

*"AND THE YEARS GLIDE BY."*

visit. How the old patriotic spirit of 1812 is roused when report comes of the invasion of our soil by Fenian rabble, on that June day of '66; and how a letter is received from Willie describing the battle, and bearing, in addition to the news of the defeat and flight of the invaders, the sad tidings of the death of fellow-students by their murderous hands.

And, if to-day we visited the old place, we would listen again to the ringing of childish voices, and hear the familiar names of Willie and Allie sounding through the pleasant house.

It is but a few weeks since the Willie we have known—the Rev. William Grey to strangers and the world—came from his distant field of labour to look again upon his childhood's home, and greet within its walls the father and sister to whose loving advice and sympathy he owes so much of the present good. Many a long afternoon of his visit he spent upon the water, sailing about among the islands he roamed over so joyously as a boy, and recalling to mind many sweet memories of the golden-haired child—his angel-sister now. And the heart of the strong man rises in fervent prayer, that, in all the paths of life, he may possess the humble, trusting faith that found her so early prepared to "depart and be with Christ," and that the same power that has led them through the past will still