

in which a woman is seated ; a few more strokes, and I am near enough to see her face, which the yellow sun is caressing so lovingly. He is too ardent, and the little motes that float in his train are sadly dazzling. She raises one hand to keep off the sun-glow as she reads. The face is very calm to look upon ; but you may easily see the shadows have crossed and re-crossed it, although none rest on it now. She does not give a thought to the gurgling river, or to the stirring crowd around her ; she even does not seem to see that stream of topaz-like light playing with the imperial purple and scarlet of the book resting upon her knee. No ; her whole soul is absorbed in the words of the dear old Jeremy Taylor. This is the time to gather up fragments—be still ! I must catch every word.—“ It conduces much to our content, if we pass by those things which happen to our trouble, and consider that which is pleasing and prosperous—that, by the representation of the better, the worse may be blotted out.” She has ceased to read, and has lifted her face ; her true mother-face and her true mother-voice softly repeats, “ Content, Peace.” For a moment the boat and the restful figure are enfolded in the red light ; then gently and swiftly the sweet vision sweeps down into the west, and there is nothing left but a bright line of light across the sea, and nothing heard but the echo of a sweet voice, saying, “ Content, Peace.”

Another bend in the river. What does all this mean ? Look ! the busy mariners have forgotten their richly-laden ships. They seem to have no care about where they are drifting. Who is this man whose words seem to be life and death to them ? They call him a messenger—a disciple of the Lord Jesus. His voice is strong and clear, and reaches far over the waters :—“ Lay not up for yourselves treasures on earth.” What must they think of that ? hard lines for those whose ships are laden

“ With gold in the ingot, and silk in the bale.”

Again the voice rings out :—“ Speak not evil one of ano-