## A DAUGHTER OF NEW FRANCE.

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY. CHAPTER XXIV.

IN THE RECOLLET'S GARDEN. Notwithstanding all our preparations for defence, happily the Iroquois did not come. Our Hurons, Miamis, Outawas, and Pottawatomies went out to the hunt, and coming back in the spring with their wealth of heaver spring with their wealth of beaver nelts and the fine skins of the otter, reported that nowhere, in their wandering through the winter, had they crossed the trail of their hereditary

erossed the trail of their necessary enemies. Neither had they seen nor heard aught of the English. Taking advantage of the peaceful-ness of the country, accordingly, the Sieur Cadillac set out for Ville Marie and Quebec to confront his opponents of the Trading Company, after telling the Indians of Le Detroit that he left his wife and children at Fort Pont chartrain, as a proof of his good will

toward them.

Unfortunately, however, the absence of my brother La Mothe was prolonged beyond his expectation. Thus it came about that he sent for his family to come to him. At the same time a temporary commandant was appointed from Montreal, a hot headed young officer, of whom I make mention only because of the happenings which his

coming brought about.
This Monsieur de Bourgmont re arms atonsieur de Bourgmont le farded the Indians but as a pack of funting dogs. The Chevalier de Cadil-lae, having learned wisdom by experi ence, had shut up all the brandy in the cellars of his store houses, and it could cellars of his store-houses, and it could be obtained by red men or white only in small quantities. Now, however, it flowed freely, and the new Commandant spent much of his time in carousing.

Upon the day of his arrival, as I was Place d'Armes, I en-

crossing the Place d'Armes, countered De Tonty.

"Pardieu," grumbled the morose antain, "it augurs not well for Le cantain, "it augurs not well for Le captain, "it augurs not well for Le Detroit when so quarrelsome a soldier is sent down to us."

This gruff comment was uttered in the hearing of a group of Outawa war-riors who were come into the town to trade, Jean le Blanc, Le Pasant, and others, yet I scarce noted its effect as I continued on my way to the barracks.

I was to continue my duties as secretary for the post. In the course of balf an hour the chiefs came thither to salute the officer, as the representative power of the French.

My faith, Monsieur Guyon, wha is this?" asked De Bourgmont, with an impatience he took no trouble to con-

"A deputation of Indian sachems, who are come to pay you a visit of cere mony, Monsieur le Commandant," I replied.

His ejaculation thereat was more

vigorous than courtly, for he was in speech most prolane. Filing into the council room, the warriors ranged

council room, the warriors ranged themselves before him.
"O chief," began Le Pasant, stepping forward and throwing back his blanket as a token of greeting, "since you are come in the name of Onontic, we welcome you to Le Detroit. Have welcome you to Le Detroit. Have you brought us good news? Is the heart of our Father turned to us? And Monsieur de la Moths, when will be down a wait to East Deathback and a least of the company of the father than the company of the compa he come again to Fort Pontchartrain?

De Bourgmout had been looking over the accounts of the fort. Angered at the interruption of his occupation, in of replying to the Indians with the stateliness to which they are customed, he broke out brusquely to which they are ac

" Sacre, I am not a wandering cour eur de bois to bring you news. There are no commands for you from the Gov ernor. As for the Sieur Cadillac, he is ernor. As for the Sieur Cadillac, ne is not like to return before another spring,

This reponse, and still more the manto his visitors, as I saw. I did not know until afterwards, however, that it led them to believe the displeasure of Governor Vaudreuil was to be visited upon the Outawas for the killing of some Iroquois allies of the French at Cataroqouy, and that for this reason my quy, and that for this town my brother De La Mothe had summoned his wife and children to Quebec.

There was already enmity between some of the savage villages of Le Detroit, and a short time before a band

of Miamis had killed several Outawas while they were away on the hunt. Of this state of affairs I felt it my

ity to warn De Bourgmont.
Flattering himself that he could easily right matters, he assembled the Outawas and proposed to them that they join the Miamis, Iroquois, and Hurons against the Sioux. This, seems, they regarded as a pretext This, it delivering them into the power of their enemies. However, the war dance was held, and all the warriors of Le Detroit ostensibly prepared to take the war-path against the Sacs and Foxes.

It was a beautiful afternoon of early I had gone to the house of Mon-June. sieur de Bourgmont to assist him with

some correspondence.

The new Commandant has brought down many fine furnishings from the St. Lawrence, and also his wife, La Chenette, a bild, blacked eyed woman, some correspondence. whom, notwithstanding her good looks and rich attire, the ladies of the post

Madame de Bourgmont was not pres ent on this occasion, nor was she usually when I went there; and the Commandant and I kept steadily at

work on the papers.

Of a sudden, looking up, I beheld a dusky face staring in at the window It was gone as quickly, but anon re

This time De Bourgmont saw it too, and reached for his fusee which stood in the corner behind him.

The owner of that copper-colored visace has no sinister design in his pry-ing, monsieur," I said. "It is only Techeret, an Indian idler about the town who is found of peering in at our domiciles thus, for our furnishings of civilization are ever a source of curios it and wonder to the children of the

Doubtless there would have been no

more of the matter but for a most un-

A fine dog, belonging to the new Commandant, was stretched on the gallery basking in the sunlight. The footstep of the savage was noiseless, but the hound had scented the stranger and now warned him off by a low growl.

Techeret paid small heed to the chal-

lenge. Once again I caught signed, grinning face at the window. The next moment the dog must have dashed around the corner of the house and sprung upon him, for there was a fierce snarl, then the sound of a blow, and snarl, then the sound of a blow, and Once again I caught sight of his the wounded animal dashed into the room where we were, and crouched yelping by the chair of his master.

yeiping by the chair of his master.
With an oath the Commandant sprang
to his feet, caught up the fusee, rushed
out of the door, and seizing upon the
Indian, in an ungovernable fury beat
him about the head with the butt of

the musket.
"Monsieur de Bourgmont, have care; if you kill the Outawa you will care; if you kill the Outawa you will bring down upon the fort the vengeance of the tribe," I cried, laying hold of him and exerting my strength to pull him away. He was a big, burly man, so that the physical advantage was greatly in his favor, and the Indian having been unprepared for the attack having been unprepared for the attack was already stunned and tottering. I clung to De Bourgmont. In vair

I clung to De Bourgmont. In vain he strove to shake me off. He was trothing at the mouth when I disarmed him and thrust him back into the house The luckless Techeret had, however

fallen senseless upon the ground.

By this time all the Outawas in the village had got wind of the trouble and now gathered around their brother I called for water; I tried to make the Commandant some excuse for the Commandant.
"He did not know that our dwellings are ever open to our brothers of the forest." I said; "it is not so in Mon treal." I reminded them that Teche ret had injured the dog. In silence forest," they bent over the prostrate redman. They found him dead. They carried him away, and were still ominous silent.

The next day was one of those per fect days in June when Nature is at her loveliest. Not a cloud appeared in the sun-lit heavens; a balmy wind came sweeping up from the Lake of the Eries and rippled the river, which shone like pliant silver. The glac songs of the robin, the oriole, the blue-bird, and the meadow lark filled the air with melody. The verdant banks of the strait, the lawns of the King's Esplanade were far more beauteou their velvety green than the carpets of

Versailles.

At the early morning Mass in the church of "the good Ste. Anne" the choicest of the forest blossoms and of the garden blooms of the fort breathed forth their fragrance before the shrine

The little woodland sanctuary seemed never to me more peaceful. I missed indeed the clear, sweet voice of Barbe, who was wont to lead the chanting of the Indian girls, and the rich contralto of Therese. I missed the stately pre-sence of my brother Monsieur de Cadillac, whose raised chair stood vacant in the chancel, for De Bourgmont trouble not himself to come hither. The other officers were present, however, and the soldiers also, it being a matter of dis-

cipline.

There were now a number of ladies at the fort, for some of our young nobles had gone back to Quebec and these pious ladies had no need of military command to enforce their attendance at the services in the

Present too were a good number of settlers' wives, and the settlers themselves, come to ask a blessing upon their fields.

I saw as well many dark hued faces among the worshippers, though these belonged chiefly to squaws, Indian girls and children; the feather-crested warriors' heads sometimes seen about the door or thrust in at the windows, nding me of the bas reliefs of bronze had noted in the cathedral of Paris,

being to day absent.

The service was over, and the good missionary turned to pronounce a benediction upon his people. Was the gentle radiance that illumined his be nign countenance a reflection of the sunlight? Or was it rather as the glow of a flame shining through a lamp of alabaster, the shining forth of soul that has communed with God?

On this morning, at least, as I looked upon him, remarking the touch of time apon his thinning locks, which I remem bered as once so dark and luxuriant; the lines wrought by care and toil, by fastings and vigils upon his gaunt age—I bethought me that the story writ thereon was a record any man might reverence and envy. For what is there in all the world so beautiful as the record of a life well lived, the soul history of a man who has been faithful to his noblest ideals!

Homeward we went together, he and I, to the morning meal. How often since have I recalled every minute occurrence of that forenoon! His chat at table, grave over the subject of the Indian troubles, hopeful as he looked forward to the return of Sieur Cadillac, cheery as the sunshine, the song of birds, and the music of the river, the cheerfulness of a spirit whose tranquil depths were pure and sweet as the clear

waters of the strait.

After the simple breaking of our fast, the cure, taking his breviary, went ou into his garden, while I remained in-doors to indite a letter to La Mothe celling him that matters at the were not as he would have them, and urging him not to remain away a day longer than must needs be. The cour-eur de bois Sans Souci was to set out for Montreal within the week, and I was minaed to have my missive ready

to send by him.

Having writ the letter, all but the close, since I would fain leave it open until the last minute, to add the latest news, I prepared to go up to the bar-racks and set about my duties as amanu-enis of the Commandant.

As I stepped into the garden, Frere

ity which I have noted more than once in those of high intellect and introspective nature.

Anon some three or four Indian boys put their unshorn heads in at the gate to peer at him. A moment after, cull among his floral treasures with ing among his floral treasures with a reckless generosity, he strode to the opening in the palisade, and put into the hands of the young redskins the gaudy blooms that pleased them best.

" Frere Constantin, Frere Constantin would you defraud Ste. Anne of her flowers?" I cried to him with a laugh; for well I knew he gave so much pains to the cultivation of the little parterre that there might ever be blooms

decoration of the church.

'I think the good Ste. Anne would have done the same herself; she loved all children for the Virgin's sake," he

answered for excuse.

"But you have even plucked the blossoms of the 'holy herb' (verbens), the flowers you have watched for days

the nowers you have watched for days in the hope that they would unfold for the coming of the Sunday."
"Yes, yes," he admitted, nodding absently. "You see, Normand, the Indian children like those scarlet blossoms heat." blossoms best. Frere Constantin," I said, shaking

a finger at him in affectionate raillery, to pleasure these beggarly savages you have robbed the altar of the Lord." He laughed, as a boy laughs who has been caught in some innocent dilemma. But his discomfiture was of short dura

"Well, well, Normand, it may that I have," he avowed contentedly; "since God grudges not His bounty, why should we? We pray for daily bread, but does He not grant us daily bread, but does He not grant us daily bread, but does He not grant us daily food for heart and eye as well? Why do the flowers fade so soon but that each day He may send down new beauty upon the earth? 'Tis a law of their growth; the more blooms you cull, the more the plant puts forth. It is only when the gardener is niggardly and clings avariciously to his floral wealth that it fails him. Nature is generous that it fails him. Nature is generous to prodigality. There is no miser upon he earth but man. If we have not ne the earth but man. It was the blooms of the 'holy herb,' for the Sun day, there will be fourfold the number betimes. The Lord will provide for His altar. Have you not noted in the forest that where one strong tree is cut down another presently begins to grow? Ever this will continue so long grow? Ever this will continue so long as the living roots remain in the

ground. Here the good Father bent over a patch of iris. "No need to ask the flower you fain would have as a favor for your coat," he said, plucking and reaching up to me two or three sprays of the delicate white fleur-de lis.

"I care to wear no other," I answered, fastening them over my " unless indeed it be a arbutus or a posie of violets.'

"But the arbutus and violets are gone," argued Frere Constantin.
"Yes, they are gone," I responded

with a sigh.

My friend regarded me with kindly with a solicitude; he knew that to me the violets and arbutus meant only Barbe. "For you they will come again, ormand, be not cast down," he said Normand

delicately. "They belong to the south; there is left to me now naught but the iris.
will wear only the fleur de lis, but
will wear it with pride," I rejoined.

Frere Constantin smiled and nodded to his flowers, as if confiding to them his gentle opinion of the unreasonable noss of human passion. "Yes, yes, my son, wear worthily the fleur-de-lis, at all hazards," he counselled; "it is a badge of honor, of patriotism. Yet in gilding the lily the Bourbons have too often forgotten its whiteness. Wear it, Normand, as the emblem of St. Louis, a knight without fear and with-

out reproach." "I, too, love the fleurs de-lis," he continued, thrusting a spray of the graceful blossoms into the bosom of his sontane. they are redolent of happy memories of New France and of the mother country beyond the seas. I would fain die with m upon my breast. And then, they mind me of my own land also. You know, the emblem of La Bella Firenze, of beautiful Florence, is the iris, too— not the pale fleur-de lis we have here, but the stately crimson iris from the

Levant. "Ah, Normand, give not your heart "Ah, Normand, give not your heart too much to vain regrets," he proceeded after a pause. "I, too, was young once, and the love of life and earthly happiness beat high in my breast." He broke off abruptly.

"Yes, my Father," I cried with ardor. "Full well I know that in your fair Land of Flowers you were the heir

fair Land of Flowers you were the heir of a princely race. A young cavalier of brilliant talents, versed in all the accomplishments of the time, you were from early boyhood betrothed to beautiful demoiselle, the daughter of family as distinguished as your own, and your future promised to be ideally happy," I went on, astonished at my own temerity. "I have heard how its brightness was swept away by the Black Death that passed over Florence, changing its palaces into pest houses, its laughter and gayety into lamenta tions, and leaving the city one vast tomb—how you awoke in your ancestral home to find that your parents were nome to find that your parents were fallen victims to the plague, your betrothed was become the bride of death. I have been told that in the sorrow which threatened your reason, there are before you at times, as through a mist, the saintly face of a venerable Recollet, more who, long before had Recollet monk who long before had charmed your boyish fancy and warmed your young heart to enthusiasm by a rehearsal of the wonderful experiences of the missionaries of St. Francis in the of the missionaries of St. Frances at the wilds of New France. And thus it came about that, seeking solace, you knocked at the gate of the Recollet monastery on the margin of the Arno, and were admitted among the breth-

"Ay, and there found peace and enis of the Commandant.

As I stepped into the garden, Frere Constantin was standing among his flowers, looking down at them as one looks into the innocent faces of little children, with a tenderuess and love for their brightness and beauty; and talking to them with the naive simplic-

ten years I labored in the monastery at Florence. Then I was sent to France, and from there I crossed the seas to Ville Marie. Of the rest you seas to Ville Marie. Of the rest you have personal knowledge. Verily, my son, I must be getting old to be thus garrulous. Here I have detaired you a rull half hour, when you would fain have gone to the Commandant."

"I am still early," said I, lightly; "Monsieur de Bourgmont will yet scarce have breakfasted. But I am keeping you from the pruning of your

keeping you from the pruning of your shruts and plants. In truth, my Father, you have made the wilderness to bloom as the rose,"
"Ay, ay! Given good soil, one can

with patient care cause the wildest spot to blossom into beauty," he rejoined. Again he was the humble Recollet, all other days and other lands forgotten for his present work here at the edge of

At the gate of the palisade, as I have said, surrounded the house, I was met by a horde of little redskins with hostile design upon the parterre of the mission

... Here is another swarm of the red pests," I called back to him; "best disperse them with a homily, as the saint of Assisi was wont to dismiss the wild birds of the woods, and then, I pray you, shut the gates, my friend, or better still, come to the fort. The Indians are evil-minded these times and, to judge from the howling echo the war songs chanted in their villages last night, from their gruesom preparations for taking the war path to remain here, at least unless protected by the paliceds."

He waved me a serene " au revoir,"

saying quietly:
Fear not, Normand, my life is as safe among the Indians as at the fort. The red men are my people also. My gate must remain open. They must be tree to come to me to-day of all others. Were I to go among them now and harangue them they would not listen to me. But when they see me here en gaged in the peaceful cultivation of the earth it may reassure them that safe among the Indians as at the earth it may reassure them that the French are peaceably inclined to

Thus I left the good Cure working among his flowers.

Ah, did I but dream what would be the outcome of the forenoon, how different would have been my course!

As I went my way, I encountered Sans Souci, and learned from him that the Outawas had already taken to the woods, but the warriors of the other

woods, but the warriors of the other tribes had not yet gone. At the barracks I spent the remainder of the morning in the preparation of the documents for Monsieur de Bourgmont. It was close on to noon when we at the fort heard an outery from the

At the behest of the Commandant some two or three of us mounted to the blockhouse over the prairie gate, and descried, fleeing across the meadows to the enclosure, some five or six Indian whom we recognized as Miamis, with a band of foes who could be none other

than Outawas in hot pursuit. With all haste we called the news to the officers and soldiers below, and De Bourgment ordered the guard to throw

pourgment ordered the guard to throw open the gate to the fugitives. Before the wretched Miamis could gain the security of the palisade, the pursuers fell upon them and killed all save one, a young brave who outstripped them in fleetness. Him we drew in, spent and despairing.

'The Outawas are slaying our people,'

he panted, and then fell to the ground fainting from exhaustion.

This alarm was scarce given when all the Miamis who were still in their village, men, women and children made direct for the refuge of our stronghold. The next moment all the Outawa warriors, having returned from the war-path, dashed out of the neighboring groves upon them.

Our Commandant gave an order, and the Outawas were met by a sharp fire from the garrison; several were killed, but the band, instead of being turned well; Molly would not leave the hos ack, became more infuriated than be

ore. The house of Frere Constantin stood The house of Frere Constantin stood farther up the brow of the hill, a little apart from the fort. He had mentioned to me some two hours earlier that he intended to lay out some plots at the rear of the dwelling. He might not know of the wrath of the savages. "Frere Constantin! I must go to warn him"! I oried.

him," I cried.
"Impossible," exclaimed Dugue "the cure must shut himself up behind his palisade and there wait until this hurricane has swept by. It may destroy him; but no one can hope to reach him

"I must go," I reiterated, tearing myself from the grasp of the gallant officer, and knowing full well he would have said no word to deter me had not the exigency been indeed desperate.
"Monsieur de Guyon, the savag

nonsieur de Guyon, the savage hounds will run you down as they would a fox," seconded Jolicœur. You must needs be fleeter than an arrow, you must have the wings of the wind, to reach the house of the Recollet alive."

"I will go," I cried, breaking from them and deahing through a nestern

"I will go," I cried, breaking from them and dashing through a postern from which a by path led to the church and the cabin of the cure.

The spiked door closed again with a

The spiked door closed again with a thud, and, as I sped away, I heard the guard let the keavy bar fall into place.

I was locked out, and might find the gate of the palisade about the Recollet's nouse barred, after all. Of this only was I certain, I was alone on the prairie and could not hope to get across the space between the fort and the cabin of Frere Constantin without being per ceived by the maddened Ontawas, undismayed by the fate of those shot down, were coming on toward the settlement with the fury of a wind

storm.

Yet I must reach the Recollet, if pos sible, or at least get near enough to warn him, my friend, my more than brother, my father in affection, my hero, who doubtless knew nothing of the up-rising, for he was become hard of hear-ing of late, by reason of exposure to the rains during a missionary journey. Spurring my strength with the ardor of nter-The speed. But alas! all too soon a diaboli-For cal whoop announced that the blood-

thirsty savages had caught sight of me A moment after, with a fiendish yell, they were after me like a pack of fero-

A flight of arrows whizzed past or fell about me like the pelting of the winter's hall; I felt a stinging pain in my side but still, dazed and wounded, I stumbled on with only one thought-to reach and

on with only one thoughts save Frere Constantin. How little, at best, we can do for How little, at best, we can do for those whom we love! Gladly would I have given my life for him, yet every second I felt myself growing weaker.

Was it in vain that I cried out?

Was it possible that he whose defect

of hearing was scarce perceptible in ordinary converse, was leaf by this confusion and din of shrick

ing savages? There he appeared now in the garden. In God's name, why did he not bar the

Merciful Heaven! he was coming out.
Was it for my sake? Was I to be the
cause of his death, after all?—I, who
sought to warn him! Why did he come
running toward me? I could never gain
the palisade alive! The mind is fleet at such times. My senses were all upon the alert. A voice seemed to call in my ear that I could save him yet, either by letting myself be torn to pieces by the savages before his eyes or by falling upon the ground as if I were slain. The latter was no difficult role to enact, for latter was no difficult role to enact, for f was faint from my wound; if he saw are fall, thinking me dead, (and how could the life of any one be preserved against that rain of arrows!) he would bar the gate and gain for him self protection, at least for the time. more an arrow struck me; I could With a last shout to my no longer see. With a last shout to my friend to save himself, I cast my body

at upon the ground.

The foremost of the Indians were close upon me; I was sure that my final moment was come and they would have

my scalp.

But these demons passed me by; they were so insanely eager to wrech their fury upon the gentle cure. My God! had he barred the gate? With My this cry in my heart I lost conscious-ness; had the Indians who came after taken my scalp I would not have known, and would scarce have felt their to BE CONTINUED.

## THE NURSE'S STRATAGEM. MEETING AND AN UNDERSTANDING

AFTER MANY YEARS. By A. M. Davies Ogden.

Nurse Humphreys was hardly what could be termed popular. Tall, hard some, in a dark, cold type of beauty, she was much admired, and the doctors all respected her clear, keen intel ligence and executive ability. But the patients regarded her with evident awe. No one urged her to come and sit for a moment by his bedside.

Nurse Humphreys herself regarded the patients as so many human machines be tended and cared for. It was her work to superintend the doing What more could be required of this. er? And then one day a tender help less little morsel of a child was carried into the ward, and Miss Humphreys experienced a strange sensation. blue eyes looked appealingly into hers; the thin little arms were extended, "Molly lonesome," murmured a baby voice. And Miss Humphreys, rather shamefacedly, bent and kissed the tiny

From that day a new life began for the nurse. All the pent up tenderness of years, all the starved affection of the an's heart, sternly repressed for so long, were unstintedly lavished upon the child. It was a bad case. Miss Humphreys flung herself with tireless energy into the battle with death. energy into the pattle with death.
Molly could not die; she must not die.
And Love won. The fatal crisis was
passed; the little life began to tighten
its hold on existence. Miss Humphreys rejoiced until one day came a sudden, most unwelcome thought. Molly was well; Molly would not leave the hos pital and go home. Miss Humphreys started and tried to banish the thought. But it would not go. It pur-sued her, obsessed her, became a night-

Outside the big ward was a small Outside the big ward was a small room where Miss Humphreys, sometimes sat. Late one afternoon she was there, still haunted by the thought of Molly's departure. It seemed terribly near. How could she let Molly go back to that aunt—that narrow faced have and momen —from whom the hard eyed woman -from whom the child palpably strank upon the occa-sions of her rare visits? Was she unsions of her rare visits? Was she un-kind to the little thing? Miss Hum hreys wondered.

A sudden sense of discouragement possessed the nurse. Molly was nearly convalescent, yet to the doctors Miss Humphreys had dilated at length upon infavorable symptoms, inherent weak nesses, and this morning-this very morning—she had deliberately altered the temperature line on the patient's chart. That was unpardonable. She had fancied that the doctor had looked nad lancied that the doctor had looked at her rather oddly as he returned the chart. Did he suspect anything? Must she let her go—this child with Tom's name and with Tom's own blue eyes? Where had Molly found them? The aunt, a dry, uncommunicative per-The aunt, a dry, uncommunicative person, only said that the child's mother was dead. Molly babbled of a daddy almost always from home. The idea had once flashed across Miss Humphrey's mind that Tom himself might be this daddy, but she had dismissed the suggestion as too improbable. There doubtless thousands of Brennans.

It brought the man to her mind however. Tom? Where could he be? He had loved her once. Why had she let him go? Miss Humphreys looked about the plain little room, thought of the ward beyond. She had sent Tom away, had left her home, come to New York and entered the training school, worked, denied herself, suffered, in spired, sustained by no ignoble ambi-

Well, she had succeeded. She had achieved her goal. Was she not head nurse in this busy hospital ward? Again her eyes traveled around the dreary little room. Was this then what her ambition meant, a solitary woman growing old alone? Miss Hum

phreys, tired and depressed, knew that she was morbid; sought to shake it off, but the feeling was too strong for her. The reaction from the years of her. The reaction from the years of effort had set in, and all at once a wave of heartsickness seemed to subnerge her in its depths, forcing the maccustomed tears to her dark eyes. Miss Humphreys uttered a little sob. Was what she had done worth the sacrifices demanded? Did life hold no

more than this?
The sound of voices outside the door roused her. The doctor was speaking.
"So I thought it best to send for you yourself and explain matters," he was saying. "She is one of our best was saying. "She is one of our best nurses and has worked night and day to save your child. Indeed, that the child lived at all is largely due to her untiring vigilance. But there is no reason now why Molly should not leave the hospital. It sometimes happens however, that a nurse takes a fancy to a patient and tries to keep him overime. Therefore I preferred that you time. Therefore I preferred that you yourself should come and remove Molly. I would not wish to hurt Miss Humphrey's feelings," he added kindly, for he was a humane man and could sympathize with the duliness of the nurse's life. "We all think so much of Miss Humphreys"."

of Miss Humphreys."

"Miss Humphreys," repeated the man. And at the voice the woman started and clasped ber hands over her heart. "Miss Humphreys you say?

Could—could I see her?"

The doctor considered a moment. "I hardly think that she is on duty now," he said slowly. "Oh," with a sudden recollection, "she often sits in that little room. Possibly she may be there

As Brennan entered she sprang up, and for a moment they both stared in and for a moment they both stared in silence, the woman struggling to con-trol her uncertain breathing. The man started forward. "Mar-garet!" he cried. Miss Humphreys

nodded.

"Yes, it is I," she answered, trying to speak in a commonplace manner.

'I belong to this hospital.' But he did not seem to hear her. "Margaret, oh, Margaret!" he re-peated below his breath. She was far

more lovely than he had ever seen her. with that new, softened expression, the tear drops still clinging to her long black lashes. She lifted her head. "So you have come to take Molly away," she said simply. The man started. He had quite forgotten the

"Why-she cannot stay here—the

doctor says she is quite well," he stammered confusedly. "He said"—
"Yes, I know," responded Miss
Humpbreys. "She is quite well."
She was staring straight ahead, her
dark eyes filled with a blank, unseeing
look. He would go away again. Molly He would go away again. Molly go away. What was there left look. would go away. What was there left for her? The doctor knew what she had done. She might have to leave the hospital. But she did not care about that. Brennan took a step for-

garet, why did you send me from you?"
There was a whole lifetime of pain and yearning in the man's voice, and Miss Humphreys' heart gave a sudden throb. He had not entirely forgotten her then The image of that other woman had

" Margaret," he cried ; "oh, Mar-

not entirely obliterated her cwn.
"I-I den't know," she faltered,
feeling like a silly school girl. Her usual calm self-possession was gone. The doctors would not have recognized

The doctors would not their cool capable nurse.

"You—don't—know?" echoed Brennan. A sudden well known gleam han. A sudden well known gleam wight wight wight. sprang to the blue eyes. "You—don't
—know," he repeated. "Then—might
there be a chance for me after all?"
he asked squarely. Miss Humphreys sobbing had sunk into a chair. The man bent over and with soft fingers reverently touched the shining hair.

loved my wife," he said,
"She was a dear, sweet soul. loyally. "She was a dear, sweet soul.
But you were my first love and I could
But you have saved never quite forget. You have saved Molly for me," he added unsteadily, "but she needs you still—we both need you. Won't you come and make us happy, sweetheart !" a sudden intensity deepening the strong voice.
"Won't you, dear?"
And Miss Humphreys whispered

## BECOMES A CHINAMAN

CATHOLIC MISSIONARY TO CHINA THROWS IN HIS LOT WITH HIS PEOPLE.

Writing on the recent "anti-Christian outbreak in China," a correspondent of the London Catholic Times thus notes some difference between Catholic and non Catholic missionaries

in that region of the world:
"The Catholic missionary to China becomes a Chinaman and never dreams of a comfortable retirement in Europe. As a rule he lives far away from the treaty ports, and no gunboat can come treaty ports, and no gunboat can come to his protection. In time of trouble he sticks to his post, and throws in his lot with his people. They are ready to die with him and for the faith he has taught them, as so many native Catholics did during the Boxer rising, when an act of apostasy would have saved

"I know that among the Protestant missicnaries there are many devoted men, but I know also that hampered with wives and children many among with wives and children measures them, even though they themselves might take risks, are afraid to imperi the lives of their families and to expose to the horrors of a Chinese rising. A friend of mine, an officer of a steamer on the Yangtse river, wrote to me during the Boxer outbreak words of flerce contempt for the American Pro-testant missionaries who crowded his steamer as she went away down the river, and he added words of praise for the Catholic missionaries, who no more dreamed of flight than our officers on the Northwest frontier of India think of guing away to Labore or Kurrachee of going away to Lahore or Kurrachee when the tribesmen are up in arms along the border. 'These men are off,' he said, 'just when their people need them most. The Catholics are standing their ground.'"

standing their ground. If you find truth and love in thyself thou shalt be able to find them also in the lives of thy fellows. The we once did. ance by dishonor. cusations not far great re century Excited of many become a

MA

GENERA

DEVOTI

still che have los A Protes meet an discussio yet with profited dition tion, the moved f Mary an testant truth, the Ma ject for printer

> felt he extent mother mother Mothe ever, her in to it doubt strang early be sta Nothi

> > trast

in str

offene

of gr

Mary h

so al made of o cont not afte whi race

> the tho Gra oth Ma