

And she herself—she could not love even those whose lives and minds were akin to her own. She had shut herself up, a prisoner in her own narrow soul, chained behind barriers of her own rearing. Even the dear old grandparents, who had cared for her and raised her with so much self-sacrifice—no, she scarcely cared or even thought of them. Then, for a moment, she rose and paced the room.

"Oh, what a wretch I am! What a wretch I am! I am harder than stone."

She threw herself wearily down beside the window again, and the face she raised to heaven was full of pain.

"O God, have pity on me! I am so cold and hard. I want to love people. I am so weary of it all."

The graceful head drooped lower, and her tears were flowing. It was seldom tears came to those eyes, but they were such a relief. She was weary of life, but through the silence came a voice:

"Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart; and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For my yoke is easy and my burden is light."

What mattered whether it was the weariness of a peasant woman at her toil or the weary yearnings of a subtle and cultured mind? Here was rest alike for both. Rest! She had escaped from the monotonous simplicity of her Algoma home; she had nestled down in the luxury of Glendonan; she had made friends of refinement and culture; she had been a decided success, and was now on the way to the fulfilment of all her dreams. Yet was she satisfied? Ah, no! Then she thought—yes, she even dared to think of Walter Gray again. What was it that had made him so patient and cheerful when the hopes of his life were crushed? What was it that made her grandparents always so satisfied and content with their humble lot? The same sweet voice was speaking in her soul.

"Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread? and your labour for that which satisfieth not?"

No, her ambitions were all for self. They could not satisfy.

"Dear heavenly Father, take my life. Take all that I have. Only teach me to love. I am so weary—weariness—weariness—let me rest in Thy peace, and do good as these others have done."

A moment's silence and she had drifted out beyond the world—out into that holy calm where "Christ is all and in all," where we feel the very breath of the infinite upon our faces. Oh, to be thus, where Jesus is! When she lifted her eyes, again there was a new light—a radiance shining there. She was happy—very happy! Happier than she had been for years!

"I will betroth thee unto me, forever." She read it in the stars of heaven. Oh, the sweetness of that midnight betrothal of the soul to Christ! The sweetness of that voice that pleadeth—pleadeth—pleadeth—in crowded city street or mountain solitude, for the soul it loveth! She repeated it again, the promise she had heard her grandfather read from the Bible on his knees, "I will betroth thee unto me, forever." Dost thou long for a kindred spirit—a mind that fully understands thine own? "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee. Thou art mine. I have bought thee with a price. I have redeemed thee. I will betroth thee unto me, forever."

She fell asleep with the words upon her lips. Just for a moment before the daybreak she awakened, and the same sweet presence was bending over her still. She could feel—yes, she could feel, the same love thrilling her heart. Oh, the sweetness of those moments in the night, when none but Christ is near! One little moment of joy, one little glimpse of the stars, still shining, and she was lulled to sleep again on His dear breast, who was forever after to hold her clasped in His love.

She awakened never again to be the same Tirzah Auldearn, but a happier, nobler Tirzah. A few days later she bade a pleasant good-bye to Miss Howard, promising to return often, and went back to Glendonan.

She paused when the door of her room was closed, and she stood alone, again, in her luxurious nest. She had lived one stage of her life here within these walls, and now she had returned to live a life that was all new—to live a Christ-life. She had been ambitious before, but what a height was before her now to attain!

Aunt Mildred was unusually kind in her greeting. She had freaks of good-nature, as well as ill-nature, and there was something about her that had pleased Tirzah from the first moment they met. She was a well-read and, when she chose, an agreeable companion, and Tirzah and she spent