

Sacrament. Ah, how beautiful all this was ! As she thought of it she quickened her steps, for she wanted to get to the church as soon as possible so that she might have time to go to confession before returning home to supper, and also think over the special intention for which she would offer her Communion the following morning.

Just at that moment she came to a brilliantly lighted saloon, and as she was passing the door, a man approached from the opposite direction with an unsteady gait and an unmistakable air of dissipation. As they met, he accidentally brushed clumsily against her, pushing her roughly out towards the curbstone, and then disappeared behind the swinging door of the saloon. Mary, much alarmed, grasped her beads tighter and hurried on, murmuring a prayer for the poor creature, who was evidently a slave of the demon of intemperance. She soon reached the church, and after examining her conscience, was fortunate enough to find her own confessor disengaged.

Her confession ended, she knelt again in the quiet church, and, after saying her penance, her thoughts returned to the encounter she had just experienced. Suddenly, like a flash of lightning, the inspiration came to her, " I will offer my Communion to-morrow for that poor soul ; " and then offering a short but fervent prayer for the conversion of the wretched wanderer, she left the church.

Friday was a cold, dreary day. A heavy snow had fallen during the night, and now, about four o'clock in the afternoon, a biting wind blowing fiercely over the frozen ground cut the faces of the pedestrians like whips of fine steel wires.

Arthur Everson, the man who had so frightened Mary Russell on the previous night, was battling against the fierce wind as he walked slowly up Calvert street. His shabby, dilapidated hat was pulled low on his forehead, and his threadbare coat was fastened together over his chest as closely as the few remaining buttons would allow. He was ragged, miserable, and disreputable and no one who met him would ever dream that this forlorn object was a college graduate, and had been in days gone by one of the most brilliant and popular fellows in his class.

His was a sad story, but one, alas, only too common.