

cottage one wild, stormy day, met the Rector on his rounds, and together they started homewards. Through the fury of the blast they battled onwards, the waves breaking with merry resounding music against the cliffs. He went along in silence, and then, "I was coming to bring you this," showing her a copy of the *Confessions of St. Augustine*; "Would you care to see it,—and—and—I have finished the first volume of *Christian Perfection*, and would like to read the second." He seemed anxious to be off, and when they reached the old house only waited at the door to give him "Rodriguez," and hurried away.

It was some time before he called, and then casually asked the Delinquent what she thought of the *Confessions*; she replied by inquiring had he noticed where St. Augustine said, that his mother's last request to him was that he should remember her daily in the Holy Sacrifice. What sacrifice did she mean if it were not the Mass? St. Augustine evidently believed in prayers for the dead, which of course he, the Rector, did not. "Perhaps I do" was all he said, and the subject was dropped.

Two weeks later a long funeral procession wended down the village street, and up to the little Episcopal Church on the hill. Through the open doors the casket was borne within, where the congregation were gathered for the service for the dead. Never did the Rector look more spiritual than on those sad and solemn occasions. To-day he seemed much moved as he spoke of the friend who had left them — brave old Captain M—, whom everyone knew and loved for miles along the lake. His genial happy smile, and kindly sunny heart were gone from them; but, the young preacher urged, "we must not forget the dead, they like to be remembered, and alas! how few of us ever think of them, once the sods are laid over them and we turn away from the churchyard. St. Augustine tells us, as he stood at the bedside of his dying mother, St. Monica, she asked him not to forget her, and to-day I ask you to remember the dead."

Listening to his words, Mrs. L— was surprised at the St. Augustine allusion, and was interestedly waiting for the rest, when the Rector stopped abruptly, and the procession left the church. The congregation remained seat-