

and pastry of confections of every kind and degree, including the construction of a three-story wedding-cake, on which the skill of Kate herself, as mistress of ceremonies, was exhausted. The best parlour too was a scene of unwonted anarchy under the distracting reign of the village dress-maker constructing the bridal trousseau. Billoas of tulle, illusion, lace, and other feminine finery, which the male mind cannot be expected to understand, far less to describe foamed over tables, chairs, and floor. The result of all this confusion was apparent on the morning of the happy day, in the sumptuous wedding-breakfast that covered the ample board, set out with the best plate and china, and above all, in as fair a vision of bridal beauty as ever gladdened the heart of youthful big egroon.

Good Elder Ryan travelled many miles to perform the wedding service. Merry were his laugh and jest and wit and playful badinage, for the early Methodist preachers were no stern ascetics or grim anchorites. Like their Master, who graced the marriage feast of Cima of Galilee with His presence, they could rejoice with those that did rejoice, as well as weep with those that wept. Long was the prayer he uttered, but to the youthful happy pair it seemed not so, for in their hearts they prayed with him, and solemnly dedicated themselves to the new life of consecrated usefulness that invited them forward to sweet ministries of mercy and of grace in the service of the Master.

The squire looked rubicund and patriarchal, with his broad physique and snow-white hair. He wore, in honour of the occasion, his coat of brightest blue, with large gilt buttons, a buff waistcoat and an ample ruffled shirt-bosom and frilled sleeves. His manner was a singular blending of paternal joy and pride in the beauty and happiness of the fair Katharine and of 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 Samly McKay, also, in accordance with early colonial etiquette, graced the occasion with their presence, and added their honest and heartfelt congratulations to those which 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 solace which can be found nowhere else.

He sought a diversion from his

solitude in frequent visits to the village parsonage, where Katharine reigned in her small home-kingdom with blooming matron dignity. Nor were these visits unprofitable to the lauder, if we might judge from the stout hampers which went full and returned empty. But a still greater joy was the visit of Katharine to the old homestead at Christmas time; and at midsummer, when Neville was absent at Conference. The old man never enjoyed his pipe so much as when it was filled and lighted by the deft fingers of his fair matron daughter.

In after years these visits were made not unattended. Children's happy laughter filled the old house with glee, and strange riot ruled in the long-quiet parlour and great wide hall and on the echoing stairs. Another sturdy Neville, and little Kate, and baby Zenas began to play their parts in the momentous and often tragic drama of life. The old man seemed to renew his youth in sharing the gleeful gambols of his grandchildren, and in telling to little Neville, on his knee, the story of the terrible years of the war, and of the heroism of his father and his uncle Zenas, and the brave Captain Villiers, whose memorial tablet they had seen in the village church at Niagara, with the strange quartering—on a field azure a cross engulfed and a wyvern volant.

And now my task is ended. Much of this simple story has been written hastily, amid the pressing occupations of a busy life, and a considerable portion of it was written at sea, when the steamship was reeling and rolling with the motion of the waves, so that I had to hold on by the table at which I sat. These circumstances must be pleaded in extenuation of its shortcomings and demerits. If this retrospect of one of the most stirring episodes in our country's history shall kindle warmer fires of patriotism in the hearts of any of its readers; if the records of the trials and triumphs, the moral heroism and brave achievements of our Canadian forefathers shall inspire a stronger sympathy with their sufferings, and admiration of their character; and, above all, if the religious teachings of this story shall lead any to seek the same solace and succour which sustained our fathers in tribulation, and enbraved their souls for conflict with the evils of the time—it shall not have been written in vain.

THE END.

THE CROSBY HOME.

HERE are now about fifteen girls being taught the habits of civilized life, and they are sent to school as regularly as circumstances will allow. Among the Indians, young girls are subject to great temptation, the morals of the people being so low comparatively. The Home to my mind is a great and worthy movement in the right direction. The young girls are kept from temptation, have a good example set before them, and are taught a high standard of morality. Several young women, reclaimed from a life of shame under the fostering care and instruction of Mrs. Crosby, have become good wives and mothers, and respectable members of society after leaving the Home. Eternity alone can tell the good the Home is likely to do, if

Christian people give it that countenance its importance demands. Really, what is our life worth if we do not improve in some way the condition of degraded humanity? To keep an Indian girl in the Home a year will cost about fifty dollars, by using the money in the most economical way possible.

The following is the way we spend Sabbath at the present: The church bell is rung at six a.m., and again at half-past six a.m., when many of the people assemble in the school house for their morning prayer meeting. At ten a.m. many come to the Indian's room at the Mission House for a Bible-lesson. At eleven a.m. the large congregation assembles in the church which will seat about one thousand Indians, when a sermon is preached partly in Tam-she-m and partly in English, or in English sentence by sentence, and so interpreted into the language of the people, which they call the true language. After this service, most of the Indians, young and old, remain to learn the text both in English and Indian—*Outlook*.

WE'LL WIN THE DAY.

ALL that everybody can do to help will be needed, and for a good while to come, to put down intemperance and the liquor traffic. A great many are doing very little to help in this tremendous struggle. A Sunday-school boy was once asked by his teacher, if his father was a Christian.

"Yes," he said, "but he is not working much at it."

That is the way with a good many people who call themselves temperance people. They look on while others do the fighting. Like the farmer's team that was well matched. Somebody asked the farmer, if his team was well matched! "Yes," he said, "one does all the pulling, and the other lets him."

If some one would sound a loud bugle-call to these lazy, sleepy soldiers—the way they rouse and gather up soldiers in an army, on the eve of battle—it would be a good thing. There is not much laziness and careless indifference in the great army of liquor-drinkers. All is stir, and bustle, and union in that wicked camp. It is really a life or death struggle in this battle with drink—like a struggle a diver once had with a devil fish. He was down in a deep river, clothed in his diver's dress. He thrust his arm into a hole, and immediately found himself caught hold of by something. He soon found he was in the grasp of a devil-fish. These fish have a body with a number of long powerful arms stretching out, which they use in seizing their prey, and woe be to anything if one of those big arms fastens on. It had writhed round his hand like a boa-constrictor. The pain was so great that it seemed to be tearing off his hand. If he had given the signal to be raised to the surface, the whole weight of the immense fish would have clung to him and torn him to pieces. It was a horrible situation. The hammer he used lay out of his reach, and there seemed nothing for him but to be destroyed by the fish. With a desperate effort he got hold of an iron bar, and hacked away until he cut himself loose and rose to the surface, carrying with him a piece of the devil-fish about eight feet long. Nothing but the most desperate and united

effort will ever deliver us from the liquor devil fish—a far worse devil-fish than the diver had to contend with.

We believe, however, that temperance will yet win the day. Many predict that drinking and the liquor trade will never be done away with, but they are mistaken. It may go on a good while to come, but there will come deliverance, by and by, from this terrible peril, by the good help of God—*The Temperance Battle Field*.

KEEP NOTHING FROM MOTHER.

THEY sat at the spinning together
And they spun the fine white thread,
One face was old and the other young—
A golden and silver head.
At times the young voice broke in song
That was wonderfully sweet,
And the mother's heart beat deep and calm,
Her joy was most complete
There was many a holy lesson,
Inwoven with silent prayer,
Taught to her gentle, listening child,
As they sat spinning there
And of all that I speak, my darling,
From older head and heart,
God giveth me one last thing to say,
With it thou shalt not part
"Thou wilt listen to many voices,
And, oh, that these might be
The voice of praise, the voice of love,
And voice of flattery.
"But listen to me, my little one,
There's one thing thou shalt fear;
Let never a word to my love be said
Her mother may not hear,
"No matter how true, my darling,
The words may seem to thee,
They are not for my child to hear,
If not indeed for me.
"If thou'lt keep thy young heart pure,
Thy mother's heart from fear,
Bring all that is told thee day by day
At night to thy mother's ear."
And as thus they sat spinning together,
An angel bent to see
The mother and the child who a happy life
Went on so lovingly.
A record was made by his golden pen,
This on his page he said,
"This mother who counseled her child so
well
Need never feel afraid,
"For God would keep a heart of the child
With tender love and fear,
Who lies at her mother's side at night,
Ail to her mother's ear."

HOW CHARACTER GROWS.

MANY people seem to forget that character grows, that it is not something to put on ready-made with womanhood or manhood, but day by day, here a little and there a little, grows with the growth and strengthens with the strength, until, good or bad, it becomes almost a coat of mail. Look at a man of business—prompt, reliable, conscientious, yet clear-headed and energetic. When do you suppose he developed all these admirable qualities? When he was a boy. Let us see how a boy of ten years gets up in the morning, works, plays, studies, and we will tell you just what kind of man he will make. The boy that is too late at breakfast, late at school, stands a poor chance to be a prompt man. The boy who neglects his duties, be they ever so small, and then excuses himself by saying: "I forgot; I didn't think!" will never be a reliable man; and the boy who finds pleasure in the suffering of weaker things will never be a noble, generous kind man—a gentleman.—*Methodist Recorder*.

A DISOBEDIENT little girl, being told by her mother that it was necessary that she should be whipped, said: "Well, ma, then I suppose I must; but won't you give me chloroform first?"