

and solemnly distinct. Then, when the divine presence was felt, her soul turned to it. "My God! my God!" she whispered, and she bowed herself before Him. And, O! "When He giveth quietness, who then can make trouble?"

"She had been alone on a troubled sea,
Alone, alone on the wild wide sea,
Then One came into her boat from the sea;
And the wind fell low round her little bark,
And a wounded hand touched hers in the dark,
And a weary head on her breast was laid,
And a trembling voice—as of one whom pain
Had done to death—in a whisper said,
'I had no where else to lay my head.'"

And the storm was over and there was a great peace in her soul. Long ere madam had fought away the night shadows, long ere Gloria had wearied herself with imaginary triumphs, Cassia had fallen asleep, comforted with the consciousness that underneath her were the arms of an everlasting love.

She breakfasted alone, and then drove over to see John. How precious, at this hour, would her mother's sympathy have been! Mothers may have little intellect and little knowledge, but O, how great is their love! And in sorrow it is not intellect or knowledge we need; it is human kindness; some one to kiss our trembling lips, and wipe our wet eyes, and fold us to a heart that truly loves us. Cassia went into her mother's room and knelt down by the empty couch, and laid her head upon the pillow where once the dear mother-head had rested.

"If she was only here, John! if she was only here!" she sobbed.

"Who dare say that she is not here? Do you think our mother deserted us when she went from our mortal sight, Cassia?"

"But I cannot see her, John. I cannot see her!"

"You cannot see me when you are at Briffault; do you forget me? You cannot see beyond the horizon, dear; is there, therefore, nothing beyond? Perhaps it is our own fault that we have not more intelligences from the unseen. Can you understand, Cassia, that I very frequently come into this room and say, softly, 'Good-morning, mother?'"

"O, John! John! speak to her for me. I am so wretched! It must be a little class-meeting between you and me, John. I want to tell you all my fault, and all the trouble that has come of it; then you can advise and comfort me." So there, in the mother's room, they sat down together, and Cassia told him all. John had an evident effort to control himself; he was compelled often to relieve the tension of his feelings by walking rapidly to and fro. But he comforted and counselled his sister, and promised to go into Galveston the following day, and talk matters over with Raymund. He believed that, as soon as his