

was to be given a musical festival, so imposing in character as to attract the faithful and music-loving for many miles around. Artists, well known for their skill on stringed instruments, were to lead a monster orchestra and swell the imposing chorus of a thousand male voices.

For over an hour the yawning doors had been swallowing up the ever increasing multitude, when there drove up to the church a handsomely equipped sleigh, and there stepped from it an elderly gentleman, who with much solicitude assisted to the slippery sidewalk a young lady. Despite the furs which muffled her, it was easy to see that her figure was of more than ordinary grace.

Slipping her arm beneath that of the gentleman, she said, in a tone bordering on anxiety, "I hope, papa, we shall not be too late; if we are" (here her voice changed to one of bantering menace), "I shall surely lay hands on that musty collection of birds, mammals, and reptiles, and for ever destroy the fascination they have for you; their total annihilation, I am sure, is the only thing which will ever cure you of your shameful habit of always being late."

This dire threat had in no wise the effect it should have had upon its recipient: he gave a delighted little laugh, peered proudly through his spectacles at the attractive threatener, tucked her hand more snugly under his arm, and said in a tone of the most reprehensible levity, "What a ferocious, war-like little woman! And only six months out of the convent, too; I tremble with apprehension for the future." But his manner changing to one of tender earnestness, he went on: "I too hope, dearie, that we shall not be late; I have been thinking of this pleasure for you for weeks, and if I spoiled it I should feel like destroying the collection myself."