

to look more lonely and piteous than ever in the driving fog and darkness.

"Whither would you go, my child?" he asked gently. "You will suffer from the cold and storm——"

"And you?" said Manuel. "Will you not also suffer? But you never think of yourself at all!—and it is because you do not think of yourself that I know you will come with me to-night!—even through a thousand storms!—through all danger and darkness and pain and trouble,—you will come with me! You have been my friend for many days—you will not leave me now?"

"Neither now nor at any time!" answered Bonpré firmly and tenderly. "I will go with you where you will! Is it to some sad home you are taking me?—some stricken soul to whom we may give comfort?"

Manuel answered not,—but merely waved his small hand beckoningly, and passed along up the street through the drifting rain, lightly and aerially as though he were a spirit,—and the Cardinal possessed by some strange emotion that gave swiftness to his movements and strength to his will, followed. They met scarcely a soul. One or two forlorn wayfarers crossed their path—a girl in rags,—then a man half-drunk and reeling foolishly from side to side. Manuel paused, looking at them.

"Poor sad souls!" he said. "If we could see all the history of their lives we should pity them, and not condemn!"

"Who is it that condemns?" murmured Bonpré gently.

"No one save Man!" responded Manuel. "God condemns nothing—because in everything there is a portion of Himself. And when man presumes to condemn and persecute his fellow-men, he is guilty of likewise condemning and persecuting his Maker, and outraging that Maker in his own perverted soul!"

The boy's voice rang out solemn and clear,—and the heavy fog drifting densely through the street, seemed to the Cardinal's keenly awakened and perturbed senses as though it brightened