

left him to the care of the-all-wise Father, trusting that He would permit Time, the healer, to work out his cure.

It was at this time that Sister Eliza Gates came to talk to me in confidence. It seems she had been at her father's, and was returning to the house when, crossing the hills of the Tri-Linn, she came suddenly on Brother Walrave and Sister Lily standing at the river side, hand clasped in hand, speaking earnestly together. I hushed Sister Gates, not allowing her to add her own surmisings, and, with a positive injunction in favor of prudent silence, dismissed her. I saw now the cause of Joseph Walrave's unrest. I knew that nothing but strong earthly love could cause him thus to break through the custom of the Brethren. When I considered the strength of my affection for this maiden, Lily, I could not wonder much, or blame Joseph Walrave for loving her. There was nothing I could do in this matter but wait in patience and silence on the Lord. I committed these dear ones to the keeping of our loving Father, praying that if they loved, and love must bring sorrow, they might be borne up in the everlasting Arms.

It was at this time that our dear Brother Walsingham, whose praise is in all the churches, came first among us, and tarried some time in the settlement. An Englishman of high birth, good talents, and an historical name, he was led to forsake the fashionable world and, coming among us, dedicated himself and his fortune to the Lord. He felt called to the missionary field, and was to be sent to stand in the place of one who had fallen at his post in distant Parimaribo. Of course he was not to go alone; he was to be married first, and his wife was to be taken by lot out of this congregation. I felt that this would cause anxiety to Brother Walrave, lest it might be on Lily that this lot would fall. I did not know till afterwards how he felt, nor in what guise the tempter came to him. For he did not go to the Master with the story of his love and his fear, and trusting to Him to do right, try to say, "Nevertheless, not as I will, but as Thou wilt." He feared that out of his passionate love might be formed the cross he was to bear, and the rebellious

human heart cried only, "Give me my love, or give me death."

And so it happened that sitting at his window, not studying as he ought to have been, but thinking his own thoughts, the subject of them came out from under the bush trees by a little side-gate and passed down the street towards the river. Just then a tap at his door and Brother Benade entered with a slip of paper containing a list of names in his hand. He requested Brother Walrave to copy each name on a separate slip of paper. When the door closed behind him, Joseph Walrave took up the list, which contained the names of the brightest and best in the congregation, and closed with the fairest, Lily Adair. At once the thought came to his mind that he would follow Lily and win an opportunity for a few words that he might ask her if she would for his sake refuse the lot if it fell on her. He had some botanical specimens to gather which formed a sort of half excuse to his own mind for going out just then. Carefully taking a different path from the one he had seen Lily choose, he sought the river side, passed through the meadows, the grove, and reached the Tri-Linn before he saw Lily coming towards him by the river side. During his walk he had, as he told me after all was past, arranged clearly in his mind what he had to say, as if he had been thinking out a sermon. When he came up to her and looked on her bright, innocent, unconscious face lit up with a smile responsive to his greeting, her beauty fell on him like a spell, and he was dumb—all his nicely arranged ideas slipped away from him. He walked silently by her side, the hard-to-be-won opportunity passing away from him like the prepared speech.

At last, in a sort of desperation, he said suddenly: "I have been troubled in my mind ever since Brother Walsingham came."

"Why?" asked Lily.

He did not reply at once, and Lily went on to say, "Brother Walsingham is a hero in my eyes, when I think of all he has given up that he may go with the Gospel message to the heathen."

"The office of ambassador for Christ,