

make more in one year than you have made in your whole life. As soon as I get matters in a settled condition I hope to come home for a short visit, and then I shall be able to tell you everything in detail."

For some time Nellie held the letter silently in her hand. Her father was sitting near with a far-away look in his eyes. Gone were time and place. He was thinking of the day he had bidden Philip good-bye. He saw the mother clasping her only son to her heart, and it was the last good-bye. What hopes and fears had been theirs concerning their absent boy. What struggles had been his out in the great busy world, and how often had his home letters been weighted with despair. Many and many a night had they knelt together and lifted up their voices in prayer on Philip's behalf. Now she was gone. Oh, to have her there by his side to share his joy! A mistiness rose before his eyes, and several tears stole down his furrowed cheeks. Hastily he drew forth his handkerchief and brushed them away. Nellie noticed his embarrassed manner, and surmised the cause. Going over to where he was sitting she put her arms about his neck and gave him a loving kiss.

"You have me, father dear," she said, "and nothing but death can separate us."

"I know it, darling. I know it," was the reply. "I am somewhat unsettled to-night. This news is so sudden. To think that Philip has conquered! Now you shall have many comforts which have been denied you so long."

"Don't say that, father dear. What comforts have