BORROWED FROM THE NIGHT

BY ANNA C. MINOGUE

CHAPTER XIII

CHAPTER XIII

Three days passed. On the first Preston had met Teresa, escorted her home, and asked permission to take her for a drive the following afternoon. On both occasions he had been cordial and friendly as of old, and the heart of the girl was somewhat set at rest. She had, at first, been sorely puzzled and not a little grieved by his constant and unusual absence. She thought, perhaps, she had given him offense by her words at the graveyard and trembled lest has zeal for his welfare had driven this wandering soul farther away from its true abiding place. In her trouble she wrote a long letter to Sister Mechtilde, On the morning of the day after the drive with Preston, the answer came.

"My Beloved Child," wrote the nun, "your letter is one that calls for an immediate answer. I am pained to note your detroudency, your mur.

"My Beloved Child," wrote the nun,
"your letter is one that calls for an immediate answer. I am pained to note your depondency, your murmurs against your new life. You speak with longing of the peace, the tranquillity, the beauty of tife at Loretto. Ah, child!" What makes it peaceful? Resignation to the will of God, which ordained that we should give our lives to Him in the schoolroom and the cloister. What makes it tranquil? Faithfully performing the work ordained for us, no matter what the pain, what the repugnance; steadfastly holding before our eyes the example of Christ, our Master, who was subject unto His creatures in the lowly house of Nazareth; yet who sedulously closed His ears against the calls of His Mother and His brethren, when the work entrusted to His hands by the Father was to be accomplished. What makes life at Loretto beautiful? Sacrifice. In the true, the perfect religious nothing remains of self. In the furnace of abnegation her soul has been purified. These are the keys to the happiness of convent life. Think you that they are easily found? That when found they are readily fitted into the lock? Nay, child. We are but human. We reach upward by faithful, patient, hopeful atriving. Are not God's will. readily fitted into the lock? Nay, child. We are but human. We reach upward by faithful, patient, hopeful striving. Are not God's will. God's work, God's demand for sacrifice, in the world also? If we fretted against God's will in the convent, disregarded His work, refused Him our sacrifice, could we throw over our lives this peace, tranquillity and beauty? Is your life a hard one? God mapped it out for you, and by accepting it as a manifestation of His will toward you, you find the key to the abode of peace. Is your work uncongenial? He selected it for you. By accepting it as His work uncongenial? He serected for you. By accepting it as His decree you find the key to tranquing

for you. By accepting it as His decree you find the key to tranquillity. Is there a sacrifice confronting you? It came not without God's design. He intends that by it you shall crown your life with unfading beauty. Thus you may have in the noisy, troublous world the peace, calm and beauty of the cloister.

"Some passages of your letter perplex me, as when you say, rather irrelevantly, that there is a mission for you, but something in your heart seems to ward you away from it. Is that mission a worthy one? Is it the brightening of human lives? Is it the bettering of human lives? Is it the reclaiming, through God's mercy, of human souls? If it is any of these, it is a worthy one, and, child, dare you let any earthly motive, any selfish desire, stand between you and your call to do this work? Christ lived to show men how to accomplish the Father's will. Are you, too, to be one of the great, great many upon whom the divine lesson is lost? What is that 'something' in your What is that 'something' in your heart? Examine it carefully. Is it fear of what the world may think or A desire not to run counter to wishes of your friends? The promptings of easily hurt vanity?
Or the voice of self bidding you to avoid sacrifice, urging you to grasp the joys desired and within your reach, and leave the work which calls for abnegation forever undone, Dear, if that 'something' is any of these it is unworthy of you. It is not the way we expected our little Teresa to conduct herself in the great conflict; and I believe that if you have ever wavered, you will now hark back to the old command, where the loyal the old command, where the loyal souls are fighting; that you will strike down fear and weakness, longings for flight or surrender, and live out in your great, sorrowful world as frue a life as lived in the cloister."

There were other pages, filled with gossip about Loretto and its dwellers, but it was to the first part dwellers, but it was to the first part of the letter that Teresa's eyes returned, and the words sank into her heart. What had happened since Saturday evening by the graveyard that had made the conversion of Preston Martins, the reclamation of his father, seem of less moment to her, made her push farther and farther away the thought that their souls were worth any sacrifice? That following Monday morning, St. John Worthington, contrary to his custom, had waited to breakfast with her, and that evening he had walked home with her from the colwith her from the colHe had accepted invitato entertainments which
ed her, and while his
ons to her had not been narked, they were apparent enough make her marvel at the change rhich had come over him and the corresponding happiness it had awakened in her heart. In the joy which had taken possession of her, lormar interests care less than the corresponding to the which had taken possession of her, former interests grew less important. It did not now appear such an over-whelming calamity that the world was misjudging her relations with

reston these many days? She called the sadness which he shadowed his face as he said good by the Sunday evening when he has friven her home, a sadness which had crept into her own heart and relained there for many hours afterwas. It was the remembrance of teadness, and perchance remores had her, in a fit of melancholy, a her half-incoherent letter to answer.

write her half-incoherent letter to Sister Mechtilde.

The answer came in one of those hours of high exultation which intensely imaginative natures experience, and which are often followed by days of despondency, during which they drift along with the current of the life around them, as weak and helpless as a straw cast upon the bosom of a river. As she read, her spirit caught fire from the words. To sacrifice self, lay her own desires and hopes and joys down on the altar! In her present mood, and with Sister Mechtilde's words beating on her brain this seemed an easy thing to do. But when the long day's work was finished, and she turned from the familiar college doors, the young heart was crying out its rebellion. She longed for solitude, and as this was not to be found in her little room above Mrs. Halpin's parlor, she thought of the wood, the quiet, cool and extensive wood, where she had walked with Worthington that autumn day. When she found herself out of the town, she discontinued her rapid walking, and as she sauntered under the green canopy made by the cake edging the road, her mind returned to the day on which she had first walked this way. All came back with that startling distinctness which memory can give to some pictures, and she felt the too-frequent sigh rising to her lips. Entering the wood she followed a grassy path until it led her to a place screened from the eyes of the occasional passer on the country road. Here she seated herself, for she was weary. The long months of work, and the not less severe exactions of social life, had lett her physically exhausted, while the high pitch at which her sensitive, imaginative mind was almost constantly sustained, aided bodily nervousness in reducing vitality. Sometimes, of late, this intense, quivering life had been extinguished in apathy, scarcely less painful, and then she craved to lay her head on Sister Mechtilde's lap, weep over the bitterness of her life, acknowledge the humiliation of her defeat, and beginners. apathy, scarcely less painful, and then she craved to lay her head on Sister Mechtilde's lap, weep over the bitterness of her life, acknowledge the humilistion of her defeat, and beg her to love and protect the woman as she had done the child. As she sat under the tree, with the declining May sun sending its light down on her in shivered, golden rays that listlessness of mind and body again overtook her, and while her heart-beats sounded dull and heavy in her ears, leaden-footed thought carried her from past to present and from present to past again. All her social triumphs passed before her mind, and they looked tawdry and insufficient, shorn now of the evanescent beauty that had been poured over them by enjoyment; while the remembered praise of her work from the college faculty and thankful parents was as monotonous and uninstitute as the hydrogod here. ents was as monotonous and unin-spiring as the buzzing of bees. What did it all amount to—homage to beauty, praise for successful effort? Homage had fed her vanity, praise her ambition, until these passions bade fair to become the motive powers of her life. These were the keys to turmoil and unrest, and yet she had expected them to unclose for her the abiding place of peace and tranquility! She took Sister Machtilde. ity! She took Sister Mechtilde's letter from her pocket, and spreading it out on her knees, let her eyes pass over its familiar words. The enthusiasm they had called forth in enthusiasm they had called forth in the morning was gone, but the de-termination they had awakened re-mained. Life was not given her to be fretted away as she had done with it during the past year. Her work she loathed, her one prayer was for deliverance from it; but from this time forth, she would do it not for the foolish desire of commendation, but because it was the work which God had designed for her, and she would

had designed for her, and she would perform it without murmuring, al-though her heart should break under it. It was slavery. She knew that she was fitted for another, better sphere, and she read this opinion on the faces of all whom she met. She would have scorned to accept their most delicately profered assistance. would have scorned to accept their most delicately-proffered assistance, would she take, almost court, their pity? At the thought, indignation leaped up in her and it aroused her half-paralyzed mental faculties. Pity from the Martins and their friends? from the Martins and their friends?
pity from St. John Worthington?
pity from Mrs. Halpin and her boarders? God helping her, they should
never again be given cause to suggest,
delicately or indelicately, that her lot
was harsh, almost unbearable, when
it had been selected for her by the
All-Wise and Greatest Love. As she
reached the closing words of the
Sister's second page, she raised her
eyes. Yes, that was the motive that
had made her regard with indifference, or strive to put from her, the had made her regard with indirerence, or strive to put from her, the
work which had a few days ago,
made to her its direct, compelling
appeal? The warmth crept over her
face and neck as conscience replied
that it was the selfish pleasure she derived from the society of St. John Worthington. She recalled the in-explicable sorrow of George Martine' voice and face as he said to her that Saturday night that perhaps she would make good his failure to rear his son in the Faith, and even reclaim the father from the error of his ways! Her imagination carried her into the

soul to be assisted, perhaps saved from unutterable future wos, and she had dared to close hereyes against the peril of its situation! And who had been so kind to her as George Martins? Ah! but witht was his reason? From some secret cell came a voice uttering that question, a voice of warning. She silenced it harshly. Was she again to be disturbed by the gossip of such a person as Mrs. Hal-pin?

pin?

And how sad Preston's face and voice had grown since that night! He had apologized for his absence by the simple statement that he had been mentally ill, and that he believed such patients should be kept alone and under treatment. This disquistude of mind she attributed to the religious study he had promised aione and under treatment. This disquietude of mind she attributed to the religious study he had promised her to make. She was conscious of a change in his attitude toward her, a certain tenderness of voice and eyes against which she had inwardly rebelled was gone, replaced by an expression which she could not analyze, but which brought a dull ache to her heart. Might he not be waging a fierce battle alone against the enemy of his soul? And in this time of his turmoil, she had not given him the assistance of a prayer, she had almost forgotten him in her new happiness. She despised herself at that reflection, as she wished that she could hate the one who had made her false to her better, nobler nature. Instead, the thought of him seemed to enter her soul with giant power and thrust out every other sentiment, save this every other sentiment, save this strangely sweet feeling. Against it after a moment of yielding, the sac rificial desire to which the Sister's words had given birth began its fire

struggle:
Then there fell on her ears th Then there fell on her ears the noise made by some one jumping over the stone fence. In her heart lived an old, haunting, unaccountable fear of Indians, and although she knew this fear was groundless, it made the cold perspiration break on her brow and sent a shivering along her frame. Nearer came the feet, and gathering her fast falling strength, she sprang from her place on the grass, and flung herself into the young thicket that grew back of the oak tree. There she waited, scarcely daring to breathe, and she noted that the sun had set and the weird fearsome twilight was creeping through the forest. As the walker came to the oak tree, he paused, and the girl's breath came in gasps, for came to the oak tree, he paused, and the girl's breath came in gasps, for she remembered that she had left the envelope on the grass, on reopening her letter. She was preparing to make a wild race to the road, should the feet turn toward the place of concealment, when she heard Worth-ington's voice calling softly, as if to

himself.
"Teresa!"

The tones thrilled her heart with undreamed of joy, made every fibre of her being leap with glad tumultous

life.
"Teresa!" he spoke the name
again, in softer, sadder tones, linger-The girl's arms dropped to her side.

"I didn't say that I was sick," said fell like blows upon her brain. There, almost within touch of her hand, was joy calling to her and here was pain savagely holding her alone in the darkness. She felt that the supreme moment of her life had come. She must either choose that joy or sacrifice it that she might perform her mission. He went down the woodlands' grassy path, and when she did not hold him back, she knew her choice was made; but 'Sacrifice ! sacrifice!" The words knew her choice was made; but something seemed to snap in her heart. She stole from the thicket, fied up the walk toward the road, and half an hour later was at home.

Mrs. Halpin met her at the door, with a white, anxious face.
"I went out for a walk into the country," explained Teresa, hurrying

upstairs.
"Didn't you see Mr. Worthington He came home early and not find-ing you here, went out to meet

"I missed him," she said hoarsely from the steps and crept blindly to her room. As she looked in her mirror she shuddered to see that in her eyes and around her mouth was the sadness that overshadowed the face of Mr. Worthington and made Preston Martins' unfamiliar.

CHAPTER XIV

The next day was Saturday and as Teresa unclosed her eyes, after the light slumber into which she had fallen toward morning, and thought fallen toward morning, and thought of the long day with no employment stretching mercilessly before her, she realized what a blessing was the work she had despised. She had neither the physical strength nor moral courage to rise and face it, beginning as it did with meeting Worthington at the breakfast table, feeling his and the other men's critical eyes as she explained her absence of the explained previous, which, as she had

yet; whereupon the negrees inquire anxiously through the keyhole.
"Is you sick, Miss Creacy?"
"I am not feeling very well," replied poor Teresa; "but Martha, she commanded, "don't say anythin about it to Mrs. Halpin!"
The admonstrate research

The admonition was spoken thin airfortheservanthad flown do the stairs and in the next mom was saying to Mrs. Halpin, that "Miss Creacy wuz awful sick, an' touldn't git up to unfas'n de doh." Thoroughly alarmed, Mrs. Halpin climbed the stairway as hurriedly as her ample proportions would permit.

mit.
"Teresa, " she called out, between gasps of breath, " are you sick, dear?" "Oh, no! Mrs. Halpin," answered

Teresa, citting up in the bed, impatience on her face and in her voice.

"When I told Martha I was not feeling well, I meant I am tired and want to rest."

But Mrs. Halpin was not to be thus put off, for visions of Teresa's illness and death were rising before her, all due to her want of precaution toward this poor, motherless girl. Had she a headache? she asked tremulously from behind the closed door. No. Couldn't she drink a cup of coffee and est a piece of toast? No. Not even take a little coffee? No. Hadn't she better send for the doctor and let him prescribe a tonic? No. Wouldn't she like Martha to bathe her face and brush her hair? No. There was something in the bathe her face and brush her hair?
No. There was something in the brief replies that mocked her solicitude, and Mrs. Halpin abruptly abandoned her post by the door, declaring to herself that she didn't know what had come over the girl. As the hours passed and there was no sound in the little bedroom, Mrs. Halpin again mounted the narrow stairs and again knocked on the door. What is it? demanded Teress. Was she better?
Yes. Was she up? No. Was she going to get up? Perhaps. Didn't she want a little breakfast? No. Was she sure that she had no headache; no pain? Quite sure. Couldn't

ache; no pain? Quite sure. Couldn't she drink a cup of coffee? Certainly she could, but she did not want it. Would she like a cup of tea, or a glass of milk? She wanted neither. Was there nothing she would like? There was something she would like? There was something she would like very much indeed. And what was that? "To be let alone!" returned Teresa, and as she heard her persecutor's indignant "Huh!" she smiled. A little later Martha's soft, cat-like tread was on the stairs.

on the stairs.
"O Miss Creacy! Miss Creacy!'
she called in her sibilant voice. Yes," said Teresa. Is yoh 'wake Miss Creacy

"No," returned Teresa, "I am fast asleep," and Martha's lazy laugh followed. "Le'me in, honey," said the serv-

ant. "I'se got sum'fin' foh yoh."
"Breakfast? I don't want any." "No, honey, 'tain't no break'as'. Missus is mad an' tole Sairy to give yoh break'as' to de dogs."
"What is it then?" asked Tere

what is it then r asked letess, rising and leaning on an elbow.

"A lettah. Yes, ma'am, a lettah!
Mis' Ma'tins' man, he just brung it, an' he's waitin' on de porch foh de

Teresa arose and unlocked the

"Whey," exclaimed Martha, as she entered, "yoh's not a bit sick!" "I didn't say that I was sick," said Teresa, taking the letter.

goin' to 'kivah, 'cause she ain't strong. An' de Majah he sez Pshaw! dat dah ain't nuffin' de mattah wif ouh leetle gal, but he doan talk no moh 'tall, and jus' gobble down his vittels, tell I'se skeert 'less'n he's goin' to choke hisself. An' Mistah Benson he 'gins to talk an laugh so loud, I jus' tuhn 'roun' an' look at him, an' I sees him a sittin' dah, say-in' all dem wile t'ings @erbout pola-tics, an' mekin' all dem jokes about tics, an' mekin' all dem jokes about folks, an' dah he is a cuttin' up his meat, an' stuhun' his coffee, an' not techin' mouthful. An' de boys dey doan eat much an' doan talk eny, an' de 'Fessoh he look lak he done lose de las' 'frien' he has. An' den Mistah Benson, he sez, all of a suttent, et Missus doan t'ink dat he bettah call at the Doctah's office, ez he goes down town, an' hev him tho come up see Miss Creacy; an' Missus she shakes huh head an' sez tain't no use, foh yoh done said dat yoh won't see uo doctah. An' den dey all goes away, 'cepttn' Mistah Worvinung, an' he sits and looks at Missus, an' she looks at him. An' den Missus she looks at him. An' den Missus she bus' into tears, an' he goes 'way."

Teresa was sitting on the edge of the bed with the open letter before the bed with the open letter before her, but its words were meaningless blotted out by the mist that rose to morth and despised. She had not a little anxiety.

"I might as well be in a prison." she thought bitterly. "Mrs. Halpin's surveillance is becoming unbearable, and the watch kept by her boarders on me and my affairs is insulting. I shall write to Mother to-morrow and tell her I am not happy here," and she turned her, white face again to her pillow. When the girl tapped at the door with the warm water, Teresa told her that she did not require it

rhirl, for again she heard him ng to her in the woods. When toles ceased, she read Mrs. Has tots. It proved to be an invite accompany her and her hus to the lately discovered White

note. It proved to be an invitation to accompany her and her husband to the lately discovered White Sulphur Springs in Scott County, where a hotel had just been opened. If she would come, the carriage would be sent in immediately and by starting after dinner, they would reach the Springs by sundown. The thought of having to meet the members of the household, the fear of encountering St. John Worthington, had kept her a prisoner in her room that morning: now after what the negrees had told her, she feared to meet the others with their solicitous words and gentle greetings; she dared not even look at him.

"Let them, let him, think of me what they will," she cried to herself, "but I must get away, until I have learned control!" She sent a line of acceptance to Mrs. Martins, and as she gave it to Martha, she bade her to bring up the hot water and make her a cup of coffee. A little later the servant appeared with the coffee and the information that Mrs. Martins' carriage had come, and Mr. Preston was waiting for her in the parlor. She had on the dress of shimmering silver gray silk which he admired, and the broad, flower-decked hat, with its pink ribbons to tie under her chin; and as she drank the coffee, she wondered if he would notice the change that last night had wrought; for the mirror showed blue circles under the dark eyes and a wanness that was startling on the ivory clear cheeks, while the smooth white brow had taken on a new expression. Would he see all these changes and marvel at them; a new expression. Would he see all these changes and, marvel at them; or were they apparent to her eyes

only?
"How do I look, Martha?" she hazarded to the negress.

"Putty ez a peach, Miss Creacy!
Yoh luk purtier dough in yoh cream cullohed silk. Silvah gray meks a gal luk oldah, moh lak a woman."

Ah! that was the expression!
Older more like a woman. She put
down the cup and went to the mirror
to see the full truth of the words. "Older, more like a woman," she re peated, and the aching heart echoed the phrase.

"Go down and ask Mrs. Halpin to

"Go down and ask Mrs. Halpin to come to her sitting room," said Teresa to the servant. The girl obeyed and as Teresa turned to follow her, her eyes caught sight of the 3crumpled pages of the Sister's letter. As the picked it up and thrust it into her pocket, she was again in the green thicket, hearing Worthington's voice calling, "Teresa! Teresa!" She flew from the room and down the stairs, but the voice pursued her, pleading with her to come back and

the stairs, but the voice pursued her, pleading with her to come back and wait for him. As she entered the sitting-room, Mrs. Halpin looked up with a poor attempt at a smile.

"Please pardon my rudeness this morning, Mrs. Halpin," said Teresa.
"I didn't rest well last night and felt very cross. I was only tired as I tried to make you understand. I am going to White Sulphur with Mrs. Martins to spend to-night and Sunday. I suppose I shall return to-morrow evening. Good-bye."

TO BE CONTINUED

THE LOST CHILD

It was a Sunday morning in early August. Honor Casey stood at her door looking out on the scene before her. The sun smiled down from a cloudless blue sky, batbing with a warm light the fields where the grain warm light the helds where the grain stood golden and ready for the sickle, brightening the whitewashed cot-tages, from whose chimneys the peat smoke curled upwards like fragrant incense at benediction, glancing along the river down to the little lake of Carra, which flashed back an ans-wering smile through the beech grove slumbering on its shore.

The sweet music of the distant church bell came to her ears, and the people passed on their way to early Mass. Happy, light hearted, with merry jest and quick retort, they went in groups of four and five; then merry jest and quick retort, they went in groups of four and five; then came two nodding bonnets earnestly discussing the harvest, the laying power of hens, or the prices on last market day; again it was a noisy group of children, with shining faces, who laughed and jostled one another, rasing along the road full of life and the vigor of youth. A breezy "good morning" or "God save you" came from all as they passed the door. The bell had ceased ringing: all had gone out of sight around the bend of the road, yet Honor did not move.

For a long time she remained, rigid as a statue, gazing into the distance. The stillness and solemnity of the morning brought peace to her troubled heart. Her attitude, her thoughts were a hymn of thankegiving to God. The lines of care and sorrow were softened in her face, the haggard look had gone from her eyes, the droop on her shoulders brought by hard work was no longer noticeable, and she was the happy care-free girl she had been seven years earlier.

In a flash thought of her bitter lot

ears earlier.
In a flash thought of her bitter lot

In a flash thought of her bitter lot came back. The bright look of happiness faded from her eyes, and she went slowly to the little room where her husband slept.

"Get up, Mike," she said, knocking timidly at the door, "or we'll be late for Mass."

"What d'ye want?" he asked.

"You'll be late for last Mass if you don't hurry."

"You'll be last for last mass it you don't hurry."

"Go away and don't be bothering me. How often did I tell you not to be annoying me like that?"

"But—"

"Let me alone, I tell you, or it'll be worse for you."

Reluctantly, she went away. The tears came to her eyes. She ought to have been accustomed to it. This was but a repetition of many a Sunday morning—of every Sunday morning for the last three years. Here was the root of the big sorrow Honor clasped to her beart. Seven years earlier she had married Mike Casey, and had at first been happy with him. He was a strong, bighearted fellow, simple as a child. How often she prayed to God to bless their lives. But her husband began to drink. "A good man's fault," said the neighbors: "he hurts no one but himself, poor fellow." Worse was to come. Two years harvesting in England sowed the seeds of unbelief in his heart. He had read pamphlets, heard lectures which he but yaguely understood, but whose teach.

pamphiets, heard lectures which he but vaguely understood, but whose teaching he imbibed. He would become emancipated, would free himself from the superstitions of ages as great thinkers had done. He told himself secretly in his heart that he was an unbeliever.

So Honor dressed little Pateen, and made him ready for the church, dressed herself, and both went to last Mass. She knew not why she felt so lonely. It was a beautiful morning when but an hour earlier, she stood, with golden peace in her heart, looking when but an hour earlier, she stood, with golden peace in her heart, looking out on the smiling fields. It was still as beautiful, but the bitterness of despair was in her heart. The dark wings of fear and coming sorrow shut out the brightness of the day, leaving her in the twilight gloom of doubt and dread. She tried to shake off the

and dread. She tried to shake off the oppressive weight from her spirit, but could not.

Mrs. Dempsey's talk, as they walked to the little church shaded by the centuries old moss-covered elms, was almost intolerable. What did she, who talked so piteously of troubles because her hens were nestling where the eggs could not be found, know of treal sorrow? The irony of it. She real sorrow? The irony of it. She had to nurse her trouble in silence to her breast when her husband, whom she loved next to God and His saints, was a drunkard and an unbe-liever. She tried to keep a brave face, and show an interest in her companion's little worries, to pretend companion's little worries, to pretend they were of momentous importance, though all the while she was consci-ous of failure. It was with a feeling of great joy she passed through the gate to the church. Here she would have peace for a time.

"Pateen," she whispered, as she brushed back the hair from his fore-head and straightened his collar,

head and straightened his collar,
"pray harder than ever to day that I
may get what I want."

"Yes, mammy. Do you want it
badly?" I have a penny daddy gave
me. I'll give it to you."

"It's not money this time," she
smiled, "but pray hard."

She knelt in wrapt attention, in deep prayer. Her heart went up-ward on the wings of love to God's throne, asking, beseeching, groaning for mercy for her husband. She raised her head to look towards the raised her head to look towards the altar. Near it was a picture of the Blessed Virgin and Child. It was a cheep lithograph, a hideous production, yet the world's masterpieces were miserable caricatures compared with what Honor Casey saw. She looked beyond the picture on which her eyes rested. The Virgin Mother was there, there in the little church shaded by the centuries old moss-covered elms. The eyes of faith saw her in all her beauty and loveliness. Honor looked in silence for a long time. Then she prayed.

Was it a fancy. No, no. The

Was it a fancy. No, no. The Blessed Mother gave an answering smile. Yes, there was a smile on her face, [a smile of sweetness and love. She moved from the picture

Again as she went homewards the sense of impending doom weighed heavy on her spirit. She feared with a terrible fear she knew not what. She hurried so fast that little Pateen began to whimper, but she paid no heed to him. Would the journey never come to an end? After what appeared an age she reached the house. With a deep sigh of relief and thankfulness she saw her husand thankfulness she saw her nus-band was inside. Now she knew what it was she feared. He was safe. Nothing had happened to him. With a glad cry she sprang forward. He repulsed her.
"None of that," he cried, harshly, "you've fooled me long enough. You'll do it no more."
"What have I done." she faltered.

What have I done," she faltered

"What haven't you done? No more of your chat, but get my dinner. A nice time for a man to have to wait for it." "But it's not 12 yet. I came home

as fast as I could. as fast as I could."
"Look here," he said. "I've stood
you long enough, and I'm master
here. There'll be no going out of this house on Sunday morning any more. D'ye hear that? Why were-n't you here to get my breakfast?"

You know I had to go to Mass." "Well, you'll go no more, so that

" May God help me with you."
" God!" he sneered. " He's done
a lot for you, hasn't He? You'd be better woman is you'd get such nonsense out of your head."

" It's not nonsense," she answered flercely," there is a God, and you'll live to regret it."

"I'm not afraid of your threats.
That for you and Him," he cried, enapping his fingers hlasphemously,
"I hope He'll forgive you."

After dinner Mike went off to get more drink to drive away the burn-ing thirst from his throat, and the

sat by the table reading.

"Mammy, may I go to fish?'
saked Patsen. "I seen a big trout
at the bridge, and I want to get him."

Stay with mamma like a good
boy, and I'll tell you a nice story,'
she said, clasping him in her arms.

"But, mammy, I want the trout, an
I'll have to go to school to-morrow,'

I'll have to go to school to morrow,"
he coaxed.

"All right, but won't you take care
of my little boy, and don't go too
near the water?"

"Good mammy," he cried, kissing
her, "I'll give you the trout for your
supper. Won't you give me a little
bit, just the tail?" he asked.

"You'll have him every bit, darling.
You may give me a bit if you like."
Again she kissed him, and he ran
away joyously, pausing at the door to
assure her that the trout would be
hers.

dow, reviewing the past, trying to lift the veil that hid the future. The lift the veil that hid the future. The stillness, the heat of the afternoon overcame her, and she dropped asleep. A vivid flash of lightning, a deafening cresh of thunder swoke her, and made her jump to her feet. The brightness of morning was gone. The beauty and smile of the sky had departed. Heavy black clouds had crept over the eastern horizon, high into the heavens. The lightning flashed. The blaze shot across the sky, danced a moment, and plunged in flery zig zags to the earth. Peal tollowed peal in quick succession. A merciless rain came down in heavy sheets. Her son was out and he was only a child. Hatless and coatless

A merciless rain came down in heavy sheets. Her son was out and he was only a child. Hatless and coatless she rushed into the crashing storm. The vivid flashes struck terror in her soul, but love for her boy overcame her fear.

With quick steps she reached the little stone bridge where her child had gone. There was no trace of him. She called to him, but no answering cry came through the storm. A new terror entered her heart. The water of the little river ran turbid and yellow, in cruel swirls and gurgling eddies; an angry flood had come down the side of Slieve Ree. For a moment she stood fascinated, watching the heavy raindrops lash the water into foam. With a mean she rushed along to Paul no Marb, eagerly scanning the banks of the river for trace of her son. The lightning blazed, as she raced madly onwards; the thunder came in quick, sharp cracks, like the crack of a mighty whiplash in a giant's band, then died away in a dull rumble. She no longer feared the storm. Wild eyed, her hair hanging in wet wisps behind her, she ran. Her prayers, her screams rang out above the storm.

"My boy! my boy! My little lamb! Oh, God, give him back to me."

"Pateen, Pateen, where are you? Come to me." she screamed, but only the lightning flashed, the thunder pealed, and the heavy rain fell in thick sheets. Long Pat, sitting by the fire, heard the cries. He came to her.

"What's wrong Honor?" he asked.

her.
"What's wrong Honor?" he asked. "My little boy, my little lamb," she noaned. "I can't find him. He's moaned. "I can't find him. He's gone. Will you help me look for him?"
He tried to say some words of comfort, faltered, was silent. No words of his were of any avail against the madness of fear and despair in the mother's heart. Three, four others joined them, and they continued the search. At last they stumbled across the little At last they stumbled across the little fellow, lying with fishing-rod clutched tightly in his hand, where he had been struck as he tried to reach home. His clothes crumbled at their touch. Honor threw herself on her kness beside him, covered his face with kisses, clasped him tightly to her breast, and pushing the hair back trans his forehead legical long and towards her.

The noise of the people leaving the church brought Honor back to earth again. In a moment she raised her eyes to the picture, but it was only a picture.

Kisses, clasped him tightly breast, and pushing the hair back from his forehead, looked long and eagerly into his loving eyes for sign of recognition. He was deaf to her loving words. Slowly she realized the meaning of the blackened face, and staying wide open eyes. and staring, wide open eyes. He was not quite dead. The

a faint pulsation of the heart. They hurried homewards. They would have them aside, clutching him tightly to her breast. It was a quiet procession that went to the little house with the ivy-covered gables. These strong men, who were so gay and light hearted, felt the presence of death, and recognizing the weight of a mother's sorrow, walked silently behind her.

He was laid on his little white bed. A faint twitching of the eyelid, an almost imperceptible fluttering of the heart, was all that told he yet lived. The doctor who came gave no hopes

"Is there no chance?" Honor whis-

"No." he answered, tears springing into his eyes, for he knew sadness that an empty cot brings.

sadness that an empty cot brings.

The storm passed as quickly as it came. The sun shone cut in full glory again from a cloudless sky. The birds sang in joy around the house. The refreshed grass and leaves and flowers lifted up their heads in thanksgiving for the beneficent rain. Nature was now happier than it had been in the morning. But the heart of Honor Casey was But the heart of Honor Casey was heavy. The sun might shine, the birds might sing, joy could not enter her heart again. She sat by the bedside of her only child, whose death side of her only child, whose death might any moment come, her drenched hair hanging on her shoul-ders, her soaking clothes clinging to her body, her face white as the face of the dead, her arms hanging in her lap, gazing at the face of her child. The men spoke in whispers, the women moved quietly around the

house.
Suddenly the silence was broken From outside came the words of a