

straw for poetry till I read these. They are the genuine thing."

Dr. Stuart presented with much effusion an exceedingly solid-looking calf-bound book of something that seemed neither prose nor verse.

"Allow me, my dear young lady," he said, in quite an oratorical manner, "to present you with a copy of the Songs of the immortal Ossian, the greatest poet the world has ever seen. I declare that to me Homer and Virgil, Shakespeare and Milton, seem tame compared with the spirit-stirring strains of the bard of Balclutha. O, fairer than Malvina, be thy hero brave as Fingal and more fortunate. You have, young lady, the only copy of this grand poem in Upper Canada, or perhaps on the continent of America; for it was given me by my friend, the translator, an auld comrade at Marischal College, Aberdeen."

Dame Barbara Heck sent some snowy linen napery, which she had haphked, spun, woven and bleached herself after the good old Irish method, which was in America almost an unknown art.

Good Hannah Whiteside had come over the previous evening with an ancient vellum-bound copy of George Fox's "Treatise on the Inner Light."

"Father does not hold with fasts and feasts and festivals, she said, nor with the worldly fashion of making and receiving of marriage gifts; but we love thee, and wish thee as well as those that do. It was borne in upon me that I should give thee a book that hath been a great comfort to mine own heart; may it be so to thine! Thee knows the Inner Light thyself; may it shine more and more in thy soul unto the perfect day,"—and she softly kissed the fair smooth brow of the girl, who in turn pressed the silver-haired matron to her heart.

On Christmas Day, Dr. Stuart, dressed in gown, bands and surplice, held a Christmas service in the great parlour. The colonel, who was able to walk in on crutches, repeated the responses very firmly, and the sweet voice of Blanche sang, as if with unwonted significance, the *Magnificat* and *Gloria in Excelsis*.

After the service the marriage took place, according to the seemly and becoming ritual of the Book of Common Prayer. Then came a generous banquet, to which, as also to the service, a goodly number of the neighbors had been invited. After ample viands had been done to the savoury jostles prepared by the housewifely skill of Mrs. Pemberton and her sable satellite, worthy Dr. Stuart, with quite a little oration, drank the bride's health in some of the colonel's old Madeira, which was gallantly responded to by Mr. Dunham; for at that time the Temperance reform had not yet begun in Canada.

"The old colonel was jubilant, Mrs. Pemberton by turns tearful and radiant, Mr. Dunham manly and dignified. Barbara Heck warmly embraced the bride with a hearty "God bless you, my bairn." Reginald whispered in the ear of Katharine Heck, "Ours must be the next," for he had found his tongue since the far-off summer days—how far off they seemed!—when he used to bring his offerings of flowers and fruits and speckled trout, and gaze unutterable things, though never a word he said. He had urged his suit so eloquently with the fair Katharine that he had won the confidence of her virgin heart, and her mother had consented that sometime in the future—when the un-

certain and wandering nature of his itinerant life would permit—she would entrust her daughter's happiness to the keeping of the manly youth, who even though disinherited she would have preferred as a Methodist preacher to the heir of all the Pemberton estate, without that richest grace of manhood, a converted heart.

One invited guest indeed was absent from the festive gathering at the Pemberton place. Elder William Losee, when first invited to spend his Christmas at the Mansion, had cordially assented. Shortly after he received from his fellow-missionary a note, from which the following is an extract:

"Congratulate me, my dear brother, on my good fortune. At last Squire Pemberton has withdrawn his objections to my suit for his daughter's hand, and Christmas is to be the happy day of its consummation. You know the lady well, and know her many virtues, her graces, and her piety. You will therefore be able to rejoice with me in the treasure I have won. I want you to be my best man at the wedding—a friendly duty which I know you will discharge with pleasure. And now, as they say in class-meeting, 'When it goes well with thee, remember me,' till we meet again."

When Losee received this letter, it smote him like a dagger through the heart. Every word was like the wrenching of the weapon in the wound. He had himself been deeply fascinated with the moral and intellectual and personal attractions of the fair Blanche Pemberton. But a morbid sensitiveness on account of his personal infirmity—a shrivelled arm—and his knowledge of the intense antipathy of the colonel to all Methodists, and especially Methodist preachers, together with his native modesty, or rather extreme bashfulness, had prevented him from ever betraying his feelings either to their prime object or to any other human being. "He never told his love, but let concealment, like a worm in the bud, feed on his cheek, and pined in thought." Unconsciously, therefore, his friend and fellow-labourer had probed his wounded spirit to the quick, and inflicted unutterable pain.

"If it had been mine enemy that had done this," exclaimed the stricken man with a pang of jealousy, "I could have borne it; but mine own familiar friend in whom I trusted hath betrayed me. Oh, wicked and deceitful world, I will never trust man or woman more." And he crushed the letter in his hand, as if he fain would crush its writer, too. Then in a moment his better self—his quickened conscience—came to his rescue, and he groined in the anguish of his spirit, "God forgive me; this is the spirit of Cain, who slew his brother." And going out into the lonely forest through whose branches moaned the melancholy wind as if in harmony with his own stormy soul, he threw himself on the ground and wrestled with his great life sorrow, and besought grace to bear like a Christian man the wreck and ruin of his dearest hopes of earthly happiness. At length a peaceful calm stole over his spirit. He rose from his knees to retrace his steps to the settler's cabin. As he bared his head, the cool wind of midnight seemed like a soft hand laid in benediction on his fevered brow. Retiring to his little chamber, he summoned courage to answer Dunham's letter—one of the hardest tasks of his life.

"My dear brother," it began, "I

wish you every happiness, and pray God's blessing to rest on you and yours. I know well the surpassing merits of the lady who is to share with you the joys and sorrows of life. May the former be many, the latter be few. Many thanks for your kind request. Pray allow me to decline. I do not feel able for it—for reasons known only to God and my own heart. And now, in the words of our great poet let me say—

"Commend me to your honourable wife; Say how I loved you; speak me fair in death;"

and should we meet no more on earth, let us meet where they neither marry nor are given in marriage, but are as the angels of God in heaven."

The letter was signed "Your sincere Friend and Well-wisher," and a postscript, added in an agitated hand, intimated that the writer would have occasion to go east, and might never return to his present field of labour.

This letter reached Elder Dunham only the day before Christmas. He was much shocked and distressed at the evidence of mental agitation, if not aberration, that it contained. He showed it to Blanche, saying, "He evidently loved you, dear heart."

She read it thoughtfully, and then said, as she wiped away a tear, "Who would have dreamt it! He never spoke a word of this."

They both, of course, felt very sorry for the unhappy man, but this was one of the cases in which absolutely nothing can be done. They both anticipated a painful situation when they should meet him, but this ordeal they were spared; they never saw him again. His mental aberration became so apparent that he was withdrawn, kindly and quietly, by Bishop Ashbury from the itinerant work. "It reflects no shame on the man," says Playter in his "History of Canadian Methodism," "but thereby he was unable to perform the duties of his station. Disappointment like a thunderbolt upset the mental balance of the first itinerant missionary of Canada. He became entirely unfitted for the constant and laborious duties of his ministry." After the balance of his mind was restored, he left the Province, returned to the United States, and after a time he engaged in trade in a small way in New York—"an inglorious termination," adds Dr. Carroll, in quoting this passage, "of a heroic career." "He does not wonder," he continues, "that these ardent and not too much experienced young men were so smitten with one in youth, who when the writer saw her at the age of sixty, was still fascinating." Nevertheless, to both Elder Dunham and his wife the memory was always a painful one, the fair Blanche especially accusing herself of having been the innocent and unconscious cause of so much suffering to one for whom she had cherished a profound respect, though never any more tender feeling.

MANY people are like eggs—too full of themselves to hold anything else.

EACH one of the patriarchs was to sacrifice his dearest son.—Luther.

A DEVOUT woman took her baby to church. The voice of the preacher awakened the child, and it began to scream. "Do not go," said the minister; "the baby does not disturb me." "That may be," said the mother, still repleating; "but you disturb the baby."

One Day at a Time.

BY HELEN HUNT JACKSON.

One day at a time! That's all it can be: No faster than that is the hardest fate; And days have their limits, however we Begin them too early and stretch them too late.

One day at a time!
It's a wholesome rhyme,
A good one to live by—
A day at a time.

One day at a time! Every heart that aches Knows only too well how long that can seem;

But it's never to-day which the spirit breaks; It's the darkened future without a gleam.

One day at a time! A burden too great To be borne for two can be borne for one; Who knows what will enter to-morrow's gate; While yet we are speaking all may be done.

One day at a time! When joy is at height— Such joy as the heart can never forget— And pulses are throbbing with wild delight, How hard to remember that suns must set.

One day at a time! But a single day Whatever its load, whatever its length: And there's a bit of precious Scripture to say That, according to each, shall be our strength.

One day at a time! 'Tis the whole of life; All sorrow, all joy, are measured therein, The bound of our purpose, our noblest strife, The one only countersign, sure to win!

One day at a time!
It's a wholesome rhyme,
A good one to live by,
A day at a time.

—The Independent.

What is Faith?

A LITTLE girl lived in a house where there was a trap door in the middle of the floor, which they lifted up when they wished to go down into the cellar. Under this door was a flight of stairs, but the cellar beneath was very dark. One day this door was left open, and the little girl came and looked down into the cellar. All was dark, and no one was to be seen, so she called and said:—

"Father, are you down in the cellar?"
"Yes, child, I am here; come down with me."

"Why, father, I can't see you!"
"I know it child, but I can see you, and I am certainly here. Now you come to the edge of the floor and jump right down, and I will catch you."

"I dare not do it, father; I am afraid I'll fall."

"But I will catch you when you fall."

"But I can't see you, father."
"I know it, but I can see you, and I will surely catch you."

Then the little girl hesitated a little, but her father said, "Come!" so she stepped over the edge, and down she went, right into her father's arms.

The next day he was down there again, and as the door was open he heard her call "Father!"

"Father, I am coming!" and almost before he was ready to receive her, down she came into his arms again.

That is faith. I am to come to Jesus—to believe in God, who gave Him for my sin—not because I feel something, but simply because God's word is "Come!"

The little girl did not see her father, but she heard her father's voice, and so she ventured boldly to throw herself down into the darkness. And where did she fall? Just into her dear father's arms! Now, won't you venture to throw yourself into God's arms? He loves you. His word bids you come. Jesus, too, says, "Him that cometh to Me, I will in no wise cast out."