

sustained of the Lord, went to her mother and quietly told her she was saved. The mother did not at once fly into a passion, but she said to her daughter, "You are foolish," and in a moment added, "I will settle that with you to-morrow."

Next morning after the father and brother had gone away to their work and there was no one in the house but Florence and her mother, the scene, with which this little sketch opens, took place.

When the mother found that her angry threats, when brandishing the stick before Florence, did not move her, she bade her go into the bedroom. Florence obeyed, saying in a quiet voice, "All right, mother." The mother followed and when they were in the room, began to beat her with the stick she held in her hands. Poor Florence patiently stood and took the blows that fell thick and fast about her head and face, making no remonstrance whatever; but she clasped her hands above her head to protect it in a little measure from the heavy strokes which were frightfully bruising her. At last the mother, exhausted with her efforts, but not yet satisfied with her cruel work, for it had failed to have the desired effect, turned to the bureau and taking a knife from the drawer, told her daughter she would "cut her into pound pieces." By this time the excited mother was so frenzied with rage that she was trembling from head to foot; but the Lord did not allow her to go

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