

The Innocents

live there. Always he longed to get back among his own people. Whilst his child remained young, however, he could not bring himself to take the risk of a home in the tenements. Whenever his wife pleaded for return, he spoke of that terrible fire from which they had so miraculously escaped—and they were both silent. No other child had come to bless their wedded life. Their all was centred in David. He was now twenty-one years of age and a youth of great promise. Because they lived in a French community, the boy's education had to be undertaken by the father. It was not quite ideal but it was thorough, and the boy had a great fondness for books. Every spare dollar of the father's money had been spent in books for the son. The story of the fire and massacre had been told so often that the youth was solemnly impressed and in his soul was a slumbering desire to do something in the way of gratitude for his spared life.

There was great joy, therefore, in the Chandler homestead when word came that a home in the new city had been set apart for them. They were about to return from their long hiding, but it was not to the old city of the child's birth. The terrible power of Herod had been broken and a new life of freedom and rich usefulness among their own people stretched before the happy trio. The steamer seemed to crawl up the river, for these eager hearts were throbbing with high expectation. And when the white, tidy cottages of their new abode broke upon their view as the steamer rounded a bend in the river, the cup of their happiness ran over. Chandler looked seriously into the eyes of his son and said quietly:

"Dave, my lad, perhaps God will point the way here for you to pay your account with Him, for 'twas