

"You poor little darling, you do look worn out. Now you shall not work a stitch for two hours. Lean back here and let me make you comfortable. And here is half a box of chocolates that I had yesterday. You eat away at them now, and you read this book that Richard brought up. You'll enjoy it, and I have this collar to finish and I can't read while the little fellow is with me, it disappoints him so."

Faith tucked up Letty's feet on a chair, took away her work, gave her book and candy, and made ready a neat little luncheon on a side table and covered it with a napkin. Then she put her own noonday meal in a little basket and prepared a small jug of water, ginger, and molasses, a drink which Richard greatly affected.

"Good-bye," she said, kissing Letty; "mind you read your story-book and don't worry yourself. It may cheer you up to find how well the story ends after all the bad troubles are over, as good stories always do."

"I know the evil will all end in good—some time," said Letty.

Faith was hardly out of hearing, and Letty, putting a caramel in her mouth, was reading the second page of her book, when she heard a sound in the next room—a shout, a groan, a rattle of half-articulate speech; father was awake. Then father began his usual Scripture quotations, than which nothing seemed to Letty more distressing, so much the letter of the Word differed from father's spirit and practice:

"Who hath woe? who hath sorrow? who hath contentions? who hath babbling? who hath wounds without cause? who hath redness of eyes? They that tarry long at the wine; they that go to seek mixed wine. Look not thou on the wine when it is red, when it giveth his colour in the cup, when it moveth itself aright. At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder. They have stricken me,

. . . and I was not sick; they have beaten me, and I felt it not: when shall I awake? I will seek it yet again!" Open this door and let me out! I will seek it yet again! That is according to Scripture! Sin is the cure of sin: like cures like—*similia similibus curantur*. If I could have made you two stupid girls good Latinists, you would know how to treat a gentleman and a scholar. Open this door! If the whole sea were brandy, I could drink it up to quench this burning thirst!" and then followed a battery of kicks and blows.

Small chance for poor Letty now. The chocolate caramels lost their sweetness, the book failed to charm. She leaned back in her chair and tears rushed from under her closed eyelids. Then father was suddenly still, and in the pause of his exhaustion, sweet and clear as if some angel had stood by her side to utter them, sounded these words through Letty's shaken soul: "His place of defence shall be the munitions of rocks: bread shall be given to him; his water shall be sure. . . . Thine eyes shall see Jerusalem a quiet habitation, a tabernacle that shall not be taken down; not one of the stakes thereof shall ever be removed, neither shall any of the cords thereof be broken. But there the glorious Lord will be unto us a place of broad rivers and streams, wherein shall go no galley with oars, neither shall gallant ship pass thereby. For the Lord is our judge; the Lord is our lawgiver, the Lord is our king; he will save us. . . . And the inhabitant shall not say, I am sick: the people that dwell therein shall be forgiven their iniquity." "And the ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads: they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away." Thus the tossed spirit of the girl was tranquilized and she was lulled into rest.