

good Professor. How could he forget all they had done? Had they not saved Arthur Osborne from a downfall of despair? What a fine piece of Lenten work that had been, only last spring! And now, in his turn, Arthur himself was up and doing. But those two or three people—the old spirit of discouragement was now lifting its head anew—what were they, he said to himself, among so many?

No, counting closely, there were not more than half a dozen well-to-do people on whom he could really depend. The Healeys, to be sure, and the O'Callaghans, with Bridgeen Donovan, who had a tidy sum in the bank, and Peter McCabe. But the Bishop had said "people of culture." "Poor Peter and Bridgeen! They were miles away from answering such inconsiderate demand. His thoughts flew to Miss Dormer, who was lovely enough to make the wicked world love her, wherever she went. But she was away now, doing charity work in New York—he did wish she would come back! Well, perhaps she would, some day. Meanwhile, there was Elise Vandervere.

He uttered the name with a quiver of hesitation. He was a little afraid of her. The culture, beauty—for she was beautiful—and elegance that surrounded her like an atmosphere dazzled and disturbed the shy priest, used to the ways of his plain parishioners. Not that Miss Vandervere refused Church duty—not at all! She opened her purse when required, and obeyed Church regulations. But though among his flock, she was not of them. Her heart, her real life, were elsewhere. She had her recognized sphere in the great world outside of Endicott—she had only come thither for temporary rest and mountain air, therefore her religious ties lay outside of Saint Vincent's. How could he "work with both hands" when the work itself was very rough and the other hand so white and flashing with diamonds?

He smiled at the incongruity. Miss Dormer's lovely simplicity he could approach and work hand in hand with. It never repelled him, in point of fact, rather soothed his cares and drew him near in a modest, daughtery way. But Miss Vandervere's splendors, her coolness and knowledge of society, her broad touch in dealing with all things, startled and overawed him. His heart sank. How could he expect her to aid in his sordid struggle with poverty and narrowness, at St. Vincent's?

So he only went on worrying. It was his besetting sin, this propensity to worry. Though he encouraged his people brightly, so that they thought him a fount of cheer, when of duty re-action came, the enforced gladness left him and utter weariness triumphed.

At last, however, Heaven answered his cry in a most unexpected way, as, indeed, is often its wont. He was wandering about in his little churchyard, where a few autumn flowers still brightened the grass, like elfin tapers a-glimmer. The slanting sunbeams of late afternoon touched their gold into strange brilliancy, like a thought of Paradise. The dead, now in peace and glory, as he hoped, forever with their Lord—the blessed Saints, who had reached their reward—how he longed for their rest! The Church Militant, in its struggles, might well appeal to the Church Triumphant! He thought of All Saints' Day, which was fast approaching, of his Masses for the dead at St. Vincent's and wondered if the Saints would and did look down propitiously on his poor parishioners. As he thus mused, he saw one of them coming—old Maggie Ryan. She was bent with age and infirmity, yet the paralysis which seemed to have touched her with its stroke had certainly spared her tongue. She was an unwearyed talker and just now Father Lemoile wanted to think, undisturbed. But, with an unspoken prayer for grace he came forward,