

All Who Name the Name.

(Continued from page 2002.)

happy day," the clerk had said as he gave her her bundle. The kind wish and the air of good cheer that had pervaded the village clung to her thoughts. For the first time she felt something like understanding sympathy for the girl before her. The spirit of the season had touched a tender chord in her nature—a nature latently kind, but made hard by what she would have called the practical common sense of her up-bringing. She wished she could do something to show her sister-in-law that she was sorry for her, something more than the ordinary work of her hands. But she had never been used to bestowing caresses or uttering soft words, and she could not do either now. In the distance a church bell began to ring, the sound coming faint and silvery on the clear air. Marie heard it, and uncovered her face to listen.

"Sister Janet," she asked, "will you go with me to mass?"

Had Janet McIvor been asked, in all seriousness, to take a trip to the moon, she could not have been more astonished. "Me!" she exclaimed, "Ta mass! Why, Marie, child, ye maun be fair oot o' yer head. Are ye no' aware that I'm a member o' the Auld Kirk?"

"Please come with me, Sister Janet," was all Marie's answer.

"But ye're no' strang enoo after sittin' an' mopin' for weeks. It's a gude walk ower the snowy road."

"I know, but I feel strong to-night—stronger and better than since—" her voice choked. Then she said pleadingly, "Please come with me, Janet."

The tender chord set in motion by the happy human scenes of the morning was still vibrating in Janet McIvor's breast. "Merry Christmas, ma'am. Hope ye'll have a happy day." Could she expect to be either merry or happy if she refused the appeal of this girl who had a claim on her kindness because she was her brother's wife? Yet, go to mass! How could she, and not feel that she had forever forfeited her standing as a member of the Auld Kirk?

"Please come." This time Marie's appeal was accompanied by a soft hand raised to her sister-in-law's cheek and allowed to rest there.

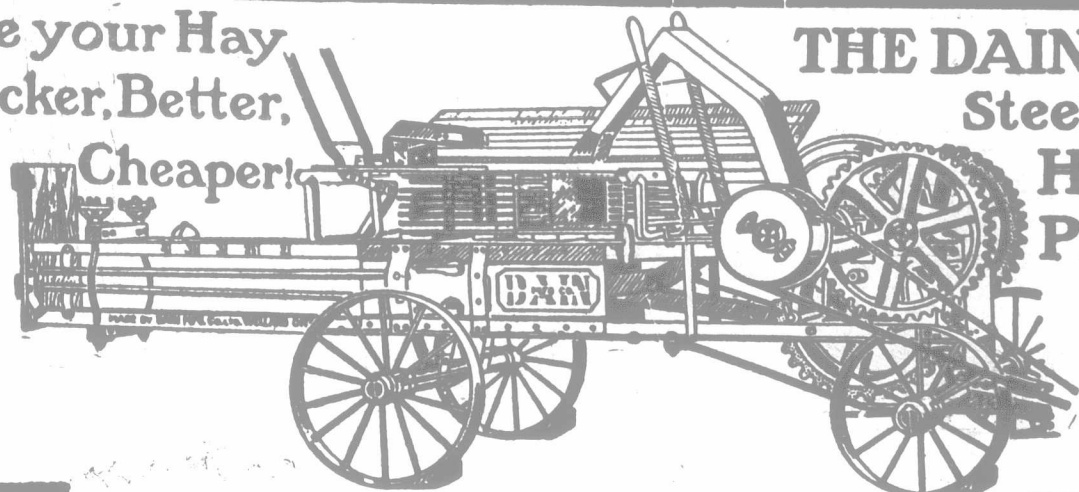
"Weel, I expected mony strange adventures in this country, especially i' this pairt o' it, an' I'm no' disappointed i' what I'm gettin'," she said grimly. She looked both grave and excited as she put on her wrap.

As they stepped outside, the beauty of the night came to them like a blessing. Everywhere the snow lay in soft undulations, unbroken, except where wound the road which led to the Jesuit Mission. Above them the stars shone in myriads, while here and there across the clear, dark-blue vault of the sky stretched pathways of light—the ghost-walks to the Indian's paradise. In the north an opal glow that sometimes broke and shot forth great tongues of flame, told to the Indians, who remembered the legends of their race, that Manabuzho's fires of promise were still burning. Janet McIvor knew nothing of Indian beliefs and legends, but to Marie, who had heard them from earliest childhood, the stories of the milky way and of the aurora were real, and, for a moment, as she looked at the glory above her, they came to her memory and made her forget her sorrow. She turned a bright face to her companion. "Thank you, Janet, for coming," she said simply.

They entered the village and passed the great cross raised many years ago to protect the settlement from the coming of a plague, then the little Indian churchyard where the graves—the signs of defeat—were now lost under the merciful snow, and only their emblems of victory, distinct under the starlight, showed that here was God's acre. In the long village street people were hastening to the church; Indian families, the sisters who labored among them, and here and there an English-speaking visitor from a near-by settlement.

Janet strode grimly on. "I'm no' certain I'm doin' right," she said to herself, "but it's a' on account o' that

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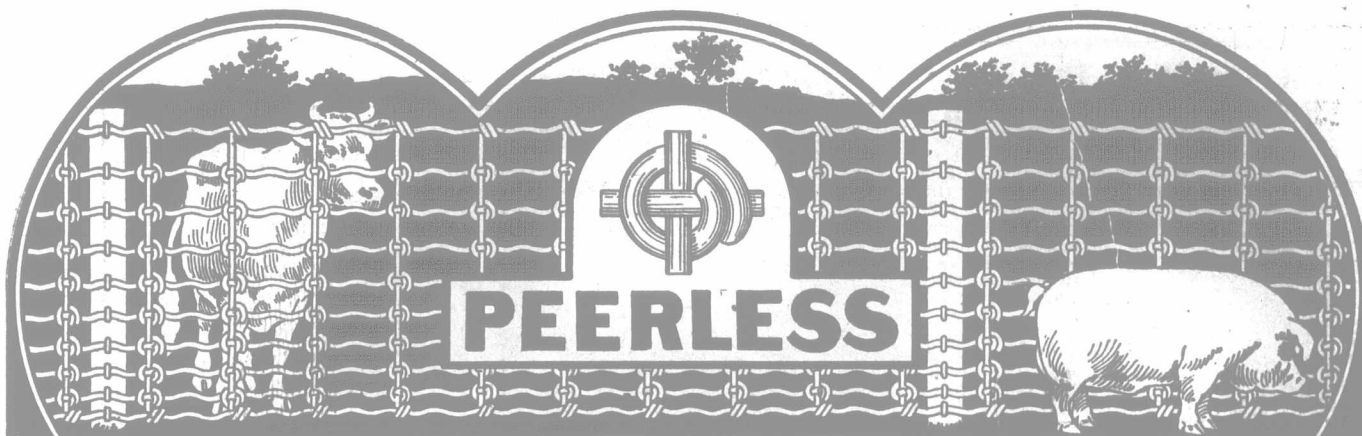
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