A CROWN OF SACRIFICE.

Transposition of Father Byan's Poer "The Story Bunneth Thus."

BY AGNES HELEN LOCKHART.

In the town of Dartmonth, within view of the beautiful lakes, there lived two families, close neighbors, and very dis-tantly connected. Each had an only Their child; one a girl, the other a boy. Their ages at the opening of this story were six summers, both children having been born on the same day.

minies, being day. Muriel Atherton was a fair, sweet girl, Muriel Atherton was a fair, sweet girl, with great brown wondering eyes, that seemed to listen, just as though they held the gift of hearing with the power of sight. The breezes lingered on her low white brow, and dreamed amidst the roses of her checks. Her voice was sweetly low, and when she spoke her voice was music, and her langhter rang white brow, and dreamed amidst the roses of her checks. Her voice was sweetly low, and when she spoke her voice was music, and her laughter rang so like an altar bell that, had you heard its silvery sound ringing, you would think of kneeling down and worshipping the

of kneeing down and whomy of pure. The children played amongst the roses —it was May—and they played at hide-and-seek until the son went down. Their hearts were happy, but, tired at last, Muriel picked a crimson rose and gave it to Stephen, her playmate. He hunted through the garden, until finding the fairest of the white roses there, he smil-ingly placed it amidst the ripples of her golden hair. "I gave you red—and you give me white; what is the meaning of it?" she asked, while a radiant smile event acrose her face. swept across her face. "Muriel, dear! White dies first; you

know the snow soon melts away, and it is not as while as your face; but roses red as mine will bloom when all the snow has gon

She sighed-a little sigh; then laughed She signed a fitte sign, they walked again, and hand in hand they walked homeward. A good-bye, a kiss, and he was gone. She leaned her head upon her was gone. She leaned her head upon her mother's breast that night and asked, "Mother I does white die first, and red live long?"--and her mother wondered at her speech. She fell asleep, with mur-murs on her lips about red and white. Those children loved as only children can, with nothing in that love but their whole selves. They had been betrothed when in their cradles; they knew it in a vague manner. each unconscious of what

manner, each uncon betrothal meant.

betroinsi mean. She called the boy a pet name, "Lance-lot," and he always called her "Pearl," He was full of moods, and the light and was full of moods, and the light and dow were strangely intermingled on face. He would pass hours gaily talk-, and then hours would come and go, he would neitheir smile nor speak. his face. like a cloud, with ever-changing He was like a golden sunbeau hues, and she like shining on his face.

Ten years passed by. They parted, and did not meet very often in the year, yet, as they grew in years, a conscious-ness of love entered their hearts. It was a pure, sweet love; free from passion. Reverence watched, like a guardian angel, or processed over Innocence.

One evening in the middle of May they One evening in the middle of May they met, but it was to part from each other and the world. Their hearts just met to separate and bleed, while saddest tears rained down their cheeks; for they were to meet no more. Their hands were clasped to tear the clasp in twain. The stars looked proudly down on them, while shadows knelt, or seemed to kneel, around them, with the awe evoked from any heart by sacrifice. Eternity was beating them, with the awe evoked from any heart by sacrifice. Eternity was beating in the heart of that last parting honr. "We part to go to Calvary and to God," he said. "This is our garden of Gethee-mane; and here we bow our heads, and breathe His prayer. Whose heart was heading while the angels heard: "Not bieeding, while the angels heard: 'No my will, Father! But thine be done!' In such heart-hours, raphness meet

such heart-hours, raptures meet

played with them as girls, had they passed there, would know no more than he or any stranger, where their playmates slept. He wondered at the stories that were hidden, forever, within those simple graves, — their hearts, lives, thoughts, dreams, feelings, joys, and sorrows, and their smiles and tears. In a lonely cor-ner of that resting-place, there stood a low white stab that marked a grave. Long, ead grass drooped over the mound,

ner of that resting-place, there stood a low white stab that marked a grave. Long, sad grass drooped over the mound, mantling it with a veil of green. Around the slab pure white roses twined their vines, hiding the name of her who slept beneath. He walked towards the grave, but when he reached it a spell fell on his heart so suddenly that tears welled into his eyes, and trickled down upon the grass. He lifted up the leaves that hid the name, and as the thorns pierced his hands, he read the very name he gave the girl in golden happy days—"Pearl." Long he sat beside that lonely grave, and took the grasses in his trembling hands, wetting them with his tears. Again and again he read the name, and thought it all a dream. He rubbed his eyes and read once more; then suddenly asked himself: "What means it all? Can this be Pearl's grave? I dreamed her sonl had fied."

had fied." The convent bell ringing upon the air dirturbed his reveries, and he rose and walked toward the gate. Long shadows marked the hour before squaet, and the birds were singing Vespers in the convent trees. As silent as the gleam of a star came a nun in answer to his summons at the gate. Her face was like the picture of a saint, or like an angel's smile; her the gate. He have was have the picture of a saint, or like an angel's smile; her downcast eyes like a half-closed taber-nacle, where God's Presence glowed; nacle, where God's Presence glowed; her lips pale and worn by ceaseless pray-er, and when she spoke and bade him enter, it was in the sweetest, gentlest tone. She unlocked the massive gate He followed her along a flower-fringed walk that led to the home of virgin hearts. The flowerbeds around the sacred place had been fashioned, with holy care, into sacred shapes, such as chalices, crosses and hearts. The very air was pure with the fragrance of their bloom. He went into a wide but humble room. The floor was painted, and holy pictures in humble

into a wide but humble room. The floor was painted, and holy pictures in humble frames hung upon the wall. At last the veil-clad Sister spoke, say-inz, "I will call the mother." With this, she bowed and went. While waiting in the humble room, his attention was at-tracted by a crucifix. He arose to loon at it, but drew back in awe, for he saw in it a liteness of his own face. His amaze

at it, but drew back in awe, for he saw in it a likeness of his own face. His amaze-ment was more intense when he dis-covered at the foot of the crucifix the name of "Lancelot" A whirl of thoughts swept over his startled soul, when he heard a footstep. The mother of the nuns entered, and spoke in calm, even tones: "Forgive me, sir, my delay! Our song was not yet ended when you came. Our rule forbids our leaving the choir." Her still, calm look seemed to ask his mission.

mission.

"I am a stranger, Sister ; come upon an errand still more strange. errand still more strange. In ardon crave you cannot rightly grant, pardon me, and I shall go. I would not dare in-trude, only that a friendship, deep as death, and strong as life, has brought me to this holy place." to this holy place." She locked at him a moment, but made

She locked at him a moment, but made no reply. Encouraged by her silence, he told her Pearl's story from the beginning. Then he added: "In yonder graveyard, where your Sisters sleep, I saw a stone and on it, half hidden by white roses, the

and on it, nail hidden by white roses, the name I never shall forget." The nun looked startled, but soon re-pressed the look. "Whose name?" she calmly asked. But when he said "Pearl," she heat her fore forward and looked." the bent her face forward, and looked intently at him. Then, quickly rising, she said: "This is the hour of sunset; it is the rule to close the gates to all until to-morrow morning. Return then, and if God wills, I will see you."

With many thanks he passed from the unworldly place out into the world. Going to the lonely graveyard, he approached the white rose grave, where he knelt and prayed that God might will the mystery's solution. Then he took a rose from its drooping position on the slab. Out into the darkness of the night he bent his steps, and reached his room, where sleep came to his weary eyes, new wet as dew. He dreamed a strange, weird dream of a rock, dark waves, white roses, and a grave; cloistered flowers, nuns, and tears that shone like jewels on a diadem. Two bright angels with shining wings blended in his dreams. He awoke more wearied than before, then slept and dreamed again. A dove pure and fair as the lily d fair as the lily again. A dove pure and fair as the lily petals fluttered through his sleep, in vis-ion or dream, bearing in its flight a spot lees roce. It flew across great distances, through forests where the trees were all through forests where the frees were an in shadow; and over wastes where silence held reign; down pure valleys, until it reached a shore, by which blushed a sea in the evening sun. The dove rested there a while, rose again, and flew across the sea into the sun. Then from afar came a sound, faint as an echo and like a came a sound, mint as an ecro and fike a low sweet hymn, that seemed to chant: "White dies first!" White dies first!" "The following noon he again repaired to the cloister, and was told the mother mention birs. He was told the mother to the cloister, and was told the mother awaited him. He was presently wel-comed by her in the wide and pictured room. "I prayed last night," she said, "to know God's will. Now, kind sir, tell your errand." "It was not idle curiosity," he replied "that brought me to ask the story of the white rose grave, or the history of the sleeper there, whose name I knew so long, sleeper there, whose name I knew so long, and far away. Who was she, pray; do you deem it right to tell?" There was a pages before the nun spoke; her lips trembled and then unclosed. "She was a child of lofty gift and grace who fills that gravs, and has filled it so long, though it seems bu? one short hour ago since we laid her body there. Her memory clings around our hearts and one memory clings around our hearts and our cloister, fresh, fair and sweet. We often cloister, freeh, fair and sweet. We often look for her, in places where we used to see her face; among the flowers, in the chapel, underneath these trees. Long years have passed, mouldering her sweet face, and yet it seems to hover here and haunt us all. I cannot tell you all. It is enough to see one ray of light, to judge the glory of the sun! It is enough to catch one glimpse of heaven's blue, for na to know the beauty of the sky! It is then enough to tell a little part of her most holy life, that you may know the hidden grace and splendor of the whole." "No, No!" he interrupted her, "Kind mother, tell me all!" She went on un-heeding his ontburst. heeding his outburst. One bright day, in the month of May, there came with quick summons to our convent gate, a fair young girl. Her feet were wet with dew; her large brown wondering eyes were moist. She asked for me, and as I went, she rushed into my arms, like a weary bird seeking shelneedin his outburst.

ter from a storm. She sobbed, and sob-bed, until I thought her very soul would rush from her frail body. I iet her cry her sorrow all away. Her sobs faded in-to sighs, and they died in faintest breath. "I bore her to a seat in this same room, and gonily spoke, soothing her with words of sympathy, until she seemed as tranquil as myself. Then I asked what brought her hither. 'Mother.' she said, 'will you let me wear the veil, and serve God even as you do in this cloister? Now, mother, say not nay—it will break my heart now so nearly broken ! 'Have you a mother? I questioned. 'My Mother,'she said, 'is in heaven, and you will be my mother, and the orphan you will be my mother, and the orphan 'Have you a mother?' I questioned.
'My Mother,'she said,' is in heaven, and you will be my mother, and the orphan girl will make her life her thanks.'
'Where is your father, child?' 'He has been dead these many years, and I am alone, having no sister or brother.'
'Poor child!' I murmured. 'My kind Sister,' she replied, 'I have much wealth; they left me ample means. I was a minor until yesterday; then I became my own mistress. My worldly means are yours, if you will but take me—now do not refuse!' 'No, my child!' I said, 'The only wealth we wish is that of the sonl of grace. Not all your gold could unlock yonder gate, or buy a single thread of a virgin's veil. Not all the coin in the coffers of a king could bribe an entrance here for any one. God's voice alone can claim a cell, or a veil, for any one He sends. Who sent you here, my child?' Thyself? Or did some holy one direct thy steps; or else some sudden grieft.'' Thyself? Or die some sudden grieft world has cloyed your spirit? Tell me which it is?''.'' Nother is equickly, almost proudly.'' sickly weariness of that bright world has cloved your spirit? Tell me which it is? 'Neither!' she quickly, almost proudly, spoke. 'Who then sent yon?' A youthal Christ,' she said, 'who, had he lived in those far days of Christ, would have been His beloved disciple. He sent me here, and said the word last night in my garden. This is what he said: "Pearl, dear! Your heart was born with a virgin veil upon it. Go! Wear "Pearl, dear! Your heart was born with a virgin veil upon it. Go! Wear your veil and outward be what inwardly you are, and have been, from the first,— and, Pearl, listen: My heart was born, clothed in priestly vestments, and at dream altars I have often stood, and said Masses in my slean; and when L lifted

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clothed in priestly vestments, and at dream-altars I have often stood, and said Massee in my sleep; and when I lifted up the pure White Host, a silver bell rang, and angels knelt in worship. Pearl, you would not take these vestments from my heart; nor would I tear the veil from yours. We part to-night, to climb to Cal-vary and meet our God; this, dear Pearl, is to be our Gethsemane—He is here, and His angels are our own. Let us say His prayer : Father ! Thy will be done ! Go find your veil, and I will seek my vestments !' He sent me here.' "She paused, a few tears dropped upon her closing words, softening them to a sigh. I listened, moved inwardly, though ontwardly calm, to the girl's story; then smilingly said: 'I see it is a love story, after all, with much folly, and some fact in it. It is a heart affair; there is little logic in such things, and much less sense. Dear child, you brought your heart, but left your head, outside. Now go and find your head, which you lost last night—and then I am sure you will not be anxions to confine your heart with-in this cloister.' She winced beneath my words a moment, then replied : 'If even my wounded heart brought me here, are in this cloister.' She winced beneath my words a moment, then replied : 'If even my wounded heart brought me here, are you doing well, Sister, to wound it more? If merely warmth of feelings urged me here, are you doing well in cailling them into ice ; and were I disappointed in yon-der world, should that debar me from a mere refer? You say it is a love shore purer place? You say it is a love story purer place? You say it is a love story —so it is; the vase was human—but the flower divine, and if I break the vase with my own hands, will you forbid me to humbly ask the heart of God to be that lily's vase? I would trust my heart to no heart on earth except him who, last night, sent me to dip it in the very blood of Christ, and plant it here.' Then sheenbled a long deep sob. Igently said she sobbed a long deep sob. Igently said to her: 'Nay, child ! I spoke to test you -do not weep. If God has called you, you shall come and find even here a home; but God is slow in all His works and ways, and slower still when He would deck a bride to grace His court. Go, now, and in one year, if you should come, your veil and cell shall be prepared for now. for you. Nay, urge me not—it is our holy rule—a year of trial! I must go to choir, and you into the world, to watch, wait and you into the world, to watch, wait and pray, until the Bridegroom comes.' She arose and went without a word. A year after this, to the very day and hour, she came and said : 'Will you keep year but now I come as poor as God, Who had no place to rest His weary head. My wealth is gone; I offered I offered it to him who sent me here. He quickly sent back word, "Give all to the poor in a quiet way, and hide the giving, before you give yourself to God." Will you take me now, for my own sake? I bring my soul; it is little worth, and yet it cost our Christ a priceless sum.' 'My child!" Christ a priceless sum.' 'My child ! said I, 'thrice welcome ! Enter here A few short days of silence and prayer and you shall be the Holy Bridegroom's bride.' Her novice days went by ; much sickness she endured. Often she would lie for weary weeks in awful agony, an no one heard her murmur. She woul no one heard her murmur. Sne wold often smile, a sunny, playfal smile, to hide her sufferings from us all. When well, she was the first to meet the hour of prayer—the last to leave it, and they named her well, 'The Angel of the Clois-ter.' Once I heard our priest say when she passed, "Beneath that veil of sacriter. Once I heard our prices say which she passed, "Beneath that veil of sac ficial black she wears the white robe her innocence.' We all believed There are Sisters here who have been coming for payment of fifty vears. There are Sisters here with have been in service for upward of fifty years, who say, 'Never within our memory has there moved so pure a heart beneath a veil.' On! we loved her so, and treated her like an angel or a child. She never spoke of the past, nor mentioned the name of any one in the world. She spoke little, but seemed to have rapt mo ments, when she grew absent-minded and would come and ask me if she migh walk alone, and say her rosary beneat the trees. She had a divine voice, an Whit alone, and say that a divine voice, and when she sang for us it seemed that the very heart of song was breaking on her lips. The dower of her mind, as of her heart, was of the richest, and she mas-tered or the inchest, and she mastered art by instinct, more than study. Her weak hands moved ceaselessly amid the beautiful. There is a picture hanging in our choir, which she painted. I remember well the morning; she came told me she had had a strange dream. then she asked me if I would allow her to paint her dream. I gave permission. Weeks and weeks went by, and every spare hour of the day she kept her cell, busy with her work. At last it was finbusy with her work. At last it was fin-ished, and she brought it forth-a picture

my poor words may not portray; but you must gaze on it yourself and drink in its magic and its meanings. I will show it to you before you go. In every May, for two whole days, she kept her cell. We humored her in that, but when the days had passed, and she came forth again, her face was lily-white, with a heavenly smile an it out of the sheavenly managers of the different departments have been engaged by the firm. Mr. Brown tells us that they are bringing their clerks with them. The season is too far advanced to find employment her face was lily-white, with a heavenly smile on it, and for days after she would her face was lily-white, with a heavenly smile on it, and for days after she would scarcely speak, except in prayer. Ah ! I had almost forgotten—on yonder mantel-piece you see a wonderful crucifix. She spent one year on it, and begged to put on it the name ' Lancelot.' At last the 'Cloister Angel' disappeared. We missed her face and voice at choir, and during our recreation hour. Those who passed her cell would step lightly, and pray that death might pass her by. She lay very il]; her frail pure life was ebbing away quickly. Many orisons rose from all our hearts that God might spare her still. We loved her so, and perhaps our love was too human. She faded slowly, like a flower; her large brown eyes sunk dim and deep. Hope died in all our faces; but on her's another hope shone, and from her wasted lips sweet prayers srose, that made the watchers weep. The Sisters watched, in turns, beside her couch. To each she gave a gentle word, a smile, a grateful look. Her mind wandered some, but no wild words escept her lips. She seemed to float away to bygone days, and live in scenes whose hours were bright and happy. In her sleep she often spoke low, holy words about her mother. When she awoke, she would timidly ask if she had epoken in her sleep and what she said, as elsewhere, so two weeks more of my salary is all I can count on." ner sleep she orten spoke tow, noty words about her mother. When she awoke, she would timidly ask if she had spoken in her sleep and what she said, as though her heart feared that sleep might in her sleep and what she said, as though her heart feared that sleep might open there some long-closed gate which she would keep locked. One bright evening in August, when the sun was wrapping, like a king, a purple cloud around him, on descending day's bright throne, she sent for me, bidding me come in haste. I went to her cell. There was an unearthly light upon her face, and it shone like the gleam of a star on a dying rose. I sat beside her couch and took her hand in mine—a fair, frail hand, that scarcely seemed of flesh, it was so wasted, wan and white. Her great, brown, won-dering eyes were sunken deep in their sockets, and their light shone dim as tapers dying on an altar. Soft as a dream fell upon me her low, last words: 'Mother! The tide is ebbing fast, but before it leaves this shore to cross the deep, and seek another, calmer one, I would say a few last words—and, Mother, I would ask one more favor, which you will not refuse. You have been a mother to an orphan girl; you gave her heart a home, her love a vase, her weariness a trest, her sacrifice a shrine,— and you loved me. That other heaven touches this, Mother : I felt its touch, and now I its clasp upon my soul. I am going from this heaven into that, to-morrow. Yee, I dreamed it all. It was the sunseed of Oar Lady's feast. My soul passed upwards

this heaven into that, to morrow. Yee, I dreamed it all. It was the sunset of Our Lady's feast. My sonl passed upwards through the golden clouds, to sing the second Vespers of the day with the angels. Mother! listen, dear, to my last words, which, like all last words, tell whatever was first in life or tenderest in heart. I came to your con-vent cell and virgin yell. sent by a spirit tenderest in heart. I came to your con-vent cell and virgin veil, sent by a spirit that had touched my own, as wings of angels touch, to fly apart upon their mis-sions-till they meet again in heaven-heart to heart. You called me 'The Angel of the Cloister;'-unworthy of such a lovely name, my mission is over Angel of the Cloister; --unworthy of such a lovely name, my mission is over, and your angel goes to her home to-mor-row. This earthly part, which stays, you will lay away within a simple grave-but, Mother, on its slab you will have engraved -- "Pearl." Do not ask me why, though if you wish, I will tell you. It is my soul name, given long ago by one who dreamed it. Should he ever come

away she took the little ones and went and read that name, and ask for tidings of Pearl, tell him all, and watch him if he back to the farm. A few days after her return her of Pearl, tell him all, and watch him if he weeps-show him the crucifix my poor hands carved-show him the picture in the chapel choir-and watch his expres-sion. Then there are humble scrolls in yonder drawer,'-she pointed to the table in her room, 'some words of mine grandmother was stricked with paraly. sis; she lingered a few weeks, but never regained her speech. For a yonder drawer, -sue pointet to the stable in her room, 'some words of mine) and his are there. Keep these scrolls inntil he comes, and put them in his hand, and tell him this: I tasted all the sweets of sacrifice. I kissed my cross a thousand times a day; I hung and bled upon it in my dreams; I lived on it-I loved it to the last.' Then a low, soft sigh 'crept through the virgin cell; I looked upon her face, and saw death there." There was a pause-and in the panse a wave of shining tears ewept through the Mother's eyes. "And thus," she said, "our angel passed away. Weburied her, and at her last request, wrote upon the slab 'Pearl;' and I,-for she saked me one i day to do so-planted on her grave a day to do so-planted on her grave a white rose bush. The roses crept around the slab, and hid the name, yet still w sometimes cull her sweet white roses and place them on our chapel altar." en the Mother rose without anothe word, and led him through a long, vast hall, up a flight of stairs to an oaken door hall, up a flight of stairs to an oaken door, which opened noiselessly—then into a chapel dim, in which there was a long, narrow choir with many stalls, All along the walls were hung pictures of saints. Besides Mater Dolorosa hung the picture Beside a Mater Dolorosa hung the picture of "The Angel of the Choir." He sees it now through the vista of the years which stretch between him and that long-past day. It hangs within his mem-ory, as fresh in tint and touch as long ago; there was a power in it, as though the soul had shone through. The shadow of the picture was this—a wild weird wold stretched far away into infinity. Above it low gray skies drooped sadly down, as though they fain would weep, and all was bare and bleak. A mountain stood, mantled with the glory of a light flashed from out the heavens, and a cross, with a pale Christ hanging on its arms, crowned the mount. There were two crosses lying on the rocks—one of the whiteet roses, with 'The Angel of the Choir.' the mount. There were two crosses lying on the rocks—one of the whitest roses, with "Pearl" woven into it with buds of red— the other of red roses was interwoven in buds of white with "Lancelot." Below the crosses the earth was dark and drear the crosses the earth was dark and drear like the crosses the earth was dark and drear; above, a golden glory seemed to hang like God's benediction over the names. Many minutes were born and died ere the bowed figure of Lancelot (for it was he in pricetty garb) arose and looked about him. The Mother had silently withdrawn, and a nun stood on the threshold ready to conduct him to the gate. Along the corridor, with reverential step, he walked, and as with bowed head he stepped from the abode of purity and peace, the Angelus bell rangeofily from the convent, bring peace to his bleeding heart, and seeming to waft on the world a tale of wondrous love crowned by the purest sacifice.-Sacred Heart Review.

MAY 11, 1901.

" The stroke of paralysis came before I reached home the next day. Poor grandma ! She tried so hard to tell me something. Could it have been more than to keep her picture of OarLady? Yet she seemed perfectly satisfied when I promised to keep it "None, Aunt Helen. Only the nanagers of the different departments

OUR LADY'S PICTURE.

BY LIDAL. COGHLAN.

" What success, dear ?"

her cry out undisturbed.

wo weeks is a good while, dear

'Never one door shuts but an

est," she said, when Amy had grown quiet. "By that time we may see an

other opening. What is that old say

and faster.

ing?

other one opens.

other door ?"

again.

bear

said Olivar.

said Marie.

"Hungry as a boy, you mean,

While the little family is at supper

children of a brother, who was killed three months before Dorothy was born

bravely to keep the little family, the

always." "How she loved that picture, Aunt Helen ! I will never forget how careful she was of it those few days you were gone!

Grandfather gave it to her, dear, "Grandiather gave it to her, dear, before they were married, and apart from that, the picture itself is very valuable. The frame is solid gold, and there are real amethylsts and salary is all 1 can count on. Amy threw herself dejectedly in a chair, and the tears, which she had so bravely kept back all day, rolled down her cheeks, at first slowly, then faster pearls which form the flowers in the corners. Grandma claimed that it was copied by a great arrist from the Dot came and laid her head on her sister's knee. Amy took the child upon her lap, and, hiding her face in original picture of Our Lady of Good Counsel, at Ganazzano. Let us put up our work now, here come the chilthe little one's, wept long and bitterly Miss Tracy kept on with her work dren ; no lessons to night ; to morrow knowing it was best to let the girl have

we will be busy enough." As Marie and Dot came from the kitchen Oliver rushed in, quite out of breath and a trifis pale. "I came near being held up, Aunt Helen. A man asked me for a nickle and when I said I had none he grabbled me by the arm.

"I know, Aunt Helen, but I had so hoped to stay. I earn so little-but that little will be missed." Oh, dear ! and what did you do ? said Marie. There was a great stamping of fee

"I cut and run," said the boy, laughing. "And here is your \$5, auntie, safe and sound."

outside, and a bright faced boy rushed in: "Oh, Aunt Helen, I could have earned a quarter if I had only had a "And my boy, too, safe and sound," said Miss Tracy, patting his head. Taking Dot in her arms she drew the shovel; the snow is getting awful deep. There is \$2 50 for the bread awful Taking Dot in her aims here. "Now, big rocker nearer to the fire. "Now, children, what shall it be to night? Shall I read to you or will you have a last week and 50 cents for the dough nuts to-day. Mr. Newby wants a lemon cake and a snow pudding ; Mr. fairy story ?" "Let's talk about your ship, Aunt

Brown wants a coffee cake, a white cake and a dish of baked beans, and Helen," said Marie, eagerly. "You are getting too big for fairy stories, Marie," said Amy. Miss Long wants two loaves of whole-wheat bread and a pint of wine jelly. All this beside the regular twenty-five

"Your ship isn't a fairy story, is it auntie?"

loaves of bread. Now, auntie, ain't I a good business man?" "Indeed you are, my boy. Amy, No, sweetheart ; it is just a myth dear, don't you catch a glimpse of that which Aunt Helen keeps faith in as an antidote to discouragement and dis-content. We just borrow our pleas-"How good you are, auntie; but this is all work for your hands. I am ures from the future and call it my young, strong and so willing to work

ship." Many were the pleasures for them. and I can do so little." "Supper is ready," said Marie, com-Many were the pleasures for them-selves and others planned by the chil-dren. "Amy must have a plano," said **0**.iver, "and you shall have a black slik dress, Aunt Helen." ing in from the kitchen. "Now, auntie, you'll see how well I can cook You will never have to get supper "No," said Dot, "a red one, you got enough black dresses."

I'm awfully glad you're ready, d Olivar. '' I'm huogry as "I'll have two, darling ? a red one

and a black one. Yes, Amy shall have her plano and lessons from a professor. Our little student here," laying her hand lovingly on Marie's dark curls, shall study everything and have her voice caltivated. Oliver shall have a pony-or shall it be a bicyle?"

while the little family is at supper let me say a few words about them. Helen Tracy was still a pretty woman, in spite of her forty years, and the lines which sorrow and care bad left in the noble face. The children-Amy, seventeen; Marie, fourteen; Oliver traduce of Durity cluricen; "A pony-a black pony: with a tail that sweeps the ground," said the Oliver, twelve; and Dorothy, six-were

boy. "And has real, for sure hair," said Aunt Helen. "Now, let us have de-votions and go te bed. We have much

to do to morrow." Oliver lighted the candles on the For two years the widow struggled health failed. She sent for Helen, who lived at the old homestead with her little altar. They made a sweet, homelike picture as they sang, "Jesus Saviour of My Soul," the children's aged grandmother, and asked her to sweet voices mingling with Miss Tracy's rich alto. After prayers they be a mother to her children. Helen promised, and after laying the mother sang the beautiful evening hymn, . As the Dawey Shades of Even.

After the children had retired Aunt Helen sat long before the fire thinking. Would Mr. Price renew the mortgage? never regained her speech. For a If he did, could they raise the interest year after her grandmother's death by May? With a weary sigh she rose, and taking her grandmother's work box from the wardrobe, placed in it the money she had received that day. Piece by piece she examined the sewelry it contained. Her mother's pearl necklace and set of opals, her father's watch and chain, her grand. mother's amethyst pin, some rings that belonged to the children's mother, and her own diamond ring-the one present her handsome lover had given her. "Oh, Ralph! Ralph! if you had only lived !" she cried.

MAY 11, 1

was quite a loss is the greater lo Belen lifted

The gold f ly. out by the fall. To morrow she could do town breakfast Helen the children winess. With me gone, what wer The next da ing the pictu broken, th Marie, dear think I can will have to order to take of She deftly the picture. With trembli them. In on mortgage, di Price ! it had 1892. The New York that they had was a good meadow land. pert be allow view to pur envelope wit was written Uncle Tom, one dazed. had tried so Tom had key Now she time she ha her grandm had looked not have b no great h that she did gage had h had strugg now the old Uncle Tom fort for her Aunt Heler threw her burst into What is ous from Please don "I had it. Marie, at last. I come home " Oh, 4 ship?

"A real was hidde Oar Lady been robi known it Several nawnshop to identif you will "I thi

lighting question bed ?" "That tention w and for t should p "I ho cape," s his inter by the d The doubly It has b

bright arms around the cold white neck of Grief. Thus, while they parted, sorrow swept their hearts like a great dark row swept their hearts like a great dark stormy sea; but suddenly a joy, like a sunshine, threw over every wave that swept them a serene, golden glory. Again Lancelot spoke: "Our loves must soar aloft to divine spheres; for the

huse soar alone to drvine spheres tor the human satisfies neither you nor me. For when did human love ever satisfy the hearts that lean on it? You sigh for somenearts that lean on it? 'ou sigh for some-thing higher, as I do; so let our spirits be esponsed in God, and our wedlock be as soul to soul; prayer shall be the golden marriage-ring, and God will bless us both."

She sweetly answered : "Your words are but echoes of my own soul's thoughts. Let God's own heart be our only h and let us live as only the angels do-loving only as they love. "Tis hard to part—but it is better so. God's will is

curs, and Lacelot-let us part!" Then she sobbed as though her heart would break—an awful minute passed, long as an age, yet more brief than a flash long as an age, yet more one. No word was of lightning in the tkies. No word was spoken, only a look, which neither ever forgot. Between them fell the shadows ight. They parted in the dark, and never met again, yet their souls were twined together in the Heart of Christ. twined together in the field of office. Pearl went from earthland years ago. Lancelot still hangs upon the cross, but would not move a nail that binds him there, nor pluck a thorn that pierces his brow. He hung himself upon the cross brow. He hung himself upon the cross Pearl. She has gone to wear the crown that wreathes the brows of virgins who have kept their souls from earthly taint.

Weary years passed on into the past Weary years passed on the flowers One autum afternoon, when the flowers were in the agony of death, and the wind sang "De Profundis" over them, Lancesang "De Profundis" over them, Lance-lot walked through the cemetery; a rest-ing-place so calm, so sweet--the dead were lying down. The antumn sun was half sunk in the West. It was 3 o'clock, the holiest hour of the day. He walked alone amidst the nuns' graves. A convent stood near, and from the solitary cells of the nuns to the cells of death the road was short. Simple white stones marked each grave, while in the hollows between them grew flowers entwining the mounds. them grew flowers entwining the mounds. He read the names engraved on the stones, and "Rest in Peace" was written beneath them all. Over each name a cross was engraved on the lowly stones. He passed each grave with a reverential awe, and trod as prayerfully as though he passed an altar where the Host had left a trace

Walking from grave to grave, he read the names of those whose own pure lips had changed the names by which the world had known them into names of sacrifice, known only to their God. They They had veiled their names as they veiled their faces. The very friends who

Family religion is the only true source of domestic peace and happi-

the farm. Helen tried was mortgaged. Then she rented it, moved to the village and did dress-Two years before the writmaking. Two years before the writ-ing of this story she went to Chicago, giving the children better educational advantages and finding employment for Amy in one of the large depart

Helen did sewing and fine needlework, besides selling each week what home made bread, cakes and dainty desserts she could get orders for. Th past year they had no tenant for the farm, and Dot had a long and tedious illness. The time for the mortgage had almost expired, and the outlook was enough to discourage a stouter heart than Amy's. "Oliver, dear," said Miss Tracy,

when supper was over, "take this work to Mrs. Wells. She is to pay you five dollars, and be careful, my boy, come home as guick as you can; you know there are so many "hold ups' now."

"All right, auntie; but no highway man would imagine I had five dollars about me.

"I had an order for a shawl to day Amy, and Miss Leonord paid for her dress. That makes up the total work which is due on Monday. Your two week's salary will pay next month's That makes up the rent money rent ; this two dollars and a half will buy another sack of flour, and I have the five dollars which Oliver will bring to live on."

"But the mortage, Aunt Helen, is due in May.

"I know dear," with a sigh. hate to let the old home go, and to that man of all men."

"I had a letter from Dick Price today, saying that if I would marry him his father would cancel the mortgage.' "Not for a thousand homes should

ycu do that. Do you know, dear, that sometimes think Uncle Tom did pay that mortgage, as he promised grand-ma he would. But why did he no: give her the receipt? You know he came to see her when I was with your dear mother, and told her that he would pay mortgage and provide for you children. When we came home he was in New York on business and the day he came so hurriedly to tell grandma good bye, I had gone to your old home to settle your mother's business. That night he left for Australia.

"How sad for Aunt Alice that he jewels, and he never reached home, and to be buried to find them."

at sea! Poor uncle Tom !"

Should she part with these treasures to redeem the farm, or should she give up the struggle and let it go? Which would be better ? Raising her eyes to the picture of Our Lady, she breathed

a prayer for guidance. "Good mother, tell me what to do." The mild face of Our Lady seemed to in-spire her with courage. She put the trinkets away, all unconscious of the gleaming eyes which were watching her through the shutters.

Still thinking of the mortgage, Helen fell asleep. Toward morning she woke with a start-surely there Peer was someone in the next room ! ing cautiously through the half-open door, she saw a guant, hungry-looking man kneeling before the fire. On the floor beside him was her grand-mother's work-box and the picture of Our Lady. He examined the jewelry ; the gen gave out little flashes of color as the firelight touched them.

Before Helen could gather courage to move he had put them all in his pocket and started to unframe the picture. Helen screamed and sprang toward him. The robber grabbed the picture, and pointing a revolver at her, backed toward the open window. Helen's screams had awakened the older children who gathered round her. With rare presence of mind Giver ran to the front door and gave that peculiar shrill whistle with which boys of his age delight to startle people. Hearing it the robber dropped the picture and jumped from the window. In answer to the boy's call two police man came in. Miss Tracy gave them a description of the burglar and of the stolen jewelry. They searched the room, but nothing else had been dis-turbed. "I think he is not a professional, miss," said one of the offic ers, "he was after the money and jewels, and he must have known where

"The money, though a small sum,

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