

addressing her kindly, and prepared to listen patiently. Yet his glance wandered away and he found himself idly spelling out the name on the base of a low, white cross. Half hidden by shrubbery, he had never noticed it before; so he read, idly, mechanically, its half-effaced inscription — and then he started. "Vandervere," he murmured.

Old Maggie had followed his glance. "Vis, yer Riverence, I do be rememberin' her—ould Madam Vandervere. She died before iver ye came to the parish, but a good woman she was, God rist her soul!"

"Elizabeth Vandervere?" questioned the priest, thoughtfully.

"Sure an' that was her name, father! And a saint in Heaven she is now! Her daughter, here is little kin to her in looks—or in goodness, ayther!—handsome as she be. Och, she is that proud! An illigant peacock of a girl! But she has na' forgotten her mither; see, yer Riverence!"

And the old crone pointed out a magnificent mass of fresh roses heaped behind the cross in darkling shadow.

It was as if the priest had a bright glimpse of the soul which had hitherto kept its own secrets. Miss Vandervere seemed no longer splendid and repelling in the new light of this hidden tenderness. He took heart of grace.

"I will go to her now," he said within himself. "She will not make refusal. No! Has she not in heaven a sainted mother?"

How strange he had not known it before! He had wholly missed the silent, secret tie, which had drawn Miss Vandervere to Endicott. She was in one sense an accidental newcomer, to be sure, yet bound to St. Vincent's by ancient family relations, which antedated his own pastorate, even. He turned to old Maggie and thanked her so warmly for her bit of information that her aged face flushed with sudden pride. "It isn't often one knows more than the

praste, bless him," she muttered to herself, and went her way rejoicing.

Yet, on the morrow, Elise Vandervere had to repress an honest outburst of impatience when she perceived Father Lemoile slowly making his way past her rose-garden up to the side door opening on her verandah. He was not a handsome ecclesiastic and his usual shyness with women was intensified by a dull self-consciousness which somehow always hampered him in his intercourse, slight as it had been, with this New England princess. Just now she had other affairs on her mind, and it was hard to stop and hear a slow rehearsal of parish needs.

She was polite, of course, but in a mechanical fashion which her visitor felt at once as rebuff. Yet he must make appeal to this beautiful personage—nay, more—must win her over, and that in earnest, to his cause. He knew not, of his own volition, what to say or where to begin. Previous failure came up to paralyze him. So he merely stood still, his earnest gaze taking in every point of her rich costume, even the pattern of the lace she wore. He felt the grace of her form, admired the slender neck with its exquisite curves, the statuesque head with its little poise of haughtiness, wondering the while how he could awaken the soul within. He did not comprehend that his heart was in his eyes, until he saw a dainty flush of color suffuse the delicate face, and Miss Vandervere smiled at her own embarrassment.

"What is it, this time, Father?" she inquired, more graciously than usual. The soft rose-flush had crept into her voice. He answered gravely.

"I was thinking of the gifts the Lord has given you, so many and so lavish. Wealth, and home, and beauty—and a kind of power also—I can hardly describe it—but a power that might win over souls—that might do much in the Church and in His service. And what are you