

the woman-heart another spring of joy, less passionate and maddening perhaps, less intoxicating in its bliss, but whose calmer waters are fed from all Eternity. Such a fountain, flowing with unfaltering stream, is the unchanging tide of a mother's love. Unlike the other, time does not diminish, nor silence quench, nor neglect temper the ardour of its passion. The wife-love must be fed of human hands; the mother-love God himself guards and replenishes. Wherefore, granted a Mother and a Son, and you have a living spring of love and happiness, defiant of all desolation, feeding the roots of life with Romance and Passion, though all life's upper branches be touched with barrenness and death.

On the very day, almost at the very hour, in which the Reverend Armitage Seymour parted from his wife and betook himself towards Western wilds, another scene of parting might have been witnessed in a far humbler home. Which home was situated in a little Canadian village, not so far removed from the scene of the clerical life and labours already referred to.

Two inmates occupied this latter home, and two alone—and both were bended above a rusty trunk, now waiting to be closed and locked. These two were mother and son. The former was a woman of between fifty and sixty years of age, her hair already whitened with the copious gray that had gathered so