

tailor, and although Christie was old enough to learn the trade, he had been kept at school until death had carried off both his parents a few weeks previously. The grief that he felt at his loss and the sorrow that the breaking up of his home had brought him, were increased by the knowledge that all hope of his becoming a priest some day was gone.

Peggy listened to his story with breathless interest. All her life she had longed "to help in the making of a priest," and now at last the opportunity had come to her.

"Is it give it up you're talking of?" she cried. "How could your parents rest in their graves if you gave it up and wasted all the years of learning that they gave you?"

"But, Peggy," cried the boy, scarcely daring to hope, "how can I keep to school when I have my own living to earn?"

"There's other ways of learning outside school," she replied. "Listen here to me. What did you do with the books you had beyond?"

The boy flushed to the roots of his hair.

"I—I left the most of them," he began.

"Is it at your uncle's?" asked Peggy.

"No. I thought my school was dead, along with them, and—" his voice dropped to a whisper, "I put them in a box and buried them too. The ground was soft, and after the neighbors had gone from the graveyard I went back, and I put them under the sod."

Peggy laid her hand on the head that was drooping now.

"We'll have them back, please God," she said. "You chose a safe place."

"The only place in all the world that is my own," interrupted the boy, and he spoke almost fiercely.

"We'll have them back," repeated Peggy, "and I'll speak to the master for you."

And she was as good as her word. Daybreak of the next holiday saw this curious couple making their way towards the far-off parish where Christie's home had been. They stopped for Mass in the town, and then went on through country strange to Peggy, but growing ever more familiar to the boy, until the gray walls of the churchyard they were seeking came in sight, and there,