

desolation of orphanhood, and that we have a Father who has reconciled us to Himself through the blood of the Cross."

As Hugh spoke, a selfish anxiety crept over me, and I said,—

"Shall *you* go then, Hugh, and forsake everything to tell the good tidings far and wide?"

"If I am called," he said, "*must* I not go?"

There was a long silence, the waves plashed around us and closed in after us as we cut through them, with a sound which in the morning light would have been crisp and fresh, and exhilarating; now, in the dimness and stillness of night, it seemed to me strange, and dull, and awful.

Then Hugh began to be afraid I felt the night air chill, and brought me a little seat, and placed it at father's side, and wrapped me up in all the warm wraps he could find. And we neither of us said anything more that night.

I have had a great pleasure to-day. A letter from Cousin Evelyn, the first letter I ever received, except two from mother in London; and the very first I ever received at home from anyone.

It would have reached me before, only it had met with many misadventures.

The King's mail had been robbed on Hounslow Heath; the postman had been wounded in the fray, and this had caused a delay of some days. Then there had been a flood over some part of the road, which had swept away the bridges; and finally, when the letter reached Falmouth, the farmer's lad, to whose care it had been committed, forgot for whom it was meant, and not being able to read, judiciously carried it back to the post-office nearest him.

The unusual clatter of horse's hoofs had brought father into the court, and nothing would satisfy him but that the bearer should have his horse put up and remain to dinner with us. And then he had much to tell that interested father and Jack.

Father heard his narrative with very mingled emotions. He was cheered to think that the Duke of Cumberland had put down "those canting Scotch;" but his satisfaction was diminished by the military successes of those "rascally French."