

His big blue eyes widened when I spoke pleasantly to him.

"I am glad to see you, Charlie. Do you like to watch the choir boys?"

"Yes sir." And an unspoken wish shone on his face. He was a bright, manly-looking lad, and I was pleased with his appearance.

After a moment, during which he never took his eyes from my face, he said :

"Could I be a choir boy?"

"But you don't believe in the Catholic Church, Charlie!"

"Won't you give me a chance, Father?"

The words and the lad's earnest face made a deep impression upon me. I turned away to look up a spare cassock and surplice in the wardrobe, but the boy mistook the movement for a refusal and was turning slowly and sadly away when I called him. "Yes my boy, I will give you a chance; put these on," and I helped him.

No king robed in ermine could have been more grave, more reverent, than this boy, when, fully equipped in cassock and surplice and hymn book in hand, he stood beside a companion in the middle of the lines.

"Now, do as the other boys do," I whispered, as the train started into the sanctuary. I watched him from the door. He was reverent and attentive, even surpassing his Catholic companions in respectful devotion, listening breathlessly to every word that fell from the lips of the priest who preached the evening sermon. Sunday night we have sermons of a doctrinal nature, followed by Benediction. Every Sunday evening he was there, and the boys never once referred to his being a Protestant, at least in my hearing.

One evening he lingered after the boys said good-night "Well, Charlie," I said, "tired of being a choir boy?"

How he looked at me!