## 80 AS BY FIRE

BY JEAN CONNOR

CHAPTER XVIII-CONTINUED The Road House and Rosecrofte! he gulf between yawned wide and

deep indeed.

"I could cross it on one jump," thought Daffy, the old pain stirring in his heart. "Cross it and never feel a jolt. But the Judge — the Judge," Mr. Mills stopped at the broken gate and tried to fit his handsome, highborn legal adviser into this gloomy picture. "The Judge this gloomy picture. "The Judge ain't, so to say, jumping stock. I guess Weasel is right. The gult is too wide and black and deep. The Judge would balk at it, sure. He hance to stay by him gave her the chance to stay by him and she wouldn't take it—and now and she wouldn't shall now." Daffy's shrewd common sense took in the situation, "it ain't much wonder for a high-stepper like him

"high-steppers" wrong.
Three weeks later, while closing s

rouse the whole mountain side into electric life, Mr. Mills looked up startled at a familiar voice. The Judge stood before him, white, hollow eyed, older by ten years than when he had seen him scarcely two For a moment the two men looked

at each other, all the heights and depths between them leveled their gaze, and then they gripped hands.

"You've come to find her," said Daffy, bluntly, "and it's none too

"I have been ill," Leigh said, "very You look it," was the answer "She looks it, too. Folks can't go through the fires of Tophet and come out without a scorch. Fritzie," calling to that young person, who had just come in with a message to his new made brother in law, Jake.
"Here, Fritzie, show this gentleman

And Allston Leigh followed his little tow headed guide through the forest path, where now the leaf buds were opening and the young shoots were green and the setting sun lighted up the far reaching vistas with gold, and everywhere in the soft whisper of bycore the control soft whisper of breeze the song of bird, the breath of waking blossom,

was the call of the spring.

Everywhere! No! For suddenly
the path up which Fritzie led opened into a rough, weed grown road, where beyond its broken gate, its tottering porches, an old rambling house stretched black and gloomy under the sheltering pines—a house that seemed dark, desolate, hopeless

All around it in the untilled fields, the ruined outhouses, the brier-grown wastes of hollow and hill, there seemed to rest a blighting shadow that chilled all the sweet promise of nature. The only sign of life was a black crow, who at their coming fluttered off with a harsh caw from his perch on a rotten post

beside the gate.

"Hallo, you're back, too, are you,
Rip?" cried Fritzie. "This 'ere is
the place, mister. Just walk right
in, for the folks stays most times in
the back kitchen and won't hear you
knock. I guess you want me no
more—now you know the road."

"No I won't want you," said Leigh

nore—now you know the road."
"No, I won't want you," said Leigh
ossing his guide a dollar, and as
Fritzie bounded delightedly away,
the last touch of life seemed to go with him, and the awful gloom of the place fell upon the man standing in its shadow like the chill of death And this was her home-from this black, hopeless desolation she had turned—madly, recklessly, to the sun. The door stood half open. He

There was no answer. He pushed forward into the wide gloom of the old hall with its closed rooms on either side, its black ribbed ceiling. A breath of perfume greeted him. On the wide table by the stairs was an earthen jar filled with lilacs. The sight, the fragrance, smote him with a pain that nearly unarmed him even here she caught pitifully at grace, beauty and bloom. Oh, where was she that he might save her, lift her out of this hideous place into light and life again, his beautiful, his beloved one, who in her shame, her remorse, had broken away and between his love and her forever! His heart torn with pity, anguish, tenderness, he presse on, recklessly, into the great, black beamed kitchen, where an old pot swung over the wide hearth. There were remnants of a scant meal on the bare table — coarse bread, a pitcher of milk, a bit of cheese, a bowl of soup. Her table! She, who had been feted and toasted at prince ly banquets, who had reigned a fairy queenin lordly halls—her table, this!
And then as he stood there a cry

rang out of the silence-a thrilling, tremulous cry, that made every pulse within him leap. It was her voice—her voice calling somewhere d grown wastes without in those we

for help, help.
He bounded through the wide pen door of the old kitchen, and sped where the voice was calling, over broken fence and field, down, down into a great hollow that yawned deep and dark in the shadow of a heavy old yew.

There he found her kneeling be

side the grandmother, who lay, ashen and rigid, over her boy's new-made

grave.
"Help, help!" the girl cried, as she tried to lift the stiffened form to chafe the icy hands. "Oh, I thought chafe the icy hands. she was upstairs, ill in her bed, until I missed her just now. Oh, grandother, poor grandmother! Heip, 00000 0

"Dearest, there is no help; she is ead," said a low pitying voice at her

dead," said a low pitying voice at her side.

"Allston!" she started to her feet, with a sharp cry of pain. "Allston, here!" and she staggered back against the trunk of the old yew, and stood looking up at him despairingly. She wore the coarse black skirt and the sweater of old. The red gold hair was drawn plainly from her wan pale face. It was the white ghost of the woman he worshipped that faced Allston Leigh, yet his heart went out to her as she stood there in her misery, with a love that in the strength and depth of its human tenderness had a touch of the divine.

divine.
"I am here, yes, to claim my wife,"

he said, gently.

"Oh, no. Allston, no." and she fell on her knees again beside her old grandmother as if for safety and shelter. "Look here—here. This poor old woman was the Rachel Varner of whom you once told me. I onder for a high-stepper like him balk at this."

But Daffy was to find his rating of high-steppers" wrong.

Three weeks later, while closing a ceal for the new works that were to puse the whole mountain side into lectric life, Mr. Mills looked up tartled at a familiar voice. The udge stood before him, white, allow aved alder by ten years than not shame you with my story, but it not shame you with my story, but it must stand. I have been false, false, false, long enough. I have turned to the light and truth. Poor, wretched, disgraced as it may be, must live my own life."

"Then I live that life here with

you," he said, resolutely. "Since you will not come to me, I come to you will not come to me, I come to
you. I accept it all, beloved—all the
sorrow and darkness that has shadowed your youth. We will turn to
the light, the truth together.
And kneeling beside her as she
bent over her dead, he drew the
weary head to his shoulder and
kissed the tearful eyes, that, looking
up into his own, read within them a

up into his own, read within love that through any fires of sacrifice would pass unscathed.

And that vow breathed over old graves beneath the yew was kept. Here in her own home, Bar-bara and Allston Leigh took up their new life, fearing nothing, hiding nothing. But in the light and truth of their love the old Road House stood transformed. The darkening pines fell back into sunlit groves. The weed grown wastes sloped out into verdant lawns and meadows, the closed rooms were opened into beauty and cheer. The wide-pillared porch was wreathed with roses, the

"burn "swept in joyous music under a rustic bridge as it tumbled on its busy way-a water power for the great works that filled the valley with their cheerful life. The grave in the hollow were veiled in myrtle while under the shadow of the old yew a pure white shaft "Sacred to the memory of Elinor Kent " arose, garlanded through all the summer time with living bloom. And as the happy years went by, the fortune and fame for which Allston Leigh had yearned found their way up the widening path that led to his mounsain height and crowned him un-

The Judge,"-the friendly title onferred by Daffy is Allston Leigh's rightfully now, "and the Judge's beautiful wife" are the pride and boast of the Rldge. The light and truth which their blended lives uphold shed a radiance far and near The pretty church, crowded with eager worshippers that once had only with its sweet veiled teachers won the chill of death. from the shadows of Mount Merci to

Dr. Vance and Milly, happy in their own wedded life, find no summer quite complete without their western visit. Father Lane pauses often for a few days' rest under the old pines, while Aunt Van-even Aunt Van—after an heroic struggle in which she upheld "her boy's "name and fame in the storm of gossip and criticism that broke upon him—even Aunt Van finds her yearly outing, where the world is new, the most invigorating time of her declining

And Daffy-next to the Judge whom he never has attempted to rival—Mr. J. Datton Mills is the biggest man in the Ridge. His quarries, his works, his power-house, his shops and stores and model cottages are attrill with busy, homely, happy life. He has never married—happy life. He has never married—happy time to think about it, he says, but he is a loved and honored guest at the Road House, the faithful friend, confidant, and helper

of its master and mistress. And he has a dearer title still, for as he walks up the flower bordered path to the porch, where Rip, gray and old, dozes in full-fed comfort, another Barbara dances out on fairy feet to spring gaily into "Uncle Daffy's arm. And as the red gold head nestles down on his broad shoulder, Uncle Daffy kisses the velvet cheek and calls her by the old

name. "Watching for me, were you Well, it's more than any one else ever did, little Weasel."

THE END

If we would really honor Jesus Christ, we must apply ourselves to know Him, to love Him, and to follow Him in the practise of every Christian virtue. This is absolutely necessary for salvation. We can not become true Christians but by knowing, loving and following Christ.

BORROWED FROM THE NIGHT

BY ANNA C. MINOGUE CH PTER III

murder of Amy Martine rmed the community. Instantly uting parties were formed and rted in pursuit of the Indians, started in pursuit of the Indians, who, the people concluded from the bold deed, must be near, or rapidly advancing. After long days of anxious dread and waiting, the scouts returned with the welcome intelligence that no trace of the foc could be found between Lexington and the Ohio; nor had the other town received any menace of a threatened invasion. Settlers in remote, unfrequented situations had not been disturbed, and old trappers who had been encountered had exnot been disturbed, and old trappers who had been encountered had expressed the conviction that the Indian had finally and irrevocably abandoned his favorite hunting-ground: although they admitted that the prospect of war with the British might embolden the red men to make a raid into Kentraky for motives of a raid into Kentucky, for motives of revenge. The information brought back by the men restored its tranquillity to the town, though it could not easily divest itself of the horror of Mrs. Martins' fate. Her death wa discussed in law-offices and parlors, in the taverns and on the streets. The reason first accepted, that it was the wanton act of an advance mem ber of an invading army, was an ber of an invading army, was annulled by the report of the returning scouts, nor did it seem tenable that the murderer would venture alone into the most thickly populated part of the State, when he might have satisfied his craving for white blood along the sparsely settled shores of the Ohio. It then would annear to be a premeditated act. It appear to be a premeditated act. It was possible that the tract of land owned by Gerald Martins had been the special rendezvous, or burialground, of one of the tribal families
and that personal revenge had
prompted the murder. But those
whose knowledge of the Indian was
best, denied this theory. Such fine
sentiment may actuate the savage
multitude to deeds of peril, but, not
the individual. There then remained
the supposition that the murderer cial rendezvous, or burial the supposition that the murderer had been the tool in the hands of a secret foe. Instances had not been wanting in the history of the new country to prove that civilized man has wrought out his evil designs by the aid of the savage. But this suspic-ion had nothing apparently to support it. Mrs. Martins' father had forgiven her for marrying without his con sent, he had sent her gifts, and while she lay dead two slaves had reached Lexington, a portion of her long-withheld dowry. If Gerald Martins withheld dowry. If Gerald Markins had an enemy no one, not even him self knew of it. He was a man to make admiring friends but not treacherous foes, because of his unaggressive nature. He would rather suffer injustice than enter into a contest for his rights. Yet, while no reason for it was advanced the susreason for it was advanced, the sus picion was entertained and continued to be thought about and discussed There were two men, however, wh unless directly appealed to, kept silent when the subject of Mrs. Martins' murder was introduced, and

their words were evasive. Those two men watched each other, and each knew that he was being In his sadly desolated h Gerald Martins lived with his little daughter. The female slave took charge of the household affairs and attended to the child, while he, with this busy field, the Boys' Club. the Girls' Library, the Mothers' Meetings—all that is high, holy and uplifting find inspiration and help in the old Road House.

Even the ties of the old life hold.

The Version of Mills honer in their ings of that seemingly interminable spring. He built a low stone-wall about the spot, planted a sweet-brier on either side of the steps, and set the violets she had loved so well over her pulseless breast. He rarely visited the town, but the suspicion that his friends there enter tained and discussed stole gradually into his mind as he mourned by that grave, and out of it grew an almost

when forced into giving an opinion

unreasonable anxiety for the safety of his child. The days wore on, stormy or calm for individuals, but full of alarm and anxiety for the nation. At length English aggression forced upon the Government the grim necessity of war or its alternative loss of national ionor. There was not a moment's hesitation in making the choice, and

His duty to the country of his adoption was not to be disregarded by Gerald Martins because of private interests. The fields of wheat were almost ready for the sickle, the tobacco and corn required constant care, and however faithful his two servants might be they were not equal to the task of garnering such crops. He could not take his child with him; to leave her behind was to invite against her young life the treachery that had deprived her of her mother; still, with such an array of duties chaining him to home, he reduties chaining him to home, he recognised there is another duty, higher
and holier than these; and he made
ready to join the Lexington
Volunteers. He placed his farm in
the hands of his two slaves, and one
right when the man and woman night when the man and woman were asleep in their cabin, he saddled his horse, and taking his child and money rode away from the little house where he had known so much happiness and sorrow. A hunter who had accepted his hospitality a few weeks before had told him that in western Kentucky a missionary priest was establishing a congrega-

tion of women for the education of young girls. The infant Sisterhood, he had said, was made up entirely of the descendants of the prominent and wealthy Marylanders who had emigrated to Kentucky, close on the heels of Boone and Kenton, and settled on the fertile lands of Washington County. He had told of the little log house, rudely built, poor, devoid of all comforts, in which these delicately reared ladies lived, teaching the children of the rich and poor, when not laboring in the fields. As Gerald Martins listened to the trapper's story the great problem of "Good bye, Sister."

"But you have forgotten," cried the Sister, following him to the door, "to tell me the child's name."

"Teresa Martinez," he said, but without looking beat he said hastily :

As Gerald Martins listened to the trapper's story the great problem of his child's safety was solved. He would take her to Bardstown, to the new convent, and then he could go to his place in the ranks of his country's defenders. He told no one of his intention, not even the faithful black woman for he had a suspicion of an anamy whom he assessed to the story of the story of the same of t THE MISSION MAN enemy whom he scarcely named to his own soul: and he knew if his suspicion were truth, he had need for a caution as great as that treach

ery was secret.

As he rode through the still forests with his child sleeping against his breast, and thought what might befall her if by any chance, or accident, her abode were discovered, he decided to enter her at the school under an assumed name. His mind ran over many names under which to hide the identity of his beautiful little girl. Then, by a flash of memory, he was again in the ruins of the abbey church of his native village, gazing on a crumbling marble tablet which sadly proclaimed it was placed there to perpetuate the name of Teresa Martinez. Often he had stood before that mockery of man's vanity, induiging his boyish fancies about the woman it was intended to immortal

ize. Was she young and fair like the girls of the village? Did she love life as he loved it? Or was she old and glad to go to the grave to rest? What had she done so great and good, that her contemporaries had sought to preserve her name and fame from obliv on ? His grandfather used to sit in the sunshine all day, would some beguile the crowd of young descend-ants playing at his feet with a marvelous tale of a Spanish captain, who, hundreds of years before, had been picked up by some Galway fishermen. When the stranger had

learned the Irish lauguage, he told of a flerce sea fight between the Span-ish and English, in which the Span-iards had been defeated. He had gone down with his ship, but the ses had cast him, with others of his countrymen, back to life in Galway Bay. Afterward he had married an Irish lady of great wealth and beauty, and step by step, the old man could trace back his lineage to the Spanish aptain Martinez and the Chieftain's daughter. The name had been cor-rupted, changed, but the tablet in the abbey church was an undeniable proof that the family's history was more than legendary lore. And

strange beauty, and looking down on

rays of dawn fell on it, he said :

the beauty of the Spaniard.'

Sister. I believe?"

convent.

one, sir." she said, opening the door and leading the way into the poor

"I am leaving for the north in

few days with my regiment, and must hasten back to Lexington," he began

but paused abruptly, for he had not intended telling from what part of the State he had come. To cover

his embarrassment, he hastily took

from his pocket a purse filled with gold. "I brought you all my avail-able money, Sister," he said. "It is sufficient, however, to pay for my

little girl for five years. I do not think the war will last that long, but

we can never judge of these conflicts at the outset. It I should not return,

I wish my child to stay here until

she is sixteen years of age. I have

property of considerable value and you will be amply repaid for all that

you do for her

he was a boy, the old man would add, on that part of the stone which had since crumbled away, was a line in Irish, which stated that according to the tradition of the house of Martinez, its fortune would be one who would go over the sea, and would be regained by him who would recross the water. Gerald Martins had never regarded his grandparent's story as other than fable, though his cousin George professed a firm belief in their Spanish ancestry. But as he rode through the Kentucky forest recalled his cousin's frequent allusion to the

her ivory - like face, when the first ught Lincoln gave them a great chance," opined a young listen-Let her bear the name as well as line.

Days later one of the Sisters of "Little Loretto" passing from the Church of St. Charles to the convent, saw a weary traveller drawing rein before the rude rail fence that separ-ated the yard from the green fields. "This is the new convent, is it not?" he asked, removing his hat.
"Yes, sir, this is the convent of Little Loretto," replied the Sister,
"Will you not alight? Give me your
child," and the reached out her arms and lifted the little girl to the ground "You take boarders in your school, when she replied affirmatively, he continued: "It is true, my daughter

is very young, but I am going to the war and I have no place to leave her. Her mother is dead," he finished, in low voice. The Sister was holding the child's hand and as she heard the concluding words, she stooped, and drawing the tiny creature to her breast, kissed the red, soft lips. "We shall find room for your little

ly needed service.

How unmistakably service was needed was sharply borne in upor Father Joseph as, several months later, he arrived in his chosen field. There in the enervating tropical climate, lackadaisical living prevailed among those to whom the young priest had dedicated himself. Thrift less, but fairly good natured, they subsisted from hand to mouth, not hesitating to indulge in petty thefts —especially of chickens and water melons. Moreover, darker deeds

Meanwhile his first weeks were busy in arranging the simple buildings which were to serve as his church and rectory and in familiarizing himself with his unique future flock. He spent part of his days in merely trying to know the negroes, in string to recall certain above. in striving to recall certain characteristics he had half forgotten dur ing his years in the semine

ng his years in the seminary.
One good thing was that there seemed to be no other church of any He was holding the child on his knee and now he pressed her to his heart and kissed her once for him-self, and once for the dead mother. Then he lead her to the Sister and other denomination in the neighborhood. He seemed to have the field to himself, to sow good seed therein.

"I know, that you and your friends will be kind to my baby, that you will love her and make her a good, true woman. I have only this request to make of you: that you will watch her. She has a cruel enemy. He caused her mother's death."

Then realizing that he had thus admitted his belief in his suspicion,

without looking back.

TO BE CONTINUED

Groups of young men chatted to-gether on the seminary campus, dis-cussing hopes and ideals for the future as the days of ordination drew near. One was to begin his work as a priest in this field; another was to go elsewhere; still others were destined for other win source. ined for other vineyards.

"Joseph we have not heard from you," said their disciplinarian, whose old heart was kindled anew year after year by the flames of consecration in fervent young hearts—so ready, so eager to go forth and till their Master's field.

The young deacon, whom the dis-ciplinarian addressed, had been sit-ting with a rapt, far-away expression as the others outlined their plans and dreams. Now his eyes bright-ened; his cheeks flushed with his heart's enthusiasm. With modest reserve, yet evident inspiration, he

began:
"My mission probably seems tame
and insignificant beside what some of you others are going to accomplish.

I am going back to my own people, if
my superior gives final consent. It
is not nearly so great a field as that
on which these others are entering, on which these contents are energing.

Father," he continued, as the disciplinarian smiled sympathetically, "but it is a field where there is work to be done by somebody who knows and

"Tell us about it, my son," encour sged Father Thomas, as the young men around him also turned to Joseph Le Blanc with eager interest. "Are you going to wrestle with the last remnant of the French

Huguenote in your South?" asked one of the group.
"No, he's going to undertake the

northern capitalists who have gone down to share King Cotton's profits," observed another.
"Nothing like so pretentious a de

voir as either," demurred Joseph.
"I almost hesitate to name my small task after such epical adventures as you have mapped out for me and

yourselves. Well, don't keep us in suspense

I'm just going to try to do a little any longer." for the black people of my old home," began Joseph humbly. "You know they are numerous; many of them are needy, spiritually and temporally. My grandfather owned several him-self and it is true some are simple, faithful, willing to do right. I actually feel a debt to the old nurse who helped to "raise me," as they express it, and to my father's old body-servant. They certainly helped to save the lives of my brothers and myself when we were lads. Why, they would do anything for any of our family—as if they were our own flesh and blood! Some of them feel even more loyalty to their 'white one another. And it olks' than to one another. And is seems to me the least we can do now is to give them a little chance."

"A great chance but not an unmixed blessing," replied Joseph. "Loosened from all discipline, detached from the kindly interest which the better sort of white families gave them, many of the poor things are like so many helpless children, pitiful black sheep left shepherdless. Certainly I would not have slavery revived, but there is crying need for some higher intelligence to help them to take care of gence to help them to recog-nize right and wrong, now that more than formerly they are in some quart ers cut off from good influences. So I want to get back. Beware of me!
I'll be writing to you who are going to wider, more conspicuous fields beseeching aid from your prosperous

Just so! Make them help you! said Father Thomas, looking benignly at the young man who was content to labor in a small corner of the Vineyard of his Lord, which evident.

now and then were to demand heroic measures from Father Le Blanc.

But, however reassuring that persua sion was, he was not long to enjoy its comfort; for, going forth one day in quest of further understanding of in quest of further understanding of his flock, and in particular in quest of a cook, much to his surprise he met another clothed in robes osten-sibly, ambitiously clerical, especially as to a Roman collar. Above that collar was a good face, but one of a collar was a good lace, but the or complexion distinctly different from the fair skin of the young priest. The two regarded each other a moment with curiosity, but evidently with no professional antagonism; for, soon a genial smile parted the lips of the dark skinned ecclesiastic, while Father Le Blanc said cordially :

Good morning !" Courteously responsive, the other greeted the priest with a hearty good morning, accompanied by a quick removal of his weather worn hat and a

Been expectin' you."

Rather an amiable attitude toward a rival in the field, Father Le Blanc privately opined. But, meeting such geniality with due urbanity, he re-

Yes, I'm Father Le Blanc. And

you ?" Again bowing and sweeping the air respectfully with his hat as might become one gentleman of the old school accomplishing a self-introducion to another : Me, suh? I'se de Mission Man,

Jim Brooks.

Ah, more definitely a rival than at first suspected. However, not to be outdone by the Mission Man's politeness, Father Le Blanc acknowledged with dignified seriousness his rival's self-description.
"Glad to meet you, Jim. The

Mission Man, you say, the Mission Yaas, suh, I'se de Mission Man,'

and a dignified but humble self-consciousness passed over the good

actored brown face.

"And what is your 'mission'?" inquired Father Le Blanc. "Just what is your work?" If they were, indeed, rival shepherds it might be as well to see how the flock was divided. He himself might have to employ diplomacy in not seeming too quickly, and aggressively to encroach upon the other's fold. He was hard ly prepared for the answer :
"Oh, I jes looks after 'em ginerally,

after dey bodies and speeritr. Dey ain't so scan'lous bad, but dey sho ain't so speshul good! You and me's got plenty to do, I kin tell you! Lazi-ness and stealin,' dat's dey worst vices, Dey sho am lazy, triflin, stealin' niggers, some of 'em

The singularity of the situation mused Father Le Blanc greatly. Here certainly was a disposition to ward Christian Unity, a willingness for Christian co operation which might well offer example to regions more sophisticated. But if there was to be such unity here he must under stand the situation still more defin itely. In a field comparatively small he did not wish to begin by antagoniz ing, so he put a few more detailed questions. The Mission Man's were a little vague, but from their tenes the faller allers allers and the fallers allers are a little vague. tenor the fellow clergyman deduced that Jim was really, so to speak, a Big Brother to his own prospective flock. He claimed to hold a Sunday service and one during the week. Moreover, he seemed to have other I gits the men work on de planta-

tion and I gits the wimmen work in town and round the country." Father Le Blanc was to learn that Brother Brooks" (to give his local title) owned an old horse, a poor old hack of a Rosinante, in the same stage of shabby gentility as the owner. "Then maybe you could help me," observed Father Le Blanc as Jim

enumerated his activities as a local employment agency. "Do you think you could get me a good cook?" "Yaas, suh! I kin!" And with

that the employment agency and rival Mission Man drew from his pocket a note book and a spectacle case. Putting on a pair of large-rimmed spectacles, which gave the old face a still quainter aspect, Jim began turning the pages, inscribed with names and occupations of his clients and congregation. 'Yaas, suh, here's Mary Jane Tom

kins. Oh, I fergot—Mary Jane's laid up with rheumatiz. Nevah min, hyer's Dinah Simms! La, suh! Dinah's just the one for you. biscuits and hot rolls jes melt in de mouf—and pies an' chickens, O my!"

Evidently, however spiritual his profession, Brother Brooks was not above corporal consolations. Nor with the work ahead of him could Father Le Blanc afford to be indifferent about good wholesome meals. He entered promptly into Jim's plan to escort Dinah that evening to the rectory. And Dinah was so satisfac-tory that Father Le Blanc felt that if Brother Brooks was as efficient in his spiritual ministrations as he was in his other capacity he might, indeed, be considered a not negligible rival.

The following Wednesday evening, Father Le Blanc was taking a walk after one of Dinah's appetizing sup pers, when he heard a strange bination of singing and agonizing means. Going in the direction of the sounds he found himself outside of what was evidently a scene of "getting religion." Hallelujahs " getting religion." Hallelujahs now and then suddenly broke upon the air; gospel hymns were chanted, there were spaemodic avowals:
"The Lawd is a callin! The Speerit am a speakin' ! "

From his boyhood's acquaintance with negro revivals the young priest Blanc and Jim, with his habitual re-

knew that one was under way. things—emotional, child like, Scripture, to the music and wo the hymns, however the exegists distorted the words. The exegist in the present instance was none other than "Brother Brooks." Father than "Brother Brooks." Father
Le Blanc recognized his voice "exhorting" the congregation: his
words were inaudible but evidently
he had the power to call from strange
racial depths these singular moods
of ecstasy and half mystical fervor.

The scene would have afforded
some men amusement, and occasionally Father Le Blanc could not
restrain a smile over the impassioned

restrain a smile over the impassioned irrational rhetoric, the strange com-bination of classical and Scriptural morning, accompanied by a quick removal of his weather worn hat and a respectful bow. Then with the instinctive sociability of his race he added, as Father Le Blanc was speculating upon his identity:

"You'se de new priest, suh, I reckon. Glad to see you, suh! We's been expectin' you."

Rather an amiable attitude toward a rival in the field, Father Le Blanc privately opined. But, meeting such geniality with due urbanity, he rerestrained and directed in the right Yet for all his wishes and regrets

his heart went out to the earne impassioned exhorter who was cer-tainly doing the best he knew for them. By this time Father Le Blanc had come to recognize Jim's worthiness. With a little better brain than most of his people Jim had sense enough to know their faults and to wish to help them. He had a groping but a genuinely constructive spirit in his simple heart. For a few months he had really been in one of the schools for negro theologi-cal students. He had heard something of other men of his race who were trying to help their own people to lives of greater honesty and efficiency. He had visited one of the new industrial schools where less emphasis was laid upon Greek and higher mathematics than upon sen sible manual and domestic training. Across his meagerly developed brai had gleamed a light that by such training his people, and for that mat-ter some of the less fortunate whites, were to be helped to better standards of living. That light he was trying to share, and, pitiful but admirable, none the less he was trying if so wrongheadedly, to do something for the community's spiritual life. In this corner of the Lord's riperard this corner of the Lord's vineyard, overlooked or fieglected by others, Jim Brooks had sincerely tried to be " mission man." Instead of recognizing any complicated situation th young priest felt himself reinspired. stimulated by this poor simple associate shepherd of the Lord's black children. If Jim Brooks with his earnestness, his shadow of religion, could get a hold upon their hearts— what might not he himself hope to

Meanwhile if this was Father Le Blanc's amiable attitude, apparently none the less was the rival minister lisposed to be magnanimous. The Sunday following his experience outside the meeting house, as Father e Blanc turned to his new congregation to give them a little homily, he was surprised and gratified to see "Brother Brooks" in one of the rear pews. An attentive, reverent expression was on his face, though every now and then he cast reprovevery now and then he cast reprov-ing glances at a group of little pick-annies whose curiosity and sociabil-ity had brought them to church. They were going to behave if Jim Brooks could have anything to do with it? Once he rose and marched one of the mischievous crew into the churchyard, administering on th way a salutary cuff upon the brown

After the Mass. as Father Le Blanc passed into the rectory, Jim appear ed apparently for a word of polite congratulations :

"I sho did injoy yo' remarks, Father 'Blanc," he said cordially. "Yo' sho did git home to dem nig. gers! Yo' hit'em where dey live!"
Father Le Blanc received this approbation from a fellow worker as graciously as his amusement would per

" I'm glad you were pleased, Jim. You know you and I must have some talks over what they do need."

Jim was ready enough to discuss local problems, nor indeed was he without serviceable suggestions.
Knowing so intimately the life of his people, knowing so well the person-alities of this particular community more than once he threw some light on difficulties which had troubled the zealous priest.

Several weeks elapsed. The priest had studied his field and had begun to feel at home. He had organized his work and had settled himself to its slow but, he hoped, its sure accomplishment. The negroes had shown a willingness to come to church on Sundays. The catechism classes, which were arranged for Sundays and one week afternoon, were eagerly filled by the little brown catechumens. Altogether Father Le Blanc was encouraged. He began to dream of having the Sisters' help. There were children enough to justify a school, besides other work which nuns so well know how to handle.

This Monday evening Father Le Blanc was sitting on his porch when Jiano was sitting on his poron when Jim appeared. With polite, old-fashioned respect he stood bareheaded, after bowing and greeting the priest, awaiting an invitation to sit down to a discussion of their flock's spiritual and temporal problems.

" Sit down, Jim," said Father Le