

BARRIERS BURNED AWAY.

By Rev. E. P. Roe.

(Continued.)

CHAPTER XLI.

SUSIE WINTHROP APPEARS AGAIN.

Our story passes rapidly over the scenes and events of the summer and fall of '71. Another heavy blow fell upon Dennis, in the loss of his old friend and instructor, Mr. Bruder.

By prayer and effort, his own and others', he was saved morally and spiritually, but he had been greatly shattered by past excess. He was attacked by typhoid fever, and after a few days' illness died. Recovery from this disease depends largely upon strength and purity of constitution. But every one of the innumerable glasses of liquor that poor Bruder had swallowed robbed him of these, and so there was no constitution to resist.

Under her husband's improved finances, Mrs. Bruder had removed to comfortable lodgings in Harrison Street, and these she determined to keep if possible, dreading for the sake of her children the influences of a crowded tenement house. Dennis stood by her, a staunch and helpful friend; Ernst was earning a good little sum weekly, and by her needle and wash-tub the patient woman continued the hard battle of life with fair prospects of success.

Dennis' studio was over on the south side, at the top of a tall building overlooking the lake. Even before the early summer sun rose above the shining waves he was at his easel, and so accomplished what is a fair day's work before many of his profession had left their beds. Though he worked hard, and many hours, he still worked judiciously. Bent upon accomplishing what was almost impossible within the limited time remaining, he determined, with all his long hours of labor, Dr. Arten should never charge him with suicidal tendencies again. Therefore he trained himself mentally and morally for his struggle as the athlete does physically.

He believed in the truth too little recognized among brain-workers, that men can develop themselves into splendid mental conditions, wherein they can accomplish almost double their ordinary amount of labor.

The year allotted to the competitors for the prize to be given in October was all too short

for such a work as he had attempted, and through his own, his mother's and Mr. Bruder's illness, he had lost a third of the time, but in the careful and skilful manner indicated he was trying to make it up.

He had a long conversation with shrewd old Dr. Arten, who began to take quite an interest in him. And also read several books on hygiene. Thus he worked under guidance of reason, science, Christian principle, instead of mere impulse, as is too often the case with genius.

In the absorption of his task he withdrew utterly from society, and, with the exception of his mission class, Christian worship on Sabbath, and attendance on a little prayer-meeting in a neglected quarter during the week, he permitted no other demands upon his time and thoughts.

His pictures had sold for sufficient to provide for his sisters and enable him to live, with close economy, till after the prize was given, and then, if he did not gain it (of which he was not at all sure), his painting would sell for enough to meet future needs.

And so we leave him for a time earnestly at work. He was like a ship that had been driven hither and thither tempest-tossed and in danger, but which, on reaching a clear sky and smooth water at last, finds its true bearings, and steadily pursues its homeward voyage.

The Christine that he first had learned to love in happy unconsciousness while they arranged the store together, became a glorified artistic ideal. The Christine he had learned to know as false and heartless, was now to him a strange, fascinating, unwomanly creature, beautiful only as the sirens were beautiful, that he might wreck himself body and soul before her un pitying eyes. He sought to banish all thought of her.

Christine returned about midsummer. She was compelled to note, as she neared her native city, that of all the objects it contained, Dennis Fleet was uppermost in her thoughts. She longed to go to the store and see him once more, even though it should be only at a distance, with not even the shadow of recognition between them. She condemned it all as folly, and worse than