

thrilled her whole being. Then, going to the bedroom, she threw herself on the bed and gave vent to her feelings with loud shouts of "Glory to God." She felt that the very house was hallowed by the presence of the Lord, and that from henceforth more than ever, her home should be like a little heaven on earth. After rising from the bed, she seated herself in a chair near the stove and buried her face in her hands.

Presently the father and Ora returned from the barn, and as they entered the room where she was sitting, she exclaimed :

"Oh ! father ! you ought to hear the children tell of the wonderful visitor they had while we were gone !" whereupon the children began to tell the story to their father and the older brother.

"Ah," said the father, "you are only excited, it was simply your imagination. You did not see an angel."

"Yes, yes," father, "sure, sure," came from every one of them.

So positive were they and so overwhelmingly happy, that the father could not long withstand their simple arguments, but was com-