Daily Appeal.

THE STUDENT AND STRANGER;

OR, LOVING ONE'S NEIGHBOR AS ONE'S SELF.

BY OLIVER SINCLAIR.

"Mary, will you wait THREE YEARS?"

"Six, Charles, so that we are married at last," answered the soft eyed girl whom the young student of divinity addressed.

"In three years I shall be ordained and have charge of a parish, and then I can support you. Much as I would wish to make you my wife now, I love you too fondly to wed you to the privations and poverty which I would now have to struggle with."

"It is such a pity, Charles, you did not read law. Father would then, as he says, have taken you into his office and made you his junior partner, and you would in some days, on his return from Buffalo, and has made you his sole heir. Your presence is required here immediately. The property bequeathed to you is estimated at nearly seventy thousand, and is wholly unincumbered. The deceased was a bachelor, and without heirs. The motive assigned by the young man, his fine dark eyes lighting up with the brilliancy of inspiration, "I know my friends say I have sacrificed my hopes by becoming a candidate for orders; but it is no sacrifice I have made in my own view. But if, with being disinherited by my father, I lose you also, dear Mary, it will then become indeed a sacrifice."

"I will be true to you, Charles," answered Mary.

"This I believe, because I know you so well. Then now we part, and our engagement terminates until I graduate from Nashotah Seminary, for so unyielding are their regulations, that they require no one who is bound by any matrimonial engagement. If one thus bound enters there, he must break off his engagement.

"But only outwardly, Charles, will we be disengaged. In heart we are betrothed."

"In heart, yes, but not in word. With this embrace we release each other from our mutual vows."

"There was a moment's silence. The voice of Mary was first heard trembling with emotion.

"You will write to me, Charles?"

"No, Mary. There is permitted no correspondence with my one but relatives, sisters and mother. We part for three years?"

The young man who thus parted from the daughter of the Hon. Mr. Cary, was the son of a wealthy and aristocratic family, who intended his only son, Charles, should have made a sensation in the fashionable world as a millionaire, and marry advantageously. He heard of his projection into the church with disgust and anger. But after many arguments and long continued efforts to change his mind, he distributed him, hoping thereby to bring him to his senses. But Charles, in the meantime, from Charles Eardley remained firm. At Nashotah Seminary, Wisconsin, he could be received, and pursue his studies without expense. His greatest grief was the necessity of giving up his engagement and holding no correspondence with Mary Cary for three years.

At Nashotah he underwent a hard ordeal. He suffered every privation, and the students there are trained in privation, while the church they are preparing to serve rolls in luxury. Charles' wardrobe was worn out the first year, and he found that the livery of patches and threadbare cloth, which had excited his smile when he first beheld the students, was now assuming to him, had to be worn by himself. At one time, among thirty-six divinity students, there was but one decent coat, and when any one had to go to the next town on business, he was obliged to borrow this one worn by him, until nearly every student had worn it throughout the year!

The necessities of this noble band soon drew (not by their own hands) not limited into a drawing into your privations a young woman who knows not a care or a sorrow."

Mr. Cary was fine, though resolute. He absolutely refused his consent to their union. Mary with tears consented to wait.

Four or five years is a long time for lovers to wait, who have also waited three years besides, neither permitted to the interim to write to the other.

Charles spent ten days in Philadelphia, and was on his way about ten o'clock to the morning of the last day, to bid a sad good-bye to the sorrowful Mary, when his rich and worldly father met him, and passed him without recognizing the respectfully lifted hat of his son. This persistent conduct of his father filled his bosom with grief. As he was passing the post office, he entered, expecting a letter from his Bishop. One, post marked New York, was handed him. The superscription was in an unknown hand. Upon opening it he was stunned with joy and wonder at reading the following:

REV. SIR: Mr. George Goddard, the wealthy manufacturer, died three days ago, on his return from Buffalo, and has made you his sole heir. Your presence is required here immediately. The property bequeathed to you is estimated at nearly seventy thousand, and is wholly unincumbered. The deceased was a bachelor, and without heirs. The motive assigned by the young man, his fine dark eyes lighting up with the brilliancy of inspiration.