

ing the sermon many persons were moved to tears.

—The vacant place in the household throng,
And the silent voice in the prayer and song,
God, who art good, Thou wilt keep thy child
In Thy loving care,
Till one by one in that home of bliss,
We meet her there.

MRS. E. C. CRANTON.

Eliza C., wife of Mr. Henry Cranton, of Margaree, C. B., on Wednesday morning, 11th of April, 1877, fell asleep in Jesus, in her thirty-ninth year. She has left behind her a family of eight to

mourn her departure. Her loss will be deeply felt, and her memory will long be cherished by the community of which she was for many years a most affectionate member. Her death is loss to us, but it is gain to her, since her hope and trust was in the Saviour. Her strong desire before death was, that the children whom God had given her might be brought to a knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus. She, with her husband, became a member of the Congregational Church here, Oct., 12th, 1867, having been for years previous a member of the Methodist Class-meeting in this place.

W. P.

Home and School.

THE UNEXPECTED SON.

One summer afternoon, Mr. Malcom Anderson arrived with his family at his native town. Putting up at the little inn, he proceeded to dress himself in a suit of sailor-clothes, and then walked out alone. By a by-path he well knew, and then through a shady lane, dear to his young, hazel-nutting days, all strangely unchanged, he approached his mother's cottage. He stopped for a few moments on the lawn outside, to curb down the heart that was bounding to meet that mother, and to clear his eyes of a sudden mist of happy tears. Through the open window he caught a glimpse of her, sitting alone at her spinning-wheel, as in the old time. But alas, how changed! Bowed was the dear form, once so erect, and silvered the locks once so brown, and dimmed the eyes, once so full of tender brightness, like dew stained violets. But the voice, with which she was crooning softly to herself, was still sweet, and there was on her cheek the same lovely peach-bloom of twenty years ago.

At length he knocked, and the dear remembered voice called to him in the simple, old-fashioned way—"Coom ben!" (come in.) The widow rose at sight of a stranger, and courteously offered him a chair. Thanking her in an assumed

voice, somewhat gruff, he sank down, as though wearied, saying that he was a wayfarer, strange to the country, and asking the way to the next town. The twilight favoured him in his little ruse; he saw that she did not recognize him, even as one she had ever seen. But after giving him the information he desired, she asked him if he was a Scotchman by birth. "Yes, madam," he replied; "but I have been away in foreign parts many years. I doubt if my own mother would know me now, though she was very fond of me before I went to sea."

"Ah, mon! it's little ye ken about mither, gin ye think sae. I can tell ye there is na mortal memory like theirs," the widow somewhat warmly replied; then added—"And where hae ye been for sae lang a time, that ye hae lost a' the Scotch fra your speech?"

"In India—in Calcutta, madam."

"Ah, then, it's likely ye ken something o' my son, Mr. Malcom Anderson."

"Anderson?" repeated the visitor, as though striving to remember. "There be many of that name in Calcutta; but is your son a rich merchant, and a man about my age and size, with something such a figure-head?"

"My son is a rich merchant," replied the widow, proudly, "but he is younger than you by mony a long year, and begging your pardon, sir, far comier. He