

Frank's sunny face became graver, and he was silent for some moments before he replied. "One confidence deserves another, but I intended keeping my thoughts to myself for a short time longer. Not even my parents know my intention as yet, and I intend to give them a pleasant surprise. My mother would rather see me a priest than President of the United States."

"What, Frank!" said Gerald in a surprised tone, "do you mean to take the scutane? I never thought it; and yet why should it not be? But you were always such a jolly, light-hearted beggar—pshaw! what nonsense I'm talking, aren't priests the jolliest fellows going? Success to you, my boy, and if you're within reach of a wire, I'll have you tie the knot for me some day."

As they turned in their walk and saw a venerable soutaned figure advancing towards them, O'Neill said: "I have had a 'private and confidential' with the Doctor already. It's your turn now. With the Honorable Bardwell Slote I will say, 'O Rover!'"

The Very Rev. Lawrence Malone, D.D. for twenty years President of Oshawa College, had won wide-spread fame as an educator. Besides being highly respected by the bishops and clergy, many of whom had laid the foundations of their scholarship under his direction, he was a Senator of the University of Otranto, an honor which he had accepted only because it might give him opportunities of assisting the cause of Catholic education. To say that he was beloved by his students is needless, one glance at his kindly face told you that it must be so; and his fatherly regard for them was evidenced by his custom of saying a few words in private to each of the graduates on Commencement Day. Many a student saw clearly for the first time, in what path his life's work must lie, as Dr. Malone's mild words fell on his ear. His purpose in seeking Frank Byrne may then be easily guessed.

"Oh, my friend," he said, as Frank stopped and raised his cap, "I was looking for you."

They turned and walked on under the stately elms, whose branches, spreading overhead, met across the path. It was a picture Rembrandt would have delighted

to paint, this charming vista with the two figures, one walking erect, with elastic step, buoyant hope written on every feature, the other stooped and feeble, the most marked expression of his countenance, benevolence.

"You are glad to leave us, I suppose," said Dr. Malone with a twinkle in his eye, "you feel like the prisoner whose term of penal servitude has just expired?"

"You know me better than to think that, I hope, Doctor?"

"Yes, yes, my boy, I do. I have studied your character since you came to us, a little fellow, six years ago, and I think I know you better than you know yourself."

"What!" he exclaimed, stopping for a moment, as the cheering on the lawn became more and more vociferous, "have our audacious Freshmen really dared to beat the veterans of the second year? Was there ever such a piece of presumption?" And he laughed heartily at the discomfiture of the haughty Sophomores, for he did not deem it beneath him to take an interest in those games which he knew to be a source of moral as well as of physical health.

"But, Frank," he continued, "I wish to speak to you about a serious matter. You have now to decide a very important question—your choice of a profession. Have you thought of the matter?"

"Yes, Doctor, it has given me considerable anxious thought. I have earnestly tried to discover what I should do, and I think I have come to a satisfactory decision."

"And it is your desire —"

"It is my earnest hope that God may permit me to serve him at his altar."

"Thank God!" said his venerable preceptor with emotion, laying an affectionate hand on the young man's shoulder, "be assured that you have chosen wisely, and persevere in your choice. Now, my son, I shall not see you alone again before your departure, but remember, that while I live I shall always take the deepest interest in your welfare. God bless you!"

As Dr. Malone slowly turned away, Frank could scarcely see him, for his eyes were dim with the tears which welled up from an overflowing heart. Motionless he stood till the bell called him to Benediction.