

so, and that when I get home I shall never, never cease praising God for even this way, in which in His loving-kindness He is leading me."

"But she mauna trouble hersel' ony mair wi' thae noisy bairns, sir—she's no fit for 't," interposed the mother, somewhat irrelevantly, but in a pathetically anxious tone.

"You surely have not taken to school-keeping," I said; "an infant-school, too, judging from the pupils I saw."

"Oh no," she answered; "I only help some of the neighbours' children a little. The school is far away; and the work, such as it is, is a pleasure to myself."

"Even although they have only got so far as the alphabet and spelling?" I remarked, with a smile.

She understood the allusion, and smiled too.

"Ah," she said, "I did not know myself then, and what poor work I could perform at the best."

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Nearly ten years have passed since this, my second and last interview with Esther Dunnet. She lived two years longer, becoming every day riper for heaven; and when her sweet life terminated on earth, it left a savour behind which still exists as a testimony to the reality and loveliness of the truth of the Gospel when received by faith in Christ, and developed and strengthened by the indwelling power of the Holy Spirit.

Ellen and her Father.

IN a little fishing village by the side of the river Fal, in Cornwall, dwelt a family well known for their sobriety and their regular attendance at a place of worship. The husband had been converted during a revival of religion in the parish, and his zeal in the Master's cause was proverbial. He became connected with a little band of pilgrims whose faces were turned towards Zion, and laboured in season and out of season to