

condition, and nothing is further from my mind than a divorce.'

'O, nonsense; do away with your pride.'

'I am as happy as I desire to be.'

'I want you to think this over, my boy,' insisted the old man, gradually seeing his opportunity slip from him and becoming irritated at his apparent failure.

'It is useless, uncle. I will not forsake Elaine.'

'Useless?' cried the old man, beginning to grow wrothy. 'I'll have you understand that you are dependent upon me, and I should have my way sometimes. I want you to think this matter over fully before you decide. I'll send for you to-morrow. Listen to me, and I'll make you rich; refuse, and—well, there are other good men who can take your place, and less troublesome. Good-day.'

'But my wife and child?'

'The courts provide alimony for them, and we can afford to pay a neat sum to free you. Think the matter over. Good-day.'

IV.

'A message, sir,' and Jack took the message from the extended hand. All the morning he had sat over his books unable to do anything more than stare at the upturned pages. The figures seemed to be bobbing up and down in mocking glee. Figures were forgotten now: Elaine and Dot were in his mind.

He knew his uncle better than to think that his words were idly meant. What had brought about this change in his uncle's demeanor? Fate seemed against him. Why had he invested his savings, now that he needed them so much? He regretted the investment, and almost despised his old schoolmate. He would keep this matter from Elaine to spare her the pain and worry. But how could he now? If he refused his uncle's request, there would be some reason to give for the loss of his position. If the investment proved a failure, he was penniless. There was the poverty and misery of being without a position endangering Elaine and Dot. And Dot, his dear little Dot, would never get the training they had planned for her. Should he forsake them? If he did they would be saved from misery by the alimony allowed, but he would be thought unfaithful. God knows, he hated the thought of having Elaine believe him untrue.

'Sign, sir!'

Jack in his troubled state of mind had forgotten to sign the receipt of the message, and was awakened from his reverie by the impatient messenger, who was anxious to move on.

Jack opened the telegram. It read: 'Rival company has bought up several councilmen. Chances look blue. Prepare for worst.—Cliff.'

The clouds of Fate were lowering on the horizon of Jack Northrop's happiness. Was this the price he was to pay for the few years of bliss he had enjoyed in his dear little home. And Dot—the thought almost drove him wild. How could he face them at home? They would surely know; but then, he would keep them in ignorance as long as he could. Yes, he would hide his misery behind smiles and choke down his sorrow with laughs.

When Jack arrived home that evening, no one would have suspected that his heart was being gnawed by pain. With one supreme effort of will power, he had resolved to hide his grief—and he did so nobly.

While Elaine prepared the evening meal, Dot insisted on reading the lesson she had learned to read that day. Getting her book, she rested it on Jack's knee and read:

'Papa loves mamma.

Mamma loves papa.

I love papa and mamma.'

How deep these words went to the bottom of 'Daddy's' heart, Dot never knew, but Jack gathered her up in his arms and gave her a loving kiss.

V.

The next day seemed gloomier to Jack. Clifford had sent another gloomy message that morning. Everything seemed lost. Misery and poverty stared his

loved ones in the face. No, no, he could not think of their suffering—if necessary he would make a supreme sacrifice. The day dragged by gloomily, but Jack thought it too fast for his state of mind. He dreaded the interview with his uncle. What was he to answer? Would he ask for further time? What would he tell his dear ones at home? No, no, he would not face them. At last he was sent for.

'Well,' inquired his uncle after he had seated himself, 'what have you decided?'

The tone of the old man's voice rang with a note of confidence. Jack hesitated for a moment fearful of what to say.

'Papa loves mamma.

Mamma loves papa.

I love papa and mamma.'

Dot's words rang through his brain.

'I have decided to refuse your advice,' came back the words from a determined man, as he walked out of the private office of James Northrop, not stopping to hear the angry words which flowed from the mouth of his irate uncle.

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Arriving home that evening, Jack was on the point of telling Elaine all, as he had finally resolved to do, although he realised the pain it would cause her, when a messenger arrived.

'Franchise granted. Will you take office job, 2500 dollars a year?' was the message Cliff sent.

'Dad, I've learned a new memory gem to-day,' shouted Dot, as she bounded into the room.

'What is it, Dot?' asked Jack.

'What God hath joined, let no man put asunder.—
New Orleans *Morning Star*.'

A Great Man's Mother

In the early part of the eighteenth century, in the little village of Claxby, England, dwelt a carpenter named Lingard and a yeoman named Rennell. The latter had a daughter, Elizabeth, who was five years old when John Lingard, her future husband, was born, in the white-washed cottage known as 'Lingard's Place.' The Lingards, 'living under the very shadow of the village church,' were probably members of the Established Church of England. 'For those were days' (says the biographer) 'when recusancy was a serious offence, abstention from church punishable by fine and imprisonment, and the statute book still bore those penal laws of which Burke was one day to say "never did anything more savage proceed from the perverted ingenuity of man." These laws (says the *Sacred Heart Review*), however, did not prevent Elizabeth Rennell's father from harboring priests and hearing Mass. 'We used to go in a cart at night to hear Mass, the priest dressed in a round smock to resemble a poor man,' Elizabeth related in after years, also recalling the penalties inflicted on her father for adhering to his Faith. Reduced to poverty by the heavy fines and other penalties imposed on the father, the Rennell children were scattered, and Elizabeth found her way to London, where John Lingard had preceded her. They met eventually, and the friendship of their childhood ripened into love, but circumstances delayed their marriage until the man was thirty years of age and his wife thirty-five. Before or after his marriage John Lingard became a Catholic. Of the union two children were born, a daughter who died in infancy, and a son, John, the future historian, who came into the world, February 5, 1771, in the village of Winchester, where his parents had settled in the preceding autumn.

Like other great men, John Lingard owed the development of his genius to his mother. The biographer gives a charming picture of the child eagerly learning from his mother the rudiments of education, and of the mother's efforts to feed the boy's desire for books, particularly history. She could always 'keep him quiet' by giving him a book. The handsome, studious boy