



BORROWED FROM THE NIGHT

Copyright BY ANNA C. MORGAN

CHAPTER XXV

Preston Martins despatched his father's business and then rode home, under the magical light and shade of the tree-edged road.

He passed up to his father's room, where he found Teresa reading to the invalid. She rose at his entrance and he noted that her beautiful eyes had lost their brilliancy, and that her face was wan and grief drawn.

"Preston, my dear son! What has changed you so utterly? You are troubled—what about?"

"Mother," he said, as they reached that room, "your patience with me has never failed, I ask for its continuance, though I must now disappoint you, pain you, cause you lasting sorrow."

"My brother!"

"The yellow light faded from the west. The fleecy clouds lost their gold trimmings and were welded together into a wall of gray."

"I do not know. . . . I have not yet decided. . . . But whether I go or stay, promise me that Teresa shall never need a mother while my mother lives!"

misery, lifted pleading hands, piteously asked how it, alone, could go through that conflict which would cease only when death approached.

There was a creeping stir in the grass behind the tombstones. A figure slipped out into the amber light. . . . It slid forward like a snake and came up behind the unconscious man.

"My brother!"

"I do not know. . . . I have not yet decided. . . . But whether I go or stay, promise me that Teresa shall never need a mother while my mother lives!"

"My brother!"

"I do not know. . . . I have not yet decided. . . . But whether I go or stay, promise me that Teresa shall never need a mother while my mother lives!"

"My brother!"

not you who slew Preston, not you, but your father and his!"

Teresa was again alone. Her step-grandmother in Virginia, who had, on the statements of George Martins and Mr. Worthington, acknowledged her right to the great property left to her by her aged husband, urged the girl to make her home with her.

There was a creeping stir in the grass behind the tombstones. A figure slipped out into the amber light. . . . It slid forward like a snake and came up behind the unconscious man.

"My brother!"

"I do not know. . . . I have not yet decided. . . . But whether I go or stay, promise me that Teresa shall never need a mother while my mother lives!"

"My brother!"

"I do not know. . . . I have not yet decided. . . . But whether I go or stay, promise me that Teresa shall never need a mother while my mother lives!"

"My brother!"

that once before had dyed her face was now crimsoning its paleness, "in my sorrow for him, hatred of myself, I threw on you a cruel suspicion."

From the white hearts of the lilies of the valley and the purple faces of the violets a cloud of fragrance rose to mingle with the cool, strengthening odors and the peace of the dead, the peace of forgiveness, fell upon the souls of the living.

A MIRACLE OF GRACE

A TRUE STORY By Rev. Richard W. Alexander in the Missionary

It was summer time; and, by the sea where the moonlight fell in a long silver pathway, the man and the girl walked and talked, and told the same "old story."

That he was respectable, estimable, had a good position, could support her in comfort, made no difference. The girl's tears, remonstrances, defiance even, were of no avail.

"I do not know. . . . I have not yet decided. . . . But whether I go or stay, promise me that Teresa shall never need a mother while my mother lives!"

"My brother!"

"I do not know. . . . I have not yet decided. . . . But whether I go or stay, promise me that Teresa shall never need a mother while my mother lives!"

"My brother!"

had not appeared. "Was it fate, or rather Providence, that caused him to meet Miss Bessie Wafford at a social held at a friend's house?"

At first he tried to shake off the feeling, but it had all at once gripped him, and he realized that, at last, fate held him without hope of release.

At first he tried to shake off the feeling, but it had all at once gripped him, and he realized that, at last, fate held him without hope of release.

At first he tried to shake off the feeling, but it had all at once gripped him, and he realized that, at last, fate held him without hope of release.

At first he tried to shake off the feeling, but it had all at once gripped him, and he realized that, at last, fate held him without hope of release.

At first he tried to shake off the feeling, but it had all at once gripped him, and he realized that, at last, fate held him without hope of release.

At first he tried to shake off the feeling, but it had all at once gripped him, and he realized that, at last, fate held him without hope of release.

At first he tried to shake off the feeling, but it had all at once gripped him, and he realized that, at last, fate held him without hope of release.

At first he tried to shake off the feeling, but it had all at once gripped him, and he realized that, at last, fate held him without hope of release.

Weeks passed by, and a wonderful change came over the family. In Ohio, James Dalton had placed himself under instruction, and Miss Bessie's heartfelt prayers for him seemed to have brought the grace of conversion.

At first he tried to shake off the feeling, but it had all at once gripped him, and he realized that, at last, fate held him without hope of release.

At first he tried to shake off the feeling, but it had all at once gripped him, and he realized that, at last, fate held him without hope of release.

At first he tried to shake off the feeling, but it had all at once gripped him, and he realized that, at last, fate held him without hope of release.

At first he tried to shake off the feeling, but it had all at once gripped him, and he realized that, at last, fate held him without hope of release.

At first he tried to shake off the feeling, but it had all at once gripped him, and he realized that, at last, fate held him without hope of release.

At first he tried to shake off the feeling, but it had all at once gripped him, and he realized that, at last, fate held him without hope of release.

At first he tried to shake off the feeling, but it had all at once gripped him, and he realized that, at last, fate held him without hope of release.

At first he tried to shake off the feeling, but it had all at once gripped him, and he realized that, at last, fate held him without hope of release.

the Communion time all three kneeling at the rail and receiving the Bread of Angels.

He could scarcely believe his eyes. He could not but dash away the tears of joy. Had the Sacred Heart of Christ heard his prayer? He had not long to wait an answer.

He waited at the church door, and the glad welcome Alice and her mother gave him told him of the miracle of grace that had been wrought.

By the end of the nineteenth century, the thinking world seemed awfully of the cold theories of Spencer and Taylor, which plucked the supernatural out of religion.

By the end of the nineteenth century, the thinking world seemed awfully of the cold theories of Spencer and Taylor, which plucked the supernatural out of religion.

By the end of the nineteenth century, the thinking world seemed awfully of the cold theories of Spencer and Taylor, which plucked the supernatural out of religion.

By the end of the nineteenth century, the thinking world seemed awfully of the cold theories of Spencer and Taylor, which plucked the supernatural out of religion.

By the end of the nineteenth century, the thinking world seemed awfully of the cold theories of Spencer and Taylor, which plucked the supernatural out of religion.

By the end of the nineteenth century, the thinking world seemed awfully of the cold theories of Spencer and Taylor, which plucked the supernatural out of religion.

A NEW THEORY OF RELIGION

By the end of the nineteenth century, the thinking world seemed awfully of the cold theories of Spencer and Taylor, which plucked the supernatural out of religion. The sign was consoling for the Catholic Church; but soon conformation set in. For, when the twentieth century dawned, a new and equally erroneous explanation of religion sprang from the sparkling pens of Loisy and Tyrell.











