

in her ears, she decided to remain with Nightstar until her health was restored.

The last days of summer came and went, the leaves on the maple turned crimson in the sun, and one by one fell off their stem, and still no sign of the priest. Cold winter pur mous jo suions sti qm aures spring, with its tender flowers and warm breezes, found that fond, sweet hope still unrealized, and instead of improving, Colette rapidly grew worse and at last was forced to bed.

Poor woman ! The future of her child troubled her keenly.

"What will ever become of my poor Angela when I am gone," murmured the sick woman as she looked beseechingly one day upon her child. Nightstar, the dear old soul, felt how the poor woman suffered and promised on oath to care for Angela (she was eight now), and to return her to her grand-parents in St. Louis in case they would never find the father again. This touched Colette deeply, and with an altered state of mind, she peacefully awaited her end.

The following two years found no change in her condition. One day, when her fever was high and she was delirious, Nightstar knelt at her bedside and wept bitterly. Angela sat near by, her childish eyes upon them both. The face of Colette was pale and bloodless and

very thin and it was evident that she could not live much longer. Perhaps even now the angels were calling her soul into that heaven of peace and eternal rest.

The squaw moaned and watched Colette more closely, and then gave vent to her tears again. Had the end surely come ? Angela, too, began to weep. Just then Colette opened her eyes, but not a word fell from her lips. "Mother! Mother!" sobbed forth little Angela, "it is not true. You will not die ! Oh, speak — you will not leave me alone !"

"Not yet ! Not yet !" came the answer, weak though distinct. There was a short pause. Colette opened her large eyes again and, lifting her finger as if to draw everyone's attention to something, she lisped forth in scarcely audible tones : "Listen ! listen !" Angela and Nightstar both listened, yet they heard nothing.

"He is coming ! He is coming !" whispered the dying one, her eyes sparkling with joy and her hands folded as if in silent prayer to God. "The priest is coming ! O friends, I pray, bring him into the wigwam. I await his coming here with joy."

Just then her eyes closed once more—a smile stole sweetly over her thin, pallid face, and Angela wept bitterly.

(To be continued.)

The recognized hall-mark of the exemplary Catholic is his frequent reception of the sacraments. Unfailing regularity in attending Holy Mass on Sundays and festivals of obligation, with at least habitual presence at vespers, Benediction and other public religious services, may suffice to secure for one the reputation of a practical, as distinguished from a nominal, indifferent, or lax Catholic ; but the esteem entertained for the model Christian, for the man whose conduct is consistent with his beliefs, is never won

save by those who, every few weeks are seen approaching the tribunal of penance and the Holy Table. It matters not that less fervent neighbors may occasionally speak slightly of such a practice, that they flippantly disclaim any intention of "setting themselves up for saints," or that they sometimes essay a sarcastic fling at "devotees" and "old women,"—at heart they pay the tribute of their homage to a habit whose excellence they recognize, although they lack the piety or the courage to adopt it."—Ave Maria...