

**LIFE IN A PARSONAGE; OR
LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF
THE ITINERANCY**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649633920

Life in a Parsonage; Or Lights and Shadows of the Itinerancy by W. H. Withrow

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Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

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"Sibo had accepted his invitation to share with him a sunset sail upon 'the lake.'"—Page 12.

LIFE IN A PARSONAGE;

OR

Lights and Shadows of the Itinerancy.

BY

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"THE KING'S MESSENGER; OR, LAWRENCE TEMPLE'S PROBATION," "VALERIA,
THE MARTYR OF THE CATACOMBS," ETC.



LONDON:

T. WOOLMER, 2, CASTLE STREET, CITY ROAD, E.C.,
AND 66, PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C.

1885.

1489. e. 176





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LIFE IN A PARSONAGE;

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CHAPTER I.

FIRST GLIMPSE OF FAIRVIEW.

"She is most fair, and thereunto
Her life doth rightly harmonize."

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

IT was the close of a sultry summer day; not a breath of air was astir, and the leaves hung as if lifeless from the trees. A feeling of languor seemed to pervade all nature, vast masses of thunderous-looking clouds were piled up almost to the zenith, and their snowy and golden heights and dark ravines were brought into sharp contrast by the light of the setting sun. Ever broader grew the shadows, and afar off could be heard the sullen rolling of the thunder.

"O, Lawrence, drive on faster! We shall be caught in the rain."

The speaker was a fair young matron, with soft brown eyes and a wealth of chestnut hair. She was enveloped from head to foot in the voluminous folds of a

linen "duster," but even that could not disguise the grace of her slight and girlish figure. Her companion was a tall spare young man with a fair complexion, embrowned by the sun, and with hair of the sort politely known as "sandy." He was neither an Apollo nor an Antinous, although one might imagine that he possessed the combined manly beauty of both, to judge by the love-lit look with which his young wife regarded him.

"Jessie is going as fast as she ought this sultry day, after our long drive," he said. Nevertheless he touched his active little mare lightly with the whip, and the willing creature put forth extra speed which carried them swiftly over the ground. The vehicle in which they rode was a somewhat old-fashioned, but comfortable, covered carriage; and he who was addressed as Lawrence drew up a leathern apron to protect them both from the threatened storm.

"Are we getting near there?" asked the lady with some little anxiety of tone.

"It can't be more than a mile or two," replied her husband. "From the top of yonder hill we ought to be able to see Fairview."

"I hope it will correspond with its name, when we do see it," said the young wife. "I confess I am half afraid to meet so many strangers." And the words, which began with an effort at a laugh, ended with something very like a sigh.

"Cheer up, Edith dear! They will receive you not like strangers, but like old friends. See what it is to be a preacher's wife. You have friends made for you beforehand."

"Yes, I know," said the lady, "but I miss my old friends for all that. Do you think they will like me, Lawrence?"

"Like you! of course they will like you. They can't help it, you know." And as there was no envious eye to witness the act, he gave her a kiss on the spot to emphasize the remark.