

moment of painful tension, almost of agony, when the weal of two lives was trembling in the balance.

'Above and beyond any other, for all time,' she said brokenly at last. 'I will try to be worthy. I'—

She said no more, but the folds of her dress touched him; she laid her hand on his. And so he took her,—the woman whom God had given him for his wife, whose heart had awakened to his, who loved him even as he loved her. I think there are moments still when men and women touch the gates of Eden; when life seems to be a grander, nobler, heavenlier thing than they have yet imagined it to be. So was it with these two.

'It is dark now, my darling, and I must take you home,' said James Bethune at length. 'I cannot realize that I *dare* call you my darling without reproof.'

'And I cannot realize that I am so blessed,' she said, with her head upon his breast; for she had given herself to him wholly, not seeking to hide or to make little of the love which had grown in her heart. Her self-surrender was characteristic of the woman who had been earnest and true in all things since life's deeper meanings had dawned upon her soul. It is not love, but only one of its many counterfeits, which has its questions to ask, its conditions to make, its reservations depending upon the treatment it receives. No; love, thank God! is something infinitely higher than that.

James Bethune's book is not yet finished; I know not, indeed, whether a line of it is written; but I do know that the largeness of life is preparing him to give to the world something which will live in the hearts and bear fruit in the lives of his fellow-men. He has probed to the heart of things; he has been content with no surface knowledge; he has examined for himself almost every