

Home Pictures.

THE most entrancing pictures
Not frames expensive hold,
Neath handsome, frescoed ceilings
That gleam in blue and gold.
They're not the dearest pictures
That hang in halls of art—
The dearest, brightest pictures
Are pictures of the heart.

We see the humble cottage,
As o'er the the rails we whirl,
And softly from the chimney
The lilac smoke-wreaths curl
We see the patient farmer,
Who plows the furrow long,
His features full of sunshine,
His bosom full of song.

We see the good dame rocking,
While sunbeams round her smile,
Her knitting-needles flashing
Unceasingly the while.
We see about her romping
And laughing till they're sore,
The children with their playthings
Upon the well-swept floor.

We see beneath the rafter
The cheery ember glow,
Which makes it sweet to listen
To winds that fiercely blow.
We see the happy spaniel
About the kitchen room,
And, hanging o'er the mantel,
The legend, "Home, Sweet Home."

We see the purring tabby
Run up against the chair;
We see the bright rag-carpet
That blooms like a parterre.
And Molly in the kitchen,
So busy making bread,
And tempting pies arranging
On white shelves overhead.

These are the tender pictures
That ever we adore,
And in our dreaming moments
Delight to linger o'er.
These pictures from us never
Can utterly depart—
These scenes of home are always
Reflected in the heart.

BARBARA HECK.

A STORY OF THE FOUNDING OF
UPPER CANADA.

BY THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER XIV.—A HOPE SPRINGS UP.

THE early Methodist preachers not only proclaimed their glad evangel in the woods, in the highway, in barns, and wherever an opportunity occurred; they also visited diligently from house to house, seeking by their godly counsel and prayers to deepen the impressions of their public ministry. The house of Colonel Pemberton was not overlooked by either William Losee or Darius Dunham in these visitations. Although the gallant Colonel bore little love to the Methodist itinerants, still his Virginian hospitality and his instincts as a gentleman made him give them a sort of constrained welcome to his house. The Methodist preachers, moreover, felt it their duty to go not merely where they found a cordial reception, but wherever they had an opportunity to speak a word for their Master. They had also additional reasons for visiting the Pemberton mansion, as from its size it was generally called in the neighbourhood. Mrs. Pemberton, although not a Methodist, was a saintly soul of deep religious experience, and the visits of these godly men, and any tidings they could bring of her wandering boy—exiled from his father's house—was welcome as water to thirsty lips.

Miss Blanche Pemberton, too, the Colonel's only daughter, exerted a powerful attraction over both of these homeless, wandering men. To a face and form of great personal beauty she added a cultivated understanding and a character made up of a strange blend-

ing of her father's high spirit and her mother's gentleness of disposition and spirituality of mind. Her baptismal name was certainly a misnomer, for the warm blood of the South mantled in her dusky cheek, as its fires slumbered in her deep dark eyes, making one feel that notwithstanding the seeming languor of her manner, there was in her abundant energy of character if it were only aroused. She possessed great keenness of perception and a readiness of expression, and had enjoyed a range of reading uncommon in that day, that made her company a rich delight to both of these Methodist itinerants. Neither dreamed at the time of being the rival of the other in seeking the affections of the lady, for neither had a home to offer, and neither thought of asking the delicately nurtured girl to leave her father's comfortable house and share their wanderings in the wilderness.

The exigencies of the itineracy now sent Losee to a distant part of the Province on the lower St. Lawrence. Mr. Dunham, during his periodical returns to the Heck Settlement, felt the spell of the fair Blanche's attractions, and as often as duty would permit, sought her society. The young lady, too, found in his presence and conversation a pleasure different from any experienced in the rustic community of the neighbourhood. Elder Dunham, a man of very superior parts, and of a natural eloquence of expression, had cultivated his powers by a considerable amount of reading, and by extensive travel and intercourse with many minds of different walks and ranks of life. Humanity, after all, is the grandest book. "The proper study of mankind is man," and no study will so cultivate one's powers and increase one's efficiency as a leader and teacher of his fellow-men.

The habit of introspection and self-examination, of the early Methodists soon revealed to Elder Dunham the true state of his feelings towards the fair Blanche Pemberton. Like an honourable man, he at once declared his sentiments to her parents. From her mother he received, if not encouragement, at least tacit approval.

"I would never attempt to coerce my daughter's affections," she said, for she was not without a vein of tender romance in her gentle nature. "Her heart is a woman's kingdom, which she must rule for herself. Her all of happiness for time and often for eternity is at stake, and she must decide for herself."

"'Tis all I wish, my dear madam," said the preacher with effusion; and then with that proud humility which every true man feels in comparison with the woman whom he loves, he went on, "I know I am unworthy of her, and have nothing to offer for the priceless gift of her love but a heart that will never fail in its devotion."

"No woman can have more," said the wise mother, "and I desire for her no greater happiness than the love of a true and loyal heart."

From the father, however, the preacher met a very different reception.

"What! was it not enough to steal from me my son, without trying to take my daughter also? No, sir, I will not give my consent, and I forbid the girl thinking of such a thing, or indeed seeing you at all unless you give your word of honour that you will not broach such a preposterous idea."

Now, no man likes to have the homage of his heart treated as a preposterous idea. Nevertheless, Elder Dunham, with an effort, restrained his feelings and calmly answered.

"I can give no such promise, sir; and I tell you frankly, I shall feel at perfect liberty to win your daughter's heart and hand if I can."

"What! will you bend me to my very face?" exclaimed the choleric old gentleman. "I'll keep the girl under lock and key, if necessary, to prevent her linking her fortune with a wandering circuit rider, without house or home."

"God will provide us both in His own good time," said the preacher devoutly; "and consider, sir, you may be frustrating your daughter's happiness as well as mine."

"Blanche has too much of her father's spirit," said the old man haughtily, "to degrade herself—excuse me, sir—to degrade herself to such a lackland marriage."

"Miss Pemberton will never do aught that will misbecome her father's daughter; of that you may be sure," said the preacher, with a hectic spot burning in his cheek, and bowing stiffly, he left the house.

Elder Dunham was not the man to give up his quest for such a repulse as this, especially with such an object in view. Nevertheless he was considerably embarrassed. His sense of personal dignity and propriety would not allow him to enter a house in which such words had been addressed him as those which fell, like molten lead, from the lips of the angry Colonel. He was a man of too high honour to attempt a clandestine intercourse or even interview. What should he do? He did not wish to make Blanche's mother a mediatrix against her husband's wishes. Yet it was at least right that Blanche should know definitely his feelings, of which he had not previously ventured to speak to her. He determined to write a full, frank letter, avowing his love, recounting her father's objections to his suit, and expressing his confidence that God would give His smile and blessing to their union in His own good time.

"I do not ask you for an answer now," the letter ended. "Wait, reflect, ask guidance from on high. The way will open if it be God's will, and I feel sure it is. I will have patience; I have faith."

This letter is enclosed, unsealed, in a note to her mother, requesting her to read it and then hand it to her daughter.

This letter, without opening it, Mrs. Pemberton handed to Blanche, saying: "Daughter, if this be, as I suspect, the offer of a good man's love, take counsel of God and of your own heart, and may both guide you aright."

In less than an hour Blanche came out of her little private room with a new light in her eyes, and a nobler bearing in her gait. *Incedit regina*—she walked a queen, crowned with the noblest wreath that woman's brow can wear—the love and homage of a true-hearted man.

"Mother, I have loved him long," she said, and she flung herself upon that tender bosom which all her life long had throbbled only with truest, fondest mother love.

"God bless you, my darling," whispered the mother through her tears, as she fervently kissed her daughter's forehead, and pressed her to her heart.

Few words were spoken; no was there need. There is a stillness more eloquent than speech. Their spirits were in full accord, and never was the sympathy between their hearts so strong, so full and free as when—her nature deepening, well-like, clear—the daughter sat at her mother's feet, no longer a light-hearted girl, "in maiden meditation fancy free,"—but a woman dowered with life's richest gift—the love of a true and loyal heart. Happy mother! happy child! who each in such an hour enjoy the fullest confidence and sympathy of the other.

"Well, what answer shall I send?" asked the mother with a smile.

"Only this," said Blanche, handing her mother her Bible—a dainty velvet-bound in purple velvet, with golden clasps—a birthday present from her mother in the happy days before the cruel war. "Only this. He will understand. We must wait till God shall open our way."

"Be brave, my child; be patient, be true, and all will be well."

Although Elder Dunham had not asked an answer, and hardly expected one, yet he paced up and down, in no small perturbation, the little room in the hospitable home of Paul and Barbara Heck which they designated "the prophet's chamber," and which was set apart for the use of the travelling preacher. He tried to read, he tried to write, but in vain; he could fix his mind on nothing, and his nervous agitation found relief only in a hurried and impatient pacing up and down the floor.

"What is the matter with the preacher to-day I wonder?" said Dame Barbara to Goodman Paul. "He never went on like hitherto."

"He has somewhat on his mind, you may be sure. Perhaps he's making up his sermon. A rare good one it will be, I doubt not," said Paul.

"I hope he is not ill, poor man. I noticed he looked pale when he came in," replied Dame Barbara.

If she could have seen him a few minutes later, as he opened the small package brought him by a messenger from the Pemberton farm, she would have been relieved of all anxiety as to his well-being of body or of mind. As he unfolded the dainty parcel, he observed a leaf turned and the Bible opened of itself at the book of Ruth. A special mark on the margin called his attention to the 16th and 17th verses of the first chapter. Not a written line but those pencil marks with the initials "B. P." made him the happiest of men as he read the touching declaration: "Whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God: where thou diest will I die, and there will I be buried: the Lord do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part thee and me." He raised the sweet words to his lips, then pressed the book to his heart, and said with all the solemnity of an oath—"The Lord do so to me, and more also, if I be not worthy of such love."

CHAPTER XV.—A BLESSING IN DISGUISE.

The call of duty summoned the zealous itinerant to the furthest end of the vast circuit. But as he rode through the miry forest trail—marked out by the "blaze" upon the trunks of the trees—he felt no sense of loneliness,