

tracting parties. Again, you hear of a good person saying that they will reform the one they are to marry—or perhaps make a convert of him or her. Nonsense! Some of the saints, at the cost of tearful prayers and sufferings, might have succeeded in such lofty missions, but it is sheer folly for ordinary persons to talk of such impossibilities. My dear Mr. Guttman, you have opened up a wide field of thought and subject matter for a long series of sermons. So to be brief, let me advise you to prudently seek for a partner who will be a means of helping you to save your soul. Remember that more than natural gifts must be looked for in a good wife. Pray daily that God and His holy Mother will send you a worthy partner, and on your part continue to live in such a way as to make yourself worthy of the one whom Providence has destined for you."

Guttman thanked Father Selgmacher for his kind advice, and then related his experience with his Masonic friends.

"Why did you not sprinkle a little holy-water on them?" said the priest, after he had recovered from a hearty laugh.

"If I had," said Guttman, "they might have jumped through the large window in my office, and the expense of repairing it might have deprived some of my poor of the necessities of life for a time. Of course that would not do. Now, father, before I go, I might as well come to the point. What I wanted was to know if you could help me in getting an office-boy."

"When I go to the school to-morrow I'll ask Sister Serena. She will probably be able to accommodate you. If I find the right sort of a boy I'll send him up to your office," said the priest.

"Thanks, father," said Guttman, who, after politely thanking him for his kind invitation to supper, went out through the sacristy, which Father Selgmacher said was a short cut to the street.

Since he had to pass through the Church, Gottlieb had an opportunity to kneel down and say a little prayer. He knelt at the Sacred Heart altar. It is wonderful how many loved to kneel in this quiet devotional spot in the twilight. Perhaps they were oblivious of others who thought as themselves and came there to pray unobserved. Perhaps if circumstances slightly changed we might have found Gottlieb praying in

company with some other pious companion. Who knew then but that Providence one day was to bring together the chief actors in this story. Strange things have happened, and methinks before I get through with Jus' memorandum book that I shall have to record some chance meetings which had happy endings.

Talking of Jus, reminds me that Gottlieb has now passed over to the Blessed Virgin's Altar. Little did he think as he knelt there that a poor little news-boy often came there to pray. That same boy—none other than Jus himself—whom Gottlieb had treated so kindly on that wet evening and addressed in such friendly tones. He had often see Jus since that evening and regularly bought his paper from him up to a couple of weeks ago. But Gottlieb had no idea as to what church Jus attended. Much less did he know of Jus' family relations. Jus, on his part, knew nothing of Guttman, except that he was some down-town business man. In the bustle of some towns it is possible for us to pass a familiar face every day in the year and yet know nothing of a person whom we are sure to meet at a certain corner at a given hour.

Returning to Guttman kneeling at Our Lady's Altar, we will find him repeating the same brief and fervent prayer. One favorite ejaculation he loved to repeat. It ran: "O Purest Heart of Mary make my heart like unto thine and thy divine Son."

Gottlieb shared the opinion of others in regard to the necessity of a new statue for Our Lady's Altar. An idea suddenly struck him as he was rising to go. "Come to think of it," he said to himself, "I can do well enough without that bicycle for a while yet. Besides walking is just as healthy. Yes, I'll use that money and give good Father Selgmacher a pleasing surprise. Let's see, I think he said his Christian name was Louis, and the feast comes, I think, on the twenty-fifth of this month (August). That's a capital idea. So on or before his Names-day this altar shall have a statue of the Most Pure Heart of Mary."

The next morning Father Selgmacher paid his usual visit to the school, and whilst there, asked the sister to point out a good boy who could do office work—especially one who could be depended on.

"There is one boy who has just stopped coming to school," said Sister Serena. "It