

rule they could not speak English. To each article was attached the price they were offered for, in Halifax currency, the money of that time, as 1s., 1s. 6d., 2s., 2s. 6d., and so on.

The elder sisters of Ruth, with their mother, looked over the different wares in the squaw's basket with interest and curiosity. Just then Ruth came into the room, and she was called by her sisters to look at the beautiful wares. She, too, commenced handling the bead bags and moccasins, while the sisters were passing remarks about the squaw herself. "Observe," said one, "her well-shaped hands, her finger nails so finely tapered, and her delicate wrists"—around which were birch-bark bracelets, with bead-work on them—"and how daintily she handles her wares!" Ruth had been turning them over with her hands in the basket when the squaw's hands and hers came into contact. An electric thrill seemed to come over Ruth at the touch of their fingers, as the squaw placed the finest bead bag in her hand, and looked intensely into Ruth's

eyes. Ruth suddenly gave a little scream and became excited. She rushed from the room. Her mother and sisters followed.

"Don't you know?" said Ruth, blushing, "don't you know who it is? Why it's Jonathan himself." Love had pierced the disguise. The stained face and hands and the strange garb might deceive, but the deep dark eye and the touch of the fingers were enough without words to carry the old, old story, ever new and ever old, and convey its message of love.

The mother and sister returned to the room which they had just left; but the squaw had fled, leaving on a table a beautiful bead bag, and on a piece of paper pinned to it was written: "For Ruth, from Jonathan."

On the following Sunday morning at church, Ruth, looking over her shoulder, saw Jonathan singing "Love Divine, all loves excelling," just as if he had never been a squaw or as if even maple sugar would not melt in his mouth.

My grandfather told me some things