

"It is French. Do you remember your friend, Father Paul?"

"Of course. Oh, Maurice! it cannot be about Bailey?"

"Indeed, it is. But don't look frightened. I wrote to Father Paul, and this is his answer."

"What made you write?"

"Did not I say I would pension Bailey? I don't forget my promises if other people do."

"Surely, you were only joking?"

"Very far from it, I assure you. Your good friend undertook to manage it, and he writes to me that my letter only arrived in time; that Bailey was ill, and quite dependent on charity, and that he is willing to administer the money I send in small doses suitable to the patient's condition."

"But, Maurice, it is perfect nonsense. Why should you give money to that wretched man? *We* might, indeed, do something for him."

"Who are 'we?' You had better be careful at present how you use your personal pronouns."

"I meant mamma and I might, of course."

"I do not see the 'of course' at all. Mamma has nothing whatever to do with it—nor even you."