

Ah, what was it the good ship captain said of that plunge into the black, tempest-tortured deep? Ah, yes; 'bravest of the brave.' And Alexander dubbed him 'bravest of the brave.' "

The old priest passed a hand over his eyes. The vision of shelved walls, of reading table, and the age-yellow parchment dimly marked with Latin letters, glowing under the colored light that sifted in through the rose window—this was shut out. Another scene flashed before him—the ragged rip of lightning across the storm, the wild blackness in which white ghostly crests reared themselves, the raging desolation, the dark hand stretched forth to save. Then the vision changed; there came the radiant night of stars, the following dawn, the glowing day, and the revelation of a strong, clear, confident face, dominant over all else.

"Aye, 'bravest of the brave,' " repeated the Jesuit, as he let his hand drop from his eyes. "Truly, the ways of God are wonderful!"

His glance rested on the parchment.

" 'Though the generations be a score or a hundred.' Surely, it is as thou didst say, splendid Alexander. Surely in thy blessing was the might of God. For behold, 'tis not alone benediction but prophecy that marks this parchment! 'Upon thee be the blessing of our Father, the Almighty