

Letty said nothing; what innumerable promises this man had made, and they had all been to his ungovernable appetite as the new ropes on the brawny arms of Israel's giant judge!

"I see you don't believe in it, Letty, and I don't; it is too late! too late!"

Faith had common sense to see that in order to keep up her courage and fulfil all her duty she must maintain her physical strength. Open-air life was absolutely essential to her, and she daily persuaded Letty and her father to spend some time with her out-of-doors. An old sail of *The Goblin* was stretched as an awning against a background of plum bushes, and sometimes they all sat there, and sometimes at the grotto among the rocks. It was a pleasant-looking family party—the handsome Faith, with her lace pillow on her knee; Letty, throned on cushions, working at some frame filled with gorgeous designs; father busy at a net or a hammock. No one would have thought to see them what a terrible sin blighted all their lives, and from what high and fair estate they had fallen.

The penitential mood is a painful one, and father did not relish this indulgence in it. He tried to lessen the poignancy of reflections upon himself.

"I am sure Faith is not unhappy or grieving. She is contented with us, and didn't care for Mr. Julian. I rather wonder that she did not; he is a fine fellow, but Faith evidently took a dislike to him and showed it very plainly."

Daily these sisters grew dearer to each other and came into closer and more tender confidence, and those weeks were to Faith's thoughts in after life as a sacred time, a sweet and blessed memory. She learned at last to forget the shadows that father cast into that autumn, and recall only the hours she and her little, gentle elder sister spent in sweet sympathy. The father was often away, they did not know where. He now went so often that they could not follow and rescue him as once they had tried to do. No work would have been done, and no bread earned, and "Kemp's daughters," "the dwarf girl," and "the handsome one" were becoming more conspicuous than they could endure to be.

IMPRESSIONS OF A RECENT VISIT TO ENGLAND.

BY THE EDITOR.

EVEN a hasty visit to the Old World from the New forces upon the mind the correspondences and contrasts between their different institutions and practices. One cannot fail to find much to admire in that Island Empire to which so many of us look back with love and pride and veneration, either as our birthland, or as the land of our fathers. The bulwark for centuries of civil and religious liberty, it has won the homage of all lands for all time. Nevertheless the conservative influence of ancient use and wont has given a rigidity, or at least a lack of flexibility, to its institutions which is not in harmony with the freer air and ampler liberty of this Western World. These institutions

in Great Britain may be likened to the vaulted arches of her mighty minsters and cathedrals, majestic in their strength, glorious in their history, but rigid as the everlasting rock from which they were hewn. Those of our own country are more like the overarching boughs of our Canadian forests, flexible and yielding to the influence of public opinion as the elm tree to the passing breeze.

To the democratic denizen of Canada the class system—it might almost be called the caste system of Great Britain—is felt to be repressive, if not oppressive. The dominating preponderance of the Established Church, and of the titled and aristocratic classes in religious, political