

A DAUGHTER OF NEW FRANCE.

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY. CHAPTER XXV. THE RED LILIES.

I must have been dead a long time. So it seemed to me when I came back to a life of hot tossings upon my couch...

But there was a woman about, too, and I called her name Barbe; yet it was not Barbe, as I soon learned. For there was an end to this strange time also, and at last I came to my real self...

Presently I heard the woman's voice that had haunted my fevered fancy—a voice not Barbe, but Madame Cadillac, who drew back the curtain and coming quickly to me, took my hand in hers.

I heaved a sigh, and then my heart smote me that I could be so indifferent to the anxiety depicted upon the countenance of my dear Therese. What other woman save my mother had ever been to me so kind, so unselfish, so loving, as this dear sister!

"Did—did he close the gate?" I asked, sitting up, whereat a wave of excitement swept over me, followed by a sense of confusion, and a determination to be off to the house of the Recollet with all speed.

"Come, Normand, rest your head upon this pillow, and I will tell you about our dear Father del Halle," entreated my sister; and thereat she pushed me down as if I were a man of straw.

"Well! Did he close the gate?" I repeated feebly. "Normand, you know Frere Constantin would never have closed the gate while there remained any suffering human being outside."

"But I was dead," I objected. "She said she had heard him." "And did the Indians attack him?" I urged.

"They were a party of young braves wild with fury and a thirst for blood; they remembered not that the missionary had ever been the friend of their people. They fell upon him—"

Here I interrupted my sister with a loud cry and plucked at the bandages of my wounds to tear them off. "Listen, Normand," pleaded she, calling for Gaspard in great alarm.

"Will you not listen? The savage young Outawas had bound the cure, and the older chiefs, Jean le Blanc and Le Pasant came up at the moment. They cut the bonds of our dear Frere Constantin, and Jean le Blanc prayed him to go and tell Monsieur de Bourgmont that the Outawas meant no ill to the French, that Jean le Blanc brought him to beg the Commandant to stop the garrison from firing upon the Outawas."

"And did he go?" I queried, starting up again. "He set out for the fort at once," replied Madame Cadillac.

"And the firing was stopped?" "The firing straightway ceased. Now be satisfied. You shall hear no further to day," concluded my sister, with decision.

"One word more," I implored. "Barbe, is she here?" "Not yet," answered Therese, rejoiced, I could see, because I dwelt no more upon the theme of the Outawa uprising. "No, Barbe, is in Quebec, but I hope she will soon come down to me; therefore you must make haste to grow strong, Normand, against her coming. And here is little Therese again with a small portion of pigeon-broth that Gaspard has entrusted to her. Pardon, indeed, she is to be your cup bearer!"

How could I decline the food when it was so politely offered by the kind, tiny hands of the child! The little Hobo stood by until I had taken the last drop of the broth, stamping her baby foot in command when once I hesitated; but it was Madame Cadillac who held the cup to my lips and encouraged me.

Erelong, however, I was hungry enough, and able also to sit for a while daily by the vine-wreathed window. Then I began to wonder why Barbe delayed so strangely. How her sweet companionship would have brightened those weary days of convalescence!

At length a solution of the puzzle occurred to me, and I unbosomed myself for having been so slow to see. Barbe did not come, either because she was tired news of the Bostonais, or else she had gone south to be married to him.

Yes, she had gone to the friends of her girlhood, to the wife of Mr. Davis, or the ladies who were once the Desmiseses Clarke. From the home of one of these friends her wedding with the English officer would take place. It was plain enough why she cared no more for Le Detroit.

Well, if she was joyously content, what mattered aught else? To secure her happiness, had I not risked a life that was far dearer to me than life? Why should I be so ungenerous now as to indulge this insane jealousy?

I spoke no word to my patient nurse nor to any one else of my discovery, but I became dull in spirits. "Where is Frere Constantin?" I asked many times; "why does he not come to visit me?" To this inquiry Therese always gave the same reply: "Have patience; Father del Halle was wounded by the Indians. All is well with him now. When you are recovered, you shall go to the house of the Recollets, you wish."

One day, being now much recuperated, I besought Madame Cadillac to take a little of the rest she so greatly needed, and leave the Paul boy, Jules, to wait upon me.

After some demur she went away for an hour's repose, as I begged, and Jules took his place behind my chair with a branch of maple for a fan to cool the air, and also to drive away the flies that buzzed about me in tantalizing fashion.

"Jules," said I, turning to him abruptly, and with my hand arresting the waving of the green branch "is the cure so ill that he cannot come to see me?"

"My faith, no, Monsieur Guyon," answered the boy, standing rigid as a figure wrought in bronze, though his bright eyes shone with interest. "No, my master, Monsieur le Cure is not ill now at all. Monsieur le Cure was here many times while my master was in the fever."

"He is not ill! Then why does he not come here when I am better?" I queried, wondering. "The Pauli knows not, but perhaps it is that my master should not be troubled," suggested the boy.

I laughed. "Jules, it will not trouble me to see Monsieur le Cure," I said. "Madame Cadillac is resting and must not be disturbed; do as I bid you. Go find the cure and ask him to come to me at once. Go, do not be afraid to leave me; I want nothing."

Obedient as a spaniel, the lad swept away, and I set myself to wait. Half an hour passed. Content that I had carried my point and was again master of my own actions, and in tranquil expectation of seeing so soon the face of my friend, the face of Frere Constantin—a little worn perchance from his recent illness, but still the cheerful, noble countenance I loved—soothed by these thoughts, I must have fallen asleep in my chair.

All at once I was aroused by the voice of Jules, saying, "This way, my pere, my master is here; in this way, if you please."

A rich voice made some response—a pleasant, musical voice, but it was unfamiliar; it was not the voice for whose tones I longed.

Started, I opened my eyes and turned my head, looking toward the gallery whereon my room bordered. A minute later there appeared in the doorway a benign figure in a gray robe and cowl—a Recollet, but not the friend for whom I waited, a stranger, not Frere Constantin.

"Here, my master, here is Monsieur le Cure," joyously cried the childlike treble of the Paul boy.

In that moment I realized the truth which had been kept from me. My friend Frere Constantin was dead; another was cure of Ste. Anne's.

I remember no more of this afternoon; they told me afterwards that with a cry of grief I fell for ward out of the chair, insensible.

The little slave, ingeniously thinking I would fain speak to the cure for the welfare of my soul, had run to bring him, and the latter had come with ready kindness. But alike, the shock of that meeting was wellnigh the undoing of those weeks of convalescence; for my wound opened and the fever returned. In the confused hours which followed I sometimes distinguished the voice and face of the good man who was come to us in the place of him who was gone, and his words soothed my sorrow; nathless it was long ere I could ask the question that was in my mind.

One morning, however, when I awoke sane again, and found Therese watching beside, I said, taking her hand in mine—

"Tell me now, Therese, about Frere Constantin." "I will tell you all, Normand," she answered tearfully.

"On that day of June (we are now well into August), on that day, warned by your cry, Father del Halle left his flowers and ran to meet you. Many blamed him that he did not return when he saw you fall, to help you, and the Finnish young Outawas, mad with rage at seeing their companions fired upon from the fort, dragged the Recollet back into the peaceful, blooming garden. Three times they stabbed him and then bound him; inhumanly glad to have secured so important a hostage.

"But Jean le Blanc coming up, as I told you, reproached the young men for what they had done and cut the bonds of the missionary."

"Jean le Blanc says that then, forgetting the wounds of the cure, he begged the priest to go to Monsieur de Bourgmont and beseech him to stop the firing. Frere Constantin uncomplainingly set out, but, weakened by loss of blood, he toiled along with difficulty."

"Some five or six soldiers rushed out to meet him and to bring you in, Normand, though you were thought to be killed. The Outawas had been driven back, but, just as the little party of rescuers reached the gate on their return, the big chief Le Pasant from behind a bush of sumach fired into the group. He had aimed at the soldiers, but the bullet struck the Recollet, killing on the instant."

"Sadly they brought him into the fort and to the manor. On his breast,

they say, together with the cross of his Order, they found a spray of fleur-de-lis whose once white petals were dyed red with his life blood. He rests in consecrated earth beneath the trees yonder. Shall we go there together when you walk out?"

I bowed my head; I could not speak for emotion, as I thought of my friend, the humble Recollet, a hero to the last—Frere Constantin, who quickly pardoning the ill-use, the wounds the savage Outawas inflicted upon him, went forth so promptly to help those who had insulted and stabbed him; yes, he saved them, yet only to meet death at their hands.

"And I? The more you tell me, the more I marvel that I still live," I said at last.

"A soldier here you in, almost to the gate, and then another took his place," replied my sister.

Bused with memories of my friend, I asked no more. It was some days before I learned that the man to whom you ask us to deliver up is very powerful in our village. He has strong alliances with all the nations of the lakes. He is a great chief. Who is strong enough to root it up? But, my father, since your heart is hard as a rock, we must obey you. Send a boat with us to Michillimackinac and we will put Le Pasant into it. If he refuses to embark, we will cut off his head. He is my brother, my own brother, yet what can I do. You must be obeyed; that is what we have decided among ourselves."

"Ontonago, it is well," replied De la Mothe; for Monsieur de Vandreuil had said to me that the two captives whom you have brought, though adopted by you, are of foreign blood. Father Recollet and the soldier were of my blood, my own blood. Ontonago told you that you should have brought him the head of Le Pasant. This bear who dreams upon his mat only of making war must not spoil your peaceful spirit. When you have delivered him up to me, you shall have peace, your women and children will rejoice, and I will forget the mischief you have done me."

The following day the Commandant held another council at which were present the Hurons, the Miamis, and two chiefs of the Kiskakons who arrived with a white flag from Michillimackinac, to the surprise of every one.

The presence of these last was not reassuring, since they were the most powerful allies of the Outawas. Nevertheless Cadillac addressed them with severity.

"What brings you here, Onaske?" he demanded of the older chief. "Did Ontonago tell you to come? Are we friends?"

"My father," replied Onaske, "I go everywhere with my head lifted up, because I never have any bad affairs; I said within myself, 'My father, Le Detroit knows me; I risk nothing by going to see him.'"

"Onaske, how dare you say you have no bad affairs?" inquired La Mothe, sternly. "Did not your nation come to aid the Outawas who have killed me? You are very bold to come here while my land is still smoking with my blood and that of my children. When chiefs grow old, they are wont to grow wise, but you have grown foolish. What is your true reason for coming to Le Detroit?"

"My father," responded Onaske, seeing that concealment was useless, "it is misery that has caused us to throw ourselves into your arms. We are wretched. Our children have eaten grass all summer; we are compelled to boil it and drink the soup. Misery is a strange thing. I have risked everything, even death, but I will die by the hand of my father, or perhaps my pity me. By reason of this year, and our shall have no maize to eat. But for me, our whole nation would have come to Le Detroit; I said to them, 'Be patient and await my return.'"

"Onaske, if you die of famine, it is not my affair," rejoined Cadillac, with the appearance of great displeasure. "You have killed my children, you have struck me, and Heaven punishes you for it. Go away! you are very bold."

After a parley with the Hurons, a last general council was held. Monsieur de la Mothe, in opening it, first addressed the Outawas.

"Jean le Blanc, Kinonge, and the other chiefs know the promise you have made me," he said. "Onaske, Koutaouilboe, listen while Ontonago tells you the result of the councils, that you may decide what to do. Have your children and your women who have eaten grass all summer, and for whom you have felt such tenderness that you were willing to risk your life by coming here."

Ontonago then related the demand of my brother, and the promise the Outawas had given him.

"Ontonago, my nephew," answered Onaske, "Le Pasant is your flesh; Kinonge is also your flesh. My father demands the life of Le Pasant, and it is just that this dog who has bitten both of us to the bone should be destroyed. Who can effect anything in my nation but me? I speak in the hearing of Mantouabe, of Koutaouilboe, of Sakima, and of Nanaokouena. I am strong. I thank my father for having declared to me his thought. I thank you, my brothers, for the promise you have made to him. We must either keep it and live in peace, or die."

"Monsieur de Cadillac bowed his head. "It is well," he said. "But remember, Onaske, if you fail to fulfill your promise, you will fall into greater misery than before. I shall have dull ears forever, and will never again entertain thoughts of peace. Tell your people that peace will be concluded only when the satisfaction I demand shall be rendered. Until then peace must come here no more. After Le Pasant has been given up to me, you may all come with a high head. I will smooth the way."

Thus the council closed, and the following day the chiefs departed for Michillimackinac.

Our Sieur had demanded the death of the warrior, and in his own grief and anger, was determined to avenge the

tree, its leaves and its fruit? I pity the women and children. This drunken bear has done all the mischief, he must die, and I will give the others life."

"Outawas, listen to me. I demand that you deliver up to me Le Pasant, him whom you call the wicked bear; he it was who with his own hand killed the Gray Robe. Bring him hither, and give me full power over him to grant him life or puff him to death. If he refuses to embark, I command you to cut off his head in your own village. Avoid the perils that threaten Outawas, and give me your women and children. I must have your reply by the going down of the sun. Ontonago and I have one heart and the same thoughts, we will confound all I do, whether for peace or for war."

The chiefs withdrew, to ponder the words they had heard, as was the custom, but in the afternoon of the same day they returned, and Jean le Blanc made answer to our Sieur.

"My father," said he, "the bear that you ask us to deliver up is very powerful in our village. He has strong alliances with all the nations of the lakes. He is a great chief. Who is strong enough to root it up? But, my father, since your heart is hard as a rock, we must obey you. Send a boat with us to Michillimackinac and we will put Le Pasant into it. If he refuses to embark, we will cut off his head. He is my brother, my own brother, yet what can I do. You must be obeyed; that is what we have decided among ourselves."

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Our Sieur had demanded the death of the warrior, and in his own grief and anger, was determined to avenge the

death of his friend the Recollet. Whether during the interval he judged it wiser to be satisfied with the utter submission of the Indians, or whether the spirit of our dear Frere Constantin pleaded with him for mercy rather than justice upon the slayer of the missionary, I cannot say.

Be this as it may, Le Pasant was brought to Le Detroit by the chiefs Sakima, Meyaville, and Koutaouilboe, who delivered him up to La Mothe in the Place d'Armes of the fort.

It was an interesting and imposing ceremony. Le Pasant, who was seventy years old and very rotund, presented an appearance of terror unusual in an Indian, as he was brought within the palisade by the other chiefs, who were clad in their gaudiest attire.

When Monsieur de Cadillac stepped out of his council room to receive them, Ontonago, or Jean le Blanc, at once advanced to meet him, compelling the old warrior, by a firm grasp upon his shoulder to come for a walk also.

"My father," said he, addressing De la Mothe with solemnity, "Hare is Le Pasant. You have the power to put him to death. He is your slave. You can make him eat under his table like the dog that picks up the bones."

Cadillac regarded the prisoner in stern silence for a few minutes, and then spoke to him with great dignity. "Here you are, Le Pasant, before your father and my master, who so well rethinks the great chief who was so well rethinks and so highly esteemed? Was it you who ate white bread every day at my table, and drank of my brandy and my wine? Yes. And it was you whom I had cured by my physicians, when you were ill! It was you whom I helped in your need and took care of your family! And because of these benefits you have killed my people! You who hide your face from me, you who have killed me. There are reproaches, Le Pasant, which slay you; there is no longer life in your heart; your eyes are half dead; you close them; they dare not look at the sun. Go, my slave!"

Le Pasant had been overcome with fear, but this last sentence gave him courage. "Our father is kind to us, he has not angered him, he has not killed his children who have been with him as small as might be, behind the others."

The other chiefs were highly pleased at the clemency of the Commandant. "Our father is kind," repeated Koutaouilboe, stepping forward. "We want to come back to Le Detroit, to give us again our fields that we have deserted, and we will come to live in peace. The corn at Michillimackinac grows but a finger long, here it is a cubit long."

For an war, our Sieur arose and presented to the chiefs a beautiful belt of wampum, saying—

"My children, your submission has gained my heart. Your obedience has made the axe fall out of my hand. It has saved your lives, and the lives of your women and children. And you, your women and children, have fled from me, Le Pasant, why have you fled from me in fear? You deserve to die, but I give you your life because of your submission and obedience. You are as one dead, because you have been given up to justice. But I stay my hand, and let you go to your family."

This leniency of our Sieur's though generous, proved most unfortunate. In his rage he had promised the Miamis in the head of the Outawa, and now when they found that the Bear was permitted to live, they revolted.

They were soon subdued, however, and an envoy of the government having stirred up some trouble among a few dissatisfied settlers at Le Detroit, my brother sent me up to Montreal to present his side of the story to Monsieur de Vandreuil.

TO BE CONTINUED.

OUR LADY DOWNSTAIRS.

He was a straight-limbed, square-shouldered little lad; his curly hair that never showed a parting within five minutes from the withdrawal of the maternal comb was a sunny brown, his tints being repeated in wide, bright eyes that looked a welcome to the whole world, and his clear cheeks showed just the garnish of a far-away Irish orchard when this same little lad had laughed and gambled for the first half-dozen years of his young life. Now on this lovely morning of waning May a very different playground was his—the broad graveled avenue sweeping in careful curves to the door of a handsome country house not more than twenty miles removed from great New York. Here a social question of the capital came early to recruit from the strain of the fashionable season and make ready for the house parties and week-end outings that would mark for her the full flush of summer. As yet no visitors had been bidden to "Sunny Rest," the first arrival outside the household proper being the one portly matron, who on this May morning occupied the Wrexham brougham on its leisurely way from the country station.

As Mrs. Wrexham's mother, whose earnings were always timed to avoid the fashionable companies in which her daughter delighted, this morning's comers was not considered a "guest" in the conventional sense; therefore, little Arnold Ford had received no warning "to keep out of the way of the company," an injunction with which he had grown familiar during his four weeks' previous stay in the stately New York mansion.

"Who is the child, Philip?" Mrs. Dobson addressed her daughter's coachman in the interested manner which was always hers when desirous of picking up the threads of household and neighborhood gossip.

"Oh, that's Bessie Byrne's little nephew, ma'am; the master had him brought to her in care of a White Star captain so she wouldn't have to go home to fetch him here. You know, Mrs. Wrexham thinks the big house could not run without Bessie."

Yes, Mrs. Dobson knew that, and quite agreed with her daughter whose

dependence upon the pretty Irish girl had grown daily during their three years association as mistress and parlor maid. And because of this feeling when death came to a little cottage home of Kibbannon, nestled under the soft shadow of the Wicklow hills, there was consternation in the great Wrexham mansion.

For Bessie Byrne, sorely stricken by the lonely passing of her widowed mother, insisted that she must go at once to Ireland to look after the orphaned son of a dear dead sister who had been from babyhood his grandmother's charge.

For the first time Mrs. Wrexham appeared in vain to her maid's good nature, picturing ruefully the "Lenten teas" that must be foregone if there were no Bessie to wait on the Dorcas ladies and help them, not only to "tea," but also in the matter of refractory seams and buttonholes gone hopelessly awry.

"It's my duty to go at once, dear Mrs. Wrexham, though of course I could not expect that you would see it so. Arnold was our poor Josie's only child, and she left him to mother, with her husband's consent that he might be reared as she was—a Catholic. Now his father is gone, too, and the father's people, who are not of our faith, will take the boy unless I am on the spot to claim him. Father Donlin says it is best for me to come."

This was the argument unanswerable to Bessie, although to be sure in her inmost heart Mrs. Wrexham longed to say: "What can it matter about the boy's religion if he is made comfortable and is educated according to the light of his father's people?"

In this household of emergency the business ability of Mr. Wrexham, seldom expended on mere domestic problems, came to the rescue. To satisfy his wife, who had, as he knew consistently ignored even the decrees of fashion with regard to English butlers and Japanese attendants, because of her partiality for this paragon of maids, the busy financier took up the apparently trivial matter. Little Arnold underwent careful convey was put on board a big liner as the captain's special charge; even such household belongings as were desired by Bessie, because they had been her mother's, were packed under the supervision of Father Donlin's own housekeeper, who included among the traps a small passenger, Mr. Wrexham's "confidential man" stood on the New York pier to receive this unusual consignment, and himself saw the precious freight delivered to its rightful owner—a weeping, black-robed maid who knelt in the great hallway with loving arms extended for their longed for burden.

Well, some of the story Mrs. Dobson had heard; she recalled it now while listening to Philip's version. "He is a nice looking lad," was her parting comment as she descended from the carriage, "and, when days are quiet here, as they are at present, I am sure, Philip, Mrs. Wrexham would be only pleased to have you take him with you sometimes as you drive to the village. Of course all boys love horses."

"This one certainly does, ma'am, and the mistress gave just these same orders when she came here, so I take him over often and now he knows his own way a bit. Most days when I'm at the stores he runs into the little church—the chapel he calls it."

"Oh, yes the chapel," Mrs. Dobson repeated the phrase slowly. "You go there, too, I suppose, Philip?"

"Sundays, ma'am I go, being a Catholic. It's week-days I'm in Ireland, he keeps telling me, the children bring flowers every day in May. Here he comes with some he's just got from the gardens."

By this time Mrs. Wrexham had passed out of the shady porch and down the wide steps to welcome her mother in the ineffable way to which both were accustomed.

"I see you are learning Arnold's history, mother," she said. "Come Arnold, let this lady see you. Have you been asking Brown for some flowers for little lad?"

Obedient to her gentle call, the boy turned shyly from the path leading to the courtyard and kitchen entrance. His gaze sought the face of the stranger, and reading at once its message of kindness, the ready smile flashed back to lips and eyes.

"I didn't ask them, ma'am. Mr. Brown often gives me some. They're not for Auntie's 'cause, she let me put Our Lady in the pretty room, and the white flowers are for our Lady."

"The pretty room?" Mrs. Wrexham interrupted pleasantly for the listener. "Is a room down stairs, where Bessie sits to sew in the afternoons here, and Arnold has a picture of some pretty lady I suppose among the souvenirs of his old home. We shall come some time soon to see your pretty lady, Arnold. Now let us go in Mother, so you may rest."

"Am not in the least fatigued, dear—such a short ride, you know. The little fellow wishes to speak again, I see. What is it, my boy?"

"It's only about our Lady, ma'am; our Lady downstairs. She is a picture; she's a 'statue,' lovely and white like the one in Kibbannon chapel, only there she has the little Lord in her arms. Our Lady downstairs has her hands like this; and forgetting for moment, his natural shyness and the lessons of self-accustoming taught him by Aunt Bessie, the child stood, outstretching his little arms until his plump fingers touched the shimmering folds of Mrs. Dobson's gown."

That lady turned more directly toward him, while her daughter, though looking slightly bored, paused again to answer. With her artistic knowledge she had of course no difficulty in comprehending the child's description, nor did she choose to pretend any, rather to the surprise of Philip, who seemed to experience unthought difficulty in guiding his well trained bayas around into the straight road leading stablesward.

"So you have a statue of the Virgin, Arnold, and she is to be known as our Lady? Very well, you shall explain further when we come to see Aunt