

"must go, the house must go, the social position must go," and from being sought for obsequiously they must be cold-shouldered everywhere. After he ceases talking, and the wife has heard all in silence, she says: "Is that all? Why, you had nothing when I married you, and you have only come back to where you started. If you think that my happiness and that of the children depend on these trappings, you do not know me, though we have lived together thirty years. God is not dead, and the National Bank of Heaven has not suspended payment, and if you don't mind, I don't care a cent. What little we need of food and raiment the rest of our lives we can get, and I don't propose to sit down and mope and groan. Mary, hand me that darning-needle. I declare! I have forgotten to set the rising for those cakes! And while she is busy at it he hears her humming Newton's old hymn, "To-morrow:"

"It can bring with it nothing,  
But He will bear us through;  
Who gives the lilies clothing  
Will clothe His people too;  
Beneath the spreading heavens  
No creature but is fed;  
And He who feeds the ravens  
Will give His children bread.

"Though vine nor fig-tree either '  
Their wonted fruit should bear;  
Though all the fields should wither  
Nor flocks nor herds be there;  
Yet God the same abiding,  
His praise shall tune my voice;  
For while in Him confiding  
I cannot but rejoice."