

inquiry, but no sooner had she reached Pisa than she fell sick and died. When I heard that, the sorrow of my heart was blacker than the night that veils my eyes! I thought, Giacomo, that I was going to die. From that moment," continued my father, to whom I listened in reverent silence, "I never had an hour of rest. I wandered from town to town, village to village, with this unfortunate boy, begging for tidings of thee as I begged my daily bread!" Then, after a long pause, "Have I sufficiently expiated my sin for thee to forgive me? My son! my son! forgive me!"

When my father had finished his narrative, I told him all that had befallen us, and he thanked a merciful Providence!

Pallidina's joy on seeing my father was unutterable. She could not take her eyes away from his white beard, his placid and venerable countenance. "Oh, how beautiful he has become," said she, "now that he loves the good God!"

The miller and his wife were charitable souls; they received my father as a friend.

"Ah, my prayer has been granted!" he kept saying; "I have found the son I had lost!"

"I, too, had put up a prayer, father," said I. "I implored Heaven to send us some

one who might tell our dear master and mistress that Pallidina and I were not brother and sister, and that we loved each other to distraction. You are here. Plead for us, father."

This much-dreaded revelation had none of the disastrous consequences I had apprehended, for a few weeks later our marriage was celebrated in the village chapel. Intoxicated with love and bliss, we returned to the mill, and continued to live with the miller and his wife.

My father, who is now a holy man, is bent upon begging as long as he lives. It is his proper calling, he says. Accordingly, he goes every day—summer and winter alike—to seat himself on a stone by the wayside, sending blessings after all passers-by, whether they give to him or not, and praying to God without ceasing. He gains enough, poor man, not to be a burden to our good master and mistress.

Ettore works under me at the mill.

Oh, yes! Providence is great and good; the poorer we are, the better we know this. At present my happiness with Pallidina is too great to speak about! What can one say to others when one is fully blest, and every thought soars to heaven in thanks-giving to God!

HOW MAY'S DREAM WAS PROVED TRUE.

LITTLE May Whittingham was just recovering from an illness. The doctor said she had got through it wonderfully; and he smiled and kissed her in the sweetest possible manner when he came to see her now that she was getting better. For a long while she had only been allowed to sit up in bed; and she used to feel as if her legs were running races, in spite of her being kept lying there so still; and when the old doctor brought the little hand looking-glass to let her see how fast her cheeks were getting round and plump again, she could not help thinking that they were like the doctor's own, for he was fresh and bright-looking, in spite of his white hair; and although May knew that the doctor had boys and girls of his own, and had long since laid his wife in the grave beside the two children that died within a day or two of each other when the fever was so bad, she thought to herself she would prefer a sweetheart like him to one like little dark Joe Benson they had teased her so much about, because he used always to give her the flowers he brought from home.

But May felt herself different in several ways from what she was before she lay down in that long illness. She would lie awake through the long hours of the night, and close her eyes so as to tempt her mamma into lying down on the couch beside her, and then she would listen to the clock of St. Asaph's striking the hours, and think of the strange old stories she had heard before her illness came. What made her like so much to do this, was that everything came back to her different and much clearer, though often mixed up with other things: what had happened to her long ago and been quite forgotten would come back to her mind along with the fairies and the giants and strange people she had begun to read about before she was taken ill. She would sometimes fall asleep just as the lamp's tiny light began to fade before the dawn that came stealing coldly through the window, and touching the spire of St. Asaph's, that glittered and seemed to glide nearer and nearer to her as she looked. She would gaze at the