

in Lyndon, and peace and good-will prevailed. And when, in the following June, Sam's name appeared opposite Lyndon in the report of the Stationing Committee, there was, I think, no one who was not unfeignedly glad.

During that second summer an event occurred in the arrival at the parsonage of a tiny, fair-haired, blue-eyed maiden, who was promptly named for her "great-grandmamma," and admired and given presents by the entire circuit. Everybody was ready with counsel and advice to the inexperienced little mamma, and eager to have a share in bringing up the wonderful baby. Miss Constance Dorothea Trevor Wilkes was called upon to adopt unnumbered aunts, uncles, and grandparents, and when she was taken to town at the age of six months to "have her picture taken," some three or four dozen cabinet photographs had to be distributed, which, as Amy confided to me, "was rather an expensive business." "Not that I mind that at all," she added, "I am so thankful that everybody is so fond of her; and," with a glance of motherly pride at the

bundle of white embroidery on her knee, "it is nothing to be surprised at, is it, Aunt Elinor?"

So Sam's three years went rapidly by, and the time came for the inevitable change. Whatever may have been the personal opinions of any of us regarding the peculiar views and unusual behaviour of Mr. Wilkes, it is certain that we did not lament more loudly at the going of the model and venerated Mr. Rodney than over the departure of our happy, original, heretical Sam.

One sunny June morning a crowd assembled on the platform of the Lyndon railway station. Amy, her eyes swollen with weeping, kissed the old ladies and young ladies and babies, and even some of the small boys "Good-bye"; and passed little Miss Constance around to be embraced by every one. Sam, very red in the face, and swallowing manfully, made jokes and bad puns, and shook hands till his arm ached.

Then they sorrowfully entered the car, and the train moved out of the station, while Amy waved from the window a perfumed, embroidered, tear-bedrenched pocket-handkerchief.

The End.

A DAUGHTER OF THE MINES.

A NOVA SCOTIA STORY.

BY MAUDE PETITT, B.A.

"Whose girl's that out there on the cliff?"

"Oh, that's Hiram Martin's Jessie. He works down in the mines, you know, but he's just next to a preacher. The boys call him Preachin' Martin. She's a fine girl, they say. Fine figure, hasn't she?"

Jessie Martin was sauntering along the brink of the old cliff at South Joggins. She had the look of one whose face has been open to sky and sea from earliest years—great, restless, open eyes, where you almost saw the toss and roll of the billows, a brow that was fair and high, and a mass of jet-black hair.

Just then she was looking down the shore, that noted bit of Nova Scotian shore, with its fossilized trees, its flowers of ancient days, its hardened fishes and reptiles, of many centuries long dead. But geology had

never opened its world to her. She was Miner Martin's Jessie, though she had, to be sure, considerably more culture than most of the miners' children.

A group of Harvard students were gathering fossils on the beach below (for Joggins draws science students from most of the eastern colleges) and making the air ring with their calls and laughter. Once or twice they glanced upward at the lonely figure on the distant rocks. But she heeded them no more than a flock of sparrows. Her mind was too busy with other thoughts, and her eyes were alive with restlessness as she gazed out into the world of cloud and wave.

"The desire of the moth for the star,
Of the night for the morrow,
The devotion to something afar
From the sphere of our sorrow."