

costume, a marvel of satin and lace—the last extravagance of dress, the bride assured the bridegroom, that she would henceforth indulge in. The words were spoken making the twain one, amid breathless silence, while down many a furrowed cheek the tears flowed unheeded. There was in the face of the bridegroom, and the tones of his voice, a solemnity that thrilled his people's hearts; they could not know that it was the magnitude of God's gifts that well-nigh overwhelmed him.

And now the new-made man and wife were surrounded by their people, the aforetime tramp jostling the millionaire in his eagerness to grasp the hand that had rescued him, the coarse gown of the needlewoman brushing against the satins of society leaders. How many of these toilers from the slums were in the church that day, snatching an hour from their work to behold the happiness of the man who had been more than all the world beside to them! What wistful glances were bent upon the radiant bride by eyes that had watched for the pastor's coming to the desolate places they called home, as the one brightness in their ashen-hued lives! Was it possible that in heaven itself they could ever be so blest as she was, standing there in all her beautiful young womanhood, crowned with this man's love? Strange that human lives are set in such strong contrasts. There must be a world where averages are more evenly struck. Oh, for the patience to wait trustfully for that blissful time!