

identity are indeed inseparable, and back to the castle he crept into his room, in a degree more excited than before. Two hours later the storm again increased in violence, the wind ragged and howled more wildly, and huge waves broke over and over again, seemed to submerge the great ship. A person standing on the deck again, more excited than before, and was seen silently, nervously, fumbling his way along the wet deck to take the fore-castle. He was deadly pale and trembled with excitement, and a tremendous outpouring of sweat beating and a tremendous outpouring of sweat reached his ear.

"Thank Heaven," murmured he: "the storm is still at it; they still say that there is no danger yet; the Lord be praised!"

A kind act has picked up many a fallen man, who has afterwards slain his tens of thousands for his Lord, and has entered into Heavenly City at last as a conqueror, and the acclamations of his subjects and with them welcome of the Sovereign.