

were the means of bringing the language to such a perfection as made it the fittest vehicle for the communication of high spiritual truths. And thus Paul, the preacher of the Gospel, Alexander, the founder of the Macedonian Empire, and Homer, the father of Grecian poetry, were, in the wisdom of God, fellow-laborers in one glorious work. Of the results of this work we, in this far land of which they never dreamed, are this day inheritors.

But Troas—alas for thee! thy conquerors conquered in vain! Thou art now but a land of the dead. May the day soon dawn when thou shalt wake to life, and the darkness of superstition shall be removed, and thine eyes behold the light!

Over the Ægean and the Mediterranean and the Atlantic there seems to come a cry to us, as once there came a cry to him who saw the vision on thy shore, "Come over and help us!". May that cry be heard!

THE CHALLONERS :

THE LAST LEAVES OF A FAMILY HISTORY.

BY MRS. R. ROTHWELL, AMHERST ISLAND.

(Continued.)

CHAPTER II—PART III.

The next Christmas witnessed what had not occurred for many a long year—a social gathering at Donningdean. Eager to give his daughter pleasure, Allan would not permit the festive season to pass by—the mourning for his father had prevented festivity the preceding year—without due attention to its gracious presence; so he called to his house friends and neighbors from far and near—people who could not understand the change in him. "It was wonderful the alteration his father's death had made in him; he was not like the same man; they could not make it out at all." How should they? They did not know the mystery of his life.

There were few permanent guests, however, at Donningdean, besides those who daily assembled within its old grey walls. First among these were, of course, Mrs. Falconer and Percie, and Mrs. Lawrence and her two sons—both; for to be present

at this family gathering, and to make acquaintance with his new cousin, John Lawrence had asked and obtained a three weeks' leave.

Elsie made a charming hostess. No one but voted her golden opinions on that score. Her lively manners, her never-ceasing care for the comfort, and endeavors for the amusement of her guests, were the theme for universal praise. Then she was so discreet; she knew so exactly how far to permit attentions to go and when to stop them; she was so guarded and yet so unguarded, so frank and yet so reserved, so free and yet so coy, that her admirers could not decide whether she were most woman of the world or child.

Ah, Elsie! is it only your knowledge of the "proprieties" that makes you so wise? Is there no other reason why you should be blind to the glances of respectful admiration, deaf to the soft flatteries usually so pleasant to a maiden's ear? Is there no hidden voice within your heart whose