

BORROWED FROM THE NIGHT

By ANNA C. MINOGUE

CHAPTER XIII—CONTINUED

"Good bye," said Mrs. Halpin, in level tones, for instead of the girl before her, she saw St. John Worthington as he had looked at her across the table that morning. Teresa turned toward the parlor, where Mr. Preston, his hat in his hand, the room had been darkened to keep out the hot May sunshine, and for this both were grateful. Her voice sounded muffled as she greeted him, and his tones were not clearer as he replied; then he advanced, and holding the open door, bowed her out into the hall. As she traversed its narrow length and crossed the green yard she again seemed to hear the voice in the woods calling, calling. When the carriage turned from the main street out into the turnpike that wound through the new world of song and sunshine, her drooping spirits began to revive, and for the first time, during the drive, she turned her eyes on her companion. She met his full gaze and the souls that thus looked upon each other through the windows of the human recognized that now some subtle bond united them who previously had been strangers. It was the kinship of sorrow. The question that throbbled up from Preston Martins' heart was hurled back by his strong will unasked, and he said instead: "I am glad that you are going to White Sulphur. The country is different from this. You will find hills there and dells and valleys. I like hilly land because of the low, still hiding places of their valleys. That's another of my fancies, and he smiled as he made this first allusion to their conversation on that other night. "The hotel itself," he went on instantly, "stands on the side of a hill, with another hill facing it. Between these two is the spring, in a narrow vale. It is a picture of a peaceful, secluded, yet beneficial life, that neck of verdant land, stretching below and around the feet of the hills."

As he paused, she asked, "Are you going to White Sulphur also?" "No, unfortunately for me," he replied, but the fervor of the gallant, which, if light as foam, gives a pleasing taste to such implied compliments, was not in his own voice; instead, was the sadness of truth. "Father is going," and he seemed to throw in the words to fill up the awkwardness of the sentence, "some one must be at home to do the honors of the house to the friends—and enemies—whom political aspirants may expect at all times. You have heard, of course," he concluded, "that my father's name is prominently mentioned for Governor by the New Court Whigs! They predominate in the party and his nomination is almost certain."

"Will the Old Court adherents bring out another candidate?" she asked. "I do not think so. We seldom split up like that, although we do not expect to receive strong support from the Old Court men."

"When will the convention be held?" she asked. "Next Thursday," he replied.

"Whom do the Democrats intend bringing out?" she inquired, glad of a subject that led so far away from her miserable thoughts. He paused a breathing space before replying. Then: "The Old Court members of the party will, it is thought, vote for the nomination of Mr. St. John Worthington. The New Court followers," he went on quickly, for the involuntary start which she gave did not escape him, "have not yet selected their standard bearer. But they are weak and it is probable that they will follow the advice of the friends and not vote at all, or support the Whig candidate. It is rather folly for men thus to permit side issues to disrupt their party. Twenty years from now the Old Court and New Court question will be forgotten, although to day men seem to think it of more importance than the preservation of their parties."

He lapsed into silence, but as the carriage was entering the arched gateway, said:

"It will be a bitterly fought election, if the parties are captained by my father and Mr. Worthington, for they will carry into the campaign, not only political enmity, but personal hatred. I asked my father to spare himself and us the misery of another electoral contest, but—my father is ambitious. In justice, however, I must add that he is less ambitious for himself than for my mother and me. He would make her the first lady for the people of Kentucky and secure for me the honor of being a Governor's son. I told him, that for myself, I had no such desire. My highest wish is to be known to my generation as a worthy son of a good man. I am content that posterity should forget me."

As he finished, the carriage drew up at the white house, on the wide veranda of which stood the father, a welcoming smile on his handsome, small-featured face. The keen eyes of George Martins did not fail to note the changed face of Teresa Martinez and her long silences, after spasmodic effort at conversation, confirmed him in the opinion that the girl was passing through one of those crises that overtake the hearts of the young; that this should occur at a time when some turn of soul was oppressing his son, gave a new trend to his thoughts. Preston had succeeded in baffling the father's efforts to pierce

the mystery of the all-too-perceptible change, but he knew that the girl would not be so adept at concealment.

"They found a number of their friends and acquaintances at White Sulphur, but on the plea of fatigue, Teresa made her escape from their merry company. It was impossible, however, on such a summer night to remain in her room; so when the sound of laughing voices announced the departure of the young people for a walk, she stole down stairs and sought a secluded place on the wide veranda that circled the hotel. Scarcely was she seated, when steps on the floor behind made her turn, and with a feeling of annoyance or shrinking, she knew not which, she saw George Martins approaching. His head was bent and not until he caught the shen of her ample gray skirts in passing did he appear to be aware of her presence.

"Miss Martinez! Are you feeling rested? And have you come down to enjoy the moonlight? Shall I go away?"

She could not say "Yes," to her host, so instead she faintly asked him to take the other chair, which he did. From the ordinary beginning of conversation, they drifted into deeper subjects, until he brought her to where his thoughts were stationed.

"Yes," she said, "Mr. Martins told me that your nomination for the Governorship is almost certain."

"And I suppose," he added, with his magnetic smile, "my son also told you that he tried to dissuade me from accepting the honor from my party?"

"He said he had asked you to spare yourself and the family the misery of another electoral contest," replied the truthful Teresa.

Her hearer rested an elbow on the arm of the chair, and leaning back wearily, regarded for a silent moment the moon-lighted hills. Over the pause came the voices of the company that were roaming through the dell below; George Martins sighed softly and turned his attention to the waiting girl.

"I cannot exactly say that the worst enemies are of my own house. Hold, Miss Martinez," he began, "but certainly my worst discouragers are every political honor I have achieved, every financial effort I have brought to a successful issue, every heart worked out in the face of such opposition, not the less paralyzing because silent and often well concealed. Full and adequate sympathy I have never received, and I am a man whose heart craves sympathy—sincere, spontaneous sympathy—not perfunctory acquiescence with my plans. If I had obtained this, what I have achieved and gained would have brought me perfect happiness. Instead, after all my labors, I have ever found the leaves of my crown withered. He smiled as he spoke the concluding words, and the pathos it threw over his face, and the heart that he spoke with pain. Was there heart or security in this blasting misery? Was there no one possessing happiness, pure and unalloyed? She could have cried out that the pain of the world was upon her, and it was more than she could endure; she longed for death, in that moment, to desden her heart against it for evermore.

"You know my wife?" Mr. Martins said. "You know that all her heart is bound about loved ones, friends and home. Give her these, her books and her music, her church and poor, and she asks for nothing more."

"Is it not enough—when she finds there her happiness?" asked Teresa, involuntarily. At the question he rose and began to pace the piazza floor. She continued: "After all, Mr. Martins, possessions bring no happiness to those who do not desire them. From that situation which gives peace souls should not be taken, for if our souls have peace, then earth becomes the outer court of Heaven."

"They called you well, Teresa," he said, as her voice ceased. "Not an unworthy bearer are you of the name of the fair Spanish philosopher and saint. But I cannot permit you to misjudge my motives; so let me ask your patience for a little story of mine. I am of Irish birth. My parents were what is known in Ireland as the gentry but, further back, our line was noble. My father was exceedingly unfortunate in financial affairs and when I arrived at manhood, I was penniless. There is that pride in the Irish which never permits them to accept with equanimity and lapse from high station, as you could, doubtless, do, my little senorita, with the prouder philosophy of the Spaniard; so I came to the New World to hide my poverty. The opulence, the magnificence of life in Virginia, were more galling than my altered position at home; and not knowing where else to turn, I flung myself into the wildness and savagery of the frontier. Let me draw the curtain of silence over that period of my life! It was the madness, the despair, of a proud, youthful heart cut off, irrevocably separated, from its proper place, which thus made me the companion of the barbarian and the brutes in the wild haunts of Nature. But the voice of reason began to be heard above the ravings of despair, and it called me back to civilization. Lexington was then on the edge of the wilderness, yet the Virginian had brought his refinement and elegance to the frontier, and already the sharp overlying lines of class distinction had been drawn. I had not the patience to hold out against that line until I had beaten it down, nor the philosophy

to ignore it while I worked for my rightful place; and I was turning back to that other fiercely hated life, when I saw Constance. From the very first moment I loved her—how well, you may judge, when I permitted her to lift me out of my poverty and her family's scorn. When a proud man does this he can give no greater proof of his loyalty and love. But out of the endurance of those things was born the determination to secure for her higher honors, greater wealth, than would have been hers as the wife of another man, who was her equal, as the world reckons equality. She could not understand, my gracious, noble wife, I should feel thus, for to her there can be no high and low where love exists. She would have been as happy with me in a hovel, as she is in the beautiful home, that I—"

But the sentence broke upon his lips, for not less appalling than a thunderbolt from the cloudless, moonlighted sky, was the swift recollection of whom his listener was. He clutched his hands fiercely over the arms of the chair and gasped for breath; then, by a supreme effort, he regained possession of himself, and went on hastily, to draw her attention from his abrupt pause:

"The beautiful home that I have made for her. She would have been as true in poverty as in riches, as contented in oblivion as in honor."

His voice failed him and he paused. Raising his hand he pressed it over his eyes to shut out the haunting beauty of the face before him.

"I know, I know," she said softly. Her voice reassured him, and removing his hand, he continued in his former steady voice, though its tones were sadder:

"But she does not understand. I have worked without her sympathy, not with it. In spite of this, I have never faltered in my determination. I have carried my plans to success; but child! child!" he broke out, "I have bartered peace here, happiness hereafter, for this success."

As nothing had ever affected her, not even St. John Worthington's voice calling to her in the wood, Teresa was now touched by the sorrow of that confession, the sight of that bowed gray head. She could have thrown herself on her knees beside him and begged him to let her help to bring back peace to his heart, pardon to his soul. When he raised his face and looked toward her, the moon-light showed him the quivering of her fair face, the tears standing in her beautiful eyes. He leaned forward and taking her hand, held it tenderly in his, and while his eloquent glance spoke his gratitude for her sympathy, his voice said:

"Little Teresa, my friend! I have no friend, though I am so rich and powerful. My wife loves me, and who loves me thus binds our fates, forgives them without knowing they exist. Not so the faithful, trusted friend, who bestows counsel with warning, encouragement with pardon. Let me tell you that I have bartered all, all, all, and that the hope to drown the voice of outraged conscience makes me plunge into the broils and turmoil of politics now, where it was, at first, the worthier desire to reflect new honors on my wife's position and my son's future. Let me tell you that I shall no longer be able to find respite in this excitement, as the condemned criminal regards that hour in which he shall pay the penalty for his crime. There have been moments when I felt that I could not endure the evening of life alone with conscience, but must find relief from her torturing presence as Cato found it from the cares of a too long life."

"Mr. Martins!" The exclamation broke from her white lips, and she snatched her hand from his detaining clasp as if it were already stained by the crime he contemplated. He folded his arms and looked at her. His face wore a proud expression, but the look of the small, dark eyes was like that of a wounded animal.

"O Mr. Martins!" she cried, clasping her hands and holding them toward him. "Of all offenses which man can offer to God, there is none so heinous as self destruction."

"Ah, Teresa! Once I might have spoken such words as those you have uttered. Now—child, is there a God?"

"You know that there is a God," she answered earnestly. "No sane, thinking man can doubt His existence."

"Yes—yes," he said slowly, solemnly, "there must be, else that still small voice would not be here, and he laid his hand on his breast. "But I have lost Him—lost Him!"

"You can find Him again," she said, her beautiful eyes shining with faith and hope.

"Not by myself," he said, brokenly, and his head sank, "for I am an old man."

They were waiting to welcome her into their hearts and home. The wealth, the luxury, the refinement of that home passed before her in soft, alluring vision. Life in the white house seemed all that the heart could desire. These were riches, power, honor, position, happiness. There was no loneliness there, nor poverty, nor hard work, nor privations, nor the humiliations which these bring to the over sensitive. All the dreams of the schoolgirl lying on Loretto's playground would be realized.

But on the fervor and ecstasy of the thought, memory threw St. John Worthington's sad voice; and the beautiful world she had builded became spectral, sorrow-haunted. She shivered in the mild night air and her heart cried out that it could accept no life in which he was not included. From wealth and youth and love his voice was bidding her, and her heart was hastening to obey, when George Martins' tense, compelling tones were again saying, "Not even if your own heart should join with the voice of another in calling you from the work of saving me?"

"I should disregard such counsel," "You promise me this?" Then, against these compelling tones, he heard Worthington's sad voice calling.

"You promise?" The question was repeated. "I promise," she said, and she wondered why she should shiver when he took her hand and pressed it to his lips. He rose, and walking to the end of the veranda, stood for a long time gazing out upon the moon-lighted hills that shut in White Sulphur from the level blue-green land. When he returned to his chair, his face was calm, his voice natural, as, reseating himself, he said:

"It has always been a part of my belief that those losses, of which we are not the wanton causes, will be made good to us by fate in some future hour, if we have but insight enough to see her hand when she holds it out to us. I counted it one of the supreme losses of my life, that my cousin Gerald, because of his impleasable foe, hid his little girl from my love and protection. I loved the child and when both parents were dead I longed to take her into my heart and home, as if she had been my own daughter. I searched for her, sought her in high places and low, far and near. When at last I found her dead, a sadness came to my life that has never departed. Often I looked on young girls and wondered if Amy would have been like them, if she had lived. Yet never found I one that was my ideal of what she should have been, until that New Year's night at Mrs. Barton's party, when I first saw you. Her hair and eyes like yours were dark, and though but a child, she had your regal carriage. I said to myself, "Amy would have been like her!" and I begged Mrs. Barton to introduce me. I yearned to hear your voice, meet your eyes, for so I felt Amy would have spoken to me, looked upon me. Nor was I deceived. I knew that fate had brought across my path the one woman, who, of all like them, could fill that vacant place in my heart, be to me all that lost Amy might have been. Yes, perhaps more. This night you have done for me all that a daughter would have done, if God had seen fit to bestow upon me such a blessing. Now, Teresa, tender girl, true woman, believe me when I say that if your place in my wife's heart is next her son's, as your place in that son's heart is first, her husband holds you not less dear. As a father would I bless you!"

He laid his hand for a moment on her shining black curls, then turned and left her alone, startled, overpowered by his words. Slowly her mind went over them, drawing out their meaning. This then was his motive in cultivating her acquaintance—because she reminded him, by her hair and eyes of the dead child Amy; and notwithstanding a certain awe with which she regarded him, her heart warmed toward the great man because of this lasting affection for his cousin's child, who had she lived, would have possessed the vast property which he had inherited. But as her thoughts brought her to the words he had spoken about her place in the heart of the mother and her son she sprang to her feet and ran down the veranda, as if a visible and headed destiny had confronted her. "As your place in that son's heart is first," The words beat like a hammer on her ears. When she asked herself, while her hands clutched the veranda railing for support, did Preston Martins love her, and was it this love that had wrought such a change in him, since he divined that she had none for him in return? "And you shall have made the best match in the country." By a freak of memory, Mrs. Halpin's words came back, and she was again in her little room, with her eyes upon her few pitiful belongings. Thoughts crowding in with lightning rapidity, held her fast. Words of Preston Martins, but half understood when heard, came back fully comprehended; eyes, whose glances had fretted her, looked down upon her in all the eloquence of soul-language; his attitude toward her, which she ever had felt to be different from that of other young men, she perceived now to be the attitude of the lover. The veil had been drawn from her eyes by his father's words and she could not doubt that Preston loved her. He was not amusing himself, as Mrs. Halpin suspected, but was paying her the finest homage man can pay to woman. And this homage was strengthened by parental approval.

Philip Vaughn sat meditating on the bench nearest the drinking fountain in Union Square Park, San Francisco. His hands and feet were cold from the chilly fog which hung low over the city and made the moon's light spectral and fitful. On a bench not far away sat a woman nursing a small child, who, wrapped in a comfort of shawl, still whimpered with the cold. The light, such as it was, revealed a young face under a rather tawdry looking hat. The dress was not to be called cheap and yet something about it spoke of the bargain counter. The shoes, with their high heels askew and their cheap buckles, looked pathetically inadequate to combat the city mud that had leaked into his own boots these last few days.

Since leaving the hotel in the Lake Tahoe region where he had been employed for the summer Philip had tried every hotel that looked him in the face from almost every block of this city; for the coming of the fair had caused a crop of hotels to spring up on all sides. Failure after failure had staggered him till at times he almost felt that a change from the general reply of "No help wanted at present," would cause him heart failure. Employment offices had proved equally abortive and ads in the paper which he had answered as long as he could buy stamps had never brought a reply save a Loan Office card that had caused bitter anger after the excitement of racing to the room with the letter. He had knelt before his bed and humbly asked that the letter might contain a job, and here was a tempting letter from a Loan Office when he had already pawned all he could part with without counting a shabby—and appearance about the line when looking for a position as room clerk in an hotel.

Yesterday his landlady had politely, but none the less forcibly, requested him to vacate his apartment and leave his baggage. A chance call to the house bell and her consequent absence had allowed him time to make a bundle of his last clean shirt and a couple of collars which together with some socks, he concealed about his person and left the room and the house. His cash at the time amounted to 60 cents. Late that night he had entered a gloomy doorway bearing the sign, beds 15 cents, rooms 25 cents and up. Putting down 15 cents he asked for a bed of the touseled headed youth who looked over the grimy register at him. "Register here," said that youth pointing to a line near the foot of a page much bespattered with ink and finger prints. With a feeling of repugnance he had registered his own name and followed the youth to a long room lined with cots, most of which contained occupants already.

"That's yours," remarked the clerk, pointing to one nearest a dirty window, and then withdrew. Philip gazed around him and involuntarily shuddered. The air of the place was fetid with the smell of dirty humanity and stale tobacco which struggled for the ascendancy with carbolic liberally sprinkled with aromatic period—apparently that day. Going to the window Philip attempted to open it when a gruff voice from somewhere across the room said: "Leave that window alone; we're frozen already." "But I want some fresh air," replied Philip. "Then bally well go out and take your six out side," remarked the voice. Seeing that persistence in his desire would only lead to a quarrel Philip left the window and proceeded to prepare for bed. As he placed his boots under the bed a voice from the corner bed near him said, "Say Bo, come over here." Philip went, wondering what new experience lay in store for him. On a cot similar to his own and covered by the blankets lay a boy about his own age. "Well," said Philip, "what do you want of me." His tone, had he but known it, showed more of his inward disgust all he had seen and heard and smelt, than he intended.

"Don't get puffed," said the boy on the cot, "I only wanted to tell yer to lay your dudds around like yer'd do to home. Stack (i. e. conceal) 'em under your pillow or yer'll miss 'em tomorrow." In a minute Philip's demeanor changed and he put out his hand. "Thank you," was all he said, and gripping the boy's thin hand he turned back to his own bed and proceeded to put this newly found friend's advice into practice. Soon he was ready to crawl in when he remembered his prayers. Kneeling down he said the simple prayers his good mother had taught him so many years ago and then climbed into the cot. His slumbers were broken many times by fresh arrivals whose drunken bawling and horrible language came often from the office. At last he slept and did not wake till someone moved on the other side of the room and upset a chair. He had no wish to see the time but judging by the light that struggled through the panes of the dirty window it was about 7 or 7:30. After dressing Philip again knelt to ask God's blessing on his search for work, and then, having washed as far as seemed possible amidst the filthy surroundings of the common lavatory, he entered the office of the place and asked the man he found behind the desk to take care of his clean shirt, etc., and he went back again that night. After wrapping them in a newspaper and scribbling his name thereon, Philip now went into the street. The sun was shining and things looked quite clean and good after the dirt of the night. After looking over the Help Wanted column in the various papers displayed outside the newspaper offices and finding nothing he could do he once more started on the daily round of the employment offices.

"Nothing doing," was the invariable response, and so at noon Philip had entered a small restaurant and purchased a cup of coffee and some doughnuts which lowered his capital by another dime. After this meagre lunch Philip started to walk—anywhere—it did not matter where. Down market street and up Golden Gate ave he went and presently, for no reason that he knew of, he crossed the street and there stood before him the Franciscan Church. Several people came out and some went in. Curiosity seized Philip, and in he went. Although Protestant, and strictly trained in the bigoted opinion so prevalent in the small towns of the middle west from which he had come, Philip had always wondered if the Catholics really worshipped images as he had been told and whether they believed the Virgin Mother to be above Christ in the Heavenly Kingdom. He followed a gentleman, who, after dipping his fingers in a bowl of water, made a hurried motion beginning with the centre of his nose and ending up somewhere on his chest—at least so Philip supposed as he followed the man through the big folding door. Inside his nose at once detected a faint but sweet odour—incense thought Philip. It like to see them use it. The man he had followed in made off across to the other side of the big church, but Philip after a glance around sat down in a seat not far from the door. Straight ahead of him rose the High Altar which contained in its tabernacle the Saviour whom Philip only knew by name. On each side of the steps on which the altar stood were plaster statues of angels bearing little red lamps that flashed up once in a while and looked very pretty. Above the altar a life sized crucifix beautifully carved and colored sent a thrill through Philip's heart. Surely, he thought, this is all very beautiful. I wish they'd hold a service so that I could see what they do, but then 'tis a week day—but then why all these people moving around? Some were kneeling at altars and once in a while getting down on one knee as they passed the high altar and then some left the church. Presently his eyes, after admiring the five or six small altars and the many pictures that stretched everywhere (for the Franciscan church is one of the best decorated in the city of S. F.) espied a small chapel to the left of the door containing a very small altar and over it a statue of a man in a long brown cloak and carrying a small child who had been made by the sculptor to smile up sweetly at the man's face. On either side of the small altar were pyramid like stands containing many lighted candles which people occasionally added to from a large tray after putting money into a slot. Ah! thought Philip, here's an idol they worship; I'll go over and see what they do. On reaching the small chapel Philip found no seats, so not liking to seem just a curious looker-on, which might get him thrown out as he supposed, he knelt on one of the prie dieu and looked about him. On the ledge before him was a small leaflet headed Novena to St. Anthony. What's a Novena? was Philip's instant thought. He read on and discovered the prayers were to ask for intercession and not in the direct worship of the Saint as he had supposed. Quite a revelation in its way. He read on till the leaflet was finished and then hardly thinking of what he was doing he looked up at the face of the Saint and said in his own way: "If you can obtain anything at all I wish you'd get me something to eat and possibly a position." Hardly were the words formed in his mind when a small door that he had supposed was part of the wall, opened and out stepped a short man dressed just like the image on the altar. After a quick glance at two other people kneeling in the small chapel he approached Philip and said in a low pleasant voice, "Would you please give me a lift?" "What with?" asked Philip, "With a box of candles back here," pointing to the passage. Philip's first impulse was

to get up and go away but after a second glance at the placid, peaceful face, he said "yes," and rising, followed the man inside the small door and down a circular flight of steps.

At the bottom stood a long, narrow, deep box containing rows of small candles. "If you will take the front end and back up the steps I'll take this end," said the monk as Phil now guessed him to be. Then he added with a smile, "It's hard to back up in a habit." Phil did not understand this as he did not know what a habit meant save to custom. However, he did as directed and they carried the box to the little landing before the door when Philip made as if to go out into the chapel. "Just a minute said the monk. "Don't be offended if I ask a rather rude question." "All right," said Phil. "Well now—aren't you hungry?" The blood rushed to Philip's face and he answered angrily, "Well what if I am?" Then seeing the hurt look on the other's face, he said, "Forgive me, I did not mean to be rude and I'm hungry." "All right," said the monk, "come with me." Once more Phil followed down the little stairway and then across a yard into another door and so into the kitchen. Several more monks were there cleaning up after a meal apparently. "Please sit here," said the monk drawing out a chair before a spotless deal table on which several dishes, etc., were piled. "Just a moment," said Phil. "You think I'm a Catholic and I'm not. I'm a Presbyterian," and then he blushed. The monk smiled and said in that sweet voice which seemed to soothe Phil like his mother's had, so many years ago, "That does not matter, you helped me, now let me help you." So Phil sat down and ate what was placed before him which though plain was mighty good after his long fast from full meals. Whilst he ate the other monks moved around at their duties, speaking if at all, in a low voice. When at length he had finished, the monk returned from some other door than the one they had entered by, and seeing that Phil had finished, he said, "Do you wish to return to the Church or shall I take you to the street?" Phil thanked him for his dinner and asked that he might return to the Church. As they got to the foot of the stairway Phil stopped and without weighing his words told the monk of his prayer and what had followed. "I am going back to thank Saint Anthony now and ask him to get me a job,"—this with a smile.

"You'll get it, I'm sure," was the reply. "Well good-bye," said the boy, "don't know your name, but mine is Philip Vaughn." "That's a Catholic name," remarked the monk. "Maybe," said the boy, "but I am a Protestant and so were my parents who are both dead now." "My name is Brother Pedro," said the monk as he took Philip's hand. "Good bye and God bless you, I'll pray for you!" Phil again thanked him and mounted the stairs and knelt once more in the chapel. So that is a Brother, eh! Well I'd like to be like him if I were a Catholic thought Phil and then having made a short prayer of thanksgiving—again using one of the leaflets—he rose and left the Church. As he went down the steps he saw it was raining, so turning back he stood in the vestibule holding his cap. Presently a well dressed lady passed in and glancing at Philip's boots noticed the burst seams. Opening her purse she selected a half dollar and without a word placed it in Philip's hand as he stood holding his cap. He opened his mouth to protest that he was not begging but all that came was "Thank You," and the lady was gone into the Church. Here was a pesser for Phil. He went out and collected by turns and finally pocketing the coin he walked out into the rain. After wandering around till dark he had bought a plate of stew and some coffee and then not wishing to go to the lodging house yet, for it had now stopped raining and only the fog hung low, he sat on the bench and here it was that he saw the woman and the child which whimpered with the cold. Here, thought he, is someone worse off than I, so after thinking a few minutes he rose and going to the woman he said, "Will you forgive me if I offer you some?" "Indeed sir! and the good God reward you for the thought, I'm nigh starved for want of food and poor little Terry here is that cold he won't sleep." "Then please take this half dollar and get some food." "But can you afford it?" asked the woman. "Yes," said Phil, and with that he got up and walked away out of the square. After a while he retraced his steps and went to the drinking fountain, for the cheap highly spiced stew he had eaten for his supper had made him very thirsty. As he drank he heard a stifled whimper and looking towards the bench where he had seen the woman and child he saw in the dim light a bundle that moved. He crossed to the bench quickly and lifting the bundle opened it and saw the face of a tiny child. Inside the bundle was also a small flask—whisky thought Phil, and opened it. Sure enough the fumes of cheap whiskey met his sense of smell and made him shudder. I wonder if she has abandoned the child, thought Phil? I'd better wait here awhile and see. So wrapping the tattered shawl tightly around the puny infant and throwing the empty flask into the bushes Phil took up the role of dry nurse for awhile. Time passed and the woman did not return, but people hurrying across the park noticed the boy nursing the baby and laughed to each other as they made jocular remarks. At last it struck Phil that he had better "do something," so getting on

to get up and go away but after a second glance at the placid, peaceful face, he said "yes," and rising, followed the man inside the small door and down a circular flight of steps.

At the bottom stood a long, narrow, deep box containing rows of small candles. "If you will take the front end and back up the steps I'll take this end," said the monk as Phil now guessed him to be. Then he added with a smile, "It's hard to back up in a habit." Phil did not understand this as he did not know what a habit meant save to custom. However, he did as directed and they carried the box to the little landing before the door when Philip made as if to go out into the chapel. "Just a minute said the monk. "Don't be offended if I ask a rather rude question." "All right," said Phil. "Well now—aren't you hungry?" The blood rushed to Philip's face and he answered angrily, "Well what if I am?" Then seeing the hurt look on the other's face, he said, "Forgive me, I did not mean to be rude and I'm hungry." "All right," said the monk, "come with me." Once more Phil followed down the little stairway and then across a yard into another door and so into the kitchen. Several more monks were there cleaning up after a meal apparently. "Please sit here," said the monk drawing out a chair before a spotless deal table on which several dishes, etc., were piled. "Just a moment," said Phil. "You think I'm a Catholic and I'm not. I'm a Presbyterian," and then he blushed. The monk smiled and said in that sweet voice which seemed to soothe Phil like his mother's had, so many years ago, "That does not matter, you helped me, now let me help you." So Phil sat down and ate what was placed before him which though plain was mighty good after his long fast from full meals. Whilst he ate the other monks moved around at their duties, speaking if at all, in a low voice. When at length he had finished, the monk returned from some other door than the one they had entered by, and seeing that Phil had finished, he said, "Do you wish to return to the Church or shall I take you to the street?" Phil thanked him for his dinner and asked that he might return to the Church. As they got to the foot of the stairway Phil stopped and without weighing his words told the monk of his prayer and what had followed. "I am going back to thank Saint Anthony now and ask him to get me a job,"—this with a smile.

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