

had thrown herself across her bed and was crying as if her heart would break. An open letter lay on the table. She did not hear me open the door, so I just crept out again and had my cry down stairs. In the evening she handed me the letter. "You can burn that when you read it," she said. I wish never to hear it mentioned. She had just come in from the Chapel, she had been rehearsing with the children. She has gotten now so that they keep time. They are to sing at Mass during the summer. They are an uninteresting lot, but she seems to really like them."

"Brave little woman," said Aunt Hilda, as the tears dimmed her spectacles. Taking them off to wipe away the moisture, she read on. The letter was from Archie's father:

"MY DEAR AMERICAN LADY,—

"Perhaps you will not flout an old man who comes to give you his thanks. Through my son I know you very well, and am not ashamed to confess that I honor your bravery; that my son should bring home a Catholic wife would have been my death-blow, and it is but just that I tell you I consider we owe to you our present happiness.

"I have asked my son to give to me your photograph. I look often upon your bonnie face, and have placed it in the wee box that holds another of my treasures—the first curl cut from my Archie's head. I hope he will soon choose a wife among his own people, and I pray the Lord to bless you in providing a husband worthy of you.

"Your sincere well-wisher,

"ALEXANDER STUART."

Mrs. Bryce drew her writing desk towards her, and the next morning Ethna's mother received the following letter:

"DEAR MRS. BRYCE—

"Can you be generous enough to spare Ethna for a day or two? I have made all arrangements for the reception of the little fellow at the eye-hospital. Perhaps she will like to bring the little man with her.

"Hoping that Ethna may reply to this in person, I remain,

"Very affectionately yours,

"HILDA ACTON."

"While you are in town, Ethna, you should get yourself a new dress. Your gold-piece that Miss Judith gave you will buy

one of those pongee silks. They are cool and pretty."

"I have invested Miss Judith's present, mamma."

"You foolish child, what do you know of investments? Have you bought a lottery ticket?"

"Not so bad as that, mamma. It is a little secret I want to keep all to myself."

"Very well, if you don't want to tell me."

"Not now, I don't want to tell anybody at present."

"Does Mrs. Acton or Miss Judith know of it?"

"No, mamma."

The shadow passed from the mother's face—deep in her heart unknown to herself was a mean jealousy—her nature was a narrow one. The subject of the letter was a little boy, whom scarlet fever had left with sore eyes. Ethna discovered him when hunting up the children for her Sunday school class. The moment she saw the sufferer she conceived the hope that proper treatment might be of service. Miss Judith's experience in such cases came to her memory; but Tommy Brown's mother could spare neither time nor money to convey the child to an oculist. With the aid of her good friends in town all formalities were complied with, and on the 3rd of August the little fellow was introduced to the House of the Good Samaritan. The examination was soon over, and Ethna received the joyful news that there was every reason to hope that the sight might be preserved.

"A week later, Miss Bryce, and this visit would have been in vain," said the learned man.

"Is not God good to allow us to help one another?"

"Yes, indeed, Ethna, the greatest, holiest, and most exquisite happiness in life springs from helping our neighbor, and through relieving his bodily necessities, one can often do good to the soul of some sinful creature."

"That happened in this case, Aunt Hilda. Tommy's mother was a drunkard; her husband's death and the sickness of her children had crushed all hope in her, she just gave up everything. Since I have been visiting Tommy she has been to confession and taken the pledge. She, and all the children old enough, have joined the