



XVI.

RESTING AT LAST—NORA AND HER BROTHER—THEO-
DORE—THE ALTAR—*Coûte que Coûte*—SAVING FAITH
—"JOY UNSPEAKABLE."

But what things were gain to me, those I counted loss for Christ. Yea, doubtless, and I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ my Lord.—*Paul.*

THE week had been full of trials to our faith and patience, especially Nora's. But like the oak in storms, these virtues had taken deeper root. Several attempts, most ingeniously planned, had been made to remove her from us, but in vain. Here is a specimen. One day a close carriage was driven to the gate, from which alighted a gentleman of middle age, who proved to be one of Nora's brother's, a sea-captain, whom she had not seen for many years, and scarcely recognized. He was greeted with great cordiality and friendship by her, and introduced to the family. After considerable chatting on various topics, Nora, whose heart is always glowing with her new-found hope, and full of the