

out for one? I can find room for him in the house, and by paying a month's wages in advance the elder brother could start on his mission of love at once. What do you say to it?"

"Why, my dear little enthusiast, would you have me take in a boy without any character, and pay five or six dollars in advance—when he might run off, and I never see him again? Not a very prudent step I think."

"Fie, Willie, your heart is not speaking now. The boy's character is in his face. Mamma never believes in written ones, nor do I, and French-Canadians fresh from the country are sure to be good: they are so simply and piously brought up that they know nothing of the bad ways of the town. Oh do try him!"

"Well, Miss Acadia, I'll dream over it, and see what A—— thinks of the plan. He found out the boys' *cabane* last night, when called upon to attend a skating accident down in that direction, and recommended me to bring you there, as all the fishing *cabanes* are not of the quiet, orderly character the Binets' is."

"Oh, don't wait for Dr. A.'s opinion; we don't want medical advice in the matter. Let us go back at once, and take the boy."

"Go back *now*, Jessie! why it's near ten o'clock."

"Never mind," was the reply, "what o'clock it is. Do come, dear Willie!"

That night Jessie slept contentedly and soundly:—what woman does not when she has gained her point?

Next day saw Jacques Binet started off in the train towards the States, with a good-sized basket of sick comforts—arrow-root, bottle-jelly, etc., packed by Jessie's fair hands—as travelling companions; and Louis, in his clean suit of *étouffe du pays*, looking all importance and happiness, installed as office-keeper to Willie, and general aid and assistant in Jessie's small domain.

The American war was over, peace had been proclaimed, and Lee had handed over his sword to Grant amid the cold sympathy

of a world which had stood still and looked on during the struggle,—brother to none of these. The unhappy South lay weltering in her blood, the last battle fought—save as here and there the battle for life was fought out singly and sorrowfully on hospital stretchers or lowly home beds. Our business is with the crowded hospital of—where, amid the sick and suffering, the living and dying, our friend, Jacques Binet, found his brother Jean,—one arm gone, and the crisis of hospital-fever just over; his vigorous constitution and simple habits of life having, with God's blessing, tided him through what carried numbers of others off. The meeting of the brothers had been a touching one, so as to draw tears from those whose language was foreign to their own; and many little acts of sympathy and help did the brothers get to set them on their way, from strangers poor as themselves. So it is that community of suffering forms a closer bond than that of country or tongue, and often smooths the way for the preaching of that blessed Gospel, which no other means could effect. The heart, feeling its own bitterness, and the unsatisfactory nature of everything earthly,—unable to do anything for itself,—turns gladly towards the healing balm of Gilead, and finds in Jesus—the Lamb slain for the sins of the world—a peace which the world could not give, and which it cannot take away.

More than a year has passed. Do our readers want to know how things look with our friends now? The writer wishes she could photograph a pretty rural picture from the Island of Orleans, to show them. They would see the rays of the setting sun falling upon a well-cultivated farm and old stone house, with high, steep roof, at the door of which sit an old man and a young one, contentedly smoking their pipes, while the latter, who has but one arm,—which is lovingly thrown around the small form of his sister's child, asleep upon his knee,—takes his pipe out every now and then and tells a story of war and horrors, and how much one tumbler of brandy cost them all,—for the