

room. In earnest speech he told his master of the distresses which had fallen upon him, of a home haunted by sickness, of children whose frailty did but add to the burdens of the home, of the little crippled one who was so sweet in his simple patience, but needed so much care, of the wife, fainting at last under the overgrown burden, ebbing from life as it seemed before his eyes. The man paused for a moment, for he was doing the last thing a workman cares to do, and then in a low voice, as if feeling a bitter shame, he asked his master for help. The great man was displeased. He lectured his humiliated workman on the want of thrift in the working-classes, spoke of the many claims upon him, and finally offering him a small dole, referred the man with his need to the usual channels of charity.

It was the uncharitable charity of a rich man.

The old man who had silently watched all

these things turned at length to his guide, asking, "What is the meaning of the things I have seen? What country is this?"

"This," replied the other, "is the land of forgotten things. When a man comes here he sees not the history which he remembers, but all the things which have gone from his mind and are written only in the book of God. You said to yourself as you finished your book that you had told all; now you may understand how much has been left out. Men think the past dies when they forget it, but it lives, it lives here; and it is well that it is so, for often men forget the most beautiful things in life and remember only the sordid. You have forgotten your mother's love and sacrifice, your forsaken sweetheart, your humble friends whose care—never requited in after years—saved your life; you have forgotten also the hardness of heart which has marred the sweetness of your many years. But before you go

there is one thing else to see which you have forgotten."

Thereupon out of the darkness grew a shining face—the saddest, kindest, most beautiful face man has ever seen; the face that has inspired the highest art, the most rapturous music, the perfection of thought; the face that has changed the world; the face of Him whom the saints worship as God. The man watching felt the flash which blinded Saul of Tarsus long ago, and he fell and fell . . .

As he came to himself in his library the fire was still burning, and the "story of his life" lay upon the desk. He lifted it slowly, and turning to the fire, threw a few pages to the flames. Long he sat feeding the unsated tongues that leapt in the grate, until all his labour was consumed. Then he arose with a clean heart.

HENRY FINCH-LEE.

DOCTOR ANDRÉ.

By LADY MARGARET MAJENDIE.

CHAPTER XV.



LETTER from André at last!" exclaimed Madame Féraudy. "Génie, I began to think that we should never hear from him again. Only two short notes since he left us ten weeks ago."

"Ten weeks! Is it really ten weeks?" said Génie dreamily.

She was leaning back in her chair, her work had fallen idly into her lap and her eyes were looking out upon nothing. They were seated in the arbour, for though the beginning of October, it was still very warm weather.

"I am anxious about him, Génie; the accounts of the fever in the papers make me anxious. It must have been very bad."

She broke open the letter as she spoke, and began to read it eagerly.

Génie was far away in the land of dreams. She was growing daily more and more conscious that at any moment she might be called upon to decide on the momentous question of her future. Monsieur Canière's manner, always attentive and *empressé*, had yesterday betrayed a kind of tenderness and devotion which could not be mistaken. The time was approaching in which she must make up her mind simply and honestly as to what she would say.

Could she care for him enough to become his wife.

"Génie," said Madame Féraudy, and the girl, startled by the unwonted agitation in her voice, turned quickly to her.

"They have had a terrible time in Paris. Read what André says."

"DEAREST MAMAN,

"I have been very remiss of late, but, truth to say, I have been worked off my legs in the epidemic through which we have just passed. I need not tell you about it, for you must have seen the accounts in the daily papers, and thank God it is over now. It has been very bad, and we who are left meet each other with pleased astonishment, as the few survivors of a shipwreck greet each other. A great many of the workers, nurses, sisters, doctors, are broken down. Rougemont, thank God, got through it. You remember him? He was senior to me and has been splendid in this affair. Our dear friend, Pasteur Nicholas, is quite convalescent, and he has gone off to the Hospice under the care of Nanon, the kindly woman who takes care of my room for me. The Hospice is quite full, and we have even added to it the large cottage we always coveted—this is a gift from a too-grateful patient. They were short of hands, but with Nanon and Sœur Eustacie, all will be right there. If you have any honey or jam to spare this year, will you send us some? The children love it so.

"I myself have had a touch of the fever, quite slight, so do not be alarmed. I have even been doing a little work since, but it has pulled down my strength, and I shall be of no further use until I have had a rest, so I also am going to the Hospice. There is really nothing much to do here, and we have had such a godsend; old Monsieur and Madame Potier, you know whom I mean—the millionnaires—they have conceived a most undue passion of gratitude for my very ordinary treatment of their only son

in this fever, and they have given me marvellous help. What a power wealth is! The good this money has done is untold; the children placed in orphanages, the convalescents sent to homes, the bread-winners helped, the wholesome food, the rest for worn-out nurses. God is good, *maman*.

"I am going to Dieppe to-morrow. You have never seen the Hospice. It is a mile out of the town and has a garden and a large field, and beautiful sands for the children's play. My bedroom is very tiny, but the *pasteur* and I share a little *salon* with tall windows opening into the garden; it will be enchanting, and I think I shall sleep for a month without waking.

"Your devoted ANDRÉ."

There was a slip of paper marked "private" which Madame Féraudy kept to herself.

"P.S. Did you give the letter I left with you to Mademoiselle Lacour?"

Madame Féraudy had not given that letter to Génie, and the omission troubled her conscience a little. She rose to her feet.

"I am going indoors, Génie," she said, "to fetch a letter I want to show you. Will you wait for me here?"

"Yes, *maman*," answered Génie.

She was reading Doctor André's letter through blinding tears; it seemed to her very tired, very worn out, but with a restful thankfulness breathing through it that went to her heart.

She had put down the letter and brushed away the tears when a shadow darkened the entrance of the arbour, and Jean Canière came in.

Génie invited him to sit down. She was startled by the white agitation of his face, he, who was always so suave, so self-possessed.

"Mademoiselle," he said, "I have the permission of Madame Féraudy to speak to you. You must have seen, what it was beyond my power to conceal, that the hopes of my life are fixed on you,