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A wonderful evidence of Italy's undaunted faithfulness to the high ideals of past history has just come to hand. In the midst of the anxieties and hardships of war she has still time and energy to devote to the higher things of life. Professor Lanciani is closely concerned with excavations which are being carefully carried out near the Basilica of St. Paul at Rome, and already many interesting Christian and pagan tombs have been unearthed which carry one's thoughts back to the earlier days of Christianity. The professor is not without hopes of discovering the tomb of the Apostle Paul himself.

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ROSE ISLAND

By Lilian Leveridge

Ruth drew her apart for a few minutes before school opened. "June," she said gravely, "are you ready to give me a full explanation of the unhappy affair of yesterday?"

"No, Miss Cameron," she answered in a low tone.

The teacher was bitterly disappointed and for a long minute she sat silent. Then she said sadly, "There is only one alternative. You must go home at once. I cannot allow a pupil guilty of such deceit to write upon this examination. You know what that means—that you will also be debarred from the final examination, and be marked with the stigma of disgrace."

June's lips quivered pitifully and her bosom heaved, but she struggled to retain her self-control.

Then Ruth pleaded with her tenderly and lovingly. This was hardest of all to bear, and the girl's temptation to explain everything was fierce and cruel, especially since she had just heard that Janie Francis was very ill with typhoid fever, so that there would be no hope of help from her. But June fought bravely and won. To Ruth's surprise she asked permission to remain until noon, when Robin would be free to go home. The request was granted.

Little was spoken on the way home. Robin was perplexed and troubled, and June merely asked him to tell her father and Aunt Hilda all that had happened.

After that amazing story had been told June had to steel herself for the fiercest conflict she had ever passed through. The sorrow and pleadings of the two she loved seemed almost more than she could bear. They could not but believe the overwhelming evidence against her, coupled with her own dogged silence, and they were cruelly and bitterly disappointed in her. When her father at last spoke sternly and demanded an explanation it seemed that she must give in. She looked at him with wide, beseeching eyes, then threw herself into his arms. "Daddy, Daddy," she cried, "I can't confess. Please don't ask me."

But he pushed her away from him. "You are killing me, June," he said.

June crept away to her own room broken-hearted. Oh, what a rash, fatal vow she had made! She had not merely promised never to tell what Janie had done, but, "upon her word of honour," had promised to do her best to prevent the truth from being found out. Oh, if she might only suffer alone! But to think of hurting Daddy so!

It seemed that there was to be no end to the consequences of that disaster. The matter came to the minister's ears, and on Saturday evening he came over to say that unless June's innocence were proved he could not accept her as a candidate for Confirmation. This would, of course, also prevent her from accepting the post of organist.

"You may be quite assured," returned Mr. Sutherland with a wan look and a pitiful little touch of dignity, "that under the circumstances I should not have permitted her to be confirmed."

June accepted the decree without a murmur. She had no more tears to shed; but it seemed that every drop of sweetness was being crushed out of her life. Although they never mentioned the unhappy affair to her now, she knew she had lost the confidence of all who were dear to her. It was hard, terribly hard; and under the weight of her strange burden she grew daily more pale and listless.

But the burden that had so suddenly fallen upon June's shoulders was as suddenly removed.

One evening the minister went to call on Mrs. Francis and inquire about Janie's progress. Janie was

still in a delirious fever, and the family were weary with watching, so Mr. Scripture offered to sit up with her a while and give the worn-out watchers a rest. The offer was gladly accepted.

During those long hours of the night, as the minister listened to the girl's delirious ravings, he learned the truth about the copying of that arithmetic paper. Little by little he heard repeated almost every word of that conversation, and in a flash the mystery became as clear as daylight. He was glad, for though he carefully avoided showing any partiality among the young people, June had long been a favourite of his. How nobly she had acted after all! And how she must have suffered!

"June never took the book. June never copied a word. I tell you, it was me!" Janie screamed wildly. Having unwittingly made this confession she seemed to feel easier, and sank into a quiet, restful sleep.

The crisis was past, and she was still sleeping when after an early breakfast next morning Mr. Scripture took his departure. He told Mrs. Francis what had occurred, and said that justice demanded that he should make the truth known at once. On that very day the Entrance candidates were to depart for their examination, and there would be barely time to see that June was not left behind. "I am sure," he concluded, "that your daughter is sorry for what she has done, and that this is what she would wish."

"Yes, I am sure of it too," the wan, tired mother replied with a pitiful little tremour of her lips. "Don't lose any time."

Mr. Scripture drove rapidly to Mrs. Thompson's and secured from Ruth, who was tearfully joyful over the tidings, a note to the examiner, explaining briefly why June had not passed the trial examination and requesting that she be permitted to write on the final. It would be all right they both felt certain.

"The minister then hurried to Rose Island. Having shaken hands with Hilda, Mr. Sutherland, and Robin, who was busy making preparations for his departure, he went over to where June stood listlessly arranging some roses in a vase. His usually serious face was illumined with a smile as he took both her hands, roses and all, into his own.

"June," he said. "I bring you good news this morning. Can you guess what?"

That gracious greeting, that kind and beautiful smile, could have only one meaning. June's heart gave a quick bound of joyful hope; her face was suddenly suffused with a rosy flush, and her lips parted but she could not utter a word.

"Dear child," the minister said. "There is only one thing that could give you joy this morning, and that is what I come to tell you. Your innocence in the matter of the examination paper is proved beyond a doubt. Janie has told it all. I congratulate you upon having so heroically held to your promise. You are quite free now, and you had better go and tell your father all about it."

"My little daughter!" cried Mr. Sutherland, opening his arms to her. Upon his face was a light that had been absent from it for many a day. In an instant June's head was resting in its old loved spot against his shoulder.

"My child," he said. "Why did you hurt me so? Tell me. I don't understand."

Mr. Scripture's eyes grew suddenly misty as he stooped to pick up the scattered roses, but he listened with no little interest and curiosity while, half laughing and half crying, June told the story of what had happened. Though he felt reasonably sure of his ground he had only the delirious girl's babblings for foundation to his statements, and it was something of a relief to find that June's story coincided exactly with the facts he had gathered.

cided exactly with the facts he had gathered.

"Good for you, June!" cried Robin, who was overjoyed at the happy outcome of events. "You'll be able to try the exam. now, won't you? You'd better hurry up and get ready."

"Exactly," said Mr. Scripture. "That is just what I was going to say. Here is a note from Miss Cameron, which you are to give to the examiner to explain your not having passed the preliminary exam. Of course I needn't add that it will be all right now about the confirmation and the organ."

Immediately the house became a busy scene, everybody trying to do something for June to help her to get off in time. June herself was a picture of radiant happiness. The dark, terrible clouds had blown away at a breath, and now her sky was blue and sunny again. Her spirits, so long borne down by the burden upon her heart, now overflowed so buoyantly that she scarcely knew which way to turn. But Hilda, who had carried a heavy heart for several days and whose face was now alight with a quiet joy, thought of everything, and got the two off in plenty of time.

"Everything is turning out so beautifully," June said as they set off. "I feel just about certain that we're all going to pass!"—a prophecy which came true.

The examination proved to be much easier after all than they had expected, and there was nothing to dampen the hopes they brought with them to their work.

(To be continued.)

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(Rev. S. F. Coffman, Vineland, Ont., states: "This is to certify that I know Mrs. Thwaites and the party to whom she refers, and her statements are correct.")

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