

transgressions," thought the priest. He looked at her tenderly. But she hesitated only an instant, and then continued hastily :

"There's one thing more I wanted to tell you, dear Padre," she said, coloring.

A thrill went through the form of the priest. "Dear Padre." Could music of angels be lovelier than the sound of those words from her sweet lips? The Padre was not so old. True he was a priest, and his priestly robes gave him an appearance of dignity and sanctity, yet in his bosom throbbed a human heart of man. He had never looked at Ninetta or heard her soft voice without feeling drawn toward her. Now in this moment of intoxicated joy he could not suppress the resolve, "If she will love me I will renounce my vows, and we will flee, if must be, to the new-found continent beyond the sea ; and even if I lose heaven, what an Eden of joy earth will be with her !"

But Ninetta was continuing : "I have always told you everything, dear Padre, and now I'll be happier if I tell you what is in my heart." She opened her lips to speak, but the secret seemed locked in her maiden breast.

"I—I love—" she faltered, then, as she heard this word on her own lips, blushed redder than the roses in her hand, which shed such a sweet perfume into the sacred place.

The priest held his breath in excruciating suspense until she spoke again.

"I—Carlo de Medici loves me," she whispered at last. Her lips moved as if she would say more, but the words did not come.

The priest stood a moment in dazed silence, muttering to himself, "God's punishment," and then laying his hand gently on her head, "God's blessing be with you both," he said.

H. H. MALLORY, '99.

THE TRAILING ARBUTUS.

Oh fragrant buds of early Spring,
 What happiness and joy you bring,
 And scatter far and near ;
 Scarce has the earth awoke from sleep,
 When from its mould your blossoms peep,
 To tell us Spring is here.

Within the forest's tangled wood,
 Where leaves and snow serve as a hood
 To keep the cold away ;
 All Winter long you wait your time,
 And dream of showers and warm sunshine,
 And the bright month of May.