

rance thrust itself upon her. When in a round-about manner word had reached Michael and Janet Tyne that their boy in America had been badly hurt and then succumbed to typhoid fever, they had hastily sold their little home, with its tiny garden patch, and Wiggy the black cow, and bought steerage passage for Canada. The idea in this latter being to save as much as possible of their little hoard in case Terry might be in need. Terry was the only child that the fates had left to them, and he with the headstrong ways of twenty-three had slipped the home-strings and gone to Canada to carve out a fortune and bring it back to them. That was three years ago. At first numerous letters had found their way to Hoiborn, but they had become gradually fewer and fewer, till at last the time came when for almost a year no word had been received at all. Then when news of his illness reached them, they rent the habits of years and all home ties; and though neither of them had ever been over twenty miles away from home in all their lives, at the call of the heart they bravely turned their faces to the new land.

In their simple way of trusting everybody, they had not been overly cautious in the keeping safe of their little pile of money; with the result that it had been stolen. Pride and a shrinking from pity and publicity had combined to make the old couple keep the matter to themselves. They argued that all would be well when they reached Montreal, because at his last time of writing Terry had a good position. And if worst came to the worst they would each try to do something to make a few pennies. Let them once reach Montreal, they could then be directed to Terry's boarding place and, well—God always helps the helpless. Thus the two old people settled the question; because in their simple minds Montreal was but a small town at most.

"Yes, 'tis hard to lose the money Janet," said Michael Tyne; "but there's many aboard this ship that's poorer than we; let's hope they got it."

And Janet, her eyes wistful over the

loss, agreed. Prospective reunion with her boy had mellowed her heart to all the world.

"'Twas most all we had, but since it's Christmas time, if we make up our minds to it, maybe we can spare it, especially if the one that got it hasn't any boy in Canada," said Janet, clasping the old man's hand tighter. "Won't Terry be proper surprised to see us?" she continued eagerly. Blissfully ignoring the fact, that either one of them had made the same remark on an average of at least a dozen times a day since they had left home. And Michael, his eyes brightening, agreed as he always did.

Slowly the great ship swung into dock. The lines were cast and landing seemed immediate, but time slipped by in such quick quarter-hours, that the sun was sinking into its rosy bed before the first passenger felt the good solid earth beneath his feet.

Amid crowdings and confusions and hurried good-byes to fellow voyagers, Michael and Janet Tyne stepped along the gangway and landed in Canada. Once ashore they were directed by an officer in charge as to where they should wait for medical inspection. Janet shivered with the cold and drew her shabby shawl closer about her bent shoulders, and tied her bonnet strings a bit tighter as she stood with the Monarch's five-hundred and sixty-one steerage passengers, and waited for orders to move on.

"Michael," she whispered, "it's Christmas eve at home now, and Martha and James Brinkster will be having a nice warm fire in our little house, and it—it would be comfortable, wouldn't it?"

"Yes, yes," gruffly assented Michael, as he shifted the bulging carpet-bag which held all their worldly possessions. His eyes were mistily kind as he pressed closer to the little woman and turned up his thread-bare coat collar.

The crowd, the strange faces, the noise and hurry seemed pandemonium to this humble pair, and Janet's cold fingers crept into the man's still colder ones.

"Are ye frightened Michael?"

"No, no, woman! We'll soon be in the train and off for Montreal—and Terry—praise God!" But the old man