

compensate him for lack of large fees. Van Berg has not yet regretted that he entrusted 'faulty Ida Mayhew' with his happiness, and he is more anxious than ever to lure her to his studio. For a long time he had to take the truth of her faith on trust, but at last he stood by her side at God's altar and confessed that Name which has been the lowliest and grandest of earth.

Ida is still very human, but with all her faults, her husband often whispers in her ear: "Not Ida, but Ideal." She is continually giving up her life for Christ's sake, and as often finds it coming back to her in some richer, sweeter form; and by her simple, joyous faith has led many to the Friend she found in the quaint old garden, and who says of all who come, "I will give unto them eternal life."

Jennie Burton is still waiting; but at the end of each day of faithful work she sings the song of hope that Ida taught her:

No hope, 'tis said, though buried deep,
But angels o'er it vigils keep;
No love in sepulchre shall stay,
For Christ *my* Friend will roll away
The heavy stone of death.

THE END.