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had so often longed to tell him. He knew well how interested the bishop would be in all that he—Theodore—was trying to do for the Great Captain, and he longed to talk over his work and his plans with one so wise and so experienced.

On his way home he stopped and bought some linen collars and cuffs and a neat necktie.

"Cause I want to look as well's I can when he sees me," he said to himself.

All that evening he thought of that visit which he would make the next day. He really could not wait any longer, but he found it hard to decide what would be the best hour for him to go. He knew that the bishop was very often away in the evening, or, if at home, he was almost sure to have guests with him. In the afternoon, too, he seldom had a leisure moment. Indeed, he never had any leisure moments, but Theodore decided at last that the best time to see him would be between twelve and one o'clock.

All night, in his dreams, he saw himself making his way to the house, and once he awoke in great distress, imagining that Brown had sternly refused him admittance.

He could not work that next morning, but he wanted somebody else to share his happiness, and so to all the sick and shut-in ones in the two houses he carried some little gift. It was his thankoffering, though he did not know it. Small gifts they were, all—a flower to one, a newspaper to another, some oranges to a sick woman, an extra loaf to a hard-working mother—little things all, but given in the name of the Great Captain, though His Name was not once mentioned.

So, many kindly thoughts followed the boy, when, at noon, he went once more through the streets toward the bishop's house.

Theodore's face had little of beauty, but the glance of his grey eyes was honest and true. He was able now to possess two suits, and he wore his best one, with the clean linen and the new tie. Many a mother might have been proud that day to call this boy of the streets her son.

The remembrance of his dreams sent a shiver over Theodore as he rang the bell at the bishop's door, but Brown did not refuse him admittance. On the contrary, he smiled faintly and held open the door as he said, in a low tone:—

"Come to Mrs. Martin's room," and once again Theodore followed him across the wide hall.

Mrs. Martin gave him a cordial welcome, but a great dread fell upon the boy as he noted her red eyes and subdued manner, and when she said:—

"He talked about you last evening, Theodore, and told us what you did for him. You've come to ask how he is, haven't you?" the boy's heart sank and he dropped into the nearest chair with his eyes fixed entreatingly on the housekeeper's face. His throat felt dry and stiff, and he dared not trust himself to speak. Mrs. Martin, too, sat down and wiped her eyes as she went on.

"He ought not to have gone out to speak to those strikers yesterday. He wasn't well enough, and I told the gentlemen so when they came for him, but as soon as he heard what they wanted he said he would go. He came home all tired out, and he was taken sick in the night."

Theodore tried in vain to frame a question with his trembling lips. The housekeeper guessed what he would have asked, and answered as if he had spoken.

"It's some heart trouble, and the doctors say he cannot live."

At these words, Theodore's head went down on the table and he sat as if stunned. His trouble seemed to him too great even for belief. Eight months before it had seemed terrible to him to know that the width of the

continent separated him from his friend. Now, what a joy it would have been to him to know that the bishop was alive and well in California.

At last he lifted his head and asked in a low voice:—

"How long?"

Mrs. Martin understood. She answered, sadly, "A few days—possibly only a few hours. He lies as if he were asleep, but it is not sleep. I think," she added, with a glance at the boy's heart-broken face, "I think you can see him for a moment if you would like to."

Theodore nodded and the housekeeper added, "Come, then," and led the way to an upper room.

The boy followed with such an aching heart as he had never imagined that a boy could have.

The sick-room was darkened and a nurse sat by the bedside. Theodore stood for a moment looking down on the face so dear to him, and so changed, even in the few hours since last he saw it. He longed to press his lips to the hand that lay outstretched on the white coverlet, but he did not dare, and after a moment he turned and left the room in silence.

Mrs. Martin followed him down the stairs. At the door he stopped and looked at her, tried to speak, but could not, and so went away without a word. He knew that never again should he see his friend alive, and he did not. Before the next night the bishop had been called to go up higher.

When the announcement of his death appeared in the papers there was a request that no flowers be sent. Theodore did not notice this item, and so on the day of the funeral he carried to the house some of the roses that he knew the Bishop had loved most, and Mrs. Martin herself placed them in the cold hand that a few days before had been laid upon Theodore's head. All the gold of the earth, had it been offered to the boy, could not have purchased from him the sweet memory of that last look and touch.

(To be Continued.)

**PRINCELY DIPLOMACY.**

Prince Albert, who is acknowledged to be the most outspoken member of the royal family, can be as diplomatic as anyone when he chooses. At the Buckingham Palace garden party he was being teased by a charming guest to say what he thought of the "debs." "All debutantes are pretty," he replied, "but some are even prettier."

**NO IDLE THREAT.**

Recently, an English Bishop, whose name is much in the public eye, wrote a magazine article which was distinctly annoying to the strange people who think that we ought to believe everything the Germans tell us, irrespective of their past record in the line of veracity. His lordship received a number of abusive letters and postcards—anonymous, of course. One was so delightful an effort that it ought not to be allowed to remain in obscurity. "Two friends and myself," it ran, "are praying earnestly for your speedy decease. Do not think this an idle threat, we have been very successful in two other cases."—(London "Guardian.")

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