

as He has seen it would be good for us to have. Questions like this I remembered you to have asked before, and did I not know of the strong faith you have, I would be alarmed. But you must try to rid yourself of them, and be still more patient. I know you have had trials, and this last one very heavily, and you are cast down. But accept it all, as our Divine Lord does our sins and transgressions, and you will be lifted up above the small compass of this life to the greater, holier attainment of the life hereafter."

How gently and coldly sweet, yet so full of trust in her Creator did the voice fall on the listening girl, and placing her hands on the silver-streaked hair, she cried: "Mother, you are a saint of heaven, and I am not deserving to be your child, but pray for me mother. I am going to confess now in honor of our Blessed Mother."

Once alone, the mother settled back into her chair, with the old resignation in her every feature.

"God keep my child forever," she murmured, "and save her from a wrongful love. I thank Thee, Oh Lord, that Thou has seen so wisely as to lay out that she should leave Staunton House."

Rosamond had reached the end of the Square, her thoughts bent on the sacred place she was approaching, when from the eaves of the corner house, there advanced towards her the figure of a man, and the gathering twilight showed her the pale dissipated face of Cyrus Dorane. A short cry escaped her, and she made hasty steps to the opposite side, but he made no attempt to follow her. But with one look of despair and blighted hopes, he held his hand, on whose little finger she caught the gleam of a diamond ring, out to her, as if in farewell and without a word, turned on his heel and disappeared into the gloom. That was the last time Rosamond Raymond was obliged to rest her pure eyes on Cyrus Dorane. And beside the street post, she went so quickly past without observing it, stood another figure, whose great height was enhanced by the gleams of the fitful gas light above it, and the handsome face was that of Bruce Everett. What had brought him here, he alone knew. Perhaps he found the reason

in the form just gone by. He had seen Cyrus Dorane, and the young man's tragic face and movement as Rosamond had come in sight, and a sinister smile, distorted the lawyer's own clear cut features.

"Ah, my fine Cyrus," he muttered, "The end has come, has it? And there is more of it to come. Enjoy your freedom while you may, but take care and leave Rosamond Raymond alone." Then he watched the girlish form, to see that no harm came to her, and that Cyrus Dorane did not follow her. Then he whipped out his cigar case, and jumping on to the platform of a passing car, was borne back to his Broadway office, to where he had been preceded by Heathcote and old Mr. Lorimer, president of the National bank.

"There should be extra pay, gentlemen," he said with a smile, "for extra work, but I think I have caged your bird all right, Mr. Lorimer, and if I may speak with truth, there will be no fear hereafter of the National losing any of its gold."

"You are pretty certain that you have made no mistake, Mr. Everett?" said Mr. Lorimer, his fine eyes resting in admiration on the keen ones of the other. "I should be mortified if we sent the summons to the wrong person."

"Be at ease, sir," was the cool response. "I have made no mistake. Cyrus Dorane is our man. He is the one who can tell us where twenty thousand dollars of the National's funds have gone to since the New Year began. I am glad his parents are not here to know of his disgrace, though he is too feather-brained to view it in this light. Anything in particular you want to know from me before to-morrow that has brought you here to-night?"

"No, just to be assured that you were on the right track. Having seen some of the notes in his hand at the Waldorf will be one of your strongest evidences against him," The lawyer smiled and produced a copy of the writ for the arrest of Cyrus Dorane, for the embezzlement of moneys under his care in the National Bank."

Mr. Lorimer shook the lawyer's hand in congratulation, and got into his carriage with the remark, "leave what you