

funeral, remaining seated in his carriage outside the church while the ceremonies were being conducted within, then accompanying the remains of his sister-in-law to the grave on the hill beyond the village, where they laid her within sight and sound of the restless waves that broke over the golden sands at the foot of the cliffs. The following day he departed, taking the child with him.

"I don't believe in it, Mr. Hall," he said to the priest. "I can't bring up the child in a religion that I think erroneous.

"But the child's mother was surely the best judge of what is fitting for her own child," represented the priest "and she has already been baptized a Catholic, Mr. Olliver.

"Excuse me, sir, we don't see alike in this. I thank you for your kindness to my deluded sister-in-law—I am sure you meant it well—but I may not peril the child's soul." Father Hall looked deeply into John Olliver's eyes for a moment, and saw there only honesty and steadiness of purpose. With a sigh he held out his hand.

"She's is God's child," he said reverently. "Goodbye, Mr. Olliver; God deal with you as you deal with His child."

"Amen!" he responded. "Goodbye, and thank you once more for all your kindness. He turned to his carriage as he spoke and lifted out Joyce. "Come and say goodbye. niece Joyce," he said, and led her to the priest.

"God give His angels charge over thee, little Joyce," said Father Hall, huskily. He stood looking after the carriage until it turned the corner where the road runs in behind the hill—then he walked slowly into the church and knelt for a space at the altar-rail, while he commended the dead mother and the living child, to the guardianship of the holy angels. It was his pet devotion. Frequently he referred to the angel guardians as the forgotten friends