

"Square or not square, I'll carry a torch," O'Keefe growled as he passed him. "That chap there is always put ahead, and he's nothing but a baby, a grasshopper!"

"I wish we had more such," said Clisson, turning on his heel. "And we'd be better off without you, I'm thinking, O'Keefe."

He strode up stairs, and put away the vestments, covered the altars, and saw that everything was in order for the night. "It's always a bother about positions," he said to himself, "but that O'Keefe is worse than anybody yet. He is no honor to the altar or to the Sodality and I wish he had never come on. I wonder what St. John Berchmans thinks of him? I've been an altar boy eleven years, and never did I see one of us so hard to put up with as he is. Heigho!"

And then Stephen went down on his knees and said "the St. John Berchmans' prayer," which had become to him like familiar music, and which had helped to place him where he was in his well-earned position of trust:

"O St. John Berchmans, so distinguished for thy modesty and purity, for thy reverence for holy places, for thy devotion toward the Blessed Sacrament, the Blessed Virgin and St. Aloysius, obtain for us the grace of imitating these thy virtues, that they who behold us in church may think that they see thee, and thus give due honor to thee and to our God. Amen."

He came down stairs again, after that, to the dark silent chapel where the Blessed Sacrament was kept. How peaceful it was, with the red light burning softly before the Holy Shrine, and the intense, unbroken silence after the chatter of those noisy boys to whose ranks, so short a time ago, he had belonged. A faint breath of incense still lingered on the air. Stephen felt in no haste to get away. As he passed the altar in the darkness, he nearly stumbled over a small figure kneeling there.

"Why, Martin," he exclaimed, "ain't you gone yet?"

The placid little face looked up at his kindly one. They had been seven years together on the altar and