

When Mary had gone, Miss Phillips remained seated in her arm-chair, staring into the fire which burned upon the hearth. She was handsome, young, an heiress. The world lay stretched before her, a fairy prospect. Her parents had sent her to a fashionable school in England. She was heard to boast that her parents had left her free to choose her own religion, hoping that she would elect to remain a Catholic, which she did.

At school she had been taught to keep religion as much out of sight as possible. Discussion was out of the question. Since leaving school she had followed the same rule, and left religion practically out of her life.

As she lingered in her easy-chair, the sound of the New Year's bells, the solemn bells of that midnight which divides the old from the new, fell upon her ear. The sound made her uneasy, and like words set to their music, she heard the counsel of her friend, "worldiness is heathenism; we must be in the world but not if it."

"I hope God will give the master and mistress and Miss Mariou, too, a happy and prosperous New Year," said Bridget down in the kitchen, the next morning. She had just come in fresh and rosy from church. "They're too happy and prosperous," snapped Mary Farley, viciously. She had lain awake the night before, revolving the old problem, why she had not been born rich and a lady. "Things is badly managed in this world, I can tell you."

"They're managed as God pleases," said Bridget, cheerily; "and all's well if we save our souls. Did you go out to Mass, this morning?"

"Indeed, I didn't," said Mary. "I leave that to you."

"It's a bad way to begin the year."

"As good a way as preaching."

"Did you hear the bells, last night?" asked Bridget, changing the subject. "Those New Year's bells do give