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THE RULING PASSION BY HENRY VAN DYKE.

A BRAVE HEART.

" That was truly his name, m'sieu -Raoul Vaillantcopr-a name of the fine sound, is it not? You like that word, -a valiant heart, -- it pleases you, eh ! The man who calls himself by such a name as that ought to be a brave eh ! fellow, a veritable hero? Well, per-haps. But I know an Indian who is called Le Bianc; that means white. And a white man who is called Lenoir; that means black. It is very droll, this affair of the names. It is like the lottery." Silence for a few moments, broken

like it.

Bat

coward.

jealous. Withe leader?

justice in it.

began.

split.

nigher.

of the new church ?

telling you

sure that he was a stronger man and a

with vigour. He even pulled off his coat and rolled up his shirt sleeve to

That demands the brave heart.

strong man who will not fight is

at the spot where there was a big knot.

then curses his luck because he catches

nothing. Besides, whatever he did, he was alway

thinking most about beating somebody else. But Prosper cared most for

doing the thing as well as he could

If any one else could beat him-well, what difference did it make? He

What he wanted was, not to

only by the ripple of water under the bow of the cance, the persistent patter of the rain all around us, and the slish or the rain an around us, and the slish, slish of the paddle with which Ferdin and, my Canadian voyageur, was push ing the birch-bark down the lonely length of Lac Moise. I knew that there was one of his stories of the way. Bat I must keep still to get it. A single ill-advised comment, a word that would raise a question of morals of social philosophy, might switch the nar rative off the track into a swamp of abstract discourse in which Ferdinand would love himself. Presently the woice behind me began again. "But that word vaillant, m'sieu';

with us in Canada it does not mean al ways the same as with you. Sometime we use it for something that sounds big, but does little; a gun that goes off with a terrible crack, but shocks not straight nor far. When a man is like that he is fanfaron, he shows off well, but-well, you shall judge for yourself. when you hear what happened between this man Vaillantcour and his friend Prosper Leclere at the building of the stone tower of the church at Abtéville. You remind yourself of that grand church with the tall tower-yes? With per mission I am going to tell you what passed when that was made. And you hall decide whether there was truly brave heart in the story, or not; and if it went with the name.

Thus the tale began, in the vast solitude of the northern forest, among the granite peaks of the ancient Laurentian Mountains, on a lake that knew no human habitation save the Indian'

Wigwam or the fisherman's tent. How it rained that day ! The dark clouds had collapsed upon the hills in shapeless folds. The waves of the lake were beaten flat by the lashing strokes of the storm. Quivering sheets of watery gray were driven before the broad curves of silver wind ; and the bullets danced before them as they swept over the surface. All around the homeless shores the evergreen trees seemed to hunch their backs and crowd closer together in patient misory. Nota only the Not a bird had the heart to sing : only the loon-storm lover-laughed his crazy challenge to the elements, and mocked us with his long-drawn maniac scream. It seemed as if we were a thousand

miles from everywhere and everybody. Oities, factories, libraries, colleges, law-courts, theatres, palaces,-what had we dreamed of these thing;? They were far off, in another world. We had slipped back into a primitive Fordinand was telling me the naked story of human love and human hate, even as it has been told from the beginning. I cannot tell it just as he did. There

was a charm in his speech too quick for the pen; a woodlard savour not to be found in any ink for sale in the shops must tell it in my way, as he told it in his. But at all events, nothing that makes

any difference shall go into the trans lation unless it was in the original. This is Ferdinand's story. If you care for the real thing here it is.

I. There were two young men in

that plan. They were both plain men. But there was a difference in their hearts; and out of that difference grew easily

THE CATHOLIC RECORD

But he was resolved not to show that Raoul was perfectly willing, and at he knew, it he could help it; and in any event, not to be one of the two that times (commonly in Saturday nights) very eager. But Prosper was not. "No," he said, one March night, are needed to make a quarrel.

about it. when he was boiling maple sap in the sugar bash with little Ovide Rossignol He felt very strangely There was a presentiment in his heart that he did not dare to shake off. It seemed as if this conflict were one that would threaten the happiness of his whole life: He still kept his old feeling of attraction to Raoul, the memor getner. Once, in the rapids of the Belle Rivière, when I have fallen in the water, I think he has saved my life. He was stronger, then, than me. I am always a friend to him. If I beat of the many happy days they had spent together; and though the friendship of course, could never again be what been, there was something of it left, at least on Prosper's side. To truggle with this man, strike at his him now, an I stronger? No, but weaker. And if he beats me, what is the sense of that? Certainly I shall not face, try to maim and disfigure him, roll over and over on the ground with ke it. What is to gain ?" Down in the store of old Girard, him, like two dogs tearing each other thought was hateful. His gorge that night, Vaillantcour was holding forth after a different fashion. He

the thought was natedly. His rose at it. He would never do i less to save his life. Then? then, God must be his judge. So it was that these two men stood among the cracker-boxes and flour barrels, with a background of shelves laden with bright coloured calicoes, laden with bright-coloured calicoes, and a line of tin pails hanging over-head, and stated his view of the case against each other in Abbéville. Just

as strongly as Raoul was set to get into as strongly as factor was set to get into a fight, just so strongly was Prosper set to keep out of one. It was a trial of strength between two passions—the passion of frietdship and the passion of fighting. Fwo or three things happened to put

show the knotty arguments with which he proposed to clinch his opinion. "That Leclère, " said he, " that "That Leclère, " said he, " that little Prosper Leclère! He thinks himself an edge on Raoul's bunger for an out-and-out fight. The first was the affair at the shanty

but Prosper Lecters: He thinks himself one of the stringest-a flue fellow! But Itell you he is a coward. If he is clever? Yes. But he is a poltroom. He knows well that i can flatten him on Lac des Caps. The wood choppers, like sailors, have a way of putting a new man through a few tricks to initiout like a crépe in the frying-pan. But he is afraid. He has not as much much courage as the musk-rat. You stamp on the bank. He dives. He swims aw y. Bah!" ate him into the camp. Leclère was bossing the job, with a gang of ten mer from St. Raymond under him. Vaillant "How about that time he cut loose the jum of logs in the Rapide des Cèdres?" said old Girard from his cour had just driven a team in over the snow with a load of provisions, and was lourging around the camp as if it belonged to him. It was Sunday after-noon, the regular time for fun, but no Vaillantcœur's black eyes sparkled one dared to take hold of him. He looked too big. He expressed his opinand he twirled his mustache fiercely. Sapriel" he cried, "that was nothing! Any man with an axe can cut a log.

ion of the camp. "No fun in this shanty, he? I sup to fight-that is another affair pose that little Leclère he makes you The others work, and say your prayers, and then, for the rest, you can sleep. He 1 Well, I am going to make a little fun coward. Some day I will put him through the mill-you shall see what for you, my boys. Come, Prosper, get your hat, if you are able to climb a that small Leclère is made of, Sac 'edam!" Of course, affairs had not come to this

He snatched the hat from the table pass all at once. It was a long history beginning with the time when the two by the stove and ran out into the snow. In front of the shanty a good sized birch, tall, smooth, very straight, was still boys had played together, and Raou was twice as strong as the other, and was very proud of it. Prosper did not standing. He went up the trunk like a

had a good time. But then Prosper began to do things better and better. bear. But there was a dead balsam that had fallen against the birch and lotged on the lower branches. It was barely Raoul did not understand it ; he was Why should he not always be or? He had more force. Why strong enough to bear the weight of : light Up this slanting ladder man. Prosper ran quickly in his moccasined feet, snatched the hat from Raoul's teeth as he swarmed up the trunk, and ran down again. As he neared the should Prosper get ahead? Why should he have better luck as the fish Why ing and the hunting and the farming was by some trick. There was no round, the balsam, shaken from its adgement, cracked and fell. Raoul Raoul was not afraid of anything but lodgement, death ; and whatever he wanted, he thought he had a right to have. But was left up the tree, perched among the branches, out of breath. Luck had set the scene for the lumberman's favorite he did not know very well how to get it. He would start to chop a log just trick

"Chop him down ! chop him down !" was the cry; and a trio of axes were twanging against the birch tree, while the other men should and laughed and He was the kind of a man that sets hare snares on a caribou trail, and pelted the tree with ice to keep the risoner from climbing down.

Prosper neither shouted nor chopped, but he grinned a little as he watched the tree quive: and shake, and heard the rain of "sacres !" and "maudits !" that came out of the swaving top. He that came out of the swaying top. He grinned—until he saw that a half dozen more blows would fell the birch right on the rolf of the shanty. "Are you crazy?" he cried, as he picked up an axe; "you know nothing

would do better the next time. If he had a log to chop, he looked it all over for a clear place before he make the chips fly, but to get the wood show to chop. You kill a man. You smaih the cabane. Let go!" He shoved one of the boys away and sent a few mighty cuts into the side of the birch that was farthest from the cabin; You are not to suppose that the one man was a saint and a hero, and the other a fool and a ruflian. No; that sort of thing happens only in books. People in Abbéville were not made on then two short cuts on the other side the tree shivered, staggered, cracked and swept in a great arc toward the deep snow drift by the brook. As the top swung earthward, Raoul jumpe

the "chopping down" at Lac des Caps, her heart was swinging to and fro like a pendulum. One week she would walk home from Mass with Raoul. The next week she would loiter in the front yard on a Saturday evening and talk ove the gate with Prosper, until her fathe over called her into the shop to wait on cus

It was in one of these talks that the pendulum seemed to make its last sking Prosper was telling her of the good crops of sugar that he had made from his maple grove. 'The profit will be large-more than

sity pisstes—and with that I shall buy at Obicoutimi a new four-wheeler, of the finest, a veritable wedding-carriage — if you — if I—Toinette? Shall we ride together?" His loit hand clasped hers as it lay with our dight are stole over

on the gate. His right arm stole over the low picket fonce and went around the shoulder that leaned against the gate post. The road was quite empty, the night already dark. He could feel her warm breach on his neck as she laughed. 'If you ! If I ! If what ? Why s

many ifs in this fine speech ? Of whom is the wedding for which this new Do you carriage is to be bought? what Raoul Vaillantcour has said? No more wedding in this parish till I have thrown the little Prosper over my shoulder !" As she said this, laughing, she turned

closer to the fence and looked up, so that a curl on her forehead brushed against his cheek. "Bateche! Who told you he said

that ? " I heard him, myself."

" Where ?' " In the store, two nights ago.

But it was not for the first time. He said it when we came from the church to-gether, it will be four weeks to-

What did you say to him ?" "I told him perhaps he was mis-taken. The next wedding might be after the little Prosper had measured the road with the back of the longes; man in Abbéville."

The laugh had gone out of her voice now. She was speaking eagerly, and her bosom rose and fell with quick breaths. But Prosper's right arm had dropped from her shoulder, and his hand gripped the fence as he straight.

"'Toinette !'' he cried, " that was bravely said. And I could do it. Yes. I know I could do it. But, mon Dieu, what shall I say? Three years row he has pushed me, every one has pushed me, to fight. And you-but I cannot. I am not capable of it." The girl's hand lay in his as cold and still as a stone. She was silent for a

moment, and then asked, coldly, " Why not "Why not? Because of the old friendship. Because he pulled me out of the river long ago. Because I am

still his friend. Because now he hates me too much. Because it would be a black fight. Because shame and evil would come of it, whoever won. That is what I fear, 'Toinette !' Her hand slipped suddenly away from

his. She stepped back from the gate. "Tiens! You have fear, Monsieur Leclère! Truly? I had not thought of that. It is strange. For so strong a man it is a little stupid to be afraid. Good night. I hear my father calling me. Perhaps some one in the store who wants to be served. You must tell me again what you are going to do with the new carriage. Good-night !"

She was laughing again. But it was a different laughter. Prosper, at the gate, did not think it sounded like the unning of a brook over the stones. No, it was more the noise of the dry branches that knock together in the He did not hear the sigh that wind. came as she shut the door of the house. nor see how slowly she walked through the passage into the store.

II.

quite as well there as at Quebec, with-out doubt. They could build their own

tower, perfectly, and they would. Be-sides, it would cost less. Vaillantcour was the chief carpenter. He attended to the affair of beams and timbers. Leclère was the chief mason. He directed the affair of dressing the the directed the share of dissing the stones and laying them. That required a very careful head, you understand, for the tower must be straight. In the floor a little crookedness did not matter; but in the wall—that might be serious. but in the wall—that might be serious. People have been killed by a falling tower. Of course, it they were going into church, they would be sure of heaven. But then think — what a dis-grace for Abbéville! Every one was glad that Leelère bossed the raising of the tower. They admitted that he might not he heave

admitted that he might not be brav but he was assuredly careful. Vaillan-tcour alone grumbled, and said the work went too slowly, and even swore that the sockets for the beams were too shallow, or else too deep, it made no difference which. That bete Prosper made trouble always by his poor work But the friction never came to a blaze;

for the cure was pottering about th and all day long, and tower every day a a few words from him would make a quarrel go off in smoke. "Softly, my boys!" he would say:

"work smooth and you work fast. The logs in the river ran well when they run all the same way. But when two logs cross each other, on the same rock-psst! a jam! The whole drive is hung up! Do not run crossways, my abideen "

children. " The walls rose steadily, straight as a

steamboat pipe-ten, twenty, thirty, forty feet; it was time to put in the two cross girders, lay the floor of the belfry, finish off the stonework, and begin the pointed wooden spire. The curé had gone to Quebec that very day to buy the shining plates of tin for the roof, and a beautiful cross of gilt for

the pinnacle. Leclère was in front of the tower putting on his overalls. Vailantcour came np, swearing mad. Three or four other workmen were standing about

Look here, you Leclère, " said he "I tried one of the cross girders yes terday afternoon and it wouldn't go The templet on the north is crooked brooked as your teeth. We had to let the girder down again. I suppose we must trim it off some way, to get a level bearing, and make the tower weak, just to match your sacré bad weak ob?"

 Work, eh? "
"Well," said Prosper, pleasant and quiet enough, "I'm sorry for that, Raoul. Perhaps I could gut that templet straight, or perhaps the girder might be a little warped and twisted. h? What? Suppose we measure it. Sure enough, they found the long

timber was not half seasoned and had corkscrewed itself out of shape at least three inches. Vaillantcour sat on the sill of the doorway and did not even look at them while they were measur-ing. When they called out to him what they had found, he strode over to

" It's a damn lie," he said, sullenly. "Prosper Leclère, you slipped the string. None of your sacre cheating ! I have enough of it already. Will you fight, you cursed sneak ? Prosper's face went gray, like the

ortar in the trough. His fists clenched and the cords on his neck stood out as if they were ropes. He breathed hard. But he only said three words :

"No! Not here." "Not here? Why not? There is room. The curé is away. Why not hare ? "It is the house of le bon Dieu. Can

we build it in hate ?" "Polisson! You make an excuse

Then come to Girard's, and fight there. "Again Prosper held in for a mo-

ment, and spoke three words : "No! Not now."

of a hare?

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œur had broken only a nose, a collarbone, and two ribs—for one like him that was but a bagatelle. A good dector from Chicoutini, a few months of nursing, and he would be on his feet again, almost as good a man as he had ever been. It was Leclère who put himself in

charge of this. "It is my affair," he said-"my fault! It was not a fair place to fight. Why did I strike? I must attend to

this bad work.' "Mais, sacre bleu!" they answered "how could you help it? He forced you. You did not want to be killed. you.

"No," he persisted, "this is my affair. Girard, you know my money is with the notary. There is plenty. Racul has not enough, perhaps not any. But he shall want nothing-you under. stand-nothing! It is my affair, all that he needs-but you shall not tell him-no! That is all."

Prosper had his way. But he did not see Vaillantcoar alter he was carried home and put to bed in his cabin, Even if he had tried to do so, it would have been impossible. He could no see anybody. One of his eyes was en not tirely destroyed. The inflammation spread to the other, and all through the autumn he lay in his house, drift ing along the edge of blindness, while Raoul lay in his house slowly getting

well. The cure went from one house to the other, but he did not carry any messages between them. If any were sent one way they were not received. And the other way none vere sent, Raoul did not speak of Prosper ; and mentioned his name, Raoul shut his

nouth and made no answer. To the cure, of course, it was a distress and a misery. To have a hatred like this unhealed, was a blot on the parish ; it was a shame, as well as a sin. At last-it was already winter, the day before Christmas-the cure made up his mind that he would

pat forth one more great effort. "Look, you, my son," he said to Prosper, "I am going this afternoon to he said to Prosper, "I am going Paoul Vaillantœur You Raoul Vaillantœur to make the reconciliation. You shall give me a word to carry to him. He shall hear it this time, I promise you. Shall I tell him what you have done for him. this time. I promise you.

how you have cared for him? " "No, never," said Prosper; "you shall not take that word from me. It is nothing. It will make worse trouble will never send it."

"What then?" said the priest. "Shall I tell him that you forgive him?" "No, not that," answered Prosper, "that would be a foolish word. What would that mean? It is not I who can forgive. I was the one who struck hardest. It was he that fell from the

"Well, then, choose the word for "Well, then, choose the word for vonrself. What shall it be? Come, yoursell. What shall the ber oblet, i promise you that he shall hear it. I will take with me the notary, and the good man Girard, and the little Marie Antoinette. You shall hear an answer.

Antoinette. You shall near an insect. What message? Mon pere," said Prosper slowly, "you shall tell him just this. I, Prosper Leelère, ask Raoul Vaillantcour that he will forgive me for not fighting with him on the ground when he demanded it." Yes, the message was given in pre-

Yes, the message was given in precisely those words. Marie Antoine stood within the door, Bergeron and Girard at the foot of the bed, and the cure spoke very clearly and firmly. Vaillantcoeur rolled on his pillow and valuatcoeur rolled on his plitew and turned his face away. Then he sat up in bed, grunting a little with the pain in his shoulder, which was badly set. His black eyes snapped like the eyes of

a wolverine in a corner. "Forgive?" he said, "no, never. He is a coward. I will never forgive!" A little later in the afternoon, when the the rose of subset lay on hills, some one knocked at the door

Leclère's house. "Entrez !" he cried. "Who is there "Not now? But when, you heart of a hare? Will you sneak out of it I see not very well by this light. Who

OCTOBEL

THE 0

We are the U and our cousin Burren Castle. of a mile of cou to another, but Uniacke had cr tions. The dis other matters w We are of the ol the new. We violent. And shrunk to but t Lord Uniacke a Ursula. Once gallant gentler brother Ulrick,

But they had were dead in F there was none our house savin My father w somewhat sorresolace and one

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The Uniacl

cocks of the woodland walk. Their standing rested on the fact that they were the strongest men in the parish. Strength is the thing that counts, when live on the edge of the wilderpeople These two were well known at this, while he himself stord still, all through the country between Lake St. John and Chicoutimi Lake St. John and Chicoutini as men of great capacity. Either of them could shoulder a barrel of flour and walk off with it as lightly as a common man would carry a side of to swallow. The great thing that stuck in his crop was the idea that bacon. There was not a half pound of difference between them in ability. But there was a great difference in the little Prosper, whom he could have whipped so easily, and whom he had protected so loftily, when they were boys now stood just as high as he their looks and in their way of doing Raoul Vaillantcour was the biggest

and the handsomest man in the village; nearly six feet tall, straight as a fir did as tree, and black as a bull moose in December. He had natural force enough and to spare. Whatever he did was neer power of back and arm. He could send a canoe up against the heaviest water, provided he did not get mad and break his paddle-which ne often did. He had more muscle than he knew how to use.

It was rough, rough! The more Raoul thought of it, the rougher it seemed. The fact that it was a wan Prosper Leclère did not have so much but he knew better how to handle it. He never broke his paddle-unless it hapwho had once been his protege, and still insisted on being his best friend, pened to be a bad one, and then renerally had another all ready in the He was at least four inches than Vaillantcour; broad did not make it any smoother. Would you have liked it any better on that account? I am not telling you how it broad shorter shoulders, long arms, light hair, grey eyes; not a hands me fellow, but pleas ant-looking and very quiet. What he bught to have been, I am telling you now it was. This isn't Vaillantcour' account book; it's his story. You must strike your balances as you go along. And all the time, you see, he felt did was done more than half with his

He was the kind of a man that never needs more than one match to light a

But Vaillan cour-well, if the wood was wet he might use a dozen, and when the blaze was kindled, as like as not he would throw in the rest of the box.

Now, these two men had been friends and were changed into rivals. At least that was the way that one of them looked at it. And the most of the people in the parish seemed to think

at was the right view. It was a strange thing, and not to take offence, went about his work quietly and cheerfully, turned off hard altogether satisfactory to the public mind, to have two strongest men in the village. The question of comparative words with a jke, went out of his way to show himself friendly and good-natured. In reality, of course, he knew well enough how matters stood. standing in the community ought to be raised and settled in the usual way.

It was hard on Vaillantcour, of lear of the crashing branches and clear of the crashing branches and landed safely in the feather bed of snow, buried up to his neck. Nothing was to be seen of him but his head, like some new kind of fire-work—sputtering bad course, to see Leclère going ahead, getting rich, clearing off the mortgage on his farm, laying up money with the notary Bergeron, who acted as banker for the parish-it was hard o loo't on words.

Well, this was the first thing that put an edge on Vaillantcour's hunger even slipped back a little, got into debt, had to sell a bit of the land that his father left him. There must be No man likes to be chopped to fight. down by his friend, even if the friend does it for the sake of saving him from some cheating about it. But this was not the hardest morsel being ki led by a fall on the shanty-roof. It is easy to forget that part of

What you remember is the grin. it. The second thing that made it worse was the bal chance that both of these men had to fall in love with the same girl. Of course there were other girls in the village beside Marie Antoinette capable man-perhaps even Why was it that when the Girard-plenty of them, and g od girls, too. But somehow or other, when they were beside her, neither Raoul nor nigher. Why was it that when the Price Brothers, down at Chicoutimi, had a good lumber job up in the woods on the Balle Rivière, they made Leelère the boss, instead of Vaillantcoure Why did the cure Villeneuve choos? Prosper, and not Raoul, to steady the strain of the higgest nole when they Prosper cared to look at any of them, but only at 'Toinette. Her eyes were so much darker and her cheeks so much nore red - bright as the berries of the mountain-ash in Septenber. Her hair strain of the biggest pole when they tting up the derrick for the building hung down to her waist on Sunday in two long braids, brown and shiny like a ripe hazelnut; and her voice when she aughed made the sound of sater tumbling over little stones. No one knew which of the two lovers

she liked best. At school it was cer tainly Raoul, because he was bigger and bolder. When she came back from her year in the convent at Roberal it was certainly Prosper, because he could talk better and had read more books. He had a volume of songs full of love and romance, and knew most of them by heart. But this did not last forever. 'Toinette's manners had been polished at the convent, but her ideas praver man than Prosper. He was braver man than Prosper. He was hungry to prove it in the only way that he could understand. The sense of rivalry grew into a passion of hatred, and the hatred shaped itself into a bilnd, headstrong desire to fight. Everything that Prosper did well, seemed like a challenge; every success that he hold was a khart to hear as an in. were still those of her own people She never thought that knowledge of books could take the place of strength, in the real battle of life. She was a brave girl, and she felt sure in her heart that the man of the most courage must be the best man after all.

For a while she appeared to persuade that he had was as hard to bear as an in sult. All the more, because Prospe seemed unconscious of it. He refu-er herself that it was Prosper, beyond a doubt, and always took his part when the other girls laughed at him. But this was not altogether a good sign. When a girl really loves, she does not talk, she acts. The current of opinion from Quebec, if you please ! Abbéville and gossip in the village was too strong was only forty years old, but they for her. By the time of the affair of already understood the glory of God

There seemed to be a great many rainy Saturdays that spring ; and in the

early summer the trade in Girard's store was so brisk that it appeared to need all the force of the establishment to attend to it. The gate of the front yard had no more strain put upon its hinges. It fell into a stiff propriety of opening and shutting, at the touch of people who understood that a gate was nade merely to pass through, not to

ean upon. That summer Vaillant:cour had a new That summer varianticour hat a new hat a black and shiny beaver—and a new red-silk cravat. They looked fine on Corpus Christi day, when he and 'Toinette walked together as fiancées. Yoa would have thought he would have been content with that. Proud. he certainly was. He stepped like the curé's big rooster with the topknotalmost as far up in the air as he did along the ground; and he held his chin high, as if he liked to look at things his nose.

But he was not satisfied all the way through. He thought more of beating Prosper than of getting 'Toinette. And And he was not quite sure that he had beater him vet.

him yet. Perhaps the girl still liked Prosper a little. Perhaps she still thought of his romances, and his chansons, and his fine, smooth words, and missed them. Perhaps she was too silent and dull sometimes, when she walked with Raoul; and sometimes she lughed too loud when he talked, more at him than with him. Perhaps those St. Raymond fellows still remembered the way his head stuck out of that cursed snow drift, and joked about it, and said ho clever and quick the little Prosper was. Perhaps-ah, maudit! a thousand times perhaps! And only one way to settle them, the old way, the sure way, and all the better now because must be on his side. She m Toinette She must under stand for sure that the bravest min in

the parish had chosen her. That was the summer of the building of the grand stone tower of the church. on of Abbéville dil it themselve with their own hands, for the glory o

God. They were keen about that, and the curé was the keenest of them all. No sharing of that glory with workmen

until you turn gray and die ? When will you fight, little musk-rat?" "When I bave forgotten. When I

am no more your friend.

Prosper picked up his trowel and went into the tower. Raoul bad-worded him and every stone of his building from foundation to cornice, and then went down the road to get a bottle of cognac. An hour later he came back breath

ing out threatenings and slaughter, strongly flavored with raw spirits. Prosper was working quietly on the top of the tower, at the side away from th read. He saw nothing until Raoul, climbing up by the ladders on the in-side, leaped on the platform and rushed at him like a crazy lynx. "Now !" he cried, " no hole to

hide in here, rat! I'll squeeze the lies out of you.

gripped Prosper by the head. He thrusting one thumb into his eye, and pushing him backward on the scaffold-

Blinded, half maddened by the pain, Prosper thought of nothing but to get free. He swung his long arm upward and landed a heavy blow on Raoul's face that dislocated the jaw; then twisting himself downward and side-ways, he fell in toward the wall. Raoul plunged forward, stumbled, let go his hold, and pitched out from the tower, arms spread, clutching the air.

Forty feet straight down ! A moment or was it an eternity ?-of horrible silence. Then the body struck the rough stones at the foot of the tower with a thick, soft dunt, and lay crumpled up among them, without a groan, without a movement.

When the other men, who had hurried up the ladders in terror, found Leclère, he was peering over the edge of the scaffold, wiping the blood from his eyes

teaching and impressive ceremonies but are repelled by the unworthy con-duct of its members. It has been ever thus. The greatest obstacle to the entropy of Carbellaity is in the Catholic trying to see down. "I have killed him," he multered "my friend! He is smashed to death. I am a murderer. Let me go. I must throw myself down !''

They had hard work to hold him back

he trembled like a poplar. But Vaillantcour was not dead. No; it was incredible—to fall forty feet and not be killed—they talk of it yet all through the valley of the Lake St. John—it was a miracle! But Vaillant-

"It is me," said 'Toinette, her "It is me," said 'Toinette, her cheeks rosier than the snow outside, "nobody but me. I have come to ask you to tell me the rest about that new carriage-do you remember ?

The voice in the canoe behind me ceased. The rain let up. The slish, slish of the pad ile stopped. The cance Iheard swung sideways to the breeze. the rap, rap, rap of a pipe on the gun. wale, and the quick scratch of a match on the under side of the thwart. "What are you doing. Fordinand?"

III.

What are you doing, Ferdinand ?" "I go to light the pipe, m'sieu. "Is the story finished?"

"Bat yes-but no-I know not, m'sieu". As you will." "Bat what did old Girard say when

his daughter broke her engagement and married a man whose eyes were spoiled ?'

"He said that Leclère could see well enough to work with him in the

store "And what did Vaillanteœur say when he lost his girl?"

"He said it was a cursed shame that

ne could not fight a blind man. " " And what lid 'Toinette say ?" "She said she had chosen the o brav

est heart in Abbeville. And Prosper-what did he say "M'sieu', I know not. He said it only to 'Toinette."

One of the Greatest Obstacles "The disedifying lives of many Cath-

olics," says the Cross, "oftentimes prove a stumbling block to well-inten-

tioned outsiders, so many of whom are attracted to the Church by the sublime

spread of Catholicity is in the Catholic

themselves who contradict their creed by their condust. We must realize that the way to spread God's Kingdom

to have d seeing hin realized sprung fro ent stock Uniackes rough ridi could I for although a wore hims more meek A few c wrote, but scription, 1 shread an and the ri and the

saw him mo Even at ceive that dignified fig my cousin . kept my co However. time when where he tower-room no less a o I saw my fa

turn a dan had struck " Tell S Unjacke re ontrolling difficulty. But whe broke fort ence as I h of. His m