

" Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide ;
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.

" O spread thy covering wings around,
Till all our wanderings cease,
And at our Father's loved abode
Our souls arrive in peace !

" Such blessings from thy gracious hand
Our humble prayers implore ;
And thou shalt be our chosen God,
And portion evermore."

At the close of the service the tutor went and shook hands with the speaker, and thanked him for his helpful discourse, who asked when he had arrived and where he was staying. When he replied that he was a teacher from York, the speaker of the morning said, " You are just the young man we want. We need a schoolmaster for our children," and giving him his address told him to call at his place of business the following morning. And so, returning to his place of abode, with the reflection of the bright angel's wing on his countenance, he

greeted his wife with, " Rebecca, eureka! eureka, Rebecca! I've found it—we've found it! I've had another draught from the well, 'another drink from the pitcher,' and another assurance that we are in our providential path. Surely, Rebecca, the cloth is being laid at the ' King's table.' "

And then he told her all about the open-air service, and how he had introduced himself to the speaker of the morning, and the encouragement that was given to him.

And so the following morning Mr. Thompson the tutor called on Mr. Lawson the merchant, a man who stood high among his fellow-townsmen, and who, with his good wife, were ready and willing to help all who called upon them. Within ten days a school was opened at the corner of Jordan and Melinda Streets; very soon forty scholars were enrolled on the books, and it proved very successful in every way.

But a month or six weeks had elapsed when the teacher informed Rebecca that he had been appointed trustee of a new church to be built on Bay Street, and he had been