

consolation. Separated as she was from all her family, her parents were the last to whom she could speak of her troubles, they would have said: "It is your own doing, we warned you against it"; and her proud heart shrank from the thought of having to acknowledge that they were right.

One can thus understand how it was that on this dark night in winter, Lucy, in desperation, was on the bridge, cherishing the senseless idea, that she would find rest at the bottom of the river. Did she not know that she had a soul? No doubt if any one had asked her the question, she would have responded in the affirmative; but how many there are to whom it might be said that they have a soul, and it would be like saying to them that there is an Emperor of China, and they would think about as much of one as of the other.

Lucy had never learned to think of her immortal soul; she only saw herself lying dead and insensible under the water, regardless of anything more, and consequently without anxiety. All she wanted, was to go at once to the bottom. Suddenly the thought came to her, that a part of her clothing was made of stuff that would prevent her sinking. To get rid of it was easy, all she had to do was to untie a string. She gave a hurried look from side to side; she was alone on the bridge; she had never been taught to think of Him who is everywhere present, and who sees all things, however profound the darkness may be, but He thought of her. How often in the smallest circumstances we can see His tender watchful

care o
turn, t
comes
insign
eterna

In l
which
pied w
were p
stoppe
upon t
low vo
has son
her, wh
an eye.

"Ar
voice a
one."

Lucy
and was
coming,
return h
put her
riedly, k
man, bu
she met
him that
bottom o
ing writt
when her
that she
a watch