

BORROWED FROM THE NIGHT

By ANNA C. MINOGUE

CHAPTER XVII

During that short walk across the lawn to the house, with Teresa and the stranger, the emotions that surged over Preston Martins' heart were painful in their intensity.

"Preston," she asked, "is there anything the matter? Has anything gone wrong with you?"

He turned his eyes upon her, with an expression like the appeal of a wounded dog. His mind caught and held two of her words—matter, wrong, matter? Did it matter if he had failed in a punctilious sense of honor, since he had opened for himself the door of happiness? Wrong? Was it wrong? He raised his hand and pushed back the clustering locks from his low brow, and turned his eyes from his mother, as he answered, his voice creeping over the words:

"Mother, I do not know if it is wrong with me or right with me. This has been," he finished lamely, to draw her attention from his words, "a day full of turmoil and worry. I fear I have not the staying power of the Prestons as I have not the calculating, resourceful nature of my father."

"You are young," she hastily interposed. "The ordeals of this day would try older nerves than yours." Then knowing that his thoughts should be distracted from their present trend, she began to talk of the little events of the party and the pleasures expected from the evening. It was a conversation that did not call for much exertion on his part and as her voice poured its music on his ears, his mind began to shake off its lethargy and by the time his guests reappeared, he was himself again.

The hidden dramatic elements which the scene of that supper-room presented appealed to George Martins in all their strength and magnetism. Here were his wife's unconscious girl guests, white robed, smiling, blushing, and among them and queen of them the long-defrauded mistress of this house, standing upon the threshold of great and wonderful discovery. There was Preston, wearing, with the ease and grace of the young Kentuckian, his long-accepted right to an inheritance of wealth and honor; before him, was his wife, filling her position as the lady of a great establishment, with the graciousness and dignity distinguishing those to the manner born; by her side, talking to her with the courtliness of a Spanish grandee was the Indian woman's son, whose blood-crismened hand had helped to lift her to her position. Fate stood over that scene, that hour, and her hand was ready to fall upon them—and what a future! He was the magician whose fingers held down the veil of the unknown. Why not lift it now, give to the act all its dramatic beauty and like Samson, perish with the temple he had destroyed? A smile crossed his face with the thought. He met his wife's eyes and when she smiled back upon him, a coldness crept over his heart and the damp broke on his brow. He raised his cup and half emptied its contents before replacing it on his saucer, and the hand that held it to his lips trembled like the hand of a palsied man. The dramatic was lost, swallowed up in poor, base fear.

When the stranger, after the presentation to Mrs. Martins by her husband, had found himself bowing before Gerald Martins' daughter and meeting the full, so darkly mysterious eyes, he knew that his destiny was looking out upon him. He had traversed half the American continent, had met women of every class and nationality, had felt toward them according to the degree in which they affected his stern, self-centered nature; but love he had never known until Teresa's eyes met his. Then one of those strange character miracles was wrought, and as the evening advanced, George Martins saw the self-elected delegate of Fate become the interesting if ordinary lover, and he felt a greater horror than when he had seen him with the well directed pistol in his hand.

A feeling she could not analyze, made Teresa shrink from Preston. She knew that not only would he seek her that night, but that he must do so, or offer her an insult that no woman could forgive. She knew what he would say and that she must give him one of two answers. There was no middle course for her. She must either turn to the calling of St. John Worthington or to the appeal of Preston Martins. She did not know from him in the madness of unhappy love or the powerlessness of destiny, the latter she did not believe in, the former she would not acknowledge. She knew that she had herself to blame for hastening the hour. She had felt his fine reserve, had understood by her woman's intuition its significance, as perhaps she was dimly conscious of his struggle against his dearest hopes. She herself had precipitated this hour, had helped him to overcome his reserve, scatter the conquering forces of his scruples, by her admission of the truth, that his

father's touching, dramatic recital of the afternoon's event had been so dextrously worded as to leave his son the hero, the one actor of the scene; that under that recital the other man was made to appear as an automaton, a figure only as necessary for the hero's action.

She had the consciousness that the Preston Martins whom she had recognized fully and truly and for the first time as they had stood for that brief moment in the breakfast room, was knowing poignant regret because of the situation, which was now past human remedying. So she experienced no sentiment of anger, nor ill-will. If there came to her at times a whisper that there is, after all, a destiny which brings us, willingly or unwillingly, to joy or sorrow, she banished it, and turned instead to the old, sweet faith, which teaches the eye that marks the sparrow's fall and considers the lilies of the field, held her life in full, tender fatherly view. Yet the heart would push its moment of supreme trial away, and she permitted, as if they were pleasing to her, the marked attentions of the stranger. Nor was she entirely displeased. She perceived at the first glance that she was in the presence of a man of character and unusual intellectuality. This was written on his face. When he began to speak those impressions became fixed, while the unconscious hints his words threw out that a poet or an artist had been lost by Fortune's making a more man of the world of Senor Martins, made an unerring appeal to her impressive nature. He spoke of Canada and she saw link after link of hills, white, clear, cold, dazzling; heard the long, lone cry of the gaunt wren, looking from pitiless earth to pitiless sky, or the last, death-agonized yell of his victim, that left a red mark upon the white land. He referred to New York and there passed before her eyes a picture of a session of humanity. Little children lifted up their bony hands to her and woman looked upon her from hollow eyes. All nations were there represented from ice-bound Russia to vine-covered Italy, but strangers in a strange land, the motley crew was soul-wrenching instead of pleasingly picturesque. He spoke of Cuba, the land of the sun, the pearl of the western main, and her eyes grew softer and her heart was filled with longing. His voice took on its lowest, tenderest tones, and more frequently fell from the trenchant tongue of the north into the vowel-spilling language of the south; and though their meaning missed her ears, her mind grasped their significance, and she passed with him through a never-ending scene of tropical beauty, luxury and bewilderment. When the others moved away to the dance, and the stranger found himself again alone with Teresa, met her glorious eyes, her entranced beautiful face, the dormant, strange irresponsible nature which he had received from a rash white father and a too-fond Indian mother, leaped with mad force into the original life, and the cosmopolitan, the citizen of the world, whose motives of interest could not bind long to one place, nor pleasures or pursuits assimilate with any one people, had become the veriest slave to his newly-wedded chain.

"But I shall see my sun-bright land no more," he exclaimed, with a tremor in his voice.

"Ah! that must grieve you," said Teresa. "I can understand how you love your island home."

"You do! you do!" he half-cried, rapturously. "Never have I met a woman who understood me so perfectly. I could speak to you as to my own soul. Is it not strange that because I have met you, I can say, and know no great sorrow, 'I shall see you no more, my sun-kissed Cuba?'"

Teresa had grown accustomed to the extravagant compliments of young men; but this man was no longer youthful she could see, and there was too much warmth in his tones, too much expression in his face for her to permit further expressions of admiration. But his words were not to be stopped by her maiden reserve. She knew there was no escaping from him now, for a new dance was beginning, which she feely, could speak to you as to my own soul. Is it not strange that because I have met you, I can say, and know no great sorrow, 'I shall see you no more, my sun-kissed Cuba?'"

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the hour, Preston Martins never lost the consciousness that those everlasting worlds were there and his immortal soul was here. But presently his companion's step slackened, stopped.

"I am afraid, Preston," she said. His arm was around her to support her, for she was trembling. He bent over her face on which the beautiful twilight was falling.

"Afraid with me!" he said, and the quiver that ran over his ivory-like fairness, sent a thrill to his soul.

"Yes, even with you," she answered. He bent lower over her.

"Teresa! Teresa!" he cried, softly "is it that you are afraid of me?" She looked on the face above her, the strong, good, noble face, illumined by his mother's eyes.

"No! no! Not afraid of you, but myself. I want to be good and strong, and I am not."

"In what are you not good and strong?" he was gazing down into her eyes as if to read below them the truth of the soul. Pergance he did, for he lifted his glance to the stars; when next his eyes met hers, they were clear and steady and wondrously tender.

"Let us go on," he said, in his old sad voice. "It is stifling in the house. I wanted to have a talk with you all the evening. That fellow was monopolizing you like a bear—or a Spaniard." His hand had slipped away from her shoulder and was lightly clasping her fingers. They went to the little graveyard and she sat on the steps, while he stood, leaning against the low wall.

"What do you consider good and brave?" he asked, after a pause. "Give me an illustration of your thought on these qualities which all men boast that they possess, and yet so few do." His tones were usual, save for a certain tenderness which betrayed a desire to lead the mind away from a subject, or a fierce determination to hear all that may be said upon it.

"Have you ever heard of the monks of La Trappe?" asked Teresa. "They have a house in this State. It lies over from Loretto, in a hilly, lonely country. I doubt if there is a harder life than the one lived by the Trappist monks. They eat only one meal a day, and no meat at that one. They give but a few hours to sleep and their bed is the bare floor. They labor in the fields, summer and winter, and beside the vows observed by all Religions, they are bound to keep perpetual silence. They came from France and among them are several noblemen. I heard this story of one of those monks: There were two brothers, the sons of different mothers. The elder, who inherited his father's title and estate, hated the other, who had been his father's favorite. The younger fell in love with an estimable lady, and his brother was his rival. The Count, who was powerful, had his brother sent off to the war and then circulated the report that he had been killed in battle. He had now the field to himself, and with the means or land, he secured the lady's promise to marry him. The younger man was not dead, however. On his way home he discovered that his father, who had been wild in his youth, had not been legally married to the first woman; hence, he, the son of the second wife, was rightful heir to the title and estate. He had it in his power amply to revenge himself upon his brother. But he had loved his father, and knowing that as his father had not made atonement for his sinful life, he must be suffering for it in the other world, this son offered up the sacrifice of his life, gave up his title and wealth and honor, laid aside his power to avenge himself on his cruel brother and faithless lover, and entered the Trappist Order, sedulously observing its rigorous rules and perpetual silence. That illustrates my idea of what is meant by the words brave and strong."

Preston Martins mused, with his face lifted to the stars.

"It was an heroic sacrifice," he said, "but an unjust act."

loved her! Was it true what his mother hinted, what her words seemed to confirm, that she loved him? Then had he made no compromise with his honor; not to tell her of his love would be as unjust as he deemed the action of the young monk. What was the meaning of that story for her? What her constituted the beauty of the action, if not sacrifice, the sacrifice of self? Then the thought that she was fain to follow the example of the young nobleman, hoping by her sacrifice to win faith for him, flashed across his mind. It blinded him to the reality of things. It seemed to explain fully the meaning of the look he had met from her eyes as they crossed the lawn, a look which was denied by the clinging of the little hands to him, the words she had spoken. Its influence was overpowering. It was as a cry from his soul for justice to him, to her. And was this her fear? that she had not strength and courage to set her feet in that higher pathway, because of the human desire of the heart. He drew closer to the girl.

"Sacrifice is hard, Teresa," he said, his sore heart giving the words the fervor of truth. "I know it." "Yet don't we ask God daily to show us the way to holiness? The way which He chose for His only begotten Son must be the best way, mustn't it? And what way was that?"

"The way of the cross," he answered sadly.

"Even so," she responded. "He entered it without murmuring and without rebellion. He needed not holiness, who is the All-Holy, but He took that hard way, that painful way, that way of complete, perfect sacrifice, for human souls. He wanted to save souls, bring back souls—"

His hand fell gently on her shoulder, for her words seemed to confirm the thought of the moment before.

"Teresa," he said, "you believe, with the monk, that the sacrifice of human hearts is powerful with God, even to the working of miracles, do you not?"

She rose, her face paling. She knew that the moment had come, and she felt stronger standing. Then she said,

"And you love souls with such a fervor that you would rush with St. Francis Xavier to the farthest India to rescue them, tempt a thousand dangers for them and suffer a fearful martyrdom for them? O my little saint! Think you there were no souls for St. Francis Xavier to help in Europe—in Spain—nay, in his own fair Pampana? His hand had left her shoulder and was clasping her hand, his eyes were meeting her eyes, and all the new sadness was gone and in its place was the clear boy's light which he had lost for a while, but which she so well remembered.

"Have I read aright the meaning of your words? that you would find do as the monk did to save a soul—perhaps two souls—which you thought in danger? that you would sacrifice your life to God to buy from Him their salvation?"

"Yes, God helping me," she replied, and though her tones were unsteady she lifted her eyes from his face to the star lit sky.

"Teresa," he said, "that would be unjust." Her eyes were again on his face and a wonderful radiance had sprung into them at his words, while a joy thrilled her voice.

"Yes, unjust to that other soul, unjust to your own. O my beloved can we not help each other more by love than by sacrifice? more by companionship than by irrevocable separation? Can you not teach me the way to God and Truth more certainly, more truly, by the precious daily example of our presence, than the saintly daily prayers of your absence?"

worth if he ever breathed the Faith of Christ to his employer's only daughter, child though she was.

"I'll let you hold it this once, cautiously," he said, looking around cautiously, "but you must never speak of it to the father or mother!"

"But why, Patrick?" said the child in her broken talk.

"Well, it's because they don't like it." "But I like it, Patrick." "God love ye, it's yer innocence that likes it, and the great Mother of God knows it, alanna. But yer would not want me sent away, now, would ye?"

"Oh no, I would cry if you were sent away, Patrick. Just let me hold it and kiss the silver Lady, and I'll give it back, Patrick."

The poor man was constrained to take out the old, worn beads, and let the child, all radiant with joy, hold them and kiss the large and really beautiful medal of our Lady, which he had brought from his home in old Roscommon, and which he prized as much as his life.

While she fondled the old fashioned rosary and kissed the medal, Patrick unwearily watched the child, and when she would have slipped away, he would have held her back, and she would have been a later punishment. Esther gave back the beads reluctantly, and Patrick restored them to his pocket with a sense of relief.

"Here's a rose for ye, alanna. Sure, it isn't sweeter than yerself." And he broke off a rare, rich rose, with a deep crimson tinge, carefully stripping the stem of its thorns. Little Esther, laughing merrily, took the long stem in her hands, and lifted back to the house singing all the way. "Bye-bye, Patrick, bye-bye!" "God bless her!" murmured the old gardener. "May the Blessed Virgin Mary (who they tell me was a Jewess, but I don't believe it)—may she watch over this blessed child, and bring her to the only true Faith! But that will never happen, save by a miracle." He would add, as he picked up his spade and fell to work.

Day after day little Esther ran into the garden for a chat with Patrick, and to ask questions that puzzled the old man to answer. But he did her bidding—gave her flowers, carried her about the angels and heaven and about the beautiful Lady and her Son, until the child would fall asleep in his arms. Then he would carry her gently to the house, and give her to her mother's care. The parents of Esther were touched at the reverent devotion of the old man to their little girl, and often gave her little gifts for him; they felt she was safe when Patrick was near. In fact, he constituted himself her knight wherever she went, and many a troublesome journey she coast him. She still loved the beads, and nothing pleased her more than to have them, although Patrick was stern, and obliged her to give them back when he demanded them.

One day when she was unreasonable, as a child often is, he said: "Ye don't understand them, alanna. Wait till ye are baptized." "What's baptized, Patrick?" "Och, it's being made clean, and holy, and pure in the sight of God and His Blessed Mother."

"But ain't I clean, Patrick! My dress is just put on!" "Deed you are like a little princess, ma-an-na-ay. I don't mean dress—a-way; I mean your little soul. There's a little spot on it of original sin—not your fault, alanna,—and until that's off you can't go to heaven."

Just then Esther's mother came along, and there was no more conversation between the child and the gardener. But Esther kept his words in her little heart.

PASTOR'S EXPERIENCE OUTSIDE HIS PARISH

By Rev. Thos. V. Tobin in The Missionary

In spite of duties which are as numerous and as onerous as usually fall to the lot of any moderately active and zealous pastor, wherever I have been, I have always managed to meet the clergy of the various Protestant denominations on occasions of civic or philanthropic endeavor, and my relations with them have been of a very pleasant nature.

Since I came to Little Rock my opportunities have been especially good, because it is the Episcopal City, and the bishop who is popular with non-Catholic, encourages the priests to cultivate friendliness with the other clergy whenever there is no principle at stake. It may interest the readers of the Missionary to learn the results of such endeavors, and hence I wish to set before them some of my experiences.

Shortly after my arrival in this city I met the Rev. Hay Watson Smith, D. D., at the meetings of the Vice Commission, of which we were both members, and I soon learned to admire him for his stand relative to Christian influence in dealing with the passions of men, in opposition to members of the Commission who claimed no restraint could be put on adolescent youth, and robust and lusty manhood.

About the same time the Missionary Baptist, a local paper, was carrying on a weekly (I was going to spell it with an "a") attack on the Church and its authorities in this State. Deeming these attacks too contemptible for personal notice, I suggested to Dr. Smith that, for the honor of the Protestant clergy, he ought to take up the matter. To his credit be it said he did it with the same alacrity with which he champions any cause, and not since the days of Brann, former editor of The Iconoclast, have I read anything so vigorous. In addition, Dr. Smith laid the matter before the Ministerial Alliance, of which he is chairman, and all the clergymen present at that meeting signed a letter addressed to Bishop Morris, deprecating the conduct of their Baptist brother. It was something new in the way of apologetics—to have one Protestant clergyman champion the cause of the Church against another.

As a mark of my appreciation of their conduct, later on I gladly accepted an invitation to address the Ministerial Alliance, after it had finished its regular order of business, on the book that had interested me most during the year 1912. Ward's "Life of Newman" was selected for two reasons: First, because of its overwhelming importance beyond all other books which I read that year, and secondly, because in giving my reasons I could improve the opportunity to give a Baptist brother a lesson in controversy, for Newman did a service to mankind by lifting religious controversy above the regions of mud throwing; and for mud-throwing the Baptists are easily the champions in this State.

The editor of The Baptist Advance is, in controversial style, very much like the editor of the Missionary Baptist. Before leaving the office I ascertained a reason for the hostility of this sect towards the Church. I called at the office of the paper and asked the editor frankly what was the matter with him, what was his reason for stirring up strife in every issue of the Baptist Advance. He seemed a little surprised at my presence and my question, and as an election for Mayor was pending at the time, he found it convenient to allege the activity of the Church and of the Knights of Columbus in politics as the reason for his stand. He seemed still more surprised when I ascertained him as a priest and a Knight of Columbus that it was absolutely against the rules to discuss politics at a meeting of the Knights of Columbus. The surprise, however, was of short duration, for in the next issue of the paper he said: "Mr. Tobin (he would not call me "Father") denies our charge, but the readers of the Baptist Advance can take his denial for what it is worth." (Evidently not much in the mind of another writer in that paper who said he would not believe any priest on oath.) Before leaving the office he handed me the paper, and this is the answer of the editor: "Yes, he is all right; he voted for our bill." After remarking that others besides the Knights of Columbus were in politics, I left the office with this observation: "A new instance of the ease with which some persons accuse others of what they themselves are guilty of."

When the Bar Association of Arkansas met last in Little Rock, there was a reception given by one of the leading lawyers of the city. I attended the reception, and upon meeting a Protestant clergyman who was getting ready to move to the city in which I formerly lived, I said to him: "Dr. —, I am credibly informed that you are a bigot, and I take this opportunity of telling you that you can't afford to go to Chattanooga with this sort of reputation, for that is the biggest and broadest small city in the South." He denied the charge, but it has since come to my knowledge that a Catholic lady of Chattanooga had occasion to rebuke him for bigotry.

But perhaps the most interesting of all experiences came through Dr. Smith, who asked me to address the Men's League of his congregation in the banquet room of the Second Presbyterian Church. Realizing that religion is losing its hold on non-Catholic men, this active pastor has formed the male members of his

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THE IRISHMAN AND LITTLE JEWESS

By Rev. Richard W. Alexander in The Missionary

Is there anything more attractive than a beautiful, innocent child? You would say "No," if you saw little Esther, sitting through the flower-beds of her father's garden, her dark eyes shining with the joy of living, her long black curls flowing in the breeze, her cheeks like roses, and her little red mouth parted in ecstasy as she warbled her childish songs like the broken notes of a bird.

She was only five years old, the idolized daughter of a Jewish father and mother, who seemed to live but to make their only child happy. Her Hebrew lineage was on the pretty features, and youth and perfect health made them lovely with a dark beauty that attracted every eye.

Patrick, her father's gardener, was a fervent Catholic. The faith of the old sod lighted his rugged face, and as he bent over his spade or his rake, many a muttered prayer for "the sweet baby" rose to heaven for the little soul. And the child loved him; yes, loved him! Every day she pat-tered down the well-kept walks, and chattered to him about the flowers, and about the birds. She would coax him to let her hold his rosary, which one day had slipped out of his pocket quite unknown to Patrick, and much to his embarrassment, for he knew it was as much as his place was

TO BE CONTINUED