugh wildly.

"Old Nick is turning the North Pole. There comes out of the sea a white walking on his tail; Person Welles has got astride of his gills with a riding stick, but he! There comes a star rolling on its five points, and next comes old Swarrow in his boots. Grind away, old fellow. Round, round they go over the mountains, splash, splash across rivers. Can't you hear the pismires laugh? There's St. Paul with a cat-o'-nine-tails, and Deacon Hudlock going to take me to the whipping post. I'll be paced, if you do. Hoa, Molly, Molly! help." He leaped from the ground, Margaret clung to the skirt of his coat. He broke away, "The Bridge! the Bridge!" he exclaimed. "They can't catch me then!"

"Father! father!" she screamed in uttermost agony, "you'll fall, you'll fall!" He slipped from the uncertain tree; he struck the sides of the chasm, and dashed into the stream. Aroused by the shock of the fall, and the stimulus of the water, he called aloud for aid, as he was borne on by the dark, invisible rush of the stream. Margaret then, for the first time in her life, felt the shuddering, appalling sense of danger. What could be done? She ran down the ravine, she seized the struggling arm of her father, and detained him till by his own efforts he was able to bring himself to his feet. In silence, and sickness, and weariness, she flogged homewards; in darkest dead of night she went to her bed as to her grave.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE SABBATH.—MARGARET GOES TO MEETING FOR THE FIRST TIME.—HER DREAM OF JESUS.

It was a Sabbath morning, a June Sabbath morning, a June Sabbath morning in New England. The sun rose over a hushed, calm world, wrapt like a Madonna in prayer. It was The Day, as the Bible is The Book. It was an intersection of the natural course of time, a break in the customary order of events, and lay between, with its walls of Saturday and Sunday night on either side, like a chasm, or a dyke, or a mystical apartment, whatever you would please liken it to. It was such a Sabbath to the people of Livingston as they used to have before steam, that arch Antinomian, "annihilated time and space," and railroads bridged over all our valleys. Its light, its air, its warmth, its sound, its sun, the shimmer of the dawn on the brass Cock of the steeple, the look of the Meeting-house itself, all things were not as on other days. And now when those old Sabbaths are almost gone, some latent indelible impression of what they were comes over us, and wrenches us into awe, stillness and regret.

Margaret had never been to Meeting; the family did not go. If there were no other indissoluble causes, Pluck himself..."
expressly forbade the practice, and trained his children to other habits. They did not work on the Sabbath, but idled and drank. Margaret had no quilling, or carding, or going after from to day; she was wont to sail into the woods, clamber up the head, tend her flowers; or Chilton played and she sang, he whittled trellises for her vines, mended her cages, sailed with her on the Pond. She heard the bell ring in the morning; she saw Obed and his mother go by to Meeting, and she had sometimes wished to go, but her father would never consent. From the private record of Deacon Hadlock we take the following:

"State vs. Didymus Hart."

"Stafford, as. Be it remembered, that on the nineteenth day of August, one thousand seven hundred and seventy-eight, Didymus Hart of Livingston, in the County of Stafford, shoemaker and laborer, is brought before me, Nathan Hadlock, Esq., a Justice of the Peace within the aforesaid County, by Hope Stillman, Constable of Livingston aforesaid, by warrant issued by me, the said Justice on the day aforesaid, against the said Didymus, for that the said Didymus Hart, at Livingston aforesaid, on the twelfth day of May last, being the Lord's day, did walk, recreate and disport himself on the south side of the Pond lying in the West District, so called, of Livingston aforesaid; which is contrary to the law of this State, made and provided in such cases, and against the peace of this State, all which is to the evil example of all others in like case offending."

"Wherefore, witnesses being heard, etc., "it doth appear to me, the said Justice, that the said Didymus Hart sit in the stocks for two hours."

Pluck was seated in the manner prescribed, very much to the entertainment of the boys, who spattered him with eggs, the disturbance and exasperation of his wife who preferred that all infallible her husband received should come from herself, and resented any interference from others, and his own chagrin and vexation, especially as the informer in the case was Osha Joy, father of Zenas, a Breakneck, whose friendship he did not value, and Cutts, the executive officer, was the village shoemaker, and no agreeable rival, and the Justice was Deacon Hadlock. By way of redress, he chose to keep from Meeting entirely, and suffer none under his control to go. But Chilton and Nimrod both urged that Margaret might attend Church at least once in her life, and Pluck consented. This morning she heard the bell ring; she saw Obed and his mother riding by; the latter dressed in a small shining black satin bonnet, and gown of similar material, with a white inside handkerchief; the former in sky-blue coat and ruffled sleeves, white neck-stock, white worsted vest, yellow buckskin breeches, white stockings, and silver-plated buckles, which had all belonged to his father, whose form was both shorter and thicker than his son's, and whose garments it certainly showed great filial reverence in Obed to wear without essential alteration. Obed had an old look, his face was furrowed as well as freckled, and his mother, to remedy this disproportion, and graduate her son to that consideration which naturally attached to his appearance, had adopted the practice of powdering his hair, and gathering it in a sack behind; and for his nearsightedness, she provided him with a pair of broad horn-bowed bridge spectacles. The whole was surmounted by a large three-cornered hat. Whatever might have been the effect of his recent whipping, there was nothing apparent. His mother, unlike Pluck, would not suffer anything of that kind to disturb the good understanding she ever wished to retain with the people of Livington."

But let us, if you are willing, anticipate these persons a little, and descend to the village. The people are assembling for Meeting; they come on all the four roads, and by numerous foot-paths, across the lots, and through the woods. Many are on horses, more on foot, and a very few in wagons. The horses' heads are garnished with branches of spruce and birch, to keep off the flies; most of the boys and some of the men are barefoot; divers of the latter are in their shirt-sleeves, carrying their coats on their arms, and their shirts are also visible between their vests and breeches; some of the young ladies have in their hands sprigs of roses, pinks, sweet-wil-liams, and larkspurs; others both old and young have bunches of fennel, dill, caraway, peppers, lady's love; some of the ladies who ride, leap from their horses with the agility of cats, others make use of the horse-blocks, four or five of which are stationed about the Green. You would perhaps particularly notice old Mr. Ravel and his wife from the North Part of the town, on horseback, the former straight as an arrow, the latter a little crooked, and both more than eighty years of age. For sixty years they have come in that way, a distance of seven miles; for sixty years, every Sabbath morning, have they heated their oven, and put in an iron pot of beans, and an earthen dish of Indian pudding, to bake while they are gone, and be ready for their dinner when they return. To meet
any exigencies of this sort in the mean time, you will observe
that Mistress Ravel, in common with many other of the women,
carries on her arm a large reddish calico bag filled with nut-
cakes and cheese. You will also see coming down the West
Street Mr. Adolphus Hudlock, nephew of the Deacon's, with
his wife and six children, and Mr. Adolphus will contrive in
some way or other to give you the names of all his children
without your asking, even before he reaches the steps of the
Meeting-house; Triamphida Ada, Cecilia Rebecca, Purin-
tha Capodocia, Aristophanes, Ethelbert, and a little boy he
carries in his arms, Socra; and you will hear the young
men and boys that are loolling on the steps repeat these names
as the several parties to whom they belong arrive. Philip
Davis the sexton, who has himself been watching the people,
now strikes the second bell, and those who live immediately
on the Green begin to turn out, and when he commences toll-
ing, it is a sign Parson Welles has issued from his house,
which lies about a quarter of a mile from the Meeting-house,
up the South road. There are Mr. Stillwater, the tavern-
keeper; Esq. Weeks with twelve of his children, Isabell
and Judah among them; Judge Morgridge, his wife, his daughter
Susan, and his little brother Arthur; Mr. Cutte, the shoe-
maker; Mr. Gibbons, the joiner; Lawyer Beach, and his
family; Dr. Spoor; Deacon Penrose, the merchant; Deacon
Hudlock and his wife; Deacon Ramsdell with his lame leg
and wife; Tony, the barber, with his powdered hair and scar-
let coat; Old Dill, a negro servant of Parson Welles, and
formerly a slave; The Widow Luce, a lady who lives near
the Brook, leading her little hunchback son Job; then you see
Parson and his wife. This venerable couple have nearly
attained the allotted age of man, and are verging towards that
period which is described as one of labor and sorrow; yet on
the whole they seem to be renewing their youth, their forms are
but slightly bent, and the step of the old minister is firm and
elastic. He is dressed in black, the only suit of the color in
town—if we except that of the sexton, which is known to be
an off-cast of the Parson's—kerseymere coat, silk breeches and
stockings, on his head a three-cornered hat, and voluminous
white wig, and under his chin are plain white bands; he wears
black silk gloves, and leans on a tall ivory-headed cane. His
wife's dress is of black satin, like that of the Widow Wright's.
Next comes their maiden daughter, known as Miss Amy, and
in near conjunction, the Master. And as if composing a part
of the ministerial train, riding slowly and solemnly behind,
daisies, heads of Timothy and fox-tail grass, and some strawberries; and hurried on; enveloped in the sweet perfume of the fields. She gathered the large bindweed, that lay on its back floating over the lot, like pond-lilies, with its red and white cups turned to the sun and air; and also the beautiful purple cranec's bill, and blue-eyed grass. She came to the shadows of the woods that skirted the Mowing, where she got box-berry flowers and fruit, bunch-berry and star-of-Bethlehem flowers. She entered a cool, grassy, shady close in the forest, where were beds of purple twin-flower, yellow star-grass, blue violets, and mosses growing together family-like, under the stately three-leaved fern that overhung them like elm-trees, while above were the birches and walnuts. A black-cap d' chanked, k' d' chanked over her head, and a wood-thrush whoot whoot, whoot whooted, ting a ring tinged in earnest unison. "We are going to hear a Sunday-day song, a little summer is coming to be christened, won't you stop?" But a wood-pecker rapped and rattled over among the Chesnut, and on she went. She crossed the bridge, she descended the ravine, the brook flowed on towards the village with a winosme gleam, and while she looked at the flies and spiders dancing on the dark water, she heard a little yellow-bellied fly-catcher, mournfully saying, "Preeo preeo preeo preeo—Pray, Margaret, you'll lose your soul if you don't;" and she saw a wood-pewee up among the branches, with her dark head bowed over plaintively singing, "Pewce pewce on we, Pewce on we, Pewce on we."—Jesus be true to you Margaret, I have lost my love, and my heart is sad, a blue angel come down from the skies, and fold us both in his soft feathers." Here she got the white-clustering baneberry and the little nodding buff-cucumber root. She continued her way through the woods; she broke off white thorn blossoms with her red authors, the beautifully variegated flowers of the calico bush, large gold-dusted cymes of the pear-leaved viburnum, and sheep's laurel with its rich rose clusters. The olive-backed fly-catchers answered to one another up among the green sunny trees. "Where whoo whoo, whoo woo whoo, whoo whoo, whoo whoo—God bless the little Margaret! How glad we are she is going to Meeting at last. She shall have berries, nut-cakes, and preaching. 'The little Ishbel and Job Luce are there. How do you think she will like Miss Amy?'" The Via Dolorosa became this day to Margaret, a Via jurandissima. She came to Pasture, where she again stopped a moment, and added to her stack of flowers red sorrel blossoms, beautiful pink azaleas, and sprigs of pennoyral. Then she sorted her collection, tying the different parcels with spears of grass. The Town was before her silent and motionless, save the neighing and whinnying of the horses, and squads of dogs that trolled to and fro on the Green. The sky was blue and tender; the clouds in white veils like none, worshipped in the sun-heats; the woods behind murmured their reverence; and the birds sang their psalms. All these sights, sounds, odors, suggestions, were not, possibly, distinguished by Margaret, in their sharp individuality, and full volume of shade, sense and character. She had not learned to criticize, she only knew how to feel. A new indelible sensation of joy and hope was deepened within her, and a single concentration of all best influences swelled in her bosom. She took off her hat and pricked some grass-hends, and blue-bells in the band, and went on. The intangible presence of God was in her soul, the inaudible voice of Jesus called her forward. Beside her was about to penetrate the profoundly interesting mystery of the Meeting, that for which every seventh day she had heard the bell ring, that to which Obed and his mother went so studiously dressed, and that concerning which a whole life's prohibition had been upon her. And, withal, she remembered the murderer, and directed her first steps to the Jail.

She tried to enter the Jail House, but Mr. Shocks drove her away. Then she crept along the fence till she came to a small hole, through which she saw, on the ground-door of the Jail, the grim face of the murderer looking from the small dark gratings of his cell-window.

"I have brought you some flowers," said she; "but they won't let me carry them to you."

"I know that," the murderer replied.

"I will fasten a bunch in this hole," she said, "so you can see them."

"I should be glad if I could reach them," he replied, thrusting his lean fingers through the bars. "I shall be glad to look at them. I haven't seen the sun, or heard a pleasant voice these many months. I am so changed, I don't know as I am a man. I expect to be hung in a few days, and shall love to see the flowers before I die. I remember I was a man once, and had a wife, and a child—I thank you—you are a good girl— I shall cry again if you stay there any longer."

She heard the sound of other voices, and she could see the shadows of faces looking from other cells, and hear voices where she could see no faces, and the Jail seemed to her to be full of people, and they cried out to her to bring them flowers.
Mr. Shocks also made himself apparent to her. "What are you about here, you little varmint!" exclaimed he, rushing from his house. "Encouraging rebellion, breaking the Sabbath, giving flowers to the prisoners!" He tore away the bunch she had inserted in the wall; she retreated into the street, gaining a point where she could see the upper cellar-windows, she displayed her flowers in sight of the prisoners, holding them up to the extent of her arm, and heard the prisoners shout with joy. "If words won't do, I'll try what varnish there is in stones," said Mr. Shocks, who thereupon, muttering the action to the word, fairly pelled her away. She directed her steps to the Meeting-house, and entered the square butter-cup-like, mysterious porch; she stood at the foot of the broad-side, and looked in, she saw the Minister, in his great wig, and band, and black gloves, perched in what seemed to her a high box, and where him was the pyramidal sounding-board, and on a seat beneath she saw three persons, in powdered hair, whom she recognized as the Deacons Hadlock, Ramsdell and Penrose. Through the balustrade that surrounded the high pews, she could see the tops of men and women's heads, and little boys and girls clutching the rounds with their hands, and looking out at her. The Minister had given out a hymn, and Deacon Hadlock rising, read the first line. Then in the gallery over head, she heard the foot of the Master, and his voice leading off, and she walked further up the aisle to see what was going on. A little tiny girl called out to her from one of the pews, and Philip Davis, the sexton, hearing the noise, came forward and led her back into the porch. Philip was not by nature a stern man, he let the boys play on the steps during the week, and the young men about the doors on the Sabbath. He wore a shredded wig, and black clothes, as we have said, and was getting old, and had taken care of the Meeting-house ever since it was built, and although he was opposed to all disturbance of the worship, he still spoke kindly to Margaret.

"What do you want?" he said.

"I want to go to Meeting," she replied.

"Why don't you go?"

"I don't know how," she answered.

"But you wasn't bring all your poises here?"

"May'n't they go to Meeting too?"

"I see," he added, "you are one of the Injins, and they don't know how to behave Sabbath days. But I'm glad you have come. You don't know what a wicked thing it is to break the Sabbath."

"Mr. Shocks said I broke it when I went to give the murderer some flowers, and threw stones at me, and you say I break it now. Can't it be mended again?"

"You shouldn't bring these flowers here."

"I saw the Widow and Obed bring some."

"Not so many. You've got such a heap on um."

"I got a bigger bunch one day."

"Yes, yes, but these flowers are a dreadful wicked thing on the Lord's day."

"Then I guess I will go home. It ain't wicked there."

"Wal, wal. You be a good gal, keep still, and you may sit in that first pew along with me."

"I don't want to be shut up there."

"Then you may go softly up the stairs, and sit with the gals."

She ascended the stairs, which were within the body of the house, and in a pew at the head, she saw Beulah Ann Orr, Grace Joy, Paulina Whiston, and others that she had seen before; they laughed and snubbed their handkerchiefs to their noses, and she turned away, and went round the other side, where the men sat. The boys began to look at her and laugh, and Zenas Joy, one of the tigging men, came forward, and seizing her by the arm, led her back to the girl's side, and told her to go to her seat. She looked for the Master, but he was hemmed in by several men, and while she was hesitating what to do, Old Dill, who was sitting in one corner, with Tony Washington and Caesar Morgridge, opened her pew door, and asked her in. So she went and sat down with the negroes. Parson Wellers had commenced his sermon. She could not understand what he said, and told Old Dill she wanted to go, and without further ceremony opened the door and slipped out. She descended the stairs, moving softly in her moccasins, and turning up the side-side, proceeded along under the high pews till she came to the corner where she could see the minister. Here she stood gazing steadfastly at him. Deacon Hadlock, observing her position, motioned her away. Deacon Ramsdell came directly forward, took her by the arm, opened the door of the pew where his wife was, and shut her in. Mistress Ramsdell gave her some cigarette and dill, and received in return some of Margaret's pennyroyal and lamb-kills, and other flowers. The old lady used her best endeavors to keep Margaret quiet, and she remained earnestly watching the Preacher till the end of the service. The congregation being dismissed, those who lived in the neighborhood went home; of the rest,
some went to the stoop of the Crown and Bowl, some sat on the Meeting-house steps, some strolled into the woods in the rear; several elderly men and women went to what was called a "Noon House," a small building near the Schoolhouse, where they ate their dinner and had a prayer; quite a number went to Deacon Penrose's. Of the latter, was the Widow Wright. Mistress Ramsdill, who lived about a half mile from the Green, offered to take Margaret to her house, but the Widow interfered, saying it was too long a walk, and all that, and prevailed with Margaret to go with her. This going to Deacon Penrose's consisted in having a seat in his kitchen Sunday noon, and drinking of his nice cool water. Seats were brought into the room, the floor was duly studded, the pewter in the dresser was bright and glistering. His own family and their particular relations occupied the parlour. To this place came: Mistress Whiston, and Old Mistress Whiston, Mistresses Joy and Off, Brookneaks; Mistresses Hong and Ravel, from the North Part of the town; Widows Brent and Tuck, from the Mill; also Grace Joy, Beulah Ann Off, Paulina and Mercy Whiston, and others. They ate manufactures and cheese, snuff, sniff, talked of the weather, births, deaths, health, sickness, engagements, marriages, of friends at the Ohio, of Zenas and Delina's publishment, and would have talked about Margaret, save that the Widow protected the child, assured them of her ignorance, and hoped she would learn better by and by. Mistress Whiston asked Margaret how she liked the Meeting. She replied that she liked to hear them sing. "Sing!" rejoined Paulina Whiston. "I wish we could have some decent singing. I was up to Brandon last Sunday, and their music is enough sight better than ours; they have introduced the new way almost every where but here. We must drag on forty years behind the whole world." "For my part," said Mistress Off, "I don't want any change, our fathers got along in the good old way, and went to Heaven. The Quakers use notes and the Papists have their la sol men's, and Deacon Hadlock says it's a contrivance to bring all those pests into the land. Then it make such a disturbance in the meetings; at Dunwich two of the best deacons couldn't stand it, and got up and went out; and Deacon Hadlock says he won't stay to hear the heathenish sounds. It's only your young upstarts, lewd and irregular people, and the like of that, that wants the new way."
"If our hearts was only right," said Mistress Tuck, "we shouldn't want any books; and the next thing we shall know, they will have unconverted people singing."
silk, lined with white satin, and embroidered with ribbon of the same color. The Minister from a shining pewter basin sprinkled water in the face of the child, saying, "Urania Bathsheba, I baptize thee in the name of the Father, and Son, and Holy Ghost." Margaret was not alone in the number of causes that disturbed the serenity of the Meeting that day; there was an amount of mirth in the minds of the people at large, respecting Mr. Adolphus Haddock's children, which as a matter of course must spend itself on their annual return to the altar. When the afternoon services were over, Mistress Ramsdill insisted on Margaret's remaining to the catechising, an arrangement to which the Widow Wright, who intended to take the child home, consented. Margaret herself indeed at first demurred, but Deacon Ramsdill supported the request of his wife with one of his customary smiles, remarking that, "Catechising was as good after the sermon to the children, as greening after planting, it would keep the ticks off," which he said, "were very apt to fly from the old sheep to the lambs." The class, comprising most of the youths in town, was arranged in the broad aisle, the boys on one side, and the girls on the other, with the Minister in the pulpit at the head. Mistress Ramsdill with Margaret, and several of the elderly people, occupied the neighboring pews.

"What is the chief end of man?" was the first question; to which a little boy promptly and swiftly gave the appropriate answer.—"How many persons are there in the Godhead?"

"There are four persons persons in the Godhead,"—replied a little boy in the same tone of confidence that characterized his predecessor. But before he could give the entire answer, there was a cry all about, "'Tain't right, 'tain't right." The Minister, being a little deaf, did not perceive the error, or at least did not correct it. Deacon Haddock at the instance of Miss Amy intimated to him that there was a mistake. The boy thus doubly challenged, seemed disposed to make good his position. "'Tain't right," said he in a whisper loud enough to be heard over the house, at the same time counting on his fingers, "Mam said 'twas just like her and Daddy and me that made three in one family, and now Grandad has come to live with us it makes four." The inadvertence being adjusted, the questioning proceeded. "Wherein consists the sinfulness of that state wherein man fell?" "The sinfulness of that state wherein man fell, God having out of his mere good pleasure, elected some to everlasting life, all mankind by the Fall are under his wrath and curse, and so made liable to the pains of hell forever," was the rapid and disjointed answer. The question stammering from one to another, was at length righted by Job Luke, the little hunchback. His voice was low and plaintive, soft and clear. Margaret looked over the pew to see him. There were signs of dissatisfaction on the faces of others, but his own was unruffled as a pebble in a brook. He was shockingly deformed, his arms were long as an ape's, and he seemed almost to rest on his hands, while his shoulders rose high and steep above his head. "That's Job Luke," whispered Mistress Ramsdill to Margaret; "and if there ever was a Christian, I believe he is one, if he is crooked. Don't you see how he knows the Catechism? he has got the whole Bible easy most by heart, and he is only three year old." Margaret's eye became riveted on the boy, and the whole Catechism, Effectual Calling, Justification, Adoption, and Sanctification, were disposed of, without further attention on her part. When the children were dismissed, she broke from her kind friend, the Deaconess, and took Job by the hand, while little Isabel Weeks joined him on the other side. She looked into his face, and he turned up his mild timid eye to her as much as to say, "Who are you that cares for me?" In truth, Job was, we will not say despised, but for the most part neglected. His mother was a poor widow, whose husband had been a shoemaker, and she supported herself and son binding shoes. The old people treated her kindly, but rather wondered at her boy; and what was wonder in the parents degenerated into slight, jest, and almost scorn, in the children; so that Job numbered but few friends. Then he got his lessons so well, that the more indolent and duller boys were tempted to envy him.

"You didn't say the Catechism," said he to Margaret. "No," she replied, "I don't know it; and I guess it isn't so good as my Bird Book and Mother Goose's Songs." Their conversation was suddenly interrupted by an exclamation and a sigh proceeding from Miss Amy and the Widow Luke, who were close behind them.

"Oh dear! My poor boy! Woe, woe to a sinful mother!" was the sigh of the latter.

"Child, child!" exclaimed the former, addressing herself to Margaret, "don't you like the Catechism?"

"I don't know it," replied Margaret.

"She ain't bad, if they do call her an Injun," said Isabel.

"I want to tell her about Whippoorwill," said Job.
"God's hand lies heavily upon us!" mournfully ejaculated the Widow.

"Can anything be done in such a sad state of things?" anxiously asked Miss Amy.

The several parties stopped. Miss Amy took Margaret's hand, Job's was relinquished to that of his mother; and as Margaret's course properly lay in a different direction, she turned up the West Street, and Miss Amy walked on with her.

"Did you never read the Primer?" asked the latter.

"No, Ma'am," was the reply.

"Do you know what God is?"

"Yes, Ma'am, sometimes. He rolls his eyes so, and groans, and shakes, and screams, and nobody can help him. I wish Deacon Penrose would come and see him, and I think he would not sell him any more rum."

"Have you never learned how many persons there are in the Godhead?"

"One of the little boys said there were four, but the others said there were three."

"Three, my child, three."

"How do they all get in? I should love to see it."

"Oh! Don't talk so, you amaze me. How dare you speak in that way of the Great Jehovah!"

"The great what?"

"The Great God, I mean."

"I thought it was a bird."

"Alas! Can it be there is such benighted heathenism in our very midst?" said the lady to herself. Her interest in the state of Margaret was quickened, and she pursued her enquiries with a most philanthropic assiduity.

"Do you never say your prayers?" she asked.

"No, Ma'am," replied Margaret. "But I can say the Laplander's Ode and Mary's Dream."

"What do you do when you go to bed?"

"I go to sleep, Ma'am, and dream."

"In what darkness you must be at the Pond?"

"O, no, I see the Sun rise every morning, and the snowdrops don't open till it's light." "I mean, my poor child, that I am afraid you are very wicked there."

"I try to be good, and Pa is good when he don't get run at Deacon Penrose's, and Chilion is good, he was going to mend my flower bed to-day, to keep the hogs out."

"What, break the Sabbath! Violate God's holy day! Your father was once punished in the Stocks for breaking the Sabbath. God will punish us all if we do so."

"Will it put our feet in the Stocks the same as they did father?"

"No, my child. He will punish us in the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone."

"What, the same as Chilion and Obed and I burnt up the bees?"

"Alas! alas!" ejaculated the lady.

"We were so bad," continued Margaret, "I thought I should cry."

"Deacon Penrose and the rest of us have often spoken of you at the Pond; and we have thought sometimes of going up to see you. In what a dreadful condition your father is!"

"But, my child, don't you know anything of the Great God who made you and me?"

"Did that make me? I am so glad to know. The little chickens come out of the shells, the beans grow in the pods, the dandelions spring up in the grass, and Obed said I came in an acorn, but the pigs and wild turkeys eat up the acorns, and I can't find one that has a little girl in it like me."

"Would you like to come down to Meeting again?"

"I don't know as I like the Meeting. It don't seem so good as the Turkey Shoot and Ball. Zenas Joy didn't hurt my arm there, and Beulah Ann Off and Grace Joy talked with me at the Ball. To-day they only made faces at me, and the man at the door told me to throw away my flowers."

"How deceitful is the human heart, and desperately wicked!"

"Who is wicked?"

"We are all wicked."

"Are you wicked? then you do not love me, and I don't want you to go with me any farther."

"Ah, my dear child, we go astray speaking lies as soon as we are born."

"I never told a lie."

"The Bible says so, child."

"Then the Bible is not true."

"Do not run away. Let me talk with you a little more."

"I don't like wicked people."

"Yes, but I want to speak to you about Jesus Christ, do you know him?"
"No, Ma'am—Yes Ma'am, I have heard Hash speak about it when he drinks rum."
"But did you not hear the Minister speak about him in the pulpit to-day?"
"Yes, Ma'am,—does he drink rum too?"
"No, no, child, he only drinks brandy and wine."
"I have heard Hash speak so when he only drank that."
"The Minister is not wicked like Hash,—he does not get drunk."
"Hash wouldn't be wicked if he didn't drink. I wish he could drink and not be wicked too."
"O we are all wicked, Hash and the Minister, and you and I; we are all wicked, and I was going to tell you how Christ came to save wicked people."
"What will he do to Hash?"
"He will burn him in hell-fire, my child."
"Won't he burn the Minister too? I guess I shan't come to Meeting any more. You and the Minister, and all the people here are so wicked. Chilton is good, and I will stay at home with him."
"The Minister is a holy man, a good man I mean, he isconverted, he repeats of his sins. I mean he is very sorry he is so wicked."
"Don't keep a being wicked? You said he was wicked."
"Why, yes, he is wicked. We are all totally depraved. You do not understand. I fear I cannot make you see it as it is. My dear child, the eyes of the carnal mind are blind, and they cannot see. I must tell you, though it may make you feel bad, that young as you are, you are a mournful instance of the truth of Scripture. But I dare not speak smooth things to you. If you would read your Bible, and pray to God, your eyes would be opened so you could see. But I did want to tell you about Jesus Christ, who was both God and Man. He came and died for us. He suffered the cruel death of the cross. The Apostle John says, he came to take away the sins of the world. If you will believe in Christ he will save you. The Holy Spirit, that came once in the form of a dove, will again come, and cleanse your heart. You must have faith in the blood of Christ. You must take him as your Atoning Sacrifice. Are you willing to go to Christ, my child?"
"Yes, Ma'am, if he won't burn up Hash, and I want to go and see that little crooked boy too."
formed, to an untrained eye, the apparent boundaries of this nether world. On the north was a continuation of the ridge of mountains of which the Head itself seemed to be the close, proceeding indefinitely till they met and melted into the sky. On the north-west, buried like a cloud in the dimmest distance, appeared the round, bold, but soft and azure crown of Old Umkiddin. Beyond the Pond, on the south, extended a forest without visible break or limitation. Turning to the east one beheld the River, its meadows, the mountain beyond, and below you, were portions of the village; to the south, through the tops of the woods, some of the houses in No. 4 were seen; and on the south-west lay the hamlet, Breakneck. In every direction, here and there, on side hills, in glades of the forest, among orchard-groves, appeared the roofs of houses and barns, dappling the scene, and reflecting in the middle of the day, a grey silvery light, like mica in granite. To this place Margaret ascended; here she had often come before, and here in her future life she often came. She went up early in the morning to behold then the Scene from the eastern mountain, and be washed by the fogs that flowed up from the River; at noon, to lie on the soft grass, under the fires, and steep the midday sleep of all nature; or ponder with a childish curiosity on the mystery of the blue sky and the blue hills; or with a childish dread, on that of the deep dark waters below her. She came up in the Fall to gather thimble, whortle and raspberries that grew on the sides of the hill, and get the leaves and crimson spires of the sumach for her mother to color with. She now came up to see the sun go down; she sat on the grass, with her hands folding her knees. Directly on the right of the sun-setting, was an apparent joy or break in the line of the woods and hills, having on one side something like a cliff or sharp promontory, jutting towards the heavens, and overlooking what seemed like a calm clear sea beyond; within this depression lay the top of Umkiddin, before spoken of; here also, after a storm, appeared the first clear sky, and here at mid-day the white clouds, in long ranges of piles, were wont to repose like ships at anchor, and Margaret loved to look at that point. Nearer at hand, she could see the roads leading to Dunwich and Brandon, winding, like unrolled ribbons, through the woods. There were also pastures covered with grey rocks, looking like sheep; the green woods in some places were intersected by fields of brown ree, or soft clover. On the whole, it was a verdant scene.—Greenness, like a hollow Ocean, spread itself out be-

fore her; the hills were green, the depths were green, the trees, grass and weeds were green; and in the forest, on the south margin of the Pond, the darkness, as the sun went down, seemed to form itself into caverns, and grottoes, and strange fantastic shapes, in the solid Greenness. In some instances she could see the tips of the trees glancing and frolicking in the light, while the greedy shadows were crawling up from their roots, as it were out of the ground to devour them. Deep in those woods the black-cap and thrush still whistled and clanged unwearyedly; she heard also the cawing of crows, and the scream of the loon; the tinkle of bells, the lowing of cows, and the bleating of sheep were distinctly audible. Her own Robin, on the Butterburret below, began his long, sweet, many-toned eolus; the tree-top chimed in with its loud trilling churrup; and frogs, from the Pond and Mill Brook, croaked, chulled and croaked. Swallows skimmered over her, and plunged into the depths below; swarms of flies in circular squadrons skirmished in the sunbeams before her eye; and at her side, in the grass, crickets sung their lullabies to the departing day; a rich, fresh smell from the water, the woods, the wild-flowers, the grass-tops, floating up over the hill, regaled her senses. The surface of the Pond, as the sun receded, broke into gold-ripples, deepening gradually into carmine and vermilion; suspended between her eye and the horizon was a table-like form of illuminating mist, a bridge of visible sun-beams shored on pointed shining piers reaching to the ground. Margaret sat, we say, attentive to all this; what were her feelings we know not now, we may know hereafter; and clouds that had spent the Sabbath in their own way, came with her to behold the sun-setting; some in long tapering bands, some in flocks rossette, others in broad, many-folded collopes. In that light they showed all colors, rose, pink, violet and crimson, and the sky in a large circumference about the sun wettered in ruddiness, while the opposite side of the heavens threw back a purple glow. There were clouds, to her eye, like fishes, the horned-pout, with its pearly iridescent breast, and iron-brown back; floating after it was a shiner with its bright golden armor; she saw the blood-red fins of the yellow-perch, the long mouth of the pickerel with its glancing black eye, and the gaudy tail of the trout. She saw the sun sink half below the horizon, then all his round red face go down; and the light on the Pond withdraw, the bridge of light disappear, and the hollows grow darker and darker. A stronger and better defined glow streamed for a
moment from the depths of the sun, into the sky, and flashed through the atmosphere. The little rose-colored clouds melted away in their evening joy, and went to rest up in the dark unshimmable chambers of the heavens. The fishes swam away with the sun, and plunged down the ecart of light that falls over the other side of the earth; and the broad massive clouds grew darker and grimmer, and extended themselves, like huge-breasted lions couchant which the Master had told her about, to watch all night near the gate of the sun. She sat there alone, with no eye but God's to look upon her; she alone saw her face, her expression, in that still, warm, golden sunsetting; she sat as if for her the sun had gone down, as if her spirit had withered up to meet and un-disturbed, as if she were the child-queen of this great pageant of Nature.

While at the Pond, the birds were closing their springs, and Margaret was taking her part look of the sky, in the village at the same moment, broke forth the first song of the day, and was indulged the first unembarrassed vision. When the last simmer of blue light vanished from the top of the mountain beyond the River, whither tenscore eyes were turned, there exploded the long twenty-four hours pent up, and swollen emotion of tenscore hearts and voices. "Sun's down!" "sun's down!" was the first unrestrained voice the children had uttered since the previous afternoon. This ring out in every family, was echoed from house to house. The spell was broken, the tether was cut, doors and gates flew open, and out the children broke into the streets, to breathe a fresh feeling, clutch at a tantalizing and fast recording enjoyment, and give a minute's free play to hands, feet and tongues. An avalanche of exuberant life seemed to have fallen from the glacier summits of the Sabbath, and scattered itself over the Greens. The boys leaped and whooped towards the Meeting-house, flung their hats into the air, chased one another in a sort of stampede, and called for games with all possible vociferation. Little Job Luckil seems to have no share in the general revel. He has been sitting by the Brook under a willow, and as the boys come trooping by, he shrinks into the house; his mother holds him while in her lap at the window, when he, as the grasshoppers have already done, goes to bed. The villagers, Abel Wilcox and Martha Malvine Gishborne, Hancock Welles and Hester Penrose, Deacon Ransull and his wife, Deacon Hathorne, Dr. Spoon and his wife, Esq. Beach, his wife and children, appear in the streets, they walk up the different roads, and visit from house to house.

The Indian's Head, meanwhile, sinks into shadows and silence, and Margaret is hushed as the sky above her; the cool fresh evening wind blows upon her, trills through her brown curls and passes on. Her mother appeared on the top of the hill, and without words or noise sat down beside her. She folded her arm about Margaret's neck, and with one hand grasped and fingered that of her child, and with the other dallied with the locks of her hair—but abstractedly, and with her eye fixed on the darkening expanse. Her own grizzled hair was swept by the wind, and her bared swarthy bosom seemed to drink in life from the twilight world. In calm sterances, in mute brownness she sat, and apparently thoughtful, and as it were unconsciously she pressed Margaret hard to her breast. Was it an old memory, some old hope, some recollection of her own childhood, some revival of her own mother's image—was it some feeling of despair, some selfish calculation, a dim glimpse into eternity, an impulse of repenting sin, a visitation of God's spirit—was it a moment of unarrowed tenderness? Presently Chillon came up with his violin, and going to the projecting rock, sat with his feet dangling over the precipice. Margaret leaving her mother went to her brother, stood leaning on his shoulder, and looked down into the mysterious depth below. Her brother began to play, and as if he had imbued the dizziness, dread and profundity of that abyss, played accordingly, and she shuttered and started, and then relieving the impression, he played the soft, sturry, eternal repose of the heavens, and chased away that abyss-music from her soul. Then her father came up, his red face glistering even in the shadows, with a bottle of rum, which he drank, and laughed, and repeated over to her many passages of the Bible, and imitated the tones, expressions and manners of all the religious persons whom Margaret had seen in the village; and then making a popoosie of her, he carried her down the hill.

That night Margaret dreamed a dream, and in this wise dreamed she. She was in a forest, and the sun was going down among the trees. Its round red disk changed to yellow, as she looked, and then to white; then it seemed to advance towards her, and the woods became magically luminous. She beheld her old familiar birds flying among the branches with a singularly lustrous plumage, the wild-flowers glowed under her feet, and the shabbiness glittered about her. The ball of light came forward to a knoll or rise of ground, about a dozen rods before her, and stopped. A gradual metamorphosis was seen...
to go on in it, till at last it came out in the form of a man, like a marble statue, dressed not as Margaret had been accustomed to see, but in a simple robe that descended to his feet, and he leaned upon a milk-white cross. Near this appeared another form of a man, clothed in a similar manner, but smaller in size, and perched on his hand was a milk-white dove. Margaret looked at these men, or forms of men, in silent wonder. Presently she saw a suffusion and outflowing of animal life in them. The face of the first was pale but very fair, and a hidden under-tinge of color seemed to show through an almost transparent skin, as she had seen the blush of the white goose-foot shining through a dew drop. In the preternatural light that filled the place, Margaret saw that his eyes were dark-blue, and his hair, parted on the crown, flowed in dark-brown curls down his neck. The appearance of the other was similar, only the glow on his cheeks seemed to be more superficial, and his look more faintful. The cross on which the elder leaned, Margaret now saw set in the ground, where it grew like a tree, budded and bore green leaves and white flowers, and a milk-white dove, becoming also endowed with life, flew and lit upon the top of it. She then saw the younger of the two men pick flowers from the blooming cross-tree, and give them to the other, who seemed pleased with their beauty and fragrance. She found herself moving towards these two persons, who had so singularly appeared to her, and when she saw one of them pick off the flowers, she was secretly impelled to gather some. She proceeded to collect such as grew near her, calico bush, Solomon's seal, lambkill and others similar to those she found in the woods on her way to the Meeting, which she tied with a grass string. Then she got a large bunch of checker, partridge and strawberries. She carried her flowers in one hand and her berries in the other. All at once the milk-white dove flew from the green cross-tree and alighted upon her shoulder, thus seeming to establish a communication between herself and these two persons, and as she moved on, all the birds in the woods, the same as she had heard in the morning, sung out right merrily. When she stopped, they ceased to sing, and when she started, they began again. As she was going on, suddenly issuing from behind a tree, appeared to her the same lady who had talked with her after meeting, Miss Amy.

"Where are you going?" said the lady.

"I am going to see those men, and give that beautiful one these flowers and berries," replied Margaret.

"That is Jesus Christ that I told you about this afternoon, and the other is the Apostle John," rejoined the lady.

"Is it?" said Margaret, "then I think he won't want my flowers."

"No," added the lady. "He is God, the second person in the Godhead. He does not want flowers."

"Is he?" asked Margaret. "One of those things you told me about in the Catechism? I am so sorry."

"He is the same in substance with the Father, equal in power and glory. He does not want your flowers, he wants you to believe in him; you must have faith in that cross."

"What shall I do?" responded Margaret. "I was going to carry him some flowers, I saw him smell of some. He looks as if he would love me."

"Love you!" rejoined the lady. "What does the Primer say, that you deserve everlasting destruction in hell, that you have not prayed to God, and have broken his Holy Sabbath?"

While they were talking, the birds ceased to sing, and the dove leaving Margaret's shoulder, flew back to the cross. She started impulsively and said, "I will go." As she proceeded slowly along, in the variegated phenomena of the dream, Deacon Hadlock stood before her, and asked her where she was going, to whom she made the same reply as before.

"You cannot go," said he, "unless you are effectually called. You are wholly disabled by reason of sin."

"It is only a little ways," replied she, "and I went clear down to the village to-day alone. He looks as if he wanted me to come."

"Yes," rejoined the Deacon, "if you were in a right frame of mind, if you were duly humbled. You are vain, proud, deceitful, selfish and wholly depraved."

"No, I am not," replied she.

"Even there you show the blindness of the carnal mind."

"He is beckoning to me," said Margaret.

"If he should appear to you as he truly is, a just God, who hates sin, and should gird on his sword, then your rebellious heart would show itself, then you would hate him."

While Deacon Hadlock detained Margaret, the Widow Leece went by leading her crooked boy Job, Mistress Adolphus Hadlock and her son Socrates, Mistress Whiston and her youngest daughter Joan, Mistress Hatch and her little boy Isaiah, and Helen Weeks with her brother and sister Judah and Isabel, and several elderly people, men and women.

"He ain't a hanging on the cross as he is in the Primer," said Isaiah Hatch.
"Where is the tub, Ma?" asked Joan Whitton. "I thought you said we were going to be washed in his blood."

"Blessed Saviour! by faith I behold thee!" exclaimed Mistress Palmer, coming through the woods.

"I guess he don't want you," said Isaiah Weeks to Job Lace.

"I shall have as many raisins as I can eat when I get to heaven," said Socrates Hadlock.

"I thought he was coming to judgment, in clouds and flaming fire, taking vengeance on them that know not God," said the Camp-Preacher looking from behind a tree.

John the disciple and companion of Jesus was now seen approaching. "Welcome to Jesus!" he said, as he came near to the people. "The good shepherd welcomes his flock!" he said, as the old Prophet, "He will take the lambs in his bosom and gently lead those that are with young." He is the Eternal Life now manifested unto you; come to him that he may give you some of his life; he is the truth, he will impart to you that truth; approach him and let his own divine image may be reflected in you; love him, and so become possessed of his Spirit.

The crowd drew back, or rather within itself, as the holy Apostle again spoke. Children snuggled to their parents, and the elderly people seemed disconcerted. "Christ bids me say," continued the Apostle, "Suffer the little children to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven.

"I know not how many of us may be included in this invitation," said Deacon Hadlock, as the senior officer of the church, and more prominent man, speaking on behalf of the company.

"Whosoever thirsts," replied the Apostle, "let him come. Whosoever would have the true life, like a well of water springing up in his soul, let him come to the living source.

"It is to be hoped that some of us have been made worthy partakers of the efficacy of Christ's death," said Deacon Penrose.

"Whosoever doth not righteousness," rejoined the Apostle, "is not of God, neither he that loveth not his brother; every one that loveth is born of God, and knoweth God.

"I want he should take me in his arms and bless me, as he did the little children in the Bible," said Isaiah Weeks to his sister.

"He looks so beautiful and good," said Helen. "I should rejoice to go near him. It seems as if my heart had for a great while longed to meet such gentleness and purity."
the people retreated and stood afar off behind the trees, others clustered about Deacon Hadlock.

"Behold him!" outspoke the Apostle John, "the keenest among the sons of men; our elder Brother; he took upon himself our nature, and is not ashamed to call us Brethren. He hath loved us, and given himself for us, as the good Paul said, an offering and a sacrifice to God for a sweet smelling savor."

The voice of Jesus himself was heard at last sounding heavenly sweet and tenderly free among the bewildered people. "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Learn of me, for I am meek and lowly of heart." "The bruised reed he will not break," added John, "nor quench the smoking flax."

"I am not come to condemn you," was still the voice of Jesus, "but that the world may be saved. I give myself for your life. Through my holiness ye shall sin no more."

"Yes," exclaimed Helen Weeks earnestly, "we will go to him. Come Israel, and truly, come Margaret."

These three interlocked, Margaret still retaining her berries and flowers, the kind Apostle led forward, and Jesus smiled upon them as they approached, and took each of them by the hand, and spoke some comforting and assuring words to them, and they looked with a reverential pleasure into his face. Margaret, who from her own ignorance of the person she addressed felt less fear of him than the others, was the first who spoke to him. "Do you love flowers?" said she, at the same time extending the bunch she had in her hand. Christ took them, and replied, "Yes, I do. God bless you, my dear child."

"Can he bless and love me!" said Helen, addressing herself directly to Jesus, but adopting the customary third person. "Yes," replied he; "I love those that love me, keep your heart pure, for out of it are the issues of life, and I and the Father will come and dwell with you."

"Can he have mercy on a poor sinner like me?" asked Mistress Palmer. "I forgive you, Daughter," he replied; "Go and sin no more."

"Are you God?" asked Margaret. "No, child," he answered, "I am not God. But I am a friend to you, and you will love God."

"Is he not the second Person in the Godhead?" inquired Miss Amy, in a humble voice. "No," said Jesus. "It is not God!—The Primer is right!" was whispered among the children.

"There is some mistake here," said Deacon Hadlock, as if he was afraid Christ had not fully explained himself.

"There is no mistake," replied St. John.

"But are we not saved by the Atoning Sacrifice, and can that be made except by an infinite being, and is not that being God?" added the Deacon.

"We are only saved by a Divine Union with God and Christ. He that dwelleth in Love dwelleth in God and God in him. This Inter-dwelling is our salvation, and this is the Atonement."

"That's water," said Deacon Ramsdell. "I understand that, I am afraid some of us are resting upon a sandy foundation."

"I was a poor sinner," continued the Apostle, "till I came into this oneness with Christ. I feel safe and happy now, my soul is elevated and purified. To be with him is like being with God; to possess his spirit, is to bear the virtues of heaven; to be formed in his image is the blessed privilege of humanity. To effect such a change is the object for which he came into the world, and that which I have seen and heard, and handled and enjoyed, I declare unto you, that you, beloved friends, may have fellowship with me; and truly, may have fellowship with Jesus Christ, and the Father, and with his Son Jesus Christ."

"We are emptied of all self-righteousness," said Dencon Hadlock, "we are altogether become filthy."

"Have you no love, joy, peace, long-suffering, goodness, faith?" asked the Apostle.

"Alas, none," replied the Deacon.

"Say not so," rejoined the Apostle. "A single look of his will pierce you through and through."

"What the gentleman says may be true," interpolated Deacon Pearsall; "but I think it highly inexpedient to speak of these things. We might adjourn, a few of us, to my counting-room, or to the Parson's study, and confer upon the matter; but to talk in this way before all the people is the worst policy that could have been adopted. It is an imprudence to which I shall not commit myself; nor can I sanction it any longer with my presence. So saying he disappeared.

"Look at these children," continued St. John, "the very flowers and berries they bring are the affectionate tribute of their hearts to the Infinite Goodness and Divine Beauty that appear in Christ; it is the out-flowing of pure love; it is the earnest and fore-shadowing of the salvation that has already begun in their souls. That young lady's yearning after the love of Jesus is a sign that the Regeneration has commenced within her, and by it a communication is opened between her soul and his, which is the Atonement, and so also she becomes united to God, who is manifested and resident in Christ."
"But what will become of her past sins?" asked Miss Amy anxiously.

"I forgive them," said Christ. "All power, Daughter, is given unto me, and that of complete and eternal pardon."

"What have we been about all our lives, that we know not so much of the Gospel as these children!" exclaimed Duncan Hollock mournfully and yet resolutely. Whereupon it came to pass that the crowd withdrew or melted away like a mist, and Margaret with Helen Weeks, her sister Isabel, her brother Judah, and Job Locke were left alone with Jesus and John. Helen fell at the feet of Jesus, and overpowered by her emotions, wept with a calm deep weeping; Margaret looked into his face, and tears came into her eyes also.

"Will you forgive me, Job?" said Judah to the little boy, "for all that I have done to you?"

"Yes;" replied Job.

"Be good children and love one another," said Jesus to them, and the two boys disappeared.

"Weep not, child of my love," said he to Helen, "confide in me, dwell near my heart, obey the Gospel; I will be the life of your life, the well-spring of your soul, and in purity shall Heaven be revealed in you. The little Isabel, she shall be blest too, I will carry the lamb in my bosom." When he had said this, they two vanished from the dream.

"You ask me who is God, child," said he turning to Margaret, who now alone remained; "God is Love. Be pure in heart, and you shall see God. Love much, and he shall be manifest to you. Your flowers are fair, your spirit is fairer; I am well pleased with their fragrance, the breath of your love is sweeter to me,—Margaret!" he continued, "to you it shall be given to know the mysteries of Heaven. But the end is not yet. Man rises against his fellow and many shall perish. The Church has fallen. The Eve of Religion has again eaten the forbidden fruit. You shall be a co-worker with me in its second redemption. I speak to you in parables, you understand not. You shall understand at another day. You are young, but you may advance in knowledge and goodness. You must be tempted, beloved if you can endure temptation. Be patient, and earnest, hopeful and loving. I too was a child like you, and it is that you must be a child like me. Through the morning shadows of childhood you shall pass to the perfect day. I unconsciously grow in favor with God and man, so shall you. This Cross is the burden of life, which all must bear. Bear it well, and it shall bring forth flowers and fruit to you. This Dove stands for the innocence and virtue, strength and support, that flow from God to all. In a dream have all these things passed before you. Forget not your dream. There is much evil in the world, sin not. You must be afflicted, faint not. Let me kiss you, my sweet child."

Thus spake Jesus, and the dream again changed. The two persons were seen to return to marble-like forms, and these forms became a round ball of light, which, receding through the forest, stood on the distant mountains like the setting sun, and Margaret awoke. The morning light appeared in her chamber, and as she looked from her window, she saw the golden sun coming up over the green woods, and the birds were pealing their songs through the air. Margaret went down with bright feelings, light-hearted and free; she brought water from the eisern for her mother to wash, spread the clothes on the bushes, and guarded some yarn from the birds.

CHAPTER XV.

MARGARET PASSES A NIGHT AT THE STILL, AND SOLOMON SMITH MAKES HER USEFUL.

It will be remembered that Hass, the brother of Margaret, at the Spring training, was punished not only by imprisonment, but also with an incomprehensible fine, for disorderly behavior on that occasion. Not being himself possessed of the money, he had recourse to the Smiths at No. 4, to whom he pledged his case for the sun advanced. To acquit himself in that quarter, he engaged his services as night-watch at the Still. In addition—for this seemed to be a point especially insisted upon—he promised that Margaret should accompany him in that duty.

The "Still," or Distillery, was a smutty, clotted, suspicious-looking building, on the slope of ground between the Tavern and Mill Brook. It rose a single story on one side and two on the other, into the former of which the barrels of cider were rolled, and emptied into the cistern below. The latter was the chief scene of operation; here were the furnaces; the boiler with its cap for collecting the vapor and conveying it into the worm-pipe or condenser; the refrigerator, an im-