The Motto in a Wedding Ring.

A lover gave the wedding ring
Into the goldsmith's hand.
"Grave me." he said, "a tender thought
Within this golden band.
The goldsmith graved,

The wedding bells rang gladly out,
The husband said, "Oh, wife.
Together we will share the grief,
The happiness of life.
I give to thee
My hand, my heart,
Tfill death us part."

Twas she that lifted now his hand (O love, that this should be!)
Then on it placed the golden band,
And whispered tenderly!
O thou art mine

"And when death joins we never more Shall know an aching heart; The bridal of that better love Death has no power to part. That troth will be For thee and me Eternity."

So up the hill and down the hill, Through fifty changing years. They shared each other's happiness. They dried each other s tears. Alas : alas : That death's cold dart Such love can part !

But one sad day she stood alone
Beside his narrow bed;
She drew the ring from off her hand,
And to the goldsmith said:
Oh, man, who graved
With careful art,
Till death us part,

Now grave four other words for me:
'Till death us join.'" He took
the precious golden band once more,
With solemn, wistful look,
And wrought with care, For love, not coin, "Till death us join."

FOUR EVENINGS IN A LIFE.

By Marian Nesbitt.

FIRST EVENING.

"Glorious it is to wear the crown Of a deserved and pure success: He who knows how to fail has won A crown whose lustre is not less

The sun was gently sloping toward Above, a clear, blue sky, flecked here and there with gold and crimson cloudlets; below, a bay, its waters all gleaming and in the warm evening light. The little waves rose and fell with a soft hush upon the pebbly beach and washed the feet of the red cliffs with a pleasant, soothing sound that emed to intensify the stillness

There are many beautiful spots in God's beautiful world, but surely none more fair than this sweet Devonshire What lovelier scene could any heart desire? What dearer home than this old gabled house sleeping so peace fully in the evening sunlight, its windows half hidden by climbing roses and sweet-scented white clematis, its gar-den gay with flowers, and filled with

the sound of the sea? Across the smoothly shaven lawn a boy was walking on this summer even with down-bent head - walking and a look on his face scarcely in keep ing with the brightness and beauty

"Rex is a failure, I am afraid, and will remain so to the end of the chap How persistently these words rang in his ears as he made his way over the grass and betook himself to his favorite nook in a distant part of

the delicious old garden. It was a sheltered corner overhang ing the cliff, bounded by a low ston wall, in the crevice of which grew many a tuft of feathery fern, with patches of stonecrop, and here and there a wall-flower or gaily-colored snap-dragon — a place in which to dream away the golden hours; a place to look back upon with tender regret in those after days when, ever wandering and ever weary, footsore and dering and ever weary, rootsole and tired with life's hard journey, we would fain retrace our steps to the dear old "Land of Long Ago," where the sun shone brighter and the flowers smelt

sweeter than ever they do now The boy sighed wearily, and leaning his elbows on the top of the wall looked out across the bay, a shade of keen disappointment resting on his face and dimming the brightness of his eyes Very beautiful eyes they were, dark but clear-eyes that looked straight at you with an open, trustful gaze which spoke volumes for their owner's truth and purity of heart. Yet they were sad eyes, too : and the face was graver than seemed natural when one looked at the well-knit frame, instinct with youth and strength and boyish grace. Am I really a fail "A failure!

ure?" he asked himself, despondently With a bitter feeling of inferiority he recalled a scene which had taken place only one short hour ago. He saw again the look of bitter disappointment which crossed his father's stern face and heard his mother's voice speaking words of loving approval and congrat ulation as she glanced from the books lying on her knee to the handsome, exultant face of his elder brother.

Poor Rex! he was far too generous minded to grudge Leonard his success but his heart ached with longing for one tender word-one smile of the fond pride which fell so liberally to his rother's share.

'And I did try. I tried awfully hard!" he exclaimed at last.

'Rex, Rex, come here; we want you," called an impatient voice "Sybil is lost!"

Lost!" he echoed, incredulously as he emerged from his retreat and joined his brother on the lawn.

"Where can she be hiding herself?" exclaimed Leonard, pausing irresolute and surveying the scene with a thor oughly baffled expression on his handsome face. He never guessed that, at that very moment, his little sister was hurrying with eager feet along the shingly shore, her small head full of all sorts of childish dreams and fancies.

The brothers, all unconscious that each moment was taking her further and further from them, decided to seek in different directions, Leonard going down to the beach, while Rex took the path along the cliffs above.

He ran on and on, only pausing now and again to look down with ever-grow anxiety at the shore beneath where the waves were murmuring with that mysteriously melancholy sound which always precedes a storm, and cannot fail to fill the hearer with a strange feeling of awe. Presently, something white showing against the dark background of fallen rock that strewed the shingle attracted his atten-

"Sybil!" he called, throwing him self, face downward, on the grass and looking eagerly over the edge of the cliff. "Syb!-Sibbie!-Sybil!"

For an instant his voice seemed to be caught up and passed on from headland to headland as echo after echo answered his call. And then, in the silence which followed, he distinctly heard a child cry. Without waiting to reflect, he sprang to his feet and swung himself over the cliff. Not many minutes later he was standing among the rocks at his little sister's side.

She was a very small child - small even for her five years - with a sweet, little oval face, large, grey eyes looking out wistfully from beneath their dark lashes, and hair of the palest gold. clustering all over her head in tight little curls

What brings you here, Syb?" he asked, trying to speak reprovingly.

He looked round and saw, to his dis may, that a sudden change had come over the golden brightness of the even Above was a dull, leaden sky showing here and there long streaks of lurid light, and away to the west a bank of heavy clouds. Below a gray sea, moaning restlessly at the foot of the high cliffs. Not a boat was in sight: not a sound broke the silence save the sobbing of the waves as the tide rose higher and higher, and the belt of shore grew smaller and smaller with alarming rapidity. Before, the cold. hungry sea; behind, the steep cliffs rising hard and unrelenting, and or each side, sharp rocky headlands running far out into the water, and effect

ually preventing all chance of escape It was a terrible position to be in-to have to wait, helpless, hopeless while death came slowly onward. Surely the bravest heart might well have quailed-the strongest will have flinched—at the mere thought of facing such an ordeal. Rex Vyvian was by no means wanting in courage, as his brother and every one of his schoolfellows could have testified; but he was young, and felt all youth's inherent shrinking from that great mystery-death. Nevertheless, there was a no bility of character in the boy which prevented him from giving vent to any violent expression of grief or despair To return by the way he had come would have seemed impracticable enough even if he had been alone but with Sybil it was altogether out of the question. The only thing to be done was to remain where they were till the tide turned. But when would it turn? He could not tell, and an involuntary shiver passed through his

Narrower and narrower grew the of shingle - nearer and nearer band Rex moved up a little crept the sea. higher. As he did so he caught sight of a projecting piece of rock, almost on a level with his head, and a sudder thought struck him. Raising Sybi gently, he placed her on the ledge, and held her firmly there.

The minutes dragged slowly on Presently there came a brilliant flash of lightning, followed by a long roll of thunder that seemed to wak hundred echoes all along the lonely

coast. "Oh, Rex, how dark it is! And the sea is coming so dreadfully near."
The boy did not answer. In truth, almost worn out with the su tained effort of holding her, and already he could feel the waves creep ing about his feet.

Rex, may I say my prayers? asked Sybil suddenly.

"Of course," he answered a little hoarsely.

He took off his cap, standing with downbent head, while faults and failings, boyish scrapes, words long for given and forgotten, came crowding into his mind, and it seemed as if every incident of his life passed in review before him as the childish voice re-

peated the sweet, familiar prayer:
"Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners, now and at the hour of our death. Amen.

How many, many times these words had crossed his lips! Carelessly, sometimes, because death seems such a long way off when one is young ; but irre For Rex, though verently - never. outwardly just like other boys of his age, was, nevertheless, full of a holy A keen realization of things unseen made irreverence impossible to

The storm still kept off; only a dis tant growl of thunder broke the oppres silence from time to time. night was falling fast; and now the waves rose to his knees, as he stood with one arm closely clasped round Sybil, while with the other he supported himself as best he could against the He looked into the gathering darkness, and involuntarily the words Augustine's prayer came to his

mind : We are tossed about on the wild and raging waves in the dark night : and Thou, standing on the everlasting shore, dost behold our sore peril: save us for Thy name's sake."

A wave, larger than all the rest. came rushing up the beach, breaking almost over his shoulders, and making Sybil cling to him with wild terror.
"Hush Sibbie! Listen! — what

ound was that?" It came again — a faint plash, like the noise of oars a long way off. Gathering all his strength Rex raised his voice and shouted.

Silence first—a silence that seemed atterninable. But when he called interminable.

again, there was an answering shout.
"I'll get in as close as I can," cried Leonard's voice, across the water; and he dream that during Benediction the a few minutes later, Rex-half swimming, half wading-reached the boat with Sybil safe in his arms.

" Dear Mrs. Vyvian, how glad I an to know that your sweet little girl is safe," exclaimed a visitor, calling some "They tell me Rex quite days later. acted the part of a hero on the occa-Really it was very charming of I only wish my boys were as him.

Mrs. Vyvian smiled somewhat coldly "Rex?" she echoed, slightly raising her eyebrows. "My dear Mrs. Melhuish, you are quite mistaken if you imagine that Rex was the hero. went in his boat and brought

them both home "Really! A understood it was Rex who found Sybil.

"Yes; he did find her. scarcely see anything heroic in that.

Mrs. Vyvian's voice, though low was clear and penetrating, and her words were distinctly audible on the terrace outside, where Rex stood leaning against the stone balustrade. rose to his cheek and the old pained look crossed his face, but other ise he gave no sign of having heard his mother's remarks.

SECOND EVENING.

"I seek a pure heart, and there is the place of my rest." Above—an ever-changing sky, beau-tiful with all "the uncertain glory of an April day." Below—a fair and graceful scene—hills upon whose sunny slopes the grass was springing in al its early freshness; trees showing thei: first flush of green ; larks singing their sweet, sad song; and all the world thrilling with the nameless yet unspeakabl gladness of the spring.

"I say, Rex, hurry up, old man; e shall be late for church," called Leonard Vyvian's voice, on this quiet

Sunday afternoon.

Major and Mrs. Vyvian and Sybil had already started, and the two boys as they hurried across the meadows saw them stopping to talk to Father

"What are you going to preach about to-day, Father?" Rex her Sybil say, as they joined the group. heard I am not going to preach at all, my child. I am going to have a holi-

day this afternoon. "I am sure you need one," said Mrs.

"Well, I don't know. I am used to my two sermons every Sunday; but I certainly think a change now and again must be very acceptable to my hearers!" And Father O'Neil laughed as he spoke—such a happy, light-hearted laugh it did one good to listen to it. "You will have a treat this afternoon," he went on, unfastening the little gate and walking up the path Vyvian's side. at Mrs. Anselm has most kindly consented to preach for me. He finished giving his retreat at the convent this morning, and to-morrow, he tells me, he is leav ing again for his monastery where in the North-I forget the name of the place. These good religious allow themselves no rest; they don't get holidays like those idle sons of yours By-the-bye, when do you go back to

school, you two boys? "To-morrow, Father, worse luck! answered Leonard, regretfully.

Why, Leo, I thought you were so proud of your college! "So I am, Father. School is jolly

enough in its way—"
"But home is jollier, I suppose! finished Father O'Neil. "Well, well it is only natural, and as it should be w run off to the sacristy, both of

"Dear boy," murmured Mrs. Vyvian. affectionately; "he is so loving and warm-hearted. Do you know, Father, I really cannot help feeling the difference sometimes between him and Rex Rex is so quiet and undemonstrative.

waters run deep," quoted d priest, gravely. "Believe the good old priest, gravely me, Mrs. Vyvian, there is no want of feeling in Rex; his is a very fine charter, and he will make a great man some day, though I may not be here to

"Oh, muzzie, look!" exclaimed Sybil, in an awe-struck whisper, a little later, when the tall figure of the friar, in his brown habit, ascended the "he is just like my image of pulpit

Anthony The preacher-a man of middle age though he looked younger-was very tall and pale, with a grave ascetic face that told its own tale of prayer and penance - a face, nevertheless, to ttract rather than repel, as the number of those who flocked to him for ounsel and advice could testify. careless and hardened alike sought him in their time of need, and his

gentleness won all hearts.

An expectant hush fell upon the con rregation as he looked round the little hurch and gave out his text in a clear voice that reached even those standing

The Master is come and calleth for thee

No need to detail that sermon here no need to tell how eloquently he described the divine voice bidding us arise from tears to spiritual joy; no need to say in what burning words he depicted that same holy voice entreat-ing the sinner to leave a life of sin and return to a life of grace. No need to tell how he spoke of the Master calling some chosen soul to come forth from the world and serve Him in the silence and solitude of the cloister. How, on the one side, he placed pleasures, honors, fame and earthly joy; on the other, penance, self-denial, heavenly love and

be felt, yet Father Anselm little thought how very deeply his fervent words had sunk into the heart of one, at least, of his hearers. Still less did call had come to one pure young soul. But it may be that some day in heaven, where we shall know even as we are known, the good religious will learn it

THIRD EVENING.

"And he rose up and followed Him." Above-a pale primrose sky, deep ening to richest gold where the sun had set. Below—"happy autumn fields" and glowing woods; dusky hills looking purple in the fading light, and the music of bells-evening bells -ringing out the dying day and filling the air with their sweet, sad sound.

More than four years have passed since that bright spring Sunday Father Anselm preached so eloquently four years ! - not so very long, perhaps, but long enough to have bro changes to the dwellers in the old

gabled house upon the cliff.

Leonard is away at Sandhurst. working hard, and passing his exams as successfully as in days gone by Sybil still plays in the pleasant garden -filling hall and corridor with her clear, young voice, and making the quaint rooms bright with her sweet, childish presence.

And Rex-where is Rex? At the present moment he is leaning against the low stone wall where we saw him first. His eyes wandered from the low. from the bay-still bright with the las rays of the September sun—to the red cliffs and wooded hills on either hand: then down into the sheltered hollow where the evening shadows were be ginning to gather round the peaceful How still, and calm, and little town. How sti beautiful it all was!

He looked and looked, and looked again, as if he would fain imprint the fair picture indelibly upon his mem-ory; and when at last he did withdraw his eyes it was only to turn and gaze still longer and more earnestly at his old home-the home he loved with a passionate intensity none guessed and few would have understood.

Give him time-let him look as long as he will at the dear familiar scene He is about to make a great sacrifieenay, it is already made. On sea and sky and wooded hill he will look, as he is looking now, never-never again. It is an eternal farewell.

What wonder, then, that he lingers What wonder that he turns back again and yet again ere he can tear himsel away? And, as he stands thus, look ing back along the avenue of years the scenes of his childhood and early boyhood pass in review before him. and he knows that the old life has gone from him - gone away with its joys and sorrows-to return no more.

"Rex, Rex!" cried Sybil's voice, as once before on that summer evening

And he turned away. long ago. He had bidden his last "good-bye" to the scenes he loved so well. In the days to come, perchance, he might re visit the old home, but he would no longer have any part in it. "The Master had come" and called for him and, rising up obedient to that voice he had left all things, and was going forth alone to embrace a life of volun tary poverty, angelic purity, unques Henceforth he had tioning obedience. no home-no earthly possessions-Lord was his portion and his inherit

ance He had not gone many steps when Sybil came running up to him, and out her hand in his without speaking. He looked down at her with a very

"Well, well, with pitying glance.
In the early morning they had knelt side by side in the little church, and she had been with him again when he went to bid Father O'Neil good-bye The good old priest was ready with word of counsel and many a kindly advice; but his tender heart was unspeakably touched as he looked at the brother and sister, whose lives must

henceforward flow so far apart.
"Good-bye, Rex; God bless you, my dear boy. And may He guide and comfort and strengthen you in the trials that, perhaps, are awaiting you in your new life-the life you have chosen for His sake.

"Oh, Father, pray for me, that I may not fail," Rex said, in a low, earn est tone, as he and Father O'Neil stood together a little apart.

'You will not fail, my son," the priest answered with quiet conviction. "Ah, Rex, you are giving up much, but you will gain more! Do not mistake ne-do not think for one moment that I underrate the sacrifice. I know it is no light matter to give up home-friends—everything! But, after all life is so short; even the longest is but a drop in the great ocean of eternity And when we reach our heavenly home—as God grant we all may—what will it matter then whether our road lay through the green meadows of earthly love and joy or along the hard. rough way of penance and mortifica-Now I must not keep you any tion. longer. Good-bye, again, my dear It is a hard word, but we must say it. Don't forget an old man in your prayers, sometimes, when you

are far away. "Good-bye, Father," Rex answered ther unsteadily. "I never have—I rather unsteadily. "I never have—I never can thank you for all your kindness; you have been my best friend always.

"Nonsense, nonsense," interrupted Father O'Neil, with suspicious brisk-

"Come, make haste, both of you, or

ou will be late for breakfast. He went out with them to the gate, and, as Rex turned to take one more look at the little church, the last thing he saw was Father O'Neil standing at Silence followed—a silence that could the presbytery door, with the autumn

and silver hair. But all this had happened many hours ago; and now it was evening—his last evening in the old home. Before tomorrow's sun had set he would be miles and miles away; while Sybil—he broke off his thought abruptly, and looked down at her as she stood beside him, a small white figure among the gathering twilight shadows.

"Oh, Rex, why must you go? I want you so. I can't spare you!" she

cried.

"Sybil, don't make it harder for me, he said, entreatingly, as he drew her closer to him. "I know it is hard for you; but don't you know that it is hard for me, too. Do you think I don't feel?" he exclaimed, with a sharp note of anguish in his voice. "Do you think it does not hurt me to give you

pain? "No! no!" she cried, clinging closer to him. "I know how sorry you are. But, oh, Rex, I am so miserable!" "Poor little bird!" he said tenderly.

"Listen, Sybil; God has called me, and I must go. But, no matter where I am I shall always love you just the same, and I shall think of you, and pray for you, my own dear little sister, when I am far away. And you must pray for me, too, that God may give me to love and serve Him faithfully till You will, won't you

"Yes," she whispered, half fright ened at the intense earnestness of tone ; in truth, he had forgotten for the noment what a child she still was.

He They went into the house then. took her in his arms and carried her upstairs, as he had done so often in the days that were gone, and when he left her, went out into the welcome darkness on the terrace.

Oh, how blind-or how ignorant-are those who say that the souls whom God calls are wanting in natural affection that because they have given up all things they must necessarily be keenly sensitive-less capable of the power of loving. No - a thousand times, no! Let no one dream it for a moment. Rather let us stand aside in humble reverence, confessing our own unworthiness, yet thanking God that there are still souls generous enough to respond to His grace.

Yes, indeed, these are the lilies in the garden of the Lord. Of such as these it is written that they shall follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth, singing a new song which none but they can

> FOURTH EVENING "One night the shadows linger And then the morning breaks. And God's own hand the burden From weary shoulders takes; And thou shalt see His glory. And hear His words, 'Well done!' The strife forever over— The battle fought and won!"

Above-a wild, angry sky, acros which the ragged storm-clouds are chasing each other in mad haste. Belowa desolate winter scene; flat, uninter esting road, and a dreary waste of level country, where the fierce north-east wind sweeps along with unbroken fury

In the foreground of this sombre-hued picture stands a large building with many windows and substantial walls against which the wild north-easter whistles and moans in impotent rage, and then goes shricking across the low lying country beyond. Beside the monastery is a church.

The church is lighted, for it is Friday

evening and there is Benediction. A bell had just ceased ringing when a tall, powerfully-built man made his way along the lonely, frost-hardened road, turned in at the wooden gate and walked hurriedly up the flagged path Benediction had just to the church. begun, and he found a place in one of the lower benches, kneeling, apparently, because those around him did so,

of reverence or devotion. He glanced at the long procession of brown-habited friars with a curiosity not unmingled with contempt, an un pleasantly ambiguous smile crossing his face as the sound of their footsteps died away along the cloisters. He turned and looked around the beautiful Gothic building, but without the slightest appearance of interest, and when the ast lingerers made their way to the door he, too, rose and went into the

"A cold night!" he muttered, looking up at the stormy sky : "cold and dark-very dark !"

Some half-hour later the Brother in charge of the sacristy came into the church, turned out the gas, locked and bolted the great doors and went away, leaving all safe and secure for the night.

One by one the monastery windows grew dark. Only in a cell on the south side a young religious was still pray-ing. It would have needed no second ing. glance to recognize in that kneeling figure the familiar face and form of Rex Vyvian. But he is Rex Vyvian no His name, like all else, he left behind him when he bade farewell to his Devonshire home on a certain September morning more than three years ago. He is simply "Brother Raymund" now—only one out of many students in the austere monastery at Lynnthorpe, whither he has just been sent to complete his studies.

He has changed since the evening

when he and his little sister stood side by side in the old garden on the cliff It is not the habit and tonsure-though these may, and undoubtedly do, lend a certain dignity to his tall, graceful figure It is the undefinable expression resting on his calm, young face-an expression which is but the outward sign of the purity and grace of the soul His had always been a pecuwithin. liarly interesting face; it was much more than interesting now. beautiful-beautiful with the unruffled tranquillity, the holy peace that God gives to those souls who love Him best.

sunlight falling on his kind, grave face and silver hair. Quiet days, spent in prayer and study succeeded each other with unbroker regularity; seasons came and went, but prought no change to the dwellers with in those silent monastery walls. Out side, the busy world went hurrying on, but its excitement, its strife, its pleas ure and its anguish were alike unknown in this peaceful retreat. And yet as the young religious rose from his knees one could not fail to notice that the shadow had not entirely left

Why? Ah, why indeed? How could any feeling of inferiority reach him here? How could any sense of failure touch him? But, neverthe less, so it was. And to-night, as he stood alone in his cell, the old pain was as strong upon him as it had been al that summer evening, seven long years

He gathered his papers together quickly, telling himself the while that, after all, his father's words had to a certain extent come true. regard to his vocation-of that there never was, and never had been, the

t shadow of doubt. From the he entered the monastery was plain enough to all that he perfectly suited to the life he had sen. And, what was more, he was entirely happy in it; or would have been so, except for a certain something

—a want he would scarcely acknowledge even to himself. In his humility he blamed himself for feeling it, not knowing that it was only the natural longing for some one to understand

and sympathize with thoughts he was powerless to utter. He studied, and studied hard; yet others passed him, not from any inca pacity on his part, but simply because he lacked the power to express his ideas with readiness and ease. Life in a religious house had but increased his natural reserve, and though he was quick enough to see in what light his professors regarded him, they, on their side, were perfectly unconscious that a habit of self-depreciation was growing upon him day by day. They liked him; he was good—"as good as gold, they said—but not clever, no certainly not clever. Average abilities he might possess, but nothing more; and if he

felt it, who was to blame? In the days that are gone he had been forced to stand aside and watch another's success, and now-well, it was much the same now. Of the professors two, at least, were not merely men of learning and genius, good men and holy religious, but men of keen sensibilities and wide sympathies, with hearts to feel and to understand-if they had only known! but they did not And so it happened that Brother Ray mund, the student, came no nearer to being understood by those about him

than Rex Vyvian, the schoolboy. There are those who, all their lives, seem predestinated to take the second Why, we cannot tell. God Perhaps He has a crown of place. knows. special brightness reserved for thes chosen souls, made like to Him by

humiliation and contempt. Among the professors was a young priest, Father John, by name, who had only lately been sent to the monastery at Lynnthrope. His zeal, his burning eloquence, his holy life, and, above all, his indescribable charm of manner possessed a marvelous attraction for Brother Raymund, who looked up to him with an admiration, reverence and affection that was none the less deep because it was unspoken. thinking of him now-thinking of a sermon he had preached not many days ago. How plainly he seemed to hear Father John's voice, ringing out clear as a silver bell:
"Rejoice in the Lord always; again

ently, because those about mandatant and a second revergence or devotion.

I say rejoice. Rejoice always. In joy and in sorrow, in success and in failure! "Failure!" echoed the young stu-

It had been with him in the days

gone by; it was with him now. Would it still be with him in the time to come, he wondered, and then hastily repressed the thought? Several hours later the great clock

on the monastery staircase chimed slowly forth. Every single stroke echoed distinctly along the silent corridors, and made the after stillness seem deeper than ever. For a few minutes there was a lull in the storm, which had been raging with everincreasing violence since nightfall. The roar of the wind had sunk to a low. sobbing moan; the showers of rain and sleet came only in fitful gusts, and as the last stroke of midnight died into silence an expectant hush seemed to fall upon the storm-tossed world out-It was an ominous pause—a stillside. ness that could be almost felt. But, all at once, it was broken by the sound of a footstep passing softly but swiftly down the corridor. Brother Raymund heard it, and instantly recognized the

light footsteps—light in spite of the thick leather sandals.
"Father John!" he exclaimed, involuntarily; and then, prompted by an irresistible impulse, he opened the

door and looked out. Yes; it was Father John. The pale, misty moonbeams, struggling in through the large window at the further end of the corridor, fell full upon his slight, graceful figure and fair, delicate features. All unconscious of the grave eyes watching him so intently, he waited a moment listening, and then went quickly on toward the stair-

case. For an instant the young student paused irresolute, then the same feeling which had caused him to open the door came upon him again, and this time with even greater force. pelled by the same uncontrollable impulse, he went swiftly along the corridor, down the stone stairs, and on into