

aside a curtain, revealing a well-known picture to his friend.

“ You see I keep your daughter’s gift,” he said. “ It is one of my choicest treasures. Her death was my first, and almost my greatest sorrow. To my childish mind it seemed almost cruel, that a being so gentle and lovable should die.”

“ And I,” said the father, “ rebelled in my impious presumption against the decree of the All-wise, and would have detained her here at any cost. She was my idol, and with her I was too happy in the present to care for the future. It was in mercy, not in judgment, the blow was dealt ; it was taking the lamb that the sheep might follow, for though she is dead, yet her memory liveth.”

TORONTO:

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