

about like a will-o'-the-wisp. Do you know I've invited my friends Jacques and Redfeather to come to-night, and also Louis Peltier, the guide, with whom I made my first trip. You recollect him, father?"

"Ay, that do I, lad, and happy shall I be to see three such worthy men under my roof, as guests on this night."

"Yes, yes, I know that, father, but I don't see them here. Have they came yet?"

"Can't say, boy. By the way, Pastor Conway is also coming, so we'll have a meeting between an Episcopalian and a Wesleyan. I sincerely trust that they won't fight!" As he said this, the old gentleman grinned and threw his cheek into convulsions—an expression which was suddenly changed into one of confusion, when he observed that Mr Addison was standing close beside him, and had heard the remark.

"Don't blush, my dear sir," said Mr Addison, with a quiet smile, as he patted his friend on the shoulder. "You have too much reason, I am sorry to say, for expecting that clergymen of different denominations should look coldly on each other. There is far too much of this indifference and distrust among those who labour in different parts of the Lord's vineyard. But I trust you will find that my sympathies extend a little beyond the circle of my own particular body. Indeed, Mr Conway is a particular friend of mine; so I assure you we won't fight."

"Right, right," cried Mr Kennedy, giving the clergyman an energetic grasp of the hand; "I like to hear you speak that way. I must confess that I have been a good deal surprised to observe, by what one reads in the old-country newspapers, as well as by what one sees even