

In the sweet spring dusk they returned again to the home where they had dwelt, with no shadow between them, for two-and-thirty years. And as they stood on the doorstep a moment, the same thought occurred to each, that to-morrow was the anniversary of their marriage day.

'We've been spared thegither twa-an'-thirty year, Robert,' she said, with a solemn, sweet smile. 'Surely noo we can say, His will be done; an' ye are wearin' auld, too, my man; ye'll sune come efter me.'

'If I could but gang afore ye, wife, it wad mak me blithe,' he answered, and, unable to bear more, threw open the door. That night life seemed a dark and a fearsome thing to Robert Gray, and his strong faith, which had never been assailed, shook at its very foundations. Wild rebellions, fierce, intolerable questionings rent his soul, and the night hours witnessed a conflict which left him weary and spent. Yet peace was not denied him. It was impossible to be bitter or rebellious long beside the sweetness which breathed from his wife's heart, stayed and rested as she was upon the Unseen in a manner most marvellous to behold. Now that suspense was over, and that