

was slow in reaching. On Sunday, there being no service at St. Cuthbert's in the Fields, the Kirk was crowded, and Mr. Errol announced a service of special interest on Wednesday morning at 11 o'clock, when his co-presbyter, the Rev. Dr. MacPhun, would officiate. His own text was "It is not good that the man should be alone," and towards the close of the service he stated that the Presbytery had given him leave of absence for three months, which he intended to spend in Britain, during which time his people would have an opportunity of hearing many profitable preachers, under Dr. MacPhun's moderatorship *pro tem*. Monday was a day of trunk packing and other preparations, connected with all sorts of boxes and parcels brought by the stage during the previous week. The next day the guests arrived. Dr. Ha bert came first, excusing his early appearance by saying he felt lonely, and wanted to see young faces again. Then the Captain drove up in grand style, having on board Mrs. Thomas, her domestic, Malvina McGlashan, Sylvanus, and his strict parent, Saul. Malvina was received by the maids with great effusion, while the paternal Pilgrim eyed Timotheus, who had come forward to shake hands with his father. "What is the chief end of man, Timotheus?" The son answered correctly. "What is sin?" was appropriately solved, and "What is the reason annexed to the fifth commandment?" Then came, "What is repentance unto life," and on the answer to this Mr. Pilgrim preached a brief homily. "With grief and hatred of his sin, turns from it, with full purpose of, and endeavour after, new obedience. Is that you, Timotheus?" "Yes, fayther."

"Young women," said Saul, addressing the maids, "has the walk and conversation of Timotheus been according to his lights, or according to his whilom lamentable and ungodly profession?"

Tryphena could not reply, for the audacious Sylvanus, unaffected by the propinquity of his venerable relative, had whispered in her ear, "he's a livyer 'cordin' to his lights, he is;" but Tryphosa spoke up and said that nobody, not even a minister, could have behaved better than Timotheus. Then Saul shook hands with his repentant son, solemnly, and producing a well-worn catechism from his tail pocket, placed it with reverence in the