

Where the Sugar Maple Grows.

vind von other so goot," and the tears rained down the heavy anxious face of Gretchen Schaufler.

"Sorrowful, yet always rejoicing; poor, yet making many rich; having nothing, and yet possessing all things," said the minister reflectively as he took his last look at the pale confined form.

On the train that came into the village just half an hour before the funeral Kirsty's brother from Toronto arrived. He was a portly, congested looking man, wearing a large ring on his little finger, and carrying a gold-headed cane. He had attained to the height of his father's ambition and now wrote M.P. after his name.

The quiet people, however, among whom he was born needed but one glance into his face to know that he had sacrificed everything else in the attainment. They were a people not given to expressing their thoughts very freely, but Granny Nielson, after she had looked at him steadily for three minutes, said reflectively—louder than she intended—"What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul."

"Why, Granny," said Mrs. McTavish, who had overheard the reflection, and was slower