

down his sun-tanned cheeks. Recovering himself from the first and almost overpowering shock, he stepped forward, caught Nora in his brawny arms, and embraced her with the tenderness of a child. Human love, purified and intensified by Divine love, had conquered him. While thus caressing her, he told her that, instigated and urged by their parents and the parish priest, he had come to spirit her away, if she could be induced to enter his carriage. He then humbly begged her to forgive him for having lent himself as the mean tool of what he now saw was wicked, Jesuitical trickery—yes, he even used this word—and again embracing her, he said, “Nora, don’t forget to pray for your oldest, and probably your wickedest brother!” So saying, he took his hat, and with a doubtful, hesitating step entered his carriage and moved away. From the piazza Nora watched the receding vehicle until it disappeared in the distant crowds, and then retired to her room, doubtless to pray. The next day she received a note from her brother containing some very encouraging words, and inclosing a check of a thousand dollars. She said she regarded both the words and the money as blessings directly from the Lord, but that the penitent and hopeful words of her brother gave her the greater joy.