

nefarious work, and enables them to examine the immense nave at the end of which they see glimmering a little red light. Glad that the object of their quest is so easily found, noiselessly they walk down the aisle ; but the nearer they approach it the more formidable and gigantic grow the marble pillars supporting the tabernacle and guarding the precious door with its beautiful tracings of gold.

The man who walked ahead stopped in front of the iron-wrought railing separating the sanctuary from the nave. For the last twenty-five years he had been a stranger to fear : but this peculiar, mysterious silence never felt before, those massive pillars rising up like formidable giants, those statues looking so stern and accusing on their marble pedestals have their effect on him and while not actually afraid he is, to say the least, astonished, puzzled. He grasps the lantern and tries to see things more plainly, but its uncertain light only increases the weirdness, and like a flash remembrance springs to life and lays bare before him a past he has completely forgotten : once again he is an innocent, happy child ; he sees his mother, a good noble woman, busy at her work in the old homestead and amid those halcyon days one stands out prominently, that of his First Communion, with even its minor joy of being dressed like a prince from head to foot through the kindness of the little Count de B's mother, his church companion. This holy table at which he now stands makes him think of that other where he knelt radiant, his heart as full of sweet harmony as the melodious chords gently ascending with the perfume of the incense and echoing his joy as the venerable old Curé descended the altar steps and advanced towards him with a golden ciborium. Under the communion cloth his hand touched that of the descendant of the Condés and both the nobles and the laborer's son received the God of love for the first time into hearts equally pure and beautiful...

And this notorious criminal, despised, outlawed, tracked by the police, scorned by society, had there at the foot of the altar known his day of purity and regal honor and the unspeakable gladness of possessing the " Good God." Ah ! ages ago he had forgotten what that meant but now

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