

my reason if I could not have stayed my fears with that. I am so unused to being without my child; we have been all in all to each other for thirteen years. And yet, what is my trust worth? There came a time when, as you see, I could wait no longer?"

"Yes," he said, smiling, "that is the way we trust Him. Yet He bears with us. I read with great satisfaction, only yesterday, the story of Gideon. Do you remember how many times the Lord strengthened his wavering faith by a sign? We all like props of this kind. I think I can bring you word in an hour at the latest, Mrs. Edmonds."

She stood in the hall noting the sound of his retreating footsteps; she listened to their brisk ring until they were lost in the distance. She was alone again; but her throat felt less dry, the tears had relieved it; her heart did not seem to beat in such oppressive thuds. Yes, undoubtedly she liked human props. How kind he had been, and how quick! The swiftness of his movements had had a soothing effect upon her; at least this sickening suspense with its opportunity to conjecture all sorts of horrible possibilities would soon be over. He would bring her word. And he was good, too. How strong that reminder was, about the One who had her daughter in charge! Oh the mother trusted *Him*. What would her years of widowhood have been without His mighty Arm to lean upon! If only He were her daughter's trust,