HEART AND SOUL.

BY HENRIETTA DANA SKINNER, AUTHOR OF "ESPIRITU SANTO"

CHAPTER XXIII.

The remaining ten days of our stay gave me a clearer view of things. Captain Larpent's visions no longer seemed so impossible, for I soon discovered that Oneida was not the experienced society girl I had supposed. Her cousins, Diana and Minerva, who were heiresses, grandchildren of a prominent public man, had been presented at court and were recognized leaders in Halifax society, but their cousin Dido, an orphan, and half American at that, adopted by a maiden aunt in moderate circumstances, was in a very different position. When Sir Everand and Lady Bourke wished to bring out their granddaughters in London society they had taken a house, entertained lavishly, and in turn been extensively entertained. Miss Sophy Bourke, living in modest lodgings in York Place, was unable to bring out her niece in the same style. The cousins were not ungenerous; they invited Dido to their dances and general receptions, and even saw that she had partners provided for her from among ineligible younger sons. At the end of the season each presented her with a cast-off ball-gown, a dinner-dress in fair condition, and several pairs of half-soiled gloves and slippers. These Miss Sophy promptly donated to her maid as perquisites, and Dido was fitted out with new ball-gown, opera-cloak, and accessories from the handsome checks which her queer, unpresentable Yankee uncle sent her every Christmas and birthday, but she could count upon her fingers the number of fashionable entertainments she had attended during two London seasons. Sometimes her cousins, who were not musical, sent her tickets to concerts and oratorios which they did not care to use. Aunt Sophy had taken her twice to hear Tietjens in opera; she had seen three Shakespeare plays and a Christmas pantomime, and Sir Everard had once insisted upon her being included in a party to the Goodwood races. In Halifax, however, things were very different from London. It was not so costly to dress or to entertain in a quiet way; society was less conventional, the young Haligonian girls were gay and informal, they fancied the gentle, reserved Oneida rather than her stately cousins, and invited her on her own merits to a number of small affairs from which her cousins were omitted, and she was beginning to receive an amount of attention from the young officers and civilians that might easily turn the head of even an experienced society girl.

A large part of this information I obtained from Miss Sophy herself. I accompanied the major almost daily in his visits to the cottage, and, taking it for granted that he wished to walk and talk, to row and ride with his lovely niece, I devoted myself to the aunt. Miss Sophy was an admirable woman, sensible, independent, high-spirited, and so very talkative that I no longer wondered to find Miss Dido somewhat shy and uncommunicative. In her aunt Sophy's companionship she would certainly have little opportunity to develop whatever conversational powers might be latent within her. I could sit by Miss Sophy's side on the lawn, or in the pleasant morning-room and watch with admiring glance the young girl with the figure and bearing of a goddess and the eyes of a Saint Cecilia, while I listened to the lively, garrulous aunt and obtained from her unconscious communicativeness the whole history of her charge's life and education, from the feeding of her infancy to her present social success, from her primer with her first governess to her later instructions from her aunt in the mysteries of housekeeping and marketing and casting of accounts. If Miss Dido did any justice to her instructress she must be well versed in all domestic accomplishments and virtues. I also learned that she had shown signs of temper at five, had passed through a phase of obstinacy at seven, a phase of personal vanity at ten, and a phase of phenomenal piety at twelve. In all of these phases, as well as in scarlet fever and croup, the judicious methods employed by Miss Sophy, of which she gave me detailed account, had obtained the best possible results. This I was quite ready to believe from the evidence before me.

The major's pride and joy in his beautiful niece was something pleasant to witness, and there was a touch of pathos in it as I remembered her to be the daughter of the young woman he had vainly loved. I suspected that he would rather have her marry an American boy and a friend of his own than any of the British officers or Haligonian gentry that waited upon her, but his delicacy was so great that he never hinted his wishes or lifted a finger to bring us together. I found opportunities, however, to pay my court to the shy, gentle, high-bred beauty at some of the many entertainments that marked the close of the season, and with a little patient endeavor I was able to find the subjects she most liked to talk about, and to draw her out of her shell of timidity or reserve. Her uncle Levi's labors among the negroes, my own stories of the legends of the *habitans*, and of engineering enterprises on the lakes, and the many deeds of heroism among the workmen and sailors that marked them, these she would listen to from me with shy sympathy and interest, while she grew almost talkative when I asked her about her visits to the National Gallery and the British Museum, her trip to the Irish Lakes and among the English Cathedrals. Her drawings and water-color sketches, which she was prevailed upon to show me, surprised me by the talent they evinced, and by a touch of poetic feeling and imaginativeness which I had not given her credit for. They were not wholly correct in perspective, and as that was my specialty I ventured to suggest an alteration here and there, which she received with angelic grace and humility, while the major, standing by, seemed bursting out of his waistcoat with pride in both of us.

I reviewed the situation as I knelt by my bedside with my forehead resting on my crossed arms, and I lifted my heart with gratitude to God who, in my hour of sore need, had sent this sweet, grave, queenly girl to draw my heart from danger and lead it to paths of peace and virtue. I prayed that I might love her as she deserved to be loved, for it troubled me that there should be so little of the romance and passion of youth in my feeling for her, though the very deliberation with which I had attached myself to her was, in a way, a greater tribute to her worth. It was due to her, however, that I should test my affection and prove its sincerity and truth before I asked her to crown it. I determined to see what a short absence would do, and planned a trip to Annapolis, the Port Royal of historic days, on the shores of the Bay of Fundy, and to the region round Wolfville and the Minas Basin, where the scene of Longfellow's "Evangeline" is laid. If, amid the interest of such scenes and away from the influence of her stately beauty, I still felt that I could forget the past at Oneida's side, then how gladly I would return and ask her to accept my life and service.

I called a last time at the cottage to say good-bye before my flight to the land of the Acadians. The good aunt and her niece received me informally in the morning-room upstairs, a pleasant, airy room with flowering plants in the bay-window, comfortable chairs, Miss Sophy's work-table, Oneida's easel, and a bookcase in which I detected Scott's novels, expurgated editions of Shakespeare and Byron, the poems of Longfellow, Aubrey de Vere, and Adelaide Proctor, stories by Miss Yonge, Madame Craven, and Lady Georgiana Fullerton, and several books of a devotional character. Miss Sophy did talking enough for the three of us, while I was almost as silent as the handsome girl at her side. When I rose to go, after explaining that it was uncertain whether I should return to the States by way of Halifax or by St. Johns, New Brunswick, and therefore uncertain whether I should see them again, there was no abatement in Miss Sopey's good-natured cordiality, but when Oneida held out her hand to me it was with a cool dignity of manner and a proud flash of the dark-blue eyes that took me aback and made me feel what an intolerably conceited cad I had been to receive so easily Larpent's suggestion that she might be already attracted towards me. I stumbled down the stairway in a deeply chastened frame of mind. That proud, stately girl up-stairs held all my future happiness in her hand, and I had learned in one minute what I thought it would take me a week of absence and reflection to find out. I was a fool to think of going away when I needed every day and hour of that precious week to try to win her in!

At the foot of the stairs I discovered that in my confusion I had left my hat and riding-whip in the morning-room. It was embarrassing to return for them after all our adieux had been said, but I could not well ride hatless into the streets of Halifax. I unwillingly mounted the stairs again, inwardly cursing the luck.

The door of the morning-room stood ajar. Within I could see Miss Sophy in her arm-chair, bending caressingly and pityingly over the kneeling figure of Oneida, who, with her face hidden in her aunt's lap, was crying as if her heart would break.

"Oh, Aunt Sophy!" she sobbed. "He does not care for me! He finds me dull! I know he will never, never come back again, and I love him so! I love him so!"

I had only one thought—to escape unobserved! That proud, sweet girl must never know that I had seen her in her humiliation, that I had learned unbidden the holy secrets of her maiden heart. I slid quietly down the banister, tiptoed to the front door, sprang on my horse's back and rode off, all hatless as I was.

I could not go to the city yet, I had other things to think of. I turned my horse's head towards the lonely common to the north. It was bordered by a deep wood of scrub-pine. Into the wood I rode, dismounted and fastened my horse, then threw myself at full length on the ground to think.

My first feeling was one of triumph, of ecstasy! I laughed aloud and hugged myself for joy, then threw out my arms exultantly. This was such a happy, glorious thing that had come to me—to me who had suffered so much disappointment, sorrow, and humiliation in my other affairs of the heart. This queenly girl, so good, so beautiful, so true, loved me, *me*, Roderic Fremont! I could have her for the asking, even as Larpent had told me! She would be my wife, my own! She was the gift of God to me! the sweet reward, one hundredfold above my deserts, of my poor sacrifices for virtue and duty. I was happy, gloriously happy, strong in hope and manhood, fervent in consecration to God and to her, my stately lily! my beauty! my dear, good girl! my queenly Dido!

My second thought was that Oneida must not shed one unnecessary tear! I had been gone long enough to play my part and allay all possible suspicion of eavesdropping, and now I must return as fast as the prosaic hired animal from the livery-stable would carry me. I took him into my confidence as we trotted along over the common and towards the Arm, for he had witnessed my extraordinary actions in the woods, and I felt that they called for some explanation. So I patted his neck, and bending over him, whispered all sorts of foolish things in his ear, impressing upon him the necessity of keeping my counsel. I came near promising to buy him in the exuberance of my joy, as he seemed part and parcel of my romance, but common-sense came to my rescue in season, and I compromised on a resolution to hire him and him alone for my future rides to my sweetheart's home, for needless to say I had thrown to the winds all thoughts of absenting myself from Halifax. The trip to Acadia should be reserved for my wedding journey. I had no tears for Evangeline until Oneida's should be wiped away forever.

I galloped noisily up the approach to Midfields, and reined in my Rosinante before the cottage, under the window of the morning-room. "Miss Sophy!" I called; "Miss Sophy! come to the window!"

In a moment the little lady's head was thrust out. She was open-mounted with surprise.

"Look at me!" I exclaimed. "Just look at me! I galloped half-way into Halifax without a hat on my head! You must think me demented! May I come up and explain?"

"Why, certainly," she said, cordially. "Your hat and whip are here. Dido noticed them after you had been gone fully ten minutes. Come directly up and fetch them."

Again I fastened my horse's bridle to the post. "We didn't think we should be back so soon," I whispered to him. "Now be good and don't listen! I'll tell you all when I come down again," and I could have vowed that the beast winked at me.

Miss Sophy was in the morning-room with my things in her hand. She was alone, but the door into the inner room was half open, and I suspected that Oneida had taken refuge there, and that it was her shadow that fell across the doorway. I went round and stood near that door, but with my back to it, facing Miss Sophy.

"You will not wonder that I forgot my hat when I tell you all," I said. "Miss Sophy, I have given up my trip! I cannot leave here, at least I cannot unless you tell me it is useless for me to stay, and send me away forever. I knew when I planned to leave that I loved your niece, but thought I ought to test me new affection, for I had loved once before—a little playmate with whom I grew up in Detriot and Paris. She married four years ago, and I was not sure that I had forgotten her as I should forget. But I had hardly said good-bye, I had not crossed the threshold of your door, before I knew that I was a fool to think I needed any test. Your niece has my whole heart and my whole life in her hands, and I come back to ask your leave to devote every moment of the short time that is left me to try to win her, to try to gain some word of hope—"

There was a little stifled cry behind me; I turned and saw Dido standing there, her cheeks flushed red, her beautiful, shy eyes swimming in tears, her hands outstretched. I sprang towards her, and in a moment her arms were around my neck and her lips raised to meet mine, I was clasping her as if I could never let her go, and Aunt Sophy in the background was murmuring incoherent words of blessing and happiness.

Two hours later I returned to our rooms to find the major fretting himself into a heat over my tardiness.

"Well, this beats the Dutch?" he exclaimed. "To see you sauntering in as cool as a cucumber, the carpet-bags lying there, and the train gone half an hour ago!"

"Let it go, Uncle Lee!" I cried, joyfully. "Let all the trains in the world go to Jericho if they wish to! I do not stir from this blessed spot! I have a message for you from Miss Sophy. You are to come right back with me to Midfields to tea, for Dido has something very important to tell you!"

I do not think I had fully realized till then the strength of this good man's affection for me. I did not deserve, no frail man could wholly deserve, the things he said of me, but the one object of his lonely life was his beautiful niece, and if he had been attached to me before for my own sake he now loved me doubly and trebly for hers. It humbled me to see with what whole-souled confidence he laid her hand in mine. It must have been partly owing to the glamour cast by the name of Fremont; for what was there in my unheroic character and commonplace attainments to inspire such trust and love in this strong, homely man, who had seen men and knew the life and works of men both in their greatness and their littleness as few know then?

But there was one feature of the affair that seemed to mystify him. "I declare to reason I don't see how you done it," he said at last, after much frowning and puzzled thought. "It beats all how you done your courtin'. Appeared all the time like you war courtin' the old lady, and didn't care a hill o' beans to be near the young one. We done things different in my day."

"I did it in the old French way, Uncle Lee," I replied, laughing gleefully. "I will teach you how it is done. You talk to the parents and get on the right side of them, and this gives the girl a chance to watch you and think what a nice young man you are and how much she wishes you were talking to her. Then there is generally some third person, a friend of yours, who goes with the girl and praises you up behind your back and makes her think better of you than ever—"

His mouth opened wide and he stared at me blankly for a moment; then he smiled from ear to ear.

"Robert," he remarked, "you air powerful sly! I wouldn't 'a' thought it of you! You took me in, and I done yo'r courtin' for you without knowin' it! You didn't need to give me no instructions, for you knew yo'r reputation war safe with me. Come to think, I used ter notice her eyes, them deep, shy eyes o' her'n, kinder travellin' round in yo'r direction a good deal, and it used to make me mad that you didn't seem to see 'em. But, Lor', *you saw!* and what odds does it make *how* you done it so long as you *done* it!"

CHAPTER XXIV.

Before the major and I left Nova Scotia it was arranged that Oneida should visit her uncle in the States and that we should be married there during the Christmas holidays. This plan seemed to satisfy every one. Sir Everard and Lady Bourke had indeed offered, rather faintly, to have the wedding-breakfast at the Hall, as Miss Sophy's cottage was too small for the necessary number of relatives and intimate friends, but their relief was very apparent when Major Haliburton put in his claim. He was her father's only brother, and had long urged Dido to made him a visit. It would be very proper that she should make this visit now, as it would be the nearest thing to being married from her own father's house, and Miss Sophy herself would be there to represent the mother. I also ventured to put in a word from my own point of view. My grandfather, my only living relative, would wish to see my marriage. At his advanced age—eighty-five—hale and hearty as he was, a winter's voyage to Nova Scotia would be very dangerous, especially in view of his having had inflammation of the lungs the preceeding spring. This decided the matter, Sir Evarard and Lady Bourke withdrawing their claims with graceful alacrity.

The major and I left Halifax full of the happiest anticipations. A number of my friends came down to see me off and offer me their congratulations, among them Captain Larpent.

"Do not ask me to the wedding," he said, with his peculiar, sad smile. "I will do much for you, Fremont, but I drew the line at that. I have half a mind to sell out and go to my children. I think that before Christmas you will hear of me on the ocean, homeward bound. You see I have given up the comedy I was playing. I am going to admit my children behind the scenes and dispel their innocent illusions. Better the truth from me than from a cruel world. Poor chaps!"

My letters, overflowing with happiness and with descriptions of Oneida's grace and goodness, had reached my grandfather a few days ahead of my arrival in Detroit, and he was prepared to give me all the affectionate sympathy I asked, though there was a tinge of sadness underneath that troubled me

"It is right that you should marry, Roderic, my boy," he said, "right from every point of view. I approve of youthful marriages, the younger the better, and I should have liked you to marry at twenty-one if she had been old enough." He did not specify what "she" he had in mind. "We have been very happy together, my child, but the old man will be passing away soon, and he will be glad to bless the new household before he goes. There are a few things of your angel mother's I should have liked to keep till I went, but it is right that you should have some memorials of her in the new home."

"The new home!" I stammered. "Why, Pepe, shall we not live with you? I have described the old house to Oneida til she knows its every nook and corner. It is her wish that you should sit at the head of your table and I at the foot, as we have always done, and she will be between us as our sweet guest. She would not wish you to feel that her coming made any change, except in our having her companionship."

"Impractical young lovers!" he smiled, shaking his head sadly. "That would do in France, where the old families still live in the patriarchal system, three generations in the home at once, the old people providing for the household needs, the younger ones rearing their families. But the New World has different ideals. In justice to Oneida you must consider a little how it will appear to the society in which she should take her place if you bring her to this old homestead. The Detroit ladies who have entertained you at their houses, those with whom you have danced and dined, will call upon your bride, and where will she receive them? Save the kitchen and offices, we have but two rooms on the lower floor, the plain, old-fashioned dining-room, and this big, shabby sitting-room, fitted up with all the odd notions that come to two old bachelors. Is this a proper drawing-room for a beautiful young bride?"

"You do not alarm me in the least, Pepe," I said, resolutely. "I am not so unpractical as you suppose. I have thought it all out. Our surroundings will make no difference to our old family friends, those of French traditions and faith, who will be always our friends no matter where or how we live, and they are, like ourselves, the true Detroiters, the children of the pioneers. What care we for the opinion of the new-comers, who are almost strangers to us? Besides, Pepe, there is the tower-room, off the first landing of the stairs, which we have been using for a store-room. We did not care for it because it had not the river view, but now that there is nothing to be seen from the front windows but the Nain Rouge" (for this was the name we had given to that eye-sore, the red-brick factory), "the view over the garden is really the prettiest of any, and the tower-room is just the size for a bride's boudoir."

My grandfather became so interested in the project of fitting up the tower-room that he quite forgot his other objections. After all, the house had been comfortable enough for his wife and his daughter in the old days, and had then been considered a handsome residence. The sitting-room, with its fine dimensions — thirty-five feet in length by twenty in breadth—had been the scene of many gay dances and hospitable entertainments, which many a feast had been served at the cheerful board in the big, square dining-room. The hall, which cut through the whole width of the house, was spacious and dignified, while opposite the entrance was the wide, low staircase, with a large landing half-way up opening into an octagonal tower-room which had been my grandfather's study thirty years before when the ladies monopolized the drawing-room. But ever since I could remember it had been used as a place of refuge for all things useless, and the drawing-room had degenerated into a sort of rough-and-ready abode for a lonely man and boy. I would not change its character while my grandfather lived, or disturb one inch his special chairs and tables and the hiding-places of his pipes and hooks and secret treasures, but the hall and the dining-room might be refurnished to advantage, while the tower-room could be charmingly fitted out in modern style as a reception-room worthy of a lovely young bride.

The day after my return I resolved to call on the Chaberts and receive their good wishes. There would be a slight embarrassment in meeting Etiennette which it would be best to have over as soon as possible.

"Have you told the Chaberts?" I asked of my gradfather.

"Told them what?" queried the old gentleman, slyly.

"The one only really important thing in the world," I replied, nothing daunted.

"I have told Nita, and she has told the others, who have all been over to give me their felicitations. Your letter came the day before she went away," and the Chevalier eyed me very intently from under his shaggy eyebrows.

"Went away?" I echoed. "Has she gone?"

"Her father feels worried about her," said my grandfather, somewhat gloomily. "She seemed happy enough to be here among her own again, but a few days before you came home she suddenly took it into her head that it was her duty to be near her husband so that she could go to him if anything happened."

"Where is he now?" I asked, rather faintly.

"He is travelling up in the Northern Peninsula with Mr. Arthur, a young physician, and a valet who is really his keeper. They are camping and fishing upon Lake Superior, and they hope that the out-of-door life and freedom from business worries will restore his health and mental balance. Nita is visiting the McNiffs, who are now settled in Marquette, so that she may be within easy reach of her husband if he should send for her."

I had never thought of the possibility of his getting well and of her going back to him. Of course, if the physicians pronounced him cured it would be her duty to return to her husband, yet I remembered how little faith Dr. Netley had in the chances of a permanent cure, and it seemed to me that her relatives ran a terrible risk in allowing her to live with him again. But I told myself sharply that it was none of my business, that her father was her natural guardian, that I had my own responsibilities now, and other people must shoulder theirs.

Fortunately I had plenty of work on hand, blessed work, a sovereign relief in so many ills. My plans and specifications for the Delft Harbor improvements had been accepted, and the contracts made by the Survey Office, so that I had to set forth almost immediately to superintend the dredging and straightening of the channel, the building of the breakwater, and the laying of the foundations of the light-house before winter set in.

As was my custom, I superintended personally every inch of the construction and shared all the exposure with my workmen. A succession of early autumnal gales, striking us before the stone foundations for the light-house were properly cemented, threatened to undo the labor of weeks by submerging or dragging from its moorings the huge iron cylinder which we had driven into the sand and which was riveted to huge piles forming a sort of exterior breakwater. It was a herculean task to keep this cylinder dry, and more than once we spent the whole night in water, holding on to ropes and pulleys, while the great surges of Lake Michigan, rolling in upon us in foam-blown masses twenty feet in height, swept us off our feet again and again. We were clad in life-perservers and lashed to the great wooden piles, otherwise many lives would have been lost in those ice cold, raging seas. But we triumphed! We were numb and bruised, but our great cylinder stood its ground against the sledge-hammer blows, and when the surface water grew calmer and we removed the enormous tarpaulins that covered it not a pint of water had forced its way into the interior, not a stone was ever so little jarred from its setting. Workmen, foremen, contractors and engineer, we hugged each other for joy and indulged in a very riot of shouting and cheering, while the old lake frowned and tossed and sullenly surrendered to the power of man, till the sun shone forth after days of gloom and caressed it into a gentler, friendlier, happier mood.

It was late in November before the work was brought to a point where we could leave it for the winter. Oneida and her aunt were now in North Carolina, where the major was in the seventh heaven of happiness preparing his house for the wedding and lavishing presents upon his beautiful niece. Like many timid, reserved natures, Oneida wrote more freely than she talked. Her letters were long, descriptive, flowing on smoothly and pleasantly with an unexpected touch of dry humor here and there, and much shy tenderness. I kissed the precious missives and slept with them under my pillow, an ever-increasing pile, which I carefully hid by day from the prying eyes of the landlady of the Delft Tavern.

When we touched at St. Ignace on the homeward voyage, I was met by Emile McNiff.

"Rory, there is a job that you positively must do for us. We will have no denial. You know I am now superintendent of the Redoubtable Mine, and we have a scheme on foot for getting at the rich beds of ore under the adjoining lake."

"But I am not a mining engineer," I interrupted. "I know nothing whatever of metallurgy."

"That is not the question," explained McNiff. "The ore is there all right. What we want you to do is to see if it is practicable to drain the lake and to divert the streams that feed it into some other basin, and to estimate the cost of such an undertaking. This sort of thing is in your line, and it will be a big contract. You have lost so much money in mines you ought to make some out of this one. Did you know that the Forest Lake Copper Mine is coining money for us hand over hand? What a pity you ever sold out your shares in it to Moir, who has millions enough already from other sources!"

"Sold out!" I echoed bitterly. Then I stopped myself. Let bygones be bygones! Emile evidently had no notion of the true state of affairs, and, as he was working for a company in which Moir was a director and one of largest shareholders, it was best he should remain in ignorance.

"Is Mrs. Moir still with you and your wife?" I asked after a while, hesitatingly.

"She went to join her husband about three weeks ago," she replied. "He is as right as a trivet now. In fact, he never was mentally wrong, only in a very nervous condition from business worry. He is just as well to-day as you or I. Etienette will cheer up now, I hope, for she seemed awfully sad when she was with us. She is plucky and tried not to show it, but she could not deceive me, who have known her from a child, though she is queer, like all women. For instance, she kept up as bravely as possible all through the harrowing anxiety about Moir, and then, when she got news that he was well and wanted her to join him, she broke down and went all to pieces—got hysterical and all that sort of thing. My wife firmly believes that Etienette fears and dislikes her husband and was frantic at the thought of having to live with him again, but I tell her that is nonsense. All women cry when they ought to laugh, and laugh when they ought to cry, and you should always judge them by contraries."

Now that I knew I should not have to see Etienette again, I consented to Emile's proposition. Emile was an old friend and the playmate of my childhood, and I disliked to refuse him, especially as it was evident that he was hoping to do me a good turn and compensate me in some degree for my losses in the other mine.

We went into the hill country of the interior, in the Gogebic Range, where such treasures of iron ore were being brought to the surface. The great Redoubtable Iron Mine was the most extensively worked at that time of any in the range. We found the director and his wife were entertaining a party of Eastern ladies and gentlemen who had mining interests in that region, and it was proposed that we should visit the famous mine before I made my inspection of the neighboring lake reservation. It was with a shock of dismay, when, too late to withdraw, I discovered that the party included Mr. and Mrs. Montgomerie Moir!

TO BE CONTINUED.

DO SOME THINKING.

SERMON PREACHED AT "FATHER MATHEW MEMORIAL SERVICES," PAULIST FATHERS CHURCH, NEW YORK CITY, SUNDAY EVENING, OCT. 12, 1902, BY REV. PATRICK G. MURPHY, C. S. P.

"Then Jesus said to His disciples, if any man will come after Me, let him deny himself, take up his cross and follow Me." (Matt. xxvi. 24.)

There is a very pretty tradition that tells us about the following incident.

At first sight it seems only a little thing. But it is one of those trifles that speak so eloquently to the minds of those who are intelligent enough to appreciate the great and simple things of life. It concerns our Divine Redeemer; and is supposed to have happened when He was only a Child. From the very beginning it was noticed by our Blessed Mother that His mind was always occupied by something of the greatest moment. He was living in the future. He was taking in, not simply the events that were happening in His own immediate vicinity, but He was looking out through all the world; and even the affections of His childhood covered all the races and the nations of the sons of men. His Blessed Mother found him one day standing in the attitude of deepest thought. She came upon Him when He least expected it. And before the Divine Child realized her presence, there was enacted before her the first great tragedy of the Saviour's life. The little hands were folded on His breast. The little body trembled. The little eyes were filled with tears. He was standing in the shadow of a cloud; and all the sorrows of the world were pressing heavily upon Him. It was only for a moment. But it was like that awful moment later, when He cried out in all the strength of manhood, and the great, red drops of blood were flowing from the heart that loved the world so well. It was only for a moment. But it seemed like an eternity for the mother who must look on in vain, for she was powerless to help Him. The cloud was passing in the heavens. The sun was shining on His little form again. The plan was made. The tangled threads of human destiny were straightened out. The pale face brightened, and the tears were stopped. The little folded hands were once again unclasped. The little form regained its strength and its determination. He took a few steps forward, and He planted Himself firmly in the attitude of hope and expectation. His Blessed Mother forgot for the moment the struggle that had passed. She saw the little One she loved so well standing once again, the Saviour of the world, in the warm sunshine of God's love causing to fall upon the world the shadow of His Cross;—"standing," as the poet tells us, "with all the colors of the rainbow in His vesture, and all the sunlight of the ages in His face."

They tell us that our Divine Redeemer came on earth to pay the greater part of the penalty for sin. They tell us that the most awful moment in His life was when He knelt at night beneath the olive-trees within the garden of the oil-press, and meditated on the carelessness of men concerning their eternal destiny. It was there, within the brief space of a few short hours, that He shared in all the sorrows and the sufferings of the world through all the centuries. The trials and the difficulties of these poor human lives of ours were passing in review before him. He saw the world from creation to the end of time. He saw the long procession of the human race upon the earth. He saw the blood-stained footprints of the creatures that He loved. He heard the moans of women and the cries of little children. He saw the tears upon the faces of strong-armed men. He saw the sufferings of the aged, and the disappointments of the weak. He saw the infants in the arms of the mothers, and he saw the dead upon the ground. He saw the history of the human race from eternity to eternity, the beginning to the end. He saw the little span of every human life, the cradle and the grave, the smiles of childhood, and the hopes of youth; the strength of manhood and the helplessness of age. He saw the life that you and I are living—the life that comes before death. He saw the life