

of men, and in season and out of season he sought to impress the memory of the blessed spirits of his flock committed to his care.

John Olliver's house was a handsome, though somewhat gloomy residence in North London, and faced a chapel noted for its Calvinistic tendencies and ultra-Protestant tone. Joyce was taken there solemnly every Sunday by her uncle, and in due course she was entered at the Sunday-school. She grew up to be a very beautiful girl, with her mother's deep blue eyes and fair white skin, and the dark curly hair of the Ollivers. John Olliver was proud of her as she knelt beside him in the red-cushioned pew of his favorite chapel, or shared his hymn-book with her when it was time for them to sing. There were some wonderful days when he arose and went to the platform to address the congregation, and Joyce sat with puckered brows trying to follow the hard, dry doctrine that he endeavored to instill in his hearers.

*(to be continued)*

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The Holy Eucharist supposes brotherhood. How many Christians approach it with brotherly love in their hearts?

(Gabriel Palau, s. J.)

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