

senses slowly began to recover themselves. First she felt shame that her physical courage had so basely deserted her, that she, at the first hint of danger, had dropped over like any faint-hearted woman; then, she experienced fear, a fear that touched her soul, that made her clasp her brown hands together and raise her face to the blue, sun-flecked heavens. Sorrow followed, a sorrow that bowed her head on her knees, that shook her frame, that scalded her eyes and cheeks with tears and left her as limp as when she had lain unconscious in the arms of the minister. But, lo! over all these emotions swaying the young heart, one first, then another, until its pain was physical, a presence seemed to move and a world of joy and gladness followed. It came with the thought of Silas Gray's face as she had seen it bending over her, all-comprehending sympathy in the blue eyes and around the sad mouth. She knew that in all her life she had never experienced such a complete happiness as had followed that first conscious moment, such was it, she had gladly, had the power been hers, dropped into death's unbroken dreamless slumber that this one perfect span of time might take up a tranquil continuance in eternity. It had broken on her soul as she had often seen the sun cleave its way through the autumn clouds that herald the equinoctial storms and it seemed to fill her whole life, past, present and to come with a radiance surpassing what even her childish dreams had been of Heaven. She knew this was love, the love she had read about, the love she had seen bring such changes in lives around her, but a love, as we imagine even of our own possessions, surpassing aught that earth had ever known. It bound up

her wounded soul, all the knotty problems of her existence were solved by it, it made her dull, barren life to glow with beauty and her face to grow into a wondrous loveliness.

"O God," she said, again lifting her eyes to the sky, her words unconsciously falling into the Biblical form familiar to her, "I thank Thee that Thou has brought me to this hour. Often did I fret under Thy ordinances, often did I question the purposes of Thy plan. Now I see that Thou wast thoughtful of me. Thou didst hold back Thy own most precious hour until heart and mind and soul were ready for it. Thou didst cast me down to lift me up speedily and set me forever among Thy most happy ones. My God, I thank Thee! I pray Thee, make me worthy of Thy blessing!" And she again buried her face on her knees and wept, but this time for joy. Then, as one newly girded with a courage to brave the future and strength to endure, Judith rose and walked toward the house. But as she entered, she was struck with a chilling sense that she was not the same girl who had left it a few hours ago, neither was it the place she had known. She tried to dispel this feeling, and set about preparing her simple mid-day meal; but it would not assert itself. Finally she laid aside the uncooked food and turned toward the front room for her one never-failing solace, her books. It was as she had left it, except that the Bible was not on the table and the muslin curtain was drawn across the two rows of shelves. But these differences she did not note and she walked toward the shelves. As she raised her hand to draw it aside, it suddenly recurred to her that in leaving this morning she had not, as was her wont, replaced the curtain. Re-