

We had begun the psalm, and were in the midst of the line—never can I forget it—

"As far as east is distant from
The west, so far hath He"

when I noticed the volume of song become gradually less, and a nameless sense of discomfort possessed me.

I looked up, and could scarce restrain a cry.

For I saw the face of Michael Blake—and he was walking down the aisle—and that other, who is that? For beside him is a woman's comely form, her sweet face lowly bent as though it would be hidden, the light of purity mingling with the conscious flame.

Upon Mr. Blake's face is the humble, chastened look of one whom God has touched—in the hollow of his thigh, mayhap—and the limp may be seen of all men to the last. But pride is there too, the solemn pride of one who has wrestled and prevailed, to go henceforth for ever halting, but for ever heavenward.

Down the aisle, the same aisle by which he had departed from us, they walked together, while wondering faces drank in the meaning of it all, joy breaking forth upon them like the sun when darkening clouds have gone.

He leads her to his old-time pew, and she takes the place that is henceforth to be her own. The singing has stopped, save those silent strains with which God