

and the servants sobbed audibly. The stony look went out of Grace's face; tears welled up into her hot, dry eyes and she drew near and bent over her child with an indescribable yearning in her face. Aunt Sheba ceased, sank down on the floor, and throwing her apron over her face she rocked back and forth and prayed as before.

Suddenly Grace threw herself on the unconscious little form, and cried with a voice that pierced every heart; "O God, I turn to Thee, then. Is my child lost to me forever, or is she in Thy keeping? Was my mother's faith true? Shall I have my baby once more? Jesus, art Thou a Shepherd of the little ones? Hast Thou suffered my Hilda to come unto Thee? O, if Thou art, Thou canst reveal Thyself unto me and save a broken-hearted mother from despair. This child *was* mine. Is it mine still?" and she clasped her baby convulsively to her bosom.

"Suffer de little chillen ter come unter me, and forbid lem not," repeated Aunt Sheba in low tones.

Again a deep awed silence fell upon them all. Grace knelt so long with her own face pressed against her child's that they thought she had fainted. The physician motioned Graham to lift her up, but he shook his head. He was crushed and despairing, feeling that in one little hour he had lost the belief of his manhood, the child that had brought into his home a heaven that he at least could understand, and as he heard his wife's bitter cry he felt that her life and reason might soon go also. He recognized again the presence of his bitter rivals Grief and Death, and felt that at last they had vanquished him. He had not the courage or the will to make another effort.

"Mrs. Graham, for your husband's sake—" began Dr. Markham.

"Ah! forgive me, Alford," she said, rising weakly, "I should not have forgotten you for a moment."

She took an uncertain step toward him, and he caught her in his arms.