By Henrietta Dana Skinner.

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.
Characters in the story,—Adrien and Theodore Daretti—the former a young baratone from the Royal Opera at Berlin; the latter, his brother, possessing a voice such as only angels are supposed to have. Madame Hottense Delegible, the elder profiber's goo-momer, a great contraits singer. Ramon Eugenio Disdier, his four daugnters and his mother-in-law, Madame Valorge. Agostim, a professor of mathematics at the Lyce Louis is Grande. Carissimo Casimiro, a violinist from the Conservatory Orchestra. Oreste, the Daretti brother's valet. Chapter 1.—The F-sast of Pantecosi. The Church of Sc. Thomas d Aquin, the patish church of the historie Fabuur, Saint-Germain, Paris. Adrien and Theodore Duretti the sing ers. The former meets Ramon Disdier and Synopsis of Preceding Chapters

church of the historic Fabous, Saint-Germain, Paris. Addren and Theodore Duretti the sing ers. The former meets Ramon Disdier and his youngest daugnter, Espiritu Santo. The little girl—a mere child—sends. through the brother, the little flower of the Holy Ghost, after whon she is named, Espiritu Santo, to Theodore Duretti. Through the kind offices of Madame Delepbule, a friend of the Disdiers, and who occupied the first flat of the Disdiers, and who need to be the distribution of the Disdiers of the Disdi

bachelor friends, are domiciled on the fourth floor of their apartments. Chapter II.—Subsequent closer acquaint-anceship of the preceding characters develops, until all become almost as intimate as mem-bers of the same family. At last Casimiro is asked to go as solo violinst in the Opera's tour throughout Engrand and the United States. Adrien to accompany him as the first baratone at an enormous salary.

at an enormous salary.

Chapter III.—College of St. Ign.cc. Adriano Daretti calls for his prother Ta-odore. Their meeting with an old friend of their decessed parents, Don Lais de San Roque. Marquis of Palafox, his young son Jamie and his two little sisters.

little sisters.

Anapter IV.—Theodore goes to the Senorita Disdier's fete and in his boyish fancy falls in love with the little "princess," Espiritu Santo. Chapter V—Madame Delapoule speaks to Adrien Daretti and endeavors to persuada him he ought to marry. Sae lauds Catalina, Disdier seldest daughter's, virtues, and points her out as a suitable wife for Adrien. Madame Delapoule announces her intention to leave Paris for live years. apoule announces not used in factories of the hapter VI—Theodore is informed of the hapter VI—Theodore is informed of the

fast approaching time when he must go to his elder brother Bindo, in order to undergo the process of being "made a man." Adrien asks Sinor Disdier's permission to woo his daughter Catalina. The father discountenances his proposition, and seems to prefer his friend Casimiro. Madame Deleppule instructs Catalina for the stags. Theodore and Espiritu's parting.

for the stags. Theodore and Espiritu's parting.

Chapter VII.—Aftar an absence of five years, spent in Lonion and Brussels, Hortense Dalapoule returns to Paris. Catalina Disdier's voice, under her instruction, developed into a beautiful mezz soprano Madame Delegoule proposes to bring her out on the Paris stage. She asks Adrien Daretti's co-operation. He cordially responds and proposes to bring also a new tenor, Lennarison. Madame Delegoule trys to again rent her former apartments in the Disdier's change of fortune—Madame Valorge's blindcases; Ramon's embarrassment: Lolita Disdier tutoring some South American girls; Rafacla Disdier has become a prodigy at the plano; Espiritu Suno—now sixteen—takes care of her blind grandmother at their new and much less commodious home at Passy. Adrien Daretti writes to ask Madam Dilapoul's permission to bring with him to assist Catalina's in her debut in Paris "two of the greatest living tenors." His proposition is accepted. Their meeting. "The new lyric tenor" turns out to be Theodore so transformed under his brother Bindo's care as to astonish all his former friends. Madame Delegoule and Catalina's in ter

dness, hapter VIII.—Adrien and Theodore visit Disdier's modest home at Passy. Their Chapter VIII.—Africa and Theodore visit the Disdier's modest home at Passy. Their meeting with Madame Valorge and Dolores and Espiritu Stato Disdier. Their amazement at the changes Time has effected. Espiritu again presents Theodore with a flower and blaces a bouquet of flowers on the village altar for Adrica. Adrien and Theodore in a ranaway accident. They escape with their lives. The groom Thompson is severely injured. "Theo only son of his mother, and she a widow! The innocent for the guilty!"

CHAPTER IX.

"Conversion, that phenomenon of light to the intellect and persuasion to the heart. In not ordinarily produced in the way of sudden illumination, like a flash of lightning in a dark night, but rather under the form of growing daylight, like that which precedes the sunrise."

Daretti was sitting by his groom's side, holding the bandaged hand in his when Thompson opened his eyes and looked about him from his little cot in

the accident ward.
"They think you will get well now,
Thompson," said Daretti, cheerfully;
"but is there anything I can do to make

you more comfortable?"
"I should like to see a priest, sir,"
replied the man, "but I wish it might be an English-speaking priest, sir, for I couldn't make myself understood in French, outside of horses, sir."

'I will do my best to find one for you,' said Daretti, kindly, as he rose to leave

You were the best, the kindest master that groom or horse ever had, he sick man, trying to take Daretti's hand in his. sir, for your good heart! God love you, and make you one of His saints." The tears rushed to Daretti's eyes

and his voice choked in his throat. He took the dying man's hands and bent over him with broken words.

"You saved my life, Thompson, mine and my dear brother's, and God grant ou may live to know how grateful we can be. I have not given you the good example that I should, my poor fellow, God forgive me! but the life you have saved for me shall be a better one from this moment. We shall never forget you and what you have done for us."
He dashed the tears away, and stooping, in his impulsive, Italian way, kissed the sick man's brow. Then he turned and hastily left the bedside. The groom looked lovingly after him, the tears rolling down his sunken cheeks. "He will be a saint some day," he said, to himself. I should like to live just to

see if he is not. The scowling face of a communist who occupied the next cot grew thoughtful. "They say that is a rich nobleman and his servant," he reflected, "but one would think they were brothers or dear friends. I do not understand the language they spoke, but I know that no employer I ever had would have nursed and kissed me that way, nor would I do the same to any apprentice under me, and he made many other reflections that night on liberty, equality, and frater-

nity.
In the sacristy of the church of Notre Dame des Victoires a young priest was talking over some arrangements for the evening devotions with the beadle and two young altar-boys. They were speak-ing in undertones, for the sacristy door hung in large letters the warning Silentium. Adrien Daretti, entering, advanced towards the abbe, and in a low voice asked where he could find the English-speaking priest attached to the church. A big, powerful man, with a shock of dark hair plentifully sprinkled with gray, stood near them, and Adriano noticed that he wore with his soutane the purple sash and stock of the Pope's

"Monseigneur Ianson," said the abbe, "I bring the Chevalier Daretti of the Grand Opera, who asks a service of

Adriano began to explain in his halt-ing English, when to his relief the big man broke into excellent Italian, taking him by both hands and giving him a welcome. There was a charm hearty about the monsignore's cheery, manly cordiality that was irresistible. He understood the situation, and was on the alert and ready for action before the words of explanation were half out of Daretti's mouth.

"Benjamin, Benjamin! run and bring me my cane and cloak. Pray excuse, me chevalier. I am an old, broken-down war-horse, not of much use any longer, but delighted when any one will exer cise him a little. I was a missionary in the wilds of Texas for fifteen years among Indians and cowboys, and I have borne away the marks of battle in the shape of chronic rheumatism, caught when I was exposed to a flood for eleven days and nights. But the rusty joints are at your service, as far us there is

"I fear I am asking too much of yon, monsignore," said Daretti, "but my poor groom risked his life for me, and is seriously injured. It will give him omfort to see an English-speaking priest."

"Certainly, certainly. It is most fortunate that I was at hand. Ah, Benja-min!" in French, to the young servingman. "Were you going to let your old master go out into the streets without his hat? You think I know nothing about your civilized ways over here be-cause I hail from Texas! You see," slyly, to Daretti, "Benjamin has had to teach me a great deal. I have given up my blanket and feathers altogether e he took me in hand !' The lad giggled and helped the mon-

signore to put on his cloak, and brought

him his shovel-hat and stick.
"Sosthenes, my child," to one of the 'Sosthenes, my child,' boys, "direct the carriage to wait for us at the great door of the church. Do not stop to take off your cassock." Then turning, to Daretti, "If you will allow me, monsieur, we will pass through the church to the front door, which you will find pleasanter than go-ing round by the cold street," and pushing open the swinging door that led into the church he entered, followed closely by Daretti.

sanctuary of Notre Dames des Victoires is the most famous and popu-lar shrine of Paris. Half a century before the parish had been the most irreligious, the most neglected in Paris, and its people the scandal of the city. The church was almost deserted, and its priests went at lonely altars. saintly curate prostrated himself on the stone steps, and in anguish of mind offered his life for the conversion of the sinful souls committed to his charge. He gathered a chosen few about him, together they prayed night after night for the sinners of the parish. For the sake of a few just, many were saved. Their tears, their prayers, their penances prevailed with the Most saved. Their tears, Conversion followed conversion. The church became a centre of pilgrimage, its parish a model. The answers to prayer were the amazement even of the devout, and the walls of the vast building are literally lined from end to end and from floor to roof with the pious offerings of two generations of worshippers in gratitude for favors re-

ceived. As Adriano and Monsignore Ianson passed through the church it was in the nysterious half-light, when day is not yet shut out and artificial light scarcely needed. From the right transept the church, however, poured a flood of brilliant illumination. There was the centre of prayer, the shrine of the Virgin Mother, lifting up in her arms and holding out to the gaze of the multitude the Divine Infant, the Saviour of men, the Light of the world. The Child in her arms was represented bending downward with out-stretceed arms and tender, pitying smile to tho kneeling at His feet. The altar was ablaze with lights, myriad lamps burned before it and pyramids of candles. There was no service going on, but the church was half-filled with those who Passing before the altar, Adriano glanced curiously up at the marble group above. The large figures and florid outlines pleased him little as a florid outlines pleased him little as a work of art, but the attitude of the Mother and Child arrested his attention. In it one read the story of shrine, the pitying face of the Mother olding out to the world its Saviour, Whose out-stretched hands would fair gather the children of Jerusalem to His

Heart! The monsignore knelt an instant before the altar, then rose and passed on down the nave, Darretti following him with a strange sensation stirring in his heart. Those out-stretched Hands, they recalled to him words that he heard before. As he picked his way down the dark aisle they flashed into his mem-

"All day long have I stretched out My Hands to an unbelieving and re-bellious people!" "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, be converted to the Lord

thy God!"

"I promised him I would be a better man," almost groaned Darretti within himself; "but I cannot, I have not the strength. I do not believe that God blames me, or that He expects me to be any different. I did not wish to fall to this my low estate, but I was left so the most properly alone. I cannot believe it to know all the details, and to know about the Requiem that I am presuming in any way. Really, you know, I have had to come every day lately, for I knew you would have heard of the accident, and would be anxious to know all the details, and to know about the Requiem and funeral. To-day I

the church, and in another moment were in the fresh air outside with the hum of the busy street below them. As they stood on the stone steps there came before Adriano's mind the vision of the lonely, discouraged priest lying prostrate on these very steps before the for the souls of sinful men. The sight of the active, eager, restless crowd in the street seemed incongrous with such memories, yet it was the same sight

that had wrung to anguish the heart of the saintly Abbe Desgenettes.
"Where are all these going?" thought mother, and see that the saintly Abbe Desgenettes.

"Where are all these going?" thought
Adriano. "Where do their footsteps lead them? Is the purpose that hurries them on innocent or guilty in God's gaged to. Afterwards he will take a set to carry Thompson's elected to mother, and see that she is comfortable broke off with a laugh and a blush and a light in his eyes that had a world of happy meaning in them.

eyes?" And again he seemed to see the prostrate figure lifting imploring

hands to Heaven.

They were now at the carriage-door, and Adriano assisted the monsignore to enter first. You will pray for my poor servant,

monsignore, will you not? A m honest, faithful fellow never lived." A more "With all my heart, I will pray for him, and for his master too," said Monsignore Ianson, with a peculiar

D retti shrugged his shoulders. The worst of me is that I have no desire to be converted," he said, care-lessly. "I fear you will find me a lessly. "I fear stubborn subject."

"'It is hard for thee to kick against the goad," quoted the prelate, with a kindly glance, pressing Daretti's hand in both of his. Adriano flung himself back

carriage as they drove off. "What do people want to meddle with my soul for?" he grumbled to himself. "Why cannot they let me alone? They would not think it right to They would not think it right to pry into my love affairs or my bank account, and why is not my soul as much my own as my heart or my purse? I'll let him see that I am not to be interfered with."

But little was said during the drive. Monsignore Ianson asked a few ques-tions about the accident, and congrat ulated Daretti on his escape. As they drove up to the hospital door Teodoro

met them pale and disturbed.
"Pray for him, Adriano!" he said, agitatedly; "the poor fellow died

my arms not ten minutes ago!"

The groom's funeral took place from the church of Saint Augustin. The Requiem Mass of the obscure English servant was as largely and fashionably attended as if had been that of some Bonapartist hero, for the story of his rescuing the life of their favorite singer was known all over Paris, and the enor mous edifice was crowded with society people, dilettanti, Bohemians, musicians, employes of the opera, and many from the English and American colonies. The brothers Collas had volunteered to sing, and Teodoro took the tenor solo of the Dies Irae, and also sang the Ingemisco with Maxime Collas, whose rich, flexible bass accorded well with the pure, high, pathetic tones of the phenomenal young tenor. There was not a dry eye in the church when the last tone of the Pie Jesu Domine died away. At a prie-dieu, near the catafalque knelt Adriano, in deep mourning, h head bowed between his hands. never changed his posture through the entire service, but from time to time his frame quivered with strong emotion. should weep for the That he who had died for him only endeared him the more to the hearts of his admirers.

The maimed body of the poor, heroic English groom was to laid rest in the cemetery of Montmartre—a stranger, serving strangers and buried in a strange land. The horses he had cared for were led to his grave and stood by with drooping heads, as if they knew their kind friend was gone. The young French staple-boy, who had groomed them under Thompson's direction during the past year, stood at their bridles and patted them, weeping bit-

terly.
"You know just how he liked to have them treated, Jules," Daretti had said. "You are very young to have full charge, but I do not feel as if I could let any one else touch them just

During these sad days Adriano had seen no one outside of his immediate household except Monsignore Ianson, who had directed the funeral arrange-ments, and had helped him write the necessary English letters and telegrams to Thompson's relatives. Though face to face with the stern realities of life and death, Adriano shrank from the view before him, afraid of the light that was finding its way into the crevices of his heart and revealing its sin and misery. The memories of other years crowded back and increased his bitterness of spirit—the memory of the fearless innocence of his boyhood, the proud, untarnished virtue of his early manhood. He came of a soldier race, and he weakly had fled before the battle piritu! had dropped in for private prayer. of life. Cowardly and self-indulgent he had laid down his arms, he had sold his birthright of virtue and heroism, he had parted with the pearl of great pricefor what? What profit had he in those things of which he was now ashamed?

The old torpor of conscience, the old lethargy of will were disturbed forever, though in his weakness he would fain have lulled them to rest again.

> CHAPTER X. Standing with reluctant feet, Where the brook and river meet, Womanhood and childhood fleet."

It devolved upon Teodoro during these sad days to exercise the horses. He had little difficulty in finding an objective point for the daily drive, and soon the gray ponies turned in of their their own accord at the gate of the

modest little house at Passy.

"Theodore, my dear child, it is very pleasant to have our brother back again, the same dear brother as ever, and

have you drop in on us every day, as you used to in the old days."
"Dear Valorge, I hope you do not

should not have come for fear you would think me indiscreet, or a bore, but Adriano wished me to pay his respects to you and say for him that he would have called, but this morning he has run over to England.'

"To England? Oh, you travellers! closed doors of the church, and praying for the souls of sinful men. The sight of the active, eager, restless crowd in

there at this season? "His own dear, kind heart," cried Thoodore, warmly. "He must go him-self to carry Thompson's effects to the

little recreation for his health, and visit Sir Guy Ainsworth for some shoot-ing; but you have no idea how deeply Adriano has felt this, and how sad it

has made him.
"Yes, it would be likely to touch him deeply," said Madame Valorge. "Do not be too anxious to divert his mind, Theodore. To a man who sees so much of life in its most brilliant phases, who is so constantly surrounded by the arti-

ficial and the frivolous, a few days face to face with the sterner features of life will do no harm. But, my dear child, there is one thing I wish you to under-stand, and that is, you need make no apologies for coming here often, or find excuses to come again. Simply come, and feel yourself a dear son among sisters and friends, as it used to be."

"But it is so different," urged Theodore. "We were children then, and now we are—so different," he finished, helplessly.

She smiled, and it was so kindly and

encouraging a smile that Teodoro took heart. He glanced around, but they were alone and the doors were all shut. Then he drew very near to her indeed. "Dear grandmother," he whispered,

"you cannot see me?"
"No, my child, you may blush as

much as you please."
"And you will not tell?"

I just promised not to tell!"

"Not if you do not wish it." "I want to speak to you about some-hing," but suddenly he found that he could not speak. Words refused to present themselves. He grew very pink, then crimson, then he covered his face with his hands. "Oh, I cannot say it. You know what it is. Say it for me!" She laughed, good-naturedly. "but

Ah, it is not fair of you to tease I feel so foolish trying to talk about it, for you know as well as I how it is with me. I only want to ask if you have any objection to me-to it-to-

Dear Theodore, I have two serious bjections."
He looked up, and he was not quite

pink now.
"It is very sudden, and you are both

too young."
"Sudden!" he exclaimed. "Why, I have been thinking of nothing else for five years! You know what she was to me in my boyhood. You know how I poured out my heart in my letters to er until you stopped our correspond-ace. But that could not make me stop thinking of her. I have not had a thought, or planned a plan, or dreamed a dream, or prayed a prayer that had not her for its object. I counted the months and weeks of my college course that I might be free to return to her. grudged every day and hour of my nilitary service, because it was keeping me longer away from her. I have done my best to become fit for her, to keep myself pure in word and deed. It eemed as if I could not do wrong with her before my eyes. One must have a high ideal to keep one's self always up to a high level of life, and the good God

has given me this holy love, and I am her knight forever!" It was a pity that she could not see how his beautiful face glowed, and his

eyes sparkled.
"But, Theodore, are you sure that

the little girl is all you have dreamed her to be? We who have lived with her for sixteen years love her dearly, and are too ready to think her worthy of life's best. But in six days can you judge fairly of the character of a young girl you have not seen since childhood, especially when you have hardly said a word to each other even the six times

Our hearts are too full," he said. laughing shyly. "That is what is the matter with us. We were talkative enough when we were only children." "But, seriously, I think you ought to wait a little longer, and see a little more of the world before committing yourself. You are not yet twenty-

"Now, my dear grandmother." said

Teodoro, coaxingly, "you know perfectly well that you think in your heart that if I went all round the world and lived to be a hundred, I could never find a lovelier angel than your Es-

Perhaps not," she admitted,

"And on her side," continued Teodoro, " she would not find any one who has loved her so wholly and devotedly. I know I am not good enough for her, but I am better than many fellows would be. I am strong and healthy, I have no bad habits. I love my faith and try to live up to its teachings, and I love her and try to be worthy of her. My family is honorable, and, thanks to my generous brothers, my patrimony well knew that she could not be seen, my generous brothers, my patrimony has never been touched, and has mounted in all these years to enough to make us perfectly comfortable in a modest way, besides what I may earn with my singing. Then, you know, you are all fond of me and Adriano, and I should

take my place among you so naturally."
Dear Teodoro, we can have no ob jection to you personally, and I am pleased with your confidence in our

affection for you."
"Of course I have confidence in it,"
he replied; "of course you would not
let me come and go as I do, you would

let me come and go as I do, you would not encourage me to come often, knowing how I feel, if you thought it undesirable in any way for her."

The perfect simplicity and frankness of the young man both amused and pleased her. He was too clear-sighted not to see his advantages, too simple not to accept them in their truth, too feel, we to acknowledge them onenly. acknowledge them openly. She must take a lesson from him and be simple in her turn.

That is all true, Theodoro." said. "It is the dearest wish of my childish attachment, because prudence and regard for her dignity required that I should, but since you have been faithful, I ask no greater blessing."

"Then it is all settled!" by grandmanner."

"Why would you like to have the past again, dear? Why would you like to be a little girl again?"

"Why, grandmanner." heart that you and Espiritu should be-

"Then it is all settled!" he cried,

joyously.
"By no means," she declared, promptly. "She shall have something to say herself in the matter, I hope!"
"Oh, as for that—"and Theodore

"Do not be too sure! She loved you dearly as a child, I acknowledge, but she is a child no longer, and yet not quite a woman. Who can tell whether the woman will love where the child

She will," said Teodoro, confidently. "She could not change. She will love me, not because I am what I am—I do not put my confidence in that—but because she is what she is. She will

because she is what she is. She will love me always."

"But she is so shy with you, she has nothing to say to you, she leaves the room at the first excuse when you ome! Did it not discourage you she took flight this afterno on the mo

ment you appeared?"
"No, indeed! Why, that is a good sign, the surest possible sign!" he explained eagerly. "Of course she is shy "Ought I to tel plained eagerly. "Of course she plained eagerly. Be knows that I love her, and a sweet instinct tells her that she nust let herself be wooed before she is won. Yet, if she were not already won, she would not be so afraid to stay and

be wooed."
"Theodore!" exclaimed Madame Valorge in astonishment. "Will you explain to me how you understand a girl's heart so well?"

"Because I love her," he replied, simply, "and so I am in sympathy with her and know intuitively just how she simply,

must be feeling."
"It may be that she loves you as you think, and yet, Theodore, I should counsel you to be very patient and go slow-ly in this affair. She is still half a child, and it will startle her if you speak too soon. For her sake, wait a little. Believe me, she has not yet got over the shock of finding her boy play-mate grown into a fine young man. You have thought of this marriage for years. but to her mind you have been only her boy friend, and she is not yet accustomed to the idea of a lover. Be content to come and go familiarly, to see her frequently for the present, but let the question of betrothal rest for at least a few months, say till her seven-teenth birthday. I ask the little sacri-

fice for her sake."
"Of course, of course," said Teodoro, bravely, though her lip trembled somewhat. "I would not hurry her or startle her for the world. I ought to be content with the encouragement you have given me, and the hope of seeing her often. It is not as if you were try-ing to separate us. In that case, I am afraid you would have to shut her up very close if you wished to keep her out of my reach," he added, threateningly, as he rose to take his departure.

Open the door a moment, Theodore, while I call the child to come and bid you good-bye. She must not be allowed to forget her manners because you happen to be an old friend!" Shyly, reluctantly, Espiritu appeared on the threshold. She would have

on the threshold. She would have given the world to hide herself, but her grandmother was telling her to remember that she was now the hostess, and with a huge effort she came forward and murmured something about seeing his horses at the gate.'

drove out with the poor grays this afternoon," he said. seem to know everything and to feel

"I thought they would," she said, "so I went down to speak to them and give them some sugar."

"Did you?" exclaimed Teodoro, delighted with her kindness. "Yes, of course you would; it is just like you.

' he asked, as she walked hesitatingly towards the outer door with him, "when are you coming into Paris to see Catalina?"

Medana Delegants:

Trom some functic asylum perhaps. In a she wireless communication with St Joseph? What foundation for the requests? Why impose conditions and I am going to Madame Delepoule's

Friday evening to spend the night. We are going to early Mass on Saturday morning to pray for Catalina, who is to make her debut that evening."
"What church will you be at? I

will go there too."
"Oh, we'shall be too early for you,

she laughed. "We are going at 7 o'clock to La Madeleine, but Adrien told me that you were never in your household till 11 o'clock mornings."

"Let him speak for himself," answered Teodoro. "He has to be up late

nights at his profession, but I need not follow his hours unless I choose." They were now at the front door and she

bow low and say, "A bientot!"

She hid behind the curtain in the little front drawing-room, for from there she could watch unseen while he opened the gate and mounted the phaeton and took the reins from Jules. touched up the horses he looked to wards the house, even directly at the window where she was hiding. Then she laughed softly to herself and hastfor had she not taken the precaution when she was below at the gate to examine that very window? But he had driven off now, and she came more bold-ly forward and ever leaned her cheek against the pane, and watched the road as far as she could see, while a troubled cloud settled over her sunny face. By-

and-by she stole back to her grand-mother's side.

"Have you been watching him drive off?" asked the grandmother, gently.

"Ye-yes," stammered Espiritu, coloring deeply and hanging her head.
"What is the matter, dear? Your little voice sounds troubled!'

"N-nothing."
"Nothing?" And Madame Valorge put out her hand to draw the young face near to herself. To her surprise the cheek was wet. "Why, Espiritu, darling! What is

making you cry?' grandmamma—it is not really anything. I was only just a little sad, because things change so—because things are so different! We never can have the past again, and we are all growing so old and changed!"

see that he, Theodore, was a boy then, and sickly and shy, and a stranger, and we could be good to him and help him, and do things for him to make him well and happy. He was motherless, and had no sisters and no home, and we could be everything to him. But now he is a grown man and well and strong,

and has lots of friends, and he is distinguished and sought after, as I could see by the attention all those society ladies were paying him the other day He is going to be a great singer, and be rich and famous like Adrien; he will have everything the world can give him, and nothing that we can do will be of any use to him or make him any hap-pier. Oh, I wish he were still a triendess, delicate boy, so that we could be kind to him and do him good again!

"Do I hear such a selfish, heartles wish as that from my Espiritu?" asko wish as that from my Espiritu? asked Madame Nalorge, gravely; and Espiritu felt very wicked and self-reproachtul.

Not really," she said. "That is only the selfishness in me. Of course, for his sake, I am glad that the world is

"Ought I to tell her that he still feels the need of her, in spite of success and happiness?" thought the grandmother but she shook her head in reply to h own questionings. Patience! Let the child be a child a little longer. The slight trial to her faith and love make a better disciplined woman of her. So she only said, aloud, "Of course, you are glad for him, dear—glad that he has found other things to turn to for happiness than the company of a silly little child, kind-hearted and loving as she is. He must take a man's place in life, and make a name for him you will stay at home and pray that God will keep him without reproach, and try to fill your own humble There are others you can be

to, Espiritu."
"I know; I will try," said Espiritu,
rather dolefully. Then the fair young face brightened, and she threw her head with a gay laugh. course! Now, for instance, I need no let my dear grandmother starve when it is time for her cup of afternoon tea, and I can see that she has a nice cap to wear for Sunday, instead of wasting my time wishing I were a useless little girl again. Ah, grande you were not disinterested! I there was a little hunger and a little tion.

on. Eh?" merrily.
"Certainly I am not disinterested in liking to have you grow up, when you are more useful to me every year," laughed the grandmother. "How hor-ribly I should fare if I were dependent upon such an irresponsible little day-dreamer as you used to be?" And Es-piritu kissed her lovingly and darted happy song on her sweet lips. TO BE CONTINUED.

AN ENDLESS CHAIN.

Some of our people, not satisfied with the approved prayers of the Church to be found in their prayer books, have joined in a rather queer endless chain in honor of St. Joseph. The Gesu Directory thus feelingly alludes to the pious antics of some over-pious Catho-lics engaged in this endless -chain busi-These circulating prayers go ness: like the wind everywhere: come, no one knows; whither they go, who can tell? But they come and go periodically like the measles, and they are catching, too. Some well meaning person-woman, we suppose-not con-tent with the beautiful prayer in honor of St. Joseph, composed an Indulgence

by our reigning Pope, strings together a harmless number of words and sends the composition affoat from some lunatic asylum perhaps. Has she wireless communication with St Joseph? What foundation for the reattach to them infallible certainty Who is she, anyhow? The requests and conditions are the main thing, the objectionable features, the rear-end firecracker attachment that makes the thing go. You must say the prayer thirty days— twenty-nine or thirty-one would not do—beginning the day you receive it : next day the charm is gone. You may ask three requests — four would spoil the business and two would wreck the scheme; but they must be the same each day; no fooling here. You must have five copies—to extend the fraud—and give them to persons within a week — while the prayer is hot. To obtain your request vou must not neglect a day not count. When will Catholics be satisfied with the beautiful prayers of the Church and cease chasing will-o'visps ?"-Exchange.

Be Kind To-Day.

Do not keep the alabaster boxes of your? love and tenderness scaled up until your friends are dead. Fill their lives with sweetness. Speak approving, cheering words while their ears can hear them and while their hearts can be thrilled and made happier by them; the kind things you mean to say when they are gone, say before they go. The flowers you mean to send for their coffins send to brighten and sweeten their homes before they leave them. If my friends have alabaster boxes laid away, full of frag-rant perfumes of sympathy and affection, which they intend to break over my dead body. I would rather they would troubled hours and open them, that I may be refreshed and cheered by them while I need them. I would rather have a plain coffin without a flower, a funeral without an eulogy, than a life without the sweetness of love and sympathy. Let us learn to anoint our friends beforehand for their burial. Post-mortem kindness does not cheer the burdened spirit. Flowers on the coffin east no fragrance backward over the weary way.—Amber.

Pope Leos Tribute.

The news of the death of Archbishop Corrigan was conveyed to the Pope by his private secretary, Mgr. Angeli. The Holy Father was greatly depressed

and said:
"It has been one of the greatest bitterness of my long life to see strongest champions of the Militant Church claimed by death. Archbishop Corrigan was very affectionate to us We esteemed and loved him greatly.

One of the greatest blessings to parents is Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator. It effectually expels worms and gives health is a marvellous manner to the little one.

On the train Sullivan, rosy rushed up to t Entering the only one vacar By your leav a sign of conte spread his jo xtended his

MAY 24

ONE PRIEST

That other-man-took the ly. Now, how Father Sulliva I have a good our controvers to you that The Rev. Je First Presbyte New Jersey t quitting, smil "Indeed, Fat

we had two h onstrate to S Father Sull and laughedaugh—the lau Then he wipe ling eyes and of brogue in "Now, my g Jonas Clarke we leave all Let us forget fellows and h here and Ne good friends. agreed and t men chatted and reached their good na

two s

ferry-boat cre

glorious win ilded every

phantom-like

Soft clouds.

It was an e picture. "I am th the Rev. Jor hymns of joy. And so Tom," as he his parishio looked at h Ah, my frie when it cor giving; whe The boat t and groaned clergymen f

the plank, u and to the b the two ser " Father To brother, we The tall oked down with deep s said, with so may be that livan : God Tom," putti and let me

' Father to the comfe sence over S pit in New niss his cos open fire, it thoughtful blaze, and t awaiting hi cup, his ey ing, illitera

and studied

of the Shan

The write

youngest c steamer an Mary Eller saints rewa old neighbo the priest little villa heard the against th played wh again the

with a sigl ter. He delayed, as date on wh New York was this ve He hast o the ne called up t coming up Fortuna was not to

mother's h

landing pl priest sto plank, any girl, with brown ove

of which Sullivan a murmu courtesy.