

ever gentle and devoted to his "Uncle Ben." He knew no other name for him. The Sisters reported him remarkably pious and religious for a boy. And now, in his twelfth year, "Uncle Ben," whose love for the boy never diminished, looked about for a college in which to begin his course.

"It must be a Catholic college," he mused, "for I gave my word to the priest." We can judge from this what manner of honorable gentleman was Mr. Brown.

And so it came to pass that Arthur was sent to a Southern college under the care of a great religious order, his beloved "Uncle Ben" defraying all the expenses of his wardrobe and tuition.

The years passed by. Arthur was a grateful boy. His letters, regularly sent, were the one great joy of his so-called Uncle Ben, who watched his progress with pride and hope. Now and then Arthur would speak of his happiness in his faith, and in fervent words would express the wish that his benefactor knew something of the one true religion. But Uncle Ben would only shrug his shoulders and say: "It was enough for me to be a good Presbyterian."

Arthur's graduation day came and Uncle Ben was there. He was proud of his boy. There was something noble and pure, and altogether inscrutable in the appearance of the young man to his guardian—something that rather awed Uncle Ben, he could hardly say why.

After the exercises, Arthur and his benefactor took a walk under the College trees, and Uncle Ben praised him for his record, and then sprang the question:

"What do you want to make of yourself, my son?" Arthur paused, then placing his hand on the arm of his adopted father, he looked him straight in the face while his eyes brimmed with unshed tears.

"Uncle Ben, a life-time would be too short to thank you for all you have done for me; my heart swells when I think of your noble, generous goodness. I can never repay you."

"Tut, tut," said Uncle Ben hastily, but deeply touched; "don't say that; you have been a reward in yourself, Arthur. My great joy in life these fourteen years has been