

Story of Chester Lawrence eBook

Story of Chester Lawrence

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*** *Start of this project gutenber EBOOK story of Chester Lawrence* ***

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Story of Chester Lawrence

Being the Completed Account of One
who Played an Important Part in
"Piney Ridge Cottage"

By *Nephi Anderson*
Author of "Added Upon," "The Castle Builder,"
"Piney Ridge Cottage," etc.

The Deseret news
Salt Lake City, Utah
1913

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Story of Chester Lawrence.

CHAPTER I.

It was raining when the ship was ready to sail; yet on the pier a large crowd of people stood under dripping umbrellas, waving and shouting farewells to their friends on board. The departing passengers, most of them protected by an upper deck, pressed four deep against the rail, and waved and shouted in return.

The belated passenger, struggling with heavy hand baggage, scrambled up the gang-plank. The last visitors were hustled ashore; amid noise and bustle, the plank was drawn away, and the ship was clear. A tremor ran through the vessel as the propeller began to move, and soon there was a strip of water between the pier and the ship. Then a tiny tug-boat came alongside, fastened itself to the steamer, and with calm assurance, guided its big brother safely into the harbor and down the bay. The people on shore merged into one dark object; the greetings became indistinct; the great city itself, back of the pier, melted into a gray mass as seen through the rain.

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Chester Lawrence stood on the deck of the departing vessel and watched the interesting scene. He stood as one apart from the crowd, having no portion with either those on board or those left behind. He was a spectator only. Not a soul in that mass of humanity on the pier, not one in the big city, knew Chester Lawrence or had a thought for him. No one cared whether his voyage would be pleasant or otherwise. There were no tears for him, or fears that he would not return in safety. Of the hundreds of waving handkerchiefs, none was meant for him; but as a last show of good-fellowship and as a farewell greeting to his native land, Chester waved once with the rest.

The rain continued as the ship dropped down the bay and came safely into the open sea. Some of the passengers then hurried below, while others lingered on deck to see as long as possible the fast-receding land. Chester took his time. He had seen that his grips had been safely stowed away in his state room, so he had no worries, as others seemed to have, regarding his belongings. The ship hands (sailors they cannot now be called) were busy clearing the deck and getting things into their proper places. The vessel pointed fairly into the vast eastern sea. The land became a dark, fast-thinning line on the western horizon, and then even that was swallowed up in the mist of rain.

"Well, good-by, old home, good-by thou goodly Land of Joseph," spoke Chester, half aloud, as he stood for one intense moment facing the west, then turned to go down into his room. The rain must at last have reached him for his eyes were so blurred that he bumped rather abruptly into an elderly man who was standing at his elbow.

"Oh, I beg your pardon," said Chester.

"It was nothing, sir. I, too, was just bidding farewell to the Land of Joseph, and I fear my sight was also rather dim."

Chester paused and looked at the man who had heard and repeated his remark. No one but a Latter-day Saint would call America the Land of Joseph. He was a pleasant-looking man, with hair and beard tinged with gray, clear blue eyes, a firm mouth, about which at that moment there played a faint smile. Apparently, he wished to make further acquaintance with Chester, for he asked:

"How far west were you looking just now?"

The question went deeper than Chester thought possible. He colored a trifle, but there was no time to reply, for the other continued:

"Mine was farther than that gray blot called New York, farther than the Alleghany mountains; in fact, it extended across the plains of the west to the Rocky Mountains—"

"So was mine!" exclaimed the younger man. "Let's shake hands upon it. My name is Chester Lawrence, and I'm a Mormon."

“My name is George Malby.”

“Elder George Malby?”

“Yes; I am a Mormon elder going on a mission to Great Britain.”

“I’m mighty glad to meet you, Elder Malby. I thought there wasn’t a soul on board this vessel that I could approach as a friend; now I have a brother.”

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"Three of them," corrected the elder. "There are two more missionaries on board. Not a large party of us this time. Would you like to meet them?"

There was no more land to be seen now. The sea stretched all around, with clouds above, and the rain. There was more comfort below, so the two newly-made friends went down. Chester met the other elders who were younger men, one destined for Scandinavia, the other for the Netherlands. It did not take long for the four men to become acquainted. Presently the dinner gong sounded, and all became interested in the first meal on ship-board.

Practically every one sat down to that dinner, and did full justice to it. For many, that was the only meal eaten for days. Chester was not seated at the same table as his friends. At his right was a chatty old gentleman and at his left a demure lady who ate in silence. Strangeness, however, is soon worn off when a company of people must eat at the same table for a week; that is, if the dreaded sea-sickness does not interfere too much with the gathering together at meal-time.

Towards evening the rain ceased. As the darkness came on, the clouds billowed across the vast upper expanse. Chester and his new-made friends paced the deck and watched the night settle on the water, and enclose the ship in its folds. They talked of the strange new experience on ship-board, then they told somewhat of each other's personal history. The sea was rough, and the ship pitched more and more as it met the swells of the Atlantic. The question of sea-sickness came up.

"I have crossed the ocean three times," remarked Elder Malby, "and escaped the sickness each time. I hope for as good luck now."

"It *is* a matter of luck, I understand," said Chester. "Sea-sickness is no respecter of persons, times, or so-called preventatives. The weak sometimes escape, while the strong are laid low. *I* feel all right yet."

The two younger men were fighting bravely, but it was not long before they excused themselves hurriedly, and went below, and to bed. Chester and Elder Malby displayed splendid sea-legs, so they walked until they were tired, then took possession of some chairs in a sheltered corner, wrapping their coats well around them.

"I wish I were going on a mission, as you are," Chester was saying. "My trip is somewhat aimless, I fear. For a year or more I have had a notion that I ought to see Europe. I have seen a good deal of America, both East and West. I lived for some time in Salt Lake City, though I became a Church member in Chicago. But about Europe," he continued as if he did not then wish to speak of his Western experiences, "you know, one must have seen somewhat of the Old World to have the proper 'culture,'—must have seen Europe's pictures, old castles, and historic places. I know little and care less about the culture, but I have always had a desire to see England, and some of France



and Germany, and the Alps—yes, I want to see the Alps and compare them with our Rockies. Rome, and other Italian cities, are interesting, too, but I may not get to them this time. I do hope some good will come of all this—somehow I think it will not be wholly in vain.”

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The older man let him talk without interruption. There was something uncommon in the life of this young man, but it would not do to show undue haste in wishing to know it. It was easily to be seen that Chester was helped in this opportunity to talk to a friend that could understand and be trusted. They sat late that night. The sea roared about them in the darkness. There was a fascination about this thing of seeming life—the ship—forcing itself against wind and wave into the darkness, and bearing safely with it in light and comfort a thousand precious souls.

Chester slept fairly well, and was awake next morning at daylight. Though the ship was pitching and rocking, he felt no indications of sea-sickness. He gazed out of the port-hole at the racing waves. Some of them rose to his window, and he looked into a bank of green water. He got up and dressed. It was good to think he would not be sick. Very few were stirring. A number who were, like himself, immune, were briskly pacing the deck. Chester joined them and looked about. This surely must be a storm, thought he. He had often wished to witness one, from a safe position, of course, and here was one. As far as he could see in every direction, the ocean was one mass of rolling, seething water. At a distance it looked like a boiling pot, but nearer the waves rose higher, the ship's prow cutting them like a knife.

"Quite a storm," said Chester to a man washing the deck.

"Storm? Oh, no, sir; just a bit of a blow."

No one seemed to have any concern regarding the safety of the ship, so Chester concluded that there was no danger, that this was no storm at all, which conclusion was right, as he had later to acknowledge. The sun came up through a wild sea into a wild sky, casting patches of shifting light on the waters to the east. Chester kept a lookout for his friends, the elders. When the breakfast gong sounded, Elder Malby appeared.

"Where are the others?" asked Chester.

"They'll not get up today; perhaps not tomorrow. I see you are all right. You're lucky. Come, let us go to breakfast."

Most of the seats were vacant at the table that morning. A few smilingly looked around, secure in their superior strength. Others were bravely trying to do the right thing by sitting down to a morning meal; but a number of these failed, some leaving quietly and deliberately, others rushing away in unceremonial haste. Chester was quite alone on his side of the table. If there had been a trifle of "sinking emptiness" in him before, the meal braced him up wonderfully. In this he thought he had discovered a sure cure for sea-sickness. One day later he imparted this information to a lady voyager, who received it with the exclamation, "Oh, horrors!"



All that day the wind was strong, and the sea rough. Even an officer acknowledged that if this weather kept up, the “blow” might grow into a storm. From the upper deck Chester and Elder Malby looked out on the sublime spectacle. Like great, green, white-crested hills, the waves raced along the vast expanse. Towards the afternoon the ship and the wind had shifted their course so that the waves dashed with thunderous roar against the iron sides of the vessel which only heaved and dipped and went steadily on its way.

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A number of ladies crowded on deck, and, aided by the stewards, were safely tucked into chairs in places protected from wind and spray. The deck stewards tempted them with broth, but they only sipped it indifferently. These same ladies, just the day before had carried their feather-tipped heads ever so stately. Now, alas, how had the mighty leveler laid them low! They did not now care how their gowns fitted, or whether their hats were on straight. Any common person, not afflicted with sea-sickness, could have criticised their attitude in the chairs. One became so indifferent to correct appearances that she slid from her chair on to the deck, where she undignifiedly sprawled. The deck steward had to tuck her shawls about her and assist her to a more lady-like position.

"That's pretty tough," remarked Chester.

"All the wits have tried their skill on the subject of sea-sickness," said his companion; "but it's no joke to those who experience it."

"Can't we help those ladies?" asked Chester.

"Not very much. You will find the best thing to do is to let them alone. They'll not thank you, not now, for any suggestion or proffer of help. If you should be so foolish as to ask them what you could do for them, they would reply, if they replied at all, 'Stop the ship for five minutes.'"

"Then I'll be wise," said Chester.

The night came on, dark and stormy. The two friends kept up well. They ate the evening meal with appetite, then went on deck again.

Night adds awfulness to the sublimity of a storm at sea. The world about the ship is in wild commotion. The sky seems to have dropped into the sea, and now joins the roaring waves as they rush along. The blackness of the night is impenetrable, save as the lights from the ship gleam for an instant into the moving mass of water. Now and then a wave, rearing its crested head higher than the rest, breaks in spray upon the deck. The wind seems eager to hurl every movable object from the vessel, but as everything is fast, it must be content to shriek in the rigging and to sweep out into the darkness, and lend its madness to the sea and sky.

But let us leave this awe-inspiring uproar and go down into the saloon. Here we come into another world, a world of light and peace and contentment. The drawn curtains exclude the sight of the angry elements without, and save for the gentle rocking of the ship and the occasional splashing of water against its sides, we can easily imagine that we are a thousand miles from the sea. Passengers sit at the long tables, reading or chatting. Other groups are playing cards or chess. In the cushioned corners, young men and maidens are exchanging banter with words and glances. A young lady is

playing the piano, and over all this scene of life, and light, and gaiety, the electric lamps gleam in steady splendor.

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Elder Malby soon retired. Chester remained in the saloon for a time, studying the various aspects of life about him; then he made a good-night visit to the deck. He looked into the men's smoking room, where a few yet sat with pipes and beer, playing cards. Among them were two men, fat-cheeked, smoothly shaven, who were dressed in priestly garb. There was an expressive American in the company, an Englishman and a quiet German. Before the American could carry into effect his intention of asking Chester to join them, the latter had passed by and out beyond the stench of the tobacco smoke.

"This air, washed clean by a thousand miles of scouring waves, is good enough for me," thought he.

The wind was not blowing so hard. The sky was nearly clear of clouds. The moon hung full and bright above the heaving horizon. Here was another aspect of the wonderful sea, and Chester lingered to get its full beauty. The steamer rolled heavily between the big waves. The young man leaned on the railing, and watched the ship's deck dip nearly to the water, then heave back until the iron sides were exposed nearly to the keel.

Chester was about to turn in for the night when he heard a commotion, apparently among the third class passengers. He walked along to where he could look down on the forward main deck. A number of people were running about shouting excitedly. Chester ran down the steps to get a nearer view.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

"I don't know. Someone overboard, I think."

People were crowding to the rail at the extreme forward end of the ship. Someone with authority was trying to push them back, using the old-fashioned ship-board language to aid him. Chester drew near enough not to be in the way, but so that he could observe what was going on. By leaning well over the rail, he could see what appeared to be two persons clinging to the anchor, which hung on the ship's side, about half-way down to the water. One was a dark figure, the other appeared in the moonlight to be a woman dressed in white. Other ships-men now rushed up.

"Clear way here! Where's the rope? Hang on, my man; we'll soon get you"—this down the side of the ship. There came some words in reply, but Chester did not hear them. A rope was lowered. "Slip the loop around the lady," was the order from above. The man on the anchor tried to obey. He moved as if cautiously and slowly. "Hurry, my man!" But there was no haste. Limbs and fingers made stiff by long exposure and cramped position, clinging desperately to prevent himself and his burden from falling into the sea, were not now likely to be nimble; but in a few minutes, which, however, seemed a long time, some words were spoken by the man on the anchor, the command to haul in was

given, and slowly the nearly-unconscious form of a young woman was drawn up to safety.

“Now, my man, your next,” shouted the officer. The rope soon dangled down again, the man reached out a hand for it. The ship cut into a big wave, whose crest touched the man below. He grasped wildly for the rope, missed it, and fell with a cry into the sea. Chester tried to see him as the ship rushed on, but the commotion and the darkness prevented him.

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“Man overboard! stop the ship!” came from the excited passengers. “Man overboard!” What could be done! The man was gone. He had not one chance in a thousand to be rescued. Had he fallen overboard without much notice, the ship would have gone right on—Why should a world be stopped in its even course to save one soul?—but too many had seen this. Signal bells were rung, the engines slowed down, and then stopped. Lights flashed here and there, other officers of higher rank came on the scene; a boat fully manned was lowered. It bobbed up and down on the waves like a cork. Back into the track of the ship it went, and was soon lost to view.

The search was continued for an hour, then given up. No trace of the man could be found. The small boat was raised to the deck, the engine moved again, and the big ship went on its way.

Chester lingered among the steerage, passengers and listened to the story of the lost man who, it seems, had been one of those unfortunate ones who had failed to pass the health inspector at New York and had therefore been sent back to his native land, Ireland. He was known as Mike, what else, no one could tell. And the woman? Poor girl, she had wandered in her night dress to the ship's side, and in some unknown way had gotten overboard as far as the protruding piece of iron. How Mike had reached her, or how long they had occupied their perilous position, no one could tell. He was gone, and the woman was saved to her husband and her baby.

The night was growing late; but there was no sleep for Chester. Many of the passengers, having been awakened by the stopping of the ship, were up, hurriedly dressed, and enquiring what the trouble was. Chester met Elder Malby in the companion-way.

“What's the matter?” asked the Elder.

“A man has been lost at sea,” replied the other. “Come into the saloon, and I'll tell you about it.”

Chester was visibly affected as he related what he had seen. At the conclusion of his story he bowed his face into his hands for a moment. Then he looked into the Elder's face with a smile.

“Well, it's too bad, too bad,” said George Malby.

“Do you think so?”

“Well—why—isn't it a terrible thing to die like that?”

“I hope not,” replied Chester. “I think the dying part was easy enough, and the manner of it was glorious. He was a poor fellow who had failed to land. He had no doubt thought to make fame and fortune in the new world. Now he has gone to a new world

indeed. He entered it triumphantly, I hope. As far as I know, he ought to be received as a hero in that world to which he has gone."

Chester's eyes shone and his face was aglow. "Elder Malby," he continued, "I remember what you told me just yesterday,—To our immortal soul, nothing that others can do, matters much; a man's own actions is what counts. Neither does it matter much when or how a man leaves this life; the vital thing is what he has done and how he has done it up to the point of departure. The Lord will take care of the rest."

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As the two men went slowly along the narrow passage way to their state rooms that night, the older man said to the other, "I guess you're right, my brother; yes; you are right. Good night, and pleasant sleep."

CHAPTER II.

The next morning the sky was clear and the sea was much smoother. The sun shone bright and warm; more people came on deck, rejoicing that they could live in the vigor of the open rather than in their stuffy state rooms. The two seasick elders thought it wiser to remain quietly in their berths for another day, so Chester and Elder Malby had the day to themselves. As the accident of the night before became known to the passengers, it was the topic of conversation for some time.

That afternoon Chester and his companion found a cosy corner on deck away from the cigar smoke, and had a long heart to heart talk. The fact of the matter was that the young man found comfort in the society of his older brother. For the first time in nearly two years Chester could pour out his heart to sympathetic ears, and he found much joy in doing this.

"Yes," said Chester to a question, "I should like to tell you about myself. When my story gets tiresome, call my attention to the porpoises, or declare that you can see a whale."

"I promise," laughed the other.

"Well, to begin at the very beginning, I was born in a suburb of Chicago, and lived in and near that city most of my life. My mother's name was Anna Lawrence. I never knew my father, not even his name. Yes, I can talk freely about it to you. The time was when I shunned even the thoughts of my earthly origin and my childhood days, but I have gotten over that. I have learned to face the world and all the truth it has for me.

"When I was but a child, my mother married Hugh Elston. Shortly after, they both heard the gospel preached by a 'Mormon' elder, and they accepted it. I had been placed in the care of some of my relatives, and when my mother now wished to take me, they would not give me up. They were, of course, fearful that I, too, would become a 'Mormon.' Mr. Elston and my mother went west to Utah. I was sent to school, obtained a fairly good education, and while yet a young man, was conducting a successful business.

"I had nearly forgotten that I had a parent at all, when one day, my mother, without announcement, came to Chicago. She had left her husband. Mother did not say much to any of us, but I took it for granted that she had been abused among the 'terrible Mormons.' After a time I took a trip out to Utah to see about it, meaning to find this Mr. Elston and compel him to do the right thing for my mother. Well, I went, I saw, and was



conquered. Mr. Elston was a widower living in a spot of green called Piney Ridge Cottage amid the sage-brush desert,—living there alone with his daughter Julia. And this Julia—well—Do you see any porpoises, Brother Malby?”

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"Not yet. Go on."

"Mr. Elston is a fine, good-hearted man,—a gentleman in very deed. He soon found out who I was and invited me to his home. Julia was mistress there. In the midst of the desert, these two had created a beautiful home. I went to their Sunday School and their meetings. I read Mormon books. My eyes were opened to the truth, and I was ready to accept it."

"Thanks to Julia," suggested the listener with a sly glance at Chester.

"Yes; thanks to Julia, Brother Malby; but not in the sense you hint at. I think I would have accepted the gospel, even had there been no Julia mixed up with the finding of it. But Julia helped. She was a living example of what 'Mormonism' can do for a person, and when I looked at her, learned her thoughts through her words, and saw her life by her every-day deeds, I said to myself, 'A system of religion that produces such a soul, cannot be bad.' Yes; she was a wonderful help; but I repeat that had the truth come to me by other means and other ways, I believe I should have accepted it."

"Forgive me for the thoughtless remark," said Elder Malby.

"O, I know how justifiable you are for it, so you are forgiven."

"Did you join the Church in Utah?"

"No; I went back to Chicago. Away from Utah, from Piney Ridge Cottage and its influence. I pondered and prayed. I found the elders there and was baptized. Then I went to Salt Lake City, where Julia had gone to attend school while her father was away on a mission to England." Chester paused, looking out on the sea. "You don't blame me for falling in love with Julia, do you?" asked he.

"I don't blame you a bit."

"But there was someone else, a young fellow who had grown up as a neighbor to her. He also went on a mission, and then I believe Julia discovered that she thought more of Glen Curtis than of me. I do not now blame Julia for that. She told me plainly her feelings. I persisted for a time, but in vain—then I went away, and have never been to Utah since."

"And that's the end of your story?"

"Oh, no; while I was roaming aimlessly about the country trying to mend a broken heart, mother, becoming uneasy about me, and thinking I was yet in Utah, journeyed out west to find me. The team on the stage-coach which took her out to Julia's home, ran away from the drunken driver, and just before they got to Piney Ridge Cottage the wagon upset on a dug-way, and mother was mortally hurt. She died under Julia's care, and

now lies in Mr. Elston's private graveyard near Piney Ridge Cottage beside Mr. Elston's other wife. Let us walk a little."

The older man linked his arm into Chester's as they paced the long reach of the promenade deck. They walked for a few minutes, then sat down again.

"I hope you'll not think I'm a bore, to continue my personal history; but there is something in here," said Chester, striking his breast, "that finds relief in expression to one who understands."

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“Go on; tell me all.”

“Do you know, I was tempted to ‘chuck it all’ after I had failed with Julia. I even went so far as to play devilishly near to sin, but thank the Lord, I came to my senses before I was overcome, and I escaped that horror. Oh, but I was storm-tossed for a while—I thought of it yesterday when we had the rough sea—but in time I came out into the calm again, just as we are coming today on this voyage. But not until I had said more than once ‘not my will, but thine, O Lord, be done,’ and said it from my heart, did I get peace. Then I began to see that the girl had come into my life, not to be my wife, but to turn my life into new channels. I, with the rest of the world of which I was a part, had no definite views or high ideals of life, death, ‘and that vast forever;’ and something was needed to change my easy-going course. When I realized that Julia Elston had been the instrument of the Lord in doing that, I had to put away resentment and acknowledge the hand of God in it. I read in the parables of our Lord that a certain merchantman had to sell all he had in order to get the purchase money to buy the Pearl of Great Price. Why should it be given me without cost?”

“We all have to pay for it.”

“And I who had made no sacrifice, railed against fate because I had been asked to pay a trifle—no it was not a trifle; but I have paid, and hope to continue to pay to the last call. Now, what do you say, brother? Tell me what you think.”

“Well, you have an interesting story, my brother, and I am glad you look on your experiences in the right light. To get the woman one thinks he ought to get, is, after all, not the whole of life. There are other blessings. To have one’s life changed from darkness into light; to have one’s journey turned from a downward course to one of eternal exaltation; to obtain a knowledge of the plan of salvation,—these are important. If one is on the right way, and keeps on that way to the end, He who rules the world and the destinies of men, will see to it that all is right. Sometime, somewhere, every man and every woman will come to his own, whether in life or death, in this world, or the next.”

“Thank you for saying that. Do you know, I am now glad that Julia did not yield to my entreaties, and marry me out of pity. Think how I would have felt when the realization of that had come to me. * * * I found this expression of Stevenson the other day, purporting to be a test of a man’s fortitude and delicacy: ‘To renounce where that shall be necessary, and not to be embittered.’ Thank the Lord, I am not embittered. Some time ago I chose this declaration of Paul for my motto: ‘But this one thing I do, forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark of the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus.’”

The light of a soul of peace shone from the countenance of the young man. The smile on the lips added only beauty to the strength of the face. He arose, shook himself as if

to get rid of all past unpleasantness and weakness, and faced the east as though he were meeting the world with new power. Then the smile changed to a merry laugh as he ran to the railing and cried:

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"See, sure enough, there *is* a school of porpoises!"

* * * * *

The ship was in mid-ocean. The rough weather had wholly ceased. The sea lay glinting like a vast jewel under the slant of the afternoon sun. It was a day of unflecked beauty. The decks were gay with people, some walking, some leaning idly on the rail, some sitting with books in their hands. A few were reading, but most sat with finger in closed book. Why bother to read *about* life when it could be seen so full and interesting all around.

A day on ship-board is longer than one on shore, and provision must be made to pass it pleasantly. If the weather is fair, this is quite a problem. Of course, there are the meals in the well-appointed dining saloon. They break pleasantly into the long monotony. Then there are the deck games; the watching for "whales" and passing vessels; the looking at the spinning log in the foaming water at the stern; the marking of the chart, which indicates the distance traversed during the twenty-four hours; the visit to the steerage and the "stoke hole," or boiler room in the depths of the ship; and last, but not least, the getting acquainted with one's fellow passengers. "Steamer friendships" are easily made, and in most cases, soon forgotten. The little world of people speeding across the deep from shore to shore, is bound together closely for a few days, and then, its inhabitants scatter.

Chester Lawrence was enjoying every hour of the voyage. On that day practically all sea-sickness had gone. The vacant places at the tables were being filled and the company looked around at each other with pleasant contentment. The steamship company no longer saved on the provisions. The chatty old gentleman at Chester's right was back again after a short absence, and the power of speech had come to the demure lady on his left, with the return of her appetite.

Two places opposite Chester were still vacant at the table. That day as the crowd hastily answered the dinner gong, Chester, being a little tardy, encountered an elderly man and what appeared to be his daughter making their way slowly down the companionway towards the dining room. Chester saw at a glance that neither of them was strong, but both tried to appear able and were bound to help each other. He smiled at their well-meaning endeavors, then without asking leave, took the man's free arm and helped him down the steps, saying,

"You haven't quite got your sea-legs yet—Now then, steady, and we'll soon be there. Get a good dinner, and that will help."

The steward showed them to the two seats opposite Chester which had been vacant so long.

“Thank you very much,” said the girl to Chester, with a smile, when the elderly man was well seated. Chester bowed without replying, then went around the table to his own seat.

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Somehow that gracious little smile had made Chester's heart flutter for an instant. As he realized it, he said to himself, "What's the matter with me? Am I getting foolish? It was, certainly a sweet smile, and the thanks were gracious, too; but what of it?" The first courses were being served. She was sitting opposite him, just a few feet away. He might take a good look at the girl to see if there was anything uncommon about her. He looked down the table, glancing just for an instant opposite. No; there was nothing striking, or to be disturbed about. The girl was still solicitous over her companion, meanwhile eating a little herself. "I musn't be rude, thought Chester, and then looked again across the table. The man was past middle age. His face was clean shaven, and he was dressed in the garb of a minister. He was a preacher, then. The girl had evidently suffered much from sea-sickness, because her face was pale and somewhat pinched, though there was a tinge of red in her cheeks. That's a pretty chin, and a lovely mouth—and, well, now, what *is* the matter! Chester Lawrence, attend to your chicken."

The minister and his daughter did not remain for the dessert. As they arose, he said:

"Now, that's pretty good for the first time, isn't it?"

"Yes, father, it is," she replied. "You're getting on famously. Shall we try the deck for a while?"

"Yes; it will do us both good to get into the air. Run along into your room for a wrap."

Chester was tempted to leave his dinner to help them again; but he resisted the temptation. They walked quite firmly now, and as they entered the passageway, the girl glancing back into the room, met Chester's eyes and smiled once more. Again Chester's heart fluttered. It would have been a cold, hardened heart indeed not to have responded to such an appeal.

CHAPTER III.

On the morning of the fourth day out, Chester Lawrence stood watching the antics of a young man, who, coatless and hatless, and made brave by too many visits to the bar, was running up the rope ladders of the mast to a dangerous height. He climbed up to where the ladder met the one on the other side, down which he scrambled with the agility of a monkey. The ladies in the group on deck gasped in fright at his reckless daring. The fellow jumped to the deck from the rail, and made a sweeping bow to the spectators:

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "'tis nothing at all, I assure you. On shore I am a circus performer, an' I was just practicing a little. Have no fear. See—"

He was about to make a second exhibition when a ship's officer seized him, threatening to lock him up if he did not desist.

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"O, certainly, if its against the rules," he replied meekly. His hat and coat were lying on a chair by some ladies. He put these on again, and then sat down and began talking to the one nearest him. Chester, who had followed the fellow's capers with some interest, gave a start when he saw that the lady with whom the man was trying to carry on a conversation was the minister's daughter. She was visibly annoyed, and looked about as if for help. Chester thought her eyes fell on him, and without hesitation he determined to assist her. He went up to them, and without appearing to see the girl, reached out his hand to the man, saying:

"Halloo Jack! Didn't know you were on board till I saw your capers just now. I want to talk to you a moment. Come along and have a drink first."

The fellow stared at Chester and was about to deny any acquaintanceship with him, when the insistent manner of the greeting changed his mind. He excused himself to the lady, arose and followed. Chester took his arm as they walked along.

"Which is your state-room?" asked Chester.

"It's 340; but what you want to know for? Aren't we going to have a drink?"

"Not just now, my man. You're going to your room, and to bed. You got up too early. Listen,"—as the sobering man began to resent the interference,—“there's an officer looking at us. He will do nothing if you will go along quietly with me, but if you make a scene I'll hand you over to him."

They found the man's room and he willingly went in and lay down. "Now," said Chester to him, "remain below until you're sober. And don't bother that young lady again—do you hear. *Don't you do it.*"

Chester went on deck again, somewhat in wonder at his own conduct. He was not in the habit of interfering in other people's business, and never mixed with drunken affairs. But this surely was different. No man would have refused *that* appeal for help. Yes; he was sure she had pleaded with her eyes. Perhaps he ought to go back and receive her thanks, but he resisted that impulse. He walked to the extreme rear of the boat and stood looking at the broad white path which the ship was making in the green sea. He stood gazing for some time, then turned, and there sitting on a coil of rope was the girl who had been in his mind. She saw his confusion and smiled at it.

"I—I came to thank you," she said; "but I did not like to disturb your meditations, so I sat down to rest."

"The sea has used you up quite badly, hasn't it?"

"O no; I was dreadfully ill before I came aboard. This trip is to make me well, so papa says."

"I hope so." There was a pause, during which Chester found a seat on a bit of ship furniture. This girl's voice was like an echo from far-away Utah and Piney Ridge Cottage. And there was something about the shapely head now framed in wind-blown hair and the face itself that reminded him of someone else. Just how the resemblance came in he could not tell, but there it was. Perhaps, after all, it was just the look in her eyes and the spirit that accompanied her actions and words that moved him.

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"Is that man a friend of yours?" she asked.

"You mean that drunken fool? No; I've never met him before."

"That was just a ruse then—that invitation to drink."

"I had to do something, and that came first to me."

"Then you didn't go and drink with him?"

"Why no, of course not. I took him to his berth, and told him to stay there."

"Do you think he will?"

"Yes; until he sobers up."

"Well, I don't like drunken men."

"Neither do I."

"We're agreed on one thing then, aren't we?"

Chester laughed with her. Elder Malby was pacing the deck, awaiting the call for breakfast; but Chester did not join him.

"The man bothered me yesterday," she said, "and again last night. He wished to get acquainted, he claimed."

"You don't know him, then?"

"I've never seen him before. Papa has had to remain very quiet, and I haven't been around much. That fellow made me afraid."

"Well, he'll not bother you again. If he does, let me know."

"Thank you very much—"

The call for breakfast came to them faintly, then grew louder as the beaten gong came up from below to the deck.

"I must get papa and take him to breakfast. Let me thank you again, and good morning."

He might have accompanied her down, but he just stood there watching her. Elder Malby came up, and the two went down together.

The minister and his daughter got into their places more actively that morning. Chester wished heartily that his seat was not opposite. She was at too close range to allow of any careful observation. He could not very well help looking across the table, neither could she, although she had her father to talk to. Chester was really glad when breakfast was over that morning, and they all filed up to the sun-lit deck again.

Had Chester been a smoker, he would no doubt have taken consolation in a pipe with the majority of the men; but as it was, he withdrew as much as possible from others that he might think matters over and get to a proper footing; for truth to tell, he was in danger of falling in love again, and that, he said to himself, would never do. He avoided even Elder Malby that morning; but to do so he had to go down to the main deck forward out to the prow. He went to the extreme point, where from behind the closed railing he could stand as a look-out into the eastern sea. Gently and slowly the vessel rose and fell as it plowed through the long, gleaming undulations.

"What am I coming to," said Chester half-aloud as if the sea might hear and answer him. "Here I am running away from one heart entanglement only to go plump into another. She is not Julia, of course, but she has Julia's twin soul. A perfect stranger, an acquaintance of two days! The daughter of a minister, a minister of the world!" What was he thinking of? Who were they?

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He did not even know her name. She was not a well girl, that he could see. The roses in her cheeks were not altogether natural and her face was pale; but those red lips, and that smile when turned to him! Well, the voyage was half over. Another four or five days and they would be in Liverpool, where they would go their different ways forever. He must keep away from her that long, seeing there was danger. No more playing with the fire that burns so deep. And all this which he seemed to feel and fear, might be undreamed of by her and very likely was. A girl like that would not take seriously a “steamer friendship.” She was only doing what all young people do on such trips, making pleasant acquaintances with whom to pass away the monotonous days. “Sure, sure,” said he, as if to clinch the argument, but nevertheless, deep within his soul there was an undercurrent of protest against such final conclusions.

Chester tried to seek refuge in Elder Malby, but as he was not to be found, he opened up a conversation with the missionary for Scandinavia. The missionary was but a boy, it seemed to Chester. The going from home and the sea-sickness had had their effects, and the young fellow was glad to have some one to talk to. He came from Arizona, he told Chester; had lived on a ranch all his life; had never been twenty miles away from home before,—and now all this at once! It was “tough.”

“But I’m feeling fine now,” he said. “Do you know, I’ve had a peculiar experience. All the way across the United States from home, something seemed to say to me, ‘You can’t stand this. You’ll go crazy. You’d better go back home.’ Of course, I was terribly homesick, and I guess that was the trouble. The cowardly part of me was trying to scare the better part. But all the time I seemed to hear ‘You’ll go crazy’ until once or twice I thought I would.

“Well, it was the same in New York, and the same when we came aboard. I didn’t care much one way or other while sea-sick, but when I got over it, there was the same taunting voice. At last I got downright angry and said, ‘All right, I’m going right on and fill my mission, *and go crazy!*’ From that moment I have ceased to be bothered, and am now feeling fine.”

“Good for you,” said Chester. “You’ll win out. I wish I was sure about myself.” He went no further in explanation, however.

Ship board etiquette does not require formal introductions before extended conversations may be carried on. The New England school ma’am and the German professor were in a deep discussion ten minutes after they had met for the first time. Many on the ship were going especially “to do Europe,” so there were themes for conversation in common.

As it happened, Chester was alone again that afternoon and he met the minister and his daughter on the promenade deck. They were taking their exercise moderately, pausing frequently to look at any trifling diversion. Chester tipped his cap at them as they passed. At the next meeting in the walk, the minister stopped and greeted the young man.

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"I wish to thank you for your act of kindness to my daughter," he said. "She has told me about it."

"It was nothing, I assure you, sir," replied Chester. "I don't think the fellow will annoy her again."

"I hope not. On these ocean voyages one is thrown so closely into all kinds of company. We, of course, must suppose all our fellow-passengers are respectable people, until we find out otherwise—but let us sit down. Where are our chairs, Lucy?"

"They're on the other side, I believe, where we left them this morning."

"It's a little too windy there."

"I'll bring them around to you," said Chester. Lucy followed him, pointing out which of the chairs belonged to them.

"May I not carry one?" she asked.

"You do not appear strong enough to lift one."

Chester carried the two chairs around to the side of the sheltered deck, then found a vacant chair for himself which he placed with the other two.

"Thank you very much," said the minister, as they seated themselves. "The day is really fine, isn't it? After the sea-sickness, there is something glorious in a pleasant sea voyage. This is my third time across, but I don't remember just such a fine day as this. Are you a good sailor?" this to Chester.

"I've not missed a meal yet, if that's any indication."

"I envy you. I have often wished I could be on deck in a bit of real bad weather. We had a little blow the other day, I understand, when that poor fellow lost his life."

"Yes; I saw the accident," replied Chester; whereupon he had to relate the details to them.

"Well, such is life—and death," was the minister's only comment on the story.

The minister did most of the talking. Perhaps that was because he was used to it, having, as he told Chester, been a preacher for twenty-five years. The daughter commented briefly now and then, prompting his memory where it seemed to be weak. Chester listened with great interest to the man's account of former trips to Europe and his description of famous places. The speaker's voice was pleasant and well-modulated. His clean-cut face lighted up under the inspiration of some vivid

description. Chester found himself drawn to the man nearly as much as he had been to the daughter.

"You're an American," announced the minister, turning to Chester.

"Yes."

"A western American, too."

"Right again; how can you tell?"

"Easily enough. How far west?"

"My home is in Chicago."

"Well, Lucy and I can beat you. We came from Kansas City. Ever been there?"

"I've passed through twice."

"Through the Union Depot only?" asked Lucy.

"You must have received a very unpleasant impression of our city."

"Well, happily I did get away from that depot. I took a ride on the cars out to Independence, and I saw a good part of the city besides. It's beautiful out towards Swope Park—"

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"There's where we live," exclaimed the girl. "I think the park's just grand. I live in it nearly all summer."

At this point of the conversation, a party to windward, among whom were the two Catholic Fathers, lighted their pipes, and the smoke streamed like from so many chimneys into the faces of those sitting near. The minister looked sharply towards the puffing men, while Lucy tried to push the denser clouds away with her hands; but no notice was taken of such gentle remonstrances.

"I'll speak to them," suggested Chester.

"No; don't. It would only offend them," said the minister. "They think they are strictly within their rights, and it does not dawn on their nicotine poisoned wits that they are taking away other peoples' rights,—that of breathing the uncontaminated air. We'll just move our chairs a bit," which they did.

"You don't smoke, I take it," continued the clergyman, addressing Chester.

"No; I quit two years ago."

"Good for you. It's a vile habit, and I sometimes think the worst effect smoking has on people is that it dulls the nice gentlemanlyness of a man's character. Now, those men over there, even the Catholic Fathers, are, no doubt gentlemen in all respects but one; it's a pity that the tobacco habit should make the one exception."

Chester agreed in words, Lucy in looks.

"You say you have passed through Kansas City," continued the father. "How far west have you been?"

"To the Pacific Coast."

"Lucy and I should have made this trip westward, but the doctor said we must not cross the mountains, because of her heart. So an ocean voyage was advised."

"And I did want so much to see the Rockies," added the young woman. "I have always had a longing to see our own mountains as well as those of Switzerland. Next summer we'll take that western trip."

"I hope so, daughter."

"I assure you they are worth seeing," said Chester.

"No doubt about it. Lucy and I have planned it all for some day. Were you ever in Utah?"

“I lived for some time in Salt Lake City. Be sure to see that town on your trip.”

The minister looked somewhat queerly at Chester for a moment. Then his gaze swept out to the water again as if a momentary disturbing thought was gotten rid of. Lucy was interested.

“Tell us about Salt Lake City, and, and the Mormons,” pleaded she.

“Never mind the ‘Mormons,’ Lucy,” admonished her father.

“It’s difficult to speak of Utah and Salt Lake without mentioning the ‘Mormons,’” added Chester.

“Then let’s talk of something else, something more pleasant.”

Evidently this minister was like all others, Chester concluded; sane and intelligent on all subjects but one,—the “Mormons.” Well, he would set himself right before these two people, and do it now.

“I can say,” said Chester, “that my experience among the ‘Mormon’ people has been among the most pleasant of my life. In fact, I don’t know where I can go to find a more honest, God-fearing, virtuous people. I—”

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"Young man," interrupted the clergyman, looking keenly at him, "are you a 'Mormon'?"

"Yes, sir; I have that honor."

Lucy gave a cry, whether of alarm or gladness, the young man could not then tell. The minister arose slowly. "Lucy," he said, "let us walk a little more," and without another word the two resumed their promenade.

But in Lucy's face there appeared concern. The tears, glittering in her eyes did not altogether hide the reassuring glance which she turned about to give Chester as he sat alone by the vacated chairs.

CHAPTER IV.

The next day was Sunday. Even on ship-board there are some indications that the seventh day is different from the rest. There is always a little extra to the menu for dinner, and then religious services are also held; and are not these two things frequently all that distinguish the Sabbath on the land?

That morning neither Lucy nor her father was at breakfast. Immediately after, Chester sought out the chief steward, and by insistency and the help of a small tip, he got his seat changed to the table occupied by Elder Malby and the two other missionaries. "No one shall be annoyed by my near presence, if I can help it," Chester said.

At the noon meal, the minister and his daughter appeared as usual. Chester watched them unobserved from his changed position. They looked at the vacant place opposite, but as far as Chester could determine, his absence was not discussed.

That afternoon services were held in three parts of the vessel at the same time. On the steerage deck a large company of Irish Catholics surrounded the two Fathers. One of the priests stood in the center of the group while the people kneeled on the deck. The priest read something in Latin, the others repeating after him. Then a glass of "holy water" was passed among them, the worshipers dipping their fingers in and devoutly crossing themselves. Chester watched the proceedings for a time, then he went to the second class deck where a revival meeting was in progress. The preacher was delivering the usual exhortation to "come to Jesus," while yet there was time. Presently, there came from the depths of the ship the sound of the dinner gong being slowly and solemnly beaten, no doubt to imitate, as nearly as possible, the peal of church bells. The steward who acted as bell ringer did his duty well, going into the halls and on to the decks, then disappearing again into the saloon. This was the official announcement to service. Chester and his friends followed. Quite a congregation had gathered. Two large pillows had been covered with a Union Jack to serve as a pulpit. A ship's officer then read the form prescribed for services on ship-board from the Church of England

prayer book. It was all very dry and uninteresting, “Verily a form of godliness” and a lot of “vain repetition,” said Elder Malby.

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Then the minister—Chester's minister—arose. He had been asked, he said, to add a few words to the regular service, and he was pleased to do so. He called attention to the accident which had happened on their voyage, and felt to say something on the providence of God, and His watch-care over His children. The preacher's voice was pleasant, the ministerial tone not being so pronounced as to make his speech unnatural. Chester listened attentively, as also did Lucy who, Chester observed, was sitting well up towards the front.

"God is the source of the being of all men," said the preacher. "He has brought us all into existence, and made us in His own likeness, and is a Father to us in fact and in feeling. He owns us and owns His responsibility for us. He cares for us and overrules all things for our good. He is worthy of our love and confidence. Since we are His children, God desires us to be such in very deed—in fellowship and character, and is satisfied with us only as we are giving ourselves to the filial life. This relationship which we bear to God cannot be fully explained. There is a mystery in it beyond the understanding of finite minds; but of this we are sure that the God of Creation has brought us all forth into being, and He will take care of us if we will let Him. We cannot reasonably and reverently think otherwise of Him.

"Is it not a comfort to think that we cannot get away from the ever-present watchfulness of God? As the Psalmist puts it: 'Whither shall I go from thy spirit, or whither shall I flee from thy presence? If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there: if I make my bed in hell, behold, thou art there. If I take the wings of the morning and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea; even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me. If I say, Surely the darkness shall cover me; even the night shall be light about me. Yea, the darkness hideth not from thee; but the night shineth as the day: the darkness and the light are both alike to thee.' Yes, yes, my friends, 'God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble. Therefore will not we fear—'"

Somehow, what the minister said after that came very indistinctly to Chester Lawrence. He heard the words, but was aware only of a peculiar feeling, a dim perception of where he was and what he was hearing. There seemed to him to be a genuine feeling in the voice that uttered those beautiful words of scripture. They clung to his heart, and the minister himself became transfigured for an instant into some other being,—stern of countenance, yet loveliness in the depths of his soul, spiritually far away, yet heart yearning with nearness of love. Chester came fully to himself only when Elder Malby took his arm and together they paced a few turns around the deck.

That same Sunday evening as Chester stood alone on the promenade deck watching the moonlight lay as a golden coverlet on the placid sea, his attention was attracted to the figure of a girl mounting the steps leading to the deck where he stood. She paused half way as if to rest, then came slowly up to where he was standing. Her breath came heavily, and she looked around to find a place to rest. Chester instinctively took her arm and led her to a deck chair.

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"O thank you," said Lucy, "I—my heart bothered me pretty badly that time. I am forbidden to climb stairs, but I couldn't find you on the lower deck."

"Did you wish to see me?" asked Chester.

"Yes; I—you'll not think me over bold, will you, but I had to find you—won't you sit down here—I can't talk very loudly tonight."

Chester drew a chair close to hers. A light wrap clung about her and the moonlight streamed on head and face. The young man, in the most matter-of-course-way adjusted the wrap to the girl's shoulders as he said:

"You are not well, tonight."

"Oh, I'm as well as usual—thank you." She smiled faintly. "Will you forgive us?"

He was about to reply, "Forgive you for what?" but he checked himself. Somehow, he could not feign ignorance as to what she meant, neither could he use meaningless words to her.

"We were very rude to you yesterday, both father and I; and I wanted to make some explanations to you, so you would understand. I am so sorry."

"You and your father are already forgiven. If there were a grain of ill-feeling against him this afternoon, it all completely vanished when I heard him talk at the services."

"You were there?"

"Yes. Now don't you worry." He was nearly to say "Little Sister;" but again he checked himself. "I am a 'Mormon,'" he continued. "I am not ashamed of it, because I know what it means. Only those who don't know despise the word."

"Neither am I ashamed of it," she said as she looked him fairly in the face. "I know a little—a very little—about the 'Mormons,' but that which I know is good."

"What do you know?"

"I'll tell you. One evening, in Kansas City I stopped to listen to two young men preaching on the street. They were just boys, and they did not have the appearance of preachers. You must know that I have always been interested in religion, and religious problems. Perhaps that is natural, seeing my father is a minister. I read his books, and many are the discussions I have had with him over points of doctrine,—and we don't always agree, either. He, however, usually took my little objections good naturedly until one day he asked me where I had obtained a certain notion regarding baptism. In reply I handed him the booklet I had received at the 'Mormon' street meeting. He looked at it

curiously for a moment, wanted to know where I had obtained it, then locked it up in his desk. He was really angry; as that was something he had never been before over any religious question, I was surprised and impressed. I had, however, read carefully the booklet. Not only that, but I had been secretly to one of the 'Mormon' services. I there learned that an acquaintance of mine belonged to the 'Mormon' Church, and depend upon it, I had her tell me what she knew."

"And your father?"

"He objected, of course. At first, I told him everything. He had always let me go to any and all religious gatherings without objection. He even laughingly told me I could don the Salvation lassie's bonnet and beat a drum in the street, if I wanted to; but when it came to the 'Mormons,' O, he was angry, and forbade me from ever going to their meetings or reading their literature. I thought it strange."

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"It's not strange at all,—when you understand," remarked Chester, who was intensely interested in her story. "I suppose you obeyed your father."

"Well, now, you want me to tell you the truth, of course—I—I wasn't curious—"

"Certainly not."

"You're laughing at me. But I wasn't, I tell you. I was interested. There is something in 'Mormonism' that draws me to it. I don't know much about it, to be sure, for it seems that the subject always widens out to such immensity. I want you to tell me more about Joseph Smith, the Book of Mormon and the new revelations."

"But your father will object. What would he say if he knew you were sitting here in this beautiful moonlight talking to a 'Mormon'?"

"I'm of age, I guess. I'm doing nothing wrong, I hope."

"I hope not. Far be it for me to harm you—or any living soul. But I don't know much about the gospel as we call it—for you must know it is the simple gospel of Jesus Christ revealed anew. There are three other 'Mormons' on board, missionaries going to Europe. One of them at least could tell you much."

"But I'd be pleased to hear you tell me—is, is that father? I wonder if he is looking for me."

Chester looked in the direction indicated. A man came up, then passed on; it was not the minister. The girl crouched into the shadow, and as she did so her shoulder pressed against Chester's. Then she sprang up.

"Well, I was foolish," she exclaimed, "to be afraid of dear old daddy!"

Chester also arose, and the two walked to the railing. They stood there in the moonlight. Great clouds of black smoke poured from the ship's funnels, and streamed on to windward, casting a shadow on the white deck. They looked out to the water, stretching in every direction into the darkness. Then as if impelled by a common impulse, they looked at each other, then blushed, and lowered their eyes. The girl's hands lay on the railing. Chester saw their soft shapeliness, and noted also that there were no rings on them.

"I'm glad I've met you," said Chester honestly.

"And I'm glad, too," she breathed. "Some other time you must tell me so much. I've so many questions to ask. You'll do that, won't you?"

"Why do you ask?"



"Now I must go to father. He may be uneasy." She held out her hand. "Good night—what *do* you think of me? Am I a rude girl?"

"I heard your father call you Lucy. That's your name, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"And I may call you that, may I not? You know these ship-board acquaintances don't wait on ceremony."

"But I don't know your name, either. Think of it, how we have been really confidential and we don't even know each other's name."

"I know yours."

"Only half of it. I've two more. How many have you?"

"Only two."

"And they are?"

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“Chester Lawrence.”

“Well, mine is Lucy May Strong—and now, goodnight.”

He took her arm and helped her down the steps, gently, for she seemed such a frail being, one who needed just such stout arms as Chester’s to lean upon. He risked the danger of meeting the father by helping her down the second flight of steps to the state-room deck.

“Good night, Lucy.”

“Good night—Brother Lawrence.”

CHAPTER V.

All Monday forenoon, Chester sat on deck reading a book which he had obtained from the ship’s library. It was a most interesting story, and yet the world of gray-green water and changing clouds drew his attention from the printed page. He was beginning to realize what the fascination for the sea was which took hold of men. It would have been difficult for him to analyze or explain this feeling, but it was there; and it seemed to him that he would have been content to live out his life on that boundless ocean which presented a symbol of eternity continually before his eyes.

“Good morning.”

Chester started, then turned. It was Lucy’s father who found a chair and drew it up to Chester’s.

“Is the book interesting?” inquired the minister.

“Not so interesting as this wonderful sea and sky,” was the reply.

“You are right,” said the other, following the young man’s gaze out to the distance. “Our universe is now but water and air, and we are but specks floating between the two layers.”

“But we know that ocean and air are not all. We know there are plains and mountains, forests and growing fields; so after all our universe must include not only all we can see with our eyes, but all that comes within view of our comprehension. Do you know,” resumed Chester after a pause, “I have come to this conclusion, that our universe is limited only within the bounds of our faith. As we believe, and strive to convert that belief into a living faith, so shall we know and realize.”

The preacher looked keenly at the “Mormon,” as if he would see the fountain of these thoughts. Chester continued:

“But you, as a minister of the gospel, understand all these things. However, I like to think about them and express them to those who will listen”—and as the minister was listening, the young man went on:

“I reason it out this way: The Spirit of God—that is, His presence in influence and knowledge and power, as you so beautifully put it yesterday at the services, is everywhere in the universe. There is no place in heaven or hell, or in the uttermost bounds of space but God is there. As you also stated, we may not fully understand this infinite magnificence of God, but this has been done to help us: the Father has revealed Himself to us through his Son. The Son we can comprehend, for He was one of us. We learn from scripture that this Son had all power both in heaven and earth

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given him; that He was, in fact, 'heir of all things.' Now, when that fact is fixed in my mind, I connect this other with it, that we, God's children also, are joint heirs with Christ; and in fact, if we continue on in the way He trod, we shall be like Him. Now, then, what does this chain of argument lead us to? That we may follow in the footsteps of God, and where He has gone, or shall go, we may go. Think of it—no, we can't. Only for an instant can our minds dwell upon it, then we drop to the common level again, and here we are, a speck on the surface of the deep."

"What is that book you are reading?" asked the minister. He had evidently also dropped to the "common level;" or perhaps he had not soared with his companion.

"This? O, this is Kipling's 'Plain Tales from the Hills.' I like Kipling, but I wish he hadn't written some very untruthful things about my people."

"Has he?"

"Yes. It seems he made a flying visit through Salt Lake City, and took for gospel truth the lurid stories hack drivers tell to tourists so that they may get their money's worth."

"Well, I don't know;—but that brings me to the point of my errand. I sought you out especially today to ask you not to talk religion to my daughter. I understand she and you had a discussion on 'Mormonism' last evening, and she slept very little all night as a result."

"You are mistaken, sir; I said nothing to her about 'Mormonism.' She told me a little about—"

"Well, whatever it was, she was and is still ill over it. Let me tell you,—and I am sure you will believe me,—my little girl is all I have. She has been ailing for years, heart trouble mostly, with complications. A comfortable voyage with no over-excitement might help, the doctors said; and that's the main reason for this trip. She has always been interested in religious questions, which I naturally encouraged her in; but when she got mixed up somewhat with the 'Mormons,' that was quite another matter."

"Why, may I ask?"

"Well, it excited her. It brought her in contact with undesirable people, people not of her class and standing—"

"Like me, for instance."

"I did not say that."

“You inferred it. But pardon me. I would not, for the world, do anything that would unfavorably affect your daughter.”

“I knew you would look at the matter sensibly. Perhaps it would be for the best if you did not meet her oftener than possible. I know it is difficult on ship-board, but for her sake you might try.”

“For her sake, why certainly, I’ll do anything—for I want to tell you, Mr. Strong, you have a good, sweet daughter.”

“I’m glad you think so.”

“And I think a whole lot of her, I may just as well tell you. We have met but a few times, but some souls soon understand each other.”

“What! You don’t mean—!”

“That we have been making love to each other,” laughed Chester. “O, no; not that I know; but there is such a thing as true affinity of souls, nevertheless, the affinity which draws by the Spirit of God. And so I say again plainly, that you may understand, I regard your daughter highly.”

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"Young man, I thank you for your open manner and speech, but I beseech of you not to encourage any deeper feeling towards my daughter. She can never marry. She lives, as it were, on the brink of the grave. Now, I have been plain also with you."

"I appreciate it, sir; believe me; I am profoundly sorry for her and for you; but, let me say this, seeing we are speaking plainly, if I loved your daughter, and we all knew she would die tomorrow, or next month, that knowledge would make only this difference, that my love would become all the holier. If she returned that love, we would be happy in knowing that in the life beyond we would go on and bring that love to a perfect consummation."

The minister looked closely again at the young man. Then, giving voice to his thoughts, asked: "Have you studied for the ministry? Are you now a 'Mormon' missionary?"

"I am not an authorized 'Mormon' missionary. My studying has been no more than is expected of every 'Mormon.' Every member of our Church is supposed to be able to give a reason for the hope that is within him,—and I think I can do that."

"Do you live in Utah?"

"No, sir; my home is in Chicago."

"Chicago!—well, I—are there 'Mormons' in Chicago?"

"A few, as I suppose there are a few in Kansas City. I joined the 'Mormon' Church in Chicago, but I was converted in Utah."

"You have been to Utah, then?"

"O, yes; I spent some time there and got very well acquainted with the people; and they are a good people, I tell you, sir. I know—"

"Yes, well, Mr.—, Lucy did tell me your name, but I have forgotten it."

"My name is Lawrence—Chester Lawrence."

The minister had arisen as if about to go, but he now sat down again. Chester did not understand the strange twitching of the minister's lips or the pallor of his face. What had he said or done to agitate the man so much?

"Chester Lawrence!" repeated Mr. Strong under his breath.

"You have never met me before, have you? Perhaps—"

“No; I have never met you before. No, no; of course not. There was just something come over me. I’m not very well, and I suppose I—”

He stopped, as if he lacked words.

“May I get you anything, a drink of water?” suggested Chester.

“No, no; it was nothing. Sit down again”—for Chester also had arisen—“and tell me some more about yourself. I am interested.”

“Well, my life has been very uneventful, and yet in a way, I have lived. As a boy in Chicago, I suppose, my young days passed as others; but it was when I went out west and met the ‘Mormons’ that things happened to me.”

“Yes, yes.”

“I don’t mean that I had any adventures or narrow escapes in a physical way. I lived in the mountains as a miner for a time, but there are no wild animals or Indians there now, so my adventures were those of the spirit, if I may use that expression,—and of the heart. Isn’t that your daughter coming this way?”

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Sure enough, Lucy had found them, and came up to them beaming. Chester failed to see in her any symptoms for the worse, as her father had indicated. In fact, there certainly was a spring to her step which he had not seen before.

"Well, I've found you at last, you run-away papa. Good morning," she nodded to Chester, who returned the greeting. "Don't you know, papa, you have kept me waiting for half an hour or more to finish our game."

"I'll go right now with you," said the father, rising.

"Well, I don't care so much now, whether it's finished or not. I believe someone else has it anyway."

"Oh, we'll go and finish the game," persisted Mr. Strong.

"Perhaps Mr. Lawrence will come along," suggested the girl, as it seemed very proper to do.

"Not now, thank you," replied Chester. "I must finish my book before the lunch gong sounds."

The minister took his daughter's arm and they went along the deck to where a group was laughing merrily over the defeat and victory in the games. Chester watched them mingle with the company, then he opened his book again; but he did not complete his story at the time he had appointed.

To those who can possess their souls in peace, life on ship-board in pleasant weather is restful, and may be thoroughly enjoyed. A little world is here compactly put together, and human nature may be studied at close range. From the elegant apartments of the saloon to the ill-smelling quarters of the steerage, there is variety enough. Representatives are here from nearly "every nation under heaven:" every creed, every color; every grade of intelligence and worldly position, from the prince who occupies exclusively the finest suite of rooms, to the begrimed half-naked stoker in the furnace room in the depths of the vessel; every occupation; every disposition. And yet, even in this compact city in a shell of steel, one may seclude himself from his fellows and commune solely with his own thoughts or his books.

The three "Mormon" elders, reticent and quiet, had made few acquaintances. The Rev. Mr. Strong and his daughter, not being very well, had not been active in the social proceedings of the ship's company.

Chester Lawrence had formed an acquaintance which seemed to him to fill all requirements, so that he cared not whether he learned to know any more of his fellow travelers. And now further association with this pleasant acquaintance must stop. Well,

once again he said to himself, he would be glad at sight of Liverpool, and again some deeply hidden voice protested.

Chester tried to keep his word with Mr. Strong. He made no efforts to see Lucy or talk with her, and he even evaded her as much as possible. This he could not wholly do without acting unmannerly. All were on deck during those beautiful days, and twice on Tuesday Lucy and Chester and the elders had played deck quoits, the father joining in one of them. Lucy beamed on Chester in her quiet way until she noted the change in his conduct towards her. The pained expression on the girl's face when she realized this change, went to Chester's heart and he could have cried out in explanation.

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That evening Lucy found Chester in a corner of the library pretending to read. There was no escape for him as she approached. What a sweet creature she was, open-hearted and unafraid! His heart met her half way.

“What is the matter with you, Brother Lawrence?” she asked.

“There is nothing the matter with me.”

“Then what have I done?” She seated herself, and Chester laid his book on the table. He would be plain and open with this girl. In the end nothing is gained by mystery and silence. He told her plainly what had taken place between himself and her father. She listened quietly, the tears welling in her eyes as he progressed. Then for a moment she hid her face in her hands while she cried softly.

“I shall not ask you to break your promise,” she said at last, “but I did so want to learn more of the gospel—the true restored gospel. It isn’t true that a discussion of these things affects me unfavorably. I am never so well as when I am hearing about and thinking of them. Perhaps father thinks so, however; I shall not misjudge him.”

“So I shall keep my word,” said he, “and if I keep it strictly, I should not now prolong my talk with you. But I have a way out of your trouble. You know Elder Malby. He is a wise man and knows the gospel much better than I. He will gladly talk to you.”

“Thank you. That’s a good suggestion; but you—”

“I shall have to be content to look from afar off, or perchance to listen in silence. Good night.”

And so it happened that the very next morning when the passengers were looking eagerly to the near approach to Queenstown, Lucy and Elder Malby were seen sitting on deck in earnest conversation. Chester promenaded at a distance with some envy in his heart; but he kept away. For fully an hour the girl and the elderly missionary talked. Then the minister, coming on deck saw them. He, no doubt, thought she was well out of harm’s way in such company, for he did not know Elder Malby. When he caught sight of Chester he went up to him, took him by the arm and fell into his stride.

Their conversation began with the common ship-board topics. Then the minister asked his companion more about himself and his life. It seemed to Chester that he purposely led up to his personal affairs, and he wondered why. There were some parts of his history that he did not desire to talk about. What did this man wish to know?

“How long did you live in Utah?” asked the minister, after receiving little information about Chester’s birth and parentage.

“Altogether, about a year.”

“And you liked it out there?”

“Very much. The mountain air is fine; and that is truly the land of opportunity.”

The two swung around the deck, keeping in step. Chester pressed his companion’s arm close. They reached in their orbit the point nearest to Lucy and Elder Malby, then without stopping went on around.

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"I knew a man once by the name of Lawrence," said the minister. "I wonder if he could be related to you."

Chester did not reply.

"I don't know whether or not he ever went to Utah."

"My parents were not with me in Utah. I went alone, after I was a grown man. My mother had lived there many years before, but had left. She lived in Chicago the latter part of her life; but she made a trip to Utah when she was old and feeble,—and she died there. * * * * Her grave is there now."

The minister now was silent. His lips twitched again. Chester once more wondered why such things should affect him. The man's arm clung to Chester firmly as if he wished support; and Chester's heart warmed to him. Was he not Lucy's father? Should he not know all he desired to know about the man who had expressed deep regard for his daughter?

"I think you are tired," said Chester. "Let's sit here and rest."

"Yes; all right."

"The man Lawrence whom you knew was not my father," continued Chester. "That was my mother's maiden name. I don't know—I never knew my father; and shall I say, I have no wish to know a man who could treat my mother and his child the way he did. No; much as I have longed to know a father's love and care, I cannot but despise a man who becomes a father, then shirks from the responsibility which follows—who leaves the burden and the disgrace which follow parenthood outside the marriage relation to the poor woman alone. Such baseness, such cowardice, such despicable littleness of soul!—do you wonder why I don't want to know my father?"

Well, he had done it. Lucy's father knew the truth of his dishonorable beginning. This highly cultured Christian minister was no doubt shocked into silence by his outburst of confidence. But he must know also that this occurred among a Christian community, long before either of the parties concerned knew of or were connected with the "Mormons." So Chester explained this to the man at his side, who sat as if deaf to what was being said. His gaze was fixed far out to sea. His lips did not now quiver, but the lines in his face were rigid.

Chester beckoned to the daughter, and when she came, he said:

"I think your father is not well. Perhaps he ought to go below and rest."

"Father," cried the somewhat frightened girl, "what is it? Are you ill?"

The father shook himself as if to be freed from some binding power, looked at Chester and then at Lucy, smiled faintly, and said:

“Oh, I’m all right now, but perhaps I ought to rest a bit. Will you go down with me, Lucy?”

The daughter took his arm and was about to lead him away. He stopped and turned again to Chester.

“Excuse me,” he said, “but what was your mother’s full name?”

“Anna Lawrence.”

“Thank you. All right, Lucy. Let’s be going.”

Chester watched them disappear down the companionway, then looked out to sea at the black smoke made by a steamer crawling along the horizon, from Liverpool outward bound.

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CHAPTER VI.

A number of men and women were sitting on the promenade deck forward engaged in an earnest discussion. Just as Chester Lawrence came up and paused to listen, for it seemed to be a public, free-for-all affair, he noticed that Elder Malby was talking, directing his remarks to a young man in the group.

"What is your objective point?" the Elder asked. "What do you live and work for? What is your philosophy of life by which you are guided and from which you draw courage, hope, and strength?"

"Oh, I take the world as it comes to me day by day, trusting to luck, or to the Lord, perhaps I had better say, for the future," replied the young fellow.

"What would you think of a captain of a vessel not knowing nor caring to know from what port he sailed or what port was his destination? Who did not know the object of the voyage, knew nothing of how to meet the storms, the fog, the darkness of the sea?"

"Well, I'm not the captain of a ship."

"Yes, you are. You are the captain of your own soul, at least; and you may not know how many more souls are depending upon you for guidance in this voyage of life which we are all taking."

"That's right—true," agreed a number of by-standers.

"Say, mister," suggested one, "tell us what you think of the propositions. You seem able to, all right."

"Well," responded the elder, "I don't want to preach a sermon that will bore you; but if the ladies and gentlemen here are interested I shall be pleased to give my views."

"Sure—go on," came from others.

One or two found seats, as if they would rather sit through the ordeal, others following their example. "Yes; it's more comfortable," agreed Elder Malby, as they drew their chairs in a circle. Two people left, but two others came and took their places.

"I hope we are all Christians," began the speaker, "at least so far that we believe the Scriptures; otherwise my arguments will not appeal to you."

A number acknowledged themselves to be Christians.



“Then I may begin by saying that the purpose of this life-voyage of ours is that we might obtain the life eternal. ‘This is life eternal’ that we might know God and His Son Jesus Christ who was sent to us. If we know the Son we know the Father, for we are told that the Father has revealed Himself through the Son. This Son we know as Jesus Christ who was born into the world as we were. He had a body of flesh. He was like us, His brethren; yet this Being, the Scriptures tell us, was in the ‘form of God;’ that He was the ‘image of the invisible God;’ that He was ‘in the express image of His Father’s person.’ When Jesus lived on the earth, one of His disciples asked Him, ‘Show us the Father.’ ‘He that hath seen me, hath seen the Father,’ was the reply. ‘I am the way, the truth, and the life; no man cometh to the Father but by me.’”

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At this point the Rev. Mr. Strong and his daughter came sauntering along the deck. They paused to listen, then accepted the chairs which Chester hurriedly found for them.

"I am not stating where in the Scriptures these quotations can be found," continued the elder, "though I shall be pleased to do so to any who wish to know. Well then, here we have a glorious truth: if we wish to know God, we are to study the Son. Jesus is the great Example, the Revealer of the Father. He is the Father's representative in form and in action. If Jesus, the Son, is meek and lowly, so also is the Father; if He is wise and good and forgiving, so is the Father; if the Son is long-suffering and slow to anger, yet not afraid to denounce sin and call to account the wicked, so likewise may we represent the Father. All the noble attributes which we find in the Son exist in perfectness in the Father.

"Picture this noble Son, the risen Redeemer, my friends, after His battle with death and His victory over the grave! In the splendid glory of His divine manhood, all power both in heaven and earth in His hand, He stands as *the* shining figure of the ages. Why? Because He is 'God With Us.'"

There was perfect stillness in the group of listeners.

"Thus the Father has shown Himself to us. There is no need for any of us to plead ignorance of our Divine Parent. The way is marked out, the path, though at times difficult, is plain. The Son does the will of the Father. 'My Father worketh hitherto, and I work,' said Jesus. 'The Son can do nothing of Himself, but what He seeth the Father do; for what things soever He doeth, these also doeth the Son likewise.' We, then, are to follow Christ, as He follows the Father. Isn't that plain?"

"Do I understand," asked one, "that you believe God to be in the form of man?"

"Rather that man is in the form of God, for 'God created man in His own image.'"

"In His moral image only. God is a spirit. He is everywhere present, and therefore cannot have a body, such as you claim," objected one.

"I claim nothing, my friend. I am only telling you what the Scriptures teach. They say nothing about a 'moral image.' What is a moral image? Can it have an existence outside and apart from a personality of form?"

There was no immediate response to this. Some looked at the minister as if he ought to speak, but that person remained silent.

"The attributes of God, as far as we know them, are easily put into words; but try to think of goodness and mercy and love and long-suffering and wisdom outside and apart from a conscious personality, an individual, if you please. Try it."

Some appeared to be trying.

“Pagan philosophers have largely taken from the world our true conception of God, and given to us one ‘without body, parts, or passions.’ The Father has been robbed of His glorious personality in the minds of men. Christ also has been spiritualized into an unthinkable nothingness. And so, to be consistent some have concluded that man also is non-existent; and it naturally follows that God and Christ and man, with the whole material universe, are relegated to the emptiness of a dream.”

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"If God is in the form of man He cannot be everywhere," suggested one of the ladies. "And that's not a pleasant thought."

"Our friend here," continued the speaker, nodding to Mr. Strong, "quoted a passage in his splendid sermon last Sunday which explains how God may be and is present in all His creations. Certainly God the Father cannot personally be in two places at the same time any more than God the Son could or can." The elder took a Bible from his pocket.

"I had better read the passage. It is found in the 139th Psalm. David exclaims, 'Whither shall I go from thy *spirit*, or whither shall I flee from thy presence?' You will recall the rest of the passage. Is it not plain that the Lord is present by His Spirit always and everywhere. His Spirit sustains and controls and blesses all things throughout the immensity of space. Fear not, my friend, that that Spirit cannot be with you and bless you on sea or on land. We cannot get outside its working power any more than we can escape the Spirit of Christ now and here, even if His glorified body of flesh and bones now sits on the right hand of His Father in heaven where Stephen saw it."

As is usual in all such discussions as this, some soon retire, others linger, eager not to miss a word. Lucy, you may be sure, was among those who remained. Her father also, sitting near to Chester, listened with deep interest.

"Just one more thought," continued the "Mormon" elder, "in regard to this lady's fear that God may not be able to take care of all His children always and everywhere. God is essentially a Father—our Father. The fathering of God gives me great comfort. By fathering I mean that He has not only brought us into existence, but He has sent us forth, provides for us, watches over us. In our darkness He gives us light, in our weakness He lends us strength. He rebukes our wrong actions, and chastens us for our good. In fact, He fathers us to the end. Is it not a great comfort?"

"It certainly is," said Lucy, unconscious to all else but the spirit of the Elder's words.

"In this world," said the Elder, "the God-given power of creation is exercised unthoughtfully, unwisely, and often wickedly. A good-for-nothing scamp may become a father in name; but he who attains to that holy title in fact, must do as God does,—must love, cherish, sustain and make sacrifices for his child until his offspring becomes old enough and strong enough to stand for himself,—Don't you think so, Mr. Strong?"

All eyes were turned to the minister who was appealed to so directly. Had the reverend gentleman been listening, or had his thoughts been with his eyes, out to sea? His face was a study. But that was not to be wondered at. Was he not a dispenser of the Word himself, and had he not been listening to strange doctrine? However, he soon shifted his gaze from the horizon to his questioner.

“Certainly, I agree with you,” he replied. “Father and fathering are distinct things. Happy the man who combines them in his life—happy, indeed.”

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The afternoon was growing to a close. The sun sank into the western sea. The Elder, carried along by the awakened missionary spirit, continued his talk. He explained that the Father had by means of the Son pointed out the way of life, called the plan of salvation, or gospel of Jesus Christ. He spoke of faith, repentance, and baptism for the remission of sins; for, said the Elder to himself, even the minister has need of these things.

Lucy drank eagerly the words of life. Her father sat unmoved, making no comment or objection. He had never been one to wrangle over religion; had prided himself, in fact, on being liberal and broad-minded; so he would not dispute even though he could not altogether agree. The Elder's words came to him in a strange way. Had he heard all this before? If so, it had been in some long-forgotten past; and this man's discourse only awakened a faint remembrance as of a distant bell tolling across the hills. Away back in his youth, he must have heard something like this; or was it an echo of some pre-existent world—he had heard of such things before. Perhaps it was the man's tone of voice, his mannerism that recalled, in some way, some past impression.

The Elder stopped. Lucy touched her father's arm.

"Father," she said, "I believe you are cold. I had better get your coat."

The minister arose, as if stiffened in the joints by long sitting. He reached out his hand to the Elder. "I have enjoyed your gospel talk," he said. "May I ask your name, and to what Church you belong, for evidently you are a preacher."

"My name is George Malby, and I am an elder of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, commonly known as 'Mormons.'"

"A 'Mormon!'" a number of voices chorused.

Some confusion followed, and the party broke up. Lucy, her father, and Chester, still lingered.

"Father," said Lucy, "I had intended to introduce you to Elder Malby, but I wanted you to hear, unprejudiced, what he had to say. What he has been teaching is 'Mormonism,' and you'll admit now that it is not at all bad. You never would listen nor read."

"Lucy—that will do. Good evening, gentlemen. Come Lucy."

Later that same evening when most of the passengers had retired, the Rev. Mr. Strong came up on deck again. He took off his cap so that the breeze might blow unhindered through the thin, gray locks. He paced slowly the length of the promenade deck with hands behind his back and eyes alternately looking into the dark sky and to the deck at his feet. The old man's usual erect form was bent a little as he walked, his step broke occasionally from the rhythmical tread. There was war in the minister's soul.

Conflicting emotions fought desperately for ascendancy. Memories of the past mingled with the scenes of the present, and these became confused with the future. As a minister of the gospel for half a lifetime, he had never had quite such a wildly disordered mind. He wiped the perspiration from his brow. He groaned in spirit so that moans escaped from his lips. The sea was beautifully still, but rather would he have had it as wild and as boisterous as that which was within his heart.

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The man paused now and then at the rail. The Irish coast was not far away, and the lights of ships could be seen, westward bound. The minister tried to follow in his mind these little floating worlds; but they were too slow. Like the lightning he crossed the Atlantic and then with the same speed flew half way across the American continent to a big, black, busy city roaring with the traffic of men. Then out a few miles to the college, where he as a young divinity student had spent some years of his early manhood—and there and then he had met her—Also, years later, the woman whom he had married—and at each big milestone in his journey of life there had been “Mormons” and “Mormonism.”

“‘Mormonism,’ ‘Mormonism,’” the man whispered hoarsely. “Anna—Clara—Lucy—Chester—and now—and now what! O, my God!”

It was nearly midnight when Lucy, becoming alarmed at her father’s long absence from his state room, came slowly on deck, stopping now and then to rest. She saw him by the rail, went up to him, took him by the arm and with a few coaxing words led him down into his room. As he kissed her good-night with uncommon fervor, he looked into her upturned face and said:

“Are you going to love this young man—Chester Lawrence?”

“Father,” she cried, “what do you mean?”

“Just what I say. I am not blind. I made him promise not to seek your company or talk religion to you. Tomorrow I shall relieve him from that promise.”

“O, father!”

“There now, child,—and Lucy, he may talk of religion and love all he wants. I think those two things, when they are of the right kind and properly blended, are good for the heart, don’t you?”

“Yes, thank you, dear daddy—we are so near England now that I may call you daddy.”

“Then good-night, my girl;” and he kissed her again in the doorway.

CHAPTER VII.

But next morning there was no time to talk of either love or religion for Chester and Lucy.

The coast of Ireland had been sighted earlier than had been expected, and there was the usual straining of eyes landward. Chester was among the first to see the dark points on the horizon which the seamen said was the Irish coast, and which as the

vessel approached, expanded to green hills, dotted with whitened houses. This then was Europe, old, historic Europe, land of our forefathers, land of the stories and the songs that have come down to us from the distant past.

“Good morning. What do you think of Ireland?” Lucy touched his arm.

“Oh, good morning. You are up early.”

“I am feeling so fine this morning that I had to get up and join in the cry of ‘Land ho.’ No matter how pleasant an ocean voyage has been, we are always pleased to see the land. Besides, we get off at Queenstown.”

“What!” exclaimed Chester. “I thought you were bound for Liverpool?”

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"Yes, later; but we are to visit some of our people in Ireland first. Papa has a brother in Cork. We intend to remain there a few days, then go on to Dublin, Liverpool, London, Paris, *etc., etc.*," laughed the girl.

Chester's heart sank. The separation was coming sooner than he had thought. Only a few more hours, and this little sun-kissed voyage would end. He looked at the girl by him; that action was not under embargo. Yes; she was uncommonly sweet that morning. Perhaps it was the Irish blood in her quickening at the nearness of the land of her forefathers. Cheeks and lips and ears were rosy red, and the breeze played with the somewhat disheveled hair. There was a press of people along the rail which caused Lucy's shoulders to snuggle closely to his side. Chester was silent.

"Yes;" she went on, "there's dear old Ireland. You see, this is my second visit, and it's like coming home. You go on to Liverpool, I understand."

"I have a ticket to Liverpool," he said; "but I suppose they would let me off at Queenstown, wouldn't they?"

"Why, certainly—how fast we are nearing land. I'll have to go down now and awaken father. We haven't much time to get ready."

He would have held her, had he dared. She was gone, and there were a hundred and one questions to ask her. She must not get away from him like this. He must know where they were going—get addresses by which to find them. He had no plans but what could be easily changed. Seeing Europe without Lucy Strong would be a dull, profitless excursion. Chester's thoughts ran along this line, when Lucy appeared again. The color had left her face.

"Father is very sick," she said to Chester. "He seems in a stupor. I can't wake him. Will you find the doctor?"

"I'll get him," he said. "Don't worry. We'll be down immediately."

Chester and the doctor found Lucy rubbing her father's hands and forehead, pleading softly for him to speak to her. The doctor after a hurried examination, said there was nothing serious. A nervous break-down of some kind only—no organic trouble—would be all right again shortly.

"But doctor, we get off at Queenstown," explained Lucy.

"Well, I think you can manage it. By the time you are ready to leave, he will be strong enough. This young man seems able to carry him ashore, if need be. Are you landing also," he asked of Chester.

"Well—yes."



Lucy looked at the young man, but said nothing. The doctor promised to bring some medicine, then left.

“But Mr. Lawrence—” began Lucy.

“I’ll listen to no objections,” interrupted he. “I couldn’t think for a moment of leaving you two in this condition. You’re hardly able to lift a glass of water, and now your father’s ill also. No; I am going with you, to be your body guard, your servant. Listen! I’m out to see the old world. I should very much like to begin with Queenstown and Cork.”

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The father moved, opened his eyes, then sat up. He passed his hand over his face, then looked at the two young people. "It's all right," he muttered, then lay down again on the pillow. The doctor came with his medicine. There were now heard the noise of trunks being hoisted from the hold and the bustle of getting ready to leave the ship.

"Father," said Lucy. "We must soon get ready to leave. Will you be able?"

"Yes, yes, child"—it seemed difficult for the old man to speak.

"And Chester—Mr. Lawrence—here is to go with us and help us."

"Yes." He nodded as if it was easier to give assent in that way.

"We'll make all things ready, daddy. Don't you worry. Rest as long as you can. It will be some time yet before you will need to get up."

The sick man nodded again.

"I'll remain here while you get ready," said Chester. "Then you may attend while I do what little is necessary. I'll let my trunk go right on to Liverpool."

Lucy hurried away and Chester sat down by the bed. As he smoothed out the coverlet, the minister reached out and took Chester's hand which he held in his own as if to get strength from it. There came into the old man's face an expression of contentment, but he did not try to talk.

Lucy returned, and Chester hurried to his own room where he soon packed his few belongings and was ready. He found the elders on deck watching the approach to Queenstown, and explained to them what had happened to change somewhat his plans. "I'll surely hunt you up," he said to Elder Malby, "and visit with you;" and the Elder wished him God-speed and gave him his blessing.

Slowly the big ship sailed into Queenstown harbor, and then stopped. The anchor chains rattled, the big iron grasped the bottom, and the vessel was still. What a sensation to be once more at rest! Now out from the shore came a tender to take Queenstown passengers ashore. Small boats came alongside from which came shrill cries to those far above on deck. A small rope was thrown up which was caught and hauled in by the interested spectators. At the end of the small rope there dangled a heavier one, and at the end of that there was a loop into which a good-sized Irish woman slipped. "Pull away," came from below, and half a dozen men responded. Up came the woman, her feet climbing the sides of the steamer. With great good-nature the men pulled until the woman was on deck. Then she immediately let down the lighter rope to her companion in the small boat, where a basket was fastened and drawn up. From the basket came apples, or "real Irish lace," or sticks of peculiar Irish woods, all of which found a ready sale among the passengers.



From one of the lower decks of the steamer, a gang-way was pushed on to the raised deck platform of the tender, and even then the incline was quite steep. This bridge was well fastened by ropes, and then the passengers began to descend, while their heavier baggage was piled on the decks of the tender.

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Lucy and her father soon appeared. Chester met them below and helped the sick man up, along the deck, and down the gang-way to the tender, where he found a seat. Lucy followed, stewards carrying their hand baggage. From their new position they looked up to the steamer. How big it was!

The day was beautifully warm. Well wrapped in his coat, the father rested easily, watching with some interest the busy scene around him. He being among the last to leave the liner, they were soon ready to be off. The gang-way was drawn in again, and the tender steamed away towards the inner harbor. The big ship weighed its anchor, then proceeded on its course to Liverpool, carrying away its little world of a week's acquaintance, to which Chester and Lucy waved farewell.

Queenstown, in terraced ranks, now rose before them. The pier was soon reached, from which most of the travelers continued their journey by rail. The minister and his party, however, took passage again on a small boat for Cork. Everything being new to Chester, and the father being quite unable to do anything, the initiative, at least, rested on Lucy. With Chester's help, she managed quite well.

For an hour they sailed on the placid waters of the harbor and up into the river Lee. The wooded hills, on either hand, dotted with farm-houses and villas, presented a pleasing picture. The boat drew up to a landing at St. Patrick's Bridge, where Uncle Gilbert met them, greatly surprised and alarmed at his brother's condition.

Carriages were waiting. Chester was introduced by Lucy in a way which led to the inference that he was a particular friend of the family picked up, perhaps, in their time of need. Bag and baggage was piled in besides them and they drove away through the streets of Cork and into the suburbs. Slowly the horse climbed the hill, but in a short time they were at Uncle Gilbert's home, one of the beautiful ones situated among the green of rolling hillside and the deeper green of trees.

There was another warm welcome by Aunt Sarah, who took immediate and personal charge of the sick man.

"It's a break-down through overwork," she declared. "You Americans live at such fever heat that it is no wonder you have no nerves. They're burned out of you. But it's rest only he wants, poor man; and here's where he'll get it. Don't you worry, Lucy."

Aunt Sarah's masterful treatment of cases such as these took much care and anxiety from them all. Away from the bustle and roar of hurrying humanity and traffic, resting amid the soothing green, and breathing the mild air of the country; the minister ought surely to get well again soon.

He would not go to bed, but chose to sit in a big chair with a pillow under his head, looking out of the upstairs window which afforded a view of the town. The sun came in

rather strongly during the afternoon and the father motioned Lucy to partly draw the blind. She did so, then drew a stool to his chair and seated herself near him. He placed his hands on her head, patted it caressingly, smiled at her, but said nothing. It was still difficult for him to speak.

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Presently, there came a light tap at the door. Lucy arose. It was Chester.

"Excuse me," he said, "but the people below are somewhat confused over the trunks. I came to inquire."

"Come in," said Lucy. "Let the 'confusion' continue for a little while. Come in to where there is peace. Father is feeling better, I am sure."

The invalid turned towards the speakers, then with a movement of his head told them to come near. Lucy took her former position, while Chester drew up a chair. Yes; he did seem better, there being some color in his face to add life to his faint smile.

"Chester," he whispered with effort, as he reached out and took the young man's hand, "Chester—my boy—I—am—so—glad—you—came—with—us."

CHAPTER VIII.

While the father was resting quietly at Kildare Villa, as Uncle Gilbert's home was called, Chester and Lucy spent a few days in looking about.

"Are there any sights worth seeing around here?" asked Chester of Lucy.

"Are there?" she replied in surprise. "Did you ever hear of the Blarney Stone?"

Yes; he had.

"Well, that's not far away; and those were the Shandon bells you heard last evening,

'The bells of Shandon,
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters of the river Lee,'"

she quoted.

The fact of the matter was that Chester was quite content to remain quietly with Lucy and her father and the other good people of the place. Traveling around the country would, without doubt, separate them, and that disaster would come soon enough, he thought; but when Lucy announced that she was ready for a "personally conducted tour to all points of interest," he readily agreed to be "conducted." She was well enough to do so, she said; and in fact it did look as if health were coming to her again.

The morning of the second day at Kildare Villa Chester and Lucy set out to see the town, riding in Aunt Sarah's car behind the pony. There had been a sprinkle of rain

during the night, so the roads were pleasant. Lucy pointed out the places of interest, consulting occasionally a guide book.

“While viewing the scenery, it is highly educational to get the proper information,” said Lucy as she opened her book. “It states here that Cork is a city of 76,000 people. According to one authority it had a beginning in the seventh century. Think of that now, and compare its growth with that of Kansas City, for instance.”

“I have always associated this city with the small article used as stoppers for bottles,” said Chester.

“You thought perhaps the British needed a cork to stop up their harbor,” said Lucy, gravely; “but you are entirely mistaken. The book says the name is a corruption of Corcach, meaning a marsh. The town has, however, long since overflowed the water, and now occupies not only a large island in the river, but reaches up the high banks on each side.”

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They were evidently in Ireland.

“A most noticeable peculiarity of Cork is its absolute want of uniformity, and the striking contrasts in the colors of the houses. The stone of which the houses in the northern suburb is built is of reddish brown, that on the south, of a cold gray tint. Some are constructed of red brick, some are sheathed in slate, some whitewashed; some reddened, some yellowed. Patrick may surely do as he likes with his own house. The most conspicuous steeple in the place, that of St. Ann, Shandon’s, is actually red two sides and white the others,

‘Parti-colored, like the people,
Red and white stands Shandon steeple.’

and there it is before us,” said Lucy.

The tower loomed from a low, unpretentious church. The two visitors drove up the hill, stopped the horse while they looked at the tower and heard the bells strike the hour.

“What Father Prout could see in such commonplace things to inspire him to write his fine poem, I can not understand,” said Lucy. “There is a peculiar jingle in his lines which stays with one. Listen:

“‘With deep affectation and recollection
I often think of the Shandon bells,
Whose sounds so wild would, in days of childhood
Fling round my cradle their magic spells—
On this I ponder, where’er I wander,
And thus grow fonder, sweet Cork of thee
With thy bells of Shandon,
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters of the river Lee.’”

Lucy read the four stanzas.

“It’s fine,” agreed Chester; “and I think I can answer your question of a moment ago. Father Prout, as he says, listened to these bells in childhood days, those days when ‘heaven lies about us’ and glorifies even the most common places, and the impressions he then received remained with him.”

Lucy “guessed” he was right.

Then they drove by St. Fin Barre’s cathedral, considered the most noteworthy and imposing building in Cork. “It is thought probable the poet Spenser was married in the church which formerly stood on the site,” Lucy read. “His bride was a Cork lady, but of the country, not of the city. Spenser provokingly asks:

“Tell me, ye merchants’ daughters, did ye see
So fayre a creature in your town before?
Her goodlie eyes, like sapphyres shining bright;
Her forehead, ivory white,
Her lips like cherries charming men to byte.”

“Well,” remarked Chester as they drove homeward, and he thought he was brave in doing so. “I don’t know about the merchants’ daughters of Cork, but I know a minister’s daughter of Kansas City, Missouri, U.S.A., who tallies exactly with Spenser’s description.”

“Why, Mr. Lawrence!”

“I might say more,” he persisted, “were it not for some foolish promises I made that same minister a few days ago—but here we are. Where shall we go after lunch?”

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"I thought we were to go to Blarney Castle."

"Sure. I had forgotten. That's where the Blarney Stone is?"

"Sure," repeated the girl mischievously.

So that afternoon they set out. It was but a short distance by train through an interesting country. Lucy was the guide again.

"Do you have an Irish language?" asked Chester. "I heard some natives talking something I couldn't understand."

"Of course there's an Irish language," explained his fair instructor. "Anciently the Irish spoke the Gaelic, a branch of the Celtic. In this reign of Queen Elizabeth, the Irish language was forbidden. The English is now universal, but many still speak the Gaelic. In recent years there has been an awakening of interest in the old tongue. 'One who knows Irish well,' an Irish historian claims, 'will readily master Latin, French, Spanish, Portuguese, and Italian;' and he adds that to the Irish-speaking people, the Irish language is 'rich, elegant, soul-stirring, and expressive.'"

"I can well believe the latter statement when I remember the actions of those using it," said Chester.

"Here we are," announced Lucy, as they alighted and walked to the entrance of the park. "It will cost us six pence to get in."

Chester paid the man at the gate a shilling. The castle loomed high on the side of a hill, its big, square tower being about all that now remains of the ancient structure. A woman was in charge of the castle proper.

"The stone that you kiss is away up to the top," explained Lucy. "You will have to go up alone, as I dare not climb the stairs. I'll wait here. But stop a minute; the impressions will be more lasting if you get the proper information first. Here, we'll sit on this bench while I tell you about the castle."

Chester readily agreed to this.

"To sentimental people," began the girl, as she looked straight at the high walls in front, "Blarney Castle is the greatest object of interest in Southern Ireland; and, of course, the Blarney Stone is the center of attraction. It was built by Cormack McCarthy about 1446. Of the siege of the castle by Cromwell's forces, under Irton, we have the following picturesque account in verse, which, I must say, has a Kipling-like ring."

She opened her book and read:



“It was now the poor boys of the castle looked over the wall,
And they saw that ruffian, ould Cromwell, a-feeding on powder and ball,
And the fellow that married his daughter, a-chawing grape-shot in his jaw,
'Twas bowld I-ray-ton they called him, and he was his brother-in-law.’

“The word ‘Blarney’ means pleasant, deludin’ talk, said to have originated at the court of Queen Elizabeth. McCarthy, the then chieftain over the clan of that name who resided at Blarney, was repeatedly asked to come in from ‘off his keeping.’ He was always promising with fair words and soft speech to do what was desired, but never could be got to come to the sticking point. The queen, it is told, when one of his speeches was brought to her, said: ‘This is all Blarney; what he says, he never means.’

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"Now, this is the reason for kissing the stone up there in the tower. Listen:

"There is a stone there, whoever kisses,
Oh! he never misses to grow eloquent;
'Tis he may clamber to a lady's chamber,
Or become a Member of Parliament.
A clever spouter, he'll sure turn out, or
An "out—an'—outer" to be let alone;
Don't hope to hinder him, or to bewilder him,
Sure, he's a pilgrim from the Blarney Stone.'

"Now, then, these are the facts in the case," concluded Lucy. "Proceed to do."

Chester climbed the long stairs to the top. From the western edge, he looked down and waved at Lucy, then hurriedly scanned the beautiful prospect about him. The wonderful stone then drew his attention. It is set in the parapet wall, being one of the under stones in the middle of the tower. This parapet does not form part of the wall, but is detached from it, being built out about two feet and supported by a sort of scaffolding brace of masonry. This leaves a space between the battlement and the wall, which in olden times, enabled the defenders to drop stones and other trifles on to the heads of assailants one hundred twenty feet below. Two iron bands now reach around the famous stone, spanning the open space, and fastened to the wall. The aspirant who wishes to kiss the stone, must grasp these irons, one in each hand, and hang on for dear life. As the stone is underneath the parapet, the feat of kissing it is not easy. In the first place, one must lie on one's back, then with head extended over the wall, the head must be bent down and back far enough to touch the lips to the stone. To perform the feat safely, there must be assistants at hand who must hold one's legs in steady grip, and others who must sit on the lower part of the body to assure the proper equilibrium.

Being entirely alone, it is needless to say, Chester did not kiss the Blarney Stone. He was satisfied with reaching under and touching it with his hand. Then he returned to Lucy.

"You did not kiss the stone," she immediately declared.

"You know, don't you, that it takes two to kiss—the Blarney Stone?"

"I've heard it so stated. I've never been up to it."

The park around the castle is very inviting, especially on a fine, warm afternoon. There are big trees, grass, and neatly kept walks. Chester and Lucy sauntered under the trees. A tiny brook gurgled near by, the birds were singing. Lucy chattered merrily

along, but Chester was not so talkative. She noticed his mood and asked why he was so silent.

“I was thinking of that promise. I fear I am not doing right.”

“O, that reminds me—Father, of course could not—”

“Could not what?”

“Well, the night before he became so ill on the boat he told me he was going to release you from any promise not to meet me and talk religion to me.”

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"Did he say that?" They paused in their walk.

"Yes; and he meant it—he means it now, if he could but say as much."

"I thank you for telling me * * * Let us sit down here on this rustic seat. Do you know, I believe your father has gotten over his first dislike for me."

"O, yes, he has. I think he likes you very much."

"I was not surprised at his actions when I told him I was a 'Mormon.' He can hardly be blamed, in view of the life-long training he has had. And then, knowing that you have been in danger from that source before made him over-sensitive on the point. I marvel now that he treats me so well."

Lucy looked her happiness, rather than expressed it. The guide book lay open on her lap. Chester picked it up, looked at a picture of Blarney Castle, and then read aloud:

"'There's gravel walk there,
For speculation,
And conversation
In sweet solitude.
'Tis there the lover
May hear the dove, or
The gentle plover
In the afternoon.'

"Lucy," said Chester, as he closed the book, "I'm going to call you Lucy—I can't call you Miss Strong in such a lovely place as this. We have an hour or two before we must return, and I want to talk over a few matters while we have the chance. In the first place, I want you to tell me where you are going when you leave Ireland. I want to keep track of you—I don't want to lose you. If your father would not object, I should like to travel along with you."

"Father may remain here a long time, so long that we may not get to see much of Europe, and of course, you can't wait here for us."

"Now listen, Lucy. *You* are Europe to me. I believe you are the whole world."

She did not turn from him, though she looked down to the grass where the point of her sunshade now rested. Her face was diffused with color.

"Forgive me for saying so much," he continued, "for I realize I am quite a stranger to you."

"A stranger?" she asked.

“Yes; we have not known each other long. You don’t know much about me.”

“I seem to have known you a long time,” she said, looking up. “I often think I have met you before. Sometimes I imagine you look like the young missionary whom I first heard on the streets of Kansas City; but of course, that can’t be.”

“No; I never was on a mission. But I’m glad you think of me as you do, for then you’ll let me come and see you in London, in Paris and wherever you go. I assure you, it would be rather uninteresting sight-seeing without your presence, if not always in person, then in spirit. After all, much depends on the condition of the eyes with which one looks on an object whether it is interesting or not.”

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Then the talk led to personal matters. He spoke of his experiences in Utah—some of them—and she told him her simple life's story. Her mother had died many years ago; she had no very distinct recollection of her. She and her father had lived with housekeepers for many years. What with school and home, the one trip before to Europe, a number of excursions to various parts of her own country, her life had passed very smoothly and very quietly among her friends and books. As Chester listened to her he thought how like in some respects her story was to that of Julia Elston's. And as she sat there under the trees, she again looked like Julia, yet with a difference. Somehow the first girl had vanished but she had left behind in his heart a susceptibility to a form and face like this one beside him. Julia had come into his heart, not to dwell there, but to purify it, adorn it, and to make it ready for someone else;—and that other person had come. She filled the sanctuary of his heart. Peace and love beyond the telling were inmates with her. Had he not come to his own at last.

That afternoon, as he sat with Lucy under the trees at Blarney, listening to her story, told in simplicity with eyes alternating between smiles and tears, he felt so near heaven that his prayers went easily ahead of him to the throne of mercy and love, bearing a message of praise and gratitude to the Giver of all good.

These two were quite alone that afternoon. Even the care-taker went within the thick walls of the castle, remembering, perhaps, that she also had been young once. Birds may have eyes to see and ears to hear, but they tell nothing to humans.

On the way back to Cork there was only one other passenger in the car,—an Irish girl carrying a basket in which were two white kittens. About half way to the city, the train stopped, and much to the travelers' surprise, a company of about two hundred Gordon Highlanders boarded the train, filling the cars completely.

"What," asked Chester. "Have the Scotch invaded Ireland?"

"I suppose it's a company just out for a bit of exercise," suggested Lucy.

Their bare, brown legs, kilts and equipment were matters of much interest to Chester. When the train arrived in Cork, the soldiers formed, and with bagpipes squealing their loudest, they marched into St. Patrick's street. Chester and Lucy and the girl with the basket followed.

"This is quite an honor," remarked Chester, "to have a company of soldiers come to meet us, and to be escorted into town by music like this. How did *they* know?"

"Know what?" escaped from Lucy before she discerned his meaning.

"Why, you silly man," she replied, "the honor is for the kittens!"

Uncle Gilbert met them at the door. “Your father is sleeping—getting along fine,” he explained. “Now then, young man, did you kiss the Blarney Stone?”

“Why—no—I—”

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"You didn't! You missed the greatest opportunity in your life."

"Oh, no, I didn't." replied Chester. "Far from it."

Lucy, rosy red, fled past her teasing uncle into the house.

CHAPTER IX.

A warm, gentle rain was falling. No regrets or complaints were heard at Kildare Villa, for, as Uncle Gilbert said, the farmers needed it, he and his people were comfortably housed, and the excursionists—meaning Chester and Lucy—would do well to remain quiet for a day.

The minister had so far recovered that he walked unaided into the large living room, where a fire in the grate shed a genial warmth. Chester and Lucy were already there, she at the piano and he singing softly. At sight of her father, Lucy ran to him, helped him to a seat, then kissed him good morning.

"How much better you are!" she said.

"Yes; I am glad I am nearly myself again—thanks to Aunt Sarah," he said, as that good woman entered the room with pillows and footrest for the invalid, who was made quite comfortable. Then the aunt delivered him to the care of the two young people, with an admonition against drafts and loud noises.

"All right, daddy; now what can we do for you?" asked Lucy.

"You were singing—when I came in. * * * Sing the song again."

"But loud noises, you know."

"Sing—softly," he replied.

The two went back to the piano. Lucy played and both sang in well modulated, subdued voices,

"Jesus, I my cross have taken
All to leave and follow Thee;
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
Thou, from hence my all shall be.
Perish every fond ambition,
All I've sought, or hoped, or known,
Yet how rich is my condition,
God and heaven are still my own."

They sang the three stanzas. The two voices blended beautifully. The father asked them to sing the song again, which they did. Then they sang others, some of which were not familiar to the listener.

“Oh, how lovely was the morning,
Brightly beamed the sun above.”

“What was that last song?” inquired the father.

The two singers looked at each other as if they had been caught in some forbidden act.

“Why”—hesitated Lucy, “that’s a Sunday School song.”

“A ‘Mormon’ song?”

“Yes.”

“Sing—it again,” he said as he lay back on his pillows, closed his eyes and listened.

“Do you know any more—‘Mormon’ songs?”

Lucy, of course, did not know many. Chester managed “O, my Father,” and one or two more. Then Lucy closed the piano and went back to her father, where she stood smoothing gently his gray hair. Thus they talked and read and sang a little more, while the rain fell gently without.

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"This is a beautiful country," said Chester, looking out of the window. "I do not blame people who have money, desiring to live here." Lucy came to the window also, and they stood looking out on the rain-washed green. The father lay still in his chair, and presently he went to sleep. Chester and Lucy then retired to a corner, and carried on their conversation in low tones. Faint noises from other parts of the house came to them. From without, only the occasional shrill whistle of a locomotive disturbed the silence. The fire burned low in the grate.

Suddenly, the father awoke with a start. "I tell you he is my son," he said aloud. "I am his father, and I ought to father him—my heart goes out—my son—"

"What is it, father?" cried Lucy, running to him, and putting her arm around his shoulders.

The father looked about, fully awakened.

"I was only dreaming," he explained. "Did I talk in my sleep?"

Just then Uncle Gilbert came in. He announced that tomorrow he would of necessity have to leave for Liverpool. It would be a short trip only; he would be back in two or three days, during which all of them should continue to make themselves comfortable.

"George, here, is getting along famously," he declared. "A few more days of absolute rest, and you'll be all right, eh, brother?"

"I think so."

Aunt Sarah now announced luncheon, and they all filed out of the room.

That evening the two brothers were alone. "I want to talk to you," the visitor had said; and his brother was willing that he should. Evidently, something weighed heavily on his mind, some imaginary trouble, brought on by his weakened physical condition.

"Now, what is it, brother," said Gilbert as they sat comfortably in their room.

"You know that in my younger days I had a little trouble"—began the minister, now speaking quite freely.

"I don't recall what you mean."

"When I was studying for the ministry—a woman, you—"

"O, yes; I remember; but what of it? That's past and forgotten long ago."

“Past, but not forgotten. I have tried to forget, the Lord knows, by long years of service in the ministry. I hope the Lord has forgiven—but I forgotten, Oh, no.”

“Look here, brother, you are over-sensitive just now because of your physical condition. You have nothing to worry over. That little youthful indiscretion—”

“But there was a child, Gilbert, a boy.”

“Well, what of it?”

“That was my boy. I am his father. What has become of him? Where is he now? Flesh of my flesh, is he handicapped by the stigma I placed upon him? Is he, perchance, groveling in the gutter, because I cast him off—had no thought or care for him—”

“Now, look here—”

“Listen. I became a father, then shirked the responsibility of fatherhood. A new word rings in my ears, ‘FATHERING.’ I can see its mighty import. I who have spoken the words of the great Father for these many years, have not followed His example. Listen, brother: if that son of mine is alive, and I believe he is, I am going to find and claim him—and not once more do I preach until I do.”

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The brother was somewhat alarmed, showing it in his countenance.

"You may think I am out of my head; but I never was saner in my life. My thoughts are as clear as a bell, and now that I have said what I wanted to, I feel better. That's all—don't you worry about me. Now go to bed. You are to be off in the morning, you know. Good night."

As Gilbert walked out, his mind not altogether clear about his brother, Lucy was at the door waiting to bid her father good night.

"May I come in?" she asked.

"Yes; come along."

"I wanted just to say good night."

"That's right, my girl; and where is Chester?"

"He—I don't know. I think he's retired."

"You're looking so well, these days. Are you happy?"

"Yes, daddy; so happy—and so much better, I believe."

"All right—there now, good night. If Chester is without, tell him to come in a moment."

She kissed him again, then slipped out. Presently, Chester entered.

"Did you wish to see me, Mr. Strong?"

"Yes—that is, just to say good night—and to tell you that I am better—and also to thank you for taking such good care of Lucy."

"Why, I assure you—"

"Wait a moment. Stand right where you are, there in that light—you'll excuse a sick man's humors, I know; but someone told me today that we two look very much alike. I was just wondering whether it was a fancy only—but I can't tell, nor you can't tell. It always takes a third person to say."

"Yes; I suppose it does," laughed Chester. "But I don't object to the resemblance."

"Nor I, my boy. Come here. Continue to take good care of Lucy. She's a good, sweet girl." The man arose, as if to be off to bed. Chester put his arm around him.

"Let me help you," said the young man. "You are not very strong yet."

“Thank you.” He put his arm about Chester’s neck so that the stronger man could nearly carry the weaker. As they walked slowly across the room under the lamps anyone could see a striking resemblance between the two men. As they said good night and parted at the father’s door, the older man’s hand patted softly the young man’s cheek. Chester felt the touch, so strange that it thrilled him. “That was for Lucy’s sake,” he said to himself as he sought the quietness of his own room.

* * * * *

There were no apparent reasons why Chester Lawrence should not accompany Uncle Gilbert to Liverpool, so neither Chester nor Lucy tried to find any. Plans for meeting in London and on the continent were fully matured and understood. The separation would be for a week or fortnight at most. Lucy and Aunt Sarah waved their goodbyes as the train drew out of Cork for Dublin.

Chester now understood why Ireland was called the Emerald Isle. Green, green, everywhere—fields and hedges, trees and bushes, bogs and hills—everything was green. Uncle Gilbert gave him full information on all points of interest.

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At Dublin they had a few hours to wait for the boat, so they looked around the city, not forgetting the beautiful Phoenix Park. It was evening when they went on board the steamer and to bed. Next morning, they were awakened by the rattling of cables and chains as they slid into a dock at Liverpool.

Chester and Gilbert Strong parted company at Liverpool, the latter to attend to the business which had brought him there, the former to seek a place of lodging. First he found 42 Islington, the headquarters of the mission, introduced himself to the elders in charge, and asked them to direct him to some cheap, but respectable lodgings. He was shown to a nearby hotel where the missionaries usually put up, where he obtained a room. Then he went to the steamship company's office at the pier, obtained his trunk, and had it taken to his lodgings. After a bath, a general clean-up and change of clothing, he was ready for the town, or all England for that matter.

He went back to "42" for further information. He noticed that the slum district of the town pressed closely on to the office quarters, and he saw some sights even that first afternoon which shocked him: dirty, ragged children, playing in the gutters; boys and girls and women going in to dram shops and bringing out mugs of beer; men and women drunken. One sight specially horrified him: a woman, dirty, naked shoulders and arms; feet and legs bare; a filthy skirt and bodice open at the breast; hair matted and wild; reeling along the pavement, crying out in drunken exclamations and mutterings. It was the most sickening sight the young man had ever seen, and with perhaps the exception of a fight he witnessed some days later between two such characters, the worst spectacle of his life.

All this sordid life so strange and new, drew the attention of the young westerner. Especially did 42 Islington interest him; for this was an historic spot for "Mormonism." From here the early missionaries had sent forth the message of salvation to Great Britain, in fact, to the whole of Europe. Here within these dingy rooms had trod the strong, sturdy characters of the pioneer days of the Church. Perhaps in some of these rooms Orson Pratt had written his masterly presentation of the gospel. In those days, very likely, there were not so many noises of traffic and restless humanity. Perhaps such men could take with them the peace and sublime solitude of their home in the Western Mountains into the confusing din of the big city, and remain undisturbed. And these were happy, even as the present elders were, laboring, with a clear conscience for the salvation of souls. There came to Chester, as he thought of these things, an expression he had read: "Outside things cannot make you happy, unless they fit with something inside; and they are so few and so common that the smallest room can hold them."

That same evening there was a meeting of the Saints which Chester attended. The congregation was small, much smaller even than those of Chicago. Most of the people present appeared to be of the humbler, working classes; but there was the same light in their faces as that which shone in faces on the other side of the world, when

enlightened by the Spirit of God. Everywhere, Chester noticed, this Spirit was the same, giving to rich and poor, learned and unlearned alike, the joy of its presence.

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"Come around tomorrow, and we'll take a look about the city," said one of the elders to Chester. "Sitting cramped over a desk day after day, makes it necessary for me to get out once in a while."

The afternoon of the following day, Chester called for his friend in the office, and they set out. "I want you to get rid of the first impressions of Liverpool," explained the elder. "I want you to get away from the noise and dirt to the green and quiet and beauty of the town."

First they took a car to the Botanical Gardens, looked at the flower beds and inspected the palm-house. Then they walked across the open to the farther side, followed a short street or two into the big, open grass-covered Wavertree Playground. Thence it was a short walk to Sefton Park with its varied and extensive beauties. They watched the children sail their toy crafts on the lake. There were some men even, trying out model boats. The bird cage was interesting. The grotto, as usual, was hard to find. The palm-house took a good part of their time, for the beautiful statue of Burn's Highland Mary, gleaming white from a bed of green, took Chester's attention, as also the historical figures surrounding the house. One of these was of Columbus with an inscription claiming that he had very much to do with the making of Liverpool, which is no doubt true.

The weather was fine, the air was balmy; many people were out. Chester and his companion strolled about the walks and across the velvety stretches of grass. They watched for a time, a "gentlemanly game of cricket," but it was too slow altogether for the Americans.

It was well towards sundown when the two young men took a car back to Islington. "Another day we'll see Newsham Park, and the country around Knotty Ash way. Then again, there is some beautiful country up the Mersey and across to Birkenhead." The visitor was grateful for these offers.

That evening Chester addressed some post-cards to his few friends in Chicago, one to Hugh Elston, one to Elder Malby in London, and one to Lucy May Strong, Kildare Villa, Cork, Ireland. He lingered somewhat over this latter, lost somewhat in wonder at recent events. Was not this ocean trip and the Irish experience a dream? The noise and smoke about him were surely that of Chicago, and he was sitting in his room there in his normal condition of homelessness and friendlessness? Had he not that day been out with an elder from the Chicago Church office to Lincoln Park and the lakeside? Surely Lucy and the minister, and Kildare Villa and Blarney were figments of a pleasant dream! Chester walked back and forth in the small room. He stopped before a dingy map of Great Britain on the wall. His finger touched Ireland, moved southward, and stopped at Cork. Yes; there was such a place, any way, so there must be Shandon Bells and the Blarney Stone, and a rustic seat under the trees at Blarney Castle. Well, if all else under the sun were imaginary, that hour of bliss at Blarney when Chester told

Lucy he loved her, and Lucy told Chester the same sweet words—that was real. He would live in that reality, for it far surpassed his dreams.

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Chester looked again at the post-card he had addressed to Kildare Villa, placed it aside, and wrote in its place a long letter.

CHAPTER X.

Twenty miles out of London. The sun is shining, and the train glides along by green fields, hedges of hawthorn, and blossoming trees. England looks to be the huge, well-cared-for farm of a very rich man. This may be explained by the fact that England is an old country, having been plowed and planted and harrowed for close on to a thousand years before America was discovered. This long period of cultivation gives the countryside a mellowness and well-groomed look. The vaporous sunlight softens all the outlines, hides the harsh features, and gives the landscape its dreamy, far-away, misty loveliness. There seems to be no angles in the scene; field melts into field, and hedge into hedge, with here and there a ribbon of a road which seems to join them rather than to separate them. The houses are of brick or of stone, many partly hidden under the climbing ivy or roses.

Chester Lawrence is accompanying Elder Malby eastward from London through Kent to Margate and Ramsgate on the coast. Elder Malby is to attend to some Church duties, and Chester, by invitation, was glad to accompany him. It was the young man's policy to keep in touch as much as possible with the elders and their work, and he was getting somewhat of the missionary spirit himself. He was greatly enjoying this ride through the beautiful country.

"It's really wonderful," said Chester, looking out of the car window, "this coming from London into the country. Where are all the people? Are they all in town? Some cows are browsing in the pastures, and sheep scurry about as the train flies by, but where are the people who have made this great garden?"

"You must remember," explained Chester's companion, "all this has not been done hurriedly by many people within a short time. What the Englishman doesn't do today he can do tomorrow; and so centuries of work by a few men has produced what we see."

"Well, I do occasionally see a few slow-moving men and women, somberly clad in grays and browns. These, I suppose, are the sturdy supporters of their country."

"Here is something I clipped from an American magazine," said Elder Malby, "which impressed me with its peculiar truth." He read:

"'England is London says one, England is Parliament says another, England is the Empire says still another; but if I be not much mistaken, this stretch of green fields, these hills and valleys, these hedges and fruit trees, this soft landscape, is the England men love. In India and Canada, in their ships at sea, in their knots of soldiery all over

the world, Englishmen must close their eyes at times, and when they do, they see these fields green and brown, these hedges dusted with the soft snow of blossoms, these houses hung with roses and ivy,

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and when the eyes open, they are moist with these memories. The pioneer, the sailor, the soldier, the colonist may fight, and struggle and suffer, and proclaim his pride in his new home and possessions, but these are the love of a wife, of children, of friends; that other is the love, with its touch of adoration, that is not less nor more, but still different, that mysterious mingling of care for, and awe of, the one who brought you into the world.

"This is the England, I take it, that makes one feel his duty to be his religion, and the England that every American comes to as to a shrine. When this is sunk in the sea, or trampled over by a host of invading Germans, or mauled into bankruptcy by pandering politicians and sour socialists, one of the most delightful spots in the whole world will have been lost, and no artist ever be able to paint such a picture again, for nowhere else is there just this texture of canvas, just this quality of pigment, just these fifteen centuries of atmosphere.' I think this sums it up nicely," commented Elder Malby.

"Ireland is a pretty fine country, too," said Chester, with far-away tone, still gazing out of the window.

Elder Malby laughed heartily, in which his companion joined. Chester had told him his Irish experiences.

Ramsgate is a pretty town on the east coast. It being Sunday, the shops were closed and the streets quiet. After some enquiries and searching, the local elder was found in the outskirts of the town. The two visitors were warmly received. A good old-fashioned English dinner was served, after which the few Saints living in the vicinity gathered for meeting. Never before had Chester Lawrence experienced the comforting Spirit of the Lord as in that service when he partook with those simple, open-minded people the sacrament, and listened to their testimonies, in which he mingled his own.

After the services, there was the usual lingering to shake hands and exchange good words. In the midst of the confusion of voices and laughter, a large man appeared in the open doorway, and immediately there was a hush. It was the parish priest, round and sleek, yet stern of countenance. He looked about the room and found a good many of his neighbors present.

"Well, good people," said he, "what are you doing here?"

The local elder explained civilly the purpose of the gathering.

"But these men who are holding these services are 'Mormons,' and I come to warn you that they are wolves in sheep's clothing. Beware of them, let them alone," said the priest in rising accents.

The people stood about the room, quietly listening. Elder Malby and Chester were yet by the table which had served as a pulpit, and to them the priest advanced.

“Are you the ‘Mormon’ elders?” he demanded.

“We have that honor,” serenely replied Elder Malby.

“You ought to be ashamed to come here to a Christian community with your vile doctrine. I warn you to keep away.”

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"Will you be seated, sir?" asked Elder Malby, who took charge of the situation. A number of people, who had evidently followed the priest to see the "fun," came in and gathered round.

"I'll not sit down. I'll deliver my message to you all," he declared as he turned to the people. "You may not believe what I say about these men, that they are not what they pretend; but let me read to you from an American paper—printed in their own land. Listen:

"So fully apparent is the pernicious activity of "Mormonism" of late, that a general campaign of opposition is being urged against them in various parts of the country. It has been conclusively shown, by students of the question, that the "Mormon" Church is simply a great secret society, engaging in criminal practices under the cloak of their religion—"

There was a hum of protest in the room. Elder Malby raised a hand of warning to let the intruder proceed.

"The attitude of "Mormonism" towards moral questions and its disregard for the laws, have been shown again and again. "Mormon" missionaries are now making a systematic canvas of every state in the Union, as well as in Great Britain and other foreign countries. Every home, especially of the poor and uneducated is to be visited. It would therefore be the part of wisdom to give a timely word of warning. This is a time to cry aloud and spare not, lest many be led astray by these pernicious teachings."

The minister followed up this reading by a stream of personal abuse against "Mormons" in general and Elder Malby—whose name he knew—in particular. Chester watched with keen interest the proceedings. Elder Malby's face was a study. The angry priest paused, then stopped.

"Are you through, sir?" asked Elder Malby quietly. There was no reply, so he continued. "If you are, I wish to say a word. You are entirely mistaken, my dear sir. I have not come here to mislead or to teach any such doctrine as you claim. True, I am now an American citizen, but I was born an Englishman. This is my native country, and I have as much right to be here as you have; and, thank God, this country provides for free speech and allows every man to worship God according to the dictates of his conscience. I love this, my native land—I love these, my people. That's why I am here to preach to them the gospel of Jesus Christ."

"You're a farmer, and not a minister," sneered the priest.

"Peter was a fisherman and Paul was a tent-maker," replied the Elder calmly. "I suppose, sir, that if either of these men came here to preach, you would look upon their occupation as a reproach."

There was no reply, so the “Mormon” continued. “It is true I am a farmer. Some of my friends here know that, because sometimes I assist them in the fields. And I have given them some helpful American hints too, have I not, Brother Naylor?”

“Aye, that you have.”

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“Religion is not a thing apart from daily life,” said Elder Malby, speaking more to the listening people than to the priest. “A truly religious person works with hands and brains as well as prays with lips and heart. Let me tell you, good people, the ‘Mormons’ have shown to the world that heart and hand, faith and works must go together. A religion which withdraws itself apart from the common people into seclusions of prayer and contemplation alone is of no value in this world. The activities of this life and this world is the proper field for religion, for it is here that we prepare for a future life. The “Mormon” minister can plow, if he is a farmer, as well as preach. He digs canals, makes roads through the wilderness, provides work and play for those who look to him for guidance. Again, let me call your attention to something the “*Mormon*” preacher does: he preaches for the love of the souls of men, and not for a salary.”

“You’re a tramp,” said the priest.

“Not exactly, my friend,” replied the Elder, looking into the priest’s face. “I pay my way, from money earned at home on my farm. Most of the people here know me, but some are strangers. Let me tell you, briefly, my story.”

“Go on,” some one near the door shouted.

“I was born a few miles from here. My parents were very poor, but honest and respectable. I had a longing to go to America, so by dint of long, hard work and saving, I obtained the passage money. On the way I became acquainted with the Mormons.’ I knew they were the people of God, and I went with them to the West, which was a new country then. I was a pioneer. I took up wild, unbroken land, built me a cabin and made me a farm. It was hard work, but, the exhilaration of working for one’s self gives courage and strength. Now I have a good farm, and a good house. I am not rich in worldly wealth. We must still economize carefully. Here—would you like to see my home in America?”

He took from his pocket a photograph and handed it to the nearest person, who passed it on. “That house I built with my own hands, most of it. Those trees I planted. I made the fence and dug the water ditch. That’s my wife standing by the gate—yes, the only one I have, or ever had—that’s my youngest child on the porch, the only one at home now. The others have married and have homes of their own. Here, I remember, I received a letter from my wife yesterday. Would you like to read it, sir?” addressing the priest who was now preparing to leave.

“The letter will prove that I am not a tramp, sir. Read it aloud to these people.” The Elder held the letter in his extended hand.

“I’ll have nothing further to do with you. I don’t want to read your letter,” retorted the priest.

“Read it, read it,” came from a number; but the priest, unheedingly passed out of the door and down the path. The gate clicked.

“I’ll read it,” volunteered a man, one of the strangers who had come in later. He took the letter, and read so that all might hear, which was not difficult in that quieted room:

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“Dear George: By this time I suppose you are in Old England again, and have fairly started in your missionary work. We received your card from Chicago and your letter from New York. I hope you had a pleasant voyage across the ocean, and were not seasick.

“We are all well at home, only a bit lonesome, of course. Janie misses you very much. She hardly knows what to do with herself in the evening. I was over to George’s last night, and when I came in the door the baby cried “grandpa” before she saw who it was. The little thing looks all around and can’t understand why you don’t come. Lizzie’s baby has the measles, but is getting along nicely.

“I drove around by the field from meeting last Sunday. The wheat is growing fine. The Bishop said it was the finest stand he had ever seen. George and Henry are now working on the ditch, and they said they’d work out your assessment while they were about it. We have had a good deal of rain lately.

“I spoke to Brother Jenson about those two steers. He said prices were low at present and advised me to wait a little while before selling them. If you need the money very soon, of course I’ll tell him to take them next time he calls. My eggs and butter help us out wonderfully, as we two don’t require much. The Sunday eggs, you know, go towards the meeting house fund, and Janie claims the “Saturday crop.” She needs a new school dress which Lizzie has promised to make.

“Now, that’s about all the news. I hope your health will continue good and that you are enjoying your mission. Don’t worry about us. The Lord will provide. We want to do our part in sending the gospel to those who have it not. Our faith and prayers are always with you.

“Your loving wife,
“JANE MALBY.

“P.S. I forgot to tell you that the Jersey cow you bought from Brother Jones has had twin calves, both heifers. Isn’t that fine? J.M.”

The reader folded the letter and handed it back to its owner. The postscript saved the situation, for the wet eyes found relief in the merry laugh which it brought forth.

CHAPTER XI.

On Chester’s return to London, he found the following note from Lucy:

“We’re all coming—father and Uncle Gilbert and I. What do you think of that? Father is well enough to travel, and he has prevailed upon his brother to accompany us. In fact, I think that Uncle imagines we are two invalids and need his care—I’m glad he does. I’m

so busy packing, I haven't time to write more. Will tell you all about it when I see you. Meet us at St. Pancras station Thursday, at 6 p.m.

"With love from

"LUCY."

Elder Malby accompanied Chester to the station to meet his friends from Ireland. The two brothers were fairly well acquainted with London, so they had no trouble in finding a hotel in a quiet part of the city. Lucy's father seemed himself again. He walked with a cane, which, however, may have been his regular European custom. Lucy was uncommonly well, declaring that the long journey had not tired her a bit.

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Plans were discussed in the hotel that evening, and it was finally decided to go to Paris by way of Rotterdam, Antwerp and Brussels. The stages would have to be easy for the sake of the “two invalids,” as Uncle Gilbert put it, to which Chester heartily agreed.

Late the next morning, for the travelers needed the rest, Chester called for them, and the party of four saw a little of London from the top of a 'bus. The weather continued fair, and as the summer was well advanced, the air was warm. The sightseers had a simple luncheon at a small cafe which Uncle Gilbert knew near the British Museum, and then they continued their rambles until the close of the afternoon, when Chester put them down at the “Mormon” mission headquarters.

Elder Malby received them warmly, provided easy seats for Lucy and her father, and took hats and wraps under protestations that they were not going to stay. A number of missionaries came in and they were introduced. Lucy beamed with delight, her father unreservedly told the young men they were from America,—and western America at that; but Uncle Gilbert was not quite at his ease among the new company. He knew, of course, that these people were “Mormons,” and his knowledge of “Mormons” and their ways, although somewhat vague, was not reassuring.

When the good-natured English housekeeper announced that supper was ready, it seemed impossible to do otherwise than to follow her and Elder Malby down to the large basement room. In fact, Lucy, without any ifs or ands took her father's arm and led him along. Uncle Gilbert thought he had never seen her in such a bold frame of mind.

Certainly, Chester, Elder Malby, and the housekeeper must have plotted to bring about that little supper party. The dining room was severely bare, but scrupulously clean. That evening the threadbare table cloth had been replaced by a new one. The usual menu of bread, milk, and jam was augmented by slices of cold meat, a dish of fruit, and a cake. Two small bouquets adorned the ends of the long table.

“Visitors,” whispered one of the elders to another.

“Extraordinary visitors,” replied the other. “Just like home when Uncle John came to see us.”

The housekeeper even furnished tea for the Rev. Mr. Strong and his brother. Lucy said she liked milk better, so she filled her glass along with Chester's and the other “Mormons.” She chatted freely with the young elder near her, learned that he was from Idaho, that he had been away six months, that he had not been home-sick, and that he was not married. The elders were to hold street meetings that evening after supper.

“I should like to go with you,” she said; but Chester, overhearing the conversation, told her that for various reasons, such a course would not be wise.

Afterwards, there was some singing in the office-parlor, then Chester went with the party to their hotel.

"I believe papa is being favorably impressed," said Lucy to Chester before they parted.
"I wish he could see as I do."

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"That would indeed be something to be thankful for," agreed Chester.

The following afternoon the continental party took the train to Harwich, then boat for the Hook of Holland, where they arrived next morning. A short ride by rail brought them to Rotterdam.

Uncle Gilbert had seen the city before, but the quaint town interested the others for the first time. "Everything is clean in Holland but the canals," some one has said. In Rotterdam, the ancient windmills, with huge spreading arms, stand in the midst of modern shops, and the contrast is strange.

Uncle Gilbert directed the party to the Delftshaven church, explaining that in this ancient building the Pilgrim Fathers worshiped before they set sail for the New World. Then the sight-seers took train for The Hague, ten miles away. They visited the House of the Woods, where the Peace Congresses are held, observed Queen Wilhelmina's residence from without, looked at some of the famous paintings in the art gallery, then shuddered over the instruments of torture on exhibition in the "Torture Chamber" found in the old prison. There were some gruesome articles here.

"All in the name of religion," remarked the minister, shaking his head. "It seems to me that in those days men taxed their ingenuity to find new and more terrible means of inflicting pain. And men suffered in those days because of religious belief."

Someone had expressed himself on the subject in these lines, which they read from a card:

"By my soul's hope of rest,
I'd rather have been born, ere man was blessed
With the pure dawn of revelation's light;
Yea; rather plunge me back into pagan night
And take my chances with Socrates for bliss,
Than be a Christian of a faith like this."

Out from the depressing gloom of the prison, they took the electric car to Scheveningen, the famous sea-side resort. The season was hardly begun yet, so there were but few visitors. However, the sands dotted with their peculiar wicker shelters and the beautiful blue North Sea were there. Out on the water could be seen the little "pinkens"—the fishing boats, their sails red and taut or white and wing-like, speeding before the wind. The waves swept in long straight lines, and broke on the sands in muffled sound. The scene was restful, so the party was served with something to eat and drink on a table within sound and sight of the open sea.

That evening, back in Rotterdam, Chester and Lucy, while the two brothers took their ease "at home," found the Mission headquarters, introduced themselves to the elders,

and spent a few hours very pleasantly with them. They learned from the missionaries that the Dutch were for the most part, an honest, God-fearing people, quite susceptible to the gospel. There were no meetings that evening, but in lieu thereof, the presiding elder took them out and introduced them to some of the Saints. Then, when they came back to the office, the housekeeper served them with cool milk, white bread, sweet butter, and whiter cheese.

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The next day the tourists went on to Brussels, stopping a few hours only at Antwerp, which city was a surprise. As Chester said, "I remember seeing such a place on the map, but I had no idea it was such a fine, large city.

They saw many wide streets lined with the most unique houses, many of them having "terraced gables" facing the street.

"This is certainly the town for fancy 'gingerbread' decorations," commented Chester, as they observed the net-work of cornices and forest of pinnacles. There was even a full-sized mounted charger on the topmost point of a seven-story building. The Cathedral, with its tall sculptured tower, was no doubt an architectural marvel. A brief visit was made to the art gallery, "full of Ruben's fat women," as Uncle Gilbert expressed it.

"Anvers," read the minister from a post-card. "I thought this was Antwerp?"

"Antwerp is the English of it," explained Uncle Gilbert.

"Well, I think names—names of cities and countries, at least, should be the same in all languages. At any rate, they could be spelled alike. If this town is Anvers, why not call it that?"

Sunday evening brought the party to Brussels, or Bruxelles, in the original. The life and gaiety of the city were in full swing, and most of the shops were doing their usual business. Uncle Gilbert did not want to remain long, but Lucy said she wished to visit the battle-field of Waterloo, and one or two points of interest in the city. So the evening and the next day were consumed. The battle-field is reached by train from the city. From the Waterloo station, there is a mile or two of walking or riding in carriages to the immediate field of battle. A great pyramid of earth covered with grass to its summit marks the spot where the conflict raged the fiercest. From the top of this monument a fine view is had. What was once a bloody battle-field was that day decked with growing fields, dotted with feeding kine. Lucy had again to be denied the pleasure of the view from the top. She sat in the wagon below and got what she could from the man who had been left with the horses. It was all very interesting, but Lucy was so tired when they got back to the hotel that she could not see more of Brussels.

Next morning they went on to Paris. All but Chester had been in this gay city before. The weather was getting quite warm, so the two brothers did not care to follow the strenuous pace set by Chester in his sight seeing. During the heat of the day they kept quietly within their rooms or strolled leisurely along the shaded boulevards. Chester, by promising to take the utmost care of Lucy, was permitted to take her with him to visit some of the sights. She knew enough French to make herself fairly well understood, and that was a great help.

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So these two rode and rambled about Paris for nearly a week, sometimes with the father, sometimes with Uncle Gilbert, but more often by themselves. The days were fine. The parks and boulevards were gay with people. They made purchases in the shops along Rue de Rivoli and at the Bon Marche, the great department store which Lucy declared they could equal in Kansas City. They gazed for hours in the Louvre Art Gallery, coming back time and again to look once more at some picture. The Venus de Milo had a fascination about it which drew them into the long gallery, where at the extreme end, the classic marble figure stands alone.

They rode on the Seine, wondering at its clear waters. They walked about the open squares and gardens all of them of historic significance. They promenaded, very quietly, it is true, along the Champs Elysees. They lingered about the Petit Palais, one of the most beautiful of Paris buildings because of its newness, its clean, chaste finish, and the artistic combination of marble, pictures, and flowers. Was it any wonder that amid all this interesting beauty Chester's and Lucy's eyes and hands frequently met to express what words failed to do?

The four sight-seers were at Napoleon's Tomb, admiring the wonderful light effect.

"Every time I visit this place," said Uncle Gilbert, "I like to read a summary of Napoleon's career which I found and clipped. Would you like to hear it?"

The others said they would, so Uncle Gilbert read:

"Egyptian sands and Russian snows alike invaded; a revolution quelled, an empire created; his own brethren seated on thrones of vassal kingdoms; a complete code of jurisprudence formed for France from the wrecks of mediaeval misrule; the most profound strategist of the ages; denounced by nations as the 'disturber of the peace of the world;' violating the marriage law of God and man; himself a dwarf in height, and lowering the physical stature of a generation of his countrymen through the frightful carnage of wars undertaken largely for his personal aggrandizement; succumbing in the moment of final victory to insidious disease; twice expatriated, dying in exile across the seas, after twenty years; in life, the idol of a race and the detestation of the rest of the continent; and now, a handful of dust, his spirit in the presence of its Maker."

This reading furnished a text for the minister, who talked rather more freely than he had recently done. Notre Dame lay in their route that afternoon, so naturally enough, they went in, Uncle Gilbert remarking that this was a fit place for the minister to conclude his sermon.

"What a dark, musty place," said Lucy.

"It fits in very well with their religion," suggested Chester. "A lot of outward show, but within, dark and dead."

Uncle Gilbert, though living in Ireland, was not a Catholic, so he took no offense at this remark.

Then while they were “doing” churches, they visited that of St. Sulpice, a very large edifice, in the floor of which is a brass line which marks the Meridian of Paris. At the left of the entrance sits St. Peter in life-sized bronze, in possession of the Keys. The naked big toe of this figure is easily reached by the worshipers.

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"I have heard of people kissing images of the Saints," said Chester, "but I have never seen anything of the kind. Let us rest here a while, to see if anything happens."

Lucy was glad of the suggestion as she was more tired than she wished to acknowledge. The big church was cool and quiet. Worshipers singly and in twos were coming and going. Presently, a woman, and presumably her daughter, came in, and as they passed St. Peter they leaned forward and kissed the shining, metal toe. They passed on to a confessional where the priest could be seen and faintly heard behind the latticed window.

All this was exceedingly interesting to the young people. The two brothers were absorbed more in the building itself than what was going on within; even to what their two young people were doing. Chester, surely was prompted by a spirit of sacrilege when he took from an inner pocket a picture post-card he had bought in Ireland.

"The kissing of the toe reminded me of it," said he, as he handed the card to Lucy, who looked at the picture of an Irishman in the act of kissing his sweetheart, Blarney Castle being shown in the distance. Underneath was the following:

"With quare sinsashuns and palpitashuns,
A kiss I'll venture here, Mavrone;
'Tis swater Blarney, good Father Mahoney,
Kissin' the girls than that dirty stone."

Lucy's father tapped her on the shoulder. "You're in a church. Behave yourself," he said. "Come, let's be going."

CHAPTER XII.

It was evident that, notwithstanding the good intentions which all persons concerned had of not overreaching in the sight-seeing business, Lucy, at least, was feeling its effects. That she would have to remain quiet for some days was the verdict of the physician which her father called. There was no immediate danger, said he to Chester, but the heart action was feeble. A week of absolute rest would remedy that.

Chester was packed off to Switzerland alone, contrary to the program he had looked forward to. Uncle Gilbert did not care to go. Mr. Strong would have to remain with Lucy, so if Chester was to see Switzerland, he would have to try it alone. When Chester heard of the arrangement, he demurred; but when Lucy's father suggested to him that perhaps it would be best for her, he said no more.

After Chester's departure, the three settled down to the business at hand, that of resting. That was easy enough for Lucy and her father, but Uncle Gilbert was hale and hearty, so he continued to make short daily excursions to points of interest. They had

pleasant quarters, not too near the noise of the city. The semi-private hotel had but few guests, so the back garden in which dinner was usually served, proved a desirable lounging-place.

Uncle Gilbert was away that afternoon. Lucy was resting in her room. The Rev. Mr. Strong paced nervously back and forth in the garden for a time, then dropped heavily into an easy chair. The French maid, stepping quietly about placed a pillow under his head, which kindness he accepted gratefully. The garden was still. There were no sharp near-noises, the city's activity coming merely as a faint distant hum.

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The minister closed his eyes, but he did not go to sleep. His mind was too active for that, his nerves were tingling again. The bright, gay life about him did not exist for him. That afternoon he lived in the past. He marshalled for review contending thoughts, that had for many years fought for supremacy. Out of the chaos of conflict no order had yet come. He was getting old before his years justified it.

Why should he, a minister of the word of God, be so easily moved by strange religious ideas? Faintly as if from some distant, mostly forgotten past, there came to him this idea, that the truth, the whole, clean, simple truth as it exists in Christ Jesus had been told him, and he had rejected it. Why he had done this was not clear to him. He seemed to have lived in periods of alternating darkness and light. Then later, he had come in contact with so-called "Mormonism." Strange to say, its teachings had the same ring as that which he had heard before; but this time he rejected it because of its evil name. Once again, a little later, these same doctrines had come to him, but they were not welcomed when he learned that those who taught them and lived them were simple, oftentimes uneducated people, usually called the "scum" of the earth.

The Rev. Mr. Strong had actually given up his pastorship in two places, moving westward until he reached Kansas City.—Here for a number of years, he had experienced peace, a sort of indifferent peace, he admitted, due more to callousness of soul than to anything else. Then came Lucy's adventure with the "Mormon" elders on the streets, and her visit to "Mormon" meetings. She had brought "Mormon" literature home, and he had read it, read it all. He had asked her to bring more. He had often sat up till midnight to finish a book, then had railed at Lucy for bringing it into the house. And now the conflict was on again, harder than ever. He closed his eyes, saying, "No, no;" then opened them again to the beautiful light. He stopped his ears, crying, "I will not hear;" then listened to the sweet music. With all the force of his life's training, he railed against the doctrine; then in silence contemplated its glorious truths. He drove the thought of it out of his mind; then welcomed it eagerly back. Back and forth, in and out, in doubt and fear, in faith and hope his soul had suffered and wrought.

What was the outcome to be? Evidently, the end was not yet; for had he not purposely taken this trip abroad, to get away from some of these things, and had he not run hard against that which he had hoped to escape. And in what form had it now come? In that of his son, his only son, the child of his younger days! Surely God was in this thing. "Yes," the man muttered, "God is watching me. I cannot escape. His hand is over me. *'If I take the wings of the morning and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea; even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me!'*"

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Uncle Gilbert came in, humming lightly a tune he had caught from the band in the cafe. He stopped when he saw his brother apparently asleep. He was about to retreat when his brother, opening his eyes, called:

"Don't go; come here. I want to talk with you. I want your opinion on a matter."

Uncle Gilbert seated himself to listen.

"You might think it a strange thing for me to ask you about doctrines of religion," began the brother, "but sometimes a layman has a clearer, more unbiased view than one who has studied one system, and—and has made his living from preaching it."

"I fear, brother, you are worrying too much about such things"—

"Not at all—not too much. It's necessary to worry sometimes. I suppose that's God's way of arousing people. I am worrying—have been worrying for many years—just now I want someone to talk to—I want you to listen."

"I'll do that, if that will help you," said the brother as he placed his hat and stick on a table and shifted himself into a comfortable position. The maid peeped in, but seeing the two men, retired again.

"I have preached hundreds of sermons on the being and nature of God," said the minister, now sitting erect and looking at his brother. "I have spoken of Him as a Father, our Father, and all the time He has been out in time and space, formless, homeless, unthinkable. He has never appealed to heart or brain. Will God ever be more to me than a force in and through all nature? Shall we ever see His face? Shall we ever feel the cares of His hand and hear His voice, not in a figurative sense, but in reality."

"Now brother"—said Uncle Gilbert again.

"Don't interrupt. You do not need to answer my questions—you couldn't if you wanted to. Listen. What do you think of this: God is our Father, in reality as we naturally understand it—Father of our spirits. We are, therefore, His children. That is our relationship. Consequently we are of a family of Gods. Admit that our Father is God, and that we are His children, the conclusion is absolute. We are not worms of the dust, only so far as we degrade our divine nature to that lowness.

"This Father of ours has in the past eternities trod through time and space, learning,—yes, suffering, overcoming, conquering, becoming perfect, until now He sits in the midst of glory, power, and eternal lives. In might and majesty perfect, He can and does hold us all as in the hollow of His hand. This little earth of ours, and all the shining worlds on high are His workmanship. He holds them also by His allwise power. And yet, my brother, come back to this simple proposition, we are that great Being's sons and daughters, and if we walk in the way in which He walked, we are heirs to all that He

has! I am one of a great family, so are you,—all of us. Our Father has but gone before and we follow. The difference between us is only in degree of development and not in kind.

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“O God, I think thy thoughts after Thee,” said Kepler, and thoughts lead to deeds.

“Again, the Son, whom we know as Jesus Christ, came to reveal to us this Father. He was in ‘the form of God.’ He was the ‘image of the invisible God.’ Further, this Son was in the express image of the Father’s person. Jesus Christ was a man like unto us as far as outward form is concerned. He is one of this great family, the first-born and foremost of the children, it is true, yet one of us—He acknowledged us as His brethren. Now, then listen: Jesus follows His Father. ‘The Son can do nothing of Himself, but what He seeth the Father do: for what things soever He doeth, these also doeth the Son likewise.’ Also, this Son said: ‘My Father worketh hitherto, and I work.’ Now, if we follow in the steps of the Son, as He has commanded us to do, and that Son follows in the steps of His Father, where is our final destination?”

The brother listened in wonder. The doctrine was, indeed, strange, but it was too clear and logical to be the result of a weak mind. The minister saw the perplexity in his listener’s face and said:

“No, brother, I am not crazy. My mind has never been clearer. I feel fine now. I tell you, there is manna for a hungry soul in these things.

“And now again: This life is a school. From the puny, helpless infant to old age, life is a development of the attributes with which we come into the world. We get all our education through our senses. No faculty of mind or body is useless. The perfect man has these all perfectly developed. We have at least one example of a perfect man, the resurrected Son of God. What was He like? When He appeared to His disciples He said, ‘Handle me and see; for a spirit hath not flesh and bones, as ye see me have.’ He also ate with His brethren. Here, then, we have, one of us, carrying with Him into the celestial world His body of flesh and bone. And, mind you, He is the pattern. If we follow Him, we also shall take with us these bodies, changed, purged, and glorified of course, but yet bodies in every sense. Will not the eye then see perfectly, the ear hear every sound in the celestial key? Not only every attribute of the mind, but every organ of the body will be perfect in its operation. Think what that will mean!”

The speaker paused as if to let his listener arrive at the inevitable conclusion in his own mind.

“What will it mean?” he asked again.

“I don’t know,” replied Uncle Gilbert.

“It will mean fatherhood—eternal, celestialized fatherhood. We shall be like Him our Father, not only to beget, but to *father* a race! Think of that! Did you ever think of that? No, of course not—and I—musn’t—I who—have never yet made a beginning—how can I expect”—

The head fell back on the pillow as Uncle Gilbert quickly came to his brother's side. The minister's face was pale, his eyes were closed for a moment. Then he opened them, sat upright, ran his hand over his face, and smiled at his brother.

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"Don't be alarmed," he said, "it was nothing. I'm all right."

He walked about while the maid came in and set the table for dinner. The minister linked his arm into his brother's. "Say, brother," he asked, "would you not be lonesome up in heaven without Aunt Sarah?"

Uncle Gilbert was seriously alarmed. He had in mind to call Lucy, when, providentially she came to them.

"I think your father's not well, Lucy?" said Uncle Gilbert, as she took her father's other arm.

"What's the matter, papa?" she asked.

"I am well," protested the father—"as well as I ever was. I've just been telling brother here some things—some gospel truths in fact, and I guess they're beyond you yet," he said to his brother.

"Well," replied Uncle Gilbert, "I'll admit I've never heard you talk like that before."

"Why, I've preached these things scores of times from the pulpit, and my congregations have thought them fine. I didn't tell, however, where my inspiration came from."

"Where did it come from?" asked Lucy.

"From your books, my dear."

"My books?"

"Yes; from your books on 'Mormonism'."

Had not dinner just then been announced, it is hard to say what would have become of Uncle Gilbert's astonishment. Across the table he saw Lucy's reassuring smile from which he himself took courage that all was well.

CHAPTER XIII.

My Dear Lucy:—I am writing this in my room high up on the hillside of Lucerne, (Luzern) pronounced as if there were a "t" before the "z." The day is closing. The light is yet bright on the mountains, but the lake lies in shadows. The lamps are being lighted down below in the town and along the promenade. I hear faintly the arrival of the steamer at the pier.

But let me begin at the beginning, and tell you what I have seen and done up to the present. This telling is a poor substitute for the reality, I assure you; but as you have never been in Switzerland, you might be interested in the sights here—through my eyes! Let me say now, before I forget, that at every point of beauty and interest, I said in my heart, “O that Lucy could be here to enjoy this!” It really seemed selfish in me to be alone. And then, you know, the pleasure of sight seeing is materially enhanced when one has a sympathetic companion to whom one may exclaim: “Isn’t that grand!”

We entered Switzerland at Basel, then journeyed on to Zurich. This is Switzerland’s largest city, and in my opinion, it is one of the most beautiful large cities I have ever seen. Of course, I hunted up the Church headquarters, where I was fortunate to meet a friend I had known in Salt Lake. He kindly gave me the information I desired about the city and even took a few hours off duty to accompany me to points of interest.

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That evening we went to the Opera house, where Faust was being played. I had a great desire to see Faust in the original, and though my German is not up to Goethe's standard, I could follow the plot somewhat, and I was eagerly watching for Margaret to make her appearance on the stage. After a long evening, the curtain went down, and all the people got up and left—yet no Margaret had appeared. I was puzzled; but my friend explained that the play was only half over. If I desired to see the rest, I would have to come back the following evening. What do you think of that? Well, I didn't go back—I went to Lucerne, next morning.

I wanted to see the Alps, of course, and we got a distant view only of them from Zurich. Here, at Lucerne, we have them in all their grand beauty.

I don't mind admitting to you that my purse would not allow my stopping longer at the Schweizerhof, than to merely take a good look at the exterior. I had with me the Lucerne elders' address, and easily found them. They directed me to a friend who had cheap rooms, and it is here I am writing to you. The view is just as fine from my window as from the big hotel—nay, finer, for I am higher up; and after all, Lucy, the five francs' out-look on a beautiful world is enjoyed quite as much as if it cost fifteen. I can see the cap or the collar of Mt. Pilatus better perhaps than the fat, cross, silk-clad lady I saw on the boat yesterday, can see them. (By "cap" is meant a cloud resting on top, by "collar" the cloud encircling Pilatus' head.)

This brings me to my trip on Lake Lucerne day before yesterday. We started early. The tourist season has hardly begun yet, so we were not crowded. There was rain threatening. The mountain tops were hidden by clouds, and the prospect was not assuring. However, by the time we landed at Brunnen, the clouds had lifted, the sun came out, and the day became pleasantly warm. From Brunnen, it was our plan to walk along the Axenstrasse, to Fluelen, a distance of five or six miles. There were three of us, with an elder for guide. I wish you could have spent that afternoon with us—with me, strolling along that wonderful road, cut out of the mountain side bordering the lake. The post cards I am enclosing will give you an idea of the scenery, and I assure you the blueness of the lake is not overdone in the picture.

The road leads along gently sloping hill-sides, covered with farms, then it pierces the sheer rock, then again borders the cliff, fifty or one hundred feet from the lake below. The trees are in full leaf and some are in bloom. The grass is high where we walked, but up towards the tops of the mountains, the snow still lies. One of the strange sights is to see large, splendid hotels perched in some cranny away up near the summit of the peaks. Cog railways now take the tourists up some of the mountains.

The region around Lake Lucerne is historic, I am told. Here began the Swiss struggle for liberty which we read about. The scene of William Tell's exploits are laid here, and we are shown on the shore of the lake, Tell's Capelle, said to mark the spot where the apple-shooting patriot leaped ashore and escaped from the tyrant Gessler. I do not

wonder at men, born and reared amid these mountains not submitting to the yoke of oppression.

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In reading up on Lucerne, I came upon this, taken from “Romance and Teutonic Switzerland.”

“The Swiss nation was born on the banks of Lake Luzern, and cradled upon its waters. First, the chattering waves told the news to the overhanging beaches; and they whispered it to the forests, to the lonely cedars on the uplands. The blank precipices smiled, the Alpine roses blushed their brightest, the summer pastures glowed, the glaciers and avalanches roared approval; and, finally, the topmost peaks promised to lend their white mantles for the baptism.” That’s rather nicely put, don’t you think?

About half way along Axenstrasse, we discovered that we were hungry, so we proposed to try one of the farm houses for something to eat. Our guide, tried one that looked typical of what we wanted, and the rest of us waited by the road, for fully thirty minutes.

At last the elder returned, explaining that he had had no easy task. He had to plead with every member of the household, from grandmother to daughter, to get them to take us in; but at last he was successful. We went into a most interesting room. The finish and furnishings were old and quaint, the woodwork bare of paint and scoured clean and smooth by years of scrubbing. In time we were served with bread (they were out of butter, they said) preserved cherries, walnuts, and hot milk. (Our guide said it was safer to have the milk boiled.) We enjoyed the meal amid the unique surroundings. The good people were profuse with thanks when we paid them in good-sized silver. I believe the elder left a gospel tract with them, so who can tell what will be the outcome of our visit?

From Fluelen we took steamer back to Lucerne.

Well, it’s getting late. I’d better go to bed. I fear I shall tire you by my guide-book descriptions. But this for a good-night’s thought: Here I am away from you, away from my world, as it were. I can look back on my short life, and I can see the hand of an allwise and merciful Father, shaping events, ever for my good. Was it chance that we two should have taken the same steamer and be thrown together as we were. Not at all. There is a power behind the universe—call it what we may—which directs. This power will not permit any honest, truth-seeking soul to be overcome and be destroyed. I thank the Lord for His blessings to me. Out of seeming darkness and despair He has led me to light and happiness. And may I say it, we two, because of our cleaving to the light as it has been made known to us, have been brought together. Is it not true? I wish and pray also that your father may soften his heart towards the truth. I sometimes fear that his heart does already accept the gospel, but that his will says no. There now, good night.

* * * * *

Good morning. I had a fine sleep. I dreamed that you were with me, and we were looking at the Lion of Lucerne. The dying lion roared, and you clasped me so tightly in

your fright, that I awoke,—all of which reminds me that I have not told you much about this city or its sights.

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The Lion, I suppose is Lucerne's most distinctive curiosity. As you will see by the card, it is a large figure of a lion carved out of the solid rock in the hillside. Thorwaldsen furnished the model. It was made to commemorate the bravery of the Swiss guards who fought in the service of Louis XVI at the outbreak of the French Revolution.

Switzerland is sometimes called the playground of Europe. Down on the promenades by the lakes, one may see people from "every nation under heaven" nearly. By the way, who do you think I met, day before yesterday? Why, our would-be gallant ship-board friend. Strange to say, he was sober, and more strange, he appeared pleased to see me. He wanted to take me to all kinds of places, and treat me to all kinds of good things; but further, strange(?) to relate, I shook him for the company of a few native saints, for there was a meeting that evening which I attended. I had to speak too, in English, of course, with one of the missionaries interpreting. It was an odd experience.

The postman has just been here with your note. I was very sorry the news from you was not better. I am blaming myself for tiring you out too much with my sight seeing. Send me at least a card everyday to this address, *please*. I have thought to go through the country to Bern, but I suppose all the lakes and mountains of Switzerland look much alike. I am quite satisfied with Lucerne. I was very much interested in what your father said about "Mormonism." If our prayers are of any avail, we'll "get him" yet.

Before I close this long letter, and I must do so now—I want to tell you of an incident that occurred yesterday. I was taking a stroll up above the town, by myself, for I will admit I was in a "mood." There are a lot of monks in Lucerne. You can see them on the street, fat, roly-poly looking men, bare, oddly-cropped heads, and outwardly clad in what looks like a dressing gown. Well, I was curious to see the convent where the monks live a life of ease, I suppose to get used to the eternal "rest" which they expect when they get to heaven, of which I have my "doubts." However, I did not find the convent, nor did I see any monks, but as I was walking along an unfrequently traveled road, I met a little boy and girl, walking towards me, hand in hand. They were crying. When they saw me, they wiped their eyes and stopped. I saw they were poorly clad, and, somewhat dirty. I became interested in them, but they were so shy that it was with difficulty I got them to remain. They looked at the coppers I held out, but they did not move until I placed a silver piece beside them. Their eyes rounded out, then, and the little girl became brave enough to come and take them. Well, I tried my German on them, but they were, evidently, too Swiss to understand me—I was at the time making a whistle from a small willow which I had cut from the wayside. I seated myself on the bank and went on making my whistle. The children

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watched me pound the bark, then twist off the loosened peeling, and finish the whistle. When I blew it, they laughed. I handed it to the boy, who timidly put it to his lips. They sat down by me, and I made a whistle for the girl, then a third, bigger one, which I stuck into the boy's pocket, telling him to take it home. You ought to have seen the changed expression on those two dirty faces when they left me, blowing happily on their willow whistles.

I was lonesome no longer. What a little thing will bring joy into a dreary life!

Love to all with heaping measures for you, from

Yours as ever,

CHESTER.

CHAPTER XIV.

A week of comparative quiet brought little change for the better to Lucy, so it was decided that they would by easy stages, get back to London, thence to Cork and Kildare Villa. Lucy kept Chester informed of their doings, saying as little as possible about her health. As she did not wish to deprive him of the full enjoyment of his visit to Switzerland, she did not send him word of their intentions, until they were ready to leave. They would go by way of Calais and Dover, the short-water route, she wrote him.

When Chester received this information he hastily cut short his sight seeing, and started for London by way of Rotterdam. The long ride alone was somewhat tiresome, and he was glad to meet again some of the elders in the land of canals and windmills.

Just before the train rolled into Rotterdam, Chester thought of Glen Curtis. It came to him as a distinct shock when he realized that he had entirely forgotten to enquire about Glen on his former visit. "Well," said he to himself, "so easily do our interests change from one person to another." But now he must find his old friend. He could freely talk to him now even about Julia Elston.

Chester learned from the elder in charge at the office, that Elder Curtis was released to return home in a few days. He would be in Rotterdam shortly. When? In a few days. But Chester could not wait that long, so he took train to the city where Glen was laboring, and found him making his farewell rounds.

"Well of all things," exclaimed the elder, as Chester took him firmly by the hand.

"I'm the last person on earth you expected to see here in Dutchland, I suppose?"

“You certainly are. And what are you doing here?”

Chester told him as they walked arm in arm along the quiet streets of the town.

“And now you’re going home. We’ll go together,” exclaimed Glen.

“I wish we could,” said Chester, “but I fear that my party is not ready, and Lucy is not well enough to make the trip, I fear.”

“Lucy?”

Chester smiled goodnaturedly, then told him freely of Lucy. “And when you get home, you can tell Julia all about me and mine. It will please her, I am sure. By the way, how is it between Julia and you? I haven’t heard lately.”

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"All right," said Glen.

"You're a lucky boy," declared Chester, "to get such a girl. There's just *one* other I would rather have."

"I'm glad you think so."

"Of course you are—for—oh, for everybody's sake."

Chester had to return to Rotterdam the same day, so he claimed. Glen could not keep him longer, and reluctantly waved him off at the station.

The boat was slow from the Hook, at least it seemed so to Chester, and there was a high sea which nearly upset him. He got to London too late in the evening to call on the Strong's, but next morning he was out early.

Lucy met him in the hall with a cry of delight.

"You've come," she whispered as he pressed her close. "Oh, I thought you never would."

"My dear, why did you not say? Why did you let me leave you at all?"

"I didn't want you to miss anything on my account—but never mind that now—come in. Papa and uncle will be glad to see you. Do you know," she added with evident pleasure, "papa has been *nearly* as anxious about you as I have,—has continually asked me about you,—and I had to let him read your lovely long letter."

"You did? Well, it's all right. There's no harm done, I'm sure. He might as well know everything."

"Oh, he knows a lot already."

They went into the house, and found seats until the others should appear.

"Your face shows signs of suffering, Lucy; but otherwise you look quite well."

"That's just it with my trouble. I usually deceive my looks; but I feel better already; and now, let me tell you something else: Father has nearly consented to my being baptized!"

"Lucy!"

"It's true. I've been pleading with him—and preaching to him too; and the other day he said he would think about it. That's a concession, for he has always said *he would not* think of such a thing."

"I'm so glad so very, very glad, Lucy."

"And Chester, I believe it's you who have made the change in him. He's been so different since you have been with us. He hasn't been so angry with me when I talked of 'Mormonism.' He has let me read my books without any remonstrance. And do you know, even Uncle Gilbert is affected. He and papa must have had some profound discussions about us and our religion for he has asked me to lend him some books. He'll no doubt want to know from your all about Utah and the people out there."

"And I shall be pleased to tell him," said Chester.

The father stood as if hesitating, in the doorway.

"Come in, papa," said Lucy. "Chester's come."

"Yes; I see he has," replied the father as he came to greet the young man, and shake his hand warmly.

"I'm glad, with Lucy to see you with us again."

"And I am glad to be with you," said Chester honestly.

The morning was spent together. The beginnings of a London fog kept them in doors, which was no hardship, as the three seemed to have so much to talk about. After lunch, the fog changed its intentions, lifted, disappeared and let the sun have full sway. To be sure, some smoke still lingered, but out where the Stronges were staying it only mellowed the distances.

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That afternoon it occurred to Chester that the relationship now existing between him and Lucy called for a further understanding with the father. He knew, of course, that the father's attitude toward him had changed; Lucy's words and the father's actions justified him in the thought.

Chester managed to accompany the father in his stroll in the park that afternoon, and without delay, he broached the subject so near his heart. The minister listened quietly to the young man plead his case, not interrupting until he had finished. They seated themselves on a bench by the grass. The father looked down at the figures he was drawing with his cane on the ground and mused for a moment. Then he said:

"Yes; I have given my consent, by my actions, at least. I have no objection to you. I like you very much. Lucy does too, and fathers can't very well stop such things. But there still remains the fact that Lucy is not well. There is no telling how long she can live, and yet I have heard of cases like hers where marriage has been a great benefit."

"I thank you for your kind words," said Chester. "Let me assure you I shall be controlled by your judgement as to marriage. We are neither of us ready for that. Of course, I sincerely hope she will get stronger. I think she will; but meantime you have no objection to my loving her, and doing all for her that my love can do?"

"Certainly not, my boy, certainly not." The father placed his hand on the young man's shoulder as he said it. Chester noted the faint tremor in voice and hand, and his heart went out to him.

"You are a comfort and a strength to Lucy—and to me," continued Mr. Strong. "We miss you very much when you are away. Can't you stay with us right along. Perhaps that's not fair to ask—your home and friends—"

"I have no home, my dear sir; and my friends, are few. I told you, did I not, my history?"

"Yes, you told me, I remember."

"And remembering, you think no less of me."

"Not a bit—rather more."

"Let me serve you then, you and Lucy. If you need me, I equally need you. Let me give what little there is in me to somebody that wants me. My life, so far, has been full of change and somewhat purposeless. I have drifted about the world. Let me now anchor with you. I feel as though I ought to do that—"

The man clung closer to Chester, who, feeling a thrill of dear companionship, continued:

“Let me be a son to you always, and a sister to Lucy, until it can be something more.”

“Yes, yes, my boy!”

Others were out basking in the warm sun that afternoon. Those that walked leisurely and took notice of events about them, were impressed by the affectionate behavior of the two men. Lucy Strong was herself out. She was curious to know what had become of Chester and her father, besides, the sun was inviting. She soon found them, herself undiscovered. She paused, examined the flower beds, and became interested in the swans in the lake. Her face beamed with happiness when she saw them, for their shoulders were close together and Chester had her father's hands clasped firmly in his own. She tiptoed up behind them on the grass, then slipped her hands over each of their eyes.

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"Guess," she laughed.

"A fairy princess," said Chester.

"Mother Goose," responded the father.

They moved apart and let her sit between them.

"The rose between," suggested Chester.

"The tie that binds," corrected the girl, placing an arm about each of them.

Then they all laughed so merrily, that the infection reached a ragged urchin playing on the gravel-path near by.

"My dear," said the father. "Chester has promised to stay with us, and be—"

"Your man—about—the—house," finished Chester.

"Which we certainly need," agreed Lucy. "Two people, Strong by name, but mighty weak by nature, as my old nurse used to say, require some such a man. I'm glad father picked you."

"He chose us, rather, Lucy," said the father.

"Well, either way."

"Both," affirmed Chester, at which they all laughed again.

A carriage with liveried coachman and footman, and containing two ladies drove by. The little boy had to leave his gravel castle while the wheels of the carriage crushed it to the level. The boy looked at the ruins a moment, then at the departing vehicle. Then he started his building anew safely away from wheel tracks.

"A young philosopher," remarked the minister, observing the occurrence.

"Papa," said Lucy, after a pause of consideration, "you have made me so happy to-day. You can make my joy complete by granting me one other thing."

"What's that?" asked he unthinkingly.

"Let me be baptized," she replied softly.

The father's body stiffened perceptibly, and his face sobered.



“Believe me, papa, I *am* sorry to have to annoy you so much on the matter; but I can’t help it. Something within me urges me on. I can’t get away from the testimony which I have, any more than I can get away from my shadow.”

“You can get away from your shadow,” said the minister.

“Yes; by going into the dark, and that I do not want to do. I want to live in the light,—the beautiful gospel light always.”

Chester listened in pleased wonder to Lucy’s pleadings. He added nothing as she seemed able to say all that was necessary. In time the father’s face softened again, and he turned to Chester to ask:

“What do you think of such arguments?”

“They’re splendid—and reasonable—and true, sir.”

“Of course, you would say so. Well, I’ll think about it, Lucy.”

“But, papa, you’ve been thinking about it a lot, and time is going. Say yes today, now—here with Chester and me—and the Lord alone. Besides, papa, now I ought to be one with Chester in *everything*. That’s right, isn’t it?”

“Yes; that’s right.”

“So you consent?”

“I didn’t say that.”

“You must. I’m of age anyway, and could do it without your consent; but I don’t want to. I want your blessing instead of your disapproval on such an important step.”

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“Could she stand the ordeal, do you think?” asked the father of Chester.

“In a few days when she gets a little stronger—yes.”

“Well, let’s walk a bit. You two go ahead. I must think.”

The two did as they were told nor looked back. The one was not thinking clearly and logically, so much as he was fighting over the eternal warfare of conviction against policy. He also knew. He had received more of a testimony than he ever admitted, even to himself. If he should do as his innermost conscience told him, he also would join Lucy in baptism of water for the remission of sins; but that thought he pushed from him. He, an old man in the ministry, to now change his faith—to cut himself off from his life’s work—no, that would never do. It was different with Lucy, quite another thing. She had set her heart on it and on Chester, and it would be best for her—yes, it would be best for her.

When Chester was saying good-night to Lucy that evening, the father came out into the hall to them.

“Chester,” said he, “tell Elder Malby I should like to see him to morrow. He is the one that attends to baptism into the Mormon Church, isn’t he?”

“Yes,” replied Chester. “I shall tell him.”

“Oh, papa, you dear, good papa!” exclaimed Lucy throwing her arms about him.

“There, there now, behave—say good-night to Chester.”

But she clung to him and kissed him through her tears of joy. Then she went to Chester.

The father turned to go.

“Wait a moment, papa,” said Lucy: “I want to go with you.”

With a parting kiss for Chester, and a murmured good night, she took her father’s arm and led him in.

CHAPTER XV.

Lucy gained in strength so rapidly that within a week it was thought safe to let her be baptized. Her father, Uncle Gilbert, Chester, the housekeeper at headquarters and one other sister were present at the Baths. Elder Malby performed the ordinance. Three others were also baptized at the same time.



Uncle Gilbert was very curious as also a little nervous at what he called the “dipping.” He couldn’t see why the ceremony required a whole swimming pool when a few drops sprinkled on the forehead, had, as long as he had any recollection, been sufficient. The father witnessed the ordinance unmoved. Lucy went through the ordeal bravely, and when she came out from the dressing room where the sisters had helped her, he kissed her placidly on the forehead.

The party took a cab to the mission headquarters, where a simple service was held of singing and prayer, Elder Malby making a few remarks on the meaning and purpose of the ordinance of baptism. The newly baptized were then confirmed members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Then the housekeeper invited them all down to the dining room, and again there were a few simple special features in celebration of the happy occasion.

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And it was a happy time in the one only way which comes from duty done. A sweet, quiet peace abode in every heart. Was not the Heavenly Father well pleased with these as He had been when the Son had done likewise. And the Holy Ghost, the Comforter from heaven rested upon them softly as a dove,—that was the secret of their supreme joy.

As Lucy had predicted, Uncle Gilbert's curiosity brought him to Chester for more information regarding Utah and the "Mormons." The very next day after the baptism, Uncle Gilbert met Chester before he entered the house. They greeted each other pleasantly, and then Chester inquired about Lucy, and how she was feeling.

"Lucy seems to be all right," was the reply, "though her father isn't so well this morning. He had a bad night but is sleeping now. That's why I met you here, so that he might not be disturbed by the bell."

"I'm sorry," said Chester. "These attacks seem to be coming frequently."

"My brother has not been well for years. For a long time he has had to fight hard with himself and his nerves. Sometimes they get the best of him for a time, and, of course, as he gets older, he has less strength. I wish we could get him to Kildare Villa. He would be himself again down there."

"We were to have gone in a day or two, were we not?"

"Yes; but he can't leave yet—Do you want to see Lucy?"

"Just for a few moments; she'll be busy with her father."

Uncle Gilbert went in the house, considerately sending her out alone. She was radiantly beautiful to Chester that morning in her soft white dress, fluffy hair, and glowing eyes; but he only looked his love for her, and said:

"Good morning, *Sister Strong*."

"Good morning, *Brother Lawrence*," she responded.

"How are you feeling?"

"I am feeling fine. But poor papa—"

"Yes; Uncle Gilbert told me."

"We'll have to remain here until he gets over the attack. Uncle is anxious to get home, and I must admit I'd rather be at Kildare Villa than here."

Then Uncle Gilbert came out with hat and cane. He was going for a walk with Chester, he said, for it would be wiser not to disturb the sleeper. He explained to Lucy that her father was getting a much needed rest, and that she was to see to it that he was not disturbed. Chester would “keep” with his Uncle Gilbert for a few hours.

The morning was fair, so the two men struck out for Hyde Park. They walked across the big stretches of grass, then rested on a seat by the Serpentine. As yet, not many people were about, and the London hum had not risen to its highest pitch.

Uncle Gilbert wanted to know about Utah, and Chester entered into a detailed description of the state and her people.

“I have, of course, heard of the Mormon people; but I will admit my ideas are somewhat vague. My brother, as a preacher, must of course, have come in contact with all sorts of religious professions. He seems to know considerable about Mormonism. Where did he learn that?”

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Chester explained what part Lucy had played in this.

“Well, he agrees very much with her belief, for I have heard conversations which lead me to that conclusion. Of course, all that is their business, not mine particularly. Let’s walk out in the middle of the park where we can make believe we are not in London, but out in the beautiful green country which God has made.”

The grass being dry, they could sit down on it to rest.

“As you are, I presume, to become a member of the family some day,” said Uncle Gilbert, “I am going to tell you something about my brother. It is not a pleasant subject, but I have concluded that you can be told. It is a family secret, you must understand, and must be treated as such. It is only because I believe your knowledge of the truth may help my brother that I am telling you this.

Chester thanked him for his confidence. He would be glad to help in any way he could.

“Well, the story is this: My brother in his younger days before he was married, had an unfortunate experience with a young woman. There was a child as the result. The woman, as nearly as I can make out, married well enough, and later, joined the Mormons and went to Utah. She did not take the child with her, for some reason unknown to me, at least; and so the boy—for it was a boy—became lost to his father, and as far as I know, to his mother also. I don’t suppose all this worried my brother as a young man; but recently, within the past few years, I should say, his conscience seems to have pricked him severely. He has some vigorous views of fatherhood and the obligations flowing therefrom—and I can’t say but he is right—and now he worries about his own great neglect. He has talked to me about it, so I know. Sometimes he worries himself sick, and then his nervous trouble gets the overhand.”

Chester lay on the grass looking up into the sky, complacently chewing a spear of grass, while Uncle Gilbert was talking.

“What was the woman’s name?” asked Chester.

“I can’t recall it just now. In fact, I don’t think I ever heard it. Now, another thing that you must know, and you must not be annoyed at this: at times, I believe he imagines you to be that boy of his.”

Chester sat up, and exactly at the moment when he looked into the face of Uncle Gilbert a cog in the machinery of his own thoughts caught into a cog of the wheel within wheels which the man at his side had been revealing. The cog caught, then slipped, then caught again. Wheels began to revolve, bringing into motion and view other possible developments.

“That’s only when his illness makes him delirious,” continued Uncle Gilbert. “As I said, you must pay no attention to him under those conditions, but I thought you ought to know.”

“Yes; yes,” whispered the young man—“Thank you.” For him, Hyde Park and London had disappeared: all earthly things had become mist out of which he was trying to emerge.

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"You don't know the woman's name," Chester asked again, with dry lips—"Tell me her name."

"I don't remember. I'm not sure, but I believe I have heard my brother, in his times of delerium speak of Anna."

"Anna. Anna," repeated Chester, as he stared into space. Uncle Gilbert looked at the young man, and then repented of telling him. He was a little annoyed at his manner. He arose, brushed the grass from his clothes, and said:

"Well, let's be going."

Chester went along mechanically. At the Marble Arch Uncle Gilbert was about to hail a bus, when Chester stopped him.

"You'll excuse me, wont you for not returning with you—I—I—"

"But I gave my word to Lucy that I would bring you back."

"Yes; I know, I'll come after a while—but not now—you go on,—I—I—there's your bus now; you had better take it."

Uncle Gilbert, still a little annoyed, climbed on the bus and left his companion looking vacantly at the line of moving busses.

Chester went back into the park. There was room to breathe there and some freedom from fellow beings. He left the beaten paths. Oh, that he could get away from everybody for a time! Old Thunder out among the Rocky Mountains would be an ideal place just now.

The wheels of thought went surely and correctly. There was no slipping of cogs now. *The Rev. Thomas Strong was his father.*

Every link in the chain of evidence fitted. There was no break. He went over the ground again and again. There came to him now facts and incidents which he had heard from his foster parents, and they all fitted in other facts and strengthened his conclusions. Now he also remembered and understood some of his mother's remarks about ministers. Yes, Thomas Strong was his father! Lucy's father! Why, he and Lucy were brother and sister!

It is quite useless to try to tell all that was in Chester Lawrence's thoughts and heart from then on all that afternoon. He did not know, neither did he care how long he lay on the grass in the park, but there came a time when his solitude became unbearable, so he walked with feverish haste into the crowded streets. The lamps were being lighted when he came to the Thames Embankment, where he watched for a time the black,

sluggish water being sucked out to sea by the outgoing tide. Then he walked on. St. Paul loomed high in the murky darkness. He got into the ridiculously narrow streets of Paternoster Row, where he had on his first visit bought a Bible. The evening was far spent and the crowds were thinning when he recognized the Bank of England corner.

Realizing at last that he was tired, he climbed on top of a bus going in the direction of his lodgings, where he arrived somewhere near midnight. He went to bed, but not to sleep for many hours.

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"Lucy, you are my sister. I love you as that—but my wife you never can be—" yes; he would have to tell her that. But why had this father of his let him and Lucy go on as they had? He had told his father the secret of his life. He remembered distinctly his father's actions how he had even called him "son," which he had thought at the time was for Lucy's sake. Knowing him and Lucy to be brother and sister, why had he permitted them to form ties such as had been formed? Was it a plot on his father's part to again bring misery to human souls, to make to suffer those that were of his own flesh and blood? No, no; that was impossible. Surely he was not that kind of man.

More clearly now the panorama of his life came before him. Where was the Lord in all this? He had thought the Lord had led his steps wonderfully to so meet one who made his life supremely happy—but now—the darkness and the despair of soul came again—was this not a hideous nightmare? The day would bring light and peace.

Towards morning, Chester dozed fitfully, and at last when he awoke the day was well advanced. He and Uncle Gilbert had been in the park—uncle in reality now. Yes; it all came to him again. It had been no dream.

Chester got up, soused himself in cold water, then as he was dressing said to himself. "Well, what's to be done? I must make this thing sure one way or another." Perhaps there may be a mistake, though he could not understand how. He would go direct to Thomas Strong and ask him.

He had no appetite for breakfast, so he ate none. As early as he thought wise, he set out. How should he meet Lucy? What could he say? If he could only evade her.

No; Lucy was watching for him, with a worried expression on her face, which deepened when she saw Chester's.

"I must see your father," he said with no effort to even take her hand.

"Papa is not any better, I fear."

"But I must see him. Where is Uncle Gilbert?"

"Shall I call him?"

"Yes, *please*."

Lucy returned, and Uncle Gilbert met Chester in the hall.

"He is very nervous again this morning, and I don't think you ought to excite him," explained the brother.

"I must see him—just for a minute. I'll not engage him in any extended conversation."

“That you cannot do as he can hardly speak. His trouble affects him in that way.”

“Let me see him just for a moment—alone, please. Is he awake?”

“Oh yes; he’s not that bad. Go in a moment, then, but be careful.”

Chester passed in where the minister sat in an arm chair, propped up with pillows, signs of Lucy’s tender care. As Chester entered, the man smiled and reached out his hand. The resentment in the young man’s heart vanished, when he saw the yearning in the suffering man’s face. Yet he stood for some time rooted to the spot, looking at the man who was no doubt his father. Every

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line of that face stood out boldly to Chester. How often, in his boyhood days he had pictured to himself what his father was like—and here he was before him. In those days he had nursed a hatred against that unknown sire, but now there was no more of that. If only,—Chester kneeled by the side of the minister's chair, letting the old man cling to his hand. He looked without wavering into the drawn face and said:

“Are you my father?”

The man's hand dropped as if lifeless, but Chester picked it up again, holding it close.

“Tell me,” he repeated, “are you my father?”

“Yes,” came slowly and with effort, as tremblingly the father put his hands first on Chester's shoulders as he kneeled before him, then raised them to his head, asking, “Do—you—hate—me? Don't—” That seemed to be all he was able to articulate.

“No, no; I do not hate you; for are you not—are you not my father!”

“Yes.”

The son put his arms around his father's neck and kissed him. The father patted contentedly the head of the young man, as a parent fondly caresses a child. They were in that position when Lucy tapped lightly on the door, opened it, and came in.

CHAPTER XVI.

Chester got away from Lucy and Uncle Gilbert that morning, without betraying his father's secret, which had now also become his own. If his father had kept the secret so long, it was evidently for a purpose; he would try not to be the first to reveal it. He kissed Lucy somewhat hurriedly, she thought, as he left.

The sooner he got away the fewer of his strange actions he would have to explain. He did not look back when he walked away for fear that Lucy would be watching him from window or door.

He went back to his own lodgings rather more by instinct than by thought. He slipped into his room, looked aimlessly about, then went out again. He must be alone, yet not confined within walls. The park was not far away, but he walked by it also, on, on. This London is limitless, he thought. One could never escape it by walking. He met other men some hurrying as if stern duty called, others sauntering as if they had no purpose in life but quiet contemplation. He met women, and if he could have read through their weary eyes their life's story, he would not perhaps, have thought his own was the most



cruel. A little boy was gathering dust from the pavement, and Chester was reminded of that other little fellow's structure which the carriage wheels had demolished. Well, he was under the wheel of fate himself. He had heard of this wheel, but never had he been under it until now!

Chester found himself a street or two from the mission office. He would call and perhaps have a talk with Elder Malby. Why had he not thought of that sooner? He quickened his steps, and in a few minutes he was ringing the bell. He heard it tingle within, but no one responded. He rang again, and this time steps were heard coming up from the basement. The housekeeper opened the door.

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"Good morning," she greeted him with a smile.

"Good morning, is Elder Malby in?"

"No; none of the elders are in. They are out tracting, I think—but won't you come in?"

"No, thank you, I wanted to see Elder Malby."

"Well, *he* might be back at any time—come in and rest. You look tired."

"Well—I believe I will."

He followed the motherly housekeeper into the office parlor, where she bade him be seated. She excused herself as her work could not be neglected—Would he be interested in the London papers, or the latest *Deseret News*. She pointed to the table where these papers lay, then went about her work.

Chester looked listlessly at the papers, but did not attempt to read. Presently, the housekeeper came back.

"I'm having a bite to eat down in the dining room. Come and keep me company. The Elders don't eat till later, but I must have something in the middle of the day."

Chester went with her into the cool, restful room below, and partook with her of the simple meal. Not having had breakfast, he ate with relish. Besides, there was a spirit of peace about the place. His aching heart found some comfort in the talk of the good woman.

Shortly afterwards, Elder Malby arrived, and he saw in a moment that something was the matter with his young friend.

"How are the folks," he asked, "Lucy and her father?"

"He is not well," Chester replied.

"That's too bad. And you are worried?"

"Yes; but not altogether over that. There is something else, Brother Malby. I'll have to tell you about it. Will we be uninterrupted here?"

"Come with me," said the elder and he took him into his own room up a flight of stairs. "Now, then, what can I do to help you?"

“You will pardon me, I know; but somehow, I was led to tell you my story on ship-board, and you’re the only one I can talk to now.” Then Chester told the elder what he had learned. When he had finished, the elder’s face was very grave.

“What ought I to do?” asked Chester; “what can I do?”

The other shook his head. “This is a strange story,” he said; “but there can be no doubt that you are his son. You look like him. I noticed it on ship-board, but of course said nothing about it. But you *do* look like him.”

“Do I?”

“Yes; but why he encouraged you to make love to your sister—that is beyond me—I—I don’t know what to say.”

“Oh, what *can* I do?”

There was a pause. Then the elder as if weighing well every word, said:

“My boy, you can pray.”

“No; I can’t even do that. I haven’t said my prayers since this thing came to me. What can I pray about? What can I ask of God?”

“Listen. It is easy to pray when everything is going along nicely, and we are getting everything we ask for; but when we seem to be up against hard fate; when despair is in our hearts and the Lord appears to have deserted us, then it is not so easy; but then is when we need most to pray.”

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"Yes, yes, brother, true enough; but what's the use?"

"Look here, once before, in your life, you felt as you do now; and you told me yourself that not until you said both in your heart and to God 'Thy will be done' did you get peace. Try it again, brother. There is no darkness but the Light of Christ can penetrate, there is no seeming evil but the Lord can turn to your good. What did Job say of the Lord?"

"I don't know."

"'Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him.' And you are not yet as Job. He lost everything. You have gained a father and a sister. That, certainly, is something."

"Yes, it is; and yet in the finding of these two, I have lost—well—you know—"

"Yes; I know; but the Lord can even make that right. Trust Him, trust Him, always and in everything. That's my motto for life. I can not get along without it."

"Thank you so very much."

They talked for some time, then they went out for a walk.

"But you haven't time to spend on me like this," remonstrated Chester.

"I am here to do all the good I can, and why should my services not be given to those of the faith as well as to those who have no use for me nor my message? Come along; I want to tell you of another letter which I received from home,—yes, the twin calves are doing fine."

Chester smiled, which was just what his companion wanted. "You remain here today," continued the elder. "The boys will be in after a while, and then we shall have dinner. After that, if you are still thinking too much of your own affairs, we'll take you out on the street and let you preach to the crowd."

"That might help," admitted Chester.

"Help! It's the surest kind of cure."

Chester remained with the elders during the afternoon and evening, even going out with them on the street. He was not called on to preach, however, though he would have attempted it had he been asked.

Chester slept better that night. He felt so sure of himself next morning that he could call on Lucy, and do the right thing. He did not forget or neglect his prayers any more, and he was well on the way of saying again, "Thy will be done," in the right spirit.

Uncle Gilbert met Chester at the door, not very graciously, however. He replied to Chester's inquiries sharply:

"My brother is quite ill, brought about, I have no doubt, by your unwise actions of yesterday morning. What was the matter with you? I don't understand you."

Chester did not attempt any explanation or defense.

"And Lucy, too, was quite ill yesterday—no; she is not up yet—no; I don't think you had better come in. I shall not permit you to see my brother again until he is better."

"I'm very sorry," said Chester. "I must see Lucy, however, and so I'll call again after a while." He walked away. He did not blame Uncle Gilbert, who was no doubt doing the best he knew, although somewhat in the dark. He walked in the park for an hour and then came back.

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Lucy met him at the gate. She was dressed as if for walking. Her face betrayed the disturbance in her soul, and Chester's heart went out in pity for her.

"Yes," she said simply, "I was going out to find you, I heard Uncle Gilbert send you away. Shall we walk in the park?"

"Yes; I am glad you came out. Is your father worse this morning?"

"I don't think he is worse. He is simply in the stage of his attacks when he can't talk. I'm sure he'll be all right in a day or two; but Uncle Gilbert don't understand."

"And you, Lucy—you must not worry."

"How can I help it? Something is the matter with you. Why do you act so strangely?"

They found the bench on which they were wont to rest, and seated themselves.

Chester could not deny that he had changed; yet how could he tell her the truth? She must know it, the sooner the better. It might be many days before her father could tell her, even if he were inclined to do so. The situation was unbearable. She must know, and he must tell her.

"Lucy," he said after a little struggle with his throat, "I have something to tell you,—something strange. Oh, no, nothing evil or bad, or anything like that."

He took her hands which were trembling.

"You must promise me that you will take this news quietly."

"Just as quietly as I can, Chester."

"Well, you know how excitement affects your heart, so I shall not tell you if you will not try to be calm."

"And now, of course, I can be indifferent, can I, even if you should say no more? Oh, Chester, what is it? The suspense is a thousand times harder than the truth. What have you got to tell me? What passed between you and papa last evening? Is it—have you ceased to love me?"

"No, no, Lucy, not that. I love you as much as ever, more than ever for something has been added to my first love—that of a love for a sister."

"Yes, Chester I know. When I was baptized—"

"No; you don't know. I don't mean that."

"What *do* you mean?"

Oh, it was so hard to go on. One truth must lead to another. If he told her he was her brother in the flesh as well as in the spirit, she would want to know how, why; and the explanation would involve her father. He had not thought of that quite so plainly. But he could not now stop. He must go on. He felt about for a way by which to approach the revelation gradually.

"You have never had a brother, have you?" he asked.

"No."

"Would you like to have one?"

"I've always wanted a brother."

"How would I do for one?"

She looked at him curiously, then the sober face relaxed and she smiled.

"Oh, you'd make a fine one."

"You wouldn't object."

"I should think not."

"But, now, what would you think if I was your real brother, if my name was Chester Strong?"

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"I'd think you were just joking a little."

"But I'm not joking, Lucy; I am in earnest. Take a good look at me, here at this profile. Do I look like your father?"

She looked closely. "I believe you do," she said, still without a guess at the truth. "Your forehead slopes just like his, and your nose has the same bump on it. I never noticed that before."

"What might that mean, Lucy?"

"What might what mean?"

"That I look like your father."

He had turned his face to her now, but she still gazed at him, as if the truth was just struggling for recognition. The smile vanished for an instant from her face, and then returned. She would not entertain the advance messenger.

"I don't object to your looking like my papa, for he's a mighty fine looking man."

"Lucy, you saw what your father and I were doing last night?"

"Yes."

"What did you think—what do you now think of us?"

"Again, Chester, I don't object to you and father spooning a bit. In fact, I think that's rather nice."

Chester laughed a little now, which loosened the tension considerably; but he returned to the attack:

"Lucy, what would you think if your father had a son who had been lost when a baby, and that now he should return to him as a grown man?"

"Well, I would think that would be jolly, as the English say."

"And that his son's name was Chester Lawrence?" he continued as if there had been no interruption.

Now the cog in Lucy's mental make-up caught firmly into the machinery that had been buzzing about her for some time.

"Are you my brother?" she asked.



“Yes; I am your brother.”

“My real, live, long lost brother?”

“Yes.”

“Now I see what you have been driving at all this time. You say you are my brother, that my father is your father. Now explain.”

“That’s not so easy, Lucy. I would much rather your father would do that. But I can tell you a little, for it’s very little I know—and, Lucy, that little is not pleasant.”

“But I must know.” Her face was serious again. She was bracing herself bravely too.

“I was born outside the marriage relation, and your father was my father!”

That was plain enough—brutally plain. The girl turned to marble. Had he killed her?

“Go on,” she whispered.

“No more now—some other time.”

“Go on, Chester.”

Chester told her in brief sentences the simple facts, and what had led to his discovery of the truth just the other day. It was this that had caused the change she had noticed in him.

“Lucy, I was not sure,” he said, “so I went to your father last night and asked him pointedly, directly, and he said ‘Yes.’ That explains the situation you found us in. My heart went out to my father, Lucy; and his heart went out to his son.”

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"The son to which his heart has been reaching for many long years, Chester. Yes, I see it plainly.... You have told the truth ... you are my brother—you—"

She trembled, then fell into his arms; but she controlled herself again, and when he kissed her pale face and stroked her hair, she opened her eyes and looked steadily up into his face. Thus they remained for a time, heedless of the few passers-by who but looked at a not uncommon sight. She closed her eyes again, and when she opened them Chester was struggling hard to keep back the tears.

To tell the truth, both of them cried a little about that time, and it did them good too. They got up, walked about on the grass for a time until they could look more unmovedly at their changed standing to each other. Then they talked more freely, but things were truly so newly mixed that it was difficult to get them untangled. At last Lucy said she would have to go back to her father—our father, she corrected.

"And he knows, remember," said Chester to her. "I and you also know. We know too," he added, "that the Lord is above, and will take care of us all."

"Yes," said Lucy.

Then they went back. The father was still very ill. Chester did not try to see him, for Uncle Gilbert had not relented.

"I'm going to see Elder Malby this afternoon," said Chester. "This evening I shall call again. Meanwhile"—they were alone in the hall now—"you must keep up your courage and faith. I feel as though everything will yet turn out well."

He took her as usual in his arms, and she clung to him closer than she had ever done before.

"Chester," she said, "I can't yet *feel* that there is any difference in our relationship. You are yet my lover, are you not?"

"Yes, Lucy; and you are my sweetheart. Somehow, I am not condemned when I say it. What can it be—"

"Something that whispers peace to our hearts."

"The Comforter, Lucy, the Comforter from the Lord."

CHAPTER XVII.

The delay in getting back to Kildare Villa was making Uncle Gilbert nervous. In his own mind, he blamed Chester Lawrence for being the cause of much of the present trouble,

though in what way he could not clearly tell. The young man's presence disturbed the usual placid life of the minister. Why such a disturber should be so welcomed into the family, the brother could not understand. Perhaps this new-fangled religion called "Mormonism" was at the root of all the trouble.

In his confusion, Uncle Gilbert determined on a very foolish thing: he would get his brother and Lucy away with him to Ireland, leaving Chester behind, for at least a few days. Of course, a young fellow in love as deeply as Chester seemed to be, would follow up and find them again, but there would be a respite for a time. With this idea in mind, Uncle Gilbert, the very next day, found Chester at his lodgings; and apparently taking him into his confidence, told him of his plan. Chester was willing to do anything that Uncle Gilbert and "the others" thought would be for the best. Chester was made to understand that "the others" agreed to the plan, and although the thought sent a keen pang through the young man's heart, he did not demur.

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It must also be admitted that Uncle Gilbert was not quite honest with Lucy, for when he proposed to her to get her father to Ireland as soon as possible, she understood that Chester was lawfully detained, but would meet them perhaps in Liverpool. Though she, too, felt keenly the parting, yet she mistrusted no one.

So it came about that Lucy and her father were hurried to the station early next morning to catch a train for Liverpool. The minister was physically strong enough to stand the journey, but he mutely questioned the reason for this hasty move. Chester had absented himself all the previous day, and he did not even see them off at the station. Lucy could not keep back the tears, though she tried to hide them as she tucked her father comfortably about with cushions in the first class compartment which they had reserved.

Uncle Gilbert's victory was short lived, however; no sooner did the ailing man realize that Chester was not with them than he become visibly affected. He tried hard to talk, but to no avail. He looked pleadingly at Lucy and at his brother as if for information, but without results. Lucy's pinched, tear-stained face added to his restlessness, and there was a note of insincerity in Uncle Gilbert's reassuring talk that his brother did not fail to discern.

That ride, usually so pleasant over the beautiful green country, was a most miserable one. It was so painful to see the expression on the minister's face that Uncle Gilbert began to doubt the wisdom of the plan he was trying. Lucy became quite alarmed, and asked if they ought not to stop at one of the midland cities; but Uncle Gilbert said they could surely go on to Liverpool.

"But we can't cross over to Ireland. Father could not possibly stand the trip," she said.

The uncle agreed to that. "We'll have to stop at Liverpool for a day or so—I have it!" he exclaimed, "Captain Andrew Brown is now at home. He told me to be sure to call, and bring you all with me. He has a very nice house up the Mersey—a fine restful place. We'll go there."

And they did. Lucy could say nothing for or against, and the father was so ill by the time they reached Liverpool that he did not seem to realize what he was doing or where he was going. A cab took them all out from the noises of the city to the quiet of the countryside. It was afternoon, and the sun shone slantingly on the waters of the river, above which on the hills amid trees and flowering gardens stood the house of Captain Andrew Brown.

As the carriage rolled along the graveled path to the house, the captain himself came to meet them, expressing his surprise and delight, and welcoming them most heartily. The minister was helped out and into the house, where he was made comfortable. Lucy

was shown to her room by the housekeeper. Uncle Gilbert made explanations to the captain of the reason for this untoward raid on his hospitality.

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"I'm mighty glad you came," said the captain. "You couldn't possible have gone on, and as for stopping at a hotel—if you had, I should never have forgiven you."

The sick man would not take anything to eat. He lay as if half asleep, so he was put to bed. Lucy remained with him during the evening. Once in a while he would open his eyes, reach out his hand for hers and hold it for a moment. Poor, dear father, she thought, as she stroked his hair softly. What could Chester mean to leave his father, even for a few days? He ought to be here.... She could not understand. Was it all just an excuse to get away from them? to get away from this newly-found father and sister? She would not believe that of Chester. That couldn't be true, and yet, and yet—

She turned lower the light, went to the window, and looked out on the river. A crescent moon hung above the mist. The water lay still as if asleep, only broken now and then by some passing craft. The breeze played in the trees near the window and the perfumes of the rich flower beds were wafted to her. The girl stood by the window a long time as if she expected her lover-brother to come to her through the half darkness. Perhaps, after all, it was better he did not come. Perhaps he had acted wisely.

The father lay as if sleeping, so she continued to look out at the moon and the water. Her heart burned, but out of it came a prayer. Then she quietly kneeled by the window sill, and still looking out into the night she poured out the burden of her heart to the Father whose power to bless and to comfort is as boundless as the love of parent for child.

Captain Brown was not an old man, yet in his fine strong face there were deep lines traced by twenty years on the sea. Ten years on the bridge basking in the sun, facing storm and danger had told their tale. He was in the employ of a great navigation company whose ships went to the ends of the earth for trade. He had built this home-nest for wife and child, to which and to whom he could set the compass of his heart from any port and on any sea. Three years ago wife and child had taken passage over the eternal sea. Now he came back only occasionally, between trips. His housekeeper always kept the house as nearly as possible like it was when wife and child were there.

"I have a week, perhaps ten days ashore," explained Captain Brown next morning at the breakfast table, "and I was just wondering what I could do all that time—when here you are! You are to remain a week. Tut, tut, business"—this to Uncle Gilbert who had protested—"you ought not to worry any longer about business. Aren't we making you good money? Oh, I see! Aunt Sarah; well, we'll send for her. Your father can't possibly be moved, can he, Miss Lucy?"

"He's very comfortable here," replied Lucy.

"To be sure he is—and you, too, look as though a rest would help you."

“I have to get back soon—ought to be in Cork tomorrow, in fact,” said Uncle Gilbert.

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"Well, now Gilbert, if you *have* to, I've no more to say—about you. Go, of course; but Lucy and her father are going to stay with me. I'm the doctor and the nurse. You go to Aunt Sarah, for that's your 'business reason' and it's all right—I'm not blaming you—and in a week come back for your well brother."

"Yes, that might do," agreed Uncle Gilbert, with much relief in his manner of saying it. "I don't like to impose on you—"

"Look here—if you want to do me a favor, you go to your wife and let me take care of these people. In fact," he laughed, "I don't want you around bothering. The steamer sails for Dublin this evening."

Out of this pleasant banter came the fact that Uncle Gilbert could very well go on his way to Ireland. His brother was in no immediate danger—in fact that morning he was resting easily and his power of speech was returning. Gilbert spoke to his brother about the plan, and no protest was made. So that evening, sure enough, Uncle Gilbert was driven in to Liverpool by the captain, where he set sail for home.

No sooner was his brother well out of the way than Lucy's father called to her. He had been up and dressed all afternoon. He was now reclining in the captain's easy chair by the window. Lucy came to him.

"Yes, father," she said.

He motioned to her to sit down. She fetched a stool and seated herself by him, so that he could touch her head caressingly as he seemed to desire.

"Where is Chester?" he asked slowly, as was his wont when his speech came back.

"In London," she replied. "He could not come with us."

"So—Gilbert said;—but I—want him."

"Shall we send for him?"

"Yes."

The father looked out of the window where shortly the moon would again shine down on the river. He stroked the head at his knee.

"Lucy, you—love me?"

"Oh, father, dear daddy, what a question!"

"I—must—tell you—something—should—have told you—long ago—"

It was difficult for the man to speak; more so, it appeared, because he was determined to deliver a message to the girl—something that could not wait, but must be told now. Impatient of his slow speech, he walked to the table and seated himself by it.

“Light,” he said; and while Lucy brought the lamp and lighted it he found pencil and paper. She watched him curiously, wondering what was about to happen. Was he writing a message to Chester?

From the other side of the table she watched him write slowly and laboriously until the page was full. Then he paused, looked up at Lucy opposite, reached for another sheet and began again. That sheet was also filled, and the girl’s wonder grew. Then he pushed them across the table, saying, “Read;” and while she did so, he turned from her, his head bowed as if awaiting a sentence of punishment.

A little cry came from the reader as her eyes ran along the penciled lines. Then there was silence, broken only by her hard breathing, and the ticking of the clock on the mantel. Then while the father still sat with bowed head, the girl arose softly, came up to him, kneeled before him, placed a hand on each of his cheeks, kissed him, and said:

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"You are my father anyway—always have been, always will be—the only one I have ever known. Thank you for taking me an outcast, orphaned baby and adopting me as your own. Oh, I *love you daddy for that!*

Just a few days before a son had found a father at this man's knee; now by the same knee Lucy first realized that this man was her father only in the fact that he had fathered her from a child; but as that, after all, is what counts most in this world, she thought none the less of him; rather, her heart went out to the man in a way unknown before.

"Chester doesn't know this?" she asked. "Chester is *not* my brother?"

"No."

"Oh, he must know this—he must know right away," she panted.

"Yes—I meant to tell—but I couldn't—" said he.

"I know daddy dear; I know, don't worry. We'll send for him right away—poor boy. There's Captain Brown now. I'll run down and ask him to send a telegram. Yes, I have his address."

She kissed him again, holding his head between her palms, and saying softly, "Daddy, dear daddy." Then she sped down to where the Captain was talking in the hall. The Rev. Thomas Strong looked up, listened to their conversation, and then smiled.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The reason why Chester permitted Lucy and his father to set out for Ireland without him was because he trusted Uncle Gilbert—and the Lord; however, it was no easy matter to be thus left behind. Surely, he would be more of a help than a hindrance on the journey. He forced himself to lie abed the morning they were to be off, until after the train left. Then, knowing he was safe from doing that which his Uncle had desired him not to do, he leisurely arose, very late for breakfast.

The problem with the young man now was what to do while he was waiting. London sights, even those he had not seen before, were tame now. The newly-found father and sister had already left him. Had it not been a dream, and was he not now awake to the reality of his old life?

He found himself once more attracted to the Mission headquarters. Elder Malby was at home that morning. Chester told him the latest development.

"Has she—have they—deserted me, do you think?" asked Chester.

“No—I don’t think so,” replied the elder thoughtfully. “Lucy did not impress me as a girl who would do that. I see no reason for such actions, but perhaps Uncle Gilbert was right. Your father needed to get away from you to readjust himself to the new condition.”

“Well, perhaps,—but what can I now do? this waiting will be terrible.”

“You’ll come with me this morning. I have some calls to make.”

And so all that day Chester remained with Elder Malby, visiting Saints and investigators, adjusting difficulties, and explaining principles of the gospel. It was a splendid thing for the young man, this getting his thoughts from self; and before evening, he had obtained so much of the missionary spirit that he asked to be permitted to bear his testimony at the street meeting. “The louder the mob howls and interrupts, the better for me,” he declared. “You remember the other evening when a young fellow stood within a few feet of you and kept repeating: ‘Liars, liars, from Utah’?”

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“Yes; I remember.”

“I’d like to talk to that fellow tonight.”

So Chester talked at the street-meeting that evening, but to a very orderly lot of people. After the services, many pressed around him and asked him questions. One young man walked with him and the elders to the mission office. They talked on the gospel, and Chester forgot his own heartache in ministering to another heart hungering for the truth.

The next morning, Chester tried again to remain in bed, but this time without success. He was up in the gray awakening city, walking in the park, listening to the birds near by and the rumbling beginnings of London life. After breakfast, he went again to the Church office.

“You must excuse me for thus being such a bother,” he explained to Elder Malby, “but—but I can’t keep away.”

“I hope you never will,” replied the elder, encouragingly. “It is when men like you keep away that there is danger.”

“What’s the program today?”

“Tracting. Do you want to try?”

“Yes; I want to keep going. Yesterday was not bad. I felt fine all day.”

That afternoon Chester had his first trial in delivering gospel tracts from door to door. He approached his task timidly, but soon caught the spirit of the work. He had a number of interesting experiences. One old gentleman invited him into the house, that he might more freely tell the young man what he thought of him and his religion, and this was by no means complimentary. An old lady, limping to the door and learning that the caller was from America, told him she had a son there—and did he know him? Then there were doors slammed in his face, and some gracious smiles and “thank you”—altogether Chester was so busy meeting these various people that he had no time to worry over those who now should be nearly to Kildare Villa in green Ireland.

While he was eating supper with the elders, which Elder Malby said he had well earned, a messenger came to the door. Was one Chester Lawrence there? Yes.

“A telegram for him, please.”

Chester opened the message and read:

“Come to Liverpool in morning. All well. Tell me when and where to meet you—Lucy.”

Chester handed the message to Elder Malby.

“Once more, don’t you see,” said the elder, smiling, “all is well.”

“Yes; yes,” replied Chester in a way which was more of a prayer of thanksgiving than common speech.

Early the following morning Captain Brown was rewarded for his gallant lack of inquisitiveness regarding the sending and the receiving of telegrams by Lucy coming to him with her sweetest smile and saying:

“Captain Brown, was that horse and carriage you used yesterday yours?”

“Oh no; that belongs to my neighbor—only when I am not using it. Do you wish a drive this morning?”

“I want to meet the noon train from London at Lime Street Station; and if it wouldn’t be too much trouble—”

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"Not at all. My neighbor is very glad to have me exercise the horse a bit. Can you drive him alone?"

"I'm a little nervous."

"Will I do for coachman?"

"If you would, Captain?"

"Then that's settled. I'll go immediately and make arrangements;" which he did.

"Papa," said Lucy to her father, "the captain will drive me to the station. You'll be all right until we get back?"

"All right, yes; don't worry more about me. I'm getting strong faster than I ever did before. See."

He paced back and forth with considerable vim in his movements. "Why," he continued, stopping in front of Lucy and kissing her gently on the cheek, "I feel better right now than I have for a long time—better inside, you know."

Lucy did not understand exactly what he meant by the "inside," but she did not puzzle her head about it. She was happy to know that her father was so well and that Chester was speeding to her. The day promised to be fair, and the drive to the station would be delightful. She was looking out of the window.

"Lucy," said her father, placing his hand on her shoulder, "you need not tell Captain Brown the little secrets you have learned; and I think your Uncle Gilbert need not know any more than he does. It is just as well for all concerned that these things remain to outward appearances just as they have in the past."

"All right, papa."

"We—Chester and you and I will know and understand and be happy. What else matters?"

"What, indeed."

"Now, there's the captain already. He's early; but perhaps he intends driving you about a bit first."

That was just it. The morning air was so invigorating, Captain Brown explained, that it was a pity not to feel it against one's face. He knew of a number of very pretty drives, round-about ways, to the station, and the fields were delightfully green just then.

In a short time away they rattled down the graveled road, the father waving after them. It was a good thing, said Lucy, that strong hands had the reins, for the horse was full of life. They sped over the smooth, hedge-bordered roads, winding about fields and gardens until they arrived at Calderstone Park. Here the captain pointed out the Calder Stones, ruins of an ancient Druid place of worship or sacrifice. Then they drove leisurely through Sefton Park, thence townward to the station.

They had a few moments to wait, during which the driver stroked the horse's nose, talking to him all the while not to be afraid of the noisy cars. The whistle's shrill pipe sounded and the train rolled in. The captain stood by his horse, while Lucy went to the platform, and met Chester as he leaped from the car.

"Oh, ho," said the captain to his horse, when he saw the meeting. A partial explanation was given him of the "certain young man" whom they were to meet.

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The captain held the carriage door open to them like a true coachman. "Take the back seat, please," he commanded, after the introduction; "in these vehicles, the driver sits in front."

The captain drove straight home, so in a very-short time they were set down at the steps.

"Go right in," he said. "I'll take the horse back, and be with you shortly."

The housekeeper met them in the hall, took wraps and hats, and directed them upstairs where the "gentleman" was waiting. Lucy had had no opportunity to tell Chester the secret about herself, so she would have to let his father do so. They walked quietly to the father's room and opened the door softly. He appeared to be sleeping in his chair, so they tip-toed into another room.

"Is he better?" asked Chester.

"Nearly well again." They did not seat themselves, but stood by the table. She came close to him, smiling up into his face and said, "*Everything's* all right, Chester."

"Yes, of course," he replied. "You are looking so rosy and well, I forget you are an invalid."

"Don't think of it. I'm going to live a long, long time, Chester—with you. Listen, dear, and don't look so worried. Things have changed again. I don't need to break good news gently, so I may tell you now, papa—I mean, your father, has been telling me something I never dreamed of—Chester, listen. I'm not your father's child—only by adoption—you're not my brother, only of course in the brotherhood of the faith."

"Lucy, what are you saying?"

"I am telling you the truth—as I was told it. He adopted me as a baby—I was an orphan—I am not your sister. Chester—I—"

He seized her hands, and held her at arms length, while his eyes seemed to devour her. She could not repress the tears, and when he saw them, he drew her close and kissed her.

"Lucy, not my sister, but my sweetheart again, my little wife to be—what—does it all mean?"

There came a loud knock at the door, and the father entered without being bidden. He walked firmly up to them, placed a hand on each shoulder, and said:

“My son, I have to ask your forgiveness again. I intended to tell you about Lucy as soon as you learned the truth about yourself, but I was hindered. Don’t think, my boy, that I would purposely cause you suffering. What Lucy has told you is true, and I am so glad that the misunderstanding and the mixups no longer exist between us.”

The three now found seats and talked over the new situation in which they found themselves, not forgetting the part Uncle Gilbert had taken in recent events, until the strenuous voice of Captain Brown had to supplement the housekeeper’s bell, before the three would come down for luncheon.

Those were golden days to Chester, Lucy, and the Rev. Thomas Strong. Out of restless uncertainty, doubts, fears, and heart-aching experiences they now had come to a period of peaceful certainty. Out of straits they had come to a quiet sun-kissed harbor.

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Captain Brown looked on all this happiness approvingly. His shore leave was going splendidly. The neighbor's horse and carriage were often brought into requisition, and the father would not be denied his share of these drives. The captain's own boat, long since unused, was put into commission, and with the captain at the tiller the whole family sailed over the placid Mersy. The moon grew rounder, and as the evenings were warm, the boat often lingered in the moonlight. Then songs were sung, Chester and Lucy singing some which the father recognized as "Mormon," but which the captain knew only as beautiful and full of sweet spirit.

During those days when the visitors remained with the captain rather more for his own sake than for any other reason, there was just one little cloud in Chester's and Lucy's sunlight. That was that the father took no abiding interest in the religion which now meant so much to them. Once or twice the subject had been carefully broached by Chester, but each time the father had not responded. He made no objections. The young man sometimes thought there would be more hope if he did. However, he and Lucy were not discouraged. They reasoned, with justice, that it was no easy matter to change a life-long habit of belief and practice. They comforted each other by the hope that all would be well in the end. Had they not already ample evidence of God's providence shaping all things right.

It was plainly to be seen, however, that the father took great comfort in his new-found son; and well any father might, for Chester was a strong, open-spirited, clean young man. Father and son strolled out together, Lucy sometimes peeping at them from behind the curtain, but denying herself of their company. Chester, by his father's request, told him more of his life's story. The father wished to live as much as could be by word-telling the years he had missed in the life of his son; and the father, for his part, acquainted Chester with his more recent years. "I married quite late in life," said the father, "a sweet girl who did much for me. That we had no children was a great disappointment to both of us, and when we saw that very likely we never would have any of our own, we found and adopted Lucy. She would never have known the truth about that had not you come and compelled me to tell it. But it's all right now, and the Lord has been kinder to me than I deserve."

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

quoted Chester.

"He plants his footsteps in the sea
And rides upon the storm,"

mused the father.

At another time the father said to Chester:



“My boy, it would please me if you would take my name. You need not discard the one you already have, but add mine to it—yours by all that’s right.”

“Yes, father.”

“I have no great fortune, but I have saved a little; and when I am gone, it will be yours and Lucy’s—I’ll hear no objections to that—for can’t you see, all that I can possibly do for you will only in part pay for the wrong I have done. You say you have no definite plans for the future. Then you will come with us to Kansas City, where I expect to take up again my labors in the ministry, at least for a time.”

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Lucy came upon them at this point.

“Chester has promised to take my name,” explained the father.

“That will make it unnecessary for you to change yours,” said Chester, as he put his arm around her.

A week passed as rapidly as such golden days do. Chester sent the latest news to Elder Malby. Uncle Gilbert, always impatient, wrote from Kildare Villa, asking when they were “coming home.” Captain Brown had made a number of trips of inspection to the docks to see how the loading of his ship was progressing.

At the captain’s invitation they all visited the vessel one afternoon.

“Why,” exclaimed Lucy in surprise, when she saw the steamer at the dock, “you have a regular ocean liner here. I thought freight boats were small concerns.”

“Small! well, now, you know better. Come aboard.”

He led the way on deck, and then below.

“This ship is somewhat old,” explained Captain Brown, “but she is still staunch and seaworthy. As you see, she has once been a passenger boat, and in fact, she still carries passengers—when we can find some who would rather spend twelve days in comfort than be rushed across in six or seven by the latest greyhounds. I say, when we can find such sensible people,” repeated the captain, as he looked curiously at his guests.

The dining room was spacious, the berths of the large, roomy kind which the grasp for economy and capacity had not yet cut down.

“This is a nicer state room than I had coming over,” declared Lucy. “Why can’t we return with Captain Brown?”

“I should be delighted,” said the captain. “The booking offices are on Water Street.”

“When do you sail?” asked the father.

“In three days, I believe we shall be ready.”

“And your port?”

“New York.”

“Your cargo?”

“Mixed.”

“Any passengers?”

“A dozen or so—plenty of room, you see. We’ll make you comfortable, more so than on a crowded liner. Think about it, Mr. Strong.”

“We shall,” said Lucy and her father in unison.

CHAPTER XIX.

And thus it came about that the party of three visiting with Captain Andrew Brown, decided to sail with him to New York. A few more days on the water was of no consequence, except as Chester said to Lucy, to enjoy a little longer the after-seasickness period of the voyage. As for Chester himself, he was very pleased with the proposition.

A visit to the company’s office in Water Street completed the arrangement. “Yes,” said the agent, “we can take care of you. There will be a very small list of passengers, which gives you all the more room. Besides, it’s worth while to cross with Captain Brown.”

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As the boat did not lay up to the Landing Stage, but put directly to sea from the dock, the passengers were stowed safely away into their comfortable quarters the evening before sailing. When they awoke next morning, they were well out into the Irish sea, the Welsh hills slowly disappearing at the left. Chester was the first on deck. He tipped his cap to Captain Brown on the bridge as they exchanged their morning greetings. The day was bright and warm, the sea smooth. Chester stood looking at the vanishing hills, glancing now and then at the companionway, for Lucy. As he stood there, he thought of the time, only a few days since, when he had caught his first sight of those same green hills. What a lot had happened to him between those two points of time! A journey begun without distinct purpose had brought to him father and sweetheart. Outward bound he had been alone, empty and void in his life; and now he was going home with heart full of love and life rich with noble purpose.

Chester's father appeared before Lucy. The son met him and took his arm as they paced the deck slowly. The father declared to Chester that he was feeling fine; and, in fact, he looked remarkably well.

"I am sorry we did not hear from Gilbert before we sailed," said the father; "but I suppose the fault was ours in not writing to him sooner."

"He barely had time to get the letter," said Chester.

"I suppose so. But it doesn't matter. We should only have just stopped off at Kildare Villa to say goodbye, any way."

"It's a pity we don't stop at Queenstown. He could have come out on the tender."

"Perhaps he would, and then perhaps he wouldn't. It would depend on just how he felt—halloo, Lucy—you up already?"

"I couldn't lay abed longer this beautiful morning," exclaimed Lucy as she came up to them. "Isn't this glorious! Is Wales below the sea yet?"

"No; there's a tip left. See, there, just above the water."

"Goodbye, dear old Europe," said Lucy, as she waved her handkerchief. "I've always loved you—I love you now more than ever."

Father and son looked and smiled knowingly at her. Then they all went down to breakfast.

Just about that same time of day, Thomas Strong's delayed letter reached his brother in Cork. Uncle Gilbert read the letter while he ate his breakfast, and Aunt Sarah wondered what could be so disturbing in its contents; for he would not finish his meal.

“What is it, Gilbert?” she asked.

“Thomas, Lucy, and that young fellow, Chester Lawrence are going to—yes, have already sailed from Liverpool with Captain Brown.”

“And they’re not coming to see us before they leave?”

“Didn’t I say, they’re already on the water—or should be—off to New York with Captain Brown—and he doesn’t touch at Queenstown, and in that boat—”

Uncle Gilbert wiped his forehead.

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"I'm sorry that they did not call," commented Aunt Sarah complacently; "but I suppose they were in a hurry, and Captain Brown will take care of them."

"In a hurry! No. Captain Brown—" but the remark was lost to his wife. He cut short his eating, hurried to town, and, in faint hopes that it might be in time, sent a telegram to his brother in Liverpool which read:

"Don't sail with Captain Brown. Will explain later."

This telegram was delivered to Captain Brown's housekeeper, who sent it to the steamship company's office, where it was safely pigeon-holed.

The morning passed at Kildare Villa. The telegram brought no reply. In foolish desperation, hoping against hope, Uncle Gilbert took the first fast train northward, crossed by mail steamer to Holyhead, thence on to Liverpool, where he arrived too late. The boat had sailed. He went to the steamship company's office in Water Street, and passed, without asking leave, into the manager's office. That official was alone, which was to Gilbert Strong's purpose.

"Why did you permit my brother to sail with Captain Brown?" asked he abruptly.

"My dear Mr. Strong," said the manager, "calm yourself. I do not understand."

"Yes, you do. You know as well as I do that his ship is—is not in the best condition. You ought not to have allowed passengers at all."

"Sit down, Mr. Strong. The boat is good for many a trip yet, though it is true, as you know, that she is to go into dry dock for overhauling on her return. Has your brother sailed on her?"

"He has, my brother, his daughter and her young man. I suppose there were other passengers also?"

"Yes; a few—perhaps twenty-five all told. Don't worry; Captain Brown will bring them safely through."

"Yes," said Gilbert Strong, as he left the office, "yes, if the Lord will give him a show—but—"

He could say no more, for did he not know full well that at a meeting of company directors at which he had been present, it had been decided to try one more trip with Captain Brown in command, and the fact that the boat was not in good condition was to be kept as much as possible from the captain. A little tinkering below and a judicious coat of paint above would do much to help the appearance of matters, one of the smiling directors had said. And so—well, he would try not to worry. Of course,

everything would be well. Such things were done right along, with only occasionally a disaster or loss—fully covered by the insurance.

But for all his efforts at self assurance, when he went home to Aunt Sarah he was not in the most easy frame of mind.

* * * * *

The little company under Captain Brown's care was having a delightful time. The weather was so pleasant that there was very little sickness. Chester again escaped and even his father and Lucy were indisposed for a day or two only. After that the long sunny days and much of the starry nights were spent on deck. The members of the company soon became well acquainted. Captain Brown called them his "happy family."

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And now Chester and Lucy had opportunity to get near to each other in heart and mind. With steamer chairs close together up on the promenade deck where there usually were none but themselves, they would sit for hours, talking and looking out over the sea. "Shady bowers 'mid trees and flowers" may be ideal places for lovers; but a quiet protected corner of a big ship which plows majestically through a changeless, yet ever-changing sea, has also its charms and advantages.

On the fourth day out. The water was smooth, the day so warm that the shade was acceptable. Chester and Lucy had been up on the bridge with Captain Brown, who had told them stories of the sea, and had showed them pictures of his wife and baby, both safe in the "Port of Forever," he had said. All this had had its effect on the two young people, and so when they went down to escape the glare of the sun on the exposed bridge, they sought a shady corner amid-ships. When they found chairs, Chester always saw that she was comfortable, for though well as she appeared, she was never free from the danger of a troublesome heart. The light shawl which she usually wore on deck, hung loosely from her shoulders across her lap, providing a cover behind which two hands could clasp. They sat for some time that afternoon, in silence, then Lucy asked abruptly:

"Chester, you haven't told me much about that girl out West. You liked her very much, didn't, you?"

"Yes," he admitted, after a pause. "I think I can truthfully say I did; but this further I can say, that my liking for her was only a sort of introduction to the stronger, more matured love which was to follow,—my love for you. I think I have told you before that you bear a close resemblance to her; and it occurs to me now that therein is another of God's wonderful providences."

"How is that?"

"Had you not looked like her I would not have been attracted to you, and very likely, would have missed you and my father, and all this."

"I'm glad your experience has been turned to such good account. Now, I for example, never had a beau until you came."

"What?"

"Oh, don't feign surprise. You know, I'm no beauty, and I never was popular with the boys. Someone once told me it was because I was too religious. What do you think of that?"

“Too religious! Nonsense. The one thing above another, if there is such, that I like about you is that your beauty of heart and soul corresponds to your beauty of face—No; don’t contradict. You have the highest type of beauty—”

“Beauty is in the eyes that see,” she interrupted.

“Certainly; and in the heart that understands. As I said, the highest type of beauty is where the inner and the outer are harmoniously combined. I think that is another application of the truth that the spiritual and the mortal, or ‘element’ as the revelation calls it, must be eternally connected to insure a perfect being. Somehow, I always sympathize with one whose beautiful spirit is tabernacled in a plain body. And yet, my pity is a hundred times more profound for one whom God has given a beautiful face and form, but whose heart and soul have been made ugly by sin—but there, if I don’t look out, I’ll be preaching.”

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"Well, your congregation likes to hear you preach."

Space will not permit the recording of the number of times emphasis was given to various expressions in this conversation by the hand pressure under the shawl.

"Now," continued he, "I can't conceive of your not having any admirers."

"I didn't say admirers—I said beaux."

"Well, I suppose there is a difference," he laughed.

"Of course, I have known a good many young men in my time, but those matrimonially inclined usually passed by on the other side."

"Perhaps they knew I was coming on this side."

"Perhaps—There's papa. He looks lonesome. We ought to be ashamed of ourselves to hide from him as we did yesterday."

"I agree; but he'll find us now."

Lucy drew the father's attention, and he found a chair near them.

"Isn't the sea beautiful," said Lucy, by way of beginning the conversation properly, now a third person was present. "And what a lot of water there is!" she continued. "What did Lincoln say about the common people? The Lord must like them, because he made so many of them. Well, the Lord must like water also, as He has made so much of it."

"Water is a very necessary element in the economy of nature," said the father. "Like the flow of blood in the human body, so is water to this world. As far as we know, wherever there is life there is water."

"And that reminds me," said Lucy eagerly, as if a new thought had come to her, "that water is also a sign of purity. Water is used, not only to purify the body, but as a symbol to wash away the sins of the soul. Paul, you remember, was commanded to 'arise, and be baptized, and wash away thy sins'." Lucy looked at Chester as if giving him a cue.

"In the economy of God," said Chester, "it seems necessary that we must pass through water from one world to another. In like manner, the gateway to the kingdom of heaven is through water. 'Except a man be born of water and of the spirit, he cannot enter into the Kingdom of God' is declared by the Savior himself."

Whether or not the father understood that this brief sermonizing was intended primarily for him, he did not show any resentment. He listened attentively, then added:

“Yes; water has always held an important place among nations. Cicero tells us that Thales the Milesian asserted God formed all things from water—Out in Utah, Chester,” said the father, turning abruptly to the young man, “you have an illustration of what water can do in the way of making the desert to blossom.”

“Yes; it is truly wonderful, what it has done out there,” agreed Chester. Then being urged by both his father and Lucy, he told of the West and its development. He was adroitly led to talk of Piney Ridge Cottage and the people who lived there, their home and community life, their trials, their hopes, their ideals. Ere he was aware, Chester was again in the canyons, and crags and mountain peaks, whose wildness was akin to the wildness of the ocean. Then when his story was told, Lucy said:

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"I know where I could get well."

"Where?" asked Chester.

"At Piney Ridge Cottage."

Chester neither agreed nor denied. Just then a steamer came into sight, eastward bound. It proved to be an "ocean grayhound," and Captain Brown coming up, let them look at it through his glass.

"She's going some," remarked the captain; "but I'll warrant the passengers are not riding as easy as we."

"Somehow," said the father, "a passing steamer always brings to me profound thoughts. Now, there, for example, is a spot on the vast expanse of water. It is but a speck, yet within it is a little world, teeming with life. The ship comes into our view, then passes away. Again, the ship is just a part of a great machine—I use this figure for want of a better one. Every individual on the ship bears a certain relationship to the vessel; the steamer is a part of this world; this world is a cog in the machinery of the solar system; the solar system is but a small group of worlds, which is a part of and depends on, something as much vaster as the world is to this ship. This men call the Universe; but all questions of what or where or when pertaining to this universe are unanswerable. We are lost—we know nothing about it—it is beyond our finite minds."

Captain Brown stood listening to this exposition. His eyes were on the speaker, then on the passing steamer, then on the speaker again.

"Mr. Strong," said he, "at the last church service I attended in Liverpool, the minister was trying to explain what God is,—and just that which you have said is beyond us, that vast, unknown, unknowable something he called God."

"Oh," exclaimed Lucy, involuntarily.

"I'll admit the definition is not very plain," continued the captain. "We get no sense of nearness from it. I would not know how to pray to or worship such a God; but what are we to do? I have never heard anything more satisfactory, except—well, only when I read my Bible."

"Why not take the plain statement of the Bible, then?" suggested Chester.

"I try to, but my thinking of these things is not clear, because of the interpretation the preachers put upon them—excuse the statement, Mr. Strong; but perhaps you are an exception. I have never heard you preach."

The minister smiled good-naturedly. Then he said, "Chester here, is quite a preacher himself. Ask his opinion on the matter."

"I shall be happy to listen to him. However, I have an errand just now. Will you go with me?" this to Chester.

Chester, annoyed for a moment at this unexpected turn, arose and followed the captain into his quarters.

"Sit down," said the captain. "I was glad Mr. Strong gave me an opportunity to get you away, for I have a matter I wish to speak to you about, a matter which I think best to keep from both Mr. Strong and Lucy—but which you ought to know."

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“Yes.”

The officer seated himself near his table on which were outspread charts and maps. About the table hung a framed picture of the captain’s wife and child, a miniature of which he carried in his breast pocket.

“In the first place,” began Captain Brown, “I want you to keep this which I tell you secret until I deem it wise to be published. I can trust you for that?”

“Certainly.”

Always in the company of the passengers, Captain Brown’s bearing was one of assurance. He smiled readily. But now his face was serious, and Chester saw lines of care and anxiety in it.

“I am sorry that I ever suggested to you and your friends—and my dear friends they are too,” continued the captain, “that you take this voyage with me, for if anything should happen, I should never forgive myself. However, there is no occasion for serious alarm—yet.”

“What is the matter, captain?”

“I have been deceived regarding the condition of this ship. I was made to understand that she was perfectly sea-worthy—this is my first trip with her—but I now learn that the boilers are in a bad state and the pumps are hardly in a working condition. There is—already a small leak where it is nearly impossible to be reached. We are holding our own very well, and we can jog along in this way for some time, so there is no immediate danger.”

Chester experienced a sinking at the heart. From the many questions which thronged into his mind, he put this:

“When might there be danger?”

“If the leak gets bad and the pumps can not handle it. Then a rough sea is to be dreaded.”

“What can we do?”

“At present, nothing but keep cool. You are the only one of the passengers that knows anything about this, and I am telling you because I can trust you to be wise and brave, if necessary. If things do not improve, we shall soon be getting our boats in shape. We shall do this as quietly as possible, but someone might see and ask questions. We shall depend on you—and I’ll promise to keep you posted on the ship’s true condition.”

“Thank you, sir.”

“And now,” said the captain as his face resumed its cheerful expression, “I must make a trip below. When you see me on the bridge again, come up and make that explanation which Mr. Strong said you were able to do. I shall be mighty glad to listen to you.”

Chester protested, but the captain would not hear it. “I’ll be up in the course of half an hour,” said the seaman. “Promise me you’ll come?”

“Of course, if you really wish it?”

“I was never more earnest in my life. My boy, let me tell you something’. I have listened at times to your conversation on religious themes—you and Lucy have talked when I could not help hearing—and I want to hear more—I believe you have a message for me.”

There was a smile on the captain’s face as he hurried away. And Chester’s heart also arose and was comforted, as he lingered for a few moments on the deck and then joined Lucy and his father.

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CHAPTER XX.

In blissful ignorance of any danger, the passengers and most of the crew went the daily round of pleasure or duty. The games on deck, the smoking and card-playing in the gentlemen's room, the sleeping and the eating all went on uninterrupted. Captain Brown, though quieter than usual, was as pleasant and thoughtful as ever. The sea was smooth, the weather fine, and the ship plowed on her course with no visible indication that she was slowly being crippled.

Lucy had for her use, one of the largest and best ventilated rooms in the ship. It was so pleasant there, that she spent much of her time in its seclusiveness. It is needless to state that Chester shared that comfort and seclusion. Reading, talking, building castles which reached into the heavens, these two basked in the warm light of a perfect love. After a little buffeting about in worldly storms, two hearts had come to rest; and how penetratingly sweet was that serene peace of soul. In him she saw her highest ideals realized, her fondest hopes and dreams come true. In her he found the composite perfectness of woman. All his visions from early youth to the present materialized in the sweet face, gentle spirit and pure soul of Lucy Strong!

Chester, the day after Captain Brown had told him about the condition of the ship, found Lucy in her room. She was not well, the father had said, so Chester sought her out. She was reclining on the couch. His heart, burdened with what he knew melted towards the girl. He drew a stool up to her, and kissed his good-morning.

"Not so well today?" he asked.

"No; my heart has been troubling me all night; but I'm better now."

"Now, see here, my girl, I'm the one that ought to be ill."

"How's that?" she smiled at him.

"Have we not exchanged hearts?"

"Oh, I see. Yes; but the strength only went with mine. The weakness I retained. It would not have been fair otherwise."

She sat up and pushed back her hair. He seated himself near her and drew her in his arm. He held her close.

"Some things," said he, "we can not give, much as we would like. Some burdens we must carry ourselves."

"Which I take it, is a very wise provision," she added.

There was silence after that. It was not easy for either of them to talk, each being constrained with his own crowded thoughts. Chester listened to the rhythmic beat of the machinery, and wondered vaguely how long it would continue thus, and what would happen if it had to stop.

“Chester,” said Lucy at last, “what if I should die?” She clung to him as she said it.

“But, my dear, you’re not going to die. You’re going to get completely well again—- You’re going to stay with me, you know.”

“That’s the worst, when I think of it—the thought of separating from you—O Chester, I can’t do that—All my life I’ve waited and watched for you, and now to leave you, to lose you again—and we’ve been together such a short time! I can’t bear to think of it.” The tears welled in her eyes.

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"Then, my sweetheart mustn't think of it. We are going to be together, we two. 'Whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge ... where thou diest will I die, and there will I be buried!' quoted the young man, knowing not the prophetic import of his words. She leaned on his shoulder, and he stroked the hair from her forehead.

"Did you have a talk with Captain Brown?" she asked. "Did you answer his questions?"

Chester started, then understood. "Oh, yes," he replied. "Yesterday on the bridge we talked for an hour. He asked me all manner of questions, and I think I satisfied him. He had heard of Mormonism, of course, but never of its message of salvation. I believe he's converted already."

"I'm so glad, for he is such a nice man. Chester, I wish your father were more susceptible to the gospel. I can't understand him. He never opposes, nor does he now find fault with me; but as for himself—well, he says he's going back to the pulpit."

"I am just as sorry as you, on that score; but we can but do our best, and let the Lord take care of the rest."

Now when their thoughts ranged from self to others, Lucy felt so much better that she declared she was ready for the deck. So leaning on Chester's arm, they carefully climbed the stairs, and came to the open. There was a breeze, and a bank of clouds hung low to windward. Chester adjusted Lucy's wrap closely as they paced the deck slowly. The clouds lifted into the sky, shutting out the sun. On the horizon, winkings of lightning flashed. Evidently, a storm was coming.

Captain Brown was quiet at the luncheon table. Chester noted it, and afterwards, followed the captain to the bridge.

"How goes it?" asked Chester.

"Not well," was the reply. "Do you see that list to larboard."

"I don't understand."

Without pointing, which action others might see, the captain explained that the ship tilted to one side, also that there was a slight "settling by the head," that is, the ship was deeper in the water forward than at any other part. Chester noticed it now, and asked what it meant.

"It means," explained the captain, "that we are slowly settling—sinking, in plain words. The pumps can not manage the water coming into the hold. There is also some trouble with the cargo, which causes the list or leaning to one side. From now on, I shall be on the lookout for assistance, which I think, will come in ample time—Now tell me more about this new prophet, Joseph Smith."

For an hour they conversed. Then the captain had to go below again, and Chester went in search of Lucy. A number of the passengers were standing near the larboard rail. They noticed the slope of the deck, but did not realize its meaning, and Chester did not enlighten them. A peculiar heart-sinking feeling persisted with him, which the coming storm did not alleviate.

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The captain was not in his place at dinner, which was all the more noticeable, because it was the first time he had been absent. Some of the passengers were beginning to feel the effects of the higher seas, and they did not eat much. Very few went back to the deck from the table. Lucy and the minister were among those who went to bed, but Chester, clad in water proofs was easier on deck.

The wind was blowing hard, increasing in time to quite a gale. The waves broke over the ship's prow, slushing the forward deck and driving all who were out either back or to an upper deck. Chester kept away from Captain Brown on the bridge, where he no doubt would remain throughout the night.

Darkness came on thick and black. The wind howled hideously around smoke-stack and rigging. The rain came in storms, then ceased only to gather more strength for the next squall. How well the ship was standing the rough weather, Chester did not know, and certainly the other passengers had no fears, as most of them were asleep. Chester went down the companion-way, glanced into the vacant saloon and hallways, and paused at Lucy's door. All was quiet, so she was no doubt asleep. His father was also resting easily. He went on deck again.

As he mounted the steps to the tipper deck, he saw a brilliant light shine from the bridge. It flashed for an instant, flooding the ship with light, then went out. "The captain is signalling," thought Chester. In five minutes the light flashed again, thus at regular intervals. The few passengers who saw this, becoming alarmed, rushed to the bridge with anxious questions. The captain met them at the foot of the stairs.

"My friends," he said in wonderfully calm tones "there is no occasion for alarm. The weather is very thick, and as we are in the path of steamers, these lights are set off as a warning." This explanation, as Chester knew, was not all the truth, but the captain did not want a panic so early in the trouble. The passengers seemed satisfied, but they lingered for some time watching the lights and the remarkable effects they had on the ship and the heaving sea. The captain touched Chester who was still standing near the steps.

"You go to bed and get some rest," he said. "You may need all your strength later. There is no danger tonight. Go to bed."

Chester took the captain's advice. He went to bed, but it was not easy to go to sleep, so he did not do this until well towards morning.

The storm was still on next morning when Chester awoke. He dressed hurriedly, listened again at Lucy's and his father's doors, but hearing nothing went on deck. The day was well advanced. The wind seemed not so strong as the night before, and the waves were not so high. However, the sea was rough enough to add to the danger of a

sinking ship. Chester noticed the “list to larboard,” and the “settling at the head,” and found both of these dangerous conditions worse. The

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most careless observer would not now fail to see that something was the matter. And, in fact, as the passengers came on deck that morning, most of them late and looking bad from threatened attacks of sea-sickness, they immediately remarked on the slanting deck. Anxious enquiries from officers and seamen brought no satisfactory reply. Had there been a large number of passengers, there would likely have been an unpleasant panic that morning.

The breakfast was late, and very few of the passengers were there to partake of it. Captain Brown was in his place, greeting the few who slipped carefully into their seats. As the meal progressed and not over half of the usual company put in an appearance, the captain consulted with the second officer and the steward. Then at the close of the meal, the captain arose and said:

“My friends, I wish you to remain until we can get all who are able to join us here. I have something to say which I want all of you to hear. So please remain seated. The steward will see that no one leaves the room.”

One by one the absent passengers were brought in. Thomas Strong was among them, but not Lucy, for which Chester was thankful. The steward reported that all who were able were present, and then amid a tense silence, emphasized only by the creaking of the ship and the subdued noise of the sea without, the captain said:

“I am sorry to have to tell you that the ship is in a sinking condition. There is a leak which we have been unable to stop. Two of our boilers are already useless and it is only a matter of time when the water will reach the others. I have not said anything about this until now, for I have been hoping to meet with some vessel that could take us off. So far, none has appeared. However, we are in the steamer zone, and we have many chances yet. Today sometime or tonight we must take to the boats, and what I want to impress upon you especially is that you, all of you, must control yourselves. Do not give way to excitement or fear which might hinder you from doing what is best. I tell you plainly, that the worst we have to fear on that score is the crew. They are already near to mutiny. The first officer and others are guarding their exits and keeping the stokers at their posts. They are a rough lot of men, and it will not do to let them get beyond our control. I shall, therefore, ask the help of every man present. When it comes to launching the boats, it must be done in order. There are boats enough, but there must not be any crowding. With the present rough water it will be difficult to get the boats off. It is necessary, therefore, that the greatest care be taken. Now, then, that is all. Go about quietly. Each man and woman get a life belt ready, but you need not put them on until you are told. The steward will give the order.”

He ceased, turned, and hurried up the companionway. There was silence for a moment, then a woman screamed, which signaled a general uproar of cries and talk.

Out of the confusion came quiet, assuring commands, and in time the little company had scattered. Chester and his father went out together, along the hallway to Lucy's room. They looked mutely at each other, not knowing what best to say.

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When they stopped at Lucy's door, Chester asked of his father if she was up.

"Yes," he replied; "but she is not well. How shall we tell her the evil news?"

"We must manage it somehow, for she must know—poor little girl!"

Between them, they managed to tell Lucy of the situation they were in. During the telling, she looked at one and then at the other in a dazed way, as if she could not believe there were any actual danger. They repeated to her the assurances the captain had given.

"Can we go on deck?" asked Lucy at last. "I want to get into the air where the sky is above me."

They found a protected corner in the smoking-room where Lucy was content to sit and look out of the open door to see what was going on about the deck. Officers were inspecting the boats to see that all were ready in case of need. The work of the crew and the movements of the passengers were accompanied by a certain nervousness. That the ship was slowly settling could plainly be seen by all on board.

Towards noon, the forward hatch was opened, and soon there was a rattle of chains and clang of machinery. Then up from the hold came bales, boxes, and barrels which were unceremoniously dropped into the sea. The cargo must go. No help had yet been sighted, and if they were to remain afloat much longer, the ship would have to be lightened. "What a pity to waste so much," said some, forgetting their own peril for the moment; but human life is worth more than ships or cargos.

Very few cared to respond to the call for luncheon which the stewards bravely kept up. The women who were too frightened to go below were served on deck, being urged to eat by solicitous friends.

All afternoon the unloading went on. The ship moved slowly leaving a train of floating merchandise in its wake. On the bridge the captain or one of the officers paced back and forth with glass in hand eager to catch the call of the man in the crow's nest if he should catch sight of other vessels. But none were seen. The afternoon closed; darkness came on. Then the light burned again from the bridge and the fog-horn added its din to the dreariness.

Lucy kept to her position near the open deck. She would not go below, so wraps and pillows were brought her and she was made as comfortable as possible. Chester remained with her most of the time, the father came and went in nervous uncertainty. Captain Brown stopped long enough to tell Chester that since most of the cargo was overboard, they would float a little longer, but they were to be ready at any time now to leave the ship. The boats were provisioned, it was explained, and the passengers

would be allowed to take with them only what could be carried in a small bundle. Very likely, they would not need to desert the ship before morning, so they had better rest.

But there was neither rest nor sleep that night. Chester tucked his father into a seat, placed a pillow for his head, then, seeing that Lucy was comfortable, sat down by her. She lifted the cover from her shoulders, and extended it to his. It dropped to his lap also, so thus they sat in the dim glow of the electric light. Life belts were within easy reach.

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It was well past midnight when the lights went out. Then the beat, beat of the engines grew less, became fainter, and then like a great heart, ceased. The ship was dead, and lifeless it must float at the mercy of wind and wave. Then from below came the cries of men, and there were hurried steps and sharp commands on deck. Chester stepped out to see what it was. Captain Brown and the first officer stood by the entrance to the boiler rooms with gleaming revolvers in their hands, holding back an excited crowd of stokers.

"Back, every one of you!" shouted the captain. "I shall kill the first man who comes out until he is given permission."

The mass of half-naked, grimy men slunk back with curses and protestations. "The ship is sinking," they cried, "let us get out."

"Steady there now," commanded Captain Brown. "There is plenty of time. We shall let you out, but it must be done orderly. One at a time now, and go get your clothes. Then stand by, ready for orders from the engineer. Do you agree?"

"Yes, yes." They filed out one and two at a time, disappearing in the darkness. Lanterns, prepared for this emergency, flashed here and there. Chester obtained one and placed it on the table of the smoking room.

Presently the stewards could be heard running about the ship saying: "Ready for the boats, ready for the boats—Everybody on the boat deck!" The frightened passengers crowded up the steps in the half-darkness, the gleam of lanterns showing the way. Men were clearing the davits, and presently the first boat was ready to be filled.

Captain Brown was in command. He now looked out into the night, then down to the rough sea, hesitating for a moment whether or not the time had come. He did not wish to set these men and women afloat in small boats on such a sea if he could possibly help it; but a settling movement of the ship, which perhaps he only felt, decided him. He detailed six sailors to the boat that was ready, then said:

"The women first—no crowding, please—stand back you!"—this to a man whom panic had seized and who was crowding forward.

Sharp, clear, came the orders, and everyone understood. Some husbands were permitted to go with their hysterical wives. Presently, "That will do," ordered the captain. "There are plenty of boats, and there need be no overloading. Lower away."

The first boat went down and was safely floated and rowed away from the sinking ship. The sailors were busy with the second boat. Captain Brown caught sight of Chester. "Where is Mr. Strong and Lucy. This is your boat. Bring them along."

"When do you go, Captain?"

"I? On the last boat. Hurry them along, my boy."

Just as Chester turned, there came from the other side of the ship the noise of shouting, rushing men. The commands of officers were drowned in the confusion. The frantic stokers had got beyond the control of the officer, and they rushed for the boats. Davits creaked, as the boats were swung out. The crazed men pushed pell mell into them. One boat was lowered when only half full, and by the time Captain Brown reached the scene, the second boat was full, ready to be loosened.



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"Hold," he commanded, as he held aloft his lantern and his revolver pointed directly at the man who held one of the ropes.

"Out of there, every one of you—out I say—you first," to a man just climbing in.

The stokers were not sailors—the riff-raff of many ports they were; and now with them it was every man for himself. This feeling without proper knowledge worked their undoing. The ropes were released, one before the other, and the loaded boat bumped down the side of the vessel, one end dropping before the other, spilling the screaming, cursing men into the water. Down the boat slid until one end touched the waves, the rope ends flying loosely so that they could not be reached by those on the deck. A wave hit the boat as it hung and swamped it.

"My God," exclaimed the captain, "two of our boats are lost. There is only one more left."

Chester Lawrence stood still and watched by the lantern's light what was going on. He pressed forward in time to hear Captain Brown's remark about the boats. Then together they crossed to the other side where that last boat hung ready to be filled. And there was need for hurry now. Slowly, but surely, the ship was sinking, and any moment might bring the final plunge.

"Load the boat," shouted the Captain, "women first." The half dozen women found places.

"Where's Lucy?" he enquired, looking around for Chester who had disappeared. Lucy was not in the boat. The Captain was sure she had not gotten away with the first boat. Chester would bring her.

"Now, fill in," was the order. "Mr. Strong, where are you? Is Mr. Strong here?" But he was not to be found.

One by one the few remaining passengers took their places, then the crew.

"Is there room for more?" asked the Captain of the officer in the boat.

"I fear not, sir," came the reply.

"Some of the men get under the seats," ordered the Captain. "Now, then in with you men. Don't go yet. There is yet a woman aboard. Hold fast there, officer, until I find her." He rushed down the stairs with his lantern, calling for Chester. "Where are you—for God's sake come quick!"

"Here I am sir," replied Chester as he came nearly carrying his father.

“Where is Lucy?”

“Lucy is not coming, sir. She does not need to—she has gone already—she—”

“What? What is it? We need to hurry, my boy!”

“Lucy is dead!”

“Dead!—Bring Mr. Strong along. The boat is waiting.”

The boat hung by its davits, ready for lowering.

“We are full,” said the officer, “and the deck is cleared. There is need for hurry, sir.”

“There is,” replied Captain Brown. “Make room for two more.”

“We can’t do it sir—not in this sea—we are overcrowded now.”

“You must—close up, lie down, make room.”

One of the officers offered to get out, then another did the same, but the captain would not hear. “No,” he said, “you men have families.”

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Still the boat hung there in the darkness. What could be done? The waves rolled beneath, the wind moaned in the rigging.

"We might risk one more, sir," came from the boat.

The captain looked at Chester, big, strong, full of youth, and then at the slender, gray-haired man. What a pity, and yet he knew the younger man would have to remain. That is the law of the sea.

"I'll not go," said the father. "You go, Chester."

"No, no; we'll manage somehow; but you must take the chance. Here, help him in."

Captain Brown stood by with lifted lantern. He did not dictate which of the two should go. He had no need of that. He saw Chester lift the old man in his arms, hold him for an instant close to him, kiss him and murmur, "Goodby father, and God bless and preserve you"—then he handed him over to outstretched hands in the boat.

Captain Brown and Chester Lawrence stood by the railing and watched the boat lowered. Then when they knew it was safely riding the waves, they turned to each other.

"Where is your life-belt?" asked the Captain. "Get it, and put it on."

"Is there a chance?"

"There is always a chance. Come. We shall go together, one way or another—the way God wills."

They walked along the slanting deck down to where Lucy lay on the couch in the smoking room. Chester did not notice the life-belt on the table, but he lifted a lantern to Lucy's face, kneeled by it, and kissed it tenderly. "Lucy," he said, "my sweetheart, where are you? Don't you want me to come too?" He stroked the still face, and smoothed back the hair as he was wont. "Aren't you afraid in that new world to which you have gone—aren't you as lonesome as—I am? O Lucy, Lucy!"

"Come put on this belt," said the captain, touching him on the shoulder.

"I'm coming with you, Lucy," continued the young man. "Nothing shall part us—as I have told you—we two,—O, my God, what can I do?"

The captain led Chester away from the dead, out to the open deck, and buckled around him a life-belt. "Wait here" said the officer. "There is a chance—I'm going to see. I'll be back in a minute."

Chester was alone, and in those few minutes the wonderful panorama of life passed before him. He lived in periods, each period ending with Lucy Strong. His boyhood, and his awakening to the world about him—then Lucy; his schooldays, with boys and girls—out from them came Lucy; his early manhood, his forming ideals—completed in Lucy; his experiences in the West, and at Piney Ridge Cottage, and then came, not Julia, but Lucy; then the gospel with its new light and assurance of salvation; and this coupled with Lucy, her faith and love, burned as a sweet incense in the soul of Chester Lawrence. Fear left him now. He heard sounds as if they were songs from distant angel-choirs. Words of comfort and strength were whispered to his heart: “Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for thou art near me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me....” Eternity! Why, an immortal soul is always in eternity; and God is always at hand in life or in death.... Death! what is it but the passing to the other side of a curtain, where our loved ones are waiting to meet and greet us!

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Chester stepped back to Lucy. It was dark where she lay, but he passed his hand over her form to her face, touching tenderly her cheek and closed eyes. The flesh was not yet cold, but he felt that the soul whom he had come to know as Lucy Strong was not there.

Captain Brown called through the darkness. Chester groped into the open again. Was that the captain's figure on the bridge, looming black against the faint light in the eastern sky? If it was, Chester was in no condition to know, for just then there came a great sinking. A roar of waters sounded in his ears, there was a struggle, a moment of agony, and then the darkness of oblivion.

When he awoke again, he had passed over the storm-whipped bar into still waters. There Lucy met him, and together they sailed, guided by the unerring Light of God into the Harbor of Eternal Peace and Rest.

CHAPTER XXI.

Thomas Strong was a guest at Piney Ridge Cottage. It had taken him a full year to get over the effects of that dreadful sea disaster wherein a son, a daughter, and a dear friend had been lost, and to finally make his way westward to the people to whom both son and daughter had belonged. He had arrived during apple-blossom time, and the white-haired, sad-faced man who seemed to have had all mortality burned from him by fiery trials, was kindly received by Mr. Elston, his daughter Julia and her husband, Bishop Glen Curtis. These listened to his strange story, and were profoundly moved by its tragic ending. They urged him to remain with them, Julia giving him the room on the attic floor which previously was hers. He was grateful for all these kindnesses, saying he would be pleased to visit with them for a time.

Out under the apple trees in the growing orchard Hugh Elston made for their guest a seat, where during the day he would sit as one alone, listening and waiting here in this spot away from the noise and traffic of the world for a final message which the God of the Universe might send him. As far as his strength would allow, he liked to walk along the country roads, which now extended for many miles from Piney Ridge, and chat with the neighbors about the country and its prospects. He also made some minor excursions up the hillsides, but in this direction he could not go far. Frequently he stopped to rest by the enclosed graves, where he sat on the grass, and with hands on cane, looked wonderingly at the two graves, side by side.

But whispered messages from out the blue or storms of heaven did not come to this man. Neither were there angels sent to tell him what to do; but the Lord had one more thing—simple indeed—to bear upon the reluctant heart of Thomas Strong.

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In the little attic room which Julia had turned over to her guest were many books, papers, and magazines. She had told him that everything in the room was at his service, and so the visitor made good use of the kind offer. One day he found a small book which had the name Anna Lawrence—Chester's mother—written on the fly-leaf. Curiously turning over the pages of the volume, which was simply a school book of the kind he remembered in his youth, he found between the leaves an old letter. He unfolded the deeply creased sheets, looked at the strange handwriting, saw that it was dated thirty years ago, and addressed to "Miss Anna Lawrence" and signed by a name unknown to him. There could no harm come from reading this message from the past, so he drew his chair up to the window, and read:

"Dear Friend Anna:

"It is three months now since I left home for this mission, and not having heard anything yet from you, I thought a few lines from me might help you get started in the letter-writing direction. I am enjoying my mission very much, which perhaps you cannot understand, but it is true, nevertheless. I came to this place yesterday and have already delivered some tracts. Most of the people are against us, specially is this the case with preachers. They get after us roughly. My companion isn't as old as I am, and goodness knows, I'm young and green enough; but we're both studying hard, and the Lord is with us, which, after all, is our chief concern.

"I hope you are getting along at school. Do you remember the fun we had last vacation? I heard that our friend Sue is about to be married, but I suppose you know all about that.

"But I must tell you about something that happened to us before coming here. It was in a place not far from Chicago, and my companion and I were tracting as usual. I took one side of the street and he took the other. Well, along about noon when it was time we should quit, my companion didn't make his appearance. I waited a long time, then crossed the street to look for him. The weather was warm and people were mostly out of doors in the shade. I heard what sounded like a big discussion on a porch behind some vines. I went up, and sure enough, there was my companion and another young fellow having it out in great shape. The young man sat in his shirt sleeves on a table, and the way he was giving it to that poor friend of mine was a caution. I learned that the young fellow was studying for the ministry, and because of that, he considered himself just the person to give it good and hard to a 'Mormon' missionary.

"Well, the fellow sat there on the table, his legs swinging as if he didn't care a—rap. There was a Bible and some other books on the table, but they had got beyond the use of books. The young fellow ridiculed the Prophet, poked fun at his revelations, and said the 'Mormons' were a bad lot altogether. Said they deserved to be driven from decent society into the desert as they had been. He kept it up like that, and then he said something odd. 'I wouldn't have your religion at any price,' he said. 'Get out with you.'

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“My companion sat there, not saying a word. I saw the tears come into his eyes. He wiped them away hurriedly. Then his face became pale, and it seemed to me that a light actually shone from it. As I told you, he is just a boy, and as I looked on him then, I thought of the boy prophet, and what my father has told me so often about him. Well, when the fellow got through with his abuse, and jumped from the table as if we were dismissed, my companion arose and in a voice wonderfully gentle yet vibrant with power, said:

“‘Yes, we will go, but not before I tell you this: You know not what you say, therefore, you are forgiven, as far as I am concerned. My parents were driven from this state. All they had was destroyed by mobs. My mother died on the plains and her body lies there to this day. All that mortal man can suffer and live my people have suffered, and all for the sake of the truth, the gospel that I have brought to you this day, and which you so scornfully reject. And now I tell you in the name of the Lord, some day you will receive this gospel—but not until you have paid for it, and paid for it dearly. Like the merchantman in the parable, *all that you have* will you pay for this Pearl of Great Price! Good day, sir.’

“We both left him standing somewhat dazed, but I tell you—”

The letter dropped to Thomas Strong’s knee, as he looked up and out at the closing day. He arose, went to the glass door which opened on to the little porch, stepped out into the air that he might breathe easier. What he saw was not Old Thunder Mountain, or the wide extent of the Flat, dim now in the twilight, but a vine-enclosed porch and the pale, peculiar face of a boy telling him the words he had just read. * * * * There had been other boy prophets besides the first great one; and yes, oh Great God, one old, broken man had paid the price.

The vines on the upper porch of Piney Ridge Cottage now also formed a cover, and in their shadow Thomas Strong kneeled and prayed as he had never prayed before.

An hour later, Julia, wondering what their guest was doing in his room so long without a light, called to him softly at the foot of the stairs.

“Yes,” he replied, as if he did not realize for the moment who was calling, “I’m coming—I’m coming now.”

CHAPTER XXII.

The first Sunday in the month was Fast Day at Piney Ridge the same as in all wards of the Church. The Bishop had some visiting to do that morning so he did not get to Sunday School; but he returned about eleven o’clock and found the horses hitched to the white-top buggy ready to take all the household to meeting.

“Are we all ready?” he asked as he came into the house.

“Just about,” replied his wife who was putting the finishing touches to the baby’s bonnet. “Here, hold him.” She placed the baby in Glen’s arms. The father somewhat awkwardly tossed him up and down.

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"Now be careful," admonished the mother, "don't muss his clothes up like that. Today is his first public appearance, you know."

"Your coming out, eh?" he asked of the baby. "Well, we'll have to be good, won't we."

This was in the front room. Thomas Strong sat, hat in hand, ready, while he smiled at the bear-like antics of the happy father with his first baby. Then when the mother came in with hat on, the old man arose slowly, went to the organ and looked at a photograph of Chester Lawrence, which had recently been framed and now held the place of honor on the organ. The Bishop, seeing the movement, lifted the baby to the picture.

"I believe there *is* a resemblance," he remarked. The old man only smiled.

Hugh Elston now drove up to the door. The young mother climbed into the front seat, and then was given the baby. Grandpa Elston took a back seat by Thomas Strong, while the Bishop sat by his wife to drive. Then they were off.

"Did I tell you," said Mr. Strong to his companion, "that I got a letter from my brother last evening?"

"No; you did not."

"Well, he's been recently to London and visiting with Elder Malby. It seems he can't keep away from that man, and I must say Elder Malby is a wonder. Such a spirit he has with him—"

"The missionary spirit, Brother Strong—the spirit of the Lord."

"Yes, yes," mused the man—"strange—and he but a hard-working farmer—I wouldn't be surprised if Brother Gilbert came to America and out west here. He intimated as much in his letter. Poor brother, he also has suffered."

"If he comes, give him our invitation to visit with us."

"Thank you, that I shall."

"Perhaps he will accompany Elder Malby when he is released."

"Invite them both," said the other. "We shall all like to see them very much."

There was a brief silence, as the horses trotted along. Thomas Strong's gaze roved across the Flat to the mountains, then rested again on his companion. Presently, he said:

“Brother Elston, the other day you were speaking of vicarious work for the dead, ‘temple work’ you called it. I understand the doctrine of baptism for the dead, but some other things are not quite plain—for instance, having the dead married, made husband and wife, which they would have been had they lived and had the chance—well, you understand.”

Yes; Hugh Elston understood, and made his explanations to his companion, who listened attentively and exclaimed at its close:

“I am so glad—for Chester’s and Lucy’s sake—so glad!”

In good time they arrived at the meeting house. The Bishop busied himself with the business before him. The good people of the ward came in, exchanged the usual greetings, then found seats. There were flowers on the sacrament table as usual, and the meeting house looked sweet and clean—a fit place in which to worship the Lord.

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The opening hymn in which the congregation joined was:

“God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.”

At the close of the song, Thomas Strong nodded his head and whispered, “Amen.”

Then after prayer and the sacrament, the Bishop announced, “All mothers who have babies to be blessed will please bring them forward, and all who were baptized yesterday will kindly take their places on the front seat.”

Julia, with rosy face, bore her baby to the front, followed by another mother with less timidity. A little girl tip-toed along the aisle, and a boy, “just turned eight” trod heavily forward. Then Thomas Strong also arose, and silently took his place on the front seat alongside the mothers with the babies and the children.

The sun shone through the uncurtained window and lay as a broad strip of light along the front seat. The little boy was nervously twitching his feet, the little girl’s hands were folded serenely, the babies cooed. The white-haired man sat with the children, now one with them and of them in very deed. His face was as a child’s, as was indeed his heart. The meeting was still, silenced by the strange, solemn occasion. Then the Bishop, assisted by his counselors and Patriarch Hugh Elston laid their hands on the three who had been baptized in water for the remission of sins and now bestowed on them the Holy Ghost. Then the officiating Elders came to the mothers.

“Brother Elston,” said the Bishop, “bless the baby.”

Hugh Elston took Julia’s baby into his arms, where he lay cooing into the men’s faces as they gathered around. The Patriarch, in slow, carefully chosen words, gave the babe its name and a blessing:

“Chester Lawrence—for this is the name by which you shall be known among the children of men—”

There was a moment’s pause in the blessing. Thomas Strong glanced up to the men, then looked at Julia in surprise.

“Oh,” said he softly, “my boy’s name shall live—Thank God.”

THE END.