

on my way home, mother," Rosamond said as she started away for the dealer's; "he told me I was to go and see him, and he was so kind when I was sick that I think it is the least I can do."

"By all means, dearie; indeed, he was kind, and we are very much indebted to him. Remember me kindly to him. I expect he will be coming to see us soon, and I will be glad, for we were strangers so long."

"Yes, you are so reserved, mother, and Father Madden is so lovely. Mrs. Curran calls him the holy saint."

"He is high up in priestly sanctity, without a doubt, and a true spiritual father, as I have learned from recent events. Go, now, and do not be too long away, as Mrs. Curran and Charlie are coming up a while."

Rosamond buttoned her coat up tightly and doubled her comforter around her throat for the air was chilly for the middle of September, and on account of her recent illness, she was bound to be careful. A few seconds later she was tripping to town, brightly anticipating her interview, after her business was transacted, with Father Madden. When she arrived at Mr. Holland's, she found she would have to wait, as the merchant and his clerks were all busy with customers. She accepted a stool one polite, smooth-faced young fellow handed her, and seating herself, picked up the morning Post, and began as a matter of course, to scan its newsy front. Her eyes wandered to the advertisement columns, and suddenly they brightened as she read: "Wanted by a lady, a young or elderly person of refinement, to serve in the capacity of a companion. Liberal remuneration promised to the right person. Apply between the hours of two and five, afternoons, to Mrs. Oswald Staunton, 64 old Granton Road. Reference required."

Like a flash the thought came to her. Why should she not try for this God-sent situation? No more drudgery or trying to eke out the poor living she was now doing for herself and her mother. No more coming here to try to make a few extra pennies, by selling her mother's hand-work; no more going out into storms, and suffering the ill-effects

of the cold. But maintaining her beloved parent in constant comfort, and giving a rest, at least, to those thin worn fingers. Having all the comforts of rich surroundings, and coming in daily contact with educated, refined people, with whom even in her early childhood she had a desire to mingle. These were the inducements it held out to her delighted fancy; if she was not too late, and was lucky enough to get it. At first, she intended to tell her mother of her intentions, but one second thought, as she issued from Mr. Holland's dingy shop, and wended her way to St. Cyr's presbytery, she decided not to do so, but to consult Father Madden. The priest received her in his study, where he sat amid a pile of books and papers, important and unimportant, for with such a large parish as his, Father Madden was a very busy man.

"Well, well!" he said, in his warm-hearted way, "you have come to see me at last, Rosamond, my child. You are very welcome. Sit down here and tell me if you are all well, and strong again, and we will have a good long chat afterwards."

"Thank you, father," was the low soft reply, "if I will not be intruding on your precious time."

"Intruding! not at all my child. My morning's work is mostly done, and I was just finishing the reading of a letter from a distant friend. Let us go into the other room; it is pleasanter there than in this disorderly den of mine."

The "other room" was right next the sunny study, and was a parlor and sitting room combined, and with its plain furniture and general aspect so neat and tidy, that Rosamond decided if "order is Heaven's first law," it was the law also in St. Cyr's Presbytery. The priest and his young parishoner soon drifted into conversation and were chatting like old friends. The minister of souls charmed with her naturalness and sweet simplicity of speech and manner, and the young girl delighted with his kindness and the interest he took in everything she spoke of to him.

Just as she was about to take her departure, she seized the opportunity to broach the question, that since she had left Holland's, was uppermost in her