

I'll go with you to church to-morrow, O, if you like."

"Will ye, faith," says O'Sullivan, with a grin. "Well, maybe there's hope for ye—there's pardon, they tell us, for the repentant reprobate early and late. There's not music at all the services—if ye would rather come early—and the choir and the organ are distracting to some people at their prayers—"

"Larry! Larry!" shrieks a discordant voice above them, "you're a fool, Larry; a fool! a fool! a fool!"

"Confound your croaking," says Longworth, with an outward scowl at Polly, "that bird will goad me into wringing her neck some day."

But Mr. O'Sullivan, lying back in his chair, laughs long and loudly.

"Upon me conscience, there never was anything more *apropos*," he says; "that parrot has the wisdom of a Christian."

Mr. Longworth goes to church on Sunday with his sub, and listens to a voice, fresh, and sweet, and clear as a skylark's, soaring up in the choir. If he listens with half as much attention to the sermon there can be no doubt he goes home benefited. There is appropriate matter in every word, and the text is "For the love of thy neighbor worketh no evil; love therefore is the fulfilling of the law."

In the evening he goes to Miss Harriott's, and is neither surprised nor annoyed to find Mdle. Reine there before him. Her presence does not interfere with their friendly *tête-à-tête*, for she goes inside, and sings soft French and Latin hymns, set to sweet Mozartian melodies, and they do their talking undisturbed out among the roses. It is the time of roses, this lovely June weather; Reine has adorned herself with white ones to-night—they become her, and it is not every one to whom it is given to wear roses.

"Stars of the beautiful sky of France,  
Of the beautiful land of my birth,  
I shall see you no more, with the ocean between,

At the uttermost ends of the earth,  
Where May days still passes in sadness and sighs—

Stars of the beautiful sky of France."  
sang the voice in the dusky gloaming within, and the pathos sinks deep into

the hearts of the listeners, and, listening, they forget to talk.

The day of the picnic comes, and, remarkable to relate, it does not rain. The gods smile upon Frank's fête there is not a cloud in the sky; only the long "mare's tails," that betoken settled weather, when the "Father of his Country" goes snorting and puffing from his dock. Flags and steamers float proudly on the breeze, the band plays its best and brassiest, the *élite* have mustered strong, and make a goodly show on the deck. Not one has failed; there is not a child on board, and only two matrons Mesdames Windsor and Longworth. Miss Harriott, being unmarried, does not count among the elders; and Mrs. Sheldon, being young and pretty, does not count among the matrons. It promises to be a perfect picnic, and they go floating down the bay amid the cheers of the throng on the shore. Mr. Dexter, as master of the ceremonies, flushed of face, excited of manner, is everywhere at once, but chiefly in the vicinity of Miss Marie Landelle. Mr. Longworth reposes on a rug at Miss Harriott's feet, and quotes appropriate poetry as his youthful kinsman, meteor-like, flashes by.

"Bill Bowline comes, and he says to me,

He says to me, he says, says he,

'What is the rule of the road at sea?'

I says to him, I says (that's me).

'The rule of the road, folks seem to agree,  
Is to suddenly launch in eternity.'"

"It is one of Larry's nonsensical days," says Miss Harriott, in a compassionate and explanatory tone to Frank. "You need not be alarmed. Wild horses could not draw a rational word from him. But he is quite harmless in these paroxysms. I am used to him, and know how to manage him."

"He does not forget his charnel-house principles, though, even in the temporary aberration of his intellect," returns Dexter, with a look of disgust. "'Suddenly launched into eternity!' indeed. keep him to yourself, Miss Harriott, if you can; idiocy is sometimes catching, and he may frighten the ladies."

Mr. O'Sullivan and Mdle. Reine, on two camp-stools, are chatting sociably and cheerfully, as may be inferred from the gay laughter of the young lady. She has fraternized with the descendant