

REAPING THE WHIRLWIND

BY CHRISTINE FABER CHAPTER XXXVI

Miss Burchill had scarcely finished her quiet lunch when a message was brought to her from Mr. Robinson to the effect that he wished to see her in his study. Such a summons was so rare that it caused her to wonder and become exceedingly anxious.

"Just draw a chair up here, Miss Burchill," he said, as if he were too much absorbed in the paper to pay her any save the most cursory attention. She obeyed, and when she was seated he turned the paper to her, pointing to a column which was headed:

"No clue as yet to the whereabouts of the escaped convict Chester Horton."

"Did you know that he'd escaped?" he asked, drawing the paper from her. She had become so pale that even her lips were bloodless; but when he answered a faint "Yes," the color surged back madly into her face and neck.

"Well," said Robinson, rising, and kicking his chair from him, "there ain't no use in mincing matters any longer. I'll just tell you at once what I wanted you for."

He stood directly before her, his hands behind his back, where they worked nervously together, and his yellow cheeks beginning to glow in spots, as they always did in excitement.

"Chester Horton's escaped, and he's here in Esaubury. He's down at Hogan's; but I've got him so well shadowed by this time that getting away is no possible way of his getting away again. Now, what I've got to say is this: as I told you before, I ain't no special cause to like the man, and it would be just the sweetest bit of revenge I've had in a good while to turn him over to the law. But I won't do it; and I'll go further than that. I'll get him safely off anywhere he wants to go; I'll let Cora go with him if she wants to, and I'll give 'em both plenty of means to last 'em all their life, if you'll marry me, Miss Burchill."

She sprang from her chair, but it was only to sink into it again overpowered by a horror which had left her voiceless, and she lifted her hands in mute protestation and entreaty, while her agonized face must have touched any heart save the pitiless one of him who stood unmoved before her. Her thoughts were one wild chaos; she did not even think to question how he came by his information. She could think of nothing save the dreadful misery and degradation—such a marriage must entail—which were proposed to her.

"And I won't ask you to marry me," the hard, rapid voice resumed, "until I've fulfilled all my part of the contract, until you've seen that your uncle has got away safe and sound. I won't ask anything more than that you let me tell people we're engaged."

"I cannot do it," the white lips moaned at last. "Oh, Mr. Robinson, have some pity on my heart, and don't ask me to marry you. I do not love you."

"But I love you, and I reckon it amounts to the same thing. Besides you'll have a rich husband, and that's about all most girls want these days."

"I cannot marry you," Mildred repeated, and she attempted once more to stand, but the room seemed to swim about her, and she sank again into her chair.

new disgust. But the sacrifice must be made if she would redeem her promise to the dead, if she would save the living.

"I consent," she said, with a gasp. The red spots on his cheeks became redder, while his little eyes seemed fairly to blaze, and his whole manner became violently agitated.

"Then you will be my wife," he said, his very voice shaking, "and I may call you Mildred from this time? Eh?"

He bent to her, trying to put his arm about her. The undesired familiarity lent her new and sudden strength. She sprang from him as if he were some mad beast.

"Do not dare to touch me!" she cried. "My consent to your cruel proposal has been wrung from me. Fulfill your part of the contract, and leave me undisturbed to fulfil my part in sacrifice and anguish."

She had gone from the room leaving him surprised, somewhat discomfited, and more eager than ever to make her his wife that he might compel her to wifely love and obedience. She hastened to her room to pour out her grief in fruitless tears, and Cora, who was wondering at Miss Burchill's absence, sought frequently to enter, was as often gently denied admission.

Should she see to tell her uncle of her trial? She felt that he would instantly give himself up in order to prevent her sacrifice. Should she tell Cora, impetuous, generous-hearted Cora? She feared some outbreak there which might culminate fatally for her uncle's prospects.

Her thoughts turned to Thurston. But even if she were not bound by her promise of concealment to Horton, what good could Thurston effect in this case? He might—indeed, probably he would—counsel her not to sacrifice herself; but how could he help her? He had neither the wealth nor the influence of Robinson, nor was he powerful enough to foil Robinson's efforts for the recapture of the convict. Thus thinking, she wept and prayed by turns, interrupted only by the frequent gentle knock and piteous voice of Cora begging to be admitted, never having been so long or so strangely excluded from Miss Burchill's room before. She had become fretfully anxious, but all her efforts were met with the same gentle denial and request to be left alone for a little while. The governess could not see Cora in her present distracted state. At last a sealed letter was pushed under the door, and Cora's voice sounded at the same time in accents at once tearful and petulant.

"Here is a letter from Mr. Thurston." Mildred dragged herself from the bed, beside which she had been kneeling, and picked up the letter. She had taken no note of time in her anguish, and so painfully absorbed did she continue to be that she was rather surprised to find it had become evening. She made a light and broke open the letter, wondering curiously what could be the purpose of its contents, but having no premonition of the renewed anguish which those contents were to cause her. The letter was a manly offering of Gerald's heart and hand.

TO BE CONTINUED BACK HOME

By Helen Moriarty in St. Anthony Messenger Mrs. McNamee cast a casual but anxious eye at her son as he toyed languidly with his breakfast.

"Are your eggs cooked right, Joe?" she asked, brushing an imaginary crumb off the table cloth and pushing the salt shaker closer to him.

Joe smiled up at her affectionately. "Just exactly right, mother," he said. "They're great." But he stirred the contents of his egg-cup absently, and yawned a little. "I'm not very hungry this morning," as he met his mother's wistful eye.

ready to quit! Queer business, I say!" He pushed back his chair quickly, leaving the balance of his coffee untouched, and walked moodily out of the dining room.

Mrs. McNamee looked after her son, checking the impulsive question on her lips. There was something troubling him, she knew that, but her intuitive tact told her when to let him alone. She sighed as she began to clear off the table, and that he should be so moody!

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"You didn't eat very much supper last night," his mother reminded him. You don't feel sick, do you, dear?"

"Heaven, no, mother; I'm fit as a fiddle!" "But if you have no appetite—" in a worried tone.

Something like that, the president conceded with a worried air. "Does she know I'm back and ready to go to work?" Joe persisted.

"Well," cautiously, "she could have heard us talk of you, but I never had the heart to tell her, and that's the truth."

"Well," said Joe, rising with great dignity, "I guess that means I'll have to look for another job."

"Nothing of the sort," the president assured him crisply. "Now don't you go and bungle things! I wouldn't give you up for six girls, but you see how I'm fixed, don't you? You could," he offered suggestively, "come in and knock around at some of the other desks—"

But Joe shook his head. "My old job or none," he said briefly. Nevertheless he felt somewhat appeased, though he told himself he couldn't see what it was all about. "The Old Man's got mighty tender-hearted all of a sudden," he muttered grumpily. "Then he had—ah—inspiration. 'I believe I'll go in and introduce myself,' he announced lazily, 'then she'll surely know I'm back.'"

"A good idea," Mr. Hunt answered with alacrity. "Come along, I'll introduce you myself." The girl at Joe's old desk turned as Mr. Hunt addressed her. She had a pale, rather interesting face framed in quantities of brown hair and she smiled gravely at the stranger.

"You must excuse me for not rising," she said, "but I—"

"Miss Barry's slightly incapacitated," the president explained, as he rather hastily withdrew.

"Oh, don't mention it," Joe replied to the young woman, as his eye fell on a crutch leaning against her desk. "I—ah—I used to work here, you know—in the office, I mean, but I was fondering about hopelessly. A cripple! Well, that explained everything."

"Oh," the girl said, "did you?" And as their eyes met Joe knew that he had no need to tell her who he was. His self-possession returned to him on the instant.

"Yes," he went on easily, "and I was just saying to Mr. Hunt that I will find it hard to get accustomed to my new job and to new people."

The girl was staring at him. "Here you are not coming back here?" She asked slowly.

Joe shook his head and smiled at her with apparent frankness. "No; but I'll say this: There are no nicer people in the world to work for."

"Mr. McNamee!" the girl exclaimed in great surprise. "What are you doing here?"

"Why, Miss Barry, I didn't know you!" Joe stammered. "I didn't expect to see you here, and besides I thought you were—I thought you—"

He stopped and looked at her in deep confusion. Miss Barry was mystified. "Thought I was what?" she asked curiously.

"The crutch, you know," Joe murmured helplessly. "You are not lame after all."

"Oh," the girl laughed out merrily. "That was only a sprained ankle. And you thought I was a cripple? How funny!" Then she looked at him keenly. "But what are you doing here?"

"Working," laconically. "Not really," the girl gasped. "Oh," as Joe added, "what will Mr. Hunt do without you? If you know how much he depended on you and how anxious he has been for you to come back—"

Joe broke in here. "You didn't tell me this when I saw you a week ago," he stated calmly.

"I know," Miss Barry met his accusing eyes steadily, but there was a slight quiver on her lip. "I did wrong, and I was ashamed. Listen!" as Joe, flushing hastily, started to speak. "I did want to stay there, and I knew they were trying to make another place for me. I knew you were home, but I thought a little while wouldn't matter to you, and it meant so much to me. I—I'm not very experienced," she faltered, "and I dreamed a strange office—"

"Please don't say any more, Miss Barry. Indeed I do understand, and it doesn't matter in the least." He was regarding her very kindly.

"Oh, but it does," earnestly. "For if Mr. Hunt has lost you it's all my fault. And it was so nasty of me to stay on and keep you out of your job, and that day when I saw you limping a little, though you tried to hide it, I felt like the meanest person that ever lived!"

"And you quit just to give me back my job? You're a trump all right!" "But what good did it do," Miss Barry said, on the verge of tears, "when you went and got another position? Why did you do it—oh why did you do it?"

Joe saw he must make some sort of an answer. "Why, you see," he began, "why—you see—I thought—"

He looked so confused that a light dawned on Miss Barry.

it be felt in our own fair Canada, would convince the most indifferent of their own advantages and would stimulate them to spread the treasures of their faith.

We left Yokohama for the ports of Kobe and Nagasaki. A most delightful and restful day was passed as we wended our way between what is conceded to be the most lovely sheet of calm water on the face of the globe. The islands of the Inland Sea are of every conceivable variety of fantastic and volcanic shape and beauty. We found much food for thought as we skirted along these picturesque shores realizing that we were not far from the island where Catholic Faith had endured without priest or altar for over three hundred years.

One beautiful scene follows another in rapid succession until we reach the spacious harbor of Nagasaki at the entrance of which a large rock rises from the sea from which thousands of Christians were driven during the persecution of three centuries ago. Here, during that terrible time was renewed the heroic virtues and sufferings of the early Church.

After visiting the Cathedral, we took a rickshaw to the Church of our Lady of Martyrs which is said to be the most beautiful in Japan, gift of a pious French Lady. The venerable Bishop Combaz related to us the wonderful story of the martyrs converted by St. Francis Xavier. In October, the month of our Lady of the Rosary, 1588, after a savage seclusion of over two hundred years, Japan opened her ports to foreign vessels. The missionaries followed and in 1584, a small Gothic Church was erected at Nagasaki. The statue of Mary soon attracted the descendants of the Christians who had remained true to their faith. These came drawn by an irresistible grace to the spot dedicated to the Queen of Martyrs. On St. Patrick's day, Friday, March 17, 1885, a group of men, women and children whose behavior denoted more than mere curiosity, were standing in front of the Church of the twenty-six Martyrs. Father Petitjean afterwards Bishop, inspired without doubt, by his Guardian Angel, joined the group. The door of the Church had been shut; he opened it; then followed by his visitors and calling upon them God's blessing, he proceeded towards the sanctuary. When he arrived before the Tabernacle, he knelt down and adored Our Lord Jesus Christ in the Holy Eucharist. "I worship Him and earnestly begged Him to vouchsafe place on my lips the words that might touch my hearers and gain them to His love." But he had scarcely begun praying the time of an Our Father, when three women came and knelt near him; then one of them, placing her hand on her heart, said to him in a whisper, as if fearing the walls might betray her words: "The heart of all those here present is the same as yours." "Indeed, answered the Father, but where do you come from?" "We are all from Urakami. At Urakami nearly all have the same heart as we have. Where is the statue of the Blessed Virgin?" Father Petitjean, on hearing this blessed name, doubted no more that he was in presence of ancient Japanese Christians. Words fall him to thank God for the joy this revelation brought to his heart, God has rewarded him for the five years passed, barren of consolations and conversions: Now surrounded by these who were unknown to him yesterday, and pressed with questions as to the Church who have found their father, he leads them to the altar of the Virgin. They follow, kneel with him and try to pray but their joy was too great. "Yes, it is indeed Sancta Maria!" they exclaim before the statue of our Lady: "Do you see on her arms her Divine Son?" Then, they press the missionary with questions on the Saviour and the Blessed Virgin. They speak of the beautiful feast Christmas which they celebrate in the month of...

"We celebrate the feast of Our Lord the twenty-fifth of the frosty month," said one of the women present. "We have been told that it was on that day, towards midnight, that He was born in a poor stable; He then grew up in poverty and suffering and when He was thirty-three years old, He died on a cross for the salvation of our souls. At present, we are in a time of sorrow. Have you these solemnities?" "Oh yes," answered Father Petitjean, "we are now on the seventeenth day of the time of sorrow." He understood that by these words they meant Lent. They also spoke to him of St. Joseph, whom they called the foster-father of Jesus.

They separated at last, not without regret; it was a measure of prudence, they did not wish to awaken the suspicions of the police that was keeping watch at the door. Yet before sending away these Christians whom he already called his Christians, Father Petitjean made them promise soon to return.

The Japanese Christians were not satisfied with what they had heard thus far. The doctrine concerning the Blessed Virgin agreed with theirs, it is true; yet they inquired into two other points before they would give their full confidence to the missionaries. The chieftains of the city of Shittou, asked among other things: "Has your country the same heart as that of Rome? Is it the great City of Rome that sends you?" When they were told that the then gloriously reigning Vicar of Christ on earth, Pope Pius XI, would rejoice exceedingly at the consoling news of the discovery of the Christians, they could not refrain from expressing their joy. "Have you no children?" they asked the

A VOYAGE TO THE ORIENT

The following interesting details have been forwarded by a Missionary Sister of the Immaculate Conception, Oshimont, Montreal, to her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles J. Kelly, Allumette Island.

Very much discomposed was the manager's countenance as he came back. Joe, it appeared, was working. He had gotten another job.

That the manager escaped with his life was the wonder of the whole office after the next grilling half hour with an outraged and indignant president. Mr. Hunt was really attached to Joe. He had himself trained the boy in his own ways and methods until he had become, as far as the value of his services were concerned, second only in importance to the manager of the whole concern. Only a high sense of patriotism obliged Mr. Hunt to yield to Joe's desire to enlist, and he had been looking forward for a long time to the secretary's return. Then, to satisfy the manager's wish to keep a line on Miss Barry, he had been putting Joe off from week to week, and now he had lost him! And what, he would like to know, would people say to him for this shabby treatment of a returned soldier, to say nothing of losing the only man about the place that amounted to a hill of beans! And in the midst of it all came a letter from Miss Barry, home that day on sick leave, tendering her resignation. She had no desire, she said, to keep a returned soldier out of his position. She thanked Mr. Hunt most sincerely for his kindness to her, but she was not coming back. She had in fact, secured another position! In spite of his anger, Mr. Hunt was obliged to laugh as he perceived this ingenuous epistle.

"Well, you've succeeded in messing up things beautifully," he growled, as he flung the letter at the manager and pointed to the door.

Some time during the following Monday Joe McNamee had occasion to leave his desk in the offices of the Union Steel Castings Company and seek out the head of a certain department for special instructions. As he was going down a narrow hall he was approached by a young woman who looked at first glance surprisingly like Miss Barry at his old office. Why, my goodness, it must be her twin sister, for it couldn't possibly be—

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