

of snow running up into the clouds . . . She and Martha had been saving for two years for a week at Banff . . . but when poor young Billy Minnis got into trouble . . . it had to be put off . . . and now Martha had gone on without her . . . The flowers in their beauty and profusion fascinated her. She had been afraid there might not be any flowers at all with so many people out of work, so she had put two days' wages into a dozen sprays of gladioli . . . She had wanted roses, but she found she could get more for her money in these showy blossoms that now stood beside the altar-rail in high vases, brazenly beautiful in their crimson and gold and purple . . . She needn't have worried about there not being flowers, for Martha's employers in Mayfair Crescent had all remembered her, and here were dozens of roses, stocks and snapdragons, and even chrysanthemums, feathery and shaggy, with satin streamers and bows of tulle as soft as the mist that rises from the river at sundown . . . Mary Coulter had not seen so many flowers for a long time, and yet from the heart of every lovely blossom there came an ache into her own as she thought of what even one flower would have meant to the dead woman when she lay in her own little bleak house, down by the tracks, fighting her losing battle. How those crimson snapdragons, set in the scented white stocks, would have brightened that gray little room, with its smoked plaster walls and patternless linoleum . . . and the roses—if they could have been set in a gem-jar beside her bed they might have saved her . . .

Flowers meant more to Martha Minnis than to anyone she ever knew. She remembered the foliage plant she had nursed back to life, and a