

Angela. Her face haunted his inmost soul. Where had he seen that face before, the tender smile, the soft blue eyes, that looked so beseechingly into his own?"

He stood motionless and his heart beat slowly within him. He was confused—ideas flashed through his throbbing brain and he was seized with a feeling of faintness and would have fallen to the ground had not the strong arm of Mahtoree caught him.

"Poor man!" whispered the old Indian chief, under his breath, "the journey was too much for him."

In a moment he was himself again and his calmness returned, when the dying woman feebly exclaimed, "O, good Father! I am so happy to see you—give me your blessing."

At the same time all those standing sank down upon their knees and bowed their heads gently.

And now for the first time in eleven years Eduard and Colette Harrison stood face to face, but the years of sorrow and longing had left such deep lines on their young faces, that neither recognized the other. But it was not long, and a thought rose in Eduard's soul, as he whispered within himself, "O, how this dying woman resembles my lost Colette!"

But he wanted, he could—he dared not give this thought prestige at so critical a moment, when duty called him to soothe a dying soul on its way to its God.

One moment passed and with the help of God he conquered his heart and his feelings and in a loud voice spoke a gentle blessing over the dying woman and the little Indian band, which had welcomed him with open hearts. Shortly afterwards Colette, calling the faithful Nightstar to her side, whispered in her ear, "My good friend, ask your Indian children to leave me for a while. I want to be alone with the priest to confess my sins and to receive the last sacraments. Dear Nightstar! I die happy."

Then the priest gently put on his

stole and sitting upon an old stump near the bed, he began to prepare Colette for confession. The dying woman, her crucifix in hand, continued her prayers, in which the good priest joined. And now silence reigned again.

Angela had not left the wigwam with the others and now she stood at the entrance, sadly staring skyward. The moon lit up her soft, young face and now Father Harrison's eyes fell upon her and again that strange feeling rose within his soul. He saw in the little child the likeness of his long-lost Colette and again that thought rose within him and seemed to overwhelm him completely. Every throb of his wildly beating heart told within him the same words, "This child is thine." Eduard's eye moved rapidly from mother to child. Hope! Doubt! Certainty! Fear! — all battled wildly within him.

"Angela"—he at last broke forth and his eyes stared searchingly into hers. Again he tried to call her name, but his lips would not move.

"What, Father?" answered the little one. The mother, who had heard the voice of her child, then said: "I thought you were gone. I did not know, Angela, that you were here. Go, now, dearie, and let me spend a few minutes in conversation with the Father. I will soon call for you again."

Eduard Harrison felt relieved. Angela's answer had removed all shade of doubt. The awful moment had come in which he was to appear as husband and father. A glance at the dying woman before him recalled an image of Colette, and his thoughts flew back to the lone, green hills, where years ago they had been so happy. A wealth of joy filled his heart, but again he suppressed it. He did not care to disturb the sacred peace of the departing soul. He was not desirous of robbing God of the honor of taking this lonely heart all to Himself but he was desirous as a Christian and as a priest to make an offering to