

a real home—where we can have the children about us and, when the time comes, the children's children. So now you go to bed, my dear, and to-morrow we'll set out in earnest on this very search."

He was sorry for his wife, for he could see that she was smarting under a strange sense of defeat. After she had gone to bed he sat by the dressing-room fire with the open Bible on his knee.

Above the wreckage of his home, over which he had mourned in secret and prayed unceasingly, there seemed to rise and shine a solitary star.

They would build again on a sure foundation. The lesson learned during these two strange and difficult years could never be altogether lost. He took comfort once more, as he had often done before, from the words of the Book on his knee, which contains all the wisdom of all the ages.

"Consider the ravens: for they neither sow nor reap; and God feedeth them." "Consider the lilies of the field: they toil not, neither do they spin, and yet I say unto you that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these."

And again—and this comforted him most of all: "Provide yourselves bags which wax not old, a treasure in the heavens that faileth not, where no thief approacheth, neither moth corrupteth. For where your treasure is, there will your heart be also." "Seek ye the kingdom of God, and all these things shall be added unto you."