

Jenkins went with Wistaria and offered her services freely to Mrs. Luke. They were gratefully accepted, and Wistaria again had the joy of ministering to the one she had learned to love as a spiritual father, a dear teacher, an intimate friend.

But the best nursing of Wistaria could not now withstand the ravages of the disease. Slowly and only too perceptibly, he faded away before them. Mrs. Luke broke down from time to time, and was only able to return to her duty because of the spirit and the ministrations of Wistaria.

'Francis found an angel when he found you,' Mrs. Luke would declare as she fed upon Wistaria's love and was sustained by her faith.

'No, he only found a gypsy, a little witch,' Wistaria would reply brightly, 'and he led her to Jesus. Jesus is the Wonder-Worker. Oh, how Mr. Luke loved Jesus! If we could so love Him, it would be all right.'

'You are right, my dear; but it is not given to all to love Him so,' declared Mrs. Luke, amidst her grief.

'I suppose,' said Wistaria, thoughtfully, 'it is pretty much as we will. If we accept God's care for us in all things, we'll trust all things to Him; but if we limit His love and care, we bear the rest alone with their burdens of doubt and sorrow.'

'Then you accuse me of doubt and needless sorrow!' exclaimed Mrs. Luke.

'I accuse you of nothing. But it seems to me that we must not limit God's love, especially when He loved us so much as to die for us, and tells us