

ed as the coffin was borne away, the Rector following reverently behind. As he passed out of the church he noticed, at some distance, the Delinquent, almost hidden by the trees. Thinking she was simply waiting for her mother, he started as she made the sign of the cross, and her expression told him but too well what she was doing. Of all who came to the service for the dead, she alone prayed for the poor soul. He was stung, perplexed. "Remember me daily in the Holy Sacrifice." Surely St. Augustine was one of theirs, and yet — and yet.

The following evening found him in the drawing-room of the old house, anxious and weary, but with his usual quiet smile. They talked of the funeral yesterday, of the loyal old man whom they knew so well, of the changes his death might mean to the place and people, and then in a sudden pause he said, "How did you ever become a catholic?" The Delinquent looked at him in amazement, so abrupt, so strange was his question, and then answered very earnestly. "The goodness of Almighty God and the beautiful examples of saintly lives I saw in that faith." "What do you mean? There are no Catholics here that would likely influence you, I am sure?"

"Yes, even here if you knew them; see the fidelity of those poor Irish, their patience under every trial, their brightness, their joy even, in every privation; but it was not to those I allude particularly. You may remember seeing how happy I was last summer when the New York cousins were here. You refused to come near us then, and our amusements were so delightful, so childlike in one way, and always so supremely happy. Last year there was a great blank in our holidays, for one was gone who had brought sunshine into all we did; he was only a boy of seventeen, the merriest of the party, the first in everything that was gay and mischievous. With all that, he was so unwaveringly, so unpretendingly good; never in all our amusements was he known to say a quick, unkind word; every act and thought even, seemed angelic; and above all, a complete unconscious forgetfulness of self. We all loved him and nothing seemed right without him.

*(To be continued.)*