

hour, in this way a store would be laid up that would provide untold amusement for days to come, for in childhood as in subsequent years the exigencies of others are often the occasion of much mirth only that in childhood these must not be too painful.

A partition divided the interior into two apartments, one a bed-room, the other a parlor, sitting-room, and kitchen, though prevailingly kitchen. The furniture was the product of Kennethson's own many sided skill with the exception of the chairs which has been secured from the nearest village and which had been selected with prophetic insight with an eye to endurance, for a few years a stone fire-place stood at the east end of the last mentioned room, but as its imperfect construction proved a standing menace there was substituted a stove, which through the care that prolonged the life of everything useful within these walls, endured the wear for forty years, roasting more meat, baking more bread and scorching more wet mitts and stockings on little hands and feet, than any other stove in the country.

It is most evident therefore that this home-coming was not into luxury but into a condition where only the very necessities of comfort were provided. The satisfaction that it gave from the beginning shows therefore that happiness does not consist in costly splendor and luxurious expenditures but in a healthy mind and heart aglow with a worthy regard. Moreover the expansion in different directions from these humble beginnings that marked the course of the passing years makes it evident that the nation blessed with frequent home-comings of such a sort will continue to dwell in peace and prosperity.

Colin Kennethson and Anna Maclegan were not at this stage of life acquaintances of a few days, they had known each other from childhood, having spent their earlier years in two adjacent Highland Glens separated by a moor some five miles wide. Through a variety of family relationships social and otherwise, the young people were thrown much together with the result that an undying attachment was formed on the part of young Kennethson and which was not repulsed though not at first encouraged on the part of his young friend. For years he continued to pay his visits beyond the moor and for years these visits were kindly though not responsively received. It was only after crossing the ocean lying between their earlier and later home that the regard became sufficiently mutual to unite the two lives into one and that happy end was gained through one of those frequent tragedies unknown to the world and yet so big with destiny.

Kennethson's youngest brother, Roderick, was drowned. On a blustering October afternoon he and a party of acquaintances were returning home in one of those seaworthy sail-boats so frequently seen on the lakes in those early days and so frequently made use of by the sturdy pioneers in their movements along the shore, all went well enough until about sunset when a heavy squall bore down upon them capsizing the boat and throwing its occupants into the cold angry waters, with skilful management the disaster might have been averted. There were several on board who knew the duties of such an occasion, but there were others who did not or were incapable of putting their knowledge into practice. The party who held the sails, naturally of a slow intellect, and at that time made still more mentally inactive through the fumes of much liquor, instead of easing the ropes when the wind struck held them fast in an unyielding grip, the result was that before the helm could sufficiently empty the sails the boat was swept over past recovery.

Roderick Kennethson being a powerful swimmer could have easily saved himself either by making for the shore, which was not far distant, or by securing a place on the upturned boat as the others did, but he spent his strength in rescuing those, who left to their own resources would have surely perished. He had succeeded in securing the safety of two such and was fighting his way back with a third when a huge wave broke upon them sweeping both beyond hope.

(To be continued.)

Every man is the best worker for the cause at large who is the truest and most faithful worker for the narrower field within which his lot is cast.

THE HOME CIRCLE.

TRIFLES OF LIFE.

Written for the Review.

It is not only mighty deeds,
That bring us joy or sorrow;
But every little kindly act,
Will cheer us for the morrow.
A loving word, a gentle thought
For others who are lonely,
Will chase away the tears, with smiles,
And fill them with joy, only.

It is not only heavy grief
That bows us down with sorrow,
But little slights, and unkind words,
Both chill us for the morrow.
A cruel word, a spiteful deed,
Will cast its shadow o'er us,
So let the sunshine of our smiles
Make every heart adore us.

F. BRUCE CARRY.

HERE AND THERE, A GEM.

Higher than fear and stronger than fate
Are love and faith that patiently wait.

Nature has given to men one tongue, but two ears,
that we may hear from others twice as much as we speak.—Epicetus.

"So many born, so many died to-day"—
Thousands of angels passing up and down;
They come to us, they go to wear their crown,
And keep 'twixt heaven and earth an open way.

—M. Elizabeth Crouse.

There is nothing faith cannot make noble when it touches it. You need not say I want to get away from my daily business or from my domestic concerns in order to show my faith. No, no, stop where you are and show it.—D. L. Moody.

O think not, if thou art not called to work
In mission fields of some far distant clime,
That thine is no grand mission. Every deed
That comes to thee in God's allotted time
Is just the greatest deed that thine could be,
Since God's high will appointeth it to thee.

—Anna Temple.

Great occasions do not make heroes or cowards; they simply unveil them to the eyes of men. Silently and imperceptibly, as we wake or sleep, we grow and wax strong, we grow and wax weak; and at last some crisis shows us what we have become.—Canon Westcott.

THE BOND OF PERFECTION.

Love is the greatest thing that God can give us, for Himself is love, and it is the greatest thing we can give to God, for it will also give ourselves, and carry with it all that is ours. The apostle calls it the bond of perfection. It is the old, and it is the new, and it is the greater commandment, and it is all the commandments; for it is the fulfilling of the law. It does the work of all other graces without any instrument but its own immediate virtue. For as the love to sin makes a man sin against all his own reason, and all the discourses of wisdom, and all the advices of his friends, and without temptation, and without opportunity, so does the love of God make a man chaste without the laborious arts of fasting and exterior discipline, temperate in the midst of feasts, and is active enough to choose it without any intermedial appetites, and reaches at glory through the very heart of grace, without any other arms but those of love. It is a grace that loves God for himself, and our neighbors for God. The consideration of God's goodness and bounty, the experience of those profitable and excellent emanations from him, may be, and most commonly are, the first motive of our love; but when we are once entered, and have tasted the goodness of God, we love the spring for its own excellency, passing from passion to reason, from thanking to adoring, from sense to spirit, from considering ourselves to a union with God. And this is the image and little representation of heaven; it is beatitude in picture, or rather the infancy and beginnings of glory.