

doing with it all? No, I am not preaching — do not think that. I was only meditating in my own way." Then he spoke, abruptly, "How should one look at you and not think?"

Miss Vandervere gave him a searching glance in her turn.

"No, you are not preaching now" she admitted. "This is not perfunctory, not merely professional. Nor are you simply paying compliments. No, I believe you sincere, so you shall have the reward of sincerity. Well, now, speak frankly. What can I do that I am wrongfully leaving undone?"

Her air of laughing condescension had given place to a more serious mood. Father Lemoile saw that his hour had come.

"You can use your glorious gifts for Him who gave them; use them to the full, as the angels do. It is not enough to stand aloof and offer a little—open your tiny silver purse when requested, and then sail away like a queen who has bestowed largess. You must give your whole life, heart and soul, to the Christ-work, doing it gladly and in the spirit of humility."

"That is very hard, Father."

"I know it. Hard for you, I am sure, in a special sense! Yet herein is the very essence of sacrifice."

"Tell me just what, in particular, you would like me to do, Father."

She wanted to reach the point and end the interview.

His spirits fell as he marked her compressed lips. It would be the same with her as in previous vain discussions. Yet he patiently went over the old ground, parish needs, parish poverty, the dilapidated church, the shabby church-yard. "The other day I came upon a cross there bearing the name of Elizabeth Vandervere." His listener started; he had caught her attention now. "And I heard from an old parishioner many sweet things about your beloved mother. It seems she was called 'Saint Elizabeth.'"

The haughty eyes fell beneath his

own. He felt they were filling with tears. "I heard of her charities, fragrant as the roses heaping the basket of the great Saint Elizabeth of Hungary,—and then I thought of you."

"No, her daughter is not worthy of comparison with her," murmured Miss Vandervere, sadly. "But the Saints in light can help us. Honestly, Father Lemoile, tell me what to do and I will try to do it." Then a new idea came; she spoke out eagerly. "I know what you need in this parish—you need Sister Elizabeth, who used to be in our convent!"

"I need Elise Vandervere," retorted the priest. "Will she serve? That is the question."

Her gesture of assent was in earnest this time.

"It would be a good beginning for you to go and see poor Eileen McGilvray."

"On St. John street?"

"Yes, number fifty-four."

The good priest did not know it, but in this he surely had an inspiration. For although Miss Vandervere tried to smile at her small task and called it a case of the mountain and the mouse, she could not, even to herself, dispose of it so lightly. A verse of Scripture came back to her,— "If the prophet had bidden thee do some great thing, wouldst thou not have done it?" How much more, then, this slight attempt at duty! As the priest foresaw, this beginning proved good seed, sown in good soil. Miss Vandervere was not one of those narrow people described as "ready enough to do the Good Samaritan, but without the oil and twopence." She had been liberal in doing charities by proxy; she was liberal still, now that her ministrations were about to be personal.

"Saint Elizabeth's loaves turned into roses," she said with a kindly smile, "but my roses would do better in the shape of loaves." Her practical arrangements, therefore, took this basis.