

'God forbid!' he exclaimed, so energetically that she started from his embrace.

'I don't understand,' she said, with a puzzled frown settling between her eyes. He smiled.

'No, Joyce. I rescued you from bondage, child. You are a free Protestant—a child of God. "He hath given His angels charge—" he began and stopped. Memory had come suddenly to him. It was the parting blessing of Father Hall to the motherless child that he was quoting. How strange that it should have occurred to him just then. She had not noticed his sudden stop—her mind was too full of wonder at what he had told her.

'I should like to see my mother's grave,' she said softly, 'and the church she used to attend, just to see what it was like.'

He hesitated a little.

'I don't see any harm in it,' he said, after a thoughtful pause. 'I will take you there some day.' And so it chanced that on Joyce's eighteenth birthday they motored down to the little village and visited the lone graveyard on the hill that overlooked the sea. Then they drove to the Catholic church. Joyce entered it with a sort of shrinking from some influence that she suspected and dreaded. Her uncle followed her silently, and together they stood for a few moments watching a white-haired priest who knelt motionless before the altar. He rose after a while and came toward them.

'Mr. Olliver!' he exclaimed, and led them through a side door into the presbytery. 'And is this little Joyce?' he asked, looking earnestly at the young girl. 'How old are you now?'

'Eighteen to-day,' she answered him.

'Ah! sixteen years ago I baptised you,' he said.

'I told her about that, Mr. Hall,' broke in John Olliver. 'She is quite convinced that it was a mistake on her mother's part—she is quite a contented Protestant now.'

The priest smiled.

'A good Protestant, I hope, Mr. Olliver.'

'Of the best, Mr. Hall.'

'Well, well, time will prove, Mr. Olliver—I am getting old now, but the angels don't grow old, and "He hath given His angels charge" over her. They will not fail.'

He held out his hand. 'Come in again if you are passing this way. God bless you,' he said. And when he turned back into his house again he was smiling. 'They're coming home—thanks be to God!' he said, as if speaking to a friend.

* * * * *

A sudden crash, a blinding flash of light, darkness, silence, nothing! Then a faint stirring of life, and with it the keenness of agonising pain—the eyelids flickered once, but they could not bear the light. There was a faint rustling and the murmur of a voice. He lay still for a little while, then some one put brandy between his lips, and he opened his eyes only to close them with a sense of fear, for he had looked upon the face of a Sister of Charity. After a pause he opened them again—this time he felt sure there was no mistake. There had been an accident—he was in severe pain—he was lying on a white bed with white curtains all round it. He remembered.

'Joyce?' he asked weakly.

'She is not injured—only shaken—she is resting now. If you keep very quiet she shall come and look at you for a moment presently; but you must not try to speak.'

The nun moved softly, and dropped the curtain. He was shut in by the white walls that kept away most of the sounds of the hospital ward where he lay. He could hear soft footfalls, and the rustling of garments that suggested to him the rustling of angels' wings. 'He hath given His angels charge over thee,' he murmured, and fell into a fitful sleep. Joyce was beside him when he woke, but she did not speak—only smiled lovingly at him, and stroked one hand that lay upon the coverlet. He smiled back at her. Some one touched Joyce on the shoulder and led her away. The curtain dropped again. For many weary days he lay upon his bed, thinking, thinking, until one day he astonished Joyce by speaking Father Hall's name.

'Ask him to come to me,' he said simply. And the old priest came with a smile on his face, for he knew that John Olliver was coming home, and that he would bring God's child with him. After all, it did not take long to convince the injured man of the truth of Catholicism.

'I have been to blame, Father,' he said, when he had finally expressed his determination to submit to the authority of the Church, 'because I would not inquire into the matter. It was prejudice, of course—I see it all now, but it needed an accident and the loss of a limb to make me stop and think.'

'It is better to go into Heaven maimed than, having both limbs, to lose your soul,' answered the priest, 'and you see that the Holy Angels have not failed "God's child."'

Joyce came to him the same evening. 'I shall have to nurse you now, uncle,' she whispered, and her face was radiant with happiness, for they were both to be received into the Church on the following day.

'You will not leave me?' he asked anxiously.

'No, uncle,' she answered, 'not so long as you need me.' And he lay content, thinking of the happiness of the morrow. A nun came and prayed beside him.

'When I die I should like to know that Joyce was one of you,' he said.

'Hush!' she replied, holding up a warning finger, 'that is God's secret. For the present her duty is to you.' He smiled at her.

'It was a fortunate accident,' he murmured, as he fell asleep.—*Benziger's Magazine.*

CURED AT ROTORUA.

A speculator who was recently in the North Island inspecting a large tract of land, tells how he was permanently cured of a chest trouble at Rotorua. 'I was riding over rough North Island lands for several weeks,' he said, 'and it is indeed fatiguing work. I was in the saddle from sunrise to sunset—continually mounting and dismounting to inspect the soil, dragging an unwilling pack-horse behind me, slushing through swamplands and sleeping in the open. I made a thorough investigation of the land, but it was work that taxed my physical strength and endurance to the utmost. Sleeping one night on pretty damp land, I picked up a severe cold, and every night after that I was kept awake with incessant coughing. By the time I got in to Rotorua I was pretty bad—my chest seemed inflamed, my throat tickled, and my coughing hurt me. It was impossible for me to proceed further. I felt ill all day, and coughed all night, till one night I thought of Baxter's Lung Preserver. Next morning I got a bottle—and just one, for it cured me. I was surprised at its quick action. I was instantly relieved, and from that on I was not troubled in the slightest with a cough. I have reckoned that the 1/10 I spend on Baxter's saved me pounds, for I should certainly have been a case for the doctor in a little while.' Baxter's Lung Preserver is sold at all chemists and stores—you try it for your cold. 1/10 the large-sized bottle.

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