

smile, but no word, to the lay brother with a "cherubim's countenance," who opened the postern gate for him, and who returned the smile with interest, thinking all the time of the garbaged pilehard in his hands.

The pathway from the Mount was covered with water, so the friar, after some little difficulty, obtained a boat across the narrow strip of water to Marazion, where he found everything in uproar with the Midsummer Eve festival. Tar barrels were flaring, torches burning, many a booth and tent were erected for the delectation of the youthful mind.

Just as the friar was passing slowly through the street the hubbub seemed to grow more and more intense, and suddenly the crowd seemed animated with one purpose. Forming, hand in hand, a vast concourse, good and bad, drunk and sober, they rushed down the street in a long string, shouting, "An eye, an eye, an eye."

The pilgrim stood aside in a doorway, quietly watching them as they passed in their boisterous play. At last they stopped suddenly, and an eye to this enormous needle being made by the last two, who arched their hands over their heads as high as possible, the rest of the company all ran under and through, and so down the street again.

With a sigh he pursued his way, not without many a solicitation to join some game, or to buy some little ornaments at a stall.

A little further on the preparations were being made at the Plan an Guare for the Miracle Play on the morrow, and a crier was going round to remind the people of the great event.

"And to see the Passion of Christ, which He suffered for us, without delay come to-morrow in good time!" he cried lustily.

All was good-humoured bustle and confusion, and the solitary man was glad to get out of the town. He avoided the rough highway, which was full of people crowding into the place for the drama of the next day, and chose rather the steep walk by the cliff, passing the church of Perrau-Uthenow, where the good William Mayhow was rector. He skirted the point of Cuddan, and paused a few moments to watch the fishermen in the beautiful little bay now known as Prussia Cove. They were drawing in their boats, so that they might still have time to join in some of the evening games at Market Jew; and as they drew them up the little shingly beach to the smooth rocks near the cliff, they sang out, in the melodious Cornish tongue, the verses of the old midsummer bonfire song—

"The holy month of June is crowned
With the sweet scarlet rose;"

varied with the more comic and, perhaps, more popular words—

"As Tom was a-walking one fine summer's morn."

The old tune was familiar to the brother after all those years which seemed like a dream. He thought upon the days when, over these very cliffs, he used to run with his brother, when they were lads together, and climbed the same steps to St. Michael's Mount, up which he had travelled that day; of the old monk who had taught them to read, and of the admonitions which he gave them.

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Beside the Sun**

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THE EXCELSIOR LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.

The annual general meeting of this company was held at its offices in the Excelsior Life Building, on Thursday afternoon. Reports were presented showing that the business of the company had increased fully 20 per cent. during the year, the amount of insurance in force being now \$6,172,805.50. The average rate of interest earned on the invested assets of the company exceeded 6 per cent; the amount realized being sufficient to pay all death claims, also head office salaries and expenses. There was a comparative decrease of nearly 13 per cent in the total disbursements. The death claims of the year were \$20,914, being 33 per cent. less than the preceding year. The death rate per \$1,000, mean insurance in force, was \$3.69. The company, therefore, more than upholds its unparalleled record in this respect. The reserve fund was increased by \$113,060.96; the same now amounting to \$64,449.82. The company as usual made liberal provision for all possible depreciation in the assets.

During the year business was opened up in the Province of Quebec; considerable organization was also effected in other parts of the Dominion. Such energetic policy of expansion and development will be continued, so the company will doubtless make even greater strides in the future.

A vote of thanks to the officers and agents was passed. Joseph Wright, Esq., of Toronto, was added to the directorate, David Faskin, Esq., being reelected president; S. J. Parker, of Owen Sound, and Ruliff Grass, of Toronto, as vice-presidents.

One little sentence had been ringing in his ears all the afternoon.

"My son," Brother Bernard had said to him thirty years ago, in that very corridor where he sat to-day, "my son, conquer thyself and thou hast conquered all."

*Bell's "Old English Ballads," p.p. 100-103.

(To be Continued).

"YES, FATHER!"

A gentleman went into a school for deaf and dumb children. As the girls and boys gathered around him he wrote on the blackboard the touching question, "Why did God make you

deaf and dumb, while I can both hear and speak?" A sob was heard from many. Then a little boy stepped up, and, taking the chalk, wrote the beautiful answer beneath, "Even so, Father, for so it seemed good in Thy sight!"

Now, that little fellow had learned to say yes to the will of God, for in his heart he had said, "The will of the Lord be done." The Father loves His

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As your form rounds out, and your weight increases, as you find new vigour of mind and body, as your eye sight improves, and your vitality returns, you will be forever grateful that Dr. Chase's Nerve Food ever became known to you.

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little children to place their hand in His and look up into His face and say, "Yes, Father," to whatever in His love He sees fit to send.

Shall we not, dear children, trust the Father, too, as this little lad did, and say "Yes" to anything He may give us to bear for His sake? You know even Jesus said that His work was to do the will of Him that sent Him, and so all through His life His joy was to say "Yes" to the Father's will. The Child's Own.

THEY WERE PARTNERS.

A sturdy little figure it was, trudging bravely by with a pail of water. So many times it had passed our gate that morning that curiosity prompted us to further acquaintance.

"You are a busy little girl to-day?"

"Yes'm."

The round face under the broad hat was turned toward us. It was freckled, flushed, and perspiring, but cheery withal.

"Yes'm; it takes a heap of water to do a washing."

"And do you bring it all from the brook down there?"

"Oh, we have it in the cistern, mostly; only it's been such a dry time lately."

"And is there nobody else to carry the water?"

"Nobody but mother, an' she is washin'."

"Well, you are a good girl to help her."

It was not a well considered compliment, and the little water carrier did



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