

tastic epistles about what he was studying—documents which the doctor would never understand. At the end of the year, however, all was apparent. Notwithstanding his uncle and aunt's predictions, Charley was certainly studying Theology. This was of course the greatest joy to his mother. In *her* mind it was on earth her best reward.

When four years passed he graduated at the Propaganda, and brought home with him all the honors that it could give. At last the Rev. Charles Henry Fitz Maurice gladdened the eyes of his mother and kindred. And it may be added that he proved himself an eminent practitioner in his own peculiar phlebotomy. He wielded that scalpel which is best calculated to bleed the sinner's heart. Before the old doctor's death, Charles Henry visited him, and but for something which only One can explain, would have made him a Christian. So flourished this Bud of Promise.

THE END

14