

to an amazing whiteness. In the cloisters where the monks may walk up and down in winter each has a little, narrow seat, with his name on it, and this, with the straw mattress in a doorless cubicle just big enough to hold it, appears to be the only thing he may call his own. They sleep in their robes which are renewed clean every week.

When we had seen all this it was time for lunch, and after that, hearty good-byes with such of the monks as we had come to know. We climbed the hill and set out along the road back to the village, leaving the hundred or so monks to their never-ceasing round of prayer, work and contemplation. Time deals kindly with them in that retreat set down in the forest-clad hills overlooking

the Lake of Two Mountains. The years for them will roll round unaccompanied by distractions or worries until one by one they join the fourteen now resting in the little graveyard under the shadow of their altar.

We had now to cross the river to the Island of Montreal, and in a couple of hours we had landed at Ste. Anne de Bellevue, where we had an opportunity to visit the Macdonald Institute. Next morning it was on to Montreal over a magnificent motor road, following the river and lined with the handsome suburban residences of wealthy Montrealers. Early in the afternoon we met our first Montreal street car, and, climbing aboard it, we dropped into mere memory of our most interesting and happiest walking tour.

Mrs. Harkins' Awakening

(Continued from page 10.)

fell, tried to rise, and fell again. Jess Leary cried aloud in frightened pain.

Mrs. Harkins watched her stonily. "Oh! I'm hurt, I'm hurt," called Jess. "My foot's in a crack and I can't get it out. Oh, come an' help me for God's sake."

Not for God's sake, but for Jem's sake! Mrs. Harkins did not hesitate. She went out across the log steadily, holding to the rope and, as she stepped off, hooked the noose in a nail at the end of the bridge. She ran quickly to Jess.

The foot was twisted, the ankle sprained probably. Anyhow, the slightest touch upon it made the girl scream, so that her brother and Jem heard, and came running down towards the river, the one from his cabin, the other from the hills.

"I'll unlace your shoe," Mrs. Harkins said. "Maybe you can slip your foot out then."

With her bare fingers the woman loosened the laces. The relief to the girl was instantaneous. She drew out her foot, and stood up, leaning heavily on Mrs. Harkins' shoulder.

"That's better," she said gratefully, "but I can't walk, Mrs. Jemmy, you'll have to help me over, an' I'm nearer your side than mine."

Mrs. Harkins put her arm around her tightly. "Don't be afraid to lean on me, Jess. I'm awful strong."

"You're awful good," Jess Leary said. "You're too good, that's what's the matter with you. Oh!" the pain made her cry out again.

Jem was nearly a quarter of a mile away, but running swiftly, Charlie Leary was half way between the cabin and the crossing. The bank was steep, and he did not try to get down on the ice.

SUDDENLY she felt a sudden shock. Another and another. Ice seemed to heave under their feet, then came a quick, sharp report, and just as Charlie Leary was coming down the bank the ice broke away.

"Don't leave me here, Mrs. Harkins, don't leave me," shrieked Jess, hanging to the smaller woman, so that the slender figure was almost bent double.

The latter tightened her hold, and, smiling a little, dragged Jess along to the bridge. Just as she unhooked the rope, Jess screamed, and Mrs. Harkins, looking up the open water, saw a great piece of ice coming swiftly towards them. In a moment it had crashed against the log, carrying it away down stream, leaving nothing but the running water between them and the shore.

Then Jem reached the bank, panting hoarsely, and Loony Mike, coming from the other direction, drew in the rope, while Jem looked about for another log. There was none in sight, however. Logs were too precious to be lying about on the bank. There were a hundred cords of wood piled a quarter of a mile farther down, but that was too far away to be of any use.

"Throw them the rope, Mike," Jem cried, then, looking across at his wife, "Don't be afraid, darling. Put it under your arms and jump in. I'll have you safe on shore in a jiffy."

But, under their feet, the women had again felt that horrid upheaval, and from above the narrows came a hun-

dered reports in rapid succession.

"The ice is moving," Mrs. Harkins said steadily; she caught the rope that Mike threw. In a second she had slipped it over Jess' head and under her arms. The girl half fell, and was half dragged into the water, as the ice moved off, and Loony Mike hauled her ashore.

"I ain't afraid, Jem," Mrs. Harkins called softly, her eyes on her husband, who, blind and deaf to Jess' moans and tears, looked after his wife, his eyes staring, his mouth open, the sudden awful fear that came upon him cutting new lines in his face and blanching it to an ashen greyness, that was like the pallor of death. Suddenly he started, drew himself together and began to run swiftly along the bank, his elbows up, his fists doubled, his teeth clenched, as if he were racing with the hurrying flood.

DOWN at the Narrows the ice began to pile up, for the current was very swift there, the river broadening out again just above Harkins' cabin.

Suddenly there was a deafening report, and a cracking that seemed to come from all directions. The ice broke clear across the river, just below the Narrows, leaving a monstrous jam behind it, piled thirty feet high and ever piling higher.

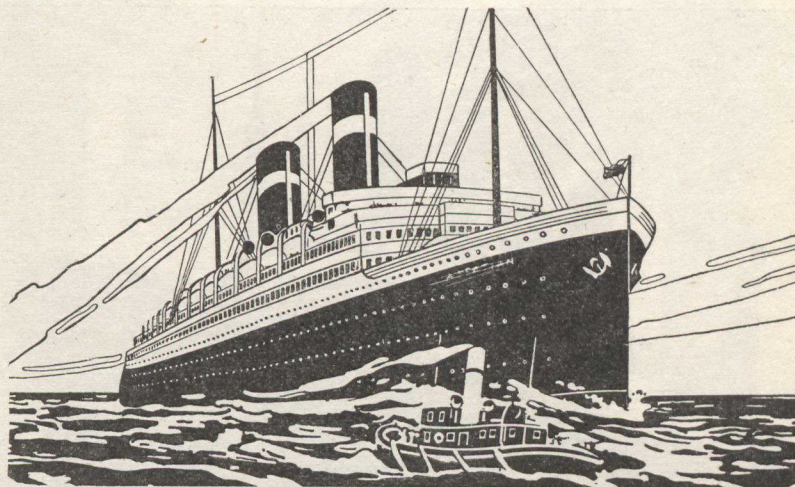
And now a vast sheet of open water stretched from shore to shore, and out where the river widened the ice began to move more slowly.

Mrs. Harkins, crouching in a little heap, where the last shock had felled her, felt a great emotion swelling up from her heart, that warmed her limbs and flushed her cheeks, and caused her whole body to throb with a delicious tumult, that for a minute shut all fear away. Not once did her eyes seek the hillside, and the little white cross; she only looked back at him, her husband, and she knew that by and bye when the end came and the green water closed over her, the last thing she would see would be his face, with the terrible agony upon it, that told her more plainly than any words could have done, of his undying love for her. For a long time the black shadow of the little baby's death had blinded her to everything else. Now, in a moment, the shadow had lifted, and a realization of things had come to her. For six months she had cherished her grief, to the utter exclusion of her husband, and when the man, with all the strength of his great vitality had rebelled, almost in spite of himself, and had tried even roughly to take her mind from what was dead and done with, she only hugged her sorrow closer till it was like an impassable barrier between them. She had almost gloried in a grief that was steadily killing her, blanching her cheeks, and hollowing her eyes, and robbing her of all her fresh young beauty, and when her husband, half-crazed with his powerlessness against the invisible foe, had left her to herself, she had put her own interpretation upon his desertion, and accepted it with the same impassive despair with which she had accepted the loss of her baby. Now she was awake and the sorrow that was more a dream than a reality, had slipped from her,

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