

old were angelic enough to frighten his mother with a fear of early death for her youngest darling, but she never anticipated any fate more grievous. And so the days passed, almost too quickly. Mrs. Proudfoot would have liked Michael to give up soldiering and settle down at the Pale; but what would the boys do then?

So they went back to India at the end of the furlough, leaving Perran behind with the master, to whom he had become so valuable.

It was very soon after this happy summer that Perran made the acquaintance of 'Lisbeth Holt. He had hardly thought of marriage at first; but it was pleasant to have a sympathizing listener when he talked of the boys.

It was Captain Mostyn who encouraged the affair, praised 'Lisbeth, and gave the young couple opportunities of meeting.

"It will keep his mind off India, and going back to the regiment, which I know he hankers after," said the young man, laid low by a gunshot accident, which had injured a lung. And Sir John and Lady Mostyn agreed with him, never thinking what a formidable opponent of their match-making schemes Farmer Holt was going to prove.

To most people Perran was really what Michael Proudfoot loved to call him--his eldest son; and it had fallen like a blow in the dark on the young man at the Grange, those seemingly cruel words of 'Lisbeth's father. It was the first time he had heard his position in the world so plainly defined.

Yet the man was right, and Perran neither would nor could gloss the matter. "Straight-forward" he might, however, adopt the motto of the family to whom he was not allowed to belong even by courtesy.

And so he stood up unflinchingly before Farmer Holt, and owned that he had no ancestry, no parentage, no name. He was just what the hot, eager, prejudiced man saw before him--six feet of strong young manhood, with a great deal beneath the surface that a looker-on could not see.

"I was sorry for the lad," Holt acknowledged to his wife that evening; "a better-looking fellow doesn't tread shoe leather, and Lott says he's as good as he looks. But there! our 'Lisbeth ought to look for more than that."

"If he'd only a bit of a place of his own," said the wife, whose woman's heart pitied the kinless young fellow of whom men spoke so well; "but Captain Mostyn might dwine off any day, they say, and then where would his prospects be?"

"Captain Mostyn's not likely to die," the farmer was obliged to grant that; "but if one could get over his belonging to no one, the lad mightn't always take their fancy up at the Grange, and then where would he be as a married man, home and everything snatched

from him, and 'Lisbeth and he thrown on the world?"

"Aye!" Mrs. Holt heaved a deep sigh, 'Lisbeth had taken to heart terribly the ill reception of her lover by her family. She hadn't cried, the farmer said, but turned white and cold-like when he had forbidden her all thought of the young man who called himself Perran Proudfoot.

"I *must* think of him, father," she said, steadily, "because I have promised to be his wife; but I'll give you this promise--you've been a good father to me, and I'll wait your word, I'll never marry while you say 'no.'"

And then the girl gave the surprised man a quick kiss, and ran out of the housekeeper's room at the Cliff, in which the interview had taken place.

With this promise Holt had to content himself, for 'Lisbeth did not put in another appearance before he left the house.

*(To be continued.)*

### "ARISE, SHINE!"



RISE and shine, thy light is come!  
The glory spreads o'er land and sea;  
Awake, awake, the night is done,  
Darkness is past, the shadows flee.  
Lift up thy head, behold the sun  
That flushes all the eastern skies,  
The earth breaks forth in songs of joy--  
The Lord is nigh, awake! arise!

Arise and shine, thy light is come!  
Spread forth the glory far and wide,  
Summon the wand'ring nation's home,  
Proclaim the message, Christ has died;  
Has died and lives again on high,  
And comes with ever-quickening; might  
To gather in the souls He loves  
In one great flood of life and light.

Arise and shine, the light is come!  
Oh! Zion, lift thy voice and sing,  
Come forth, come forth, Jerusalem,  
And own thy everlasting King.  
Thy Saviour reigns who wept for thee,  
Thou art His glory and His crown;  
Thy Saviour reigns, put on thy strength,  
Thy sun and moon no more go down.

Arise and shine, thy light is come!  
The world is filled with dawning day,  
The ransomed of the Lord return,  
Sorrow and sighing flee away.  
Awake, awake, the Bridegroom comes,  
When victory shall end the strife,  
And all the lands of all the earth  
Be filled with light and crowned with life!

—Mary Bradford Whitney, in *Church Missionary Gleaner*.

TO LOVE is to do each moment, each day, and for each person with whom Providence gives us any intercourse, what Jesus would do were He in our place, surrounded by the same persons, and having the same means we have.  
—*Golden Sands*.