

that I believe poor Meredith was a college friend of mine; how little I thought to mourn his early removal!"

To the surprise of the Grants, Mr. Meredith's father did not come to Farley, but sent his butler, who made all arrangements for the removal of the body, took possession of the property, and settled the claims of the doctor and innkeeper; only calling at the Rectory to leave a note for the Rev. Herbert Grant. This note proved to be from Mr. Grant's college friend; he was brother to the deceased gentleman, and was much moved by the suddenness of his death; but he made no allusion to Eva Harrington, and Mr. and Mrs. Grant could not judge whether or no he was aware of his brother's reason for visiting Farley.

Eva Harrington only very slowly recovered from the shock she had received. Her mamma came to the Rectory, and stayed with their friends a week or two, wishing after that time to take Eva home with her, but the spoiled girl would not yet arouse herself, declaring she was too languid and weak for the exertion, and firmly believed she should die. Mr. Grant urged Mrs. Harrington to leave her for another month, when he fully expected she would have recovered from the effects of her mistake, and be again her own bright self. So Mrs. Harrington went away, and Mr. Grant set himself "to manage Eva"; this is what he told Edith, and well he did it.

"I am going to have a visitor," he announced, one morning.

"*He*, Herbert," said his wife, "say *we*, or else I won't prepare!"

"Never mind, my dear Eva will, I know she will, fancy him."

"*His*!" exclaimed both ladies; but Mr. Grant did not at that time enlighten them further.

To Edith's great amusement, that very day Eva spoke of her late attachment and her great mistake.

"You know, dear, it was not that I cared so much for Charlie Meredith, only I did not like being opposed, and I guessed dear old dad's motive for sending me here was to make me forget him, so I just sent a line saying, 'I am going into Kent to spend a month—only fancy Farley Rectory immortalised by your pencil.' I was sorry directly I had done it, and dreadfully afraid he might really send up his card some day. Poor fellow! I wonder if the excitement of the journey killed him? Was there an inquest?"

"No, it was not necessary; it was an illness through which the doctor watched him, and was, therefore, able to give a satisfactory certificate. Had Mr. Meredith's friends been disposed, they could have demanded an inquest, but they did not hint at such a thing. But really, Eva, your part in the affair was highly reprehensible, more especially so if, as you say, you did not care for him."

"Well, Edith, don't preach, there's a dear," said Eva. "I have made up my mind to my circumstances; I am not too old to form another attachment."

"Nor to make another mistake," said Mrs. Grant. "Take my advice, Eva, and consult your parents before accepting attentions or gifts from any gentleman. Be careful, too, that you have no friendship with anyone who boldly professes himself a sceptic."

"Who told you that Charlie Meredith did that?"

"Your mother said it was their only objection to him, and you knew it!"

"Well, Edith, I am not myself a Christian in your sense of the term, and I cannot expect an offer from a Christian gentleman."

"Certainly not; but why are you not a Christian, dear Eva? Do not make a mistake here, and delay to accept the offers of salvation through Christ Jesus!"

"O Edith!" said Eva, lightly, "I have no idea of what sort of people Christians are made."

Very seriously Mrs. Grant replied,—

"They are made of the chief of sinners, Eva. Once, like you, I knelt at Pleasure's shrine; once I sought happiness in worldly goods, and amongst volatile companions, but I never found it. Notice that, Eva! it was a grand mistake to seek it there. I was always restless and irritable, and knew so well that I was only trifling with serious matters, and bringing myself into greater darkness. But a blessed change was at hand, and I was led to throw myself on my knees, and cry for mercy for a sinner, and

When I took the place of sinner,
And at mercy's footstool lay,
Jesus took His place as Saviour,
And at once put sin away!"

I am happy now, Eva darling, because I am the Lord's, and He is mine."

Eva Harrington did not reply to Mrs. Grant's narration, and took care not to give her another opportunity of introducing the subject. Every day she tried her utmost to draw from Mr. Grant some description of his coming friend, but he only excited her curiosity, and refrained from gratifying it. Eva must find out where the rarest wild flowers grew, for his friend would be sure to want to study the flora of the lanes and commons. Eva must go and decipher the old monuments, so that she could at once take his friend to the spot where some remarkable inscriptions were to be found. Eva must go and see an old man who lived in the next parish, and tell him that Mr. Grant expected a visitor shortly, whom he intended to bring or send to see him, and in whom he would find a friend of former years. So Eva was kept busy and curious, and determined to do her best to make a favourable impression on "the coming man." At length came the announcement from Mr. Grant, "My friend is coming to-day. I am so glad Eva is looking so fresh and bright. I do hope the old gentleman will not fall in love with her."

"Old gentleman!" said Eva, with a pout; "what a shame!" then she quickly added, "Never mind, Mr. Grant. I doat upon old gentlemen, I will do my best to please him, and he shall love me."

Notwithstanding Eva's boast, there was evidently a little vexation at having been so easily led into making exertions, and taking up matters of interest to another; but all her after life she had reason to be thankful that she had learned how much pleasure may be derived from striving to give pleasure to others; and before Mr. Grant, senior, left Farley (for he was the visitor), he had preferred a request to Eva's father that he might be allowed to take her with him into Scotland, in order that she might visit some places of note; there Eva went, and when in the following spring she returned home, she had found the good part which could not be taken from her, and could bless God who had so overruled her great mistake.

A LEGACY OF LOVE.

BY W. H. VAN DOREN, D.D.

THE two most precious legacies ever left by love, created or uncreated, are recorded by John—the mother, bequeathed to a devoted disciple; and His parting but mysterious words to the inner circle of His followers. These legacies have proved deep mysteries to the sceptic in every age. Professor Renan, as the spokesman of them all, thus utters one of the saddest testimonies ever penned by man. Over this heart-cry of infinite love, this cold-blooded alien from the truth writes: "Those portions (John xiv.—xvi) are full of the dryness of metaphysics and the darkness of abstract dogmas." "Dry," "dark," "abstract"? He might as well call the warm effulgence of a noonday sun dry, cold, or abstract.

For eighteen centuries millions of breaking hearts have watered those pages with tears of pure love. Those burning words of Divine compassion are as full of comfort as the stars in the blue vault above are full of light. "I will not leave you orphans." So "comfortless" should be translated. An entire volume of consolation is wrapped up in those rich and precious promises—promises which the wrath of men or spirits from beneath can no more darken or destroy than they can quench in gloom "those burning sapphires" of Milton, kindled by the breath of God.

Those matchless words, the warm breath of boundless Love whispering the same serene but eternal inspiration with, "My peace give I unto you," ring with the echoes of heaven's melody; so full of infinite affection, that, read a thousand times, they ever seem coming new and fresh from the depths of the heart of the Lamb slain, filling the central throne. Poor benighted Romanists, with Antichrist for their teacher, bind John i. 14 as a charm next their breast. They fondly believe they are safe while that lies next their hearts. But it is no delusion, but everlasting truth, that while the promises in themselves are utterly useless, to the heart of the loving reader, and to the inspired eye of faith, these same words beam with the sacred effulgence of the gems on the high-priest's breast-plate.

The thoughts of God who inhabiteth eternity, thoughts of mercy to the broken-hearted "orphans" of earth, are thus found in these precious, priceless promises, a legacy of love