

happy again. She was beloved and respected. To have this dead shame come back into her life, and shadow her fair name, and darken her duties, seemed at first more than she could bear. But kinder and more womanly thoughts followed. She remembered the morning walks to chapel over the green fields full of primroses and daisies; the singing pew where they had looked over the same hymn-book; the moonlight evening when they wandered down the lane, white and sweet with hawthorn, talking of their marriage and planning their housekeeping; and in all her memories she could not recall one unkind or selfish deed against Luke.

"He was just as bright and handsome a lad as ever drew the breath of life," she mused. "I wonder whatever I should do." Then John's words answered her—"Do thy best for him, and I will help thee"—and she rose up and folded her work away, and opened the door and looked out. She was astonished to find that it was day. The sun was just rising, rising gloriously, without a cloud. She looked at it a moment; then as she turned in, said solemnly, "I will do as John said. I will do it with all my heart."

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"JESUS ONLY!"

BY THE REV. JAMES WHITING.

"Jesus Only!" when the morning  
Glow with bright and varied hues;

"Jesus Only!" when at evening  
Sorrow doth our hearts suffuse.

"Jesus Only!" when in spring-time  
Bloom and beauty so abound;

"Jesus Only!" when the autumn  
Scatters dying leaves around.

"Jesus Only!" when the sunshine  
Sheds in streams its glory down;

"Jesus Only!" when the storm-clouds  
Change the sky to darkest frown.

"Jesus Only!" when companions  
Come in bands along our way;

"Jesus Only!" when the dearest  
Of our loved ones pass away.

"Jesus Only!" whilst I'm living,  
Holding converse with my friends;

"Jesus Only!" when I'm dying,  
And the earthly conflict ends.

"Jesus Only!" in the battle  
As I carry sword in hand;

"Jesus Only!" when I triumph,  
Safe within the "Better Land!"