

inhumanity to man. Mrs. McKane breathes her prayer to Him to keep her loved ones "under the shadow of His wings until this tyranny be overpast." But what is this? The picture seems to be changing! The widow dashes her hand across her eyes to clear her vision, but it does not make any difference. The Master is all in white and there is a wonderful glory about His face. He seems to be smiling! And see! there are two figures, one on either side of Him and He has His arms about them. Yes, the one is her boy, and the other is Dora! They are both radiant, lifting their happy faces towards the Figure in White, and talking to Him as though He were their Comrade. And does the mother hear, or is it her imagination? The words are clear enough, "Lo, I am with you always"—they sing their way into her heart and bring her great peace.

There is a knock at the door. It dissipates the glory, and the commonplace returns. Mrs. McKane walks bravely out—she could have no fear now. Any message must bring good tidings of her dear ones. She returns with two cablegrams. Quietly she seats herself and calmly opens one:

*"Love and good wishes on the White Comrade's birthday.—Frank."*

Her heart at once realises that her son had been vouchsafed a vision of the Christ.

She then opens the other yellow envelope:

*"Love and good wishes on the White Comrade's birthday.—Dora."*

Kneeling by the table she sings her Magnificat, and then goes to lock away among her treasures the two cablegrams.