

en light that fell upon them, reflected from the heavens.

She had swept back her dusky hair with one hand, while the other still lay upon the pages she had been reading; and Hugh stood contemplating the fair picture many minutes before she perceived his presence, while he felt that there was a purity and unworldliness in her very aspect, which seemed to elevate his whole moral being, and made him realize, more thoroughly than he had ever done previously, the blessing as well as the happiness, she would be to him, if he could but win her.

He would put his fate to the test that same night, and with a quick step he went towards her at once, as the resolve took root in his mind, to delay not so much as an hour longer.

"How thankful I am, Estelle to see you once more!"

She started, and looked round, then put her hands frankly in his.

"How kind of you to come so soon to see me, Hugh; I knew you were to arrive to-day, but I thought you would have been too tired to come to-night."

"It is rest and peace to be with you, Estelle, as it is for me nowhere else in the world."

She looked a little surprised at the warmth with which he spoke, but her mind was too full of the event which so much concerned Raymond, to dwell, even for a moment on anything else.

"Tell me Hugh," she said, "is this fatal wedding really over?"

"Yes, some time since; and Kathleen Harcourt is already on her way to Switzerland with her husband. I am charged with many messages to you from her. She had not courage to write to you herself, knowing how deeply you felt the wrong done to Raymond; but she entreated you to forgive and forget all, as far as she is concerned, and still be to her the friend you were before."

"I am Raymond's friend!" exclaimed Estelle, with a flash of fire in her dark eyes.

"She knows that well; but she hopes he may forgive her too. And she begs you very earnestly to condone a past which cannot be recalled."

Hugh spoke anxiously, for it was of no small importance to him that Estelle should be on good terms with his relations.

She looked down thoughtfully, but did not answer; and he went on.

"Poor, pretty Kathleen! You would not have thought that any error greater than weakness and instability could be attributed to her, if you had seen her in her white wedding robes, with the long veil covering her pretty head, and falling to her feet. She looked more like what one could fancy an angel, than a fallible human being; and the ceremony was scarcely over, when she came to me with her great blue eyes shining in tears, and said 'Make Estelle love me again, Hugh!'"

"It is hard to resist that!" said Estelle, with a sad smile.

"Poor child! I think she may yet stand greatly in need of a true friend; for I cannot help having many fears for her happiness with so unscrupulous a man of the world as Harcourt. I think her mother, too, has misgivings, much as she wished her beautiful daughter to become a peeress, she has been in very low spirits since the wedding, and much less well in health. Since we arrived at Carlton Hall to-day she has felt keenly how desolate the house is without Kathleen. She, too, charged me to beg you to go and see her to-morrow, and to be with her as much as you could in her new and painful loneliness. She does not want to recognize the fact that you are indignant with them all for Raymond's sake, though she is perfectly aware of it; but I do think, Estelle, as far as my poor aunt is concerned at least it would be a true charity if you would ignore the past, and give her as much of your society as you can."

Still, for a few minutes, Estelle was silent, and then she said with a heavy sigh, "If I were to follow my own inclination, Hugh, I own to you, candidly, I should like never again to cross the threshold of the house where Raymond's happiness has been wrecked, or touch the hand of one of those who have combined for his betrayal; but I have always felt very strongly that in this suffering world, where we poor human beings are all liable to error and to pain alike, it is in no sense justifiable that we should be judges

one of another; or withhold (for any seeming unworthiness) the sympathy we need ourselves as much, and deserve as little. We cannot even tell what justice means, as applied to our fellow-creatures, for we can never know them sufficiently, in their real and hidden life, to hold the balance evenly. Vindictiveness and indignation have no right to a place in the history of any one of us, since God alone knows whose are the secret trials that call most strongly for compassion. Therefore it is not for me to refuse, even to Kathleen Harcourt, the friendship she asks, or to Mrs. Carlton any help or consolation I can give her. I will write to Cathie, Hugh, and I will go to see your aunt to-morrow, only I hope—I hope they will not name Raymond in my presence."

He saw by her quivering lips what an effort she had made in speaking those words of peace, and the pent-up passion of his heart burst forth.

"Oh, Estelle, how good you are! Better and dearer than any other the world contains! Surely the charity you show to those who have offended you will be ready too for me, who only love you better than my life!" And then—as at the sound of these unexpected words she turned her large startled eyes upon him, while her sweet face grew pale under the sudden shock—he poured out all the wild boundless love he bore her, in language that appeared almost to pierce her very soul from the intensity of its depth and fire, while his whole being seemed gathered up into the impassioned pleading with which he implored her to realise the hopes on which his existence itself depended.

She could not have stopped him if she had tried. His words were like a fiery torrent that welled up from the depths of his burning heart, and would not be stayed for very anguish of entreaty.

He went on, while whiter and whiter grew her downcast face, and soon her hands were raised to cover eyes that wept for bitter pain; when, at length exhausted, he let his voice die into silence, and waited for his doom, it seemed as if the power to speak or to look up was altogether taken from her.

(To be continued.)

ALL IS WELL.

Through the love of God our Saviour
All will be well;
Free and changeless is His favor;
All, all is well.
Precious is the Blood that healed us,
Perfect is the grace that sealed us;
Strong the Hand stretched out to shield us;
All must be well.

Though we pass through tribulation,
All will be well;
Ours is such a full salvation,
All, all is well;
Happy, still in God confiding,
Fruitful, if in God abiding,
Holy, thro' the Spirit's guiding,
All must be well.

We expect a bright to-morrow,
All will be well;
Faith can sing through days of sorrow
All, all is well.
On our Father's love relying,
Jesus every need supplying,
Both in living, and in dying
All must be well.

THE SWEARER'S PRAYER;

OR, HIS OATH EXPLAINED.

What! a swearer pray? Yes, swearer, whether thou thinkest so or not, each of thine oaths is a prayer—an appeal to the holy and almighty God, whose name thou darest so impiously to take into thy lips.

And what is it, thinkest thou, swearer, that thou dost call for, when the awful imprecations roll so frequently from thy tongue? Tremble, swearer, while I tell thee! Thy prayer contains two parts: thou prayest, first, that thou mayest

be deprived of eternal happiness; secondly, that thou mayest be plunged into eternal misery.

When, therefore, thou callest for damnation, dost thou not, in effect, say as follows: "O God! Thou hast power to punish me in hell for ever: therefore, let not one of my sins be forgiven! Let every oath that I have sworn, every lie that I have told, every Lord's day that I have broken, and all the sins that I have committed, either in thought, word, or deed, rise up in judgment against me, and eternally condemn me! Let me never see thy face with comfort; never enjoy Thy favour and friendship; and let me never enter into the kingdom of heaven!"

This is the first part of thy prayer. Let us hear the second.

"O God, let me not only be shut out of heaven, but also shut up in hell! May all the members of my body be tortured with inconceivable agony, and all the powers of my soul tormented with horror and despair, inexpressible and eternal!"

Swearer, this is thy prayer! Oh dreadful imprecation! Oh, horrible! horrible! Most horrible! Blaspheming man! dost thou like thy petition? Look at it. Art thou sincere in thy prayer, or art thou mocking thy Maker? Dost thou wish for damnation? Art thou desirous of eternal torment! How many times hast thou blasphemed the God of Heaven? How many times hast thou asked God to damn thee in the course of a year, a month, a day? Nay, how many times in a single hour hast thou called for damnation? Swearer, be thankful, oh be exceedingly thankful that God has not answered the prayer! that His mercy and patience have withholden the request of thy polluted lips! Never let Him hear another oath from thy unhal- lowed tongue, lest it should be thy last expression upon earth, and thy swearing prayer should be answered in hell. Oh let thine oaths be turned into supplications! Repent, and turn to Jesus, who died for swearers as well as for murderers. And then thou shalt find, to the eternal joy, that there is love enough in His heart, and merit sufficient in His blood, to pardon thy sins, and save thy soul for ever. . . . Swearer! canst thou ever again blaspheme such a God and Saviour as this? Even so. Amen.

"Who hath hardened himself against Him, and hath prospered?"—Job ix. 4.

"Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain; for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh His name in vain."—Exod. xx. 7.

"Because of swearing the land mourneth."—Jeremiah xxiii. 10.

THE FOUR ANCHORS.

The night is dark; but God, my God,
Is here and in command;
And sure am I, when morning breaks,
I shall be "at the land."
And since I know the darkness is
To Him as sunniest day,
I'll cast the Anchor *Patience* out,
And wish—but wait—for day.

Fierce drives the storm; but winds and waves.

Within His hand are held,
And, trusting in Omnipotence,
My fears are sweetly quelled.
If wrecked, I'm in His faithful grasp;
I'll trust Him, though He slay;
So, letting go the anchor *Faith*,
I'll wish—but wait—for day.

Still seem the moments dreary, long,
I rest upon the Lord;
I muse on His "eternal years,"
And feast upon His word;
His promises, so rich and great,
Are my support and stay;
I'll drop the anchor *Hope* ahead,
And wish—but wait—for day.

O wisdom infinite! O light
And love supreme, divine!
How can I feel one fluttering doubt
In hands so dear as Thine?
I'll lean on Thee, by best Beloved,
My heart on Thy heart lay;
And casting out the anchor *Love*,
I'll wish—and wait—for day.

H. F. BROWN.