

of foundation if judged according to the wisdom of this world. *A fructibus eorum cognoscetis eos.*

May God continue to bless you with holy thoughts, and prolong the days among us of one who reflects so much of His light and of His peace.

To-morrow I shall say Mass for the repose of your beloved Elisa's soul.

Your most devoted

DON GIUSEPPE FLORES.

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The next morning, before issuing from the sacristy to say Mass, Don Giuseppe inquired if Signor Maironi were already in the church, and upon hearing that he was not, waited some time, ready robed. At last, although Piero had not yet arrived, the priest was obliged to celebrate. Upon his return to the sacristy he found the caretaker there. The man could hardly wait for Don Giuseppe to finish the prayers of thanksgiving before begging him, in a trembling voice and with an anxious face, to come home without delay. What had happened? The caretaker did not reply until he had closed the outer door of the villa behind them. Then his only answer was an outburst of weeping.

"Good Heavens! What is the matter?" cried Don Giuseppe. "Speak, man!"

But the poor fellow could not speak; his sobs prevented any explanation.

"Read that!" he said at last, with difficulty, and offered the priest a note.

Don Giuseppe glanced at it, and at once saw what