

birthday, when she counted upon having him home again, but before the time came Christie wrote and told her of an unexpected turn in his fortunes. The priest of the mission on the coalfields had been a friend to him from the first, and now he had succeeded in getting him a nomination in a missionary college in England.

Peggy had looked forward so surely to seeing her boy once more that it was hard for her to say: "God's will be done." But when his next letter came, full of his new life, she forgot her own regrets in his rejoicing. She knew that seven long years must pass before she would see him again, but when he did come it would be to say his first Mass in the chapel on the hill.

Time rolled on, and others forgot the farm lad who had passed out of their lives so completely. Peggy alone waited and prayed for him still. At last, after all those years, he came; not the high-spirited boy that she had sent away, not the fair-faced young priest that she had pictured in her dreams, but an earnest-eyed man, who had toiled amongst other men and had seen in those three years more of strife and sin and suffering than a lifetime at Carrigadurish would have held. The peace of his student's life, the joy of his ordination, the holiness that an appreciation of his high calling had stamped upon his brow, could not efface the lines that those years of toil and endurance had laid there first.

He came, and in him Peggy saw the fulfilment of her dreams. There was no discontent, no heartache, no disappointment. She had helped him forward to where he had come, and now - he was a priest. She knelt and saw him stand before the altar and heard his voice in the well-known prayers, heard the sound of the sanctuary bell, saw his anointed hands upraised, and in the hush of the chapel she caught the whispered tone as he pronounced those words, the most solemn in the world. Afterwards she knelt before him to kiss his hands.

"I've prayed for you these ten years," she whispered; "now it is your turn to pray for me instead."

"Not instead, Peggy," he returned. "Much as I needed prayers before, now I need them a thousand times as much again."