

mind, in which were mingled oddly the living and the dead. He felt half afraid of the stillness and yet it was refreshing too after the noise of the city. He was half glad, half sorry, when Matt fearing to keep his comrade too long, made a move to go. He felt impelled then to kneel down and to strive to form some species of prayer.



That seemed to be the turning point in his spiritual career, for without anything being said, it became his almost invariable rule to accompany Matt in the evening from which he fell into the habit of stealing in a shame-faced way into the morning Mass. And at last, but that