

"Long ago," she answered; "long, long before you left England."

"If I'd only known it. I tried hard to keep away from you, my child, and only left England to be out of your reach."

"And what made you return?"

"A little note your sister Netta sent me, and another letter aunt Mildred wrote, but I was very uncertain till the last moment, till I saw the look in your eyes, Dorothy."

"And have you loved me all the time?" she asked.

"Yes, all the time," he answered. "You were always everything to me, my child." Then she was satisfied.

"I am so happy," she said presently, with a long sigh of relief, "and we will work on together, George?"

"You used to hate work."

"But I love it now."

They walked on silently to the garden gate, and then Dorothy pulled up. "How surprised they will be to see you," she said.

"Oh no," he answered, laughing; "I have seen them already, and Tom told me where to find you. He saw you go through the gate. I wonder if this will fit you, my child, it will at any rate till I get you another," and he drew off a ring, and put it on her finger.

"You've been spooning," Tom said, calmly, as they entered.

"Tom!"

"Well, it's nothing new, Doll, if you have, so don't be unhappy."

"But you haven't told me to whom this house belongs," she said, a few days later; I should so like to buy it with Netta's money."

"There is no occasion, my child, it is yours already, for it was I who bought it, and I shall settle it on you."

"Oh, George, you bought it! You were so good to us, too, in our trouble"—but he stopped her mouth.

"Do you know," she said presently, "I am very glad for my own sake that all those dreary days came, they taught me so much. I look far back at the old life in the garden, and look forward to the new life with you" (it was only a week before their marriage), "but I would not have missed the days that intervened. The sorrow taught me so much, dear, and to understand so many things of which I knew nothing before: it made a road from the old life to the new—A BRIDGE BETWEEN.

#### THE PSALMS IN HISTORY.

Alfred the Great, we are told, not only read the Psalms, and that in those days was a wonderful thing, but made a copy of them, which he always carried with him. Not satisfied either till all his subjects could enjoy the same privilege, he commenced a translation of them, which at the time of his death he had not completed. How many times he knelt on the cold floor of the chapel at night, and poured out his soul in the words of the Psalmist, no chronicler informs us. But they write of the hushed voices and footsteps of those passing by, who sometimes perhaps stopped to listen as they heard the sublime words of old come with earnest voice from their noble king. Others, since Alfred's time, have found their greatest pleasure in the Psalms. Lady Frances Hobart read them twelve times a year, and Salmasius said if he had one more year to live it should be spent reading the Psalms and Paul's Epistles.

Of all, perhaps, which have been read under circumstances most interesting, and often most saddening to us, there is none so often used as the fifty-first—the Miserere—appointed by the Roman Catholics for penitential purposes. When Henry V. of

England was dying, as the solemn tones of the priest fell for the last time on his ear, with the words, "Build up the walls of Jerusalem," he murmured—his last recorded words—"If I had finished the war in France, and established peace, I would have gone to Palestine to redeem the holy city from the Saracens." Many years after, Lady Jane Grey, whom all the world has known and loved as the innocent victim of a conspiracy, read the same Psalm on the scaffold. "Joy and gladness" were beyond the reach of the sharp-edged axe, and almost before the echoes of the prayer had died away, the work of the masked headsman was done, and God had truly restored unto her the joy of His salvation. How different from Lady Jane Grey's innocence is the guilt of Norfolk a few years later? He stands upon the scaffold a traitor to his Queen. A hundred acts of treason are pressed upon his memory. He calls to mind his unrealized dreams of honor and daring; he thought to draw his country from the ignominy into which she was falling, and to settle for ever the troubled question of succession. Above him now is the uplifted axe and before him a traitor's grave. His whole soul was in the words which he read: "Have mercy upon me, O God, according to thy loving kindness; according unto the multitude of thy tender mercies, blot out my transgression. For I acknowledge my transgression, and my sin is ever before me. Cast me not away from thy presence, and take not thy Holy Spirit from me. Do good in thy good pleasure unto Zion; build thou the walls of Jerusalem." Let us hope when, a moment after, the axe fell and cut away the cord which bound Norfolk to this world, it released him too from the bondage of sin, and, entering into life, he tasted the mercy of God.

There is scarcely any more touching chapter in Scottish history than that which records the life and death of Darnley, the unfortunate husband of Mary Stuart. His servants only could tell aught of the last sad hours of his life. His Queen had left him to attend the brilliant wedding of one of her maids of honor, and her last words had made him anxious and uneasy: "It is a year to-day since David Rizzio died." He tried in vain to rest, but the sleep he coveted would not fall upon him. At last he turned to read over again the lesson of the day, the fifty-fifth Psalm: "My heart is disquieted within me, and the fear of death is fallen upon me. Fearfulness and trembling are come upon me, and a horrible dread hath overwhelmed me. It is not an open enemy that hath done me this dishonour, for then I could have borne it. It was even thou, my companion, my guide, and my own familiar friend." A moment later came the terrible explosion which startled all Edinburgh, and Darnley was found lying dead in the garden.

In the sixteenth century a vessel founded on the Barbary coast. The night was, doubtless, dark, and the air full of wind and tempest. The crew were in the same state of danger that promoted David to write the twelfth Psalm. They too were destitute of human comfort, and craved help from God. How grandly must the words, "Help, Lord, for the faithful fail among the children of men," have swelled out from their lips, with never-faltering tone, till, at the fourth verse, the waves "had stopped the breaths of most."

Cromwell and his army never gained a victory without giving thanks to the God of battles, and often they chose, as the best medium to express their thankfulness, one of David's songs. On September 3rd, 1650, the famous Ironsides defeated the

Scottish army at Dunbar, and ten thousand Royalists were taken prisoners. Cromwell had held his commission as commander-in-chief about four months, and this was his first decisive victory. But, returning thanks to God, he led his soldiers in chanting the 117th Psalm, called afterwards by the Puritans the Dunbar Psalm: "O praise the Lord, all ye nations; praise him, all ye people. For his merciful kindness is great toward us, and the truth of the Lord endureth for ever. Praise ye the Lord."

#### RANDOM READINGS.

THE forgiveness of sins is like the burying of Moses.

FAITH is the hand of the soul, to hold and to work.

"How pleasant it is to have the bird in the bosom sing sweetly!"—*Mathew Henry.*

It is a higher exhibition of Christian manliness to be able to bear trouble than to get rid of it.

"Oh, how sweet to work all day for God, and then lie down at night beneath his smile."—*M'Cheyne.*

In scorning thy brother less gifted, take heed that thou findest not fault with God.

God means that everyone should be happy; be sure He sends us no sorrow that Heaven will not heal.

PRIDE is an extravagant opinion of our own worthiness; vanity is an inordinate desire that others should share that opinion.—*Cummings.*

THE highest rule in a kingdom of this world is not so honorable as the meanest service in the kingdom of Christ.

Not anything done by me, nor anything wrought within me, but simply the testimony of God concerning Jesus is my warrant for believing.

"No man is a better merchant than he that lays out his time upon God and his money upon the poor."—*Bishop Taylor.*

Your time is redeemed; therefore use it as a consecrated talent in His cause. Your minds are redeemed; therefore employ them to learn His truth, and to meditate on His way—thus make them armouries of holy weapons. Your eyes are redeemed; let them not look on vanity; close them on all sights and books of folly; but gaze on Him only who is the chief among ten thousand, the altogether lovely. Your feet are redeemed; let them trample on the world, and climb the upward hill to glory, and bear you onward on the march of Christian zeal. Your tongues are redeemed; let them only sound His praise, and testify of His love, and call sinners to His cross. Your hearts are redeemed; let them love him only, and have no seat for rivals.

"I COULD write down twenty cases," says a pious man, "when I wished God had done otherwise than he did; but which I now see, had I had my own will, would have led to extensive mischief." The life of a Christian is a life of paradoxes. He must lay hold on God; he must follow hard after Him; he must determine not to let Him go. And yet you must learn to let God alone. Quietness before God is one of the most difficult of all Christian graces—to sit where He places us, be what He would have us be, and this as long as He pleases.

#### MARRIED.

At the residence of the bride's mother, Mrs. John Hulse of Schomberg, on Wednesday, 20th Sept., by the Rev. B. S. Hosken, Incumbent of St. Mary's, Lloydstown, James Francis Grey, Esq., to Adella Francis Hulse, each of Schomberg.