

he made up his mind not to let *all* its golden fruit slip through his fingers to leave him again with empty hands should the day of trial come.

Happily the dark days of famine and pestilence had passed away without leaving Denis Conway any worse legacy than that of experience. Unlike many of his friends and neighbors he had seen no one belonging to him die the awful death of hunger—reduced to the last necessity as they had been, and for whole days without eating a morsel, still it so happened that relief always came at the right time, justifying the word that was always on the old man's lips: "God is a good provider." Surely Denis found Him so, and his cheerful and patient reliance on Divine Providence was well rewarded. How else could he and his have lived when so many died, and, still more remarkable, how else could they have got back into the old homestead and renovate it so that it looked as good as new, ay! and a great deal better? How came the horse in the stable, and the cows in the byre back again, and the hay, and the oats, and the wheat "stacked up" as of old in the haggard at the end of the house? What but that bountiful Providence in which Denis had trusted all along, even when things looked darkest.

But how did Providence bring all this about? I hear some of my readers ask, and that is just what I am going to tell. Visible agents are always employed to carry out the divine economy in regard to human affairs. Now who was Denis Conway's Providence? whose hand was employed to draw him and his family from the abyss of wretchedness in which the whole country was engulfed? Who but his own daughter Bessy, the eldest of his children who had gone to America years before, in the service of a captain's lady who had taken a fancy to the girl in Carrick, where she was serving her time to a dressmaker.

It was the first grief that had come upon the family when Bessy persisted in accepting the tempting offer which would