For some time he had been walking up and down the length of his library, listening nervously to the hurrylng feet in the room overhead. But now he paused by the open window and looked out.

Below him the smooth asphalt of Lexington avenue gleamed in the electric light. A ray from the lamp on the opposite corner felt upon his striking head with its crown of cripp dark hedr, and on his rugged face from which deep, penetrating eyes looked forth.

At another time - George Ross would have lingered to watch the marshalling of the atmospheric forces, but just now he was too restless to remain inactive, and he soon resumed his tramp through the room.

resumed his tramp through the room.

Before he had taken many steps the door opened and a grave-faced doctor advanced towards him:

"I'm sorry I can't bring you such good news this time, Mr. Ross. The child is a fine healthy little fellow, as I reported before, but the mother's condition is causing us great anxiety; in fact, Dr. Latham bade me tell you that our worst fears are being realized."

Mr. Ross' lips whitened, but he gave no other sign of the emotions that rioted through his mind and heart.

If he had believed in the existence of a God, he would have poured out his soul in agonized supplications for her safety. But since he had passed the adolescent stage he had been an unbeliever, and now in his maturer years he was known as the founder of a new school of antitheism which outrivaled the Kantian school.

This being so, he could only hope and wait. And all the while the undefinable fear grew stronger, until at last his blood felt as though it had turned into water.

He tried to calm his mind by thinking of his brilliant career as lecturer, author, and man of science. He thought of the pinnacle on which his labors had placed him; of the adulation he was constantly receiving from his disciples; of the ideal home and social life which he enjoyed. He dwelt, too, on the fact that after years of fruitless yearning he now had a son to inherit his name and fame; and that this, the dearest wish of his heart, had been gratified long after, he had ceased to hope for its fulfilment. For the moment, the pride and ambitious hopes engondered by thoughts of his boy, made him forget all else. The next instant, he was roused from his reverie by the breaking of the storm.

The sky looked like coagulated blood; streaks of forked lightning shot diagonally along it; peal after peal of thunder crashed over the roof-tops; the very air seemed palpitating with terror.

All at once his wonted calmness returned. He leant far out and fearlessly watched the conflict of the elements.

The rain-swept avenue was deserted; even the cable cars no longer whized by In the opposite heuse he caught a glimpse of a group of women huddled in a corner of the room. The vivid flashess of light showed him their white, scared fuces. He noticed that they repeatedly made the sign of the cross, and his incurch, then glanced off; and, simultaneously, he felt as though a red-hot wire had pierced his eye-huils.

He jerked in his head and pressing his hands over his lids, swyed to and fro in voiceless agony.

When he sgain poened his eyes, impensivable

"The lights, John!" he cried hoarsely, "I can't turn them on. Bring lamps—candles—anything—only be quick!" "Lights, sir! Why, they are on, — 'Ilghts, sir! Why, they are on, — 'full head. The room is ablaze with them!"

A low cry startled the man. He advanced hurriedly and peered into his master's ashen face. What he saw there upset his self-possession: "Merciful God! You're blind!" he exclaimed, "Here—Mnry—Jane—Bill—some of you bring down the doe—' The word died in his throat as a strong hand gripped his wind-pipe. "Be still, you fool!" commanded Mr. Ross, "my wife will hear you. Do you want to kill her!" Then the fierce grip relaxed, and he said in his usual even-tones:

"Go now. I forbid you to gossip about this down stairs. And unless I ring see that I am not disturbed." The man whimpered an assent and left the room.

Slowly and uncertainly Mr. Ross walked to his desk in the space between the two windows, and sank into a chair. The fury of the storm had abated and a cool, refreshing breeze played on his forehead. He was quaking from head to foot. A sense of utter helplessness oppressed him. The darkness which hemmed him in, filled him with horror. He turned his head from side to side and waved his arms wildly as though to dissipate it. Staggering to his feet he moved towards the window. A heavy oak table was in his path. He collided with it. In his frenzy he beat his hands against it until they were cruelly bruised. Once more he sought the chair before his desk. As he settled into it, he moaned, "Blind! Blind!" and ground his teeth in impotent fury. But he soon summoned his strong will to his aid, and presently was able to think calmly.

He fully realized what had befallen him. His scientific knowledge made

stemmoned his strong will to his aid, and presently was able to think calmly.

He fully realized what had befallen him. His scientific knowledge made it possible for him to diagnose his own case. And, by a curious coincidence, his friend Professor Knapp had told him only three days before, of a parallel case, where sudden and complete loss of signt had resulted from exposure to intense light. He remembered that the great occulist had said the prognosis in these rare cases was bad, as the central scotoma or blind spot produced by the exposure, invariably remained, despite all leeches, electricity, or hypodermatic injections of strychnia that were tried.

The thought that his public career was practically closed in this, his forty-fith year, was inexpressibly bitter. He would have to abandon the series of lectures which were setting New York agog; he must cease working on his new book of Materialistic Philosophy, which he confidently expected would win fresh laurels for him; he would be forever shut out from the sunlight; and, bitterest thought of all, his eyes would never be gladdened by the sight of his child's face!

As these ideas flashed through his mind, he was seized with a sickening sensation of giddiness; his head fell forward on his breast and for a period merciful oblivion was vouchsafed him.

When George Ross struggled back to consciousness, he nerved himself to face with stoic boldness the darkened fature. He no longer trembled to accept misfortune with as cool the decivident in the coivident in the course of the coivident in the course of the coivident in the coiv

year his proud spirit or broken down the superb courage for which he was noted.

His firmness of purpose wavered somewhat as he thought of the grief into which the news of his condition would plunge his wife,—that loving, gentle woman who had made him her god. In his solicitude for her it actually comforted him to remember that if the doctors' fears were well mover that if the doctor at sight of his friend's and the end."

He paused and waited for an answer. None came.

Ross, dear fellow, you must meet this trouble like a man. Come now, to keep your natural emotion in check. She has been so patient and resigned all along, that it would be a pity if her serenity was disturbed at the end."

He paused and waited for an answer. None came.

Ross, dear fellow, you must meet this trouble like a man. Come now, to the condition was wrung from the doctor at sight of his friend's anguished face and unseeing stare. "So you, too, think this is the handlwork of your Godd!" said Mr. Ross bitterly, "Yet you call Him good, and John dues Him mercifulls while hear this trouble like a man. Come now, to the doctor at sight of his friend's anguished face and unseeing stare. "So you, too, think this is the handlwork of your Godd!" said Mr. Ross bitterly, "Yet you call Him good, and John dues Him merciful when I most need my sight!"

The Lathem answered soothingly and asked for details of the accident. They were given clearly and succinct;

"Knapp is out of town," wound up Mr. Ross, "When he comes head."

"Not half so terrible as to let her suspect the truth, or to remain away from her when she asks for me. Give me your arm, Latham. You must help me to a chair close by her, and guide my hand so that it may clasp hers. Don't be afraid. I won't break down."

A few moments later he was in the room where the Angels of Leath and Life hovered over the mother man, "No one can ever do that, Millicent," no one can ever do that, Millicent, "neither man, woman, or child."

He could not see the love-light in

cent,—neither man, woman, or child."

He could not see the love-light in her face, but the weak pressure of her fingers spoke volumes.

"I want you to look at our boy now," she whispered. "Nurse bring him here, please. See, George, isn't he pretty? What color do you think his eyes are?"

Mr. Ross' head drooped lower: "I—I hardly know, dear. Blue, are they not?" he hazarded.

She smiled triumphantly. "George! You are color-blind! They are brown,—deep, deep brown, like your own."

brown,—deep, deep brown, like your own."

A stifled groan broke from the blind man. She did not hear it. The fictitious strength which had come to her at sight of him was fading away. She gasped for breath and moaned feebly as a spasm of pain shot through her.

"Is there anything I can do for you Millicent?" he asked tenderly. "Is there any wish of yours ungratified?"

Her cold hands clung to his. In the cold hands clung to his.

"Is there anything I can do for you Millicent?" he asked tenderly. "Is there any wish of yours ungratified?"
Her cold hands clung to his. In broken sentences she cried:
 "Oh, George, I'm afraid to die! You said there was no after life. I gave up my faith for you, And now it is so dark; everything is slipping away from me; there is nothing to hold on to. I feel death's icy touch on my heart. The logical sophisteries of the people we know, bring me nothing of comfort. There is a God somewhere. I feel it now. But I cannot reach Him!"

She fell back exhausted, the death-dew on her brow. He bent over her, murmuring every fond and reassuring word that came to him. For awhile there was silence. The ticking of the clock on the mantel-piece seemed to beat on his brain with the force of a sledge hammer.

Presently she spoke again, this time more faintly than before:
 "George—the baby—I want him baptized. I won't rest easy in my grave unless—" The weak voice trailed off into silence.

The nurse, an old woman in snowy apron, 'kerchief, and quaint cap, stepped to the bedside again. Her tear-stained face looked like a withered apple which still retained a fleck of pristine rosiness.
 She bent over the dying woman and said softly. 'Listen to me, accushia,—listen to Peggy who has known you all the thirty-eight years of your life. Let me send for the priest. Old Father Mack lives in the next block. He'll christen your baby and whisper the good word in your ear. Darlint, let me fetch him!"

With sudden and marvellous strength Millicent Ross raised herself on the pill on the pill

and whisper the good word in your ear. Darlint, let me fetch him!"

With sudden and marvellous strength Millicent Ross raised herself on the pillows:
"George, I may send for him? You will let him come?"

"If it pleases you,—yes."
Old Peggie hobbled off as fast as her rheumatic limbs could carry her. Dr. Latham administered a cordial which brought back some color to the gray face. George Ross still sat beside her, with lowered cyclids. His iron self-control never faltered although he was undergoing torments. Soon a venerable priest entered, When he approached the bed Millicent whispered, "My baby, — baptize him!"

Peggie made some hasty preparations and Dicking up a small whister.

cent. whispered, "My baby, — baptize him?"
Peggie made some hasty preparations and picking up a small white bundle from the foot of the bed, came forward.
"What name?" asked Father Mack.
Mr. Ross did not answer; neither did his wife. She was watching that animate bundle with wistful eyes.
"George, after his father, perhaps," suggested Dr. Latham.
Mr. Ross shook his head negatively.

Five years rolled by, bringing to George Ross ever-increasing gloom and despondency.

The leading oculists of America had failed in their efforts to restore his sight. They had all declared him incurable. But an English specialist who had won fame by a new method of treating the eyes with electricity, gave a different verdict. He assured the patient that he would bring back the sight by persistent treatment, and that it would probably return as suddenly, and swiftly as the lightning flash which took it away. Mr. Ross put himself in this specialist's hands, yet he felt utterly hopeless as to the result. He was weary of life and was only restrained from self-destruction by love for his son. The child was the one ray of light in his darkened existence,—the one bright star in the never-ending night through which he moved. He idolized the boy, and Anthony, in turn, adored this sad-faced man who was so cold and stern to all save him.

As soon as he could toddle, he caught his father's hand and tried to lead him into the sunshine. As he grew older he gravely called himself "haddy's Eyes."

They were inseparable. Mr. Ross talked to him as though he were a companion of his own age. The most perfect understanding and sympathy existed between them.

Just now Anthony was perched on his father's knee. He held a small mirror into which he gazed intently.

"I hasn't growed much since my last berfday, Daddy," he said, "you member how I looked then?"

"Yes, little son. You gave me a word picture of yourself. But I want another now."

"Well, my eyes looks like Peggie's choclate drops, on'y there's a lot of shiny white round them, an' they's very big, an' my hair'e the same as that golden floss they sews things with. It's too long, it makes me hot an' the boys calls me girl-baby. Can't I cut it off, Daddy?"

"Boek to Peggie ahout it by-and-by, dear. Go on."

"Oh, that's all, on'y I have a teeny weeny red mouth, an' there's a frowny place, just like yours on my forehead."

he denied that there was anything, paychical in the universe outside of human consciousness. He rejected the Bible as an authority in dock trine and morals on the piea that it consisted solely of hypothetical assumptions and untenable statements; and he had a way of presenting the rationale of its narratives,—stripping them of their mysteries and theological adjuncts,—which impressed the hearers.

As he was master of one of the best prose styles, his writings were engerly read, and his lectures were largely attended. "Facts" when expounded by this clear-voiced, keen-brained man of science were accepted more readily than they would be if presented by a leas gifted individual. He paused now in his walk, and sighed heavily as he rememberd that this was the fifth anniversary of the night when his public career had come to a sudden end.

His gloomy reflections were interrupted by the hasty entrance of his son. The boy rushed up to him, and in a voice vibrating with excitement, cried: "Daddy—Daddy,—come quick! Peggie's niece told ne 'bout a Church in Sullivan street, where blind peoples are cured. St. Anthony is down there. Let us go. He will make you see. Hurry—Oh. Daddy, hurry!"

"Don't be a silly baby! Peggie must not let any one put such superstitious notions in your head. I won't have it. Now let me hear no more of this nonsense!"

Never before had Anthony heard a note of sternness in his father's voice when addressing him. He shrank back, dismayed, abashed, quivering with pain. He was a brave little fellow, so he tried to restrain the starting tears, but he could not choke back the sob that shook his small frame.

At sound of it, the blind man's heart melted. Dropping on one knee, he opened his arms and said tenderly: "Come to me, Tony. I didn't mean to be cross."

The boy clung to him, After a moment he whispered pleadingly: "Oh, Daddy, if you'd on'y come! Please do,—jus' this little once. For my sake—do!"

Mr. Ross marvelled at the child's insistence. Hitherto his lightest word had been a law to the boy,—a la





Society Directory.

A.O.H.—DIVISION NO. 2.— Meets in lower vestry of St. Gabriel News Church corner Centre and Laprairies streets, on the 2nd and 4th Friday of each month, at 8 p.m. President, John Cavanagh, 885 St. Catherines street; Medical Adviser, Dr. Hugh Lennon, 255 Centre street, telephone Main 2239. Recording-Secretary, Thomas Donohue, 812 Hibernia street,—to whom all communications should be addressed; Peter Doyle, Financial Secretary; E. J. Colfer, Treasurer, Delegates to St. Patrick's League:— J. J. Cavanagh,

A O.H., DIVISION NO. 3, meets on the first and third Wednesday of each month, at 1863 Notre Dames street, near McGill. Officers: Alderman D. Gallery, M.P., President; M. McCarthy, Vice-President; Fred. J. Devlin, Rec.-Secretary, 1528F Ontario street, L. Tophy Treasurer; John Hughes, Financial Secretary, 65 Young street; M. Fennel, Chairman Standing Committee; John O'Donnell, Marshal.

ST. ANN'S YOUNG MEN'S SOCIETY organized 1885,—Meets in itshall, 157 Ottawa street, on the first Sunday of each month, at 2.30 p.m. Spiritual Adviser, Rev. E. Strubbe, C.SS. R.; President, D. J. O'Neill; Secretary, J. Murrav: Delegates to St. Patrick's League: J. Whitty, D. J. O'Neill and M. Casey.

ST. PATRICK'S T. A. & B. SO-CLETY.—Meets on the second Sun-day of every month in St. Pat-rick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander St., immediately after Vespers. Com-mittee of Management meets in same hall the first Tuesday of every-month at 8 pm. Ray. Fetter Mo.

mean to become a be the friend of men, to hold kings and to writhe great ones of likely he would. It a fool to cherish Yet this poor ign not know the all accomplished all he died.

He did it by he cause he made ut the best he could away. His ignort to send was the son of a ing engine in a Niley. His birth j with a clay flo bare rafters. Why years old he begiliving by herding time and barring night. As he gree to picking stones after that to drid drew coal from the dad and half clot that he had a not his sturdy little!

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