

figure detracted from her twenty-one years. Her complexion had all the delicious freshness of a rosy baby. Golden hair, with the glint of the sun in it, eyes large, and beautifully blue. She looked the impersonation of innocence. Impulsive in movement, her friends had christened her the "humming-bird." She was devoted to little children, and usually had a borrowed darling visiting her. With the young men of her acquaintance she was a great favorite, and was ever an interested listener to their talk, whether of sports or studies. They were unanimous in declaring her the most "all around" girl of their friends. Her gown, of pale green, *diaphanous* material, was very becoming. Lilies of the valley nestled at her belt. The Promotor's badge fastened her bodice.

The yellow daffodils in Margaret's hand shone out gloriously from the silken folds of her white dress. She had chosen her colors in compliment to the golden jubilee of our Holy Father. Although a blonde, Margaret differed from Mary in type. Her manner was serene, her air thoughtful. She reminded one of a study of Julien's, called "Meditation."

Mrs. Redmond, in black lace, from which her diamonds scintillated, acted as a ministering fairy in the dining-room. With the old friends she was familiar, and her exquisite tact put her at ease with all. Kathleen was the Mercury, and kept busy, with those numberless attentions, that go far to make such an event a success. Her pink gown rivalled the hue in her cheeks, her eyes shone like stars, her mouth seemed made for laughing. Mr. Murphy always called her "Cherry Ripe." There were early arrivals and many happy meetings of mutual friends. In a vast city like Philadelphia occasions like "The Tea" bring together those, whom the magnificent distances prevent from frequent intercourse. A delightful presentation of social life appeared, as, during the reception, the guests came and went. There were representatives of various classes of society, and of the successive eras in the family experience. It was said of Mrs. Murphy that she never lost a friend, and the gathering this afternoon endorsed the statement. With the old friends, whose loyalty forty years had tested, were inter-

mingled the acquaintances formed during the girls' recent entrance into society.

Greatly as Kathleen enjoyed the excitement, she was quite happy when 7 o'clock brought them to the usual family life. She had many questions to ask, and, after supper, seized the first opportunity to secure her Aunt Fanny's attention.

"Please tell me, who was the pretty lady in the green dress?"

"Do you mean Cousin Mary?" inquired Mrs. Redmond, smiling quizzically.

"Oh! No, mamma, but another pretty lady, in a dark green street dress, who invited me to go and see her children."

"You show excellent taste, Kathleen, in admiring Mrs. O'Donnel, her personal beauty is ennobled by her goodness. She is amiable and womanly. Her parents died when she was a little girl, and she was placed in a convent considered excellent, not only in the method of instruction, but very conservative in discipline. In that house the pupils were brought to the standard. It never occurred to those ladies to lower the standard to the pupils. Soon after your 'pretty lady' graduated she won the heart of an eminent man of this city. He is an honor to the Church, a model citizen, and a worthy scion of the race from which he sprang."

"And who was the lovely girl in the grey dress, who had the face of an ingenious child, and the pose of noble womanhood, I should say that her mind never harbors an unworthy thought?"

"Why, Aunt Elizabeth," cried Mary, "you and Kathleen select my favorites. Edith is one of my admirations. She is a convert, and although the idol of her family, and reared in luxury, lives but to do good. The rare combination of spiritual beauty with personal loveliness accounts for her charm. Some day I must tell you her history. She has tasted unusual degrees of joy and sorrow. Indeed, the greater number of our visitors this afternoon are leading earnest, useful lives."

"Yes," said her father, joining them at the moment, "I tell Mary, that her geese are all swans."

"Now, father, you are just teasing. You know you are very fond of Edith."

"I think Edith is a very fine girl, but some of your friends are not so admirable,