

This was her reward, and oh! it was sweet, so sweet that her head bowed low upon her breast, and she whispered with quivering lip, "Lord, I thank Thee from my very heart."

Ay, the mother's prayers, the mother's wish and longing had indeed been abundantly fulfilled; and Margaret was now the light and pillar of the motherless household, the joy of her father's heart, the idol of her brothers, the tender sister-mother to whom all turned for help, and care, and guidance.

So sorrow had been sanctified to Margaret Wayland, and she had come out of the deep unscathed, and was now more than ever a burning and a shining light, even in quiet places.

She had learned, indeed, to do the duty which lay nearest to her, and her reward was not denied her.

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Some day John Evendon will seek again his first love; some day Margaret will be content to leave her motherless household in Lucy's care; some day a sweet southern rectory will claim its mistress; some day—but not yet