

Laying her head upon his breast, she said gently, "Alford, our baby is not dead."

"O Grace, darling!" he cried in agony, "don't give way, or we are both lost. I have no strength left. I cannot save you again. Oh! if the awful past should come back!"

"It now can never come back. Alford, we have not lost our child. Aunt Sheba has had a better wisdom than you or I, and from this hour forth my mother's faith is mine. Do not think me wild or wandering. In my very soul has come the answer to my cry. Horrible corruption is not the end of that lovely life. You can't believe it, any more than I. Dear little sleeper, you are still *my* baby. I shall go to you, and you will never suffer as I have suffered. God bless you Aunt Sheba! your heaven-inspired words have saved me from despair. Alford, dear Alford, do not give way so; I'll live and be your true and faithful wife. I'll teach you the faith that God has taught me."

He drew long deep breaths. He was like a great ship trying to right itself in a storm. At last he said, in broken tones, "Grace, you are right. It's not law or force. It's either God, who in some way that I can't understand, will bring good out of all this evil, or else it's all devilish, fiendish. If after this night you can be resigned, patient, hopeful, your faith shall be mine."

The shadows affrighted, shrank farther away than ever before.

"I take you at your word," she replied, as she drew him gently away. "Come, let us go and comfort papa."

One after another stole out after them until Mrs. Mayburn was alone with the dead. Long and motionless she stood, with her eyes fixed on the quiet lovely face.

"Hilda," at last she moaned, "little Hilda, shall poor old grandma ever see our baby again?"

At that moment the sun rose high enough to send a ray through the lattice, and it lighted the baby's face with what seemed a smile of unearthly sweetness.