

The man grew white as the flower he still held tightly clasped to his breast as these words fell upon his ear. He scarcely heeded their import, but the voice which uttered them echoed with all the charm of dear familiarity through the chambers of his soul.

"Agnes!" he said, scarcely above a whisper.

A clarion from the steeple of St. Christopher's sounding out her name could not have electrified Agnes Seabright more effectually than did that single word. She looked searchingly into the haggard face before her.

"Edward!" she gasped, bewildered, frightened. "What, in heaven's name, are you doing in this place?" And she sank senseless at his feet.

The wretched man placed the lily on its table and stood for an instant above the prostrate form of his wife, hesitating. It seemed to him that he lived a thousand years of remorse and shame in that breath of time. He took one step away.

"Better so," he muttered. Then his eyes fell upon the pure face of the lily shining out of the darkness like a star of hope. It brought before him the flower-like countenance of the sweet young daughter for whose sake he had been about to make his first theft.

"God forgive me!" he thought. I

quickly closed them. The white, troubled face bending over her own was none other than that of Edward Seabright. It was worn with want and suffering, pinched with hunger, lined with care, but unmistakably the same. A strange thrill of sympathy for the weary soul which looked out of those somber eyes stirred her heart. What had changed him so? She, too, had suffered greatly since those days in which trifles reached mountain heights in her estimation. She knew much of real grief now, and she could pity this fellow traveller in the paths of sorrow. Again she looked at the well-remembered, once beloved features. This time she did not try to conceal it.

Her husband flushed with embarrassment under that soft, intent gaze. He turned to move away, now that she had revived, but a second time he felt that gentle detaining touch upon his hand and he heard her say:

"My poor boy!"

That was all, but it was enough to bring him to his knees, quivering from head to foot.

"Oh, do not think of me!" he implored, eagerly. Then, after an instant of waiting, "Edith!" he moaned. "Edith, our child!"

Mrs. Seabright was on her feet almost before the words had crossed his lips.



BANK OF MONTREAL, REGINA.

From photograph taken recently during the burning of the building.

must be mad tonight—mad with despair and grief!"

He stooped and raised his wife in his arms, carrying her into an ante-room.

It had been a strange meeting. Ten years had passed since they had looked into each other's face before. Miles away from this great city they had decided, after five years of married life that they were unsuited to each other and had calmly agreed to go their separate ways. Neither had any desire to make a second trial of the life both found intolerable. There was, therefore, no divorce, only a legal separation, giving to him the four-year-old Edith, who was his idol, and to her baby Amy. Half of his large fortune he had cheerfully settled upon her. All this being arranged, they bade each other good-by. He took little Edith to his favorite sister in California and entered into business relations there. She came to New York, where she bought a handsome house and made for herself and Amy an ideal home.

Memory returned to Agnes Seabright with consciousness, before she opened her eyes.

"Can it be possible," she asked herself, with a shudder of horror, "that I have really seen my husband, the father of my babies, the upright, honorable lover of my girlish pride, thieving from the very altar? Oh, no! I must have dreamed it, or it was a trick of my over-wrought imagination."

Cautiously she raised the lids the least bit. With a heavy sigh she

"Edith!" she cried, as white as he. "Is Edith living? They told me she died years ago. Oh, take me to her—Come!"

She spoke imperiously. Already she was at the outer door. He shivered as the chill air struck through his meagre clothing, but his heart was leaping with joy. It seemed almost too great a blessing to believe; too wonderful transition from the abyss of degradation which had yawned blackly before his slipping feet to the saving presence of the mother of his child; who, however she might feel toward him, could only have the tenderest love for the sweet girl hovering very near to the shadowy valley.

As he gave an order to the coachman and followed his wife into the softly cushioned carriage he longed for wings with which to outstrip the horses. It was an endless time to them both until they arrived at the tall, shabby tenement house and ascended the rickety stairs. Neither had spoken during the ride; neither spoke now until Edward paused before a door.

"She is very weak," he whispered then. "The doctor says—" his voice broke, the sentence was unfinished.

Noiselessly they passed within, and Agnes Seabright again stood by the side of her first-born child, the precious daughter who had added to the happiness of the young wife the unspeakable raptures of maternal love.

Edith was sleeping, and her mother stood for a long time motionless, all else forgotten in the absorbing joy of seeing once more the beloved face

she had long believed dead. She flushed and paled and smiled and sobbed, this slight, winsome woman,

whose sufferings had made her strong, but who almost sank under the burden of so great a happiness.

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