

**HERBERT AHERTON,
OR SOWING BESIDE
ALL WATERS**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649382880

Herbert Atherton, or sowing beside all waters by Cornelia L. Tuthill

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

CORNELIA L. TUTHILL

**HERBERT AHERTON,
OR SOWING BESIDE
ALL WATERS**

HERBERT ATHERTON,

OR

SOWING BESIDE ALL WATERS

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"WREATHS AND BRANCHES FOR THE CHURCH,"

"CONSECRATED TALENTS," &c.

Cornelia L. DeWitt

"Where the little brook is flowing,
Where the mighty river rolls,
Bless'd are ye, in patience sowing,
For the harvest day of souls."

NEW YORK:

Gen. Prot. Episcopal S. S. Union and
Church Book Society,

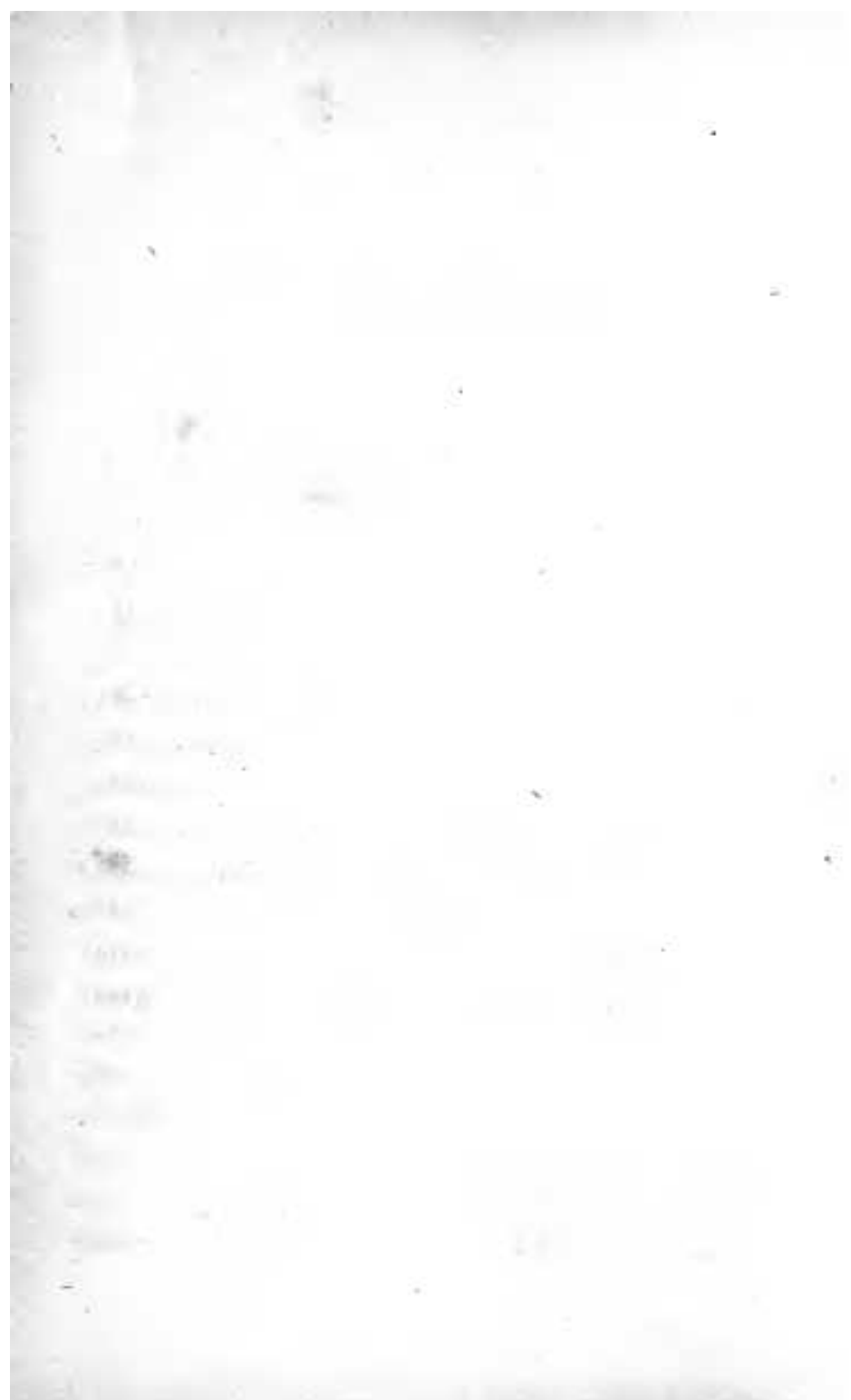
DEPOSITORY 637 BROADWAY.

Entered according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1853, by JOHN W. MITCHELL, (as Treasurer of the Gen. Prot. Episcopal S. S. Union and Church Book Society), in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

CONTENTS.

Chapter.

I.—Morning Service at St. Philip's Church.....	5
II.—The Senior Warden and his Family.....	24
III.—Professional Duties and Private Feelings.....	42
IV.—The World and the Church.....	61
V.—The Unexpected Meeting.....	76
VI.—An Experiment.....	88
VII.—A Gleam of Sunshine.....	105
VIII.—An Experiment.....	120
IX.—Disappointed Hopes.....	134
X.—The Widow's Son.....	149
XI.—An Invalid, and a Voyage.....	166
XII.—Convalescence.....	181
XIII.—Holmwood Rectory.....	194



HERBERT A THERTON.

CHAPTER I.

MORNING SERVICE AT ST. PHILIP'S CHURCH.

“Within the Temple's very gates,
We hear the world's tumultuous roar.”

It was a pleasant morning in May, when a young man of interesting appearance paused before one of the principal churches in a large city.

“Can you tell me whether there will be service here to-day?” he asked, addressing a coachman, who was seated upon the box of a carriage which was standing in front of the gate. The equipage was one of uncommon elegance,—a low, dark chariot of the most graceful form, drawn by black horses, the sombre appearance of the whole being only relieved by the silver mounting of the harness, and the richly cut lanterns. The coachman was in perfect keeping, being an undistinguishable mass of blackness, excepting the broad silver band around his bell-crowned hat. His manner, too, was an attempt at superior polite-

ness, as he said, in reply to the inquiry of the stranger,

“Certainly, sir, there is always service here every day at eleven o’clock;” and it was evident that he belonged to some family who considered it a virtue to be well posted up in church affairs.

“Thank you,” said the questioner politely, as he entered the gate. It was still very early, for there was no one in the church but the party that had just alighted from the carriage without, and the sexton, who was busy in removing the benches, with which he had barricaded the entrance to the middle aisle.

“How provoking!” exclaimed one of the ladies, as she looked at an elegant little watch, to which dozens of small trinkets were suspended. “It is fifteen minutes to eleven, and we might have spent that time in shopping, instead of wasting it here.”

The light tone in which these words were spoken evidently grated on the ear of the newcomer, for he looked after the tall elegant woman, as she walked haughtily up the aisle, with a glance of mingled pity and disapprobation, as if he thought it would require a much longer preparation to fit her heart for the service of that God who must be worshipped in spirit and in

truth. And then, turning to the sexton, he said in a low voice, "Will you have the kindness to tell the clergyman that a person desires to return thanks for recovery from sickness? I find that I have dropped the notice which I wrote to that effect."

The church was so frequented by strangers, that it had become necessary to place a row of seats in the centre of each aisle, which were wide enough for the accommodation of two persons; and to one of these, in the neighborhood of the chancel, the young man slowly directed his steps, and kneeling before it with the deepest reverence, became lost in devotion. He did not notice that the church was rapidly filling, or that no one besides, occupying the seats in the aisle, assumed the posture to which from childhood he had become accustomed. He only felt that after months of trial and sickness, he was again allowed to enter the house of his heavenly Father, which anywhere and under all circumstances was regarded as his dearest home. When, at last, he rose from his knees with his face glowing with emotion, he perceived a lad of about ten years old standing by him, who said, as he held the door of an adjacent pew open, "Mother wishes to know if you will sit with us. The seats