SO AS BY FIRE

RY JEAN CONNOB

CHAPTER VIII NELLIE

And now the roses were in bloom rioting over porch and trellis wreathing window and gable, arch ing doorway and garden gate. The June breeze, laden with their frag rance, sto e into the spacious rooms where "Nellie," as loving voices had as loving voices had learned to call the pale newcomer at Rosecrofte, was being nursed back to

life and health.
"Your mother's home, my dear," Judge Randall had said the first day of her coming, when the gray eye
had looked around with wid wonder. "It is yours now. Her home, her name, her place in my lonely heart. You must trust us, love us, my little girl, as we will love

And slowly, for she was very ill and weak ; painfully, like some frail flower withered by rude transplant-ing; timidly, as it half blinded by the strange sunshine flooding her the strange sunshine flooding her life, Judge Randall's "Nellie" took her new name and place, at first semi-consciously, with only a duli comprehension of the light and love and watchful tenderness that soothed and banished fear, then with grow-ing knowledge and clearer vision and at last perfect realization of all that had been and was.

There were days when the patient's strange restlessness defined the nurse's skill. Nights when the temperature rose and the heart beat puzzled the doctor. Hours when "Nellie" seemed to shrink in nervous fear from those who loved her most But all the while the broken roots were striking deep into the warm soil, the flower lifting its head with passionate eagerness to the long denied sun. All the while, with ever growing, ever-steadying resolve, "Nellie" was holding to her name and place. All the while the new life was gripping her with closer, firmer bonds that she could

There were moments when, wak ing suddenly from vivid dreams of the past, confession leaped to her soothing words. There were times when she felt she must cry out to the old man bending anxiously over her and tell all. But the horror, the shock seemed too great for her weakness — and as health and weakness — and as health and strength returned the clear mind quickened into new powers, the sharp witted starveling of the Road House grasped and held with full

consciousness all that she had won. She was safe. Through strange shadows of death and darkness she had been swept securely into the harbor of her daring dreams. Unquestioned, undoubted she held the dead Elinor Kent's name and place.
On this fair day in June she sat

propped up with pillows by the wide of her beautiful room, look ing out over the sunlit stretches of lawn and terrace, over rose-bower and rose garden to the river, stretching a path of light to the far horizon. Illness had given a more delicate purity to the fair skin, had shadowed the cold gray eyes. In her soft, lace trimmed negligee, with the red gold hair rippling low upon her neck, Judge Randall, who had come into the room for a morning chat, thought his Nellie as lovely an old man's darling as he could wish

for.
"Brightening up every day!" h said cheerily. "We will have you as well and strong as Milly herself in a few days more. No headache this morning?"
"None," was the low answer

"There are no aches any more. And -and it is so beautiful here-and you are all so good to me."

"Come, come, none of that, my little girl," said the Judge, noting the tremor in her voice. "None of that. There is just one thing I want to say, and let us have it over and done with forever. All that I have, all that my money or power can com mand, is yours, my dear child, and I wish you to feel this, and accept it as your right; a right that has been too long and too harshly denied you. Beyond this," he took the little wan, wasted hand in his and stroked it tenderly, "this atonement, my dear we will not look or think. Let the past be dead to us, little girl, dead and buried forever. We will never speak of it, if possible never think of Is that a bargain, my little girl?

"Yes," the quick-drawn breath was almost a sob, "oh, yes, yes, I would like to forget if I could, if I

You can, you shall." The Judge set his lips together resolutely. will both turn our eyes away from the darkness and never look back. Promise me, little girl. Come, you have never given me my name yet—say, 'I promise, grandfather.'"

say, 'I promise, grandfather.'"
"I—I—will try," was the tremulous answer that went to the old "Oh, I will try not to look back-grandfather.'

There, then, that's settled." said the Judge. "Settled, signed, solution forever," and he lifted the white forever," and he lifted the we'll talk about pleasanter things. The doctor says you can go out next week, and I have ordered a pretty ony carriage from Baltimore, so that you can drive around when you rear I expect you'll be taking a as boldly as she does. And family heirloom. in a year I expect you'll we'll have roses in those pale cheeks

that will outbloom any in Rosecrofte."
And the Judge chatted on tenderly,
while the girl's shadowed eyes
she found old Scip's noiseless service

rested upon the river, the shining river of which the dead Elinor had dreamed—the river that must sweep on and on in its radiant, sunlit way over rock and shoal and rapid and fall, but never, never turn back. He had asked the promise. had given it, and she would keep

"I have come to be scolded," said Milly, as she dropped into the in valid's room an hour later, her hands filled with roses. "But it's all Grandy's fault, my dear, so you'll have to take it out on him. I've been shopping for you, Nellie."

"Shopping!" echoed "Nellie"

"Yes," answered Milly. "It would set my teeth on edge to have any woman shop for me, I know, but Grandy would have it. And he gave me a check, dear—well, that was a temptation, I confess. I do so love to buy pretty things without stint. there's a lot of feminine frippery coming down this evening that you can send back if you don't like. I thought—"Mildred paused with a soft sympathy in her bright eyes, "you would rather wear white this

"I would rather wear white," re peated the invalid, feeling as if she were the echo of a silent voice. "Yes, I—I would rather wear white." And when, a little "white" fripperies came, Daintily exquisite fripperies they were, fit indeed for a fairy queen; simple little gowns of linen with the Parisian stamp on them, snowy little frocks rich with handwork, dainty dainty garments billowy with frou frous

"Oh, mama, dear," confided Milly afterward, "if you could have seen her, if you could have seen Nellie's face as Delorme opened those boxes. The bewilderment, the amazement And really, I don't much wonder Such an outfit for a girl who, I suppose, never had a gown that cos more than \$5 in her It was enough to turn her in her life But it didn't a bit. She just sat there with a faint flush on her cheek

and an odd light in her eyes, fairly breathless with surprise, I could see out steady under it all, and when asked if she liked my choice for her she said, 'Oh, yes; thank you very much—you could not have pleased me better.' Really," added Milly, with a half vexed laugh, "as if an \$800 summer outfit was a mere natter of course." "It's pride, my dear," answered

her mother sagely, "the Randall pride. This girl has it strong in her. I can see. And I am glad of it. It will make things easier for us. It would have been dreadful if we had found her the poor-spirited sort of creature that I feared at first. I don't altogether take to her, I must

confess-still, it might be worse."

"Very much worse," answered Mildred, laughingly.
"But we'll find her embarrassing enough as it is," said the lady plain-"With no education, no tively. "With no education, no social training, nothing that a girl in her new position ought to have——"
"Except a head of red gold hair

and Grandy to back her with every-thing he has," said Mildred, gayly. "Mama, it's a dire forecast, but I 'Mama, it's a dire forecast, prophesy your daughter's eclipse by that same red head. going to take by storm."
"Impossible!" said the lady, im-

patiently.
"Just wait a year and see," swered Milly.
"Why, the girl has no claim to

beauty at all," said Mrs. Randall. 'Wait and see," laughed Milly

mother. Nonsense!" said her "My dear, beside you she will always be like some wild weed

to a rose."
"Ah, but wild weeds blossom strangely, mama," said Milly. "Just wait and see." And bending her own "Just queenly form, she dropped a light, laughing kiss on her mother's b and was gone, leaving that good lady rather shaken from her usual placid calm.

For Mrs. Gilbert Randall had from the first found this break of the "wild weed" into the family garden disconcerting.
"I will be held responsible for her

of course," thought the good lady who had walked flowery paths hedged by stately conventions and traditions all her forty years of life. "If she were only a child that we could put to school! But a girl old enough to be out-and I don't suppose she knows a finger-bowl from a drinking glass.'

But when, a few days later, a slight, graceful figure with red gold hair rippling back from a pale, delicate face appeared in the dining room and was given place at the Judge's right hand, Mrs. Gilbert discovered that her fears had been unfounded. The sharp eyes of the little Weasel of old took in every detail of that luxurious table in one comprehensive glance. Lonely little Barbara Graeme had not pored over the heaps of old books in the garret of the Road House all in vain. She had not steadied and trained every shrinking nerve during these long weeks of convalescence to fail in their mastery now. There were some little crudities, it is true, for it was a far call from the old black-beamed kitchen where Gran stirred her bean are a little stronger. We'll buy a saddle horse a little later. I would not trust you on Milly's yet, though

But if "Nellie" was startled at the

a little confusing, if she got spoons and forks a trifle mixed, there was and forks a trifle mixed, there was grandfather at her side, tender, watchful, high bred, to conceal every gaucherie. And so quick and keen were the wakened wits that in two days Nellie's table etiquette was without a flaw. In a week the slight, graceful figure had found its place in the household, and the Judge's little girl was holding her own with a grasp that every day grew stronger, surer, steadier, a grasp that, deep down in her soul, Barbara Graeme rowed should never weaken or loose Though she often shivered and shrank still under the kind clear gaze of grandfather's eye-though Annt Marian" was a chilling shadow glad, girlish laugh rang mockingly in her ear, she was striking deeper every day, every hour, and all her starved, stinted nature was waking

into new life and bloom.

Lottie, the neat handed yellow maid who had been detailed to wait on the invalid after the traine nurse's departure, boasted proudly of her charge in the servants' hall.

"De land, Miss Nellie is a picking up. I nebba seen anything like it. It sort ob skeered me at fust to go into her room—she lay there looking so white and thin and dead, but she's a coming up, shuah."

"Dat she is," agreed Scip, "but do what she will she'll nebba come up to Miss Milly, chile."
"Why won't she?" asked Lottle

defiantly.

"She ain't de pattern," answered

"She ain't de pattern," You kir Scip, nodding his head. "You kin grow and twist and bend folks ez you please, but de Lord dun make de pattern, and dat won't nebba change.

"Dat's so, chile, dat's so," came old Aunt Dill's cracked voice from the chimney corner. "And she ain't de Randall pattern, shuah. I nussed 'em all, and I know. Nebba was hair like dat in de fambly befoah. Dey had gold and yaller and brown, but nebba har and skin like fire in de snow. It's witch har, chile. None ob de Randalls ebba hed witch har befo'!"

"Witch hair! And what is that Aunt Dill ?" asked Lottie, curiously. 'What de witches bez. chile." an swered the old woman, "and dey makes webs and charms and halters wif it. I heern my ole mother say dar ain't no rope in de world strong as a strand ob witch har. None ob de Randall blood ever hed it befo', and it don't mean no good luck, chile I know.

And so, with only faint shadows, like summer cloudlets floating over the glorious sunshine, with sof winds breathing fragrance around her, with love and wealth and power guarding her from every rude blighting touch, Barbara Graeme's blossoming began.

The pony carriage came, and she was soon driving over the smooth well kept roads with Milly or her grandfather, a dainty little figure always in spotless white, with the "witch har," which, despite Aunt Dill's forecast, Lottie learned to twist and coil like "Miss Milly's" round the graceful head. For the grace visible even in those old days when the gray sweater muffled the slender form was Miss Nellie's abiding charm now. There was a poise about her that suggested the lift of a

flower to the sun.

And now that all the shadow of illness had passed, Rosecrofte begar to brighten into its usual summer gladness. Gay guests fluttered in for tea, for luncheon; statelier ones came to call and dine, graver ones gathered around the Judge on porch and in smoking room to discuss weighty questions, for politically as well as socially Roger Randall still held his place as leader. And grave and gay and stately alike found the

The sad story of Elinor Randall was well known in county society, and though gossip may have been ousy behind doors, reviving the unhappy episode of Randall family history, there was a general murmur of flattery and felicitation from all visitors to Rosecrofte.
"A most charming little lady," de-

clared old Colonel Reed, impressively.
"A very interesting face," said
Lawyer Deane thoughtfully; "strangevinteresting."

"Look up, my dear," said old Madam Van Arsdale, tapping the girl's cheek lightly with her feather fan 'I knew and loved your mother well You're not like her, not at all like ner. You haven't her beauty," said the keen-eyed old woman frankly.

But don't worry about that, my dear. You've got a head where she and only a heart. I can plainly see.

"Oh, Milly, do tell us all about ner," pleaded Bess Dixon and Leonie Duval eagerly. "Her mother ran away with a music teacher, we know, and your grandfather would not forgive her, and he found this girl nearly killed in a railroad accident. But what is Where did she get she like, Milly? that hair—and that style?"

"I think Delorme is responsible for the style," said Mildred; "good clothes will do that. But the hair is heaven's own gift. Isn't it beauti

"Beautiful! It's maddening," said ceonie. "It makes one feel like Leonie. tearing out one's own towy locks and buying a copper colored wig. To have a cousin with hair like that resurrected by a doting grandfather, and decked out in Delorme's best would be really more than I could bear. But you are an angel, Milly."

"Not at all, answered Milly, " I have had all, even more than I want, always, and poor little Nellie has had have had all, even more than I want, always, and poor little Nellie has had nothing—not even faith, girls. I don't think she ever says or even knows a prayer. Ah, she has had a with pleasure. A strange light of joy

dark, sad, pitiful life compared with ours, and we are trying to make up to her for all the happy years she

Doesn't she go to church with

you?" asked Bess Dixon.
"To church, my dear? She was never in a church in her life, so she told me yesterday, and I spoke of something being a sin, and she positively did not know what I meant! I doubt whether she even believes in God. But we'll change all that, of course. She is going to Mass with us to morrow, and is quite willing to receive instructions. I am going to take her to Montimerci, and duce her to dear Sister Celestia. That sweet blind saint is the best guide to heaven I know."

Meanwhile, all unconscious of the tender plot weaving for her slumbering soul, "Nellie" was leaning against one of the rose-wreathed pilars of the porch, listening to Allston Leigh, who had come down with his week's end at hospitable Rosecrofte Girls and roses were very well in their way, but Mr. Leigh, who had been the crack oarsman of his college crew ten years ago, felt the olden lure of the blue waters shining in the sun.

that beautiful river yet, Miss Ran-

No." she answered, and a faint hadow flitted over her delicate face "I have been very ill, you know, and am not accustomed to boating."

am not accustomed to boating."
"Then let me introduce you to the
most delightful pastime known," he
said, eagerly. "There is a little skiff
down at the wharf that seems made for a fairy queen. Let us have sunset row. I am a veteran with the oars, so Mrs. Randall will trust you with me, I am sure."

"Certainly," said Aunt Marian who stood nearby talking to old Madam Van Arsdale. "You have only an hour before the sun goes down so don't go very far, Allston. Nellic is not strong vet, and there is a chill on the river at twilight."

"And take this shawl, my dear,

said old Madam Van Arsdale, fling ing her richly embroidered Canton crape shoulder wrap around the whiterobed girl. "You will need it am sure.

Oh, I'll bring her back safe and unchilled, I promise," said Allston, lightly, and then together they went down the soft green-shaded slopes that led to the river—the river of which the dead Elinor had so often reamed, the river on whose shining waters this mock Elinor was ven uring with Allston Leigh as guide There was no voice to whisper warn ing as they went together through the westering sunlight to meet their

TO BE CONTINUED

THE PARTNERSHIP

Michael Wood pressed his lips to thoughtfully. There was also a little

frown between his eyes.

His son stood looking at him earnestly, even pleadingly, as though he were anxious to discover some sign of relenting in his parent's face They were alike—and unlike. The elder Wood was little bald and he had grown heavy with middle life, also, his hair was grey about hi emples. His son was tall, and slim almost to spareness, with dark grey eyes like his father's in color, wide set beneath heavy brows, and a firm aw. It was plain that their wills were about evenly matched, but there the resemblance ended, for the youth's eyes were studious, even mystic, and his face such as a painter might have chosen for a model of some old ascetic : while the father's eyes were swift glancing, appraising, the eyes of a successful business man. His whole demeanor bespoke the wealthy

merchant. Though it was evident that the son's will had clashed with his father's it was also to be observed that the youth's air of quiet persistence was not weaker than the man's determination. For a while the silence continued. John Wood waited still. He had said all that he intended to say, all that there was to be said on his side, and his father had already answered him. He was waiting like-wise, and meanwhile the frown be-

tween his eyes deepened as John gave no sign of accepting his decision. Suddenly, he swung around on his swivel chair and faced his desk. It was strewn with papers. A pile of unopened letters, the morning's mail. lay ready to his hand beside a few shorthand notes that his clerk had placed there for his perusal, a couple of checks that awaited his signature and the morning paper.

The round, white-faced clock ticked loudly. Michael Wood could hear the breathing of his son, the beating of his own heart, but still the boy waited, with an exquisite patience that seemed to fit the mysticism of his eyes. The explosion came ab good ruptly enough :

"You are a fool, John. 'Go to--." he added savagely; then, in a weak attempt to justify himself he added, "since you are obstinately bent on having your own way. But remember, you have no help from me. Not one cent of my money goes to you when I die; not one cent will I give to you to help you in this foolhardy undertaking. Since you have a notion of being a beggar at least do the thing thoroughly. Now you may go. You have my con-sent—on those conditions."

shone in the lad's grey eyes as he raised them to the elder man's face.
"Thank you, father," he said
gently, holding out his hand in fare
well. "You will come and see me
now and then?" he added wistfully.

If you are sure that you will wan his elevation to the priesthood. me," replied the merchant, a little softened in spite of himself. "Have

you money for your journey?"

The boy laughed a little, and the sound relieved the tension: "H you forgotten the conditions?"

reminded him. No, John. And I am not likely to forget. We Woods come of a tough old stock. That is why I consent to let you go. An unwilling clerk is worse than none; the business will Five years." she murmured." "Five and a half," he corrected be all the better without you.

as I have given my consent, I will pay the cost of your journey."
"Better not, father. I would rather let it be as you said." You would rather, yes; but I do not choose. Sit down while I make out a check. When do you go? Don't

be long about it—I am—er—in a hurry to see what comes of your ex-I had planned to go next week, but I will leave at once if you prefer

Michael Wood passed the slip of paper over to his son: "I have paper over to his son: I have made it large enough to cover the return journey," he observed. "But—if I do not return?" "Then—Bah. It makes no differ.

nce. Now go, I have lost too much time already. If you change your mind there is a stool for you in the outer office until you have learned the business, and a partnership for you as soon as you have proved

The boy's lip quivered just a little not because he dreaded leaving these things, but because he could not others were so much more real to

The door closed softly. The mer chant had not seemed to see his son' outstretched hand and John passed through the outer office mechanically not seeing the faces of the men who looked up as he went out.

Afterward he could never remem ber going home, His mind was a blank until he remembered standing before his mother.
"I saw you coming; I have been watching for you," she said tenderly.

"I have done it—he consented," he replied briefly, drawing out the check and showing it to her.
"For what?" she whispered.

her trembling hands into his own "My travelling expenses, mother dear," he faltered and folded her in his arms.
"You will not need it yet, John,"

she said reproachfully. But I do. I am to go as soon as possible, he says, that I may return the sooner." he added with a wistful

smile. The mother's sweet face paled She was very unlike her boy in appearance, being small and frail, seemingly ill-fitted for the storms of life; a being to shield at all costs from adversity, a fair flower that at the last frost would shrivel and fade. Nevertheless the expression that lay hidden in her dark eyes so much resembled his that it marked the kinsembled his that it marked the kin-ship of their souls. She loved her son too wisely to set difficulties in his path, beside, she came of Breton ancestry who had dared heroic things

for the king's sake.

She remembered her grandfather who had gone smiling to the guillotine, and would not be less brave than he in giving the child of her heart to the service of God, a destiny more honorable than any earthly service. But though she endeavored to make light of the parting her son understood her; he, too, remembered some of the things she had told him, and held in reverence the memory of his great grandfather. When night fell and Michael Wood

returned to his house his son was gone. He said but little; his wife hardly spoke at all, but went about her daily tasks gently, as of old, and if she spent more time before the altar of their parish church, scarcely anyone knew it, for she came and went so softly, so fairy-like, that it was as though an angel passed into the far corner where the dim shadows hung about her like a veil to shut her from the sight of earthly eyes the

while she prayed.

Michael affected not to notice his sons absence. Now and then, when the rare letters came from the youthful religious, he would read them in the privacy of his office. Afterward he would lay them on a little priedieu in his wife's room that she might see them also. He never found them again, nor did he ask for them; yet, for all the silence between them there was no estrangement; rather they clung the more closely, like two blind children on a strange road wh fear to speak lest the sound of their voices shall stir up some unsee

danger. Five years went by, leaving the traces of their passing on the mer-chant and his wife. Michael had grown thinner and less alert in his nanner; his eyes had lost a little of their quickness; his hair was white his lips a trifle softer in expression Sometimes his wife thought that he must break through the wall of re-serve that he had built about him, but somehow it never came to that.

Everything that he had touched had prospered exceedingly, but he had kept his word, and no money of his making had found its way to the college where John was already nearly at the end of his course. He

insisted on her right to pay her yearly visit to him whom she had given to God with such large generos

ty.
Then Brother John wrote to his parents. It was a joint letter this time, bidding them come to witness

Michael passed the letter across the breakfast table to his wife I shall not go, of course," he remarked briefly.

She did not look up for a moment.

her eyes were travelling rapidly over the closely written page, but long before she came to the end of it her fore she came to the end of it her sight failed her and she laid the letter

the boy was right after all. It is "the boy was right after all. It is very disappointing," he grumbled, half heartedly.

She rose from her seat and came and stood beside him: "Disappoint-

ing!" she repeated.

He started a little and flushed un easily under the gentle reprimand of her tone: "I wanted to make him a partner," he returned.

And then-?" "He would have succeeded me the old name would not have died out.

And then-9" "He would have had a son—sons The business would have been an old one in the third generation."

"And then——?"
He swung around and faced her "What do you mean?" he asked quickly and looked her in the eyes. They were very grave, but there was a hint of a smile upon her lips. She

did not answer him.
"Then — oh — er—then — "he said

feebly.

The smile conquered her lips at last, spread to her eyes and she knelt beside him tenderly as though she would persuade him.

Half unconsciously one arm stole

around her and he drew her head down upon his shoulder, but still he did not speak. A solemn silence fell upon their hearts. Michael reached out his hand and took the letter from

her.
"Don't read it to me—not now she begged.

You don't want to hear it?" "No, I want to see it-later on-

He recoiled as though she had struck him: "Alone! Jeanne!" he groaned, and drew her close to him again, as if in protest.

You do not understand, Michael gave him to God long ago. You vanted—to—to make a partner of im. It would pain you to read that etter to me; it would hurt me to near you ; it would spoil the joy of it to know that it grieved you."

"The joy!" he muttered, loosing

his clasp of her.
She raised her face pleadingly to his: "Can't you understand, Michael? Can't you?" she repeated, and it to him that her eyes were bright, like stars. "My grandfather served the King of France; his name has gone down in history as a hero because he—died for Him. My son is far more honored than he, for he ives for God. After the fashion of his great grandfather, he may even die for Him. Such things happen

sometimes." Her voice had a ring in it that he did not recognize; that he felt no de sire to know. His will was still unbroken though time, and other things had bent it. He held her off from him that he might read the soul signals in her dark eyes. The peace of her gaze startled him for his own spirit was in conflict with a host of dimly comprehended forms that were not even thoughts. He realized that he was groping in darkness and groaned under his breath.

She rose unsteadily and slipped from the room, still holding precious letter tightly clutched in her hand, and he suffered her to go. he scarcely knew when she went, for the hour of battle was upon

Afterward he marvelled at the strength of the tide that had gone near to overwhelm him, at the fe ness of the strokes with which he met the efforts of his antagonist, yet he need not have wondered that the battle went against him for Jeanne was praying still, as she had done for five years and a half, and Brother John was offering for him the prayers and sufferings of a heart dedicated to the service of the Divine Lover of of souls. He had given of his best

Would God be outdone in generosity?
The days passed and Michael still kept silence, but Jeanne smiled softly as she knelt at her prayers in the dark corner of the big church, for it was drawing near to Christmas and she had planned a great surprise for Michael then-and a great triumph for herself.

She heard stories now and again tales that sent a happy flush to her cheeks and a joyous tingling into her very finger tips. People began to say that Michael Wood had grown incautious of late. One or two owned to having received assistance from him ; his head clerk had been almost shocked to find his salary raised sud denly, and without any request on his part. The following month the men in the outer office discovered that their value had increased in like proportion and they were awed.

But Michael was hard still and cold. It was as though he could not free his heart from the iron cage into which he had thrust it nearly six years before, and Jeanne began to look wistful—the time was drawing near—so very near. It was the 20th of December, five days before Christmas, when she bade Michael farewell

at the station. He went to see her off, courteous as always, to see that she hadethe

best seat in the car, that she was provided with magazines and wraps, the hundred and one things with which a traveller encumbers herself She returned with him to the door of the car. "If you were only coming,

the car. "If you were of The engine bell began to swing ; here was a little bustle consequent on some last minute arrivals; a

"Hurry up there! Watch your step! All aboard!" and the train pulled slowly out of the station. Michael led his wife to her seat;

is lips were curiously white. it matter if—if—I come like this?"
he asked with a strange tight feeling

in his throat.
"Matter! Ob, Michael!" she replied.

He swung the next chair around so that it faced hers and sat down, but neither spoke for a long time.

That feast of St. Thomas was as a a vision of light. Jeanne's eyes sparkled and shone. Michael looked at them now and then and thought them the most beautiful eyes he had ever seen. like crystals washed in dew that gave off prismatic reflec-tions in the sunlight.

The college chapel was filled to

overflowing, but space had been re-served for the parents of the candidates. Michael's reserve had broken some things he had said, and of others that he had done, but he thanked God that they had not hindered the glory of this day.

Jeanne surprised him twice in a furtive attempt to dry his eyes; the second time she slipped her hand into his and left it there, and presently he led her to the alter foot to share with her the first blessing of their son.

Later, on the same day, they strolled together beside the broad river that flowed so silently beneath its crust of ice. Father John had them by their hands, walking between them. "You will come home for Christ-mas, John?" said his father wist-

fully.
"Surely, Mother arranged all that

long ago."
"And you will accept the partnership now?"
"I? Oh, no—not now, father," he

returned, a little puzzled.
"It was my condition; you have proved yourself, John. I must keep my word." he insisted.

The young priest smiled. "Then you shall — but we must talk to Father Guardian about that." And so it was that the mission of St. John, in Borneo, took Father

John's place and became a partner in his father's business. A sleeping partner," Michael

called it. But when the young missionary wrote them brief and burried notes, in his rare moments of leisure, he protested that the mission of patron, St. John, was eminently the working partner in the firm of Wood & Son.-Mary Agatha Gray, in St. Anhony's Almanac.

GENERAL INTENTION FOR NOVEMBER

RECOMMENDED AND BLESSED BY HIS HOLINESS PIUS X.

HELP FOR THE DYING

The General Intention for the pres ent month, while always practical nust impress us with its opportuneness. The war now raging in Europe has already sent thousands of souls prematurely to meet their Maker, nd may, before its sanguinary work is ended, send thousands more on the same dread journey. Many of these who in moments less exciting than those of battle would crave our prayers to help them on the way. Catholics the lack of preparation in those awaiting their final summons is one of the direct horrors of war but we forget that other horror, the ceaseless war that is being continual ly waged around us, the silent work of death that sends more souls before God daily than the bloodiest war of history ever did. Do we ever stop to think of the daily harvest reaped by death throughout the world? Do we ever ask whether or not we can do anything to help souls to die well? We must surely know that all depends upon a good death, and it is the most stupendous folly any one

can be guilty of to put off reconcili-ation with God until one's faculties have lost their vigor and the shadows of the other world have begun to darken the light of this. Unhappily that is what a large number do There are multitudes who are care-less about the one and only thing that really matters, multitudes who cast aside all thought of preparation for the supreme moment of death. They are young and healthy, maybe, and death has a far away echo they do not want to hear; they are im mersed in business or in pleasures, and the thought of death is unwelcome; they will not take the trouble to bother about it. Still time is short; life is flitting; as men live so are they liable to die; and the grim reaper is advancing rapidly. We should at least as a duty of charity think of those who do not think of themselves. So many of our fellowmen are going daily and hourly to meet their Maker that our prayers and supplications should never cease for them. The last few moments that they can claim as their own before they are plunged into eternity are so precious, and at the same time so perilous, that of our charity we should continually implore God to extend His mercy to all who have

reached their dying hour. We should