

And failing to do so, he fell with the mighty cry of one who, even in the death agony, protests against the victor.

The news spread as if all the birds in the air carried it. There were a dozen physicians in Seat-Sandal before noon. There was a crowd of shepherds around it, waiting in silent groups for their verdict. All the afternoon the gentlemen of the Dales were coming and going with offers of help and sympathy; and in the lonely parlour the rector was softly pacing up and down, muttering, as he walked, passages from the "Order for the Visitation of the Sick":—

"O Saviour of the world, who by thy cross and precious blood hast redeemed us, save us and help us, we humbly beseech thee, O Lord.

"Spare us, good Lord. Spare thy people whom thou hast redeemed with thy most precious blood.

"Shut not up thy tender mercies in displeasure; but make him to hear of joy and gladness.

"Deliver him from the fear of the enemy. Lift up the light of thy countenance upon him. Amen."

THANKSGIVING.

BY AMY PARKINSON.

I THANK Thee, Lord, not only for the joys
 I may have seen,
 And for the days of quiet restfulness
 That in my life have been;
 But I thank Thee, too, for every suffering hour
 That lies between.

I know not why some things that seemed so good
 Have passed me by,
 And things from which my spirit shrank with dread
 Have drawn so very nigh;
 But I take my lot with thankfulness, because
 Thou knowest why.

I give Thee grateful thanks, for I am sure
 No drops can fall
 Of bitterness into the cup I drink,
 But Thou dost count them all;
 And I know no trial for Thy sympathy
 Can be too small.

So, Lord, I take with thanks from Thy dear hand
 All Thou dost send,
 Knowing that every sorrow borne for Thee
 To some great joy doth tend,
 Where the weary rest and troubled hearts grow glad,
 And pain shall end.

TORONTO.