

come to the dangerous precipice overhanging the black lion and they threaded their way carefully, although the place was very familiar to them. Between the gusts they entertained each other by conversing about the services of the day, Kenneth saying to his father that he did not experimentally understand the Minister's subject, which was from 16th Psalm: the Lord is a very present help in time of trouble. His father making suitable comments, they trudged along till all at once Kenneth noticed that they had missed their path. At this they were greatly alarmed, and Kenneth was just saying, take care of yourself, I am trying to find--when the unfinished sentence told his father in the darkness that Kenneth was over the precipice. Imagine the grief of the poor father as he sought the path and made the best of his way home through the storm and darkness. How could he break the sad news to his loving Marion and his little daughter Lillia. At length he arrived and Lillia seeing him alone sprang to the door enquiring for her brother. But the poor father overcome with grief could only answer, "The Linn, the Linn, he's lost." The feelings of the once happy family can now be more easily imagined than described! How they spent the long dreary night watching for the dawn. As soon as the first rays of morning appeared, Angus set off to inform his neighbours of the melancholy event, and Kenneth being much beloved, a great number soon collected to try if possible to recover the body, for nothing more did they expect to find. Meanwhile the poor boy was in a condition very different from what they anticipated. Over the precipice he fell, doubtless, yet did not reach the bottom, for his fall was broken by some saplings that had taken root in the fissure of the crag. For some time he lay unconscious, stunned by the effects of his fall. Among the many thoughts that passed through his troubled mind was the text, which before he did not understand. He spent the night in prayer and in thinking over the many passages of Scripture with which his mind was stored. The person most noticed of the crowd assembled at the precipice was one Malcolm, a blacksmith who seems to have been very much attached to Ken-

neth, and who was foremost in peering over the brink to get a distinct view. The company were startled to hear him exclaim, "It is, it is!" but he suddenly stopped for fear of exciting hopes without foundation, till some others rushing forward and looking down could plainly observe a motion of the body, but could not be certain. but it might be caused by his weight or by the breeze swaying the branches.

Malcolm, not content with ordering some one to run for ropes, went away quickly to execute his own orders. The ropes soon came and were lowered, but poor Kenneth was so exhausted that he was not able to make use of them. They now began to fear that life was extinct. Just at this moment the Cameron minister of the parish, being on his way home from the aforementioned sacrament, came up riding his little Shetland pony. Surprised at seeing so many assembled there he inquired the cause, and it took but few words to explain. He quickly saw that some one must descend to Kenneth's aid. Malcolm readily volunteered to go. So the rope was findly tied round his waist, while the other end was fastened to a large oak tree growing near (this we might have mentioned was the tree by which Kenneth knew the preceding night that they had lost their path), and he being provided with a long stick to prevent his being swung against the rocks, Malcolm was ready to descend. He found poor Kenneth in such a weak state that he had to take his entire weight in his strong muscular arms, and then gave the signal to take up. This was accomplished with great difficulty.

The next task was to break the good news to the family at home. For this the Minister mounted his little poney and set off at a brisk rate, the rest slowly following bearing the still almost lifeless body of Kenneth. When he entered the cottage Marion rose to meet him, greeting him as one who had come to sympathize with them. Some of the neighbour women had come in that morning to console her during the absence of her husband and the rest, and so affected was the good minister by their tears and Marion's expression of grief, that it was some time before he could steady his voice to say to Marion, *the Lord's arm is*