

in his heart; now, instinctively he knew the cup of joy would be dashed from his trembling hand ere it reached his lips.

'The picture is for sale,' he said, controlling his emotion.

'I am so glad,' said Mrs. Norwood; 'but will you tell me if it is painted from a model?'

Gerald hesitated. The picture had done what all Father's Curran's efforts and inquiries had failed to accomplish.

Elaine had told him on the day he heard from Mrs. Archer her strange story, that if her parents were not found before another Easter dawned he might lead her to the altar soon afterward. Then the thought came: 'Why do you reveal what need never be known?' Suddenly the remembrance of Mrs. Archer's action recurred to him. He had thought her weak and contempt mingled with his pity. And here he was contemplating the same thing, and for the same motive—a selfish love.

'Yes, madam,' he answered, 'the model is my betrothed.'

'Indeed! It is strange, perhaps, but I think she must resemble my daughter. It was the likeness that first drew my attention to the picture.'

'I noticed the resemblance, too,' said Gerald, and Miss Norwood blushed.

'I suppose your betrothed resides in the city?' continued his interrogator.

'No madam, she lives in Brier Hill, some miles distant. Her name is Elaine Archer.'

A change passed over Mrs. Norwood's face. Pale and trembling, she sank into a chair. Her husband, who had been listening with an amused smile to her questions, turned quickly.

'Elaine Elaine Archer! Is it, can it be our Elaine whom we thought dead? Can that woman have deceived us?'

Mrs. Norwood was greatly agitated. 'I always thought her conduct strange,' she went on, 'and she has appeared so mysteriously. Tell me, sir, do you know aught of this Elaine's past life?'

'I know, and have known since you entered my studio, that Elaine is your daughter. A year ago Mrs. Archer confessed her duplicity, and during that time she has had an efficient person searching for you.'

It was over 'the cruel pang of parting.' One day about two weeks later, Mrs. Archer and Gerald sat together in the little parlor where he had painted 'An Easter Lily.'

'I knew how it would be,' said he sadly, 'but the separation came sooner than I expected. Now the ocean rolls between us, and I am in honor bound neither to see her nor write to her for three long years.'

'It is hard, Gerald,' said Mrs. Archer sympathetically, 'but take courage. Elaine will never cease to love you. Devote your time to art, and don't indulge in useless repining. Strive every day to become more worthy of her. My own life seems barren, too,' and the tears rolled down her pale cheeks.

'Your words give me hope,' said Gerald. 'It shall be my earnest endeavor to make myself more worthy of her.'

Two years rolled away. Gerald had won marked recognition in the world of art. He had become a social favorite as well, and many bright eyes sparkled and fair faces were lighted with smiles at his approach. But for him there was only one face, and it haunted his dreams and filled his waking hours with longing.

Through Mrs. Archer he sometimes heard of Elaine, but she was faithful to the promise made her parents, and no message ever cheered his lonely heart.

In the meantime a great surprise was in store for Mr. and Mrs. Norwood. From the first moments of their meeting, Edith's love for her newly-found sister had been remarkable. Elaine's character was a revelation of all that was good and beautiful. Such nobility of soul, such gentleness, forbearance and piety were gifts truly deserving of emulation. After profound thought, followed by earnest prayer, Edith accepted the

same faith that had brought her sister such consolation in all her trials. If it was another disappointment her parents bore it well, and when, on her return to her native land, she asked their permission to retire from the world, and join those holy women who wear 'the livery of heaven,' they did not refuse. Elaine bade the sister she had grown to love so well a tender adieu, and while her tears fell, in her heart she believed that she had 'chosen the better part.'

The months glided apace, for 'time knows not the weight of sleep or weariness,' and the third Easter-tide lighted the world.

The glorious day was drawing to a close. The crimson brightness of the dying sun shone through the window and fell on 'An Easter Lily' faintly tinging the classic folds of the snowy gown.

Elaine stood, her eyes looking beyond the mountainous vista, beyond the purple clouds lined with the roscate glow of sunset, as if she fain would read what lay beyond. Lost in contemplation, she heard no footfall, until her father's voice aroused her from her reverie. She turned quickly and Gerald stood before her, his eyes illumined with the same light that shone there on that Easter eve years before.

'Elaine' was all he said, but he clasped her to his heart, and in the joy of meeting the long years of waiting were forgotten and the future, bright as the vesper sky, lay before them all unclouded. *Catholic Universe.*

AN ALASKAN ADVENTURE

The following thrilling story of the crossing of 'a yawning crevasse' in the icy mountains of Farthest America is related by an Alaskan explorer.

Roger and I left the Indian camp at 4 o'clock in the morning, in order to have a long day on the glaciers. Roger was a small dog, with a strain of colic blood in his veins. He belonged to the clergyman in our party, but he showed a preference for my company during the whole trip.

For many miles we tramped, stopping once in a while to rest for a moment, or to enjoy the rich glow of color along the edge of the innumerable crevasses where the sun poured through the facets of the disintegrating ice, and caused countless prisms to burst into a blaze of color.

Presently a dark cloud swept across the sky, and in a few moments the snow was falling heavily, while the wind whistled and shrieked fiercely. We beat our way against the storm for some miles, until our progress was stopped by a yawning crevasse some eight feet wide.

We could not retrace our steps; I feared that if we turned back I should lose my bearings. The crevasse must be crossed.

The edges of the chasm were rounded, and as smooth as glass. I could make a running leap of more than eight feet, but if I attempted to leap this gulf, and my heel should glance on the other side, I should be hurled down a thousand feet at least.

Old mountaineer though I was, I was frightened as I looked at that chasm. Roger, too, felt the danger, and rushed wildly along the banks looking for a better place, but he came back without finding one.

There was nothing to do but jump it. At last I cut a socket for my heel, gauged my distance carefully and sprang. I tell you a man does not know what elasticity he has until it stands between him and death.

I was successful, and Roger, though frightened, plumped across after me.

For perhaps six miles we pushed on without encountering any serious difficulty. I had just begun to think that we were bearing a little too much to the eastward when I was confronted by a yawning abyss at least forty feet wide. That could not be jumped.

Roger cast an appealing blink up into my face, as much as to say, 'Wasn't the last one bad enough, master? Surely you won't risk this?' I bent down and patted him reassuringly, and then we reconnoitred.

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