

gazed out over the pond.

In the rectory, young master Turley was awake and singing to himself as he played with his toys in his bed. The rector lay abed and listened to the sound, wishing for the hundredth time that this small domestic commotion was a permanent part of his household. The singing continued. John threw off his covers, and grabbing his robe from the foot of the bed, donned it and went out in the hall. There was no sound from the boys parent's room, so with stealthy steps, John went into the little boys room. Putting a finger to his lips to shush the boy, he whispered, "Let's you and I let your mommy and daddy sleep in this morning, and we'll go down and make breakfast?" Picking the little fellow up, he carried him in his arms down the stairs, then put him down and let him run ahead to the kitchen.

Joan awoke with a start. She raised herself on her elbow and looked over at the clock on the bedside table. "Good heavens, its almost eight o'clock," she thought in surprise. "Frank, wake up. Do you hear Teddy?"

"No," Frank mumbled. "Should I?"

"He must have overslept too then." Joan was already out of bed and getting into her housecoat. She sniffed the air. "I smell coffee."

"John must be up, or else Mrs. Higgins came in again today." John too, was now awake and getting out of bed. "You go and see what's going on and I'll get dressed," he proposed.

Joan padded quietly off down the hall to Teddy's room and peered in the door. Seeing he was gone she retraced her steps past their bedroom and went on downstairs.

In the kitchen, Teddy was sitting up to the table, happily slapping butter onto toast and piling it onto the plate in front of him. "I eat all that, Uncle John. We make more for Mommy and Daddy?"

"That's two pieces for each of us. See, we'll count them." The man counted, "One...two, for your mommy. One...two for your daddy. One...two for Teddy. One....two for Uncle John." He regarded the little boy consideringly for a moment. "I

don't think there is room in Teddy's tummy for more that two pieces of toast if he has a boiled egg, a glass of orange juice and a glass of milk, but if there is we'll make some more toast so he can eat it while it's warm."

Joan couldn't help smiling at the little tableau before her. "You'd be surprised how much room there is in Teddy's tummy," she laughed, giving her son a kiss on the top of his head. "Good morning all."

"Teddy and I thought you might wake up soon," John acknowledged. "We thought the smell of coffee would percolate through your dreams."

"Coffee percolating through my dreams indeed. Between it and the smell of toast, I'm ravenous." She sat down beside her son. "Did you wake John up?" she asked.

"No mommy. I did what you said. I played with my toys until someone came to get me." He beamed with pride in his own obedience. "And it was Uncle John comed for me."

"I'm an early riser," John admitted. "In my first post after benign ordained, I was a curate in one of the larger churches in Ottawa. It was my job to say the early morning service each day, at seven-thirty. The habit of getting up early has stuck."

"Good heavens! Why seven thirty?" Joan exclaimed.

"It was surprising the number of retired people and office workers who came every day. Most days I said service for about twenty regulars and fifteen to twenty who just happened by at that time."

"You don't say Morning Prayer at St. Anne's every day do you?"

"No. Only on Sunday and Wednesday, and those days at eight thirty," he explained. "But I say the office every morning."

"That's what you were doing in your study, yesterday morning," she declared. "I thought you were reciting poetry."

"Well I do say the service from the Book of Common Prayer, and it does sound like poetry. I know the service by heart, so I can concentrate more on the meaning of the words as I say them, rather than having to read from a book." As he explained, John brought a bowl of boiled eggs to the table and set it in front of Joan and

Teddy. As if he had been doing it all his life, he poured Joan a cup of coffee and one for himself then took his place at the table. "Eat while its all hot. I didn't know how you liked your eggs so they're all four minute."

"Someone else made them for a change and that makes them just right," Joan laughed.

Down on the river bank, while this domestic scenes was being played out, a solitary figure stood, concealed from view by the massive trunks of the willows that stretched out over the water. As the figure watched, Samuel Monday made his way from stone to stone with studied randomness, to come at last to the grand mausoleum, where he hesitated briefly, then stepped toward its pillared entrance. The watcher followed the sexton's movements as he reached up and tested the keystone of the portico over the entrance to the tomb.

An idea began to formulate in the watcher's mind. It appeared that the key to the doors was hidden by that stone. What if the stone were to loosen and fall on Samuel's head? Would that tidy everything up at last. Everyone knew that Samuel and Agnes had had words. That Agnes had threatened to make trouble for Samuel if he didn't stop selling booze to Charlie. They would think that it was Samuel who killed Agnes to shut her up. Then because Charlie was suspicious of him had killed Charlie with over-proof liquor. And wouldn't it seem as if a vengeful fate had taken a hand and killed Samuel, when the door blew shut and jammed, sealing him in with his stash. That would bring things a full circle surely.

Chap 13 - September issue

**Wanted
Campbell Labels
All Soups
Franco-American
Swansons Brothe & Chick-
en products
V-8 Vegetable Juice**

to be redearnt for equipment for
The Evangelical Deaf School in Puerto
Rico for information call 476-4464