

no place to which the boy could not climb. There have been other rich men in St. Bernard, men who also loved their children, to whom in time their fortunes descended, but they were satisfied that their sons should remain in the station in which it had pleased God to place them. Basile was not one of these. No, he could not read his prayers, and at his marriage he signed his name with an "X." To be sure, there are many like him even nowadays. Everyone cannot read; I cannot, but then it is not necessary for me. But he, Basile, had his own ideas as to a grand future for his son. So when the boy was about eight years old he sent him to the seminary in the city that he might be well educated, and when he returned he could speak of nothing but the wonderful things he had seen, the great buildings, the beautiful Basilica, and the palace, with its gardens around it, where his holiness the bishop lived like a prince. And he would often explain that he had learned on his trip that a bishop is the same as a prince, because nobody but a prince or a bishop has a palace, which was reasonable enough. But he did not stop at what was reasonable; he began to have dreams of his boy Carolus living there one day, in a purple robe, with a purple diamond on his finger. And he made up his mind that he would educate Carolus for the church. The boy was quick to learn, very talented. His professors praised him, and Basile rejoiced, for no other father in the countryside had such a son, so young and yet so learned. Sometimes on summer evenings when the boy was at home Basile would walk with him to the presbytery to hearken while he chatted with the *curé*, and he himself would say little, satisfied to listen to Carolus and to smoke his pipe.

"He often spoke of the years to come when Carolus should be at the presbytery himself. Indeed, he always had his ideas that in the time

to come his son would be among the great ones of the church; yet, with all his pride, he knew that that must take time, that many years must go by before it could come to pass. He looked forward to greater things, but in the meantime a *curé* was always a *curé*, above ordinary men. With Carolus here in the presbytery, while he lived yonder in his big house, he would be like a king in St. Bernard. It was a pleasure to him to dream of having the boy back home to stay, after their long separation. Well, all things went according to his wishes for many years. Carolus was about eighteen when the punishment of Basile's pride began. He had come home as usual that summer, but he seemed changed and sad. He made no more plans to be carried out for the benefit of the parish by-and-bye. And when Basile showed him how he had roofed the church and hung a larger bell in the steeple, all at his own expense, Carolus, either that he feared his father's anger, or that he was grieved to disappoint the old man, said nothing of his new desire, and a week after his return to the college Basile received a letter which the *curé* read to him, and in which Carolus announced that his conscience told him he had no vocation for the church, and he begged to be allowed to study law. With his letter came another from one of the chief professors, advising Basile not to refuse his son's request. In his opinion, the boy would make a successful lawyer, while it was a fixed thing that he would never become a priest. The professor warned Basile at the same time, that if in anger, he now removed his son from the college, not only would all the money he had spent on his education have been wasted, but he would spoil his life, having unfitted him for St. Bernard by too much learning, and for the great world by too little.

"Basile's anger was terrible. He shut himself up in his house, and for three weeks he refused to see or