

his Master of it all.

Colette little dreamed of the hurricanes of thought that were raging wildly within the former self of Eduard Harrison. She was happy to think that a merciful Jesus had sent her a priest to comfort her and steer her soul into that eternal sea beyond, where the storm-wings lie folded for all time. Looking at the saintly form before her she saw not the man but the gentle priest—the mediator between God and man. Father Harrison raised his priestly hands in blessing and having heard her confession he gave her absolution. Then he called in Angela, Mahtoree, Nightstar and all those noble sons and daughters of the wilderness, and in their presence administered to the dying one the last consoling sacraments that the Catholic Church ever grants her faithful children.

The Indians had never before witnessed such a solemn ceremony. They knelt there stricken with awe and astonishment. Angela alone answered the prayers of the dying.

When it was all over the priest asked the Indians not to disturb the poor woman and slowly and sadly they filed out, all knowing full well that before long Colette would be no more. For a while he remained kneeling at her bedside, absorbed in prayer, and then rising he asked her if she had any wish to make—if she had anything more to say.

"Yes, dear Father," she answered. "Above all I pray you that you take my child—my Angela—to yourself and if possible lead her back into the open and outstretched arms of her searching father." And then she told her sorrowful story—how she had been carried away and how she had searched patiently eleven long years for her husband, Eduard Harrison. She was growing weaker and she spoke more slowly as she continued in a trembling voice: "Ah! I could die happy knowing that the child was safe in the arms of its father."

"Be comforted! It will be so,"

stammered the noble priest, turning slightly in order to hide his feelings.

There was a momentary silence and he went on: "I know your husband. I have heard your story before and Angela shall rest in the arms of her father, God knows, before long."

These words brought the sunshine back to Colette's eyes and, gathering together all her strength, she raised herself and exclaimed joyfully:

"Is it true, dear Father, that you know Eduard? Do tell me why he has not searched for us."

"He did," came the reply, in trembling tones. "He searched long and patiently, but to no avail."

Then he told of Harrison's visit to the camp of the Iroquois and all that happened there, and of how for many years he had searched, with several Indians, for some clue that might lead him back into the sunshine of her smile. He also told how Eduard came upon his faithful dog Moro, starved and well-nigh dead, in one of the valleys near Lake Ontario, and of how they had traced footsteps from an old wigwam there, to the lonely shores in the neighborhood of which they found a horse, starved and weather-beaten, and of how they had concluded then and there that the unhappy ones had either been drowned or had been borne away by fate on the bosom of the cold, blue waters.

"Eduard Harrison," he continued "his heart sick with sorrow, had hoped against hope, and longing for that peace which the cold, empty world could not give him, he decided to search for it in the heart of his Saviour alone. After he had thought deeply within himself over the serious step he was about to take, he offered his whole life to God and swore eternal allegiance to his Master, and ever afterward gave his services for the uplifting of his fellow creatures."

"So, then, my husband became a monk," interrupted Colette, her