

right road, but it is steep and dangerous, one false step may hurl him down one of those fearful precipices into which in his boyhood he shuddered to look ; he cannot discover the light he looks for, the light which twenty years ago, his mother promised should greet his coming, be his beacon on the way. His heart almost stops beating as he thinks "Perhaps my mother has been gathered to our fathers." On he presses with slow and careful step — in the midnight.

Darkness,— Silence.

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Far up on Mount Lebanon, a hale old man is standing by an open door, which he has gone to secure for the night. He is looking out into the darkness, and thinking he has never seen it so intense. Inside the house his wife takes down from a shelf a large lamp and prepares to trim it. It feels light, too light to have oil enough to last till morning, "There is hardly a drop of oil in the lamp," she says in accents of sorrow, that seem out of place for so trivial a cause, "Miriam, bring the cruse, there may be yet a little oil left therein." Miriam comes forward with the cruse ; her fair sweet face and dark eye expressing almost as much trouble as that of the woman who first spoke ; she replies in a low voice :

"Oh, no, there is not a drop in the cruse."

The lamp is open, and the mistress takes the cruse from the girl's hand, turning it upside down over the lamp ; it is useless, not a drop of oil comes. "Oh, Jacob ! how could you be so forgetful," she says in an undertone, which low as it is, reaches the husband's ears. He