

THIS world would soon be regenerated if the saints were fully consecrated.

## Owing to Christopher

By Nancy Byrd Turner,- (Youth's Companion). (Continued from last week.) Now this whip was a mere figure-head carried only because every one else carried a whip. The Dunaways would almost as soon have thought of

AZEL CREEK, wide, deep, swift running, was at the bottom of the hill; Christopher slowed up just in time to enter the ford without just in time to enter the full winds disaster. In seasons of heavy rains Hazel Creek was unfordable at this point; it was no tshallow, even in a

drought.
"This creek," Mr. Shane explained
to Mr. Beale, "is the boundary line
for one side of my property."
All at once, in the middle of the

stream, Christopher stopped short. He was merely resting for a minute, with the cool current washing his knees, the cool current washing his knees, before starting on the steep uphill climb on the other side of Hazel Creek. So to stop was a time-honor-ed habit of his; Aunt Luella and Mary were well aware of it. But Mr. Shane got up fussily.
"The horse wants to drink," he an

le horse wants to drank, he announced, "and the shortest cut is to let him do it. But why, in the name of common sense, didn't we take the check rein down before we got into

Although he said "we," it was very evident at whom he aimed the reproach. Aunt Luella opened her mouth to explain that Christopher had mouth to explain that Christopner had drunk heartily before leaving home, and that he abhorred any other drink-ing place, when she beheld Mr. Shane swinging himself round by the step. "I don't see anything to do," he de-clared, "except to let down the con-founded rein myself."

Clutching the harness, he crept gingerly out along the sbaft. Christopher leisurely turned his head in order to see what was happening. Mr. Shane loosed the rein with a jerk that brought Christopher's nose sharply into the air; then he crawled back to

Aunt Luella and Mary exchanged lances. Mr. Shane had grievously glances. affronted Christopher.

Hazel Creek A little silence fell. swirled along through light and sha-

"Why doesn't the critter drink?" asked Mr. Shane, in an exasperated

Before Aunt Luella could answer, Before Aunt Luella could answer, Christopher's head turned again, slow-ly, at a sharp angle with his body, and one eye rolled defiantly; then his tail gave a violent switch from left to right

Christopher had balked.

"Get up, Christopher!" commanded Aunt Luella, feebly. He did not "get up"; he stood motionless and steadnat. Aunt Luella clucked and tugged at the reins as earnestly as if she had believed such methods would stir him; in the back seat Mr. Shane fidgeted and breathed hard.

"The old fellow's after a nap, to my way of thinking," observed Mr. Beale, with an attempt at jocularity. fast. Aunt Luella clucked and tugged

"Well, I'll see him take it!" Mr. Shane cried. "I'll teach him to nap when I'm behind him in a hurry!"
He leaned forward with extended hand and grabbed the long whip from

the socket.

strated, weakly. "Stop, I say!"

But Shane stopped only for breath.

Again the whip sang through the air.

"Take that!" he cried. "You—you ash-

colored idiot!" Christopher performed a graceful polka that drenched his castigator thoroughly, and Mr. Shane sat down, gasping. Suddenly Mary felt the seat gasping. Suddenly Mary left the seat begin to shake, and glanced up. Aunt Luella was very large, and she was laughing, silently and helplessly, and so hard that the loose springs of the wagon squeaked beneath her mirth.

She knew there was no danger. In all his wetl-ordered life Christopher had never run away, and he was not But that last going to begin now, epithet had proved too much for her; she was overpowered by an emotion as uncontrollable as Mr. Shane's.

Aunt Luella's mirth cooled Mr. Shane down to a state of sulky stif-ness and reassured the frightened lawyer. For a long time fio one spoke. There seemed nothing to say. spoke. There seemed nothing to say.
Mr. Shane, for all his wrath, could
not blame his hosts, certainly. He
knew well enough that Pleasant
Plains had only one horse—and he
had ordered that one to meet him. Mr. Beale relaxed with a sigh, and Aunt Luella gradually got the better of her mirth, Hazel Creek flowed monotonously along. Christophev stood like a statue, with his gaze fixed

A Well Trained Vine has Made This Archway a Beauty Spot. The illustration shows a picture-sque archway leading into an actincial lake at Scotsburn, in Picton Co., N.S. The Scotsburn Creamery may also be seen in the background.

Shane, shrilly. "Get up, get up here, you confounded beast! Beg your pardon, Miss Dunaway, but this is no time for half measures.

would almost as soon nave thought of striking grandfather as of using the whip on Christopher. Before Aunt Lucila could protest, however, the lash descended, and smote Christo-pher's venerable back with a sicken-

"Now will you go on?" cried Mr.

time for half measures."
It was not, indeed. Christopher's tail described a swift arc, and then was still. The whilp fell again, and et each blow the gray tail swung with a twist that meant outraged surprise as well as obstinacy. When Mr. Shane's hand went up for the fourth time, Christopher turned his head slowly. Until then he had evidently attributed the whipping to Aunt Luella, the driver and custodian of the whip. When he and custodian of the whip. When he perceived the real state of affairs, his behavior charged in an instant. With an airy toss of his head and tall together, he began to dance.

He was a nimble old horse, and he had what Michael called "blooded legs"; those slender, tapering legs were now put to strange use. Without rearing or plunging, without moving an inch backward or forward, he danced lightly under the spur of the danced lightly under the sput of tattoo lash. His hoofs beat a lively tattoo under the water, his old shanks flash-ed in the sunlight; a shower of flying drops sprayed the occupants of the

Mr. Beale was obviously alarmed; he clutched the seat tightly as if he had expected the horse to bolt at any moment. "Stop, Shane!" he remon-

afar on infinity. Mr. Shane sat bolt upright, with his watch in his hand. upright, with his watch in his hand. Fifteen minutes passed, and then Mr. Beale offered a suggestion. "How about wading ashore," he said, "and getting, a-er-a wisp of grass, an ear of corn, perhaps, or something like that to tempt him out with?" Mr. Share looked from his watch to the swift waters that fretted to the swift waters that fretted

to the swift waters that fretted Christopher's knees. It was fully five yards from the tip of the horse's nose to the shore.

"Suppose you roll up your pants and wade it!" he snapped, and silence fell again on the little company. Fifteen minutes more went by

off spitefully measured Shane's watch, and still they sat high and, figuratively, dry—although in reality they were drenched to the

Finally, distant but clear, from across the fields came the sound of the Pleasant Plains farm bell ringing for twelve o'clock—an old custom of more prosperous days that the Dun-aways had never had the heart to forego. Christopher's ears shot for-ward; his tail quivered. Then, without further ado, he marched out of Hazel Creek.

He took the up slope at a stea trot, and the next level stretch of road at a gallop. The scent of hay and bran was in his nostrils. Presently,

the tall red chimneys of the house

appeared above the trees.

Michael shuffled round the corner as they drove up. Mary had expected to see him surly and dumb, but his manner was cordial almost to siveness. As the occupants of the spring wagon descended, Grandfather Dunaway appeared in the front door, and suddenly another figure loomed behind him—big Uncle Thomas Dunabenind him—big Uncle Thomas Duna-way, who had come in his automobile by another road. Grandfather's fine old face wore a queer blend of expres-sions, but his hospitality did not falter. The two guests were graciously received.

The hall clock pointed to one whea dinner was served. Mr. Shane still sulky, and plainly ill at ease. dinner was served. still surk, and plainly in at eace. All through the meal he kept consulting his watch. When Aunt Luella gare the signal to rise, he looked at gravefather and then at Mr. Beale, and

cleared his throat.
"Well, gentlemen," he said, "shall we settle our little affair now?"

Before grandfather could speak, Uncle Thomas turned from the win-Uncle Thomas turned from the window. "I didn't bring up the subjed during dinner," he remarked, "he cause I don't believe in mixing bushness and pleasure—but, as it turn out, there's no affair to settle. You see, it's this way. When Michael's lotter found me, some weeks ago, with the news that it looked as if the old place had soon to go, I made up hay mind that it shouldn't, for its sake, and not because it held thing worth digging for. My brother insisted that until noon you had the right of purchase. We waited unil twelve o'clock; then I saw no reason why I shouldn't buy in my old homeand I bought it."

He did not add that he had also immediately turned it over to its former owner, but grandfathers happy old face told that for him. Mr. Shane behaved better than any

one thought he would. Perhaps Uncle Thomas overawed him; or perhaps Thomas overawed him, or perage he felt a bit of honest, if belated shame. At any rate, he simply snapped his watch, and agnounced that he must immediately get back is

"But not," he added, "behind the that brought me. I'll tele phone for a livery team from the sa-

Half an hour later, Michael, with a smile, watched the livery vehicle depart in a whirl of dust. He had a halter round Christopher's neck, ast was grazing him in a forbidden sed

"There go all our fallen winesay; said Aunt Luella "But never mid Christopher shall have them it is wants them!"

At some hidden memory her shotdors heaved. Uncle Thomas sat tilted back con

fortably on the veranda, and gratifather was pottering happily about the yard. "What's the gray's name, Mike"

asked Uncle Thomas.

Michael gave his rope a sly rai
that brought the head of his of

charge up, with ears erect. "Cro-topher, sir."

"Looks as if he'd been some kin of a horse in his day."

"He has one grave fault, though"

admitted grandfather. "He balks" "Balks, eh?"
Suddenly Uncle Thomas threwlad

his head, and laughed long and leaf Across the "ash-colored" nose Michael and winked at him solemily.

"To be sure," said Michael, graek.

"Christopher do balk occasional is

I wouldn't be naming it a fault in ha No, sir, I would not," and Michael smiled significantly. Uncle Thomas gaze came back from the sweet, his fields of Pleasant Plains.

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