

through the craggy mountains of Judea; or, haply, the water of the river Jordan flowing through the wilderness which from his early childhood was John's abode, sufficed for the quenching of *his* thirst. How is *ours* allayed? Oh! if there be one here present who feels that a habit of indulging in the intoxicating cup is growing upon him,—and recollect, it *must* grow if it becomes a habit;—let him dash the cup to the ground as St. Paul, in Malta, dashed the viper into the flames; and let him endeavor, with God's help, to follow, in this respect, the example of him whose history we are considering."

The preacher then described the martyrdom of John, and drew a comparison between his end and the end of his murderer, Herod Antipas, who, in consequence of his repudiation of his first wife, the daughter of Aretas, King of Arabia, in order to accomplish his unhallowed union with Herodias, became, shortly after the death of John, involved in a war with his father-in-law, who signally defeated him, and totally destroyed his army; subsequent to which he was driven from his kingdom by the Roman Emperor, Caligula, and banished to Lyons, in Gaul.

A hope was finally expressed on behalf of his brethren that when the hour of their departure hence arrives, they may meet it, as met John

his death. "You have adopted him as your patron;—see that you make him your pattern too; so that when all Masonic Lodges, together with every other earthly institution, shall be dissolved; when we exchange the material building,—perishable, supported though it be by the pillars Jachin and Boaz, strength and stability,—for that more glorious fabric, the "house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens," you may not be ashamed to meet your Grand Patron; nor fear His second coming,—the Master of the Baptist as well as our Master; but may be owned by Him as His brethren in that great and awful day of final reckoning—the day when He comes, with all His holy angels, to sit in judgment on the world.

An allusion was made, in conclusion, to the appalling calamity that had so recently overtaken the late beautiful City of St. John, N. B., and a hope expressed that the town of Peterboro' would do its duty with alacrity and liberality, by conveying its cordial sympathy, accompanied by material assistance to our neighbors, in this hour of their deep distress.

The church was crowded, and a considerable amount was added to the funds of the Committee on Benevolence, of which the preacher is chairman.

NOT PROVEN.

CHAPTER I.

There were few prettier pictures than that disclosed in the old rectory-garden on that bright winter morning. Tiptoe, her arms raised to a branch of growing holly, her glossy hair falling from her fair face over her seal-skin jacket, and her violet eyes sparkling, was May Westleigh, the rector's daugh-

ter, while within a few feet of her, watching her efforts with much amusement and a vast amount of admiration, stood Thomas Mildmay, a handsome young muscular Christian, attired in a tweed suit and felt hat. Suddenly the latter burst forth:—

It is the Rector's daughter,
And she has grown so dear, so dear,
That I would be the jewel
That trembles in her ear.