

and whose brilliance shineth even as a star upon the earth, to cheer the heart of the wanderer, and guide to a "home" of rest the weary and the heavy laden. Breathing the high hope which burned within himself, his address to the aged was touching and energetic, and in tones of sacred love and solemn warning, he spoke to the young, whose fathers he had blessed and whose brows he had marked with the symbol of salvation. He ceased, and when the last notes of the sweet psalm which followed, died upon the air, he again arose, and the young minister bowed his head before him. Raising his clasped hands, the old man implored a benediction on him, and then supported on the arm of an elder, he descended from the pulpit, whose sacred precincts he had illumined by the lustre of his piety. The new preacher stood up before the congregation--the sunlight fell on the fine features of his face and danced among the waving masses of his hair. None there but looked with pride and love on Morton Lindsay; the bright happy spirit of his boyhood had won their love, and the talents of his ripening years had been the hope of Glenallan. A fitter accessor could not have been found to him who had so long been the shepherd of their fold, for Morton's abilities were of the highest order--his head and heart glowed with every feeling that is great and good in man. One spot alone existed on the fair horizon of his character; alas! how soon was the blackness of its eclipse to overshadow him.--As yet, however, its dark shade was not visible amid the shining lustre of his qualities, and every ear hung with rapt attention on the rich eloquence of his first sermon, in his native village. It was a lofty theme he had chosen, and if it wanted the deep strength which long experience in the vital beauty of religion gives to the preacher, it glowed with high and fervent thought, and the rainbow gleams of a poet's mind breathed their sweet magic in its every tone.

Morton Lindsay's first sermon formed an episode never to be forgotten in the life of many a humble heart. Before him sat the reverend fathers of the synod, by whose hands he had been ordained to the sacred office. Many of them had known the childhood of the bright-haired boy, and as they listened with pleased attention to his "discourse," the monitor in their bosoms whispered that his perfection warned of their declining days. But who shall tell the thoughts of that aged man and woman who sit with hands clasped in each others, and gaze with uplifted eyes on the beaming face of

the preacher? they were his parents--the fondest wish of their heart had been gratified, but 'twas with feelings far too deep for joy, they listened to their son; tears flowed from the mother's eyes, and a crystal drop gleamed among the furrows of the father's dark cheeks; he was the child of their age, and they had given him to the Lord. They could see the long grass wave o'er the heads of seven whom they had buried. He was their only one, and who shall blame the pride which mingled with their deep love; far too intense for earth was their happiness, and deeply was their pride punished. Another of Morton's hearers that day, was Mary Lisle, a fair and gentle girl whom he fondly loved, and who had given him her young heart. The soft silky fringes of her downcast eye rested on her crimson cheek where the rich hue was deepened by emotion, as she heard that voice, whose lightest tone was echoed in her bosom. Her father had not looked kindly on her love--why, none could tell, save he was rich and the young student poor, but once only did the maiden raise her eyes, at the close of the sermon.--They met her father's, and she read there that Morton's suit would not now be denied.

The sun went down in glory that sabbath behind the lofty peaks of Glenallan, and the moon beamed in her calm beauty amid the glittering stars of heaven. The evening hymns from cottage "homes" rose upon the still air; that twilight hour, Morton Lindsay knelt with Mary Lisle before her father. While he blessed them he had given his consent to her wedding him, and seven weeks from that day they were married. Who to look on that beautiful happy girl, could think of the dark fate which awaited her, and who could suppose that the intellectual and noble minded Morton Lindsay, would become the slave of the low and most despicable of vices; but 'twas even so. A rumour, faint and distant, had reached Glenallan, that his conduct during his last season at college had not been so regular as might have been. 'Twas said he had mingled in the fashionable dissipation which then disgraced the capital; but the unwelcome truth had been hushed and were forgotten, save by one, a distant relation of Mary Lisle's, who had come unbidden to her bridal. She was a lone and childless widow, whose heavy weight of sorrow had broken her heart and crushed her reason. She seized Mary's hand as she approached the altar, and with the wild earnestness of a maniac, addressed her.

"Oh! Mary, you have bound roses on your