

to his step, who, possessed of a loving heart, could, for a moment, reprove or condemn.

## CHAPTER VIII.

"Dost hear beneath the ocean,  
The gathering tempest form!  
See'st thou afar the little cloud,  
That grows into the storm!"

"I see a hand you cannot see,  
That beckons me away."

Six years have winged their flight, and joined the mighty caravansary of past ages.

The seasons have revolved their rounds as usual; seed-time and harvest, summer and winter, fulfilling their appointed tasks; but time hath, nevertheless, brought many changes to the hearts and homes of earth's perishing race.

To many a fireside it hath brought—

"Faces and footsteps and all things strange."

To many a heart lamentation and woe. "Rachel weeping for her children, and refusing to be comforted because they are not."

A stately steamer that hath ploughed the restless deep for many a lengthy voyage—hath battled successfully with tempestuous seas and elemental war, is nearing its desired haven, and *home* is the watchword on many a lip, and thrills through many a heart of those who tread with buoyant step, its ample decks, or gaze, with straining eyes, from its proud bulwarks, over the mighty waste of waters that still divides them from the wished-for land.