

But a Lassie Yet.

By Thomas Swift. (Continued from last week.)
This was conclusive, there was nothing more to be said. They parted, Maimie jubilant in her love and enthusiasm, Sister Agatha, very thoughtful...

Why? Because you are too young to think so seriously of marriage, and things may happen, you know, as the Sisters would say.
Yes, sister, said Maimie encouragingly.

If I were you I would not think of Harold in that way. I am sure of it. It is the saddest thing in the world to place one's affection where it cannot be returned. You are a mere child, dear, and Harold may marry some other lady, may be...

Then Maimie walked in thoughtful silence, and then Maimie asked very softly, sister, what would you do if I were you?
I would not think of Harold in that way...

Take up my cross, Maimie said the Sister firmly, and beneath the loving burden I'll peace and rest. But there, dear, we will say no more about it, only I thought it wise to give you this little advice. But you must not let my words make you sad and perhaps, you know Harold better than I do.

Harold always keeps his word, sister, replied Maimie stoutly, but if he should take it into his head to marry Miss Fortescue, I shall be glad to do anything, only I couldn't spite of anything.

That night when Sister Agatha in her room peeped into Maimie's cot she heard her name whispered. She went to Maimie's bedside.
"Good night, sister," said Maimie. "I have been thinking about what you said, and I have made up my mind. If Harold, and here his voice grew tremulous, if Harold marries Miss Fortescue, I shall follow your advice and make up my cross."

So the years passed by, and Harold was away in distant lands on missions connected with his paper. Letters occasionally came from him to Mrs. Desmond, and more rarely to Maimie, but through all there was the same calm tone of steady and affectionate friendship, but that was all. And as Maimie grew in years, in knowledge and experience, and gradually modesty the place of girlish trust and confidence, still Harold was away. Had he indeed forgotten? The childish offer of herself had blossomed into a wish, had blossomed into full love, and still Harold was away and came not. But Maimie worked on and toiled, hoped and loved.

And now Maimie, sweet girl, with her big, young soul that had sacrificed to him, and her love and love, and she felt that it was wholly his to do with. He had her own heart, and she would love him, and she would love him, and she would love him, and she would love him, and she would love him...

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CHAPTER V.
But there was onheart in that same city, wretched almost to breaking, Willie Maimie, in all the glow of her happiness, sang her sweetest songs for Harold and the little party assembled in honor of her home-coming. Helen, sitting alone in her room, fighting out the bitter struggle of her life. Love, pride, jealousy, hope and despair, one by one and all together assailed and tortured her soul.

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Dear Harold, I see all clearly now—no matter how I have learnt it. I know that you do not and never did love Mrs. Desmond. I was wrong. I confess it. I love you still, Harold, and I will not let any other woman come between us. I will be with you in love as I was before.

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WILL THE WORLD EVER BE PROTESTANT? Last Sunday various secular journals published statistics showing the amount of year donated to foreign missions by the several non-Catholic bodies of the United States; likewise the number of converts obtained through said expenditure. Assuming the statistics accurate, the results can be scarcely claimed encouraging.

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