

wistful tenderness and regret at the loss of her gladsome presence from his home.

Zenas was jubilant and boisterous, full of quips and pranks, overflowing with fun, like a boy let loose from school. He evidently felt, not that he was losing a sister, but that he was gaining a brother who was already knit to his soul by bonds of friendship strong as those between Jonathan and David—between Damon and Pythias.

Our old friends, Tom Loker and Sandy McKay, also, in accordance with early colonial etiquette, graced the occasion with their presence, and added their honest and heart-felt congratulations to those that greeted the happy pair. And never was there happier pair than that which rode away in the wedding coach to their new home on the forest mission of the western wilds of Canada. Not much of this world's goods had they, but they were rich in love, and hope, and faith, compared with which all earthly riches are but dross.

The old house at The Holms seemed very lone and desolate, now that its fair mistress had departed. The squire missed her much, and, in his loneliness and isolation, turned more and more toward those religious consolations which had been the inspiration of the life of his wife and daughter, and, there is ground to hope, found that solace which can be found nowhere else.