

relics testify. Several of the bravest cavaliers of France, and, among others, the famous Bertrand du Guesolin, held the dignity in after times. The Order is still in vigorous existence in the chief cities of Europe; but the modern Templars affect no titular rank. Their bond of union is, like that of the Freemasons, mystical, and unrecognized as that of a legalized fraternity; and the prodigious changes that have occurred in the state of society, since the political annihilation of the Order, renders it almost impossible that it, or any other military brotherhood, can ever again attain princely independence.—*Freemasons' Monthly.*

My Beloved is Asleep.

In memory of my beloved? Does that mean that when these few words are written—words that can never interpret what a devoted heart would say, that then the loving remembrance of the happy past may be laid away in the chamber of oblivion? Oh no—surely no,—or, then let the hand refuse to write—the lips refuse to utter them. No, no—the idol of a whole life time may not be thus torn from its throne in the heart—rather let the life be torn away with it.

In memory, then, O my loved one, of those happy, blessed years of joy which thou didst bring me, I write of thee. And as thou didst bless my every day, so let thy sweet and tender influence bless now the hand that lays this tribute on the altar of love.

Our love life did not begin with the conventionality of approaching majority, nor with the judgment of maturing age, but from our earliest childhood grew with our growth and strengthened as the happy years rolled by. My very earliest remembrances are associated with her. I see her now, as then, a modest, dutiful and lovely child; and as memory carries me thence, I see the graceful girl developed into the modest, loving

Christian wife and mother. Oh how the heart wanders back to the happy years beyond the line of care—back to the old school house at the foot of the hill—up through the lane by the mill, and along the path through the meadow, by the spring and—hark!—it is her step I hear, light and graceful as the fawn, as she trips along the porch to the door. Yes, thus I see her;—again I see her kneeling before the altar in the old home church—the church where our infant ears first heard the pastor tell of the Lord of whom our mothers had taught us before—kneeling and covenanting with the dear Saviour who has redeemed His promise by giving her the crown of rejoicing in exchange for the crosses she bore through life.

On November 20, 1850, our lives were united, and for nearly thirty-one years she was the light and life of my home. Never in all that time did she weary in making home the sweetest spot on earth. She lived but for me and those whom God had given us. To me she was the safest counsellor, and to her judgment every important plan and proposition of my life was submitted in preference to my own judgment. Clear minded and careful of the words she used, she was always ready to aid me in my life work. The strength and force of her character never failed to leave its impress wherever she was known, nor to make her respected in whatever sphere she moved. For her to know a duty was that duty performed. Personal sacrifice never stood in her way, she lived for others, not for herself. She was faithful in every relation of life—as wife, mother, friend, Christian; no duty was ever left undone. And yet so modest and retiring and devoted to her home life and duties that I, myself, never knew the real strength of her character until twelve and a half years ago when a confirmed invalidism set in upon me. The latent, smouldering power was then developed, and through all these weary years she was the staff upon