CHILDREN OF DESTINY.

A Novel by William J. Fischer.

Author of "Songs by the Wayside," "Winona as ner Stories," "The Toiler," "The Years' Between," etc. etc. Other Ste

CHAPTER XXI.

LOVE'S ROSE-TIME. Gracia found a new meaning in life since the arrival of Jerome Chelsea's daintily written note. Her thoughts had probed down deeply into her soul and now the heart went bounding. Ex-cusing herself abruptly she hurried away from Aunt Hawkins, saying that she was anxious to get to work at the picture

she had just sketched.

"You see, Auntie," she continued. "I am supposed to take my painting lesson at the studio to-day. Besides, I want to purchase a few necessary articles down town this morning."

When Gracia reached her room sh threw herself into her large easy-chair, a feeling of intense joy in her young, untried heart. Unconsciously almost her fingers stole to her breast forth the coveted letter. She and drew forth the coveted letter. She kissed it over and over again. She held it in her over and over again. She held it in her fingers as if it were some sacred thing. Again and again she read the lines. Then more slowly she repeated each word, lingering long upon the music of

its meaning.
"Dear Gracia,—Pardon my boldness in addressing you thus, but my heart seems to whisper that you will not be offended. For the past few weeks I have been wanting to tell you something concerning a matter of vital interest to But, so far, my courage failed me. When you come to the studio again you shall hear it all. Do not stay away too long. I shall count the hours until I see you. Jerome."

"The dear boy!" she whispered, her heart beating joyfully. "What can he mean anyway? I am sure it must be about one of my canvasses. Perhaps word has come from Paris that it has won a prize."

She paused a moment wrapped in deep Then again she read the last thought. lines slowly: "Do not stay away too long. I shall count the hours until I you." In her mind she repeate es over and over again. seemed to voice a tender, a pathetic

Surely Jerome Chelsea, the great artist, has not fallen in love with me,' mused the girl. "Ah, no, he does not

care for me. Even then her thoughts pained her, for of all the places in Kempton none seemed to draw her heart like the cosy, little studio of this busy artist. sudden attachment had sprung up be tween the two from that first day which Gracia had come to him as his pupil—a friendship supported by nothing artificial, but dependent upon as abiding reciprocity of esteem which infused new life and animation into both

their hearts.

Jerome always felt sorry that the half-hour lesson was so soon over, and when Gracia was gone, he would think of her for hours as he sat working at hi

She is a perfect lady," he would say. "Her coming into the studio seems to bring the sunshine with it. All the day's worries vanish and her gentle, rich voice supplies many a lonely minute

For some time Gracia's mind seemed to be treasuring glorious visions, for, wandering along her heart's highway, Happiness—devoted twin-sister of Vi -had come unbidden to her -oul and left the sweetest peace upon it. Then her thoughts stole to the studio and to Jerome. It was such a diessing to think that he was so very near, such to think that he was so very near, such to think that he was so very near, such that his very fingers had penned sweet lines to her. days that had vanished she had ofter thought of him as some noble, strong guardian-angel who had been placed at the very cross-roads of life just as she was passing. Often in her heart she was passing. Often in her heart she thanked God for it. Often she would have spoken the word that was nearest and dearest to her lips; often she would have placed her hand tenderly in his; often she would have smiled upon him in that delicious room of sketches and paintings, but that strange some thing, rising within her, always held her Now that the little letter had arrived from the man whom she had placed on so lofty a pedestal in her heart's kingdom, she hoped that her dream might come true.

Soon Gracia was on her way down the street in the direction of one of the artstores, whither she was going to pur chase some supplies. She peeped into chase some supplies. She peeped into many a shop-window, loitering here and there, her eyes feasting for the moment upon some rare thing of beauty. Pre-sently she passed a neat little cottage. standing several yards from the street. On one of the windows, emblazoned in black and gold, one read the inscription JEROME CHELSEA Studio.

She paused a moment as if wrapped a thought. Her lesson was not until three in the afternoon, and the city clock across the street only pointed th hour of ten. She knew Jerome would be at home. The morning hours were generally his working hours. How he eyes longed for sight of him! It seemed ages since she had seen him last, yet only two days had elapsed. was she to do ? was she to do? Cupid seemed to have complete control of the situation, and her feelings urged "yes." So down the quaint rose-path she hurried, her heart

beating vigorously.

Almost breathless she ascended the narrow steps and rang the bell.

The door opened and a pretty, girlish voice sounded.

"Good morning, Miss Gravenor."
"Is Mr. Chelsea in?"

Yes. Step into the reception roor a minute and I shall call him Gracia walked into the restful, lovely room—that home of bric-a-brac, curios,

souvenirs, pictures and books. Presently the woman returned and bowing profoundly, said: "Mr. Chelsea is busy now and has begged me to bring you to his working room, which you must consider a very great honor. You are the first woman I have shown to the

to the right," the maid directed.
In a moment Gracia stood at th orkshop door. A gentle rap and foot-

steps sounded within,
"Why, how do you do, Gracia?
beg your pardon—I mean Miss Graven beg your pardon—I mean Miss Graven-or," stammered Jerome, agreeably sur-prised. "Come right in, I was just thinking of you this moment, and here you are as full of life and beauty as ever. Really, Gracia—I beg your par-

"Proceed! Just call me Gracia for short," interrupted the girl.

sounds better."
"Do you think so?" he asked, merry look twinkling in his eyes.
Gracia was a picture of loveliness i ner smart spring gown of rich, black cloth. The morning sun, stealing through the large, open window, rested cloth. Th full upon her pretty face—the delicate pink rose-petal complexion, the small red regular lips, the snowy teeth and the dancing black eyes. She wore a plain, picturesque hat trimmed with red roses which was very becoming to her neatly arranged black hair. At her throat sparkled a tiny golden cross set

with diamonds. Jerome, too, looked as if the spring had made his heart glad. Like Gracia his complexion was fair. His hair, a shade darker than hers, was rather long. When he smiled his red lips parted and several dimples showed conspicuously in his cheeks. A loose working gown of thin gauzy material hung carelessly over his form. From his white collar was suspended a black silken tie tied carelessly. He looked like a man enjoying the best of health.

ous. In age he was perhaps a few years older than Gracia. The quick flashing ook in his eyes showed plainly that he vas an observant and thoughtful man. Fastening his gown somewhat ner-ously he rose and said bashfully:

His features were clear cut and vigor-

Won't you be seated Gracia-here o his cosy couch ? sis cosy couch? Come!"
Slowly he sank down beside her.

Soon they were engaged in the most ab sorbing conversation. What brought you out so early?" he

asked inquisitively.

"Oh, I wanted to buy a few brushe at the art store," she answered. "Be sides, I had other shopping to do."

"Did you receive my letter?" he continued anxiously.

"Yes, Jerome, I did," she answered.

her cheeks blushing deeply.
"Well, Gracia," he stammered uneas ily, "I have something to say to you— something that has been troubling my heart this long time; something vital,

all-absorbing."
"A sigh escaped the girl's lips. Sh stirred about nervously as one startled by fear. Slowly Jerome's hand stole into hers. The next moment they were face

"Gracia! Gracia!" he continued "I can keep the secret no longer. I must tell you—I must," he trembled. "Gracia—listen to me——I——love——

Then his strong arm stole about he She tried to release herself, but

it was too late.

"Gracia! I love you," he gasped, looking into her beautiful, young face. "You do not mean it, Jerome," shid. "Oh, it seems hardly possible."

said. Anything is possible to one who loves," he answered drawing her closer to him. "From that first day on which you came to me for your lesson. I have loved you, Gracia. I often tried get you, but it was impossible. When I was lonely your sweet face rose before me and cheered me; when I was discouraged your clear voice always brought to my ear some consoling message. Wherever I went you rose before me like some white-souled saint to lead me on. I was never alone. You were always with me, bound to me by can never destroy. Oh beloved! I have longed for this blessed hour and

now that it has arrived I am satisfied."
"I, too, feel like uttering some prayer
of thanksgiving, Jerome," Gracia began. "If this, then is love this glorious subtle force that is stealing through my being, I ask for no other pleasure than to rest in your strong heart, Jerome, and feel the eternal, abiding influence of your love. How could I help loving you?" she continued You are so noble, great and good, am only an ordinary girl and you-yo

are such a noted man of the world."
"You may think yourself only an ordin ary girl, Gracia," he interrupted, that is your humility. To me you are the greatest, noblest, sweetest have ever known—an angel dropped from the skies, beautiful as the faller snow and lovely as the stars in the blue heavens. With you always near blue heavens. With you always near, my life will be a path of roses. With-out you it would have been cold and

"Ah, Jerome, Love is sweet whe anctified upon the altar of a noble yours and its rose-time is joyous. Oh, I am so happy—so happy. I love you—dear."

They drew a little closer and for an instant their lips met in that first white hour of Love's awakening.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE PAINTED PICTURE.

Gracia hurried home that morning with joy in her heart—the joy felt when me unexpected pleasure suddenly mes into one's life. In her heart sh suddenly had often longed for the love of Jerome but she always pictured it as something lying far beyond her grasp-somethin of which she was unworthy, something that was meant for another. And now since she had heard his lips speak the words that she had often heard in dreams and felt the pressure of his warm, strong hand, she knew that Love's very had been opened to her at last. Like an innocent, pleasure-loving child she had entered that place of a thousand delights, where birds madrigaled unceas ingly and flowers lifted their sweet face to the sun and smiled as she passed by. It was a grand awakening to be so sud-

"Really?" questioned Gracia, shyly.
Gracia had been in this particular room many a time in the past, but all the doings about the studio were not brightened every dark shadow in her show great taste in this matter. How did you happen to choose such a pretty one?"

BIF (N) THE CONTROLL OF THE CONTROLL known to this fussy, little mortal who answered the door-bell.

"Walk down the hall—the first turn to the right" the world dies turn to the right." the world dies turn to the right." heart it had given the treasures which God bestows upon His children in those first glad hours of the consecration. It had brought the springtime to her life— the blessed season which even then gave promise of gay summers of happin bright autumns of hope and noble wint

f peace. Jerome regretted seeing Gracia de-part from the studio. He would have liked to have kept her there forever, but what matter now that she sat er throned in his heart?

When she was gone he lit a cigar and sank into his easy chair. For some time his thoughts traced beautiful pictures in the clouds of smoke. He pictured Gracia in the coming years helping him faithfully to attain to the lofty ideals which the future guarded zealously; he knew that her love would ever fall upon him as some tender benediction—that strong love of hers which would bridge every difficulty, surmount every obstacl and help him in his dream of beauty along the rocky road which finally led to

along the rocky road which thatly led to the fields of success beyond.

Presently the old German clock, which Jerome had purchased in his student days at Leipzig, struck the hour of

"Time flies," he said gaily, "and I must to work.' He rose from his chair and threw his igar aside carelessly.

"Oh, if that canvas were only done—

if Gracia only knew!"
Thoughtfully he walked to the large,

open window. For a moment his eyes wandered across the busy street. "What a beautiful morning," he exclaimed. ' the very breath of poetry eems to linger everywhere. Strange n every passing face I seem to see Gracia—my Gracia. O best love, great Gracia—my Gracia. O best love! My heart burns for thee."

Then he turned and sat down at hi asel, brush and palette in hand and began his work. There was a smile on his face as he sang lustily—

Ask me no more whither doth haste The nightingale when May is past; For in your sweet divining throat She winters and keeps warm her note.

Ask me no more where those stars light That downward fall in dead of night

"There, now, that looks better," exclaimed as he lifted his brush from say when she sees the picture? I think it s the best I have ever done and I do hope t will bring me something from Paris. am sure Gracia will be surprised. Only few more finishing touches and then the picture will be done."

For two hours the artist worked faithfully at the canvas adding those little fully at the canvas auting those details which are necessary for the production of a great master piece. When duction of a great master piece. When he had finished he rose from his seat, walked back a few yards and faced the

"It is magnificent," he exclaimed, his heart thrilling with pride. "I am so glad it is finished at last. I feel very ired. And now for a name.

He mused a moment, thinking deeply, "I have it — I have it," he cried. "I shall call it 'Love's Blossoming.'"

Then he strode over to the table and rang the little bell.

Did you ring, Mr. Chelsea?" the maid

asked softly.

"Yes, Priscilla. I am very tired. Bring me a cup of strong coffee and a slice of toast. I am not going out for

"Will coffee and toast be sufficient?" "Will cofree and toast be sumerent?
"Yes, Priscilla. I am not hungry,
only tired and I want something to refresh me, that's all."
When she was gone Jerome sank into

his arm chair. He ran his fingers through his long black hair and said thoughtfully: "Love's Blossoming—what a beautiful name!" Then a look of intense satisfaction stole to his eyes. Gracia came to the studio that after-

oon for her lesson. "You are on time, dear," he smiled as she entered the room, "I am glad. It seemed days since you were here, and yet it was only this morning."

Then his hand stole silently into hers and he led her across the room. "You look tired, Jerome. Are you not feeling well?" Gracia asked, nervously,

looking into his honest, manly face.
"I am feeling quite well, thank you." What have you been doing, dear. "I have been painting. I could hard-ly leave my canvas during the past few days. It haunted me continually, and I was very anxious to finish it. I painted for hours yesterday and, when evening came, I still sat at my easel. Later went out for a refreshing walk. When When I eturned the picture again attracted m and I worked until after midnight. When I fell asleep the morning sun was

just rising.' "No wonder then that you look tired," Gracia said pitifally. "I am afraid you are forgetting the laws of the conserva-

tion of energy. "Perhaps, but my very life seemed to be in the picture. It has taken me two months, dear, to give expression to a desire my heart has treasured for days and now all the striving and longing is at an end. The picture is finished and it is the best I have yet done. A prize from Paris and then my happiness will

complete. "You intend sending it abroad?" "Yes, my dear. Space has been re-served for me in the leading art gallery of Paris for six pictures and this shall

e one of them."
"This is all news to me, Jerome," Gracia exclaimed with surprise. "You have been at work upon that picture for two months and you never mentioned the matter to me?"

"I dared not Gracia, but now-" "That seems strange," she interrupted.
"You dared not? I hardly know what
you mean. What is the name of the

"Love's Blossoming," he replied.

"It was an inspiration, dear. The chris-

ening took place but a few hours ago, He did not finish the sentence and

cent.
"I do not understand you, Jerome.
Come tell me all about it—and please
finish your sentences?" A troubled look stole into her eyes.
"Come, Gracia," he exclaimed, "let us

ee the picture first. It will speak for He led her into the workshop where

the canvas stood just as he had left it. Gracia sprang forward with a thrill of delight and Jerome followed slowly. "Oh Jerome-it's beautiful!" she cried her eyes wandering over the great

master piece.

Then her cheeks grew pale. She turned and faced him and her lips trem-

The picture was a creation in soft sub dued color, a garden scene with the spring full upon it. A clear, blue sky smiled above and shadows shone everywhere. In the foreground stood a num ber of rosebushes, and, bending over one of them, was a woman in white, beautiful and youthful looking. In her fingers she held a red blossoming rose. Her eyes were gazing into the very soul of the opening flower. They had a heavenly look in them—the light of love, clear and sweet beyond all understanding.

woman in white was no other The than Gracia.

"Why did you not tell me of this weeks ago?" she asked tenderly.
"Because I dared not. I loved you, but it was too early. Love's blossoming had not yet come."

CHAPTER XXIII.

A VISIT TO ST. AGATHA'S.

"I am so glad to see you, Gracia." It was a woman's voice that sounded in the neat, plainly-furnished room— Sister Benita's, bright, musical and

cheery.

In the height of her happiness, after her lesson at the studio, Gracia had gone to St. Agatha's, to pour out her inmost feelings to Sister Benita. These visits to the convent on the hill were of a very informal nature. To Gracia they were special feasts of delight. She loved to be near Sister Benita. She was so different to the other women with whom she came in contact daily Always sympathetic and kind, the nun possessed qualities of heart and mind which make for greatness—those noble, uplifting traits which are given to those nly who live pure and virtuous and ex-

emplary lives.
Tall and distinguished looking, Sister Benita was above all else a beautiful woman. As she glided through the room one could only think of her as saint—a woman set far above the world's common lot, whose heart was filled with love for the Creator and whose life wa a grand poem of self-denial and holy living. The parting sunbeams wandered lazily over her snowy guimpe. Her clear, crystal eyes were filled with an almost celestial light and a pleasant smile was always on her face. Gracia thanked God inwardly that there was a Sister Benita and that she lived very

close to her own heart.

The little reception room was spotlessly clean and plainly furnished. The walls were white. On one of them hung beautiful representation in oil of the Nativity, the work of Sister Benita, art-mistress at St. Agatha's. Above it the Crucified One looked down from His humble cross, His eyes beaming with

"Let us go out into the open, Gracia," the nun remarked sweetly in a soft musical voice, before the girl had time to sit down. "I think it is rather close to sit down. "I think it is rather close in here. Besides it is so refreshing to be out-of-doors when spring is in the air. I have been fenced in all afternoon in the class-room and just long for a breath of fresh air. So come, dear!" They drifted out of the room into the

pleasant park which faced the quie street. The various paths were all wel kept and the newly made flower-beds showed that the nuns had already bee busy preparing for the coming of the

"Has not this been a beautiful day, Auntie?" Gracia remarked as the two walked down one of the narrow paths From childhood Gracia had always called Muriel, Auntie, and this appella tion clung to the latter still, even nov

that she was Sister Benita. 'Yes, it has been a charming day,' answered the nun. "See! the Sisters are at work over there. They have just finished the last flower-bed. Do notice the little nun bending over That is Sister Beatrice, the oldest num

in the community."
"Ah yes, I remember her. I met her year or so ago. Think of it, she is almost a hundred

years old, and yet she is as active as any of us. She has had charge of these lower-beds for over forty years. "Come let us go over to her," said the girl eagerly. "It seems so long since we met. I think she is a darling woman.

Old people always inspire me. I car always see a heavenly halo about them.' Sister Benita and Gracia went across the lawns that were turning green in the quickening, spring air. Soon they stood face to face with Sister Beatrice. The nuns had in the meantime left the park bent upon other errands, and Sister Beatrice was therefore alone.

"Well, Sister, I see you are still busy with your flowers," Sister Benita re-"You must be tired." marked. The old nun raised herself straight as an arrow, a look of ineffable sweetness

upon her wrinkled face.

"Tired? Ah no, Sister," she exclaimed happily. "I never grow tired. Why should I weary of my work when it is all done in the name of the Master? I do not know what I would do without my flowers here. They have gladdened my heart these many long years, and, when spring comes speeding across the hills, my place is out here in the fresh

"She is a second Matt Pensy," thought "What a pretty name! Your pictures are always well named, Jerome. You have with me?" asked Sister Benita. Do you remember the young lady I

straightening her glasses. "Why to be sure, it's Gracia Gravenor. How are you, my child? Tenderly-she pressed her hand in her own." You are growing into a fine young woman,i Gracia

"I will be twenty," the girl remarked shyly.
"Twenty," Sister Beatrice said slowly. "well—well! And all your young life still before you." B ="Time flies," interrupted Sister Beni-

ta, "the months pass on, and we grounder and wiser with them."

der and wiser with them,
"Some day, Sister," smilingly spoke
he old nun, "Gracia will come to St. the old nun, "Gracia will com Agatha's and become one of us."

"Would that your wish might come true!" sighed Sister Benita.

Just then Gracia's thoughts stole to the quaint studio, and the image of Jerome rose before her eyes as in a mist strong and manly-looking. The memory of all that had occurred made her heart glad. A little, half-suppressed smile came to her face and she answered

"Perhaps, some day, when I am world weary and this wanderlust is over, I shall come and seek rest within these walls. But for the present I know the Master has other plans in store for me." A strange look came into Sister Beni-ta's eyes. "What does the child mean?" ta's eyes. "What does the child mean's she wondered. "She will tell me all before she leaves."

"Whatever your course in life may be, Gracia," comfortingly remarked Sister Beatrice, "May God bless you and keep you from all harm! Strong, loving, pure-hearted women are needed in the world now, more than ever. These are evil days, my child, and the heart of humanity is grief-stricken. Society has placed a monster upon her throne and labelled her—woman. But she is a prey to all the evil influences of her times. What we want are pure hearted, hopeful women who carry in their hearts a love for innocent, little children and, in their souls, an abiding principle of right living and truth. The mothers of men are fighting the battle of to-day. Gracia, and to them, God looks for the regeneration of the human race. If you are destined to take your place amongs this noble, fighting army, remember your responsibilities child, and God will

There was a comforting note in all that the old nun had said, and it sank deeply into Gracia's heart. Sister Beatrice had been quite a thinker and read-er in her day. She had probed deeply into the mysteries of life and its sane philosophy, and her bird-like, cheery messages went to the girl's heart, carry-ing with them love and hope and peace.

Presently the angelus sounded from the high belfry of St. Agatha's. The bells had a joyous peal in them. To Gracia they brought a sense of peace that seemed almost supernatural. ly and reverently she sank upon her knees beside the silent, kneeling figures of the two women and poured out her prayer to God.

CHAPTER XXIV.

GRACIA CONFIDES. Sister Benita knew that Gracia arried a secret in her heart which she yould have been pleased to impart to another. Something had come over the girl since her last visit to St. Agatha's and Sister Benita was determined to find out what it was.
"You look somewhat troubled, Gracia,"

the nun began.
"Not troubled exactly, Auntie. I am

happy, very happy, but—"
Gracia raised her face to the nun's
gaze and for a moment her lips were "You remember me saying but a m ment ago, auntie, that the Master had

other plans in store for me-"Yes, child, I remember distinctly. I had always set my heart upon your coming here some day. It is so beautiful to be far from the world's wickedness and sin. I have mothered you these many years and am anxious for your safety. Were I out in the world I could

easily follow your footsteps, but— "Never mind, auntie, I shall not go astray so long as I possess the love of

What do you mean, child?" "I mean, auntie, that I love Jerome Chelsea, the artist. He is good and honest and we have sworn to be true to each other for life.

painted the pictures in our chapel? know him very well."
"Yes, he is the man." Sister Benita moved about nervously

Jerome Chelsea, the artist who

The surprise had been very great. In her heart she felt pleased.
"I am glad," she said, "that love has brought you such a charming young man. A man who can paint such beautiful angel-faces and such charming heavenly Madonnas must in his hear

possess many admirable qualities, my dear. He is an artist, and I know your love for pictures and beautiful things. Gracia I am satisfied with the man of our choice. "Thanks, a thousand times!" the girl whispered faintly. Then her hand fell

into the nun's lap and for a moment the tears ran fast, but they were the tears that come in the supreme hour of joy. For the next half hour the girl poured out her inmost thoughts to the kind nun. When later Sister Benita kissed he

gate, there was a motherly tone in her voice as she said: "Now dear, be a good and prudent girl. You have much to When Gracia raised her hand in part-

ing the Sister saw a bright glimmer on one of her delicate fingers. Sister Benita took her hand in hers and quickly examined the precious diamond which Gracia had tried so hard

to conceal. "Ah! I see my dear," she exclaimed "It is beautiful and may I ask who ha been so good as to present you with it? Sister Benita thought that it might have been a gift from Aunt Hawkins.

Gracia lowered her eyes for a moment and her cheeks blushed deeply, as she answered in the faintest whisper: "It is my engagement ring. Jerome gave it to me only this afternoon." The nun smiled good-naturedly and said: "Congratulations, child! I am

closed and sealed. And now for the sound of wedding bells—wedding bells, Gracia!

Gracia!"
"Not yet! not yet!" the girl replied joyfully. "You shall be the first to hear the date."
"Do not wait too long, my dear," the

nun remarked as Gracia closed the old convent gate behind her.

"I wonder what that mysterious

wonder what that mysterious letter in the little casket is all about?" the nun mused as she retraced her steps to her room. "There was a strange look in my brother's eyes when years ago he commissioned me to take charge of the enclosed letter which is to be read to the girl on her twentieth birth-day. What is the meaning of it all? Read to her on her twentieth birthday! It all seems very strange to me. Only a few months and Gracia will be twenty. Then I shall have to fulfil my promise.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE QUEST OF FATHER MAURICE.

Father Maurice sat in the big bay window of the rectory parlor. It was bright daylight outside—a day in treacherous March, but full of warm spring sunshine; and this supshing ow in yellow bars on the dark red floor, now in yellow bars on the dark red moor, A glorious day it was indeed, with enough of winter's frost in it—just barely enough—to set the blood tingling with the very joy of being alive.

But Father Maurice heeded not the

But Father Maurice heeded not the sunshine not the glory of the God-given day. The blue sky outside did not apeal to him, nor the bracing air, whifis of which came through the window as if to tempt this lover of nature into the open. A wide bar of the yellow larely passed his eyes and rested or black, closely waving hair, bringing out the purple tints in it.

He was indeed a noble-looking priest,

His forehead was the broad one of a thinker. His eyes looked out on hun ity with the faith of a child in their depths; the large mouth and the square chin settled the whole countenance one of determination. A man of whom a mother might be proud as she sent him to fight the battle of God against all the world. A man to whom the old might look up as the incarnation of all gentleness, and children might cling to as the nearnation of all strength.

His books—he was a scholar of no mean attainments—lay piled in a heap at his elbow. His papers, too, in orderly precision, were stacked before him. But he touched nothing. His abstracted gaze rested on the opposite wall, and even as he gazed the rectory parlor faded from his sight and before him came vision of the past.

It is a tiny room-kitchen and sittingroom combined. On the scrupulously clean floor is laid a gay rag carpet. Oldfashioned mottoes are framed upon the walls, and over the mantel is a cheap picture of the Sacred Heart. Muslin curtains, held back by bright red rib-bons, are on the windows, and in these windows blossom the flowers their owner loves. She is a small woman, with a shrewd, gentle, kindly face and soft gray eyes eyes that send forth beams of charity on all her little world. She is a widow, her only child, a boy, her idol. She has marvelous dreams for that boy of hers, and in his most turbulent moments the thought of his mother helps to curb the untamed spirit, as anxious to outrun bounds and seek mischiefs as any other lad of his age and healthful

activity.

She has worked for him since his father's death left him with only her to guide him and take care of him. Like Anna, the mother of Samuel, she dedicated him to the Lord, and in his future were bound up all the simple ambitions of her life-all her desires and hopes. No wishes for grandeur were hers, no longings for things of comfort, no craving for material good. But on the knees of prayer she humbly besought the grace that this one child of hers might be called of God to reap the spiritual har-

vest. The prayer was heard. He had the d of a long line of fighting ancestors in him, even if of humble origin. The free air of America, breathed in at every pore, made his eyes clear and his brain "We need his kind," good old pastor to the delighted mother.
"Vigorous, healthy stock—we need him to combat agnosticism and the worship

She did not understand what he meant, but she felt sure that her boy was destined for something wonderful by those very words. He grew and throve in health of mind and soul and body. From High school to college; from college to seminary. Daily the sweet face grew sweeter and more holy, for her boy was God's.

"A poor old woman, sonny," she wrote him, in her cramped, pains-taking hand, "a poor old ignorant woman, dear, but who, thanks to you, won't be ashamed to face God." And what those words meant to Father Maurice only he knew. For if she were to bring him to God as her offering, dare

e detract by a single unworthy thought

from the value of the gift she gave? He had too high a sense of the fitness of

things not to long to perfect himself to lead the highest life attainable. The great day of his ordination came a happy day for both, bringing with it the wondrous ceremony that set her boy apart from the world of men. On that dorious and wonderful day his mother's ace shone upon him with the peace of heaven. She had wept tears of joy. Her lips were trembling as she kissed his hands, his anointed hands, and when he gathered her surunken figure into his strong arms she put her gray head on his shoulder and sobbed aloud

in excess of delight. And after that—silence.

Where she went he did not know.

Through what mistaken idea she had managed to efface herse'f he never discovered. But search for her as he might, from that day forward until this he had hevel beard her voice. e had never seen his mother's face nor

This was the memory that shadowed Father Maurice's eyes and made heavy his heart. Before him on the table lay his Bishop's letter—a kindly, tender letter written from a spiritual father to said: "Congratulations, child! I am letter written from a spiritual father to sure you are pleased the contract is his well-beloved son. In it he spoke of

what he ki earnest lo ary frontic quest, and to be for void in his Father his hand letter care pocket. Another his elbow. not recogn finally tor contents, a he said in He skin then settle reading. thesmilel It told bri the conti

gretted ol brief post error of h having fal English J chance for all, fightin I told yo though it is still as me up to Maurice, land of t easy-goin don't-care my candi laid at please." The wh sensical nels the c a certain He replie

Max Ran man, with in a wor-give his tinge of t At las cerning v anxious t " Moth said, laug ful face Pray eyes," sa breakfast an hones some pre lie faith. and looke

Ramsey's

sweet-fac

I've alwa "His t like hims " 'Got " The swered. " And that all Max. Father laughter sey mimi laugh at " And why of satisfy n "My said Ma:

ing over that mo McIntos very kin interest expende guage, like a f me."
"And same ro to pass I Intosh same sp with Ma to try that light move m The Father airy tor jects, "You soul an than ar for the salis of God's o

exultin

ing joy hands t

ing up

loveling ful-th the poc nature forward scarcel he had "Tha golden plained unders a mole Said F should Father a wone