

nounced in a slow way as if she were somewhat astonished at herself.

"I am not sure Jeanne, but I think that I will be a Catholic."

"Indeed Charlotte, I am delighted," I exclaimed.

But she is yet undecided and will continue to ply me with questions which I am nothing loth to answer.

It was quite lovely of you, Eugénie, to send me that beautiful parasol. Did you receive my note of thanks, and how did you guess just what I wanted?

Write soon and tell me all about yourself.

Affectionately,

JEANNE.

A Passing Thought.

As the far-famed Lotos Lily,
 Ere its wondrous crown unfold,
 Grows and bears the snowy blossom
 Through the slime of darkest mould,
 Stainless through the mire passes,
 And at length, the goal attained
 Wakes to purest bloom and fragrance
 When the lake's calm breast is gained.

So the Christian life, uprising
 Must, through mire of sin and sense—
 Through dark waters of temptation
 Bear a stainless blossom thence.
 Earth unworthy, holds the promise
 That the buds of life conceal,
 Heaven will show the perfect flower
 And its loveliness reveal.

E LUMMIS.