

mate decisions. Everybody, however, felt fully justified in staring at Martin, whose face remained utterly oblivious of the attention paid him.

"Martin Schaeffer," said Father Harkins, "take O'Keefe to our Lady's altar and put him through his part. There will be an extra rehearsal of the acolytes and thurifers after the other boys are gone."

There could be no appeal from this. The big boy followed the little boy; and patiently, sweetly, Martin performed his task. He found a more docile pupil than even he, in his gentle charity, had foreseen. O'Keefe for all his seeming inattention, had not been entirely heedless in past days. The task was completed before the others were ready. Then, in sheer amazement Lawrence spoke.

"Haven't I got your place?"

"It's your place," was the reply.

"*Haven't I got your place?*"

"It doesn't make any difference."

"No difference!"

"No."

"And you have'nt got any place."

"Why yes, I have."

"I should like to know what?"

With a sort of holy pride the answer rang out from the little chap, whom O'Keefe had often thought too small and meek and quiet for notice.

"*I am an altar-boy.*"

And then the small hand was lifted up, with a sudden graceful gesture, to the beautiful statue of the Blessed Mother and the divine Child enthroned upon her knee, His loving Sacred Heart laid open to their gaze.

"Isn't it enough," Martin said joyfully, "to be their servant anyhow? Nothing makes any difference but the will of God, Lawrence."

O'Keefe's dark eyes shone again with a far different fire from what usually burned there.