

we are not good enough. This He keeps for those His love makes pure by pain. This would almost make one content to suffer.

Next morning we all went to the little log school, where the Communion service was to be held—all but the father and Katie.

“You have done me much good,” I could not but say before I left; “and you are a blessing in your home.”

The color rose in her pale cheek, but she only said:

“I am glad you were sent to us.”

Then I came away, humbly and softly, feeling as if I had been in a holy place, where I was not worthy to stand. And a holy place it will ever be to me—the white room, the spotless white room, lit by the glory of that bright, sweet, patient face. At the Table that day the mother's face had the same glory—the glory of those that overcome, the reflection of the glory to follow. Happy, blessed home! The snows may pile up into the bluff and the blizzards sweep over the whistling reeds of the Marshes, but nothing can chill the love or dim the hopes that warm and brighten the hearts in the little log-house beyond the Marshes, for they have their source from that high place, where love never faileth and hopes never disappoint.