

lantern jawe and sad eyes spoke of misery. Levett his name, real nasal American his twang. "So you've come, eh? Well, where's Sharley? I want to borrow a cup of coffee; I can't go to the Mission to get none. I'll take the coffee. Good-bye, man." And he took the coffee and absconded, to the amazement of his auditor. Next came a Canadian-looking woman, short, thin, and age as difficult to tell as to guess the extent of prairie near. "Where's Sharley, eh, my man?" she said. "I want to borrow a cup of coffee kernels; he'll let me have it if he's at home. Not to home! well, I guess I'll take it; tell him I'll bring it back to-morrow." (Her to-morrows were long far-off days that never came.) As she said the "to-morrow" a smile flitted over her face at the greenness of Kirwan's guest in letting her have what she wanted.

"If yer want washing done, I'm yer woman to do it, I guess. Good bye; don't forget to tell Sharley. I guess you will, though."

"Are these my neighbours and friends?" soliloquised Woodhouse. "What can I do for them in these months to come?" "Wait and see. God will use you if He wants you." It was a kind, gentle voice that spoke, the owner of the voice sitting in a spider buggy, driven close over the soft turf up to the window, and he sat looking in. It was Brown Kirwan, whose approach had hurried off the Canadian woman, who not only contemplated sugar, but coffee also. He had caught some of the conversation, and was smiling at it, mentally resolving to chaff Wood-