

the clergyman of the parish, her widowed mother consenting to become one of her household.

Mrs. Ward was a charming old lady, lively and intelligent, and full of goodness. Her heart seemed always overflowing with love, and though no longer able to labour in the missionary field as she had done in the days of her early womanhood, she was at heart a missionary still, regarding with delight the progress of that great and glorious cause—the advancement of the Redeemer's kingdom upon earth.

On the afternoon of the fair May-day, when little George and his mother paid their visit to the Parsonage, Mrs. Ward was sitting in her best bib and tucker, prepared to do honour to the occasion. Close by her side, upon the hearth, lay a splendid Newfoundland dog, which every now and then looked up at her with affectionate eyes that seemed to say, "How much I love you."

"Ah, Boxa!" said the old lady, fondly caressing the head of the animal, "I don't know what you'll