

through them you will be able to see what a rare woman my mother is. The first C stands for contentment. The dictionary gives various meanings, but the one I like best is "to be satisfied so as to stop complaint." So many useful lives, my boy, are cankered and ruined by discontent, and so many golden hours are fretted away in pitiable lamentations against destiny. By contentment I do not mean that narrow self-satisfaction that never reaches out after anything nobler, but I do mean that calm living that knows that God puts his children in the place where they are best fitted for, and that when we have learned to fill it acceptably, faultlessly, he will pass us on into higher grades of service, and these violets peeping from behind the letter symbolize this serenity of mind so necessary to a useful and happy life.

The second C means courage, as Worcester gives it, "that quality of mind which resists danger"; courage to overcome oneself, one's disposition, and make ourselves lovable, courage to overcome despondency, when dark days are sent us, courage to resist the devil, and all his emissaries, and courage to stand up for one's convictions even at the risk of being dubbed crank; and this velvety, star-like flower is the edelweiss, which, as you know, pushes its head through the snows of the most sterile mountain heights.

The third C, twined with lillies of the field, is chastity, the definition generally accepted being "without stain," without stain of mind, of body and of speech, and this last means no sympathy with those coarse jests that whether deservedly or not, are attributed to medical students. It means that chivalrous regard for womanhood that makes it absolutely impossible for one to bring by word or deed, the blush of shame to the face of a girl, no matter in what station of life, the housemaid, as well as the professor's daughter.

The fourth C means charity, love, benevolence. Not only tolerance towards the mistakes and follies of others, but forbearance and a helping hand especially to those who never had the moral training that you have had, my son, realizing at all times your own need of forgiveness from him who was tempted without sin. The flower, whose tendrils have caught this letter, is the passion flower, typical of the great love by which the world is redeemed.

And the fifth C, so large that it encircles all the others, means Christ, whose life among men is an absolute and convincing argument that humanity can attain to all these things. Put it on the wall near your bed, my boy, where you can see it the first thing in the morning, and the last thing at night; when it will remind you of mother, and the kind of a man she wants you to become.

Hermann, who to all appearances, had been absorbed in balancing a penknife upon his thumb, looked up and said slowly: "And your mother can say all those beautiful things about courage and contentment, lying there all those years?"

"Yes, she suffers greatly at times, but through it all she is brave and patient, and being a great reader keeps her mind and heart in tune with the world. She is one of God's saints," said Philip, his eyes glowing.

"So is my mother. She died when I was a little shaver; had she lived, perhaps I might have been different."

"But why?" asked Philip, who knew more of his friend's escapades than Hermann thought possible. "Isn't it as honorable to try to please a saint in heaven as a saint on earth?"

Hermann had never thought of it in this

way, and the blood mounted to cheeks and brow as certain facts rushed across his mind; had he not idled away a good part of the term relying upon the assistance of a tutor to get him over the coming examinations? had he not spent a small fortune in larks, sometimes keeping hours that would have shocked his father had he known? had he not exactly thirty-eight cents in his pocket, and this by no means the first time his prodigal use of a too generous allowance had forced him to borrow from friends? What did he know of courage and chastity, he who often visited the beer garden and cheap vaudeville, where the coarse jest and innuendo were met with uproarious applause? He who only the night before, or more correctly speaking, that very morning, had been smuggled to his rooms half drunk? He closed the little knife sharply, every word from that invalid mother seemed a direct message to him.

"Look here, Cameron, I believe you know more of my sins than I do myself. Why did you tell me all this—it hits me straight?"

"Why did I? Because you asked me to, and because I like you."

Here Philip looked up with a warm smile. "Genuinely, although I do not like some of the company you keep, you're miles above them, old fellow, and they are dragging you down. Why, it is the strangest thing to me, your indifference to your opportunities; just compare them with some of us, who are working our way."

"I never mistrusted it until to-day," began Hermann, then finding he had blundered, he exclaimed: "Pardon me."

"That's all right. Why, I suppose your list of extras amounts to more than my yearly expenses, but do you ever stop to put a correct estimate on your opportunities? Why! they are simply grand, an intellect above the average, plenty of the wherewithal to acquire a finished education, a long line of medical ancestry, and a father who stands among the foremost surgeons of America, and who will, of course, use his influence in your behalf, when you begin the battle of life."

"Yes, father has set his heart on my succeeding him. My profession was all mapped out for me years ago, but I've often wondered what influenced your choice?"

"My mother; she thinks it a grand life-work, and then since her illness I've had a definite purpose in mind, a very wild one of course, but like all of us, I want to get to the top, and when I do I shall try to discover if something can't be done for her. We've had different specialists, but all seem to be of the opinion that she will never be any better; one suggested an operation for \$600. Why, it is all father can do to hold on to the farm with doctors' bills and a housekeeper all the time. So you see why I am in such dead earnest to get on my feet."

"Different specialists," the words flashed upon Hermann's brain with the force of a stroke of lightning; he almost started to his feet, then recovering himself, sat in deep thought for a few minutes, when rising to go, he said:

"Cameron, I wish you'd bring that card of yours," indicating the Five C's, "and make me a visit of a few weeks."

Philip looked the astonishment he felt. "You mean you want me to live more comfortably than I do here, so you are putting it in the light of a visit?"

"No, I have purely selfish reasons, the fact is—well, you put it right a few minutes ago, they are not only dragging me down, but dragging me down at a breakneck pace, and I haven't sand enough to keep them off."

"Then you see how impossible it would be for me to work in your rooms, those fellows are dodging in and out at all hours."

"That's just what I mean, your being there is the best possible excuse for them to stay away. I want to buckle down to work. I feel sure I can if you are there, digging away at the same time. You don't know, you can't understand the position I lie in. I won't blame you if you do not go, any way. I'll tell you the worst," here his voice vibrated with disgust, "I was drunk last night, almost drunk enough to be kicked into the gutter. I'd like to be kicked all over the campus to see if it would knock any sense into me. What do you suppose my father would say? He choked back the lump that rose in his throat, thrust his hands in his pockets and started for the door, but Philip took him by the shoulders, turned him around and forced him into a chair, then looking at him fixedly, said in a low, clear voice:

"You shall never pain him by that knowledge; that will never happen again, will it?"

Hermann returned his gaze, as one fascinated, until his eyes caught and reflected some of the calm, fearless strength of those others, then said very slowly, as if measuring the force of each word: "No, God helping me, I don't really care for the stuff; I was never drunk before."

"Then I'll come."

"To-day?" asked Hermann, his face revealing the anxiety he felt.

"To-day; just as soon as I can pack up."

An half hour later the Five C's was placed upon the wall of Hermann's handsomely appointed bedroom, and Hermann, hammer in hand, asked: "Is it even?"

"There, a little down on the left side, that's right," answered Philip, who had stepped back to criticise, but he had scarcely finished when a shaft of late sunlight (it seemed akin to miraculous since the day had been unusually dark and stormy), shot into the room, and lay directly across the gilt letters, and the closely-cropped blonde head beside them, enveloping them in a golden haze.

"It's a good omen," exclaimed Philip. And it was. Hermann Gebhardt proved himself worthy the friendship, and plunged into his studies with a zeal that together with Philip's assistance, brought at the close of the term a rank of which he had no reason to be ashamed, and the little banner kept its place not only that year but through the entire course, and at this time it may be found in a quaint room across the seas, where the young men have begun a two years' training in a large German hospital. I said the Five C's, I should have said another, and fresher one, painted by the same loving hands, and should you turn it over you will see in small, beautiful handwriting the words, "For my boys."

You will understand that added letter, also the strength to which that friendship begun it were so unequally, has grown, as, when I tell you of some thing that happened the June following the opening of our story:

Dr. Gebhardt came on from the West, ostensibly to attend commencement; this seemed strange to Philip, since his friend's graduation was yet several years in the future, but when the great man begged the privilege of seeing his mother and studying the case, his wonder increased, and when after visiting the little farm among the Berkshire hills, it was decided that an operation could be performed, and with but ordinary risks, and to his father's question of remuneration the doctor had said, "Tut,