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CASTING THE LOT:

A TRUE STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE STORY OF "PLANTAGENET."

CHAPTER III.

A love will venture in where it daurna' weel be seen,
A love will venture in where wisdom ance has been."

—Burns.

Brother Walrave, the German teacher, is of interest to me, as a promising young brother, and as the son of my old school-fellow and neighbor, Wilhelm Walrave. Therefore, it gives me pain to know that he has been in an undisciplined frame of mind for some time past, which has caused considerable uneasiness to the Church. He is the best loved of all the young ministers in training. He is a brother of the Brethren, being remotely related by descent to Brother Zinzendorf himself. His outward appearance is prepossessing, and this has its effect, even upon the godly, as witness Samuel the prophet's good opinion of Jesse's eldest son for his height and the favor of his countenance. He is tall and strong; a well-made man, that could not be awkward if he would; kind, clear, grey eyes, with a flash of command in them; locks as bushy and black as a raven. The first symptom of an undisciplined mind noticed in Brother Walrave was unrest, though from what cause was never suspected, until Brother Benade went to his room one day with some request, and

found him standing idly at his window humming softly to himself. The Bishop thought that the spring gladness had suggested to him the worshipping tone of some hymn, and he stepped softly not to disturb him and heard him murmur:

"This is the fashion she loves to be in,
A bonny blue ribbon tied under her chin."

A glance out of the window showed one of the sisters, in a white dress with gleams of blue ribbon, walking under the beach trees in the square. He felt much grieved at this silliness in one so much beloved. Some time after Brother Malilieu getting from Brother Walrave notes of a lecture, got with them these lines of a silly old song, entitled

DESCRIPTION OF MY LOVE.

"Her crisped locks like threads of gold
Appear to each man's sight,
Her comely eyes like orient pearl
Do cast a heavenly light;
The blood within her crystal cheeks
Does such a color drive,
As though the lily and the rose
For mastership did strive."

It was plain that Brother Walrave was suffering from that dangerous disease called "Love in idleness." We were all troubled in spirit concerning him, but after special prayer was made for him we