

ONLY LOVE CAN SAVE.

LOVE had saved—how many, none would ever know. Within a year, Lady Ellinor Farquharson, more radiantly lovely than ever, in her exceeding happiness, looked in one morning at the manse.

“I have news for you,” she said.

“Good, I see.”

“Yes. Sir Maurice Adair is coming home, and is to be married, in three months time, to my sister Agnes.”

Robert Blackwood had not predicted falsely. He died within a few years after his arrival in New Zealand, leaving behind him the reputation of being the kindest-hearted, most unselfish man in his neighbourhood. He had arrived from Scotland, his friends said, with a deep sadness upon him, which had not decreased as time passed, but had rather seemed to develop into a settled melancholy. An attack of low fever carried him off.

James Hepburn never entirely recovered from the injuries he had received. He lived a gaunt, haggard wreck of his former self, never very strong, and often suffering severely. But of that no one ever heard. Mr. Laing's prophecy had come true. He held a position in Mossgiel which no minister had ever held there before—a position which even the noblest spirit can only reach through a baptism of fire. But it was not in the abundant fruit of his labours, always before him in Mossgiel, that he found the deepest source of his constant rejoicing. It was in the thought of the silent sleeper, in that far-off grave, who had left behind him, in his new home, a memory of kindly deeds, and unfailing sym-