

the manor kisses him, a part of the day's honor Jesse could dispense with—he only likes to be kissed by mother and Mary. He does like, however, to see all the great men of the place gather round father, who is good, and wise, and kind, and to hear them say that what Australia has gained England has lost, and they deeply regret it. Jesse quite understands all that. He is interested, too, in the plans and sketches of the lighthouse, which are now passed round. The drawing of the lighthouse, complete as it will be, is a special favorite. It looks so real and noble, standing on the Pale. There are apparently two carved ornamental bands round it, which, on looking closer, are found to be inscriptions. One is the Proudfoot motto, "Straightforward"; the other is, "To the glory of God and the good of mankind, in memory of the Proudfoot family."

Jesse has read the monument in church, and knows all about the family, quite recognizing that he belongs to it.

But though the great event of the day is over, there is much more to be done. A substantial tea is laid out in the Rectory field, where stands not alone one table, but a dozen. All are made welcome there—gentry, farmers, townspeople, little children, old people, young men and maidens.

Perran and 'Lisbeth are still the most honored guests; their little son wanders in and around the crowd, gathering many blessings by his bright face and innocent friendliness; Mary, maiden-like, is shy, and clings to her mother.

Presently, when everyone is amply satisfied with the hearty meal, there is a general move towards the church, which has been sending forth merry peals at intervals all the afternoon.

There is to be a farewell service, commending the Proudfoots to the care of Him who is Lord of sea as well as land. They leave for London on the morrow; for Australia in a few days. The fine old church is crowded in every corner; never were such Amens, such responses, such hearty singing.

But you might hear a pin drop when the rector gives out his text—"Straightforward."

Sermons are not generally interesting reading, but a few sentences from this sermon must be given.

"My friends," said the preacher, "it is an old and goodly custom to take a text of Scripture as the foundation of a discourse. I have done so to-day. Yes, I see your eyes turning towards the monument on the north wall: my text is there truly enough, but it is also in my Bible and yours, as you will see, if you will look through the first chapter of the Book of Ezekiel."

There was a rustling of leaves for a while, and then the rector went on to sketch the lives of such as desire to walk straightforward, led by the Spirit. It was a walk possible to every

man, he said; and every man there present felt heartened to begin such a life if he had not already done so.

After that there was a moment's pause, then the departure from amongst them of a family whose name was "a household word in King's Cobbe" was spoken of, and mention made of the Church in Australia, and its brotherhood with the Church at home; the travellers were not going into exile, they were still within its pale.

And *straightforward*, still, would be their path. Whatever their hand might find to do, they would do it with their might. To some, this doing meant patient, quiet, daily toil at home. To others—nay, to these very friends—it was made clear in the trumpet call for active work for God abroad. But the walk in all cases is, or ought to be, the same—ever straightforward. Not looking to left or right, wishing the lot had been cast otherwise—like this man's or that man's, but pressing onwards and heavenwards moment by moment, untiringly, unswervingly, sure that in the designs of an All-knowing God—

"Whatever is, is right."

"Friends, brethren, brother Cornishmen, let us all from henceforth go out into the world resolved to make my text the watchword of our lives—Straightforward!"

And now I know that many people will be dissatisfied when they find that here our story ends. There is so much they would have liked to know, both of the past and of the present.

Specially, many will long to hear how George Holt, and his missionary labors in New Guinea, prospered. But holy seed sown in hitherto untended ground is always slow to spring up, slower still to ripen; and we must wait in patience for tidings of a harvest there, thankful to believe that the workers in this field are accepted and even welcomed by their ignorant heathen charge.

Little Jesse's teaching—his cross-crowned forest grave—is sure to be a centre of blessing in time.

The very last news received of the Proudfoot family is that they have safely reached their home in Australia, and gladly settled down into their old happy life of joyful labor; most heartily welcomed by Peter, now in a responsible position on the estate, and Molly, who has married a neighboring settler, and reigns in her own pretty home, hard by her dear mistress. Both Perran and 'Lisbeth love work, and God gives them health and strength to do it; by and by even their strong limbs and brave hearts may wax faint and feeble, and then they may desire rest, and God will give them that too—the rest that belongs to the people of God.

THE END.