

The Awakening

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THE AWAKENING

CHAPTER I.

THE WILEY FAMILY.

There lived near the commercial metropolis of New England in a most beautiful suburban mansion, a very wealthy and prominent family, Judge Henry Wiley, his wife and little girl, Ruth, their only child, age eight at the beginning of this story.

Judge Wiley was a shrewd and prosperous business man, and his intelligent face and well polished manners seemed to suit the title well which he bore. He, unlike his wife, possessed a lovable and pleasant disposition, which endeared him to all with whom he came in contact. He loved his home, and was passionately in love with his wife and child. Aside from his business, his chief thoughts were how to obliterate every care possible from his idolized wife. She knew her influence over him and took advantage of his good nature and noble love for her.

Perhaps no man and woman were ever united in wedlock more differently constituted than Judge Wiley and his wife. Still he never argued with her, as he often told her, "Louise, your will is my plea-

sure always." She had a selfish and overbearing disposition. This was caused, perhaps, by over-indulgent parents, who reared her in the city of New York amid a whirl of gay amusements, and every wish of hers from a child had been granted by them.

After her graduation and introduction into society, she became a brilliant star, which was her greatest ambition, and the ambition of her parents also. She was a very beautiful woman, and knew well how to use her charms to an advantage when she thought it worth her while. She started out in life to live for self only, we find her living for it now. It never occurred to her that her husband and sweet little girl should have a portion of her love and attention. There was nothing so dear to her or pleased her better than to be spoken of as being the most beautiful and well dressed lady at every society function where she was present. How she met and married Judge Wiley will be explained in one of the following chapters.

On this particular evening, we see Judge Wiley with a smile on his face seated by his wife in their home, engaged in conversation. Their little girl plays with a wee kitten by the fireside of brilliantly glowing coals. A glance at this picture, and one would think it a happy home. Is it? Perhaps my readers will be in better position to answer this question after a while.

A frown of annoyance seems to obscure the beautiful face of Mrs. Wiley as she turns to look at her husband.

"Well, dear", said he kindly, "what is it you wish to speak to me about, what has gone wrong with my little wife today?"

The frown on his wife's face deepened as she replied, "Oh, Harry, something dreadful has happened again, Ruth's governess brought me her resignation this afternoon with this meager excuse, her health was failing, and her doctor had advised a higher climate. She is to go to Colorado, I believe. Did you ever hear of a more ridiculous story? The absurd idea of a woman in her station in life giving up her nice position for a pleasure trip perhaps. I detest changes, after I have made my plans for the season."

Judge Wiley smiled; he was familiar with his spoiled whimsical wife. After a moment he replied, "I can't understand why this should necessarily be so dreadful and fret my dear wife so much. I am sorry indeed to hear of Miss Grady's misfortune. She was an excellent tutor and our little Ruth was very fond of her. Since I come to think of it, she has never seemed very strong, and I think her wise to try to conquer the disease before it is too late. I hope she will be successful, and that we will be as well pleased with our next choice."

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Mrs. Wiley sighed, "Oh, Harry, you are just like the majority of men, you don't seem to understand the position that housewives find themselves in, caused by employing such unreliable women as Miss Grady, who, without a moment's warning notifies me she is to leave at once. Now you are aware I suppose, that Ruth must have another governess and I have not really the time to attend to the matter." Tears were actually standing in her eyes when she ceased talking, as if some awful disaster was about to take place.

A cloud seemed to pass over Judge Wiley's face as he leaned forward and took her soft jeweled hand and kissed it in lover like fashion. "My sweet little wife," he said cheerfully, "dry those tears for which there is no cause. I will take the responsibility of this, if I may, and secure daughter another governess. Most assuredly I want you to be pleased, and shall send the applicants to you to choose the one you prefer."

Mrs. Wiley's face became normal. "You will?" she said, rather triumphantly. "I am glad, Harry, that you are going to take an interest in this. It will relieve me at this time to have your assistance at least. I am to be very much occupied for the next week, as the Rudolphs are to have a big ball on the twentieth in honor of their visiting cousin from Paris, and we have a pressing invitation to attend. I have

been quite nervous over it already. You know I have yet to purchase my evening gown for the event. I can't decide on the colors I wish to combine. I want something different from anyone else. But back again to the subject which we have been discussing, will you advertise?"

"Yes," he replied. "It occurred to me that advertising would perhaps be the quickest method. How would this sound to you?"

Wanted---At once a governess by a refined family for a little girl, age eight years. Must be a young lady and competent. Address H. W., Box No. 356, City."

Before Mrs. Wiley could answer her husband a clear childish voice interrupted her—"Oh daddy dear, please tell me a story, I am tired playing." And with a joyful face their little daughter left her pet tabby cat and sprang into her father's arms. One could see at a glance that the two thus embraced were wrapped up in each other's affections. This child inherited her father's pleasant disposition, and well merited her pet name in the home, "Sunbeam".

Judge Wiley smiled and lovingly kissed her red, ruby lips. "Our little jewel," he said, "you must excuse daddy tonight, I am talking with mother, but tomorrow, if you will remind me I will tell my little darling a long, interesting story. Hark, Sarah is calling you, and to slumberland my brown-eyed lassie must go."

Again the fat chubby arms were around her father's neck as if loath to leave him. He gently put her from him saying, "Kiss mother good-night and run along to Sarah like daddy's little Sunbeam". The child turned to her mother for the kiss, but the look on her face caused her to cry, "Mother don't you want me to kiss you good-night?"

Unlike a mother she answered, "I am annoyed with you for this interruption. You should know better; kiss me if that will satisfy you and leave my presence immediately. I detest so much silly affections, especially in the midst of a business conversation." She turned her scornful eyes from her departing child and riveted them upon her husband's pained face. "Shall we resume our conversation?" she asked.

Judge Wiley arose, looked at his watch and answered gravely, his voice trembling slightly, "I shall try to obtain our little girl a suitable governess as quickly as possible, and if there is no other business which you wish to mention I desire to retire to my rooms."

Mrs. Wiley was not looking for this from her husband who had heretofore borne so patiently with her fretful disposition. It may be said of him, it took much tantalizing to arouse his temper, but this evening his wife had tried him deeply, when being unkind to his beloved child.

Mrs. Wiley arose also and faced her husband. "Why", said she scornfully, "should you be offended when I chasten my own child?"

"Louise", he replied, "you know that I love you as my very life which I would gladly give for your happiness and comfort, but pray tell me why you act so unlike a mother, why don't you give our little darling a mother's love? You owe it to her, and she needs it."

A look of almost a demon came into his wife's face. "Judge Wiley, you ask why I don't love my child? I love her well enough but I don't intend that she shall stand in the way of my pleasures. And listen to me, I never wanted to be a mother and you know it."

Judge Wiley turned without saying another word and left the room.

CHAPTER II.

VIOLET AND KATHERINE.

We will now introduce our readers to twin sisters, Violet and Katherine Mattox, who will take an active part in the remainder of our story. They were natives of grand old Virginia. Were born and reared on a small country farm, and the only children who ever came to bless the lives of Thomas and Mary Mattox. Their parents were noted for their honesty and pious Christian living. They also valued education, and the many sacrifices they made to enable them to put their two daughters through college were known only to themselves.

Violet and Katherine both had a talent for music. Violet took a special course in that line while in college for her vocation, while Katherine prepared herself for school teaching, but gave as much time as possible to voice culture, as she possessed a beautiful high soprano voice which her sister did not.

They worked hard to equip themselves for a life of usefulness. They had visions and dreams of the future glowing with beauty, and they put every effort forth to bring them into realization. They knew their parents' means were limited and it caused them to work the harder for success they intended to

have. "Success is for all those who want it bad enough to pay the price," was one of their golden rules.

While they were in college for the last term, they earned quite a bit of money assisting in teaching outside of their own personal studies. This work was the greatest pleasure the twins ever had, for they intended to surprise their fond parents after a while with a check and invitation to their graduation.

They won the love and respect of their teachers and classmates by their consideration of others, their pleasant manners and strict adherence to their work which was always well done. Hanging in their room in a conspicuous place were these words written by W. C. Garrett:

"The secret of success still lives in the same old word drudgery. For drudgery is the doing the one thing, one thing, long after it ceases to be amusing. It is the one thing that I do that gathers me together from my chaos, that concentrates me from possibilities to powers."

A week before they were to graduate with happy hearts they enclosed a nice little sum with a letter to their parents inviting them to be present at their graduation.

When their parents opened the seal that revealed to them the thoughtfulness and love of their only children, tears of joy ran down their faded cheeks,

while they silently thanked God for the girls He had given them to bless their lives.

“Why Mary,” said Mr. Mattox to his wife, “they have begun already to repay us. I was anxious to attend their graduation but couldn’t see my way clear to do so, therefore said nothing about it. God has been kind to us.” He said reverently.

These two people were as happy over the anticipation of the coming event, as a little child would be over a new toy.

No students had ever graduated from Besmont College with more honors than the two Mattox girls.

As Mr. and Mrs. Mattox sat in the audience and witnessed the graduating exercises, prayers were silently prayed by them to God to help them in their weakness and great love for their daughters, not to be proud but thankful to Him who had been their help in rearing them, who had that day excelled their fondest expectation. Many in the audience noticed the peculiar looking couple, and wondered who they were. What had brought them there? They were plainly dressed, and very much old-fashioned, yet apparently happy and interested.

After the exercises were over Violet and Katherine made their way hurriedly through the crowd until they reached their humble smiling parents. Gladly they took them by the arm and led them to the front where they introduced them to their teachers and friends.

"Honor thy father and mother that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee."

We see the twin sisters in their own country home, washing dishes, churning butter, dusting, sweeping, and assisting mother with all the duties of the home.

In the evenings after the lamps were lighted the old square piano was again in use and singing and playing were generally their chief amusement until dad said, "All to bed."

During their summer vacation there came a young minister to their little inland village, the Rev. William Blake, of Boston, Mass., to visit his uncle, Rev. James Massey, who was then pastor of the only church in the neighborhood and for several miles around. Of course Mr. Blake met the Mattox girls, and every evening possible was spent at their home.

When speaking of them on one occasion to his uncle he said, "Uncle James, they are the most brilliant and gifted ladies I ever knew. Who would think of meeting such characters in a place like this. How much some of our city churches need them cannot be estimated. I would like to have their assistance in my own church for a while, and I believe we could, with the help of God, evangelize my congregation."

His old uncle looked over his glasses, smiled and said, "Will, you are in love, but don't be too greedy my boy, you can marry only one. They are noble

girls and well worth the winning of any man."

Mr. Blake looked annoyed, "Uncle, you mistake my meaning. While I am sure either of them would be a jewel if one could win her love, and I admire both very much, still my heart remains untouched; I have something else just now that requires my attention more. Uncle, my church needs to be awakened. My people must be made to understand that money cannot save them."

"Sure enough, my boy, but what are you contemplating, taking my two best workers and installing them in your city parish? Well, I know there are broader fields for the girls than here, and I would be glad, if you would assist them to something better.

The young minister was enthused, "I mean to do everything in my power," he said, "to get them to my city. We need them and that badly. On my return I shall speak to Prof. Clay, head-master of the H. School of Music, and inquire if he has anything to offer in the way of teaching. Prof. Clay is a particular friend of mine, and a good member of my church. He pays his faculty well, as he will not accept any but those who are very efficient and I am sure without a doubt that Miss Violet is one of the best performers I have ever heard."

"Have you an idea she will accept the position in question and leave her sister from whom she has never been separated?" inquired the elderly minister.

His nephew smiled, "My dear uncle," he said, "don't you see what I am after? Before many months I wish to have Miss Violet installed as my organist and her sister as my vocal soloist. Miss Katherine would like to teach school, and I think I can place her without any trouble at all.

"Somehow I have been impressed since coming here that I was sent by God to visit you. For months before I left Boston I was very much burdened and concerned about the condition of my church. As I would enter its pulpit and face my fashionable audience I often felt inclined to cry aloud, 'You are too artificial. Throw it off and let the world see you as God sees the nude souls of each one of you'. I became discouraged, my health failed; my doctor said I must leave the city and seek fresh country air. Thus I was directed to the hills of Virginia and to you I believe by the hand of God."

The minister was as true as his word. After his return to his city he didn't rest until Violet was installed as one of the leading faculty in the H. School of Music and organist of the beautiful church of which he was pastor.

Katherine was also in Boston, but had not been placed with a position, however, she was to call on a lady the following day in answer to an advertise-

ment for a governess for a little girl, which thought filled her young heart with pleasant anticipations. Mr. Blake had kindly investigated this ad before he would consent for her to answer it. On investigation he found it to be a family of much means and wide reputation, Judge and Mrs. Henry Wiley.

Katherine, accompanied by Mr. Blake rode out to the Wiley home. While riding up the broad avenue leading to the house she looked around her in admiration, declaring she had never seen anything so beautiful before.

They were bidden to enter by a tall stalwart butler in uniform and ushered by him into a magnificent drawing room. He retired, and in a few minutes the silken curtains opened and Mrs. Wiley entered. And to Katherine she appeared like a beautiful haughty queen who had just stepped out of a picture book. She gave the tips of her fingers, only, to the minister, then she spoke to Katherine inviting her into the adjoining room, where she consulted with her privately. Katherine noticed how critically she scanned her appearance from the sole of her little foot to the crown of her head. And try as hard as she could to retain her composure she felt the hot flames rising in her face in the presence of this attractive, but haughty lady. After a few minutes conversation relating to her position Mrs. Wiley asked for her diploma, which she read carefully. "Ah",

said she, "you are a graduate of Besmont College, I see. I am glad to know this as this college has the reputation of sending out very efficient students.

"I shall want you to understand from the beginning that you are not to annoy me with silly questions. I hope you are capable of using good judgment concerning my child's education and will use it. My time is very much occupied over numerous things outside of the home, and I can't be bothered with the domestic affairs. Your salary will suit you, if you please me. I am willing to pay well for the services of those I like. I must say I admire your appearance, and I want you to look nice every day as you do today."

She turned and touched a bell which brought her maid to the door, who she bade to tell her little girl to come to her. Presently a child with soft brown curls, and face beaming with health and merriment came running in hat in hand. Mrs. Wiley held up her hand in dismay. "Oh child," said she, "when will you ever learn what manners are? Miss Mattox this is the little culprit you will have in charge, this is Ruth Wiley, and I hope you will teach her some of the rules of etiquette at least." The child smiled, Katherine held out her hand, but she ignoring it, threw her hat on the floor and put her arms around Katherine's neck and kissed her saying, "I know I shall love you, for you are beautiful".

“Ruth”, said Mrs. Wiley sternly, “I shall need you no longer, you may retire”. Katherine perceived at once that Ruth’s mother disapproved of her daughter’s affectionate reception, but to her mind she was a little jewel God had placed in her pathway.

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CHAPTER III.

THE HOME COMING.

The Wiley mansion represents many, many years as it once belonged to the great grandfather of Judge Henry Wiley and his only brother Dr. Jack Wiley. Of course from time to time there had been improvements made on the dwelling and its surroundings, until at the present time, only a few of the ancestral aspects are visible.

Within this elegant building, however, one's eyes may feast for many hours on the costly relics of the past century. The estate was willed by the parents of Henry and Jack Wiley to their eldest son Henry with a provision that Jack should have a suite of rooms in the home for himself as long as he desired. They did this, to please Jack who wished it to be done. "I love my home", he said to them on one occasion, "but I prefer that Harry should fall heir to it as he is the eldest."

In this home all is bustle and confusion today, as they are expecting Judge Wiley's brother Dr. Jack Wiley from London, England. This brother left home rather suddenly several years previous. Not many knew the reason of his long absence, but imagined it a love affair, and they were right. He was once very popular in Boston both socially and

professionally. And it was lamented not a little among his friends and admirers when it was learned he had given up his home for foreign fields. Especially did his brother grieve, who was four years his senior, and loved his younger brother as his own life.

A few days ago Judge Wiley and family were electrified with joy on the receipt of a cablegram from London stating he, Jack Wiley, was leaving London for native shores. Would wire on his arrival in New York. This morning they had received that message that he expected to arrive in Boston on the eight o'clock train.

The servants were busy putting the finishing touches in Dr. Wiley's suite of rooms. They still remembered the bright happy youth of the past, and they as well as his brother were happy over his coming home. A large bouquet of his favorite flowers was arranged tastefully and placed in a beautiful vessel by one of the windows in his den overlooking the green lawn below. In fact, everything they remembered he used to love and admire was placed somewhere in a conspicuous place in his rooms, to remind him that what he used to love had not been forgotten, and that he was still esteemed in the home, even by the servants.

Late in the afternoon Mrs. Wiley was called in by the housekeeper to inspect the rooms which had been prepared for her brother-in-law, and finding them

to her taste, much to the satisfaction of the servants, demanded one of the east rooms be arranged for her governess whom she was expecting on the following day. As she turned to leave the room she rebuked Ruth quite severely who was romping around rather too hilariously with her dog Rover.

“Oh”, cried Ruth, “mother dear I am happy over the many good things coming. My Uncle Jack, whom I have never seen is coming, and my beautiful lady governess, and—” she was interrupted by her father calling her to accompany him to the station to meet the expected uncle.

The train rolled in on time bringing Dr. Jack Wiley to his old home once more. And in spite of the pangs gnawing at his heart when he was reminded of the past, he rejoiced to look again on familiar faces and scenes he held dear.

As this stalwart, military bearing, broad shouldered figure stepped from the train, there were many who remembered him well, and were there to bid him welcome home. He spoke to each one in turn with a bow and friendly handshake, but Dr. Wiley seldom smiled. His handsome face seemed chiseled from marble, it was so void of any expression.

When Judge Wiley asked of him if he had come to stay, he answered with a sigh, “No, Harry, I have only come for a short visit to you. I became hungry for the sight of your face and home; made prepara-

tions hurriedly, and here I am."

Ruth placed her little hand in the big palm of her uncle and chatted friendly with him as they rode home together. She was born two years after he left home, yet she was taught ever since she could remember to love her uncle, by her father, who was constantly telling her something wonderful of her Uncle Jack across the sea. Presently she looked up into his face with childish innocence and said, "Uncle Jack, daddy has your picture hanging in his room, but it don't look like you. You were smiling in the picture, but you don't smile now. Are you angry with anyone, dear uncle?"

A look of pain seemed to pass over his calm face as he answered, "No, darling, I am not angry, I have only changed in every way since that photograph was taken. That was taken eleven years ago. I was at that time a happy youth, and the world looked bright to me, with dreams of a brighter future. Since then—Ah, you are only a little child, you are too young to understand."

Ruth was mystified, but like other children, she was soon thinking of something else, and her uncle's strange words were soon forgotten.

Mrs. Wiley dressed in one of her most becoming gowns, ran down the steps to meet her brother-in-law. She had heard the reason he left home ten years ago, but was not prepared for the sober faced gentleman

who came forward to meet her. In her surprise she hesitated for a moment, then gave him both her hands saying, "Brother Jack, welcome home. You are a truant to leave us for such a long time, and for this we feel like scolding you, but we are indeed glad to have you with us once more."

As he entered the hall the servants were crowded together to meet him, and he stopped and spoke to each one kindly and cordially.

"Home again," he said as he entered his beautifully prepared rooms. Everything seemed just as he had left them on that fatal morning. His parents' pictures hanging on the wall even smiled, as though to welcome him. There was a smile that played for a moment about his mouth, as though pleasant thoughts were passing through his mind, but this was for a moment only. Suddenly, his features became rigid with a sign of despair written on every line.

CHAPTER IV.

DR. JACK WILEY.

“Somewhere there walleth in this world of ours
For one lone soul, another lonely soul,
Each chasing each through all the weary hours,
And meeting strangely at one sudden goal,
Then blend they, like green leaves with golden flowers,
Into one beautiful and perfect whole
And life’s long night is ended, and the way
Lies open onward to eternal day.”

EDWIN ARNOLD.

Why did Dr. Jack Wiley leave home, associates and a flourishing field of practice as a young physician to seek new environments abroad?

At one time he was invited by his college friend and classmate, Hugh Mansfield, to visit him at his summer home near Asheville, North Carolina. And he accepted, but wished many times since he had died before he ever accepted it. Had he declined his life would have been far different.

Hugh Mansfield’s father was a very wealthy man, therefore, Dr. Wiley was not surprised to find everything that money could obtain for health and pleasure in this home.

It is the same old story. He fell desperately in love with Olive Mansfield, a cousin of Hugh’s who

was at that time visiting her uncle and aunt from New York City. She was very beautiful and attractive, and from the first introduction seemed to have no eyes or ears for anyone but Jack Wiley. And he seemed an easy prey being caught at once. They climbed the mountains together, they accompanied each other on horseback rides through the trails, they played tennis, golf, danced and went boat-riding on the lovely French Broad River, and were always partners in all the gay functions of the summer.

Many envied the handsome young doctor, and many envied the fair damsel, but gave up in despair, as it seemed a settled fact it was love at first sight on both sides. Therefore, it being mutual would-be intruders were left at a distance.

Dr. Wiley was young, unexperienced and never stopped to consider the depth of character of the girl with whom he was in love. He knew she was pretty, attractive and lovable, and he loved her. He promised Hugh Mansfield to visit him for one month only, but he remained three months instead in a garden of wonderful dreams and roses.

When he did return to Boston, Miss Olive Mansfield was his promised bride, and their engagement had been publicly announced at a dinner party given by her aunt, Mrs. Mansfield, on the evening before he left Asheville. The marriage was to take place during the next Christmas holidays.

Dr. Wiley returned to his home and business thinking he had won a prize and was a lucky, happy man. Indeed he looked a perfect specimen of young, bright manhood. He owned a handsome residence adjoining his brother's and he spared no expense in having everything installed in this for comfort and convenience for his promised bride.

After Miss Mansfield returned to her home in New York he visited her every week, and every time he saw her he declared he was becoming more in love with her. Through a friend, he heard of her unfaithfulness to him. He didn't believe it, and was very unkind to the friend who mentioned it to him. It was only through an accident he saw with his own eyes and was convinced. Of course he mentioned it to her. She in return threw in his face hot stinging words that burned the very life's blood from his heart. She denied nothing but he learned from her more than he wished to know, and that was sufficient. The engagement ring she drew from her finger and threw at his feet with these words, "Take this back and let our flirtation end. I never loved you more than others. I only wanted to be amused and you have served that purpose as long as you can amuse me. I never meant to marry you. I have lovers by the score who I can have at my feet at any time I wish, but single life suits me, and I am having too much fun out of it to make a change just now." She threw

back her head and laughed in his saddened face. He stooped and picked up the costly trinket and threw it on the burning coals, then turning to her said low and steadily, "Madam, I feel it is my duty to thank you for revealing to me the depth of your character before too late." He bowed and left her alone with the look of a demon written on her features. He never saw Olive Mansfield again. He went abroad with the hope of forgetting, but he found the task a difficult one. He lived to himself as much as possible, and shut out every ray of sunshine that tried to brighten his dark and narrow life. For a while he plunged recklessly into gay society in the pursuit of happiness and contentment, but he didn't find either. Failing in this, he opened up an office in London and began practicing there as a physician. His profession then became his soul. He loved nothing apart from it. His practice grew until he became very popular and in great demand, but in his few hours of solitude he was most miserable.

Often on the Sabbath mornings when the church bells were calling people to worship, at the sound of them he would shudder and wonder why people went to church. And why his beloved mother whom he believed to be different from any other woman, would on Sunday mornings in his boyhood days see that both he and his elder brother Henry attended Sabbath School. He recalled his fair mother later

in life, his freshman year at college, how he was suddenly called home only to see his precious mother a few minutes before she died. She couldn't even speak to him, but pointed upward as he looked into her dear eyes for the last time. He wondered what she meant.

CHAPTER V.

KATHERINE AS A GOVERNESS.

The first day of her work was over, and as the evening shadows were falling, Katherine stood at her room window in the Wiley mansion looking out. She smiled as she beheld the artistic beauty that surrounded this home. The sign of wealth everywhere. "Ah", she murmured, "how happy the occupants of this beautiful home must be, with every luxury for comfort and pleasure."

One day Ruth put her arms around her teacher's neck and said, "Miss Mattox, I love you and you are a beautiful lady. I told daddy that this morning, and he said he was glad I like you so well, and he hoped you would be happy here. I tell daddy everything. He says we are pals. Mother is always too busy to listen to me. Aren't you sorry for poor mother, she has so much to do?" Katherine smiled but made the little girl no answer, and she continued, "Uncle Jack likes me to talk to him he says, but he never smiles and looks so sad all the time, I had rather be with my dad. I enjoy the evenings that mother goes out and daddy stays at home. We have such grand times, and he tells me such beautiful stories, and I dance for him. Did you dance for your daddy when you were a little girl like me?"

Katherine brushed back the fallen curls from the fair brow of the child and replied, "Ruth dearest, your life has been and will continue to be, I suppose, different from mine. No, I never danced for my father when I was a child, nor after I grew up either. I never danced in my life, and have no desire to do so."

"You never danced in your life?" repeated the child in surprise, "and you a grown up lady! Mother says it makes ladies graceful. I go to dancing school once every week. I want to be a graceful dancer like my mother when I become a lady. My teacher says I dance well already."

Ah, thought Katherine, everyone here even to this little child are worldly-minded, God being left entirely out of their lives, they are all seeking pleasure that can lead only to eternal destruction. Yes, this jewel, placed under her care and instruction had already begun to walk in the path of glittering dross without God.

As Katherine had been spending every week-end at the home of Prof. Clay where her sister boarded in the city, she knew nothing whatever of how the Wileys spent their Sabbaths. So she sought to be enlightened.

"Ruth dear," she asked, "do you attend church and Sunday School?"

"Oh sometimes I go to Sunday School, but never stay for the other service. Daddy and mother says the other service is not for little girls."

"When you do attend who takes you?" further inquired Katherine.

"Dick, our chauffeur takes me to the city in our motor. Dad and mother don't ever go to church," and the child laughed and continued, "They say it is a very dull place, only fit for old men and women. You don't go, do you Miss Mattox?"

"Yes, my precious child, I am thankful I have the opportunity of attending the house of God every Sabbath, where my sister of whom I have told you is organist, and I have the pleasure of being a member of the choir, and sing a solo there every Sunday morning and evening."

"My dear Miss Mattox, I didn't know you could sing. Come, go with me into the drawing-room and sing for me now," asked the child rising and pulling her teacher by the arm.

"Not now dear one, but if you will remind me on some other day when I am at my leisure, I will gladly sing for you."

The little warning finger was held up while she said, "Now listen Miss Mattox, you have promised and I shall not let you forget."

"Very well", replied her teacher smiling.

Ruth was silent for a moment as if thinking, pres-

ently she asked, "Miss Mattox, are you a Christian? Sarah said you were this morning. She said that was why you were always smiling and happy. Daddy says he is not, that it is all bosh and nothing to it. Mother says it is foolishness or something like that, and I know Uncle Jack don't belong to it, 'cause he never smiles. I would like to be one, if I can be like you. But I am a little girl you know, and mother says I must not think of such things. When I am a young lady I hope I may be just like you dear Miss Mattox."

Katherine allowed her pupil to talk on without interruptions. A child in years sat before her, yet with wisdom of one much older. A spasm of pain went to her heart of what was revealed to her by this little child. Well trained in everything else, but sadly neglected in the story of the cross, and the training that should accompany it. She prayed silently that she should be given strength to hold up His banner and tell the beautiful story of the Christ so simply and clearly to this one of His, that she might understand and learn to follow Him in her childhood days. The golden opportunity was hers; may she be found faithful and use it.

"Four things come not back to man or woman; the sped arrow; the spoken word; the past life; and the neglected opportunity."

Katherine was meditating in her mind how best she should begin her story, when Ruth who was beginning to become weary of the silence again repeated the question, "Miss Mattox, are you a christian, as Sarah said?"

The tutor took the small hand of her pupil, and lovingly caressed it, "My dear Ruth," she said, "I am pleased and thankful to answer you. Yes, I am a christian, and have had that most wonderful title since I was a little girl even younger than you. Now I want your strict attention, as I am going to tell you a true and beautiful story about a little babe born many years ago."

In her clear well regulated voice she told of the babe born in a manger; his travels to the cross; death, and resurrection. "All His suffering was for you and me, and all mankind, my darling. Yes, He loves dearly the little lambs of His flock. When He was here on earth He called them to Him; took them in His arms and blessed them, saying, 'Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not for of such is the kingdom of heaven' ".

When Katherine finished her story, her pupil's eyes were filled with tears as she said, "Oh, what a lovely story. I have heard something about it before, but didn't understand. I am so glad He loves

children, and I shall love Him and try to be good and please Him." "God grant it", returned Katherine.

Katherine continued well pleased with her position. Her pupil was a subject of rare intelligence for a child, but she saw and heard things daily in the home which pained her. A large sea of worldliness prevailed there, which had never come under her observation before. When she dined with the family at the noon luncheon, she heard no blessing over the food God had so bountifully placed on the table. She noticed also their conversation consisted only of worldly affairs.

Judge Wiley was a moral man, as already mentioned, a lover of home and family. He had many friends in the business world on account of his fairness and honest dealings with his fellowmen. He contributed largely to all charitable institutes, and complimented himself that he had done well in performing his duty in that line. He never attended church. However, he was a pleasant man, and both old and young enjoyed his company; his conversation usually being full of humor. It was said of him that he knew well how to adapt himself to any company and keep his listeners interested.

Mrs. Wiley's popularity in society caused her to leave her sweet little girl to be reared by her tutors

and servants. Her husband, she spared a little of her time, but she must have the proper amount of rest daily to keep looking young and beautiful. She was considered the most beautiful and stylish lady of her set. Such vanity pleased her; she thought it the best in life. How many sleep on without an awakening!

CHAPTER VI.

CUPID FINDS THE MINISTER.

The evening shades were beginning to fall, and the Rev. Blake sat in his study alone. After preparing his sermon for the coming Sabbath morning he felt listless and tired, so leaned back in his seat and gave himself up to revery.

Immediately there came to him these words, "I would like to repay you Mr. Blake". With those words came also a lovely vision of beauty and innocence and stood before him so real that he could almost feel her presence.

"Ah", he murmured, "how sweetly she uttered those words. Sometime in the future not far distant, I hope, she may repeat those same words to me again that I may reply, I want you Violet my favorite of all the flowers that bloom." He thought of the scores of ladies he had met, and of many he had admired, yet his heart remained untouched until associated with Violet Mattox. Her gentleness, lovely manners, and loyal christian fortitude had won his heart, and he vowed ere long that she should know the secret he was guarding.

He recalled the Sunday evening before when the chorister gave her a lovely bouquet of pink and white carnations; he admired it, and she quickly

withdrew the most beautiful one of pure white from the cluster and gave it to him with a blush covering her face. He saw it and was filled with rapture.

He now leaned over his desk and took the little flower from the vase, and kissed it. Later he realized he was humming "When dreams come true." "Why really," he whispered, "I believe I am becoming sentimental", and a smile played over his face. "Yes", he continued "it seems Cupid can strike minister's hearts as well as other folks. I wonder what Uncle James will say when I write him about my love affair. Really, I didn't know I was in love when I was talking to him several months ago, but I think now I was. Dear old soul, I believe it was his wish that it should happen."

Mr. Blake sat on in shadow. One touch of a button would have flooded his room with light; but he preferred the quiet darkness.

He must have fallen asleep. The opening of his study door aroused him, and the light suddenly turned on. Presently a soft hand was placed on his brow, and a voice he loved so well whispered, "Will, my son, are you ill? Tea has been waiting for the last hour."

"No, little mother, I am not ill, I am quite well and happy. You should rebuke your son severely for being so forgetful, and thus keeping you from your tea." He had an impulse just then to tell his

mother what was taking possession of his heart, but decided another time would be better.

He rose, closed and locked his desk; bending placed a kiss on his mother's faded cheek, and passing his arm around her waist they left the room together. They had been pals since first he could remember. His father dying when he was a very small boy, it was she who had tenderly led him into the paths of righteousness; t'was her prayers that had made of him a minister of the Gospel.

"Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old, he will not depart from it."

Mrs. Russell Blake, the mother of William Blake, was a typical southern lady. Her father, the late Squire Richard Henderson, was once a wealthy planter in the lower Mississippi. And it was here that Mrs. Blake was born and reared to young womanhood in a modest christian home. Her father owned and worked a large number of slaves, but after the Civil War, his negroes squandered, unable to get help sufficient to work his plantation, and broken hearted over the ruins of his dear Southland, he died the year after the closing of the war.

Anna Henderson, who is now Mrs. Blake, was then only a girl of sixteen. She had five brothers; she being the only girl, and the youngest, was the idol of the home. Her mother, who was never very strong, after her father's death failed rapidly, and died within

six months of her husband. Her sister from New York who was then living on the Hudson came to the funeral. After much persuasion got her niece to accompany her to her home in the North for the summer, and it was there she met Russell Blake whom she afterwards married. There was born to them only one child, William, and when an infant they gave him to God, praying that he might live and become a minister of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. Mrs. Blake never returned to the South to live any more, but she never forgot her early training, and still loved the Southland, the home of her birth.

CHAPTER VII.

KATHERINE SINGS FOR HER PUPIL.

Katherine rarely ever saw Dr. Wiley only when she took lunch with the family at the noon hour. He then appeared to her as a very cold and reserved man. She noticed he had but very little to say except when asked a question. His brother had a habit of telling humorous jokes when at the table often producing laughter, but Dr. Wiley never joined in the merriment. Surely thought Katherine there must be something terrible on his mind to appear so vividly on his features. One look was enough to convince anyone that Dr. Wiley was a miserable man.

One day after study hours, Ruth said to her governess, "Miss Mattox, you promised to sing for me sometime. We are all alone this afternoon, even Uncle Jack is out; he went motoring with daddy and mother. Come and sing right now please."

"Well, my dear, I must keep my promise, or I will lose the good opinion of my little pupil perhaps. Come I am ready." She rose immediately and they went into the drawing-room together.

She moved across the long room hand in hand with her pupil to the beautiful grand piano. Tingling with anticipation, opened the instrument with

reverent care, took her seat in front of it, and ran her fingers softly over the keys. Turning to her listener she asked, "What shall I sing for you, little one?"

"Oh anything will please me," was the answer.

"Very well, I will sing one of my favorites. I always memorize the songs I like best."

She began her accompaniment softly and smoothly; presently her voice arose clear and sweet as a little bird, penetrating every nook and corner of the entire building:

"Lead kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom
Lead thou me on;
The night is dark and I am far from home;
Lead thou me on;
Keep thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene—one step enough for me."

Dr. Wiley was not out as Ruth thought; he had declined the motor ride for the purpose of getting off some very important mail. After finishing his letters, he picked up a magazine and began to read, suddenly he was startled by the sweetest and most musical voice he had ever heard. He closed his magazine and went in search of the heavenly voice, which drew him on to the drawing-room door, where he stood unobserved with bowed head and listened.

The voice had a magnetic power over him, and held him within its grasp. He kept perfectly still, scarcely breathing lest he should be heard and the charm cease. Who was the possessor of such a voice, he must see; and quietly pulled the curtain apart to behold to his surprise Ruth's governess.

"Oh", he whispered, "it is the little governess. I had no idea she had such a talent". The last note of the singer died away, and he was about to make his retreat, when the artistic voice arose again, and once more he was compelled to stand and listen:

"The Saviour who blessed little children,
And said, 'Let them come to me,'
Took them in His arms, saying gently,
'Of such shall the kingdom be.'

Chorus.

Of such is the heavenly kingdom,
The country of joy and love,
Oh, may we be worthy to enter
The beautiful kingdom above.

All ye who would enter the kingdom,
Will have to be undefiled,
As gentle and humble and trusting,
And pure as a little child."

The singing ceased, the piano was closed, and Dr. Wiley crept softly away. Returning to his room, he took up the magazine and again resumed his

story, but his mind was elsewhere, therefore, he found it uninteresting and threw it back on the table. He arose, lit a cigar, and began to smoke. Just then he was attracted by the sound of a motor car coming up the driveway; he walked over to the window and looked out. He saw his brother and wife returning from their ride. In a few minutes a little figure came out attired in a neat blue coat suit. He saw the footman open the car door, and as Judge Wiley and his wife stepped out, the blue clad figure stepped in, closed the door and again the big motor rolled away. "By jove," said he, "she is pretty as well as gifted. I wonder I took no notice of her before." He looked at the clock; "five o'clock", he murmured, "I suppose she is going to the city to spend the week-end as usual. Bah, why think of her, everything is false." Again the hard cynical expression spread over his face. Turning to his desk he hastily began to write, but every letter written, he tore in shreds and threw into the waste basket. Every moment he became more irritable with himself. It grew dark in the room; finally, he took his hat and cane and went for a stroll over the park, but the vision and voice "Lead kindly Light, Lead thou me on," accompanied him.

On the following Monday while at luncheon, Dr. Wiley kept his eyes fixed on Katherine. By some magnetism which he attributed to her voice, he was drawn to this fair little lady. He took special care

to address her personally. Her words were well chosen in reply, and he learned she had been carefully educated.

Mrs. Wiley noticed the sudden attention of the Doctor towards her child's governess, and it greatly annoyed her. She tried in every possible way to divert his attention elsewhere.

It has now been several weeks since Dr. Wiley had secretly listened to Katherine sing in the drawing-room. He wondered when he would be so fortunate again. On this day Mrs. Wiley had some friends from the city to luncheon, Mrs. Bright and her daughter, Eleen, who had just made her debut at the beginning of the season, and was very much admired in society. Mrs. Wiley was anxious to make a match if possible between this fair damsel and Dr. Wiley.

While all were seated around the board, for a moment there was a lull in the conversation, and Dr. Wiley suddenly said, "Miss Mattox", most assuredly every eye was turned toward the little governess. Katherine looked up to behold the large brown eyes of Dr. Wiley, the hard look gone, and a smile actually flitting over his features. "You sing well, you have a magnificent and artistic voice. I have heard many prima-donnas sing, but your voice excels any I have ever heard, and you accent beautifully. Surely you must have been trained by excellent masters."

Had a thunderbolt fallen from the sky the occupants at the table would not have been more surprised, and none more so than Katherine herself. Was he really speaking to her? She managed to control her composure in a moment, however; and replied in a clear steady voice, "Thank you, Dr. Wiley, my voice culture has been very limited. I have studied quite a good deal myself, however, and hope in time to go under the training of some efficient master. I love to sing; it seems a part of my soul, but I was not aware you had ever heard me."

Again he smiled, "I would leave you mystified if it were not cowardly and unfair. Sometime ago you sang for our little Ruth and thought she comprised your audience, but there was another. Your voice came floating up to my study, and with its peculiar magnetic power drew me until I reached the drawing-room door, where I stood and listened. It seemed to have awakened me from a long sleep. Indeed I have thought of nothing else since. Will you pardon me?"

"Certainly", replied Katherine, "I can't express the real pleasure it gives me to sing for those who appreciate and admire my voice".

"Ah," he returned kindly, "if anyone could fail to appreciate and love such a voice as yours!"

Judge Wiley was the next to speak, "Why have you kept your talent hidden from us Miss Mattox? I am glad indeed to hear you are musical and sing well, it will give us much pleasure to hear you at any time."

Before Katherine had time to reply, Mrs. Wiley spoke with annoyance plainly showing in her face, and contempt in her voice. "Please change this subject to something more interesting, to something all can enjoy. Surely, Miss Mattox, you would not dare to attempt to sing to a cultured audience with an untrained voice. I never care to hear amateurs sing." The look she gave Katherine caused the blood to rush in confusion to her face, and her whole frame to tremble. She knew not what to say, and remained silent with bowed head.

The arrow had struck, perfect quietness prevailed for several minutes.

Dr. Wiley said not another word during the remainder of the meal, and was the first to quietly ask to be excused and withdrew. Later when Katherine went out and entered the hall leading to her room, Dr. Wiley was standing just outside the door as if waiting for her. He turned and walked with her along the corridor; his keen, observant eyes saw the tear drops, which Katherine had bravely tried to conceal from him.

“Miss Mattox”, he said kindly, “you are hurt, and I am the cause of it, but I want to ask you to please forget the very unpleasant remarks at the table. It will amount to nothing and do you no harm. It has considerably lowered her in my estimation. She has only to hear your sweet voice to be convinced that not many masters could improve on it.”

Katherine saw through her tears, not the heretofore stern-faced man, but a man with a face full of tenderness, pity and sympathy.

“Dr. Wiley,” she could scarcely control her voice to speak audibly. He noticed it, and drew nearer with bowed head that he might catch every word. “I appreciate what you say and thank you. Perhaps I should not have noticed the remark made to me. I must get used to the world, and the views the wealthy have of the working class of people. I shall remember in the future I am only Mrs. Wiley’s hired governess and have no right to a place in her drawing-room.”

Dr. Wiley listened attentively, she seemed to charm him as no one else had ever done, not even his lost love. They were now at the door leading into her room; he held out his hand and their hands clasped each other for the first time, and he asked entreatingly, “Can’t you promise me that you will forget as nearly as possible the unpleasantness at the table. I know if you promise you will do so.

Let me impress you, you have a talent of which you should be proud. The world is hungry for a voice like yours; use it to brighten some poor, lonely creature like myself. Now you are going to forget are you not?"

Katherine hesitated for a moment only and as if whispering a prayer she answered, "I will try and forget, and have already forgiven."

As those words fell from her lips, he felt as though he would like to fall at her feet and worship her. What manner of human was she to possess such a sweet forgiving spirit. He had never come in personal contact with just such a creature before.

"Thank you Miss Mattox", he returned, "I see you also possess a very rare and lovely disposition. There is still another request I have to make of you." He was looking her full in the face with deep, sad, yearning eyes, "When will you let me see you again and sing for me?"

"Sometime perhaps, I know not when", she meekly answered.

"And that is something I will not forget," and with that he bowed and walked swiftly away.

Katherine stood at the door just where Dr. Wiley left her as if petrified. What had occurred within

the past hour and a half surged through her brain. She had indeed forgotten Mrs. Wiley's unkindness to her, and was thinking of the deep musical voice of the man who had just been talking to her. He had really asked for permission to see her again, and to sing for him. The man of whom she had been afraid seemed to be passing from her mind, and in his place rose the character to whom she had been talking,—gentle, tender and kind. "Ah", she whispered, "he lives in such a different world from mine. At this very moment perhaps he is conversing with Miss Eleen Bright, one of the belles in the society in which he moves and lives." A sigh escaped her lips as she opened the door and walked into her room.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE DAWNING LIGHT.

On leaving Katherine, Dr. Wiley went into the library instead of to the drawing-room, where sat Mrs. Wiley and her guests awaiting him. She had asked him to assist her in entertaining. "You know Jack the afternoon will seem dull to Eleen to be in company with only married folks, and you could make it very pleasant for her if you would try". He reluctantly promised her his presence; he could not well do otherwise, but the very thought of it was boring to him.

Since luncheon his mind had been badly worried. He regretted exceedingly his sister-in-law's unkind words. And the loyal lady-like way in which Katherine accepted them, made her appear to him a queen among women. He had entirely forgotten his engagement until a messenger was sent for him. He saw no way in which to escape so sauntered forth to the drawing-room, not at all in a very pleasant humor. As he entered Mrs. Wiley said, "Why Jack where have you been? We have a treat in store for us, and have patiently waited for you to come and share it with us. Miss Eleen will now play us some late music, which she learned while at school in

Paris.” He murmured something he scarcely knew what, and Eleen Bright rose and took her seat at the piano. Dr. Wiley walked over and stood beside her; she looked up and gave him her most charming smiles, which revealed her even pearl white teeth. She knew she appeared at her best when smiling, and above all, she desired to make a good and lasting impression upon this handsome and distinguished looking gentleman.

“What shall I play?”, she asked.

“Suppose you give us a favorite of yours,” he replied. At the request of Mrs. Wiley she had brought with her a few copies of her own music, and she began to look them over as if undecided what she should play.

She again looked up and asked, with a tone of irony in her voice, “What did the governess play that charmed you so much?”

“She played and also sang, ‘Lead kindly Light’”, he answered reverently. “Suppose you try it”.

“What an old hymn”, she laughed, “almost as primitive as the governess appears to be herself. I am surprised that you, Dr. Wiley, should admire that style of music. You will have to excuse me, I never trifle my time with that class. I will play for you instead a Sketch in F. Minor, by Robert Schumann.”

Dr. Wiley's face paled and hardened; his hands clenched themselves suddenly at his sides; then with a mighty effort he mastered his imperious temper, leaned forward and turned her music.

After playing several selections void of expression or the artistic touch, he asked her to sing, and in an artificial style she sang "At the Dawning", by Charles Wakefield Cadman. As her shrieking, trembling voice arose, he looked around for some excuse or way of escape; alas, there was no way out, he must like a brave soldier hear the ordeal, and remain on duty to the last.

There had never come to Dr. Wiley a happier moment than when the performer complained of being tired and rose from the piano. He tried the remainder of the afternoon to be courteous, but he was quite sure he made a sad failure.

At the close of the afternoon, Mrs. Wiley took her guests for a short spin in her handsome motor before returning to the city. Katherine from her window saw Dr. Wiley with Eleen Bright leaning on his arm enter the car; "Ah", she whispered, "how handsome they look together; how well suited to each other; both reared in high circles of society, and she, Eleen Bright, I have been told is an heiress and a belle". She sighed and turned from the window as the motor drove out of sight. While Dr. Wiley at the same

moment was wondering if this miserable day would never end.

Mrs. Wiley was not at all satisfied with the day's outcome. Eleen Bright was very wealthy, and the only daughter of one of her dearest friends; a descendant of grand old Ireland's aristocracy. She was both beautiful and fascinating, and for the life of her she could not understand why Dr. Wiley should appear ignorant of her charms, and went through the day as one in a dream. She was quite sure that Eleen and her mother perceived it. "Ah", she mused poutingly, "perhaps it's my governess with whom he is becoming infatuated. I will teach her sooner or later her position and to give her diabolic charms to someone in her own class, and not waste them on a gentleman like Dr. Wiley. The thought is too absurd to require much attention."

On returning from the city, Dr. Wiley went directly to the library with a faint hope that he might find Katherine and her pupil there, but when opening the door saw to his dismay there was no one within, so closed it again softly and went on up to his rooms. His Newfoundland dog who had been asleep on a rug by his door, jumped up in high glee to meet his master. "Towser, old fellow, suppose you and I go for a ramble". The dog wagged his tail as if to answer, "Come on, I am ready."

Dr. Wiley looked at his watch. "It is the dinner hour", he said audibly, "but I shall not be present, as I don't care for any." He lighted his cigar; whistled to Towser, and they disappeared down the road, as the sun sank beyond the western horizon. He felt he must stay out in the fresh air and think. As he walked over the crusty leaves, his mind reverted back over the space of ten years, and a beautiful mountain scenery came before him, and with it a vision of a beautiful young girl in all her maiden attractiveness and charms. Again the old hard look clouded his handsome face as he muttered, "Fair and false, with face and form of an angel and a soul as black as night". He wondered at his blindness and youthful folly. Still another vision came before him; another beautiful girl, but so different from his youthful love; her pure innocent soul seemed to be written in her face. He compared the two; one a courted star of society, a star who delights in driving men to despair and ruin, and laughs at her prey; the other, unknown to society, but a guiding star, who seeks to brighten all those who come near her with the clear light shining from her innocent soul.

"Yes, my little star is awakening me to see myself as I am, just a brute. First, by the most beautiful voice that ever trilled a note. Lead kindly Light, Lead thou me on, anywhere because I know you will lead me in the right paths. Yes, I am determined

to forget the past, and all the horrors connected with it, and be a man." With the saying of those words, Olive Mansfield the once great society belle, and his lost love, passed forever out of his life. The words of Shakespeare came to his mind at that moment and he repeated them,

"To wail friends lost
Is not much so wholesome profitable
As to rejoice at friends but newly found."

"There is Eleen Bright, another artificial light," he mused, "I am glad I have no admiration for such butterflies as she". He thought of the tiresome afternoon spent in her company and shivered as if cold. At that very moment Eleen Bright in her city home was trying to scheme some way to bring the handsome doctor to her feet, where scores of others were already.

The shades of evening had fallen before Dr. Wiley retraced his steps homeward; he was calm and resolute. His little niece heard him enter and ran out to meet him in the hall. "Oh Uncle Jack," she cried, "I have been searching for you all over the place, and you were not at dinner. I couldn't find Towser either, and he was with you. Miss Mattox has the headache and has retired long ago. I have been so lonesome, I didn't know what to do."

“You have been searching for me?” he repeated smiling, and stooping put his arms around the little figure.

“Well”, he said, “I suppose Towser and I will have to give an account of ourselves. We have been for a stroll way out in the forest. Now come, let’s you and Uncle Jack have a chat in the library.” This child was also wending her way into her uncle’s heart, and he was beginning to find much pleasure in her innocent, childish prattle.

After comfortably seating himself, he tenderly put the child on his knee and said, “Now for a good time all to ourselves”. She affectionately put her face against his, and with her wee hand brushed the wavy, dark brown hair from his forehead saying, “Don’t you never, never go back to that horrid England any more. It makes you sad and cross. Now you look like the picture daddy has of you. Please say you will stay with us always”.

Dr. Wiley smiled and kissed her “My own little rosebud,” he said, “do you really love Uncle Jack so well that you want him to stay always? You know always is a very long time.’

“Yes, I know it is a very long time”, she answered, “and I want you to stay a very, very long time”.

“I hope that may be true, my darling”.

Presently she asked, "Uncle, dear, why doesn't mother want to hear Miss Mattox sing?"

The question was unexpected, and he scarcely knew how to answer; finally he asked, "What proof have you, little one, that your mother does not; why do you think that?"

"Well, I asked Miss Mattox to sing for me again today, and she said she was afraid it would annoy mother, and she has been sad all this afternoon. I saw her crying twice."

Instantly he remembered Mrs. Wiley's outburst at luncheon, and bit his lips in vexation while his niece babbled on.

"But mother goes out often, and then we will ask her to sing for us. You know, Uncle Jack, when I become a lady I want to be just like her. Oh, I love her dearly. I want to hear her sing next Sunday."

"And where does Miss Mattox sing Sunday?" he asked much interested.

"She sings—oh, I have forgotten the name of the church but will ask her tomorrow. She said her sister plays the organ at the church where she sings."

"I didn't know she had a sister in the city", he returned somewhat surprised.

"Why Uncle Jack", and the child laughed, "you didn't know she had a sister, and she spends every week-end with her. And her sister's name is like a pretty flower that grows in our garden. Guess her name, uncle".

"Rose," he said smiling.

"No, you can't guess her name; it is Violet, and uncle dear, take me to their church Sunday?"

There was a moment of silence, Dr. Wiley didn't answer her immediately, finally he replied, "Dear one, you have held out to me a great temptation. If there is any inducement that would cause me to attend church it would be to hear your governess sing, but I never go to any church, and will have to ask you to excuse me, and try and prevail on Miss Mattox to sing for us here".

"Oh please take me", she entreated anxiously.

A grim smile passed over Dr. Wiley's face, but he was thinking seriously; he was anxious to hear Miss Mattox sing again; but should he attend church, that which he had left entirely out of his life for many years? Yes, he said to himself decidedly, I will do it; and pressing a kiss on the little eager face said, "Cheer up, my darling, I will take you to church".

"Oh thank you my own precious uncle, you have made me so happy. Now you must not forget", and she held a warning finger toward him as she slipped from his knees. She ran skipping joyously from the room, and fell against her mother standing just outside the door.

"Where is it that you are going on Sunday?" inquired her mother crossly.

“To church in the city with Uncle Jack to hear Miss Mattox sing. Let’s all go mother dear.”

Mrs. Wiley made no reply to her child, but there came over her face a look of contempt as she took her by the hand and went up the broad staircase. Ruth thought her mother was worried, but had no idea that she had caused it, and walked pleasantly by her side.

On entering her room Mrs. Wiley took a seat by the fireside, and placed a footstool at her feet for her child.

“Now Ruth look at me, and pay strict attention to all I have to say to you. I think you are old enough to understand and you must listen and obey me. Miss Mattox is only your governess, hired to teach you, and must not be regarded as our friend. That she attends strictly to her duty I must have, and that is all I will have or expect. She is not, nor never can be in our circle nor equal in social standing. Her world and ours is very different. You are really too young to understand perfectly, yet you must try to understand some of it.”

Ruth was looking up attentively into her mother’s face but the smile that usually played around her little mouth was gone, and a troubled look was spread over her childish face. Her mother paused and she said, “Mother I do not understand you. I love my dear teacher; she is good, kind and beautiful”.

As these words fell from her child's lips her heart grew blacker with more contempt for the governess.

"Ruth, my child, I wish you were older that you might thoroughly understand me. Miss Mattox was born of poor, laboring parents. She was educated for a profession, a teacher, and not to shine in society. Fortunately, I was born differently; you were also, and after awhile I want you to shine as brilliant a star in society as your mother. Within a few years, we will have to deprive ourselves of your company, and send you to some select school for the artistic touches. After finishing college, before making your debut, that is before we introduce you into society, you must spend at least one year abroad with a competent instructor, after which you will enter society. My heart is set on you, my daughter, to become a leading star, even to shine more brilliantly than I have ever done. Is not this a beautiful picture?"

She expected to see the sad face light with pleasure at the visions she was trying to impress on her young mind, but instead tears began to flow down her little cheeks as she said, "Oh please dear mother, I don't want to be that kind of a star, but want to be just like Miss Mattox when I become a lady, and I told uncle so a while ago."

This was rather too much for the vain Mrs. Wiley; her eyes flashed angrily as she rose and stood before her little one. "Hear me, Ruth Wiley," she was

excited and trembling with passion, "I am pained to listen to those words of folly from your lips, and never dare say them in my presence again. I would take as my ideal someone in higher standing than my poor governess. Why don't you want to become like your mother; I think it would suit you far better."

Mrs. Wiley again sat down and Ruth threw her arms lovingly around her neck saying, "My own darling mother, forgive me if I have caused you pain. I want to be like my beautiful mother also."

Without replying Mrs. Wiley unclasped her child's arms, and with the same rigid look stamped on her features said, "Ruth there is something else of which I wish to speak to you, after which my painful interview is over. Who gave you permission to attend church in the city Sunday?"

"I was on my way to ask your permission when I met you," replied the half frightened child.

"But you had already made the arrangement it seems. If Miss Mattox continues to cause me trouble and annoyance I shall be compelled to ask her to resign, and seek for you another governess. It would be right to not allow you to do this, but as you and your uncle have arranged to take this trip I will not interfere and you may go, but it must never be repeated. When I wish you to attend church I will take you. It is now your hour to retire and Sarah

will attend to you. Once more I want to caution you, not to forget what I have said to you, or I will have to punish you severely. You are excused."

CHAPTER IX.

THE LIGHT LEADS ON.

It appeared to Dr. Wiley that Katherine was avoiding him. When at luncheon, if he spoke to her directly, she answered him kindly enough, but she never joined in any conversation, and was the first to excuse herself from the table and go hurriedly to her rooms. This made him very unhappy, and the more she avoided him the more anxious he was to have an opportunity to talk with her.

Sunday morning rolled around, the Sunday he was to take his little niece to church; he was glad he had promised to go. He was very careful in dressing himself that morning, and seemed to be at his best; his dress was faultless; bearing erect, and figure perfect.

Many eyes were turned on Dr. Wiley and his little niece as they were ushered to one of the front pews. He looked neither to the right nor left, but after quietly seating himself fastened his eyes on the choir in front of him. He was evidently looking for one who was not then visible to the audience. After an anthem by the chorus choir, and other church preliminaries had taken place, the large pipe organ was played softly, and a figure came forward from among

the choir and stood at the chancel alone.

Dr. Wiley was almost paralyzed at the picture that rose before him. Katherine was attired as usual very simply, yet he thought he had never seen anyone quite so beautiful. She smiled and her eyes passed rapidly over the entire audience; her music she held open before her until she struck the first clear thrilling notes, after which she closed it, and sang from her own heart into the souls of the people before her. Her face glowed with interest as she held the audience within her power, filling her hearers' hearts with a reverent silence and tenderness of thought.

Never had that audience heard her sing so well. There was such a stillness that one could scarcely think the occupants listening were breathing, as she sang on, "The Plains of Peace".

"Is the way so dark O Wanderer
Is the hill-crest wild and steep
Far so far the vale beyond thee
Where the home lights vigil keep?
Still the goal lies far before thee
Soon will fall on thee the night;
Breast the path that takes thee onward
Fight the storm with all thy might.
Though thy heart be faint and weary
Though thy footsteps fain would cease
Journey onward past the hill-crest
Lie for thee the Plains of Peace."

When the singer ceased it seemed one could almost hear the ripple of applause go over the entire audience. Dr. Wiley was carried off into ecstasy. He had been delighted by her voice in his brother's drawing-room, but it was nothing to compare with her angelic voice this morning.

The young minister rose and after a few remarks, repeated his text from Matt. XI : 28, 29, 30.

“Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart; and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For my yoke is easy and my burden is light.”

The Rev. Blake didn't fail to preach a forcible and powerful sermon from his text. He first got the strict attention of every one present, and he kept them interested. He also possessed a strong personality, which is helpful to all public speakers; a personality inspired by closely communing with God. He held before them two lives; one burdened with sin and the misery that follows; the other with sin lifted and burdens light because Christ was helping to bear them. He kept the picture of the two lives before his audience until one carried itself into eternal destruction and the other into life eternal.

As the minister talked Dr. Wiley's face became deathly pale; he began to see his own wasted life

more than ever; he who had been blessed with many golden opportunities, because of a disappointment had crawled into his cell of misery without God, and without hope. Oh, the burdens were heavy; his wealth and the world brought to him no happiness; he now understood the reason; he had left God entirely out of his life.

After the benediction it seemed to Dr. Wiley only an instant when he was touched gently on the arm, and turning faced the minister who with outstretched hand asked, "This is Dr. Wiley is it not?"

They clasped hands and the minister continued, "We are indeed glad to have your presence with us this morning and want you and the little girl to come again".

"Thank you", returned Dr. Wiley, "I shall certainly come again, as I have enjoyed every moment of the service."

He lingered for a moment longer with the happy anticipation of seeing Katherine and speaking to her, but she had already vanished in the out-going throng.

"She is still avoiding me", he sadly whispered, then aloud to his niece said, "Let's be going, dear one".

On their way home from the city the chauffeur drove by the Common, a beautiful park of eighty-four acres in the heart of the city, and as Dr. Wiley looked

out admiring its grandeur, he saw himself a very small boy in company with his elder brother, father, and mother standing by the Soldiers' and Sailors' Monument when he said to them, "I am going to be a brave soldier some day". He recalled how his handsome father patted him on his head and said, "God grant it, my boy, never be a weakling". Had he been brave? No, no, he had been just what his father asked him not to be "a weakling"; hiding within a bulwark of misery.

CHAPTER X.

DR. WILEY READS THE BIBLE.

On the following Monday, Katherine was in the library looking for a book which contained some points on a subject which she was discussing with her pupil when Dr. Wiley came in rather hurriedly. Seeing her he took off his hat, bowed, and said, "Good morning, Miss Mattox, allow me to congratulate you on the beautiful song you sang so well yesterday. If I hear you sing much more I shall be fully awakened from my morbid dreams to the beauties of reality". Drawing nearer to her he continued, "Will you help me out of this miserable life?"

There immediately came in Katherine's eyes a look of tenderness mixed with sadness as she answered, "Why should you ask help from me, a governess in your brother's home?"

"Because you can help me if you will. Please don't belittle your standard; your position in my brother's home does not make you less valuable in my estimation, nor in the mind of any other true lady or gentleman. With your wonderful talent you can bring happiness to many, which I have come to realize money cannot buy".

Her eyes brightened with sudden pleasure as she replied, "I am glad indeed that you have reached

that realization, Dr. Wiley, and thank you for your estimate of myself; but if you think that I, with only my voice can be influential in making people happy, what could you accomplish with your noted profession, and enormous means. Many in the slums of our cities are dying daily for the need of proper medical attention and nursing. Why not you make the world better and the future generations stronger by aiding those who need you most. God has blessed you with means, use it with your profession to His glory."

He looked gravely into the innocent eyes before him while he slowly answered, "No one has ever said this to me before; you have given me a thought I shall not forget."

The clock struck eleven bells. "Oh", said he, "I have only twenty minutes in which to catch my train, please select something for me to read while riding alone. I have had a call to New York".

She hesitated for a moment and replied, "I have a little book in my room, I would like to have you read, may I get it?"

"Certainly, and it will be very kind of you", he answered.

Katherine ran hurriedly away and thought it strange he had not asked her the name of the volume she wished him to read. She neatly wrapped the little book; then kissed it with a whispered prayer

as the words of Rolesten suddenly came to her mind, "God has given us an opportunity, which we dare not neglect."

When she returned she found Dr. Wiley with traveling grip in hand awaiting her in the hall; she handed him the small parcel and said, "Will you read this until it becomes interesting to you? It may seem dull at first, but if you continue reading it, you will find it the most beautiful and fascinating volume you have ever read."

His face shone with gladness as he answered, "Most assuredly I shall do so. It will be twofold interesting to me because it is yours, and you have selected it for me." At that moment as she stood before him in all her innocence and purity, vastly different from the class with whom he had associated all his life, he felt it the greatest pleasure that had ever come to him to adhere to any wish she might make of him, and find it an easy task, however difficult.

The motor gong sounded. "Au revoir", he said smiling, and ran down the steps.

After comfortably seating himself on the train Dr. Wiley unwrapped the little parcel. He fully expected to find a thrilling detective story, or the biography of some noble man's life, but to his great surprise it was the "Holy Bible". His strong limbs trembled in spite of himself. He had never held a Bible in

his hand before. He looked about to see if anyone was taking any notice of him. "By Jove", he muttered, "folks will evidently take me to be a minister or a Sunday School lecturer".

For a moment his eyes gazed tenderly on the name written in a plain hand on the fly-leaf, "To Miss Katherine Mattox on her sixteenth birthday from her parents." He looked steadily before him as we have often seen men in the business world do trying to solve some great and important proposition.

A sigh escaped his lips as he thought, "How stupid of me not to ask the name of the book." Then a vision of beautiful, pleading eyes came before him as she handed it to him, and the most musical voice he had ever heard said, "Read it until it becomes interesting to you", and he had given her the promise he would. "Yes, I will read it", he finally decided, "and perhaps it will make of me a better man. She awakened me this morning to an awful picture of myself; blessed with health, wealth and luxury; with a fair knowledge of the world, yet perfectly worthless".

These with other thoughts surged through Dr. Wiley's mind as he sat in quiet reverie with the Bible still closed in his hand. Others around him were laughing and talking, but he heard them not. Ah, it is good to reflect on our lives, if we can but see them in their crude state as God sees them; but

how often we close our eyes on self to see the faults in others.

Did the doctor do as he promised? Indeed, we see him with the open Bible as he turns its pages, reading one by one carefully and thoughtfully. If others had found this book interesting and helpful, why not he?

Mrs. Wiley was becoming somewhat anxious concerning Dr. Wiley and the governess. She had noticed a change in the doctor, and his attention to Katherine was alarming to her vain pride. Her keen, sharp eyes had been closely watching; she was afraid there was a deep friendship beginning between them, and decided it an opportune time to interfere while Dr. Wiley was absent. She thought with chagrin of the very elaborate ball she had given the week before in Dr. Wiley's honor for which she had taken special pains, and invited the most prominent and wealthy of the city; among them many beautiful and accomplished ladies. Eleen Bright was considered the belle of the ball, but when her husband asked Dr. Wiley his opinion of Miss Bright he casually answered, "Very beautiful, but that is all I care to express". What did he mean? She was deeply concerned; her plans must be carried out; she was not used to them being annulled. She recalled a remark made by one of the ladies attending the ball with whom her brother-in-law had been dancing, "Dr. Wiley", said she,

“is one of the most graceful dancers in the room, and is as interesting as he is handsome, which is saying quite a great deal.” Mrs. Wiley frowned as she further thought of her object in having this expensive function. She had failed to interest Dr. Wiley in Eleen Bright and blamed Miss Mattox for it. She mentioned this to her husband and told him he should save his brother, to which he replied that Jack was old enough and wise enough to attend to his own affairs.

As she further mused over her disappointment, she at last decided to be bold and take the matter in her own hands and give a private lecture to the governess that very day, and inform her what her position was in that home.

As the hour after luncheon was Katherine’s hour of leisure, Mrs. Wiley said to her as she arose from the table, “Miss Mattox, in about twenty minutes, I would like to see you in my room”.

Accordingly, Katherine entered Mrs. Wiley’s room on the appointed time. Mrs. Wiley was within waiting; half reclining on a silken covered couch by one of the windows. She bade Katherine take a seat close beside her.

“Miss Mattox”, she said, “the subject of which I want to talk to you may not be pleasant at first, but no doubt you will feel like thanking me for it

in years to come. I want to bring before you a few things, of which perhaps you are entirely blameless; as I understand you were reared in a plain country village, where you have heard nothing of classes, and the differences that must exist between the higher and lower circles of society. Your parents educated you, and for that reason I have employed you as instructor for my child, but not as my equal in social standing. Now don't misunderstand me, both my husband and myself are pleased with your services rendered, and wish you to remain. I am only putting you on your guard, and must insist that you be more careful, and not be too friendly with Dr. Wiley."

Katherine felt as these cruel words were hurled at her that every particle of life's blood was leaving her body, but she remained perfectly quiet and attentive while Mrs. Wiley continued.

"Dr. Wiley is not a common man; he is one of wealth, position and fame; he came of a race noted for their strong character and blue blood relationship. Friendship, Miss Mattox, often ripens into love for which you alone would be compelled to suffer. A union between you and him is too absurd to even lose a thought on; such a thing is simply impossible. He could not introduce you to his friends as his wife; furthermore, he would not dare recognize your relations and friends as his. Therefore,

you can see plainly that unhappiness and strife between you and him would evidently be the outcome.

“I think you are a sensible girl and will think well of what I have said. I have not meant to hurt you, or to cause you to be dissatisfied here, I have only tried to make you see things as they really exist. Always remember this, Miss Mattox, that between you and Dr. Wiley stands a mountain; it matters not what your accomplishments are, you can never, never rise to his level; it is not in your blood. Do you understand?”

When Mrs. Wiley finished her lecture, Katherine asked permission to speak. When granted, she began in a calm, well regulated voice, “Mrs. Wiley, I understand you perfectly, but your motive for giving me this painful interview I do not comprehend. You have wasted your time; there is absolutely no need for it. For your information will say, and perhaps this will relieve your mind, there is nothing between Dr. Wiley and myself. He has treated me only with courtesy due me as a lady, and nothing more. You are very much mistaken if you have an idea that I don’t clearly understand my position in this home. I have no desire to arise to the pinnacle on which you think Dr. Wiley stands, I am standing on the Rock Christ Jesus, firm and strong, that will stand the test when his fails. I am also proud of the name

I bear untarnished with guilt. I indeed pity Dr. Wiley from the depth of my heart, as I pity you, and every other human being who has forgotten there is a God, who gave His only Son to suffer and die for them on dark Calvary. Such beings lose the real happiness in this life and hope for life eternal; wealth cannot buy it, neither having blue blood in one's veins; it is free through the atoning blood of Jesus. It is obtained simply for the asking."

Mrs. Wiley was surprised that Katherine should reply to her in this way, and her sermon made her feel uncomfortable. She was partly inclined to feel sorry she had said so much, but eased her conscience by saying, "It had to be done, it was her duty, as his brother would not interfere, to save Dr. Wiley".

Katherine returned to her duties, a stronger and better christian for holding up the banner of her Lord under unfavorable circumstances.

CHAPTER XI.

DR. WILEY FINDS LIGHT.

“And the vision of my past follies,
Is an awful thing to face
Alone with my conscience sitting,
In this solemnly silent place.”

Dr. Wiley remained in New York City for over a month, and during that time every spare moment was spent by him reading the Word. He found it to be exactly as the fair little owner had told him, not interesting at first, but as he continued reading, glimpses of the divine truths flashed clearly before his clouded mind; he was gradually becoming interested, yet with more of a feeling of self condemnation. His conscience lashed him severely, his nights were often restless and sleepless. “The way”, he cried in the stillness of the night, “will I ever find the way?”

“Lead Kindly Light Amid the Encircling Gloom,
Lead Thou Me On”.

Dr. Wiley returned to his brother's on Saturday afternoon. He found there to his dismay Elen Bright, her mother, and others of Mrs. Wiley's friends from the city present at dinner. He was tired, and the sight of this gay crowd made him more irritable and miserable. He could scarcely

appear civil to Eleen who sat beside him at the table, and asked what he thought, silly questions concerning the society of the city from which he had just come. Her conversation failed to have any interest, and her coquettish smiles no charms for him.

While at the table, Mrs. Wiley looked over at her brother-in-law and Eleen, who apparently were conversing pleasantly and smiled with satisfaction. Presently she said, "Jack, we are planning a joy-ride for to-night, and we want you to number one of the party".

Dr. Wiley's face turned a shade paler as this was presented to him; it was fully a moment before he replied. "You will please excuse me sister", he finally said firmly, "I have been taxed strenuously for the past month, and feel jaded for the need of rest; in such a condition I am sure my company could not add to the pleasure of anyone".

Mrs. Wiley frowned, and bit her lips in vexation, as she realized her plans had again been broken.

On retiring that night, Dr. Wiley fully intended to attend church next morning, which thought was very soothing to his troubled nerves; but unfortunately overslept; it being almost the noon hour before he awoke. He was disappointed, but calmed himself by thinking of the evening service, when he hoped to be in time.

After lunch he went into the library, and as he entered Billie, the page boy, came in and handed him

the morning newspaper; hurriedly he looked it over; folded and laid it aside; took from his pocket a little book; leaned back in his chair, with an expression of gentle patience, and began to read earnestly.

Mrs. Wiley softly opened the library door, and seeing her brother-in-law there, for whom she had been looking entered. Going over to him, she laid her hand gently on his arm and smilingly asked, "Brother, what are you reading that seems so interesting this morning?"

He looked up pleasantly and answered, "I am reading the most wonderful book that ever was written"; he held it before her.

"The Bible!" she gasped in surprise and astonishment, "you reading the Bible?" "Ah", said she with contempt in her voice, "she is trying to make a saint out of you like herself, is she not?" He did not answer; she laughed nervously, "Miss Mattox, is she not a saint?"

Dr. Wiley looked at her as if he thought she had suddenly become insane, and replied calmly, "Louise, I don't like the way in which you speak of Miss Mattox; she is the most perfect lady I have ever met and beyond criticism."

"Ah", she returned mockingly, "what is it that makes her so perfect? I will see that her stay in my home is of short duration if she continues with her

diabolic charms to upset my plans, by her primeval ways and customs. I have tried to make her know her place in my home; in this also I have failed. And for this country snob, Jack Wiley, you have treated my guest scarcely with politeness."

He tried to control himself before replying, "Louise, surely you know not what you are saying. I do not wish to hear anything more on this subject. Perhaps some future day you will like to recall the unkind words you have spoken".

Turning from her he resumed his reading, as if anxious to get rid of her unpleasant company.

Mrs. Wiley went to the door, opened it, looked back and said, "Jack Wiley, be careful with this new love affair. Remember ten years ago; you may be caught in another trap as you were then. You thought she, too, was perfect, look out, this will be far worse than the first, if she leads you as far as matrimony." As she closed the door, she laughed hysterically, feeling confident that her last bitter words would sting and they did.

He heard her retreating steps and closed his book, walked over to the east window, and looked out. The bleak winds were blowing, but the sun was shining brightly. He stood gazing out. He had thought of trying to become a better man, and here he was tempted to bitter indignation; yes, he was really

angry with his sister-in-law who had spoken such unkind words against her whom he cherished above all women. He thought with bitterness of her last remarks concerning years past. "Ah", he murmured, "a pure white lily cannot be compared with a cruel thorn".

The last bell had ceased ringing and the opening hymn was being sung when Dr. Wiley walked in church and was ushered to a seat, almost directly in the same pew where he sat when there with his little niece. The congregation was on its feet; he remained standing throughout the hymn. Katherine looking down from the choir saw him, their eyes met; her voice faltered.

The minister rose after prayer and read carefully and prayerfully this text:

"Behold I stand at the door and knock; if any man will hear My voice and open the door I will come in and sup with him and he with Me." Rev. 3 :20.

He went into this sermon with all his soul; he drew vivid pictures of the Master as He meekly stood day after day, patient and merciful knocking at the door of sinners' hearts. Anxious and willing to enter and bring to each individual happiness, peace and comfort, which otherwise one can never have, yet many intelligent men and women not only shut, but bolt the doors of their hearts for fear the Master would

enter. "The worst of all", he cried, "a life who shuts Christ out will have everlasting misery throughout all eternity. The Word of God proves it".

After the sermon Dr. Blake sat down and Katherine rose with a look of almost the Divine stamped upon her fair brow; and with her well articulated voice which every one loved to hear so well, sang sweetly and prayerfully:

"A stranger stands outside the door
 And longs thy guest to be;
 He knows thy name, for o'er and o'er
 He softly calls to thee;
 His hands are pierced, His brow is torn,
 His face is sad but sweet—
 It is the Lord of Paradise;
 Arise thy Saviour greet.

CHORUS.

He was wounded for thy transgressions
 He was bruised for thy sin;
 Yet He stands at thy heart's door pleading
 Why, O why not let Him in."

When she ceased singing the minister again rose and said, "My soul has been exceedingly burdened today for those who are under the weight of sin. If there is such a person present who would like Jesus to be your guest, I kindly and urgently invite you to come forward and kneel with me at this altar during

prayer. Come", he implored, "do not bar the heart's door longer. While Jesus is a patient, merciful Lord He will not abide with you always; sometime He will turn away forever."

When he ceased speaking several went forward, among them the distinguished Dr. Wiley, and bowed humbly with the others.

After an earnest prayer by the minister, one by one silently rose and returned to their pew, with the exception of Dr. Wiley, who rose and asked permission to speak; it being granted, he turned and faced the audience and began to talk slowly and distinctly. "My friends, when one gets a rare and priceless gift they want to tell others about it. I have received one tonight more precious than rubies or gold. I have taken Jesus into my heart; He has given me light. I have been a hard sinner; I never attended church; I plunged among the fast set; spent money in the pursuit of happiness and contentment. In this I was disappointed; became more miserable every day. My heart's door was not only closed, but bolted; I didn't believe in God. This light that has come to my soul was through this little book which I now hold in my hand, the Bible." He held it up. "This book was placed in my hand by a christian lady, one of God's bright stars; she bade

me read it until it became interesting. I did this, and it led me to Christ, where awakened I find myself a saved, happy man. May I ask each one of you to read this book; if you do not find it interesting, read it until it does become interesting."

"God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform".

Perhaps no man's influence in that great congregation, consisting mostly of wealthy people, would have been felt more than Dr. Wiley's. Being a rich man, well known to most of them personally and professionally, when he was talking a sea of magnetism seem to sweep over the entire audience. When he ceased speaking scores of people all over the building rose tearfully and asked for prayers.

After services, Katherine and Violet came down the aisle in passing out. Dr. Wiley saw them, and turned from the crowd which had gathered about him to speak to Katherine; she held out her hand and said, speaking very low, "Dr. Wiley I congratulate you". He took the small gloved hand gladly and held it for a moment while he replied pleasantly, "Miss Mattox, you are the instrument God used in leading me to Him. I wish I could find the proper words with which to express my appreciation to you, but that is impossible".

“Dr. Wiley, this is my twin sister, Violet”, touching her sister who stood beside her.

“Ah”, said he pleasantly, “I have been seeking this opportunity.” Then speaking directly to Violet, “You favor your sister so perfectly I would have known you anywhere”.

CHAPTER XII.

THE STORY AND PROPOSAL.

On Monday morning Dr. Wiley accompanied his brother to the city. He was jolly and full of life. Presently he said, "Harry, how would you like for me to remain here permanently and resume my former practice?"

"Oh, Jack", returned his brother, "there is nothing would please me better. I intended to mention this to you today. And all of your friends are anxious for you to do this. I am glad you have forgotten the past."

"Yes, Harry, I have been a foolish man. I was grieving over nothing; I was asleep and didn't know what was the matter with me, but I was fully awakened last night; today finds me a changed, happy man."

Judge Wiley looked at him too bewildered to speak for fully a second, then he said, "Jack, I do not comprehend about the awakening of which you speak, however, I do believe something has happened to you; your face bears the imprint of happiness".

Dr. Wiley smiled, "Of course you don't understand now", said he, "but I hope you will at an early date; I am anxious about you, Harry; you are a good man

as far as morality goes, but there is something else; you are not a christian. Here, take this little book and read it; study it carefully; be guided by its precepts, and you too will be awakened and understand”.

As Judge Wiley caught sight of the Bible in Dr. Wiley's hand he drew back in surprise. “You with a Bible? Well you may read it; I have no time for such primitive rubbish. If I am contented with my mode of living why should others worry?”

He saw his words had caused pain and hastened to say more kindly, “I thank you, Jack, for your advice, but sorry we can't see the same. After awhile perhaps it will be different.”

“Then you refuse to read it?”

“I positively do”, Judge Wiley answered with decision.

Dr. Wiley sighed and replaced the Bible in his pocket.

As they drew up in front of Judge Wiley's office, he said, “Jack, you are coming in a while, are you not?”

“No, brother,” he answered, “I have business that calls me elsewhere in the city this morning”.

It was noon when Dr. Wiley returned home; he met his niece and dog coming down the steps. “Where are you going?” he asked.

“To meet you, dear uncle; it is the luncheon hour and you are almost late. Mother has gone to the city to spend the day with friends; Daddy has just sent a message he will not be here until dinner, and I was afraid you wouldn’t get here in time also.”

He stooped and kissed her as he asked, “My darling would you have missed me?”

“Of course I would; I always miss you when you go out”, she replied with love beaming from her large, brown eyes.

Dr. Wiley smiled, took her by the hand and ran up the broad, stone steps, the dog following.

After a well served luncheon which all seemed to enjoy, Ruth went out with Sarah for her hour’s recreation. As they rose from the table Dr. Wiley turned to Katherine and said, “Miss Mattox come to the drawing-room and sing for me. It is your leisure time.”

She hesitated. “Oh never mind what she said, the coast is clear. Please come,” he entreated.

Without saying a word Katherine walked on by his side, and he never for a moment took his eyes from her face.

“What shall I sing?” she asked seating herself at the piano.

"Lead Kindly Light," he answered. "I want you to sing it just as you did the first time I ever heard you sing. I shall always love that dear old hymn".

"It is one of my favorites, also," she returned; "I liked it so much I spent many tedious hours trying to set music for an accompaniment to it before I got one to please me."

"I didn't know it was your own setting!" he replied, pleasantly surprised. "It makes it more than two-fold dear to me."

She immediately laid her hands upon the keys, and suddenly the room was filled with her voice, clear, sweet and melodious.

Dr. Wiley stood by her side; he looked for a moment in admiration at the white, slim fingers which played the accompaniment so skillfully, then lifted his eyes and feasted them upon the beautiful, saintly face of her who was singing for him alone until the music stopped and she ceased singing.

"Miss Mattox," he said, "you have made me very happy. There has been no other voice that has pleased me like yours; but time is passing, I want to tell you a story, will you listen to it?"

She glanced at the tiny watch on her wrist and softly answered, "Yes, if you will be brief; I have a little spare time yet."

"Come," he said, "let's take a seat over by the window", and tenderly took her hand and led her there.

As they seated themselves, she gently withdrew her hand from his, and with her deep blue eyes looked up into his earnest face.

“I hope”, said he, “that you will bear with me, while I relate the first part of this story, which is very painful to me, because the reckless youth was myself.”

He told her in as few words as possible of his boyhood days; his years in college; his graduation with honor; the bright prosperous life that looked to be his; his first practice as a young physician, and large patronage. He then hesitated, as if what he had to say was unpleasant, but turning from her innocent eyes he hurriedly continued. He began with his visit to Asheville, North Carolina; the girl he met there and thought he loved; their engagement; her unfaithfulness to him; their broken engagement, and afterward his narrow skeptical life until he heard her sing.

She listened to his deep, low voice, full of sympathy and tenderness for him. He paused; turned and looked her frankly in the face and said, “Miss Katherine”. She noticed it was the first time she had heard him address her thus. “You have saved me. I began from the first time I listened to your angelic voice to behold my worthless self. Little by little, I caught the rays of sunshine you daily sent out from

your innocent soul. You were the first one to put the Bible in my hand. My youthful love of which I have just told you reminds me of a cruel thorn; you remind me of a pure white lily. Dearest, now that I have told you my past life, I want to tell you something else. I feel unworthy to ask you for this, but I dare not keep my secret longer; I want your love; yourself to complete my happiness in this life; I need you to help me to stand firm and true. I never knew what true love was before. Queen of my heart, make me the happiest man on earth by promising to marry me at an early date. I cannot live without you”.

He again took her little hand as if to press it to his lips, but she again quickly withdrew it, and the eyes that now looked into his were suddenly filled with pain as she replied in a very low voice, “Dr. Wiley, I can never become your wife. Why have you asked? Do you realize the difference between you and me? My parents were poor; they worked hard, even sacrificing their health, to procure means sufficient to educate sister and me. It is our desire to take care of them now, and try as far as possible to make their declining days easier. I have prayed for you daily, I thought you were not happy. In fact I knew you were not, because no one is, who has left God out of their life. But listen, Dr. Wiley, you were reared in wealth, your friends, your associ-

ates, and relatives are different from mine. You know nothing of the life in which I live; I know but little of yours. A union between us, would perhaps bring unhappiness to both. Your brother's wife, and perhaps your brother, would treat the very thought with contempt. Marry one of your own class; one whom you will not be ashamed to introduce as your wife in the circle in which you have always lived. I appreciate what you have said to me; I believe you are sincere."

While Katherine was talking, now and then a spasm of pain seemed to pass over Dr. Wiley's calm features. He now rose and stood in front of her.

"Miss Katherine", he said gravely, "I fear you have a wrong conception of circles and classes. You view it evidently from the standpoint of society. What makes a true man or woman, is it not character? The reason I love you and have asked you to share my life is your beautiful, pure character which I admired from the beginning. You say your birth was more humble than mine; admitting that it was, many born in a palace amid luxury and wealth are not worthy even to touch the hem of your garment. I was not until you lifted me. What do you think counts with God, social standing or character? Your elevation is much higher than mine in the sight of God. You have been good and pure all your life;

I have just begun. You have no scars in your past life; mine is full of dreadful ones. Ah, you are a queen in my sight, and why should not a queen rule over my home? I will only be too proud to introduce you to my friends as my wife, and feel that you are an honor to me. Your friends and relatives shall be mine also. My brother married in his own circle, a butterfly; an heiress and a belle, but what has he? What I have mentioned is all. It takes something more to satisfy the human heart. Now what is your decision?"

She rose, and in her eyes came a look of tender sadness; a vision of an afternoon not many weeks past came before her, when she sat in the presence of a society woman, his brother's wife, and heard these words fall from her lips, "Always remember this, Miss Mattox, that between you and Dr. Wiley stands a mountain; it matters not what your accomplishments are, you can never, never rise to his level." As she thought of this she became sick at heart and answered, "Dr. Wiley, it is needless to talk further on this subject which is painful to me. I can never, never be your wife".

"Don't", he implored. "Please do not say 'never', Miss Mattox", he lowered his voice to almost a whisper, "unless you love someone else".

"I do not", she answered firmly, and looked him frankly in the eyes.

Quickly he laid his hand on her shoulder. "Pardon me", he asked, "but I should know, do you love me?"

She was not prepared for that question; it startled her. She knew she loved him, since the day he walked beside her along the corridor leading to her room, yet that must remain her secret. She dare not look longer into the passionate, pleading face, so turning from him, remained silent.

Again he asked, "Miss Katherine, answer me, please; it is only fair that I learn the truth. Don't be afraid you will hurt me. You should answer either yes or no".

She looked up; their eyes met, and before she was conscious of what she was saying, she had given him the secret she intended to guard until death, in a whisper, "Yes, I love you".

His keen ears caught her faint words, and a smile passed over his handsome face. "Thank you dearest," he said, "you have made life worth living by revealing to me your heart in those whispered words. Now your only excuse for not marrying me is our difference in birth and degree in society. Don't you think your excuse is slender when the happiness of two lives is at stake? Think over this seriously. I cannot give you up, especially since learning from your dear lips that my love is returned. My intention

is to resume my former practice here; solely to help the unfortunate; that class of people who suffer daily for the need of medical attention. My object is not to earn more money, but to be of service to God. I have just started in this work for the Master; I shall need my guiding star to help me. Do you understand?"

"I think I fully understand you, and am sure you are embarking on a noble christian mission. The harvest needs many such volunteer workers, and you have my prayers, but I can never marry you".

"I asked you not to repeat those cruel words again", he returned sadly, "why not say you will decide later, and at least hold out to me one small ray of hope?"

Her sympathetic heart was touched with pity as she saw the sadness in his eyes, and she answered, "Very well, but while you are waiting for a decision, try and forget me."

"Forget you", he returned excitedly, "you just as well ask the mighty ocean to cease to roll, or the sky to fall, as to ask me to do that; while I live I shall love you. I shall try and be patient for my answer; knowing that you love me will be much comfort while I wait."

They left the drawing-room together; she turned to leave him at the entrance to the study; he drew near and whispered, "Think well before you give me

a decided answer. I repeat there are two lives whose future happiness depends upon it."

She smiled faintly, but made him no reply; turning wearily from him as if in deep despair, they parted in silence.

Dr. Wiley went to his room and paced the floor. "Ah", he mused, "I must get that false notion out of her head that we are not equal. She says she loves me". Gladness shone for a moment on his countenance, mixed with determination, "And I will break down every barrier that stands in the way. She shall be my wife. I am not worthy of such a priceless gem, no man is; but I shall spend my life, yes my life's blood, if needed, trying to be".

CHAPTER XIII.

MRS. WILEY IS ILL.

It was Saturday evening; Katherine sat in a great chair before the fire in her sister's room at Prof. Clay's in the city. She was staring into the grate of burning coals; her eyes scarcely moving.

The room was softly lighted; a large bouquet of white carnations and maiden-hair fern stood in a vase on a table nearby, the odor of which filled her heart with hopeless despair. She held in her hand a plain little card which she had taken from the cluster when handed her by the boy, bearing only one word, "Jack", written in a large masculine hand.

Violet entered; walked over to the solitary figure; stooped and pressed a kiss on the sad lips.

"Kitty dear", said she, "do you know it is eleven o'clock, and you have been dreaming for the past two hours? I left that you might enjoy your reverie alone. I have been thinking of what you told me; I wish I could help you make a definite decision, but I dare not try; you should settle this between yourself and God only".

"I have already made the decision, sister", replied Katherine rising and trying to force a smile, "I made it immediately when he proposed to me, it was then as it is now, I can never become Dr. Wiley's wife".

“But Kitty”, returned Violet seriously, “apparently the decision you made has’nt brought happiness to either of you”.

“Sister, the more I reflect on the subject, the more unhappy I become; I have prayed over it, still I am no further enlightened; I can see only the letters that spell ‘impossible’ ”. She walked to the table, took the flowers from the vase, held them caressingly to her face and murmured, “Oh that this lovely bouquet would last forever, but alas, it will die”.

“Oh how it grieves me,” said Violet, “to hear those sad tones, which used to ring as clear and glad as any flute.”

Katherine quickly replaced the bouquet, ran to her sister, and clasped her in her arms saying, “Dearest, do not let my silly actions grieve you. This trouble of mine is a very simple thing, and I shall get bravely over it. Come let’s retire and dream we were children again running over the fields at home, hunting the four leaf clover.”

Katherine, on her way out to the Wiley’s home Monday morning was informed by the chauffeur that Mrs. Wiley was quite ill; taken suddenly with a high fever Saturday evening, and had since been unconscious. She found on entering the home a perfect stillness within; servants were treading softly as they passed about attending to their duties.

She met Judge Wiley as she turned the corridor and stopped and inquired about his wife's illness. His face was grave, and showed signs of a sleepless night.

"She is very, very ill", he informed her with a shake of his head, "but Jack will give her the very best medical attention, and I have procured a very efficient nurse from the St. Elizabeth Hospital, where she bears a splendid reputation, and we can only hope for the best." He passed on and Katherine went on her way to the study. Finding Ruth already within, she began her day's duties.

Mrs. Wiley for weeks hovered between life and death, with a severe case of typhoid fever. Dr. Wiley put his skill as a physician to the test, scarcely ever leaving the house. During that time Katherine rarely saw him, but he had her prayers and sympathy.

On a certain day she was summoned to his study; she went immediately. When she entered Dr. Wiley rose and placed a comfortable chair for her. He smiled as he spoke, but she noticed he was pale and worn. He drew his chair near hers and said, "Miss Katherine, excuse me for asking you here, but I could not let another day pass without a few words with you. I have had a hard proposition with which to deal; the case being very complicated. You know what has cheered me during all the weeks I have been

under this terrible strain? It was a few words spoken by you, 'Yes, I love you'. They were the sweetest words ever said to me, being spoken by one I love better than my life."

He looked in her face for a moment in silence, and under his gaze it suddenly turned crimson. She said not a word, but he read in her beautiful, saintly expression that his ardent love was returned.

He was happy. Going over to his desk he unlocked one of its drawers, and took from it a small velvet box, saying as he did so, "Dearest, I have something which belongs to you here". He touched a spring and the box opened to reveal a most beautiful diamond ring. He took it from its wee cushion and held it toward her with lovelight shining from his dark brown eyes. "Allow me", he said, "to put this on your dear finger and let this be the sign that you have decided to become my wife. You were made for me, why delay the answer?"

Instantly, she drew back and turned deathly pale as she replied in a pained voice, "No, Dr. Wiley, I cannot wear it, for I dare not marry you".

He sighed, and turning from her, replaced the costly jewel within its nest, then again facing her he said, "My little star, there are some ideas in your head I wish that I knew the way to obliterate; you

will later understand, I am sure, in the meantime I will try and be patient”.

“I have told you,” she said, “to try and forget me; it’s far better you should”.

Their eyes met; he asked her calmly, “And how is it with you, have you forgotten?”

She hesitated, then faintly whispered, “No, I have not forgotten”.

“Neither shall I forget, if I never obtain the prize”, he answered firmly.

The clock in the hall chimed five; they both rose; he took her hand in parting and held it for a moment while he said, “We are expecting the crisis to-night, either for the better or worse, will you pray for us?”

“Certainly”, she replied, “I have been already praying”.

“I believe it”, he said, and he thought at that moment how much he would like to have her constantly by his side. Her presence was inspiring to him; he was never really satisfied when away from her.

“It is the secret sympathy,
The silver link, the silver tie,
Which heart to heart, and mind to mind
In body and in soul can bind”.

SCOTT.

CHAPTER XIV.

PASSED THE CRISIS.

Spring was now beginning to draw near; the little birds seemed to realize it this morning, for they sang so sweetly as they flew among the grand old elm trees which grew near Judge Wiley's residence.

Quite early in the morning before Katherine left her room a message came to her stating that Mrs. Wiley had passed the crisis successfully and was supposed to be on the road to recovery.

This governess, whom the sick woman had placed so far beneath her socially, as the glad news was related to her, whispered a prayer in thanksgiving to God.

She looked out of the window. The sun was shining brightly. Anxious to get out into the fresh morning air, she put a light cape around her shoulders; went down the broad stairway, and out on the veranda before she partook of her breakfast.

As she walked out, she smelled the perfume of a cigar. Looking out under the trees nearby she saw Dr. Wiley sitting in one of the rustic chairs smoking. He saw her, threw his cigar away, and came forward smiling, "Good morning, Miss Katherine", he said, "I was just thinking of you", and with a twinkle in

his eye repeated an old adage, "Think of angels and you will soon hear the rustle of their wings".

Katherine smiled, "I thank you," she replied, "it sounds very beautiful, if one were only worthy of such angelic thoughts."

She moved on toward the door as if to return within, and he said, "Please don't go within just now, let's enjoy the fresh air and sunlight for a moment." He came up beside her and turning they walked together to the farther end of the veranda and sat down.

"I rejoice with you in your success", she said, "I am sure your brother must feel grateful to you for the loyalty and care you have shown in attending his wife all the many weeks she has been ill".

"I only did my duty", he returned, "it was your faithful praying more than my medical attention that has brought about such good results."

She smiled, and quoted James 2:20, "But wilt thou know O vain man, that faith without works is dead?"

"That is true", he replied, "it takes both, I believe. When we do all we can, or all we know what to do, God will do the rest, if we but trust Him. Is that the idea?"

"You have struck the right key", she answered, "we must work as well as pray; they go hand in hand. We can't truly love God, and remain in idle-

ness. There is a beautiful thought in Gal. 6:9, "And let us not be weary in well doing, for in due season we shall reap if we faint not".

"Very beautiful", he agreed.

He touched her hand lightly which lay upon the arm of her chair next to him and said, "Miss Katherine, why do you keep me waiting, will you not consent to wear the ring now? To see it in its rightful place on your finger would make me happier than I can express.

How happy she thought, would be her life, with this noble man who sat beside her, as her companion. She was on the eve of yielding when her humble home came in a vision before her, and with it the cruel words of Mrs. Wiley, "Be not too friendly with Dr. Wiley, a union between you is impossible".

"Of what are you thinking, why do you look so sad?" he inquired in a whisper.

She looked at him a moment in silence; sighed and answered, "Dr. Wiley, once again I must refuse to wear the ring of the man I shall never marry. It seems hard that we have met and loved when so much is in the way. I cannot remain here, I must leave and try and forget you; also I ask that you forget me, and love and marry in the world to which you belong".

She had intended to say still more on this subject, but unbidden tears filled her eyes, and her tongue refused to make a sound.

“I had much rather just go on loving you”, he kindly said, “than love and marry any princess in all the world. You are my ideal; I shall not find another. May I beg of you once again not to repeat that you will never marry me. I can’t bear to think that way, even though it falls so often from your dear lips. I will try and be satisfied for a while at least, realizing that you love me. But hear me, you must not think of leaving this home, the one light here would be extinguished without your presence. We can’t possibly do without you”.

He paused for a moment, “Come to the conservatory”, he entreated, “a rare flower is in bloom there, if you would like to see it.”

“Indeed I would”, she answered, “I am passionately fond of flowers”.

They rose; he took her shapely hand and pressed it to his lips for the first time; then gently drew it through his arm as if afraid she would vanish forever from him. Crossing the broad veranda they entered the sunny conservatory.

CHAPTER XV.

MRS. WILEY'S CONVERSION.

Mrs. Wiley's convalescence was rather slow, yet it could be perceived she was growing a wee bit stronger each day.

This morning she awoke much brighter and stronger. It was the first time since her illness she had noticed the flowers tastefully arranged about her room. The day nurse had just entered when she called to her, "Miss Barclay, did all these flowers come out of my conservatory?"

"Not all of them", she answered, "many were sent you by friends".

"Did many of my friends call to see me?" she further inquired.

"Yes, quite a number", the nurse answered, "but you have been too ill to allow their presence in the sick chamber."

Mrs. Wiley sighed and murmured, "Ah, I pity them as I pity myself".

The nurse was mystified by the murmured words of her patient, yet she dare not ask for an explanation.

After Mrs. Wiley had partaken of her light nourishment, she asked for her child.

Ruth was overjoyed to see her mother getting stronger; the first time in many weeks she had been permitted an entrance into her mother's bed chamber, and with a cry sprang forward and hid her face on her bosom.

Mrs. Wiley softly stroked the silken hair, whispering, "My darling, my dear little girl, did you want mother to get well?"

"Yes, mother dear, I prayed for you to get well. Did you know I could pray?"

"No, my darling, who taught you?"

"Miss Mattox", the child answered, gazing into her mother's pale face with a bewildered mind. She had never known her to use such endearing words when talking to her before, and she wondered what it meant.

"Dear Miss Mattox", she heard her mother faintly whisper, then aloud, "Ruth dearest, you may go now, and tell your governess to come to me at once if possible".

Ruth did as she was bidden. In a few minutes Katherine was standing once more in the presence of Mrs. Wiley, alone. She drew back in astonishment as she beheld the pale, wasted face, unlike the beautiful woman who only a short while before, demanded her presence within this same chamber.

As Katherine approached the bedside a smile passed over the face of the sick woman. She held out her hand and said, "Miss Mattox, you have really come to me at last. I have wanted you for a long time, but couldn't tell them about it. First, I want to ask you to forgive me. I have been a wicked and selfish woman, and said many unkind things about you that were untrue. I would have discharged you had it not been so much trouble to secure another competent governess for my child. My suffering has caused me to see things differently, and I want to hear you say you will forgive me."

Her voice was so weak that Katherine had to hold her ear very close to catch her faltering words.

"My dear Mrs. Wiley, please do not exhaust your strength. If you have said unpleasant things concerning me you are freely forgiven," and the once despised governess kissed the shriveled hand she was holding.

"I think", burst out Mrs. Wiley in tears, "that you are the best woman in the world, and I wish, yes I do wish, that you would tell me how to become a christian. If I get well I want to be useful to the world, as you are".

"Dear Mrs. Wiley, replied Katherine soothingly, "calm yourself, you should be careful under the circumstances, or you may have a relapse".

Heeding not Katherine's cautious words, she con-

tinued pleading, "The way, please tell me the way".

Katherine still holding her hand, knelt by her bedside, and leaning over whispered these words into the inválid's ear:

"The way is so simple that even a child can understand. You have to be willing to give up sin; ask Jesus to come into your heart, and make you His child. He is anxious, willing and able to cleanse and purify your soul."

"For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life."

"Yes, He is glad to welcome home the vilest sinner, will you trust Him?"

"I will", she immediately answered, a light breaking over her face as she whispered, "Oh what a beautiful awakening; happiness rests me; all is well".

Tears of joy rushed down Katherine's cheeks as she left the chamber. The mission she was called on to perform had been a pleasant task. One soul had been born into the Kingdom, a soul that belonged to the high circles of society, and God had used her, Katherine Mattox, a plain governess in this home of wealth to guide this rich woman into His harbor.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE REV. BLAKE PROPOSES.

It seemed to Katherine that Dr. Wiley had intentionally avoided her since the day she refused his proposal for the third time. The thought made her feel very unhappy. Somehow she could not forget the honest, brown eyes that looked into her own so earnestly and frankly, when telling her of his love.

Another week-end has rolled around and Katherine is once more at Prof. Clay's awaiting the return of her sister, who was out when she arrived.

She didn't have to wait long, however, before Violet came in smiling. "Sister mine", she cried joyously, "you are already here in the music room of course, where else could I expect to find you but among piles of music?"

"Where have you been?" asked Katherine.

"I have been shopping", she answered, "and intended to get back before you came, but I met a friend; he walked home with me, and had so much to say we walked rather slowly".

"Who was your friend?" further inquired Katherine.

"The minister, Dr. Blake", she answered, blushing crimson, "and I have something to tell you Kitty, dear".

"Something to tell me?" repeated Katherine. "It must be something interesting, judging by your radiant expression. I am indeed anxious to hear it."

Violet, still smiling, said, "Let's retreat to my own little nest, where I can talk with you more freely".

When comfortably seated in Violet's room she began her story thus:

"Well, Kitty, the Rev. Blake, while walking home with me this afternoon, proposed. I was very much surprised indeed, but it has made me very happy. I feel sure now that I have loved him since I first met him last summer in our Virginia home. He says he is sure that was the beginning of his love for me."

"Did you accept him?" asked Katherine earnestly.

"Oh yes, I accepted him. Of course I bade him ask for dad's and mother's consent. I feel, however, they will approve of the union; if you remember, they seemed to like him quite well last summer. They should feel grateful to him for the assistance he has rendered you and me.

Katherine smilingly arose; put her arms around her sister's neck; bending, placed a kiss of affection upon her lips, and said, "My own twin sister, part of myself, it joys my heart to hear this. You have made a wise choice, and will make him a suitable companion. God's blessings will rest upon your union. I have not been so fortunate; I love a man who is noble and true also, but a union between us

is impossible. I should not have been so weak as to have loved him, knowing all things as I did, but before I was even aware of his friendship, I awoke to find myself hopelessly in love, with a man I could never marry. Now, sister mine, I want you to be happy, and not worry for a moment over my misfortune, God's ways are best, and He will bring it around so the sun will shine for Kitty yet."

"Delight thyself also in the Lord; and He shall give thee the desires of thine heart".

"Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in Him; and He shall bring it to pass", whispered Violet soothingly, as she drew her sister to her bosom. "I do not fear for you, Kitty dear; I have a presentiment that all will go well with you yet".

"Ah, sister, you are one of those beacon lights that mother used to sing about; the lights along the shore that never grow dim", murmured Katherine.

They were startled by the loud ringing of a bell. "Hark", cried Violet rising, "we must make preparations hurriedly or we will be late for dinner".

As they entered the dining hall, they noticed a tall handsome gentleman standing by Mrs. Clay at the table. They were introduced, and learned he was Mrs. Clay's only brother, Richard St. Clair, from Greenfield, Mass.

He sat at the table directly in front of the girls, and tried to make himself amusing throughout the meal.

"So you are twins, my sister informs me; I should have guessed that, however, judging by your strong resemblance to each other". He kept looking from one to the other; finally he asked, "How do your friends tell you apart? I should become confused."

The girls laughed. "When we were children," Violet answered, "our mother used to tie a colored thread around my finger to distinguish me from sister. Although the resemblance now is not near so striking as when we were children and dressed exactly alike. Our friends have no need for the colored thread when they come to know us well".

"Which one is the singer?" he asked becoming more interested.

"The one on the right", broke in Mrs. Clay, Miss Katherine, the governess. We will have them perform for us this evening. Can you meet us in the music-room after awhile?"

"Oh certainly", they answered in one voice.

It was an evening long to be remembered by Mr. St. Clair. He declared to his sister on retiring that night that he was madly in love with both the twins, and if he continued in such a state, he would get a colored thread and prevail on one of them on his bended knees to wear it around her finger.

CHAPTER XVII.

MRS. WILEY TELLS HER LIFE'S STORY.

Grim winter with its ice, snow and fogs was gone, and spring's budding roses were blooming into mid-summer before Mrs. Wiley was strong enough to walk alone around her own bed chamber.

Preparations had been made from time to time for her departure to a higher climate, but her very weak condition prohibited her removal.

Weeks lengthened into months, still Dr. Wiley never sought an opportunity to speak to Katherine alone. When at luncheon, or if he met her anywhere about the house during the day, he spoke pleasantly, but never lingered for a moment's conversation. He was always present at church on Sunday morning; bowing reverently as he entered his pew; he was not always there for the evening service.

Katherine fought bravely to overcome her love for the doctor, and also avoided him as much as possible. She was to take her vacation within a few weeks; and had decided at that time to leave the Wiley home forever, where she had been both happy and miserable.

This morning a feeling of perfect reconciliation came over her; she put her trust absolutely in God, and with it came peace to her troubled heart.

Dr. Wiley was in his study; the motor stood awaiting him in the driveway to take him to the city. He was busy rushing hurriedly over his mail when Mrs. Wiley's maid came to him with a message from her mistress, saying he was wanted in her boudoir at once. He threw his letters back on his desk, and without a moment's delay did as he was bidden. A messenger had also summoned Katherine, and as Dr. Wiley entered one door, she came through another, meeting face to face, both being surprised at the other's presence.

Mrs. Wiley was sitting near an open window inhaling the fresh morning breeze; her loose gown was of soft, blue silk trimmed with old, cream lace. Fancy pillows were thrown tastefully around her, and in spite of her long illness, she presented a beautiful picture. She was rightly called the belle of society, for which she came near selling her soul.

She smiled as Dr. Wiley and Katherine entered and held out a hand to each. "I have sent for you both," she said still smiling, "because the story which I have to tell will concern you both. Sit near me that you may hear distinctly, as my voice, as you can perceive, is still very weak."

After they were seated, she looked out of the window for a few minutes as if to collect her thoughts, sighed, and began her story.

“I was the only child of rich and highly cultured parents, and of course was idolized by them, and given every advantage in life. After being carefully educated in this country I was sent to Europe where I was put under competent instructors for the finishing touches. Yes, I was taught everything but religion. I never saw a Bible in my father’s home; I never heard a prayer there. I was sent to Sabbath School with a servant when very small; that I stopped quite early and it seems like a dream to me. Yes, I was reared in a gilded, fashionable atmosphere. I was told of my beauty from time to time, and I was as vain as I was beautiful. My greatest ambition was admiration.

“Poor people I looked on as mere servants for the rich. I was selfish and conceited. Miss Mattox, I was taught that; the Lord forgive my over-indulgent parents.

“I had admirers by the score, and played with their affections as a child with a toy; throwing them aside when weary without the least bit of sympathy for them.

“While mother and I were spending a while at our summer home at Atlantic City I met Judge Wiley, my husband. I was not at all surprised that he should fall in love with me at first sight; most all men seemed to do that. I was told he was considered very wealthy, therefore, encouraged his attention much to the cha-

grin of my host of other admirers. Henry Wiley was at that time a young graduate of Harvard University, and very handsome; when together we attracted much attention, and I enjoyed it.

“My mother informed me one day, she had learned that the Wileys of Boston were the descendants of a grand old race; Sir Thomas Henry Wiley, the grandfather of these Wileys being a celebrated jurist at one time in London and member of Parliament. When I heard this I only smiled but was determined to win this branch of such a distinguished ancestry. I loved him as well as I was capable of loving anyone at that time; before the close of the season I was engaged to him. He was a much better man than I was a woman. Although reared in a fast, worldly set, he naturally possessed a pleasant disposition. It was well; had he not, he could not have lived in peace with me.

“I never wanted children, I imagined them too much care on the mother, often taking from her the bloom of youth and beauty. My husband, on the contrary, was passionately fond of them. I had no intention of ever being a mother, but after five years married, much to my surprise and vexation, God sent to us little Ruth. I put her entirely under the care of servants; she was three years of age before I gave her any attention or thought. I confess

this with shame. I was not a natural mother, not even as good as a dumb brute, for they will love and care for their offspring. The world had full possession of my soul. If I could recall my darling's infancy, and hold her to my breast as other mothers have done, I would give my entire wealth. But alas, too late. I have only the ugly scars with all their bitterness to behold as long as I shall live. My own baby girl never knew a mother's love. When I did begin to give my child any thought, my ambition was that she should be the second Louise Beckwith Wiley, walking in my footsteps until grown, to stand a leading star in society.

"Oh, Miss Mattox, do not blame me too harshly; I knew nothing but a gay artificial life. When you came to live in my home I saw at once you were different from anyone I had ever known. I will frankly admit your presence made me uncomfortable. I didn't admire you at all, however, our child was fond of you and improved rapidly under your discipline. As time went by I began to see, to my dismay, Jack, Ruth, and even my husband were beginning to praise, and even give you attention in my presence. This was rather too much for my selfish nature; I must have all the admiration and praise myself, at least my hired help should not have any. I came to almost hate you, and told this in confidence to my husband. He reasoned with me

kindly, and tried to make me think differently of you; still the constant praise of your sweet voice piqued me. The climax was reached, however, when I saw the change in Jack; saw he was beginning to love you. I had selected him for Eleen Bright, daughter of one of my dearest friends. I also knew that Eleen loved you, Jack; her mother, too, was anxious for the match, and we talked it over together. When I saw my plans were of no avail, I blamed you, Miss Mattox, entirely, and my hatred for you increased. When you went to New York last winter, Jack, I took advantage of your absence and had Miss Mattox to meet me in my room for the purpose of breaking, if possible, any attachment which might exist between you. I talked very unkindly to her, and went so far as to say to her that a union between you was impossible."

She was interrupted. "What", asked Dr. Wiley rising to his feet, "did you dare to say such words to Miss Katherine? Who gave you the authority?"

Mrs. Wiley's face was pitiful. With eyes full of tears, ignoring her brother-in-law's question, she said, "Brother Jack, please be seated, and bear with me until I finish.

"I have been such a wicked woman, I can't understand the mercies of God in sending you, Miss Mattox, to our unworthy home, where you have used your christian influence in leading me to Him. I am

thankful for the long weeks of suffering which I had to bear. God had to send such for me to realize there existed a Supreme Being with all power. I saw death before me, and without hope." She shuddered. "It was awful; I cried for mercy; it was extended; you came to me in my dream when all was dark, and led me back to my husband, my child and my friends. Afterward you came to me, this was no dream, and showed me the way into the Kingdom. I was awakened to behold a new life, a new world; since I have been a different, happy woman. In all my gay life I never knew what happiness was before. I shall always love you as long as I live, and shall endeavor to raise my precious jewel to be a blessing to the world as you are.

"Now, Miss Mattox, give me your hand. Jack, give me yours". With tears flowing down her thin cheeks she clasped the two hands together saying, "Jack Wiley, take this precious treasure and consider yourself the most fortunate man in all the world, and add a star to your ancestry. No other by your name has ever won such a prize. I know you love each other, it was I who have kept you apart. You may retire now and settle it between you, but before you go I want a kiss from each—a kiss of forgiveness".

They did as they were bidden, and too happy for words of expression, passed out of the room together.

CHAPTER XVIII.

TWO HEARTS MADE HAPPY.

“My ill treated nightingale”, Dr. Wiley whispered to Katherine as they entered the hall together, “every barrier is cleared away, now what is your decision?”

She looked shyly up; their eyes met; he needed no other answer; in his ecstasy of joy he stooped and pressed the first kiss on her red, ruby lips.

“How dare you”, she said, blushing crimson.

“Why should I not kiss my promised bride?” he asked, smiling mischievously.

“Look”, she demanded, and held before him her ringless finger.

“Oh, forgive me”, he returned, “in the great joy that has suddenly come to me I forgot”.

Together they went around to his study; he unlocked the not forgotten drawer, and for the second time took the sparkling gem from its cushion, and placing it on her finger said, “Dearest, you have made me the happiest man on earth. God helping me I will try to be worthy of the prize I have won. This, myself, and all I possess are yours always. Now the ring is in its proper place, the pledge is taken, may I kiss my priceless treasure?”

She laughingly drew her hand from his, ignoring his question, and said playfully as she ran, "You must excuse me, I have been due with my pupil for the last half hour". She held up her finger on which shone her betrothal sign; kissed it, and disappeared.

He started to follow, but she vanished too quickly. "Ah", he laughed, "how cleverly she did that. I fear I shall love her too well."

Looking at his watch he was reminded of the fact that he too would be late for his engagements in the city. Seizing his hat which lay happily in sight, he ran down the broad stairway, out through the open door, rushed to his car, entered and said to the chauffeur, "Now for the city as quickly as you can, I am late."

Instantly his handsome Napier car glided past the avenue of stately beeches, out through the great, iron gate, speeding noiselessly toward the crowded city.

Late that afternoon, Katherine and her pupil were returning from a game of tennis; as they entered the portico Katherine was called by Mrs. Wiley's maid, "My lady wants you, Miss Mattox, at your convenience."

Katherine ran up to her room, deposited racket, balls and hat; hastily brushed her soft golden curls

which had been blown in confusion over her forehead, and then hastened on to Mrs. Wiley's boudoir as requested.

Mrs. Wiley was lying on her sofa resting and watching the beautiful sunset through the open window. As she heard the approach of Katherine's footsteps, she turned her head, smiled and said, "Come here, dear child, and take a seat beside me within the shadows, and sing something that will soothe my poor disturbed nerves."

"What shall I sing?" asked Katherine seating herself and taking the soft jeweled hand of Mrs. Wiley affectionately within her own.

"If you please," she replied, "make your own selection".

"Very well, I shall sing an old evening hymn; my precious mother's favorite".

Her melodious voice at once rose, and she sang softly and prayerfully.

"Abide with me; fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens; Lord with me abide.
When other helpers fail and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, Oh, abide with me."

As she sang a footfall was heard, then a form appeared in the doorway, but moved no further.

with bowed head Dr. Wiley stood and listened. His thoughts reverted back to several months ago, when he was drawn from his hiding place by this angelic voice. "That was the beginning of a great awakening", he whispered.

When Katherine finished singing Mrs. Wiley said, "My dear Miss Mattox, you are the possessor of a wonderful talent. You have made me feel much better; I will consider it quite a treat to be favored with your voice in song every day".

Dr. Wiley walked in. "Louise", he said cheerfully, "we are ready for congratulations".

Mrs. Wiley smiled. "I have been expecting this glad information. I am happy for you both, but Jack, she belongs to all of us. Most assuredly you will have the largest share. Indeed, you have both chosen well, and may God bless you".

"We appreciate, and thank you for your congratulations, Louise", returned Dr. Wiley, still standing, "but I have come for Miss Katherine; can you spare her to me now?"

"That's just like you, Jack", returned Mrs. Wiley, still smiling, "of course I couldn't resist your pleading tones, and will have to excuse her".

"Thank you", returned he laughing and looking at Katherine all the while with love beaming in his eyes.

She rose, put her arm in his, and they went out in the hall and passed slowly down the stairs and on to the spacious drawing-room.

"Why do you come here?" she asked.

"For the reason it was here I first began to love you, and it is here I want us to make future plans".

As they seated he leaned forward so as to catch her eye and continued.

"What I wish to know, dearest, is can you be ready to marry me by the early fall?"

"Oh, will it have to be so early? It is all so sudden", she sweetly answered.

He laughed, and replied, "That is for you to decide. I will tell you my reason for wishing it at that time; I have to be in London the middle of October, and I am anxious to take my bride with me".

"Why Dr. Wiley", she returned in surprise, "I had no idea you were contemplating going abroad again".

"Ah, I prefer that you call me Jack, when we are alone, if you will. Yes, I am compelled to go back and settle up my business there, which will take me quite a while. I should have returned before, but couldn't leave you. Now my desire is to take you with me, and we will spend a year over there traveling and seeing the different places of interest. I have seen them, but you haven't, and with you as my companion, I can enjoy them all over again".

"Would the first of October be too late?" she asked timidly.

"Oh no, that would give us ample time. I don't wish to hurry you too much, dearest, but anyway I never advocated long engagements. Shall we be married here?"

"No", she answered decidedly, "I prefer being married in our own little village church at home in Virginia, in the presence of my friends and my sweet old father and mother. I love that dear old vine-covered chapel, every nook and corner of it is familiar to me. It was at its altar I first found Jesus, when a little girl, and it is there I want to be married".

"It shall be as you wish. We will be married on the first day of October in your home church, and every hour until then will seem like ages to me. I wish it were tonight", and in his unspeakable joy pressed a kiss of affection on the lips of his promised bride. Just the old, old story, nothing more.

There was no cloud between them now; they understood each other, and unmindful of the passing time sat and talked until the rose red tinge faded from the western sky, and the dark shadows of night crept into the room.

CHAPTER XIX.

MRS. NATHEN.

Dr. Wiley was giving much of his time to the poor of the city. We see him this evening as he leaves St. Elizabeth's Hospital with one of the best nurses he can secure there, enter his car, and speed rapidly away.

"Miss Mayo", he said addressing the young lady who rode beside him, "the patient you are to nurse is very poor. The unfortunate woman, Mrs. Nathen, has tuberculosis in its worst form, and can't ever get well; I want you to make her as comfortable as you can while she shall live, and spare no expense. I will attend to that, and also see that you are well compensated for your services."

Miss Mayo had heard quite a great deal about the noted physician among the doctors at the hospital, therefore, felt it quite an honor to be called by him to attend one of his patients.

"Dr. Wiley", she replied pleasantly, "I am at your service, and shall try to do exactly as you command me, regardless of where I am placed by you".

"Thank you, Miss Mayo. I am sure that we will accomplish much, even though we cannot cure our patient. I have confidence in your ability; you have been highly recommended."

In the fourth story of an old, dilapidated structure were two rooms occupied by mother and daughter. One room was used for kitchen, dining and general living room. It consisted of a small cook stove and a few utensils, two old, rickety stools, one bare table, and bare floor. The other room, just a bit larger contained a bed on which lay a very sick woman, a dresser, an old wooden box, and two chairs. This floor was also bare with the exception of an old-time braided rug by the bedside. A child not more than nine or ten years of age knelt on the rug by the bed and held the sick woman's hand.

"Mother", pleaded the child, "please eat something".

"No, dear, I cannot", answered the woman, very low, scarcely audible. "Have you eaten anything yourself?"

"Yes, I have eaten all I want, but please take just a little milk for me, dear mother", further entreated the child.

"You may get it", at last consented the mother, "and I will try my best to drink a little".

The child went into the adjoining room, and hastily returned holding in her hand a glass of milk. "Mother", said she, "it is nice and creamy. I wonder who it is that sends you daily such rich milk? The boy who brings it always says, 'it is paid for' ".

"I do not know, unless it is our Dr. Wiley; he has been so kind to us, Mabel. He said he would come again tonight, and every sound I have heard I thought it was he. Oh, that awful pain. Dear, put the milk up, I cannot drink it now".

A terrible fit of coughing seized the invalid, which left her weak and almost exhausted.

Footsteps were heard, and then in walked Dr. Wiley, bright and cheerful, accompanied by a sweet, kindly faced young lady.

"My dear Mrs. Nathen", he asked pleasantly, "how are you feeling this evening?"

The thin wan face brightened, and she feebly answered, "I always feel better when I see you, Dr. Wiley".

"Good", he laughed, "I will have to come often. Mrs. Nathen, I have taken the liberty of bringing to you this nice young lady, Miss Mayo, who is a trained nurse, and thoroughly understands her vocation. She will be with you for an indefinite period; she is now at your service".

Miss Mayo went over and took Mrs. Nathen's hand and smoothed it caressingly, "I am real glad of this opportunity", she said tenderly, "and hope I can be very helpful to you".

"You are very kind, young lady, but you will not have to care for me long. My time is almost

up when I shall leave here forever. I was in too bad a condition when Dr. Wiley found me. He has caused me to feel better, but I know I can't get well. Where is Mabel?" she asked.

"She went into the adjoining room", replied Dr. Wiley.

"Well, this is what I want to say", she continued, "while I have breath enough to talk, what will become of my darling after I am gone?"

Her thin, pale lips quivered, and tears rained down her shrunken cheeks.

Miss Mayo bent over her and arranged the pillow so as to make it more comfortable, took a handkerchief and tenderly wiped the tears from her face; opened the window to let in more fresh air, while the doctor looked on in silence. After which he calmly seated himself by the bedside, and took the emaciated hand of the invalid in his strong, healthy palm and said kindly, "Mrs. Nathen, may I ask you not to worry anymore over Mabel. As long as I live, she shall have a friend; I will endeavor to see that she is properly cared for, if God sees best to call you home".

Sympathy, yea even love, shone in his bright handsome face as he talked to this woman so near to eternity.

A smile of contentment flitted over the invalid's face as she feebly whispered, "God bless you, I feel now I can die in peace".

"Mrs. Nathen", said he rising, "Miss Mayo will prepare some nourishment for you, take as much as you can, after which be very quiet. Don't exert yourself in any way. I will be back tomorrow at the usual time. Should I be needed within that time, Miss Mayo will notify me. I will be going in a few minutes after I speak to Mabel".

As he entered the door to the little kitchen, which was slightly ajar, the sight that met his eyes he never forgot. Seated by a rough, bare table on which stood a flickering lamp was this little girl, Mabel, silently weeping with bowed head. His heart ached within him, as he looked for a moment upon the sad picture. A child, pale and poorly clad, alone in this dark cheerless room with no loving hand near to soothe or say a comforting word to the little weeping soul.

He drew near and gently laid his hand on her dark brown head; bending he asked in a whisper, "Mabel what is the trouble, can I help you any?"

Looking up through her tear dimmed eyes she saw the kind face of Dr. Wiley bending over her. She caught his arm with her boney little hands and cried out, "Oh, dear doctor, do not let my mamma die; she is all I have to love me. Please say she will get well".

What would he not have given at that moment for one encouraging word to say to this heartbroken child. He dare not hold out to her any hope. He

knew within a short time she would be motherless, but when he spoke his voice was full of cheer.

“Mabel, dear, dry those tears, mamma is resting well, and the lady I brought with me this evening will continue to make her comfortable. And Mabel you must not go out to work any more; you are entirely too young to be working in a factory”.

The little face looked mystified as she replied, “But the rent will be due soon, and mamma will need things”.

“Listen to me,” he said kindly, “all of that will be properly adjusted; that is, I will pay for it myself, if you will stay from the mill. I am going to bring with me a very dear lady friend to see you sometime, and have her to sing for you, and perhaps tell you a story”.

He had succeeded in brightening the wee, pinched face of the child, therefore felt better in leaving.

There was not anything that touched Dr. Wiley’s heart more than uncared for, helpless children. Even in his youthful days he was often seen dropping money in the hands of ragged street waifs, sometimes going out of his way to do so. This had been criticised by his more dignified friends.

I have given you a glimpse of one among many destitute, friendless homes where Dr. Wiley daily visited, administering medical aid, and other attention necessary, knowing he would receive no compensation.

Is there any higher calling for mankind? Dr. Wiley was not doing this to be praised by man; his best friends knew nothing about it. It was the great love of God in his heart that inspired him to do this noble work.

CHAPTER XX.

VISITING THE SICK.

A few days later Dr. Wiley sat in his den calmly smoking. He was attired in his smoking jacket and appeared the picture of health and comfort as he half reclined in a lounging chair by a table on which stood an electric fan in motion.

A smile seemed to play over his features as he thought within a few days Katherine would leave for her home in Virginia to make preparations for the great day, the first of October, when he should claim her as his wife.

"Yes", he murmured, "I am a happy man. Could I be otherwise when God has wonderfully pardoned my past sinful life, and given me the love of the dearest, sweetest woman in all the world?"

As he thus sat and mused in his solitude, another vision came before him, and the smile faded from his face. He stopped smoking and put his unfinished cigar in the receiver on the table beside him, rose and paced the floor.

This was not a pleasant picture. It was a scene of a poor, dying mother, who could not possibly live more than a few days longer. He had given her his best medical treatment and attention but her life was fast ebbing away and a little orphan would be left

in the world. A child who had been denied the pleasures of childhood, working in the factory beside her delicate mother almost in her babyhood days, later trying to keep the wolf from the door by her own scant earnings rather than call on charity.

He thought of the sufferings of his numerous other patients, and the cloud on his face became deeper.

“The field is so immense, there seems to be no end to it”, he cried aloud. “Where are the Christians, those that God has blessed with means? Why don’t they come to the rescue of the destitute millions? Oh, my lost opportunities, lost, lost forever.”

“Oh, God”, he prayed, kneeling, “help me to atone for the past years of neglect and folly by giving myself and means to benefit thy suffering children”.

Then a sense of peace that surpasses all understanding stole over his spirit. He rose from his kneeling position and looked at his watch.

“Four o’clock”, he whispered, brushing back his tumbled hair, “the hour she promised to accompany me to visit some of my patients.” He smiled as if the thought pleased him.

His linen as usual was immaculate. Hurriedly changing his smoking jacket for a grey tweed coat matching his trousers, and carefully brushing himself, he left the room in search of Katherine.

At four o'clock, Katherine, knowing how much Dr. Wiley believed in being punctual, proceeded to the balcony that led out to the driveway, sat down in a swinging chair, and waited for him to come. She didn't have to wait long, however, before she heard his quick tread coming down the stairs, and in a moment was by her side.

"What punishment shall I expect to receive from you for being tardy?" he asked playfully, lifting her large, white hat to get a better view of her eyes.

Her long, dark lashes swept her flushed, dimpled cheeks, as she felt his admiring gaze. She smiled and answered rising, "I will leave that for your patients to decide, but I don't think you deserve any, being only three minutes late".

He noticed she carried in her hand a small Bible, which seemed in harmony with her saintly face. She looked more attractive than he had ever seen her, and he frankly told her so as they walked out to his car.

As he seated himself beside her in his heart he blessed the day when this Christian woman entered his brother's home.

After talking of their plans for the future as young engaged couples usually do, he asked, "Katherine, do you like mission work?"

She turned and looked him squarely in the face, her own aglow with pleasant anticipation and answered, "For the opportunity to devote my life to that class of work I have prayed since a child. Often while teaching my pupil, as dearly as I love her, I have felt like a bird in a gilded cage. I long to get out into the world among suffering men, women, and children, and do my part in trying to make this world brighter for them".

Dr. Wiley took her small gloved hand in his, both admiration and appreciation written in his noble face, and said, "You have already had a share in this work, dearest. God sent you, not to those whose physical bodies were neglected, starving and dying, but to those whose souls were perishing for the need of spiritual food. You could not have been placed, at the time, where you were needed more. My little southern flower, when we work together in this great field, I trust we will accomplish much for Him, among the high as well as the lowly."

After visiting many dreary and poverty stricken abodes of the sick and suffering, we find them at the entrance to Mrs. Nathen's chamber.

"Here", he said to Katherine, "lives my sickest patient, one who will not recover."

The door being ajar, he gave a knock, entered, and walked quickly across the room. Bending over the

invalid, he asked in his usual cheerful voice, "Mrs. Nathen, how are you feeling this time?"

Katherine noticed at the sound of his voice the closed eyes of the invalid opened, and a smile overspread her thin, wasted face. In a voice scarcely audible she answered, "I am resting better, Dr. Wiley, but have had several bad spells today. I took my nourishment a few minutes ago, and feel stronger. I am so glad to see you."

He touched Katherine on the arm and said, "This is my friend of whom I have told you, Miss Katherine Mattox".

Instantly, Katherine was on her knees beside her. She kindly took her cold, clammy hand and said tenderly, "Mrs. Nathen, I am glad to meet you, and to hear you are resting better".

A sad smile flitted across the shrunken features of the invalid as she replied in a laboring, faint voice, "It was kind in Dr. Wiley to bring you here; he is always doing something nice for me."

Her eyes moved across the room and rested lovingly upon him where he stood and conversed privately with the nurse.

"Yes, he has cheered me so often and made me feel better", she continued, "but it will soon be over; I shall soon be at rest".

“My dear Mrs. Nathen, is it well with you, is your heart right with God?” asked Katherine still kneeling by her bedside.

“Yes”, she answered quickly, “I am standing on the Rock Christ Jesus. My dear doctor found me sin-sick and body-sick; through him I found the light”.

“Amen”, returned Katherine joyfully, “your beautiful testimony makes my heart feel glad. Would you like to hear me read a few verses from His Holy Word, which I have here?”

“Oh, yes, please do”, came the answer.

Katherine looked around to find she was alone with Mrs. Nathen. She rose, drew a chair close by the bedside, opened her little Bible and began to read the twenty-third Psalm. When she read through the first, second, third, and fourth verses she was interrupted by a moan from the bed; bending over so as to catch the feebly spoken words she heard, “Please, oh please, read that verse over to me again”.

“Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me”.

This Katherine read over three times prayerfully.

“Does it mean that my Lord will be with me even in death?”, further inquired the almost dying woman.

“That is exactly the meaning”, cheerfully answered Katherine. “Death for a Christian is only going to

sleep to awaken in Heaven. Surely our God is able to lead us safely over, and will not suffer us to go through the dark chambers of death alone”.

“I feel rested. God must have sent you here to cheer and comfort my last hours on earth. My doctor said you would sing for me, will you?”

For a moment Katherine could not speak, but controlling her emotion as quickly as possible began singing softly:

“Fade, fade each earthly joy, Jesus is mine!
Break every tender tie, Jesus is mine!
Dark is the wilderness, Earth has no resting place,
Jesus alone can bless, Jesus is mine.

Farewell, mortality, Jesus is mine!
Welcome eternity, Jesus is mine!
Welcome O loved and blest, Welcome sweet scenes of rest,
Welcome my Savior’s breast, Jesus is mine.”

As Katherine sang, a smile seemed to light up the pale face on the pillow before her, and remained there after her eyes were closed and breathing signified she had fallen asleep.

“She is sleeping naturally; it will do her good”

Recognizing the doctor’s voice, Katherine looked around and saw Dr. Wiley, the nurse, and child standing close by.

The nurse smiled and said, “We have been silently listening to your beautiful singing, Miss Mattox,

and enjoyed it quite as well as our patient, whom you have lulled to sleep”.

While Dr. Wiley bent over the bed and felt the invalid's pulse, a little hand stole into Katherine's and a childish voice whispered, “I love you, beautiful lady, for singing to my dear mother”.

Katherine opened her arms and folded little Mabel to her bosom in sympathy and love. The gratitude she read in those restless, sad eyes she never forgot.

The picture of her own saintly parents now waiting patiently in their dear old country home for the return of their daughters, came vividly before her, and a feeling of home-sickness seemed to overmaster her, as she continued to lose sight of her surroundings and think of the dearest spot on earth to her. This was an old-fashioned home, where an old-fashioned Bible was read every day, and prayers were daily lifted to God from its sacred family altar.

She pitied the forlorn, neglected child standing by her side. One of God's little ones in need of the love and protection of a kind Christian hand.

Dr. Wiley turned and noticed the changed expression on Katherine's face. Fearing the long afternoon had been too fatiguing for his lady-love, he quickly said to her, “Let's be going, I see you are tired”.

Once more Katherine touched her lips prayerfully to Mabel's brow, and was really loath to leave her.

Somehow, this lonely, sad-faced child had awakened in her heart a feeling of interest and responsibility which she could not describe. Thus she told Dr. Wiley while they rode hurriedly homeward.

A smile passed over his features as he listened to her musical voice. For fully a moment after she ceased talking he remained silent; finally he said, "Dearest, I am glad you, too, take an interest in such folks. Yes, I decided months ago there was something in Mabel Nathen. A diamond perhaps in the rough, one among thousands who stand in need of polishing by the hand of some Christian sculptor, and carving into beautiful, strong characters; citizens of noble thoughts and pure lives for which the world stands in need today."

He then told her that Mrs. Wiley had made arrangements to adopt Mabel after her mother's death, to be company for Ruth.

"Oh, I am overjoyed to hear this", returned Katherine. "A more noble Christian deed Mrs. Wiley could never do, and God will bless such a deed, stamped, as I believe it is, with His seal".

CHAPTER XXI.

HOME AGAIN.

The Rev. Geo. R. Stewart in his great sermon on "The Christian Home" said, "The homes of our country are so many streams pouring themselves into the great current of moral, social and political life. If the home life is pure, all is pure. The home is the center of everything".

No truer words were ever spoken. The best men and women of our country today were born and reared in pious Christian homes.

Violet and Katherine's home stood nearly a quarter of a mile from the public highway, on the top of a green, sloping hill. As they drove up this morning to the well remembered large, swinging gate near the roadside, entrance to their father's plantation, and saw the sheep and cattle feeding on the green clover in the valley, and caught sight again of the old home in the distance, in spite of its primitive dormer windows and small pane glasses, it appeared more beautiful to them than any mansion they had ever seen.

"Oh there comes dear dad and mother", cried Katherine clapping her hands like a child that is overjoyed. Sure enough, with faltering steps, though coming toward them as fast as their stiff limbs would

permit, were the white-haired father and mother of these two noble Christian women.

Can you imagine the meeting? Only those who have a home with a dear father and mother residing there, and have been absent from this spot for many months, and returned one sweet day, can appreciate and feel what it meant to these twins to be home again. Away from the dust, noise and confusion of the crowded city, to inhale the fresh, pure breeze, the odor of the roses and honeysuckles; the parental love and kindness; taken as a whole was like a haven of rest to Violet and Katherine Mattox.

As John Howard Payne said in his wonderful hymn, "Home Sweet Home":

"Mid pleasures and palaces, tho' we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
Which seek thro' the world, is not met with elsewhere".

A palace or cottage it matters not to the individual who has a home encircled with loved ones; it is dearer to that one than any other place on earth.

When Mr. and Mrs. Mattox learned that Cupid had captured both their darlings, they, like many other fond parents, thought they had been dealt with harshly. However, they admired the young minister whom they knew personally, and the Dr. Jack Wiley

also, whom they had not met, but who had written them letters which revealed to them a true noble character.

After an absence from Katherine of only a few short weeks, Dr. Wiley could stand it no longer, and on one summer afternoon rode up for entrance to the same old gate, and looked for the first time on the green hill and the quaint old farmhouse which contained the one he loved best on earth. As the fresh, cool breeze was wafted to him, he took off his hat, threw back his shoulders, and inhaled as much of it as possible.

“No wonder,” he said to himself, “my darling is pure, having been reared in an atmosphere like this”.

He remained as a guest at this country home for almost a week, and during that time won the love and favor of his future father and mother-in-law, and the promise of their daughter's hand in marriage on the first day of October; Violet's wedding to take place six months later.

Never had Dr. Wiley enjoyed himself anywhere so well as the short time he spent in this simple, yet lovely home. He noticed the systematic way in which everything was done in the home, and done neatly and carefully without the aid of a single servant. Mrs. Mattox reminded him of a character mentioned

in the Bible: "She openeth her mouth with wisdom, and in her tongue is the law of kindness. She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness. Her children rise up, and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her". Proverbs 31 : 26, 27, 28.

Dr. Wiley had never been a guest in a home like this before. Its heavenly influence cast a spell over his tired, worn nerves, making them feel rested and refreshed. His intention when leaving Boston was to make this a very short visit of one day and night only, as he thought this was about as much time as he could very well spare. But the happiness and contentment he found there compelled him to indulge himself, as we have already mentioned, for nearly a week. He left, thanking God that fate had bestowed upon him such a blessing as to soon give to him a life companion, the dearest little lady in all the world, who had been born and reared in this ideal Christian home.

CHAPTER XXII.

MRS. NATHEN PASSES AWAY.

It was a beautiful Sabbath afternoon, clear and bright, but not too warm. Such as often is seen in the North in early summer before the heat becomes so intense in the large cities.

Violet and Katherine had been gone to their home in Virginia over a month. Mrs. Wiley had for her guests for the day Prof. Clay and his wife. They had assembled in the drawing-room after lunch, and their subjects consisted mostly of the absent twins and the large vacancy they had left behind.

A music lover on entering this drawing-room could not help but feel a magnetic thrill of joy. Everything was tastefully arranged and planned to enchant the artist's eye, from a grand Bechstein piano in black ebony case to a Scottish bagpipe. Yes, almost every known musical instrument was installed in this room.

Prof. Clay was much surprised to find a room arranged like this in a private dwelling and asked, "Who is the artist here, is it you, Mrs. Wiley?"

She laughed, "Why do you think there is such a being here?" she asked without answering his question.

"Ah," he answered, "I am sure there is one here, or there has been one here. No one could have planned and arranged this but a gifted musician; one familiar with every class of music. I must confess to you, I am charmed."

Mrs. Wiley still retained the disposition that delighted in praise of her own handiwork. Her expression plainly showed she was pleased as she said, "I thank you Prof. Clay. I am indeed glad you admire my room. I planned and had this furnished to my own dictations. I am fond of any kind of music, if well played, on any instrument. Although I do not consider myself an artist by any means, yet I think I understand what they need. Perhaps I could have borne that honored title had I not, when younger, thrown the gift away for other worthless indulgence.

Later on in the afternoon Prof. Clay and his wife were playing a duet, Mrs. Clay performing on the piano and her husband accompanying her on the violin. Judge Wiley, with his wife and brother sat by the open window near by enjoying immensely the melodious music of the skilled musicians, when Dr. Wiley was suddenly called out by the butler. His face became grave as the butler gave him the message which he had just taken over the telephone, "Come quickly, Mrs. Nathen is sinking fast."

He hurriedly took his departure, and within a short

while entered the home of his patient, to find she had already passed to the great beyond. The nurse said, "Her life went out as calmly and as peacefully as a little child going to sleep".

His next thoughts were of the child, and asked where she was. "Ah", replied the nurse, "poor child, she is in the room there heart-broken, I can do nothing with her".

He crossed over to the adjoining room and entered. Sure enough there was the little figure outstretched on the bare floor, weeping bitterly. He silently knelt beside her, laid his hand tenderly on the little head and whispered, "Mabel".

At the sound of his voice she looked up, and saw her beloved doctor bending over her. Instantly two little arms were thrown around his neck, and he rose with her in his arms. No gentle woman could have been more tender, sympathetic and soothing, as he tried to comfort this bereft little girl left entirely alone in the world.

After everything had been carefully and systematically arranged he wrote a check and gave it to the nurse for her services and thanked her for her faithful assistance.

"What will you do with Mabel?" she asked of him.

"I shall take her with me", he answered decidedly.

Mabel understood she was to accompany Dr. Wiley and made preparations for her departure. When dressed in a well-worn, faded calico, she stood before him and asked, "Am I really going with you?"

"Yes, dear", he answered kindly, "and if you are ready we will proceed".

She hesitated, her lips quivered while tears again rolled down her cheeks.

"Mabel", he asked, "don't you want to go with me?"

"Yes, oh yes, mamma told me to do as you bade me, but if I go with you I will never see dear mamma again".

"Listen to me, Mabel. Come with me tonight where there is another little girl like you. You cannot remain here longer. On the morrow I will return with you to look again on your mother's face".

He was kind, though firm, and she put her little hand into the big, strong palm of the doctor's and together they passed down the rickety stairs.

A warm and hearty welcome awaited Mabel Nathen at the Wiley home. Mrs. Wiley, the once haughty, society belle, folded this poorly clad orphan in her arms and kissed her.

"Ruth, darling", she called, "come and bid your new sister welcome".

Not at all abashed Ruth also came forward and kissed her saying sweetly, "I am glad you are to be

my sister, and I want you to love me. I am sure I shall love you, and I want you to forget your trouble”.

Mabel's eyes opened in wonder and surprise at this warm reception. It, together with the beauties of this lovely home, caused her to forget at the present time the grief that had lately come to her.

Ruth took possession of the little stranger and led the way up the broad staircase to a room adjoining her own.

“Sister Mabel”, said she, “this will be your room which is next to mine. We will be near to each other. Yours is blue and mine is pink, otherwise they are exactly alike”. And once again she entreated, “I want you to love me”.

Mabel's lips now parted for the first time since entering the house, and she replied, “I do love you already, and you are beautiful”. The two little girls then kissed each other, thus binding their everlasting friendship.

The next day brought with it fair, warm, summer weather. Mrs. Wiley had Mabel dressed for her mother's funeral in one of Ruth's handsome soft, white voile dresses with black sash and hair ribbon. She was a perfect blonde and white was becoming to her. She smiled when the maid brought her before the mirror to behold herself.

"Yes, I look pretty", she said, and tears suddenly gushed from her eyes and fell on the beautiful dress.

"Why child", questioned the maid in surprise, "what is the matter?"

"Oh", replied the sobbing child, "I would be glad if mamma could see me dressed in this lovely, white dress. She said once before she was taken sick in bed that she was going to buy me a white dress sometime. She wanted to see me dressed like other little girls, but poor mamma could never get it for me. Now I am dressed in one and she can't see me. I don't want it, please take it off". And she wept aloud.

The maid, melting to tears at the sight of the heart-broken child, went in search of Mrs. Wiley, whom she met coming through the hall, and asked her to go to Mabel. Mrs. Wiley turned and went to her hurriedly. Like a fond mother, she silently drew the little one to her warm bosom and said soothingly, "Mabel, dear, you are weeping because you think mamma can't see you dressed prettily? Now my precious one listen. Mamma may at this moment be looking down from Heaven, and it would pain her big, mother heart to see her little girl in grief. Your mamma is now free from all those ugly pains and sleepless nights. She is at rest and happy, therefore, she wants her dear little girl to be happy also".

The childish face brightened, and she asked, "Oh, do you think mamma can see me? I will smile then for dear mamma's sake".

Mrs. Wiley patted, lovingly, the wan little face awaiting an answer, and replied, "Perhaps she can, who knows; but one thing I am sure of my darling she wants her offspring to be happy."

Mrs. Nathen was funeralized by the Rev. William Blake, and buried by the side of her husband in the presence of a few of her friends from the mill where she had worked, and Judge Wiley, his wife, Dr. Wiley, Ruth and her own little girl, Mabel.

Beautiful flowers covered the newly made grave. Thus we leave Mrs. Nathen's body to go back to dust, while we trust her soul is resting peacefully in Heaven.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE WEDDING BELLS.

The little birds never sang sweeter, and the sun never shone brighter than on the wedding day of Katherine Mattox.

On this eventful day, the plain old farmhouse appeared at its best. Particular care had been taken by loving hands in arranging the roses, tulips, and woodbines, freshly cut from mother's garden, which decorated the living-room, dining-room, and the quaint old-fashioned vine covered piazza.

The wedding was to be very simple, but Katherine extended a warm invitation to all her village friends, to show them she had not forgotten the friends of her childhood.

The service was announced to take place at noon, after which the bridal party and friends were to dine at the home of the bride. Old Aunt Cloe, a colored woman of the neighborhood, noted in her own opinion as well as others for her delicious cooking, was busy for several days baking and directing nice things for "De wedding feast", which she continually talked about, and dreamed over.

Violet was assisting her sister in dressing when the expected party from Boston was announced. The pink roses in Katherine's cheeks, which added so much to her attractiveness, turned to crimson as the

deep masculine voice of Dr. Wiley reached her ears. She touched Violet on the arm and said, "Sister they have arrived from Boston, I hear Dr. Wiley's voice. Ah, now I recognize Mr. Blake; he is talking to mother. I am glad they have come early."

Violet smiled, and said, "Kitty dear, even if I were not happy you would compel me to be so by looking into your sunny face. There is one thing, however, that does mar my happiness just now, and that is the thought that I shall soon be separated from you from whom I have never been parted. I would be much more pleased if you and Dr. Wiley would decide at the last moment to spend your honeymoon in our dear United States instead of that long trip abroad".

"Now, dear", replied Katherine, "don't let sad thoughts drive away your happiness. I have already explained to you why it is absolutely necessary for Dr. Wiley to go back to England at this time, and it is only natural he should wish to take me. I shall not love you less, but if possible, will love you more, because I shall be so happy".

At this moment a knock was heard on the door, and a soft voice said, "May I come in?"

Violet ran and opened the door to find there Mrs. Wiley looking as usual perfectly charming.

"Dear Mrs. Wiley", chimed both the girls in a welcome voice, "we are glad indeed to see you".

"You both look beautiful", she said smiling, look-

ing from one to the other. "And Katherine I never saw a fairer bride. There is only one thing needful to complete your attire, and Dr. Wiley has sent that to you."

She opened her handbag and took from it a small box. As she handed it to Katherine she said, "This is a present from Dr. Wiley and he wishes you to wear it today. It is an heirloom in the Wiley family, being worn by the doctor's great-grandmother when a bride".

Katherine touched a spring, the box opened to reveal a most beautiful gold necklace set with brilliant diamonds. She held it up admiringly. Mrs. Wiley took it from her, and as she bowed her head, clasped the sparkling trinket around the fair, white neck.

Katherine looked in the mirror, and a sad smile flitted across her face. Mrs. Wiley noticed it and asked, "Of what are you thinking, dear?"

"I am wondering", replied she, "if I am not overdressed. I don't feel natural".

Mrs. Wiley laughed and said, "Oh you little Puritan. You need not mind it so much; just once on your wedding day".

Mrs. Mattox kept herself busy concerning her home duties. Apparently seemed as usual, bright and smiling, yet if one could have read her heart, they would have seen a different picture from the one photographed on her countenance.

The bridal party was now arranging to leave for the chapel, where the final nuptial was to be performed. Mr. and Mrs. Mattox stood apart from the gay, laughing crowd. Of what they were thinking, mothers and fathers who have passed through a like experience perhaps could readily realize and extend sympathy.

Presently they heard the rustle of skirts behind them, and turned to see their daughter, Katherine, appearing, a vision of loveliness, coming toward them.

"Sweet mother, dear dad", she cried, "I have stolen out to kiss each one of you before changing my name," and she continued, "I may see many beautiful faces while I am away, but there will not any look quite so sweet and pretty to me as my dear parents I have left behind".

She kissed them long and lingeringly, and the calm thoughtful look which came into her eyes they never forgot.

The motors rolled away with the bridal party, after which no sound could be heard at the home with the exception of the colored woman, Cloe, singing in her own dialect, "Dars happy times comin' bine by".

The little chapel was crowded to its utmost capacity. There were no decorations except candles burning

on the altar. The ceremony was simply, yet solemnly, read by the grey-haired minister, Rev. James Massey, and two hearts were made supremely happy.

They had again assembled at the home where luncheon was hospitably served in country style, and congratulations extended the newly wedded pair. Dr. Wiley, handsome, smiling, and happy stood apart from the crowd talking in low tones to Mr. and Mrs. Mattox. Whatever he was saying seemed to please them immensely, judging from the expression on each time-worn face.

One of the characteristics of the Wileys was to please those with whom they were in company, and Dr. Jack Wiley possessed largely his share, and since returning to his normal self had not failed to use this, one of his chief charms.

The merry bridal party had to be broken up, as time waits for no one, and before the fair bride scarcely realized she was married and receiving congratulations, she was redressed in traveling suit and saying good-by to loved ones and friends to go forward amid showers of rice, old shoes, and good wishes with the one she had chosen as her life companion.

CHAPTER XXIV.

HOME, SWEET HOME.

Five long years have elapsed since the preceding chapter. We will now draw back the curtain and peep for the first time into the palatial new home of Dr. and Mrs. Wiley.

The shades of evening were beginning to fall, and great flakes of snow were fast covering the earth with robes of whiteness. Heavy, dark clouds completely covered the element, altogether presenting a gloomy aspect to those without, but as we gaze on the happy occupants within this home, we are forgetful for the time at least of the dreariness without.

We see Katherine Mattox Wiley seated before her own cheerful hearthstone, her great abundance of rich golden hair braided and twined attractively around her well-shaped head. On her beautiful, saintly face is plainly written health, happiness, and contentment. She lovingly holds in her arms a fair, chubby baby boy of two years, the Jack Wiley, Jr. sent from God to complete their happiness. She playfully claps the wee hands of the little one and the dark eyes of her child look fondly up in the mother's face and laugh. He now has something to

tell her, and pulls her head forward and whispers in her ear.

Presently the door opens softly. Once again we see Dr. Jack Wiley, the husband and father, the hero of our story. He enters somewhat hurriedly, but hesitates for a moment on the threshold and gazes with parental admiration on the picture which confronts him.

"Kitty", he calls softly, and the wife turns joyfully exclaiming, "Jack, dear". Immediately his whole family is in his strong embrace. He afterwards takes from his wife's arms Jack, Jr., throws him in the air and catches him in playful attitude. Above all things Dr. Wiley enjoyed the time spent at home with his little family. The wind moans dismally without, but their happy hearts hear it not.

After the nurse carries out little Jack, Dr. Wiley takes his wife's arm and leads her over to the piano.

"Take a seat", he whispers in a lover-like way, "I want my Nightingale, my Guiding Star, to sing for me".

Her eyes seek his, sparkling with love as she asks, "What shall I sing, love?"

"I would like you to sing that old-fashioned favorite of mine, 'Home Sweet Home'.

Her fingers touch the ivory keys, and looking up into his handsome face so near her own she begins

to sing. Instantly, the room is filled with her rich voice, still full of expression and wonderful sweetness.

Do we see the hard cynical look in the face of this pleasant looking gentleman as was vivid there several years ago? No indeed, the reposed, placid expression now resting there is full of divine tenderness.

The continual wailing of the wind this bleak December evening denotes the storm has not abated, but the spectacle which greets one's eyes within this happy home, and the sound of the heavenly music as it floats out upon the air, reminds one not of winter with its ice and snow, but rather of a bright spring day or the unfolding of a beautiful fragrant rose.

We have given our readers a passing glance of Dr. Wiley in his home; we will now draw your attention to him once more in his business profession.

We hear the sound of his automobile as it takes him through crowded streets to homes of the suffering. We see him in the homes of the wealthy, we also see him in homes where direst of poverty dwells, prescribing to each alike and listening patiently to each one's tale of woe. His wife is often by his side, and they visit the darkened homes together. She, with her great Christian influence is doing much toward lifting the fallen men and women of that great city.

"She stretcheth out her hand to the poor, yea she reacheth forth her hands to the needy". Prov. 31 :20.

Silently and meekly she goes about her Master's work. At one time a poor, dejected fellow in one of his drunken frenzies was hastening on his way to the river for the purpose of ending his life within its dark, turbulent depths, when his attention was attracted by a voice singing at the mission chapel near by. He stopped and listened and these words came to him, "Turn ye, O turn ye, why will ye die?" The words seemed to awaken him from his lethargy; trembling and shaking in every limb he retraced his footsteps. Back he came, tottering, the singing leading him to the chapel door. He was seen by one of the workers there and entreated to enter. At first he refused, but Mrs. Wiley began singing another hymn softly and entreatingly; he could resist no longer and entered as many others had done before, a most pitiful sight for the human eyes to behold. Sin had left its cruel scar on every feature. During that same service he was converted to God. Afterward Mrs. Jack Wiley and her husband had the pleasure of seeing the same fellow comfortably situated in his home with his grateful wife and little children.

CHAPTER XXV.

OTHER HAPPY HOMES.

“Why is my husband working so diligently this bright beautiful, day, even way past our dinner hour?”

We recognize in that calm, sweet voice our former friend Violet, who is now Mrs. William Blake.

The minister who is thus addressed, turns from his desk to greet his wife with a smile and answers.

“Ah, is it so late, dearest? I must ask your pardon for keeping you waiting. The truth is, I am interested in writing a new sermon, and have become thoroughly enthusiastic over it. That is why I was not conscious of the fleeting time”.

Mrs. Blake puts her hands lovingly and sympathetically on her husband's shoulders and asks, “What is your text of the sermon you have just written, William?”

“My text, dear, is this, ‘Who can find a virtuous woman? For her price is far above rubies.’ Virtue is the highest element of character, it means strength and endurance. The ruby is a very rare and precious gem, yet a virtuous woman is far above it. Who can find a woman with a strong character? When she is found, one can look on a human being far more

desired and more precious than the beautiful gem we call ruby”.

He gently took her hands from his shoulders and held them within his own and continued, “I thank God I have chosen for my life companion a gem of which I have been writing. My own sparkling Violet, you have made my home a Paradise, and inspire me every day with some new beautiful thought, gems in my life’s work”.

“Ah, William dear”, she replied meekly, “my one great ambition will be to come somewhere near the neighborhood of the standard which you have so loyally placed me”.

“A standard for you, dearest, I could not place were I to try. It would surpass my knowledge. I do realize there is nothing more beautiful than a Christian woman in the home, keeping the fire continually burning upon its altar. This is my idea of a virtuous woman”.

Is this another happy home? Could it be otherwise when God reigns supremely with its every individual? We bow in reverence as this young couple in their summertime of life pass through the open doorway.

We see still another home of wealth and luxury with which our readers are already acquainted. One girl about thirteen years of age with dark brown curls,

rosy cheeks, and sparkling eyes sits at the piano. By her side stands a fair blonde, a girl between the ages of fourteen and fifteen. There is quite a contrast between the two, but both are beautiful with dewy freshness and child-like innocence implanted on both their young faces. The blonde we notice, is holding in her hand a violin. Seated a short distance from them we recognize the beautiful Mrs. Henry Wiley and her husband. It is the evening hour and the room is brilliantly lighted.

“Mother dear”, asks the sweet voice of the girl seated at the piano, “what shall Mabel and I play for you and dad?”

Mrs. Wiley thus addressed, smiles, and turns to her husband. “Harry, I shall give you the choice to name a selection”.

“Ah, how kind of you love”, he answers. “Well, if you insist on leaving it to me, I would suggest my favorite”.

Immediately there floats out the soul-thrilling melodies; the beautiful variations of “In the Sweet By and By”. They know what he likes best and have played it many times for him before. He, too, has put on the breastplate of faith and love; and for an helmet the hope of salvation. As he listens this evening to his young daughter’s skillful playing, accompanied by their adopted daughter’s rich har-

monious chords on the violin, he decides that all true happiness of this world comes from the center of a model Christian home. A silent prayer of thankfulness goes out from his heart to God for this home. He is, however, not forgetful of the saintly, young woman, who is now his brother's wife; the sunbeam who first brought the light to their dark and unhappy home of the past.

Five years ago Mrs. Wiley adopted Mabel Nathen, a friendless and penniless orphan child, and installed her in her own home, an equal beside her only offspring. Her friends thought she had acted rashly, and criticised her severely, but she heeded them not. This foster child has had special training for these years past, and tonight we see the result.

Her teachers found her to be of a bright intellect. Her music master detected her great passion for the violin, which pleased Mrs. Wiley very much. She had special training in that line of music under a polished artist, and Italian musician. It pleased the old professor to watch her rapid improvement and note the music in her soul. Often after hearing her lesson, he would take his own beloved violin and play a thrilling melody, himself fixing his keen eyes upon his pupil, watching her expression which revealed to him her wonderful gift. As we look at her this evening just entering on the threshold of

maidenhood, we are surprised that so much can be accomplished in such a short while. Yes, her graceful attitude, the pose of her head while she holds her violin and draws from it heavenly music, goes to show her careful discipline until master of the little instrument she now holds in her hands. The transformation since five years ago is quite beyond one's comprehension, yet how many like Mabel Nathen was, walk our streets daily, work in our factories and shops, are "diamonds in the rough", all they need is a little polish to make them shine as precious gems lighting our homes and communities. Alas, there are so few to hold out to them an opportunity, while thousands of ladies in our country spend enough money annually on their poodle dogs, saying nothing of the many dollars spent on their personal luxuries, to educate and train a human being for a life of usefulness and prosperity.

Does't one suppose that Mrs. Wiley was happy, when day after day she watched this unpolished and unlearned child unfold and bring under her observation rare qualities, which she had never dreamed she possessed?

Did she spend her money and time usefully? What compensation did she get in return? A realization which money cannot buy, a glad and happy heart.

As Mrs. Wiley had used her influence in the past for the world, we find her using it now for the upbuild-

ing of God's Kingdom on the earth. Scores of her friends are by her side daily with their personal help and money supporting the orphans and widows, both at home and abroad. She has employed a secretary, and not a lady in her city is quite so busy as she.

Readers, we have not forgotten our old friends, Mr. and Mrs. Mattox. Yes, they are well and happy, living yet at their country home. Their daughters are anxious for them to live in the city, and have entreated them time and time again to do so, but they prefer their own little rural nest.

We will look in upon them a moment while passing. They don't seem much older than when we saw them last. Mrs. Mattox is sitting by a table beside a lighted lamp; presently she reaches over and takes up a picture, and as she smilingly looks at it calls her husband who is just entering. The old gentleman comes to her, adjusting his glasses in the meantime, and they now fondly gaze at it together. This picture is a photograph of their only grandchild, Jack Wiley, Jr., and of course he is wonderful, indeed.

"Why James", asked Mrs. Mattox, "does the time seem long when we held little Jack's mother, with our other darling in our arms?"

"Dear me, no, Mary", he replied, "I was thinking the same thing a while ago, yet it has been twenty-eight years ago. How quickly time passes. I must

say, however, it is better the further on we go. We labored hard to raise our girls; we have seen them marry good, true men who are able to provide for them, and assist each other in doing the Master's work. We have our own little home and are comfortably situated. God has blessed us for what I know not. As we pass down the hill of life together, the light of our Master's face becomes brighter to cheer us along the way".

It has been said, "There is no voice so low, soft and sweet as a woman's". What an angel of mercy is a good woman! May the heroines of this story, whom God has blessed with noble Christian companions, do greater work for Him and continue to awaken souls to real life and happiness.

END.

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