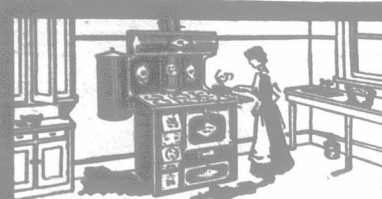
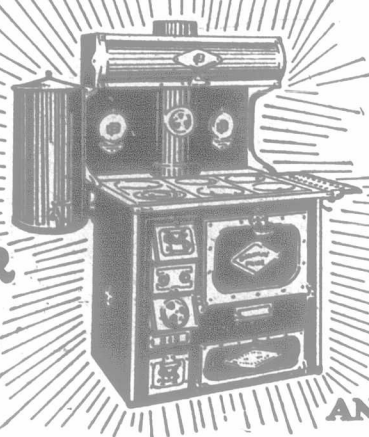
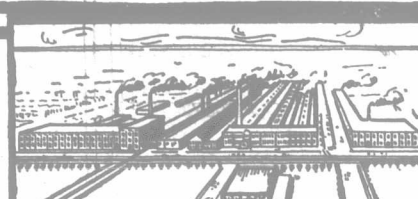


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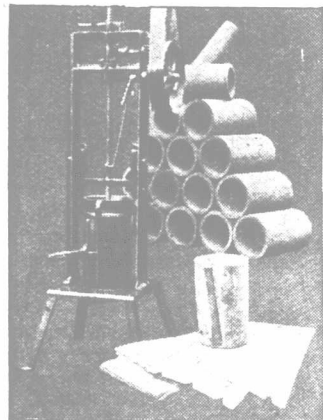
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she sang, was strangely sweet, lighted up with mother-love. Helena watched it, fascinated, and presently the babe slept and the song stopped as the mother stooped to place the little one in its tiny bed. Helena could scarcely refrain from rushing in to speak to the sweet-faced woman—she was in strangely emotional and sympathetic mood to-night—but felt that she dare not take such liberty. With a sigh she turned away, to be accosted by an old man whom she had not noticed, sitting on the curb.

"Fine singing, that," he said.

"Oh, grand! grand!" said Helena, "who is she?"

"Mrs. Nelles.—Town where she lived offered to train her for Grand Opera, but she married Sam Nelles instead. He works in Grierson's mill. You never saw two happier people in your life,—nor more in love with each other. . . . Fine boy, too! Only two years old, and can follow a tune already. Takes after his mother."

The old man was inclined to be garrulous.

"Thank you," said Helena, "I am glad to know," and, with a little sigh, moved on.

"A voice like that!" she said to herself, "and wasted just on a baby!"—then, with a little catch in her breath, she stood almost still. It was as though a revelation had come to her. "But why not?—Why not sing so to a baby, or to—to anyone one loves?"

Swiftly her thoughts went back to her own old home, to the quiet attention with which her father and mother had listened to her, Helena, as she played and sang the old songs,—to the visible pride with which Fred had watched her as she dashed off a brilliant aria at the old concerts in the hall—"Why," she faltered, "there was audience enough there, surely. I—I wonder if I am just following a will o' the wisp. Am I just selfish, selfish, staying here?"

She had reached the park gate. A faint, greenish gleam still lingered in the western sky, but the lights were all on, twinkling everywhere through the half-bare trees from which the yellow leaves were dropping silently in a soft, wavering, golden shower.

"Beautiful! Yes, beautiful!" thought Helena, "How beautiful the woods will be at home just now!—And the day after to-morrow will be Thanksgiving."

A stone seat stood by the way. She paused by it for a moment to listen to the sound of a fountain hidden a little beyond, by the trees, then, glancing about, sat down. There was no one to be seen in the park, as yet, save a solitary policeman, pacing to and fro in the distance. She felt quite safe while he was within sight.

"The day after to-morrow will be Thanksgiving," she repeated, leaning her arm on the back of the seat and closing her eyes. Then, suddenly, the distant roar of the city became fainter and fainter, dissolving into nothingness, the plashing of the fountain resolved itself into the gurgling of a country creek, far, far away. She stood at a gap and watched a big moon rising over the tops of black trees, higher and higher, until it struck silver sheen through a white mist hanging cold and heavy in the flat below. She heard the twinkle of a cow-bell growing fainter, fainter, in the distance, then she seemed to wrap her hands in her apron and follow. Anon, someone was whistling "I Love the Name of Mary," over in a dim, dark field, and then the someone had vaulted the fence and was beside her, she talking petulantly, irritably. How distinctly she was recalling every little action, every word spoken on that evening.

"And I thought it was all drudgery!" she said to herself, suddenly coming back to the present and staring, with unseeing eyes, through the trees. "I called working about the dear old home with mother and father drudgery!—Why, I didn't know what drudgery meant! . . . And I didn't appreciate them half—all the girls and boys about home who talked always about the dear, homely things in which we were all interested, just because we had grown up with them perhaps. . . . And Fred, poor old Fred, with his brave struggle to pay off the debt on the farm. How interested I was in that. . . . Why, there was 'life' there as well as here, and life that a country-girl could touch."