

### INTRODUCTORY.

We hear at every turn, war is hell. Can any good come of it? Around this thought I have created a romance of fiction. A story of ruined home surroundings, sacrificed love, and a religion so big that life itself was relinquished in order that a bar of hate between two brothers might be broken down. In this cause Barr Eastling, as I have named my hero, leaves, even in death, a living memory of prayer consisting of a Rosary made of shrapnel and bones taken from his own body. Where could there be a more fitting resting place for this than in the Church of his faith?

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