

"Her name, mother, is Rebecca—Rebecca Boyce."

"Surely not a Jewess," said the mother, for the name strongly suggested it.

"No, mother, she is a Gentile; but possibly she may be a member of one of the ten lost tribes of Israel, as she belongs to the British race. I first met her at a church fair, and first saw her pinning a rose into a buttonhole of the Lord Mayor's coat. To my eyes she is very beautiful; but it was her quickness and sprightliness that took my fancy. I suppose it is natural for one to admire gifts and graces that we ourselves are deficient in. I was introduced to her by one of the sons of the nobleman under my tutelage, and found her in conversation very agreeable and delightfully intelligent. She paid marked respect to me as a tutor, and spoke of many things that was quite a surprise to me, showing her to be of superior parts; indeed, she quite took my fancy. After buying a buttonhole flower from her, and a little pleasant banter passing between us upon the name of Rebecca, and its Bible

associations, I said, 'Give me, I pray thee, a little water of thy pitcher to drink.' She smiled pleasantly at my quotation, but I drank more from the fountain of her eyes than from the pitcher. So it's the old, old story, mother, of love at first sight; for I seemed to see the soul behind the eyes and the intelligence that sparkled through them."

And now we skip half a decade of time. During those five years a quiet wedding has taken place, and Rebecca and the tutor had launched upon the matrimonial sea. Children were born to them and prosperity smiled upon them, and the new world of America occupied their thoughts, till the journey was started after much thought and consideration.

York, "Little York," Canada; year 1830; population of the place about 3,000. There arrived one Saturday evening, by the