

A DAUGHTER OF NEW FRANCE.

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.

CHAPTER III.

THE STRANGER CHEVALIER. It was as I anticipated. The next day, when word came to my father that I had not the qualities to fit me for a good Recollet, he stormed and well-nigh cursed me, declaring that henceforth he washed his hands of me, I might choose my own future, a declaration which in my heart I rejoiced at, albeit I felt he was unkindly harsh, since how could I be accountable for what Providence had not given me?

I had previously mustered courage to tell my mother of my dismissal, and all day her eyes showed only too plainly a redness caused by frequent weeping. But at the first stern word from my father she forgave me for the disappointment I had occasioned her, and spoke for me, pleading my cause against his wrath, as a mother, heaven bless her! is ever wont to shield her son, however unworthy he may be. With these concerns of my own to the fore, I had small leisure to speculate upon the outcome of the last night's quarrel at the shop of the Widow St. Armand.

Still the thought of it did cross my mind many times. I wondered if the lieutenant was badly hurt, and whether the chevalier, whom I had heard named as Do la Mothe, had remained boldly at his lodgings, or if upon second consideration he had concluded to make good his escape while there was yet opportunity.

But for the unhappiness I had already brought to my mother, I thought to inform her of the adventure; yet, so unreasonable are women, would she not in that case take me to task for having done with a wife's hand what I held my peace therefor? However, by noon the town was ringing with the story of the encounter. The rumor quickly followed that the condition of Sabrevois was serious and the stranger officer had been arrested and was to be brought before a court martial on the morrow.

In the evening my father ignored me, but I fancied I detected a darker cloud upon his brow, and my mother sighed frequently as though there were a new sorrow in her heart.

I preserved a quiet though perchance somewhat sullen exterior, yet my blood grew hot in my veins. I understood that my parents were grieved and anxious on account of what had befallen Sabrevois, whom, because of his family connections and favor with those in authority, and also because he had a fair income besides his pay as an officer, they were willing to accept as a son-in-law.

In a savage humor I slipped away at last to the sleeping room which I shared with my younger brothers. Fortunately for my frame of mind, they were already well on the voyage to dreamland; where in the active lad who, as soon as his head touched the pillow, is not launched upon a repose as profound as that of the Seven Sleepers of Ephesus?

For me, I was a care-free lad no longer, but a youth perplexed as to how I should acquire my independence, pained at the thought that if Sabrevois recovered, Therese, against her inclination but from a sense of filial duty, might be constrained to marry him, and haunted by a dread lest, if Sabrevois did not recover, misfortune might befall the man who, although I did not then know it, was to influence my future through happiness and trial.

Thus wakened, I tossed upon my bed. As I was indeed young, however, and in perfect health, slumber came at last, and I dreamed I had set out with the Chevalier de la Mothe for the ends of the earth, bidding adieu forever to my boyhood's home and the storm-beaten rock of Quebec.

Had by his residence my father had a fine, walled garden where were stored the iron implements, the corn, flax, and deo vine, and other commodities in which he dealt. Here he spent much time, as also on the Esplanade, where the merchants were wont to meet their customers. On the day following that whereon he had appeared so troubled, he came home with a more hopeful air.

"There is more encouraging news," he announced to my mother; "the wound of our friend the lieutenant is no longer deemed serious, though the surgeons say he will carry the scar to his dying day. His assailant has been sentenced to a term of imprisonment in the fort. A pretty fracas, truly."

"Ay, ay," agreed "la bonne mere," with a nod of the head, yet she grew forthwith the less cheerful.

I too breathe from that Sabrevois' summons had not yet come, but it was, I fear, principally because his taking leave of the world at this time might have embarrassed the chevalier who had so unconsciously stepped into my life as its hero.

But, sacred, had not Sabrevois nearly done his worst, as it was? Here was my grand chevalier shut up in the citadel, for no one could tell how long unless it might occur to the Governor, the Sieur Donnonville, to inquire into the matter. And why was it, after all, but for a slight misunderstanding, whereof Sabrevois had taken a mean advantage; since, had his head been harder and his bray less loud, and his friends not raised such a cry, there might have been an end of the matter.

And now, here was the court martial! I pictured the bold De la Mothe facing his military judges, as I had seen him, in his dashing uniform and high riding boots, in his hand his broad rimmed hat, its long feather sweeping the ground; the Chevalier de la Mothe, haughty, scornful, hearing his sentence with an air of arrogant indifference. And then I thought of him as eating his heart out from inactivity in the donjon of the fortress.

For days I haunted the shadow of the palisades, revolving in my mind various schemes, to effect his release, yet forced to abandon one after another as too wild to admit of successful execution.

My time was my own, since my father continued to ignore me as if under

the ban of his displeasure. These strained relations could not be long endured, however, and I was resolved to cut loose from all old associations and set out to make my own way in the world. How and where?—that was the question.

Such was the state of affairs when one day "la bonne mere" said to me,—"Normand, is it your father's wish that you ride out to Beauport and bring home Therese?" This was the first glad happening for a week.

"Surely, mother, I will go at once," I answered with alacrity, and began forthwith to make preparation.

In the stable I found the bay horse Feu Follet champing in his stall, and as ready for the journey as I. Bridling and saddling him, I added a pillion for Therese and the saddle bags, knowing full well that "la bonne mere" would have some dainties to send to my aunt by way of neighborly remembrance.

Not was I mistaken for, when I rode around to the door, there she stood on the step, in her hands a great platter of tempting croque-monsieurs. These I bestowed with care in one of the bags, and a bottle of eau de vie for my uncle in the other. Then I sprang upon the back of Feu Follet and gave him the word to be off.

It was well on to noon as I rode out through the St. John's Gate of the town into the open country. Behind me lay the crooked line of the city wall, the green turf and poplars of the Esplanade, and the gray buildings of Quebec, among which stood out prominently upon Mountain Hill the officers' quarters, the Hotel Dieu, and the Bishop's new college with its shining bellry.

Before me extended the green slopes that descend to the Beauport Road; beyond them I could see the cleft in the ledge of rock whence falls the fleecy cascade, like a fair bridal veil for virgin Nature, and beyond it my glance travelled to Cap Tourmente and the blue mountains of Ste. Anne.

Having crossed the winding St. Charles, I went on contentedly. The beauty of the scene rendered the jaunt delightful; but the ground was bad and my progress slow, notwithstanding that Feu Follet, good beast, chafed for a gallop and broke into one whenever I gave him the rein. At length, after much hard riding, I descried in the valley the chimneys of my uncle's home, and in a few minutes more I drew up before the most spacious farmhouse of the cote, or settlement.

At my call of "Ho la, ho!" there were hurried steps within, and presently the door was thrown open by Robert de Keane, the ward of Francis Guyon, who at this time lived with him at Beauport.

"Ah, Normand, it is indeed you. I thought I could not be mistaken in the voice," he cried joyfully, hastening to catch at the bridle of Feu Follet that I might dismount the sooner. "What a gala time we shall have together! Your uncle Guyon has brought in a ship, as you must have heard; we will go aboard her to-morrow. Oh, there is much to show you!"

At his exclamation of recognition there had followed him to the door a little girl of some nine or ten spring times. It was Barbe, the pretty English child.

Here was a strange history. As well as we could learn it, her father was slain while fighting the Indians during an attack upon some border village, his wife ruthlessly murdered by the savages. Doubtless their little one would have shared the same fate had not an Indian brave taken thought that he might perchance barter the toddling pale-faced baby for a draught of French brandy. Of him my aunt had bought her to save her life.

But of all this winsome Babette retained no recollection beyond an instinctive shrinking from any face of copper hue, and now, as she stood on the doorstep, clapping her hands and dancing with glee, no one would have supposed that over the dawn of her life hung so terrible a tragedy.

"Oh, welcome, Normand," she cried. "I shall be so glad to show you the violets and arbutus and the virgin's bower are coming into bloom; and my fairy palace lined with moss, in a covey of the cliff; you can see, too, the string of gold beads that father Guyon brought home to me."

I sprang from the saddle and, bending down, kissed the sweet mouth which little Barbe held up to me in ingenuous affection; and then, as she elung to me, taking another dancing step or two the while, I turned to grasp the hand of Robert, saying:

In truth nothing would please me better than to remain with you for a time; to see the new ship and go canoeing on the river, Robert; to take you upon a hunt for wild flowers, Barbe, and note how every day your golden beads gleam prettier upon your pretty throat. But fortunately I cannot stay. I am come to bring Therese home."

"Alack, your errand is like to temper the warmth of your reception within," replied Robert with a laugh, whereby he strove to conceal his own disappointment. "Therese has been the life of the house, and Francis Guyon says he is minded to keep her always as his daughter. With 'la bonne mere' it is the same, since your sister is the one age of the daughter whom they lost by death, and the house is lonely without the younger demoiselle, who, as you know, will not return from the school of the Ursules for some weeks yet."

At my explanation of the why and wherefore of my coming, Babette had ceased to skip; but she still hung fast to my hand as I wheeled about to go in.

My entrance was impeded, however, by the appearance of my two small boy cousins who came rushing around the corner of the building from the farmyard and cast themselves upon me. I could only free myself from the embrace of their greeting by diverting their attention to Feu Follet, whom Robert still held by the bridle. At this juncture, too, the sagacious animal, as if to urge his own claim to their notice, began to whinny for the rest and pleasant shelter of the stable.

The lads broke into a merry laugh at his wisdom, snatched the rein from Robert, and led the horse away with a chanson of triumph, as if it had been

the charger of His Majesty, while I went into the house with Keane and Barbe.

"Hoin, Normand, 'tis good for the eyes to see you," cried my uncle Guyon from his chair by the fire, as he took his pipe from his mouth and held out a hand to me in his bluff hearty way.

"Come, sit down and recount to us the doings of Quebec. Mamma (to his wife), 'has your ordered dinner for me yet? Was a likely gallant he is become, to be sure!'"

"Ay, such as I always said he would be!" declared my aunt, who had risen from her place to greet me and was bustling about with hospitable thought for my refreshment, the family having already dined.

As a matter of fact, I was not in general ill-pleased with my own appearance. Although I was but a youth and little used to the ways of the high society of our good town, my habiliments had always been of the best, for it was a pride with my father that the habiting of his family should be an evidence of his prosperity. I knew also that I was well built of frame, and tall for one of French stock, with olive skin, brown eyes, and a shock of wavy black hair which I had been thinking, as I rode along the way, I would begin to powder and tied in a queue.

Now, beyond a momentary consciousness of satisfaction at the impression I had made, I gave no consideration to myself at all, but stood in the middle of the floor as though rooted to the spot, so overwhelmed was I with astonishment by the scene upon which I gazed.

At first, upon coming in with my thoughts intent on the meeting with my uncle and aunt, I saw only them. But directly, as I turned about to look for Therese, lo, there she was, basked with her embroidery at the other side of the fireplace, and wonder of wonders! there, bounding over her, was the self-same chevalier whose imprisonment I had lamented for the past week—the stranger of the wine shop, looking as dashing and picturesque, and handsome even than when I had first seen him, for now his brow was clear and his eyes shone with a soft steady light—the hero of my nightly visions and of my waking dreams, the mysterious Monsieur de la Mothe.

"How now, Normand!" exclaimed my uncle Francis, at a loss to account for my bewilderment. "Ah, I was like to forget—you are a stranger to our guest. Sieur Cadillac, this is my brother's son, a worthy lad, maigre, not good enough, it seems, to make a missionary."

Thus I discovered that the intelligence of my dismissal from the Recollets had preceded me hither—so swiftly does ill news travel.

Discomfited and ashamed at his blurt ing it out in this manner, I shifted my cap from one hand to the other, wishing that, to hide my confusion, the floor might turn to a billowy sea, and, opening, engulf me.

But he to whom Francis Guyon had given the title of Sieur Cadillac, he the stranger whom I knew as the Chevalier de la Mothe—with that strange power of attraction which was peculiar to him, forced me to meet the look he fixed upon me. Then straightway his countenance broke into a smile so winning that in my ardent, foolish boy's heart I felt as though I could fall down and worship him.

As it was I only stammered out some incoherent reply as, striding forward, he grasped my hand, crying,—"Pardon, friend Guyon, I must gain say you. The young gentleman and I have not only met ere now, but I am in debt to him for a most timely service. This gallant nephew of yours is the youth who so opportunely interposed the other evening, with the amiable purpose of saving my life or that of the humble Sabrevois, I scarce know which."

"Of a surety not Sabrevois!" I rejoined so vehemently that they all laughed; whereupon, more at ease, I shot a glance toward Therese, and as my eyes met hers I read there a pride in me that they had never shown me before.

"'Eh! Is it indeed so?' ejaculated my uncle, incredulous, yet well pleased to be assured that I had so distinguished myself; while my aunt purred in her kindly preparation for my entertainment to stare at me in undisguised amazement.

Manifestly they were familiar with the story of what had transpired on that notable evening at the wine-shop of the Widow St. Armand.

And now, my faithful and most unlooked-for ally, my good uncle Guyon can tell you, in a bantering tone under which nevertheless I discerned a ring of earnestness, "do you wonder how it is that, instead of languishing in your Bastille of New France, the donjon of your grand Castle of St. Louis, as you perchance supposed me, I am here, a guest at Francis Guyon's hospitable fireside, and dined occupied after a fashion so eminently agreeable to my inclinations?"

He bowed to my sister with a countenance and grace which I have never seen surpassed, and turning again to me, proceeded with his former debonair gaiety,—"Bah, my Normand, you have yet to learn that a cask of Spanish sack is often a most eloquent advocate with the powers that be. As for my presence here, your good uncle Guyon can tell you, we have braved the perils of the deep together with the laudable object of upholding the majesty of the King upon the high seas, and, at the same time, furthering our own fortunes. This voyage, I am come from my home in fair Acadia, drawn hither by tidings of a treasure compared to which all the wealth that sails the ocean is as nothing; and, in sooth, the report, alluring as it was, was, for a short of the reality."

Again his gaze sought Therese, who blushed rosy red, and bowed her head lower over her tambour frame.

For the nonce anger got the better of my admiration of the man. Who was this stranger that upon a few days' acquaintance ventured to pay such bold court to the prettiest demoiselle of Quebec?

Did he only trife? Was this but a jest of love making? If so—My hand

sought the rapier, I had worn, with a longing to find it of use, since the day following that whereon it was decided I had no calling for the role of messenger of peace.

The Chevalier de la Mothe noted the action and also the frown upon my brow, but he returned my look of doleful interrogation with one so frank and noble that I felt my boyish feroceity soften.

"Ah, Normand, you are a brave gallant," he said, with the easy idyllic laugh of one who is master of the situation, "but I trust our swords may never be turned against each other. At least, if it ever comes to pass, I swear 'twill not be through fault of mine."

Thereupon he turned away, as though to resume with the fair worker beside the hearth the conversation that my entrance had interrupted.

"Therese, I am come for you," I interposed gruffly, not yet entirely appeased.

Therese, who had smiled a greeting to me when I came in, now started up, coloring with vexation and annoyance. "Oh, I beg you, my uncle, let me speak so well, if you will to wed him, then may you possess the homage of his life, and all good fortune and happiness."

"Then I had best go at once," she replied with dignity, making as if to set about immediate preparations to obey the behest.

My uncle Ga on protested. "What betise is this?" cried he. "The command of my brother Dony means no such haste. Normand was delayed on the way by reason of the bad state of the roads; you cannot get back by nightfall. To-morrow, my dear niece, if so it must be, you have my permission to go, but not before."

"Ay, that is it," seconded my aunt; while little Barbe laid her soft cheek against my hand, well content that they should carry the day. But Therese, turned contrary, would not have it so. "Oh, I beg you, my uncle, let me go now, since I am sent for," she pleaded. "My father will not take the excuse of the bad roads, since the twilight is long; if we start betimes, we shall get home 7 of the clock."

"Well, well, I dare say you are wise not to anger my brother," said Francis Guyon, yielding, "and I know you will be coming again to Beauport very shortly."

At this she blushed again; as for Monsieur de la Mothe, he said no more to me, but stood studying the fro. Betimes, after telling my sister in a low voice that he would return to put her on her pillion (a most absurd care, to my mind), he called to Robert and set out with him for the ship at the wharf, whereon, I learned, he lived when at Beauport.

Angry as I was against this Chevalier de la Mothe, whom I saw Keane go forth with him thus as his chosen companion, I was conscious of a pang of jealousy almost such, I fear, as a girl feels when she sees the lover whom she has enthroned in her heart prefer the society of another. But this emotion I checked, albeit it caused me to apply myself with the greater silliness to the meal which the Paris woman servant had set forth for me on the table at the farther end of the room.

Francis Guyon having been called away to his fields without hearing the minor bits of town news I possessed, and for which he had kindly feigned to be so anxious, and Therese having disappeared, taking Barbe with her on the plea that she needed the child's help in making into a bundle her best gown and ribbons, preparatory to her departure, my aunt and I were left alone. As though unconscious of my moodiness, the dear soul chatted to me in her pleasant fashion, and ere long grew confidential.

"Ay, Normand, I am glad you are come, even for this brief stay," she said. "It is some time since we have seen you, by reason I dare say of your being so taken up with your books. Henceforth I hope you will come to us oftener. Your uncle has for some great fortune upon the seas and along northern coast of late; and, by no means the least of these fortunate happenings, in his opinion, was the meeting with yonder cavalier."

"What an odd chance that you should already know him; yet it is not over-straordinary either, since so dashing a man must have made an impression in Quebec, and then, of course, there was that chance with Sabrevois, albeit the lieutenant is an experienced swordsman, and they should have been permitted to fight, I maintain."

"My faith, but your uncle esteems greatly this La Mothe. A man of brilliant parts, he says, is the young Seigneur de Cadillac; ambitious, yet noble-minded; fated to make a name for himself and those connected with him,—one born to achieve great and good fortune upon the seas and along northern coast of late; and, by no means the least of these fortunate happenings, in his opinion, was the meeting with yonder cavalier."

"Well, Normand, it pleases me that you have discovered how matters stand. You have seen and heard for yourself how he regards Therese, and have noted, if I mistake not, how the roses bloom in her cheeks if he but turns his eyes upon her?"

"Yes, and anon, I suppose, he will sail away with my uncle and leave her distraught and unhappy," I mumbled fiercely.

"'Eh, not so!' corrected 'la bonne mere' laughing at my spleen. "He is minded to wed her as soon as may be, and take her with him when he sails; while she, in truth, awaits the ringing of her marriage bells with much joy and content."

"But my father and mother?"

as their son-in-law. But since the cock-comb received only a broken head, that counts for nothing, and Therese will soon be a happy bride, God willing. Your parents denounce at the haste, indeed, but Cadillac's ardor, and the necessity that Guyon and he set sail again at an early date, have prevailed."

Here was news truly. So it was all arranged, and until now I had been told nothing of what was going on! Bitter enough I felt, as I sat looking down at my plate.

But presently, glancing up, I saw again beside the hearth Therese, whom I so dearly loved—Therese, who stood motionless, her eyes fixed upon me with a half, deprecating, half-wistful expression of sisterly tenderness and regret at my chagrin. Thereat, unable to withstand their mute appeal, I rose, shook off my selfish moroseness, strode across the room, and, taking in mine her kind hands that had ever been as ready as was her heart to lend me help and comfort, I bent my head and kissed them, saying—

"Therese, no man's devotion how over exalted, is great enough to be worthy of you. But if you have given your love to this chevalier of whom all speak so well, if you will to wed him, then may you possess the homage of his life, and all good fortune and happiness."

At this she made as if to protest my praise of her sweet self.

"Foolish boy," she said carelessly, as for a moment she leaned her head against my breast. "I wished for an opportunity to tell you, Normand; and—and—you see for yourself no one could help liking him."

"ON THE WINGS OF SONG."

REV. HUGH F. BLUNT IN DONOROE'S MAGAZINE.

Father Grant was worried. His usual cheery smile had given place to a troubled expression, especially evident at this season of Christmas. Mrs. Maxwell noticed it immediately when she came to him to get the names of the poor whom she was to make glad at this joyous time.

"You look worried, Father," she said, as she was about to go on her errand of mercy.

"Dear me, and is it so evident? Indeed I am worried, and yet to you it may seem a trivial matter. It's about our Christmas music. You know the pride I have taken in the music all ways—this may be my punishment—and how hard we worked at it, and here at the last moment most of the singers are sick, and it's too late to get others, and so on. And that's my trouble; not to find a fire or an earthquake, but bad enough, and the people are so used to a beautiful programme at Christmas."

Mrs. Maxwell smiled. "I'm so glad that no greater trouble is impending. But about your music. Do you know an idea has entered my head this instant to make your musical programme the best in the city. You know Dr. Fulton of Larned street? Of course he can sing here only a month ago. His wife is a beautiful singer, in fact a star of the first magnitude up to three years ago when he married her. Possibly you know her as the famous Alice Lavarrie."

"The queen of the song?" Father Grant trembled at the prospect.

"The same, known in all the civilized world."

"And you think she would sing for us?"

"Undoubtedly, if I ask her. She and I were classmates at Notre Dame, and boom friends for years. We have exchanged calls since her coming here."

"She is a Catholic, then?"

"Nominally so. I fear the practical faith is weak. Dr. Fulton—enormously wealthy you know—is an avowed atheist, a sort of iconoclast, an anti-everything, and I fear that Alice has borrowed many of his ideas."

"Hardly a suitable person to sing at the Mass—do you think so?"

"I know, Father, but then—it may stir up old memories. Who knows?"

"To ask you to sing for charity."

"That request is readily granted. I sang for money so long, it is only right that I should do something for pure charity. You are going to have a concert for the poor, I presume."

"No, not exactly. I want you to sing at the High Mass on Christmas."

Mrs. Fulton blushed and looked startled.

"That is different, Martha. I am afraid I cannot. You see—Mr. Fulton—well I should have to consult him."

"Why, Alice, you do not mean that you must ask him for such a service as that? To sing in your own church?"

"My own church, yes, but not our church, and there is all the difficulty. I am so glad you came to night, Martha. I have been doubly unhappy this evening and it is a comfort to me to have a friend of the old days to confide in."

There were tears in her eyes as she arose and brought her chair close to Mrs. Maxwell.

"Why are you so unhappy, Alice? You have everything to live for."

"Yes, and still nothing to live for. I have fame, wealth, a devoted husband, and yet unappreciated. Your presence intensifies it, by contrasting the present with the old convent days. Dear Sister—how often she told me that she had fears for me on account of my voice; but God gave me that voice, and when I saw how people were charmed by it my soul was fired with an ambition to make the whole world listen. You do not know what ambition is, Martha. To me it was wealth, fame, everything each can give, and it inspired me to study hard. You remember when I went to Europe to study with Lustrini. A dear friend of my father made it possible. Another pupil was Mrs. Fulton, my husband's first wife, a beautiful amiable woman who took a deep interest in me, and made her home also interest himself. You know my lady to fancy, my debut, my laurels everywhere. The Fulton was as pleased as I. Mrs. Fulton died the next season, when I sang at Covent Garden. Two years after, he asked me to marry him, and I did willingly for I had come to love him dearly. But there was a cloud over my happiness, for I had married out of the Church. I did not mind it then, my heart was in the world. He was an atheist, I practically a convert. But when our child was born and he refused to have it baptized my slumbering faith began to reel. One night I came from the theatre, after a grand success, to find my child dead—and unbaptized! That was my last appearance. I became ill; he would not let me return to the stage—and here I am."

"But does he not relent?"

"On the contrary he is more ineluctable. I argued at first, finally gave it up, and am now settled down into an obedient, loving wife."

"But your soul, Alice?"

"Never at peace, Martha, and that is why I am going back to the stage. My voice is better than ever, and it will give me something to think about. But I detain you. I will ask my husband, though I fear he will refuse."

She ascended the stairs slowly, thinking deeply and formulating her argument. Dr. Fulton was reading when she entered his study, but quickly laid aside his book as if to conceal it.

"On, it's you, Alice. You startled me."

"And now I will startle you still more. Mrs. Maxwell, my old convent companion—you remember our charming hostess at Naples—comes to press me to sing."

"Sing where, Alice?"

"At St. John's Church."

"Roman Catholic, of course."

"Yes."

"You know, dear, I do not approve of such things. How can you desire to mingle with such people?"

"You are so proud, Herbert, and this is the season of humility."

"Of humility?"

"Yes, it is the season of the Babe of Bethlehem." She wondered at her boldness as she spoke. "It is Christmas when all differences should be forgotten. You have given me many gifts, Herbert, may I not ask a small favor from you now?"

He was silent for a moment, as if meditating.

"For this once, Alice, yes. I see you are still sighing for Egypt. You may tell Mrs. Maxwell yes."

She could scarcely believe her ears. Was he relenting? Or was it the presence in his house of Mrs. Maxwell and the fear that he would seem bigoted? She could not tell. She only knew that hitherto he had railed at God and religion as hypocrites, and now—she could not explain it, but a smile was forced upon her face as she rejoined Mrs. Maxwell.

To Alice Fulton it was the most beautiful Christmas morning she had seen for many years. She was in feeling a girl again as she stood waiting for the carriage to take her to church. It seemed to Dr. Fulton as he came down the stairs that she never looked so beautiful, so happy, since the gala night at the Metropolitan when a great city gave homage to the American nightingale.

"I wish you a great success this morning, Alice. The revelation will come from the wrong part of the church to-day."

"Thank you, Herbert, but revelations do not come from sinners."

"I do not so classify you."

"But I do, a Catholic who is false to her conscience can hardly be called a saint."

He laughed, but there was no ring of merriment in the sound.

"These are serious thoughts for merry Christmas, Alice. But really your voice will astonish them to day. I'd like to be there to see your triumph."

"Why not come, then?" she asked, timidly.

"It's against my principles, dear. But here's your carriage. Good-bye."

He stood at the door till the carriage disappeared down the long driveway. Then he returned to his study, and again took up the book that had fascinated him. It was Faber's "Bethlehem."

"Whatever Marx told me to read this for, it beats me," he said to him-