

mined to lay the matter before me, which she did, as I have mentioned, and John Seymour relieved his feelings by calling her names to himself. Poor Sister Gates was not popular with little John. Brother Walrave walked home along High street, past the ivy-covered stone house where Brother Walsingham was abiding for the present. The two tall chestnut trees standing with locked arms at the front gate, whispered to one another of his defeat. The laburnums in the front garden knew all about it, and they tossed their golden ringlets and shook with tree laughter. Through the open lattice of the little parlor he saw the handsome head with its brown curls which belonged to Brother Walsingham. Quickening his steps he was soon at his desk again. He took out the list and read the names over again. His mental comment on them was tinged a little with the bitterness of his defeat. "These," he thought, "are the flower of the congregation, selected with great care; the fairest, the most talented, the noblest, the best educated are all here; not one of these but, if she loved him, would make a good wife for any man. After all, this is scarcely leaving the matter to God. If all the girls in the congregation were on the list, and he drew one seemingly not so fitting as these are, would they wish him to take her, I wonder?"

This was the train of reasoning which led Joseph Walrave into temptation. The names were transferred to separate slips, all but the last, as he thought of these things. As he paused, unwilling to add that name, he happened to glance out of the window. Across the street was Brother Spencer's stone house, many windowed, behind its holly trees. The back gate at this moment opened, and Grace Branigan, their strong-armed maid of all work, came out, rosy, sunburned and bare-foot.

"Now," said the tempter, "suppose Grace Branigan's name were put on the list, and he drew it. What then?" And so he deliberately wrote down the name of Grace Branigan on the last slip instead of Lily Adair. He had barely finished when Brother Benade returned for the slips, and

took them away, leaving to Joseph Walrave no opportunity for repentance, Brother Benade being all unconscious that the name of the fairest of the flock had been abstracted.

CHAPTER IV.

"You will hae for your wife the braw throughither lass
That stan's at the gable and laughs when you pass."
— *Old Song.*

Sister Spencer happened to come to me, just at this time, to take counsel with me about her strong maid of all work, Grace Branigan.

Sister Spencer is as wisely energetic as the model woman and wife spoken of by Solomon, and has no need of advice from me. I told her that it would be better she should go and take counsel with Sister Malilieu, the pastor's wife. Sister Spencer, however, preferred talking her perplexities over to me, partly because Grace, being a single sister, was in a certain sense under my care, and partly because she liked me, and therefore had confidence in my judgment. Poor Grace! Sister Spencer was of opinion that she came to the settlement as a trial of patience to her. (Our patience must be tried, and we are not left to choose what particular trial we should prefer.) Grace, always thoughtless and light-headed, has been particularly trying lately. She is our only specimen of the old Irish, and her wild blood is yet unsubdued. Still, besides the common tie of humanity, she is by adoption a daughter of the settlement, and an orphan; as such, she is dear to the Father of the fatherless, and should be dear to us who profess His name.

While I was listening to Sister Spencer, and gently reminding her of these things, my mind reverted to the time when Grace came first among us. Her father, a poor discharged soldier, journeying with his little daughter to his native place in the south of this island, fell down in a fainting fit near Brother Spencer's dwelling. His little girl, our troublesome Grace, set up such a wail as drew help around him speed-