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the anniversary of her death, even if it is the busy season."

The foreman understood. It was two years since the memorable day when Isaac stood in the middle of the room, his hands uplifted in solemn invocation, pouring forth the agony of his heart in the call that began with "Hear ye, O Israel!" and commanded all to take notice that his daughter Esther had passed out of his life for ever.

The sorrowful faces that peered above the machines as Isaac left the room knew this was the Jahzeit—the anniversary on which, until his own children should burn the little mourning lamp for him, he would offer prayer for the repose of Esther's soul. And they knew, too, that Esther was not dead—only that she had passed out of his life, had been as completely obliterated from it as if she was lying beneath a mound of earth in the little cemetery of the lodge to which he belonged.

In his home Isaac found that his wife, also mindful of the import of the day, already had prepared the lamp. She had poured the oil on the water that half filled the tumbler, and inserted the wick, the top of which was kept above the rim of oil by a layer of cork. Husband and wife held hands in solemn silence as they gazed on the lamp, the wick of which had not yet been lighted.

"Where's Jakey?" suddenly asked Isaac, as if awakened from a deep reverie.

"It's strange," the wife replied; "he has not been home since three o'clock, when he left his school books on the table." A look of ineffable sadness was on her face, and which was seamed with lines of toil and suffering. "Let us say the prayer without him," she continued, beseechingly; "he doesn't understand, anyway. Let us grieve alone; it is our sorrow, not his."

"No," the husband responded, "we will wait. It is his sorrow and his shame, too. He will understand in time, and will respect the traditions of his faith better."

Isaac and his wife spoke in Yiddish, for they were too old to acquire even a fair working knowledge of English. And, even had they been inclined to go to night school, the long hours of toil would have prevented them from assuming any additional burden of knowledge.

It was two hours later that the door flew open and Jakey, flushed with the excitement of a momentous happening, burst into the room. He had on a brand-new suit, a new hat, fine shoes and stockings, and a white silk handkerchief peeped from his upper-coat pocket. The parents beheld the elegance of his attire in speechless wonder.

Where have you been? Where did you get the new clothes? Isaac demanded, when he recovered from his surprise.

The boy, his frame quivering under the strain of his good fortune, did not reply. Instead, he walked to the table and deposited on it some bank-notes. Caressingly he pressed the creases out of the notes, restoring them to their original crispness. The eyes of his parents opened wide in astonishment.

"See, father!" Jakey shouted, gleefully. "See what I have brought!"

Isaac counted the notes. "One hundred pounds," he said, slowly—"one hundred pounds! Jakey," he turned towards the boy with sudden suspicion, "tell me, where did you get this money? Tell me the truth—no lies! Where did you get it?"

Jakey stepped back in amazement at the menacing tone of his father. "I got them from a fine lady—a lady what took me in her motor," he replied.

His tone was weak and unconvincing, and the father advanced threateningly towards him. "Jakey," he cried, "it is not true! You are not speaking the truth! Tell me where you got this money—where did you take it?"

The boy's lips trembled; in his bewilderment he did not reply.

Mistaking his hesitancy for fear, the father seized him by the shoulders. "My son, are you a gonef—a thief?" he demanded.

"Isaac!" the mother protested, half sobbingly. "Isaac, let the boy speak, let him tell where he got it!"

Father and mother looked solemnly at their son, a vague fear possessing them. A gust of wind scattered the notes

on the floor, and Jakey stooped down to pick them up.

"Don't touch them!" the father commanded. "Leave them alone until you have told us the truth—the truth do you hear? I want the truth—no lies!"

"Father, I swear it!" Jakey wailed. "I got them from the fine lady! Listen, father!" Jakey's tone was tremulous. He observed the doubting look on his father's face. "I was sitting on the doorstep," the boy continued, "when the lady with a gentleman called me. They were in a motor that stopped in front of the door. They took me into the car and patted me on the head. The lady had on such good clothes, and she cried when she saw me. She took out a handkerchief—it had such a sweet smell—like Cologne water."

The scent evidently lingered in the boy's nostrils; for unconsciously he took out his own silk handkerchief and gazed at it reflectively.

"Go on!" the father exclaimed. "Go on! Tell me how you got the money!"

"Father, they took me to a house," Jakey responded. "It was like a man- sion, with a big iron gate and a garden around it. A man in a funny uniform, with short pants and white stockings, opened the door. You ought to see the parlour! It's got rugs so soft as velvet; and a piano on three legs. There's pictures just like those in the museum. The lady pushes a button, and a servant comes in. She brings me tea in a little cup, and cakes as thin as tissue paper. While I eat, the lady asks about you and mamma; she says you work too hard, that pretty soon you will go blind. She says mamma shouldn't work so hard, too; she ought to go away to the country and get healthier."

Isaac and his wife looked at each other knowingly, as if they began to understand. The boy, unmindful of their significant glances, continued: "The gentleman, he is the husband of the fine lady. He says that you and mamma will come to the house some day, very soon. Then he takes me to a big shop, where he buys the clothing, the shoes, and the hat. He buys lots of things for me, and he says to send them home, here. They will come to-morrow, maybe, and then you will see I am speaking the truth."

Jakey observed the notes on the floor and checked himself. He picked them up and placed them on the table. "I didn't steal them!" he exclaimed, in a sudden outburst of resentment. "I don't steal, father! I ain't no thief! The lady she gave them to me."

A deep sigh came from Isaac as the stern lines of his face relaxed. The wife was looking wistfully at the husband; but he paid no heed to her. He lit the end of the wick in the little improvised lamp, muttering a prayer as he did so. The dull flame cast a circle of light on the red table-cloth, above which moved the bent head of the father. The rays, falling on his beard, which was turning grey, brought out the severe lines of the mouth, eyes, and forehead that peered from behind the long, scraggy strands. As is the custom among the orthodox, his hat remained on his head while praying.

"Come," he commanded, nodding to his wife and son, "we will now join in the prayer for Esther—for her who is dead."

Jakey made no movement to obey. He hung back, watching his father with a puzzled expression. "Father," he exclaimed, impetuously—"father, why should we pray for Esther? She ain't dead. I saw her myself. She is a fine lady now. She gave me the money."

The boy recoiled in terror before his parent's frown. The words had come from him involuntarily—he had been unable to keep the secret locked within him any longer.

"She didn't want me to tell you," he explained, realizing his betrayal of confidence; "she said you would be angry if you knew. She wants you to come to her, but not in anger."

The sombre light of the lamp gave Isaac's face a sickly, ghost-like appearance. "Jakey, I'm going to tell you something," he said, his soft tone sounding in strange contradiction to his austere appearance. "You shall know why your sister is dead. You shall understand. She was my child, just like you,

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