

on thy pathway through the world,—do faithfully the work which is given thee to do, and I will tell thee whether it is well or ill."

And the man arose, strengthened and filled with a divine elation,—great thoughts and new ways for the service, help and hope of all humanity came swiftly to his brain, and as he wrote them down with eager eloquence and passion, the radiance of the Angel's presence glistened like living sunshine on his words, and her thrilling voice pure-toned and tender, told him "*It is well!*"

But when he sent his writings out upon the world and made his new thoughts known, men mocked at him, saying: "What fellow have we here? Is he greater or wiser than we, that he should presume to teach us? Let us choke his utterance ere it grows too loud and too convincing,—let us pelt him with the stones and mud of slander, that he may shrink away ashamed and be forgotten!—let us sneer him down and make his life a burden and a misery,—let us break his heart and crush his spirit and tell him that his work is naught!"

And as they said, even so they did; and he who had unselfishly striven for good, was stricken to the heart by cruel words and crueller jests,—and turning eyes of sad reproach upon the Angel at his side, he murmured, "Lo, this is my reward! Seest thou not how I suffer?—yet didst thou not assure me of my work that it was well?"

And the Angel answered:—

"Truly I told thee it was well,—truly I say unto