

down to a supplementary repast before preparing to remove the fragments of the feast. Mr. Amhurst had gone to his "office"—an almost nominal one, with a salary of a hundred pounds annually; so they were at liberty to speak quite unreservedly among themselves. "Yes, and Juliet behaved very well; better far than could have been expected after the scene she made at the church door," Penelope responded.

"What in the world could have made her faint? Do you suppose it was going out in the cold, as she said?"

"Nonsense," Lucy answered impatiently. "It was Mark Ardesley whom she saw at the moment. I saw him myself, and I saw their eyes meet. He was standing by the

porch door, and looking like a ghost. I do believe they were fond of each other, and that Juliet would have married him if she'd been allowed to have her way." Mrs. Amhurst sighed deeply. In her heart she believed it too, and for the moment a vague regret and fear took possession of her mind. But after all it was for Juliet's own sake, as much as for the family's, she told herself, that she had opposed Mark Ardesley's suit and favored that of Mr. Thurston. What had her own life been, and the life of her husband and children? and she had married for love, and had laughed at poverty once. Yes, it was a happy escape for Juliet, from her mother's fate; and she had done wisely, as the end would prove.

(To be Continued.)

## WHEN I AWAKE.

BY HARRIET M'EWEN KIMBALL.

When I awake shall I Thine image bear,  
O Thou Adored?  
The image lost, in some pure Otherwhere,  
Oh, shall it be restored?

Already stealeth o'er my trembling soul  
Some semblance sweet—  
The wavering outline of the perfect whole  
Thy touch shall yet complete.

When I awake shall I indeed cast by  
All earthly taint,  
And walk with Thee in white, Thy white, on high,  
As seraph walks, and saint?

Through endless blessed ages shall I know  
Thy Will alone—  
Its all-pervading, perfect motions grow  
More than mine own mine own?

The glories that no vision can forestall  
With crystal gleam;  
The peace, the rapture, and the holy thrall  
Of love that reigns supreme;

The death of all that meaneth self and time;  
The Gain of Thee,  
My Lord, my God! the victory sublime  
When only Thou shalt be;

Thou all in all; all in Thy glory lost  
And all, all found  
Dear beyond price: no aspiration crossed;  
Thou, only Thou, our bound!

Shall I behold, receive, possess, attain  
All this, and more  
To tell whereof all tongues would strive in  
vain,  
In vain all language pour?

O unconceived! Thine own divine surprise  
Prepared of old!  
Hid even from faith-unsealed, enkindled eyes  
Till Thou shalt say, "Behold!"

Life—Very Life! God-gift wherein are blent  
All gifts beside!  
When I awake—O heaven of Heaven's content!—  
*I shall be satisfied.*

—Christian Union.