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the place where the old trapper lives is wild and remote, so says report; it is in the hill region of Lone Lake, and the Indians fear it because of a superstition. No Athabaskan or Wood or Swamp Cree will set his trap line within miles of that lake, as perhaps you know. The country there is densely wooded. During the months of snow it is desolate beyond words, and for one to lose the trail there at any point is to be lost hopelessly. I have told you this at length, sir, to convince you of how necessary it is for us to keep Nance McCullough; what risk there is if she goes. She came to us of her own will, and I cannot let her go back at David McCullough's request."

Wynn stood motionless except for a slight straightening of the shoulders. "Indeed, I appreciate your feeling," he said, "but unfortunately I promised Mr. McCullough I would see that his grand-daughter returned."

The cheery lady before him lifted her eyes to his in unruffled calm. She shook her head decidedly.

"A trapper's hut—" she began again, but as she spoke the door sprang open and a girl ran in, her pink calico skirts flying, the dull gold of her hair loose from its heavy braids. Two spots of rose-pink glowed on her cheeks, and her eyes—

"The bluest of things green,
"The greenest of things grey,"

shone through black lashes like stars. She looked from one to the other, then turned to the nun, impulsively.

"Oh dear Reverend Mother!" she cried. "What is this I hear? Do not keep anything from me! I was playing with the children when Sister Mary Philomena ran out saying a messenger had come from grand-dad—that he has sent for me to return at once—but more than that she would not say."

The Mother Superior raised her hand gently to stop the fast coming words. "Sister Mary Philomena lacks discretion; she has already said too much," she answered.

The girl turned swiftly to Wynn.

"Did you bring me a message, sir? What is it? I must know." "David McCullough told me to say to you that he would never set another trap, and that he hoped by reason of that message you would return to him—" Wynn glanced at the Mother Superior—"To-day," he finished.

The colour vanished from the girl's face.

"That he would never set another trap," she repeated. "That is the promise I wanted—but—but why did he not come to say so himself? He thinks nothing of the distance, either summer or winter. I know He is ill. Is he not ill, sir? Tell me quickly."

The man cast about in his mind for the right word.

"Well—he is under the weather," he said, "quite under the weather; but" reassuringly, "of course, I think he will pull round all right."

"Oh, I should never have left him!" the girl broke in. "Never! Never! I was wicked; angry about the little fox, and tired of seeing the dead things, and of thinking I heard the foxes and minks crying in the traps. I may be wrong—and grand-dad may be right," she ended half-defiantly, "for he says such things must be. All I know is that I was wrong to leave him. Reverend Mother, I must go home. You have been kind, and I thank you greatly, but I must go home. Give my love to all the Sisters, but most to little Sister Mary Philomena. I will gather my things together and go."

"I do not wish you to leave us, my child," said the nun decidedly. "If you go it is against my express desire. Beware of the sins of wilfulness and impetuosity. Though not mortal sins they often do far-reaching evil. I fear for you. Pray, therefore, without ceasing, for a right guidance, and may the saints guard you."

Nance bowed her head and left the room.

The Mother Superior turned to Wynn, no sign of disappointment or defeat showing on her quiet, unreadable face. "It is an age," she said, "of headstrong children. I would have kept the child and taught her control of spirit."

"I fear she could only have been kept by strategy, Reverend Mother," Wynn answered smiling. "By strategy—or force—which, of course, from so gentle a Sisterhood is unthinkable."

The woman looked at him again, and again they measured each other mentally.

"Force," she said, "of a physical quality, is as you say outside the question, and"—with a little inclination of her head—"strategy would have failed in this case, when you also were to be dealt with. Rest here awhile, sir. I will send in coffee and toast."

"Thank you most kindly," Wynn returned, "but I have already breakfasted." He drew the parcel of notes from his pocket and held it out.

"David McCullough asked me to give you this, with the promise that more would follow. It expresses his appreciation of your goodness to his grand-daughter through these two years."

The woman took the parcel of money. Wynn thought her mouth quivered a little.

"Our Order is grateful," she said. "Such gifts are rare, and we have often great need."

Going to the door she paused, holding it ajar.

"Has the grandfather of Nance intrusted you to bring her to him, or does she go alone?"

"I have the honour to see that she reaches him safely," the man said.

She smiled at the non-committal answer.

"It would be possible for the child to go in safety quite alone," she returned softly. "Nance has a wide knowledge of woodcraft, and a sense of direction. She is fearless and tireless. I could trust her to go alone. I, also, with the old trapper, trust you to see that she comes to no harm with a guide, whoever that guide may be."

"You may trust me, Reverend Mother," he said. Then the door closed.

Shortly afterwards Nance McCullough and Wynn left the Mission House. A flock of little Indian children and small half-Crees crowded about the girl to the last. The Sisters followed her down the walk bordered by the faded sunflowers, fluttering here and there around her like grey moths around a light. The little Sister who had opened the door for Wynn was the last one to bid her good-bye. Taking her rosary of black and silver beads, with its silver cross, she slipped it over the girl's head. "Keep it, dear child," she said. "I have counted every bead in prayer for you many times. The Reverend Mother has reprimanded me for having told you a message had come. I talk too much; I was wrong."

"Dear sister Mary Philomena!" Nance cried, taking the nun's hands, and seeing the slim grey-robed figure through a blur of tears. "I know you will do penance for even that! I will keep the beads for ever and ever, and I will say Protestant prayers on them for myself, who need them so much, and for you who need them so little!"

"Pray," said the nun, lifting her wistful eyes to the girl's beauty. "Pray, dear child, that I may have God's peace."

"I will! I will! And that you may have His joy also," she answered. Bending, she touched the nun's banded forehead with her lips, and went swiftly to where Wynn waited at the end of the path.

(To be continued.)

Rough on Father.—"Ma, am I a descendant of a monkey?" asked the little boy.

"I don't know," replied the mother. "I never knew any of your father's folks."

The father, who was listening, went out in the coal shed and kicked the cat through the roof.—Kansas City Star.

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