

is to accept an invitation for to-morrow evening. I intend having a little musical entertainment."

Quick as light flashed the thought, "Christine will be there." He said promptly:

"I will come, and thank you for the invitation. If I am awkward, you must remember that I have never mingled in Chicago society, and for a long time not in any."

She smiled merrily at him and said:

"Don't do anything dreadful, Mr. Fleet."

He caught her mood, and asked what had brought her down from her theological peak to such a valley of humiliation as a mission-school.

"You and Miss Ludolph," she answered seriously. "Between you, you gave me such a lesson that afternoon at Miss Brown's, that I have led a different life ever since. Christine made all as dark as despair, and against that darkness you placed the fiery Cross. I have tried to cling to the true cross ever since. Now He could not say to me 'Inasmuch as ye did it not.' And oh!" said she, turning to Dennis with a smile full of the light of heaven, "His service is so very sweet! I heard last week that teachers were wanted at this mission-school, so I came, and am glad to find you a neighbor."

Dennis' face also kindled at her enthusiasm, but after a moment grew sad again.

"I do not always give so lifeless a lesson as to-day," he said in a low voice.

"Mr. Fleet, you are not well. I can see that you look worn and greatly wearied. Are you not in some way overtaking yourself?"

Again that sensitive flush, but he only said: "I assure you I am well. Perhaps I have worked a little too hard. That is all."

"Well, then, come to our house and play a little, to-morrow evening," she answered from the platform of a street car, and was borne away.

Dennis went to his lonely room, full of self-reproach.

"Does she find Christ's service so sweet, and do I find it so dull and hard? Does human love alone constrain me, and not the love of Christ? Truly I am growing weak. Every one says I look sick; I think I am, body and soul, and am ceasing to be a man; but with God's help I will be one—and what is more, a Christian. I thank you, Miss Winthrop; you have helped me more than I have helped you. I will accept your invitation to go out into the world. I will no longer mope, brood, and perish in the damp and shade of my own sick fancies. If I can-

not win her, I can at least be a man without her," and he felt better and stronger than he had for a long time. The day was breaking again.

In accordance with a custom that was growing with him ever since the memorable evening when Bill Cronk befriended him, he laid the whole matter before his Heavenly Father, as a child tells an earthly parent all his heart. Then he added one simple prayer, "Guide me in all things."

The next day was brighter and better than its forerunners. "For some reason I feel more like myself," he thought. After the excitement and activity of a busy day, he said:

"I can conquer this, if I must."

But when he made his simple toilet, and was on his way to Miss Winthrop's residence, his heart began to flutter strangely, and he knew the reason. Miss Winthrop welcomed him most cordially, and put him at his ease in a moment, as only a true lady can. Then she turned to receive other guests. He looked around. Christine was not there—and his heart sank like lead. "She will not be here," he sighed. But the guests had not ceased coming, and every new arrival caused a flutter of hopes and fears. He both longed and dreaded to meet her. At last, when he had about given up seeing her, he suddenly saw her advancing up the parlor on her father's arm. Never had she seemed so dazzlingly beautiful. He was at that instant talking to Mr. Winthrop, and for a few moments that gentleman was perplexed at his incoherent answers, and the changes in his face. Having paid their respects to the daughter, Mr. and Miss Ludolph came toward Mr. Winthrop, and of course Dennis had to meet them. Having greeted them warmly, Mr. Winthrop said:

"Of course you do not need an introduction to Mr. Fleet."

Dennis had shrunk a little back, and at first they had not noticed him. Mr. Ludolph said good-naturedly:

"Glad to see you, Mr. Fleet, and will be still more glad to hear your fine voice."

But Christine merely bowed as to one with whom her acquaintance was slight, and turned away. At first Dennis had blushed, and his heart had fluttered like a young girl's; but as she turned so coolly away, his native pride and obstinacy were aroused.

"She shall speak to me and do me justice," he muttered. "She must understand that I spoke unconsciously on that miserable morning, and am not to be blamed. As I am a man, I will speak boldly and secure