

*"AND THE YEARS GLIDE BY."*

herself in the person of Miss Mills, no longer the district-school teacher, but the happy wife of the young minister, who has taken the place left vacant by the death of the old pastor. With her assistance, everything is arranged as it was in the days of the happy past, and each room appears as memory has pictured it to the wanderer in lands beyond the sea !

And then Jessie waits for his coming, while thought, stirred up by the sight of old associations and surroundings, makes many a visit to the shadowy land of the past.

"Henceforward, listen as we will,  
The voices of that hearth are still ;  
Look where we may, the wide earth o'er,  
Those lighted faces smile no more.  
We tread the paths their feet have worn,  
We sit beneath their orchard-trees,  
We hear, like them, the hum of bees  
And rustle of the bladed corn ;  
But in the sun they cast no shade,  
No voice is heard, no sign is made,  
No step is on the conscious floor ! "

All this comes home to the heart of the lonely girl ;  
but there comes, too, the "hours of faith," that have  
taught her ; that are still repeating, in loving tones—

"The truth to flesh and sense unknown,  
That life is ever lord of death,  
And love can never lose its own ! "

At last the trusty ship lands her "homeward bound"