## A Christmas Nightingale.

their foliage. Snow lay everyit covered the hedges and and bent down the branches pine trees with its weight; e pine trees with its weight; depended from the eaves of ouses which bordered the wide, icicles depended from the eaves of tall houses which bordered the wide, irregular street leading up from the lower town to the Hotel de Ville, which stood bleak and cheerless at the top of the hill, encircles by ramparts of what had once been a city. Even now it considered itself as such, though the "Councillors of State" and the Mayor hardly found their labors arduous, and the gendarmes, more or less conscious of their uniforms, lounged in the court yard under the windows of the building which served as a jail, chaffing the girls who came shivering to the yard under the windows of the build-ing which served as a jail, chaffing the girls who came shivering to the grotesquely carved fountain, or gaz-ing aimlessly down into what reing aimlessly down into what remained of the moat, only one corner of which now contained water under a thick covering of ice—the larger part being cultivated in summer as a kitchen garden. Now, however, there were to be seen only the bare there were to be seen only the bare stalks of the gooseberry and currant bushes, gaunt branches of espaliered pear treas, and stalks of dead cab-bages that thrust their ugly brown shapes above the ground.

Just below the turning of the road where the ramparts began, a tall crucifix with a life-sized figure

in bronze dominated the wide valley in bronze dominated the wide values, across, which, under the bare branches of spreading trees, could be seen a few scattered chalets, their broad, overhanging roofs weighted down with rough boulders, as a safeuard against the devastating winds that sometimes swept over the country; not far away was a cheerless looking building, long and low, which had evidently been the barn of

some ancient monastery, but having been restored and added to, was now as an almshouse Up the long hill leading from the little railway station a man and a boy were slowly making their way. The man was old, he had a long white beard, and his forehead and furrowed. He wore cloak that he drew about him with nis can fingers, and he shi vered and coughed. The child toiled along wearily by his side; pair had come a good distance; were very poor, and the old man carried a guitar which he held against his breast, as if he feared that it would fall and be injured. that it would fall and be injured. He was a musician, and had once been a famous singer, but that was long ago, when he was young handsome, and managers had view with each other in offering him great with each other in when sums of money, knowing that when Vintelli was billed to sing the house would be crowded and the seasor sure to be a successful one. Ah, yes, that was years ago; his fortune had been in his throat and he had never thought to lose it; but, suddenly, one winter morning he awoke with cold, and gradually pneumonia There were weeks when he hovering between life and death, when at last he found himself and when at last he found himself comparatively well, it was to realize that the beautiful voice was gone. He wished he had died—what was the use of life now! When he had ed, before this illness came, of dreamed, before this illness came, of the future, it was of successive sea-sons of triumph, of crowded houses and prolonged recalls, and applause that was almost deafening. It had never occurred to him that before he should find himself disabled, age he should find himself disabled, and be passed by and forgotten as he had seen so many others before now, that the money gained so easily and as lavishly spent, should be almost entirely gone and he left without any visible means of supwithout any visible means of sup-port. He hung about the theatres, hoping something would turn up, thinking perhaps that the voice would return, but it never did, and so at last he engaged two small rooms and advertised for pupils, and gave lessons for several years the hated it. He married one it. He married one wife died not long afday, and his whe died not long al-ter, leaving a child, a little girl to whom he was devoted, and he watch-ed her grow up, caring for her as tenderly as a woman, till at last tenderly as a woman, till at last she married and died as her mother had died before her, leaving a baby, a dark-eyed, curly-headed boy. Then, the child's in her being a good-for-nothing fellow who soon disappeared Vitelli found himself an old man, Vitelli found himself an old man, once more with a child to care for. once more with a child to care for. and again he began saving and working as best he could, to support the boy in whom hereafter centered all his hopes, all the joy of his saddened and disappointed life The child was now ton years old, olive-skinned, with the rk, expressive eyes and long lashes that trushed his cheeks, and lips that were the color of an oriential trushed his cheeks, and lips that were the color of an oriential trushed his cheeks. lashes that Lrushed his cheeks, and lips that were the color of an oriental ruby. Already he sang, accompanying his grandfather when he played the griter, throwing back his head and letting the notes thrill out joyously like the song of a bird; his musical ear was precocious; and already the old man had begun to plan for him, and to dream that one day he should repew the success of his own brilliant youth. And yet he sighed in dreaming, for he himself was old, and he world not be there to listen to the cultivated voice of the young man.

They had been in Germany in the

They had been in Germany in the summer, had wandered from place to place for months, he playing the guitar while the child same, and at the different watering places, among the growds of travellers who gathered to amuse themselves in the long summer days, the warm, monthly inghts, there were always those clode to listen to the old man and the child, and they gathered a charge

On the afternoon of the 22nd of of small coin, which kept them from December, 18—, a cold wind was blowing, tossing the naked branches of the trees that had been stripped the trees that had been stripped faces to the south and were travelfaces to the south and were travelling slowly towards Italy. It was there that the child must go, there he would receive proper instruction cultivate the voice that every day grew sweeter; but the way was long and the old man's strength began to fail. He would not allow that he was ill; he must go on, he must get the child to Italy. There he felt he would be safe with his old friend, a music master whom he had known music master whom he had known for years, who would be interested in the boy and teach him. Yes, and look after him when he himself was dead. Dead—oh, the idea, was horrible—dead! No, no, it must not be. He must live, he must work for the He must live, he must work for the boy, he must see him grown up and able to take care of himself. He must not die! He would not. If only they could reach that city by the sea, under the shadow of the purple mountains where the olive trees grew, where the oranges and lemons have on the branches along, with grew, where the oranges and tenous hung on the branches along with perfumed waxen blossoms, where heliotrope covered walls and the hillsides were pink with blossoming roses, and where, high up on a rocky ledge, dominating the deep blue sea, were that little nink church with

was that little pink church, with the bells that rang out for matins and vespers, where long ago he had made his first communion, where he would go and confess once more as soon as they arrived. was that little pink church,

But it was cold this afternoon, it was getting late, the shadows were already falling; he felt very tried; he wanted to reach the top of the hill, to get near the warmth and the light of the town. At the foot of the crucifix he stumbled; he was so tired, but he would not complain; he would not alarm the child, only they would not alarm the child, only they would both kneel there for a

would both kneet there for a moment and say a prayer to le bon Dieu.

"Take the beads, Giovanni, we will thank le bon Dieu for taking care inot most mill sek him. of us so far; we will ask him 'to help us,' and the two knelt together, their faces upturned towards

ther, their faces upturned towards the pitying eyes of the Christ.

Rising wearily, the old man pressed close to the crucifix, kissing the feet with fervor, and bidding the child to put his lips where his own had been; then slowly, and often stopping to rest, they reached the town as it was getting dark, and away down in the valley they saw in scattered farm-houses the twink-line sights, some clowls are ling lights ling lights come slowly out, as housewives lighted the lamps before closing the shutters for the night.

"Giovanni, I can't go any further, I am so tired. I am faint and weak." The old man's voice mas almost inaudible.
"Grandfather, grandfather, what is it?" the child cried in terror.

They were close to a deserted stable; the door was half open, and the old man groped his way is and fell fainting on the straw covered the floor. Giovanni ran to the doo

Giovanni ran to the door and looked up and down the street. Emerging from the shadows a lit-tle way below, he saw two figures coming slowly up the hill, and as they passed under the electric light he recognized the dress and great white coronets of the Sisters of Charity who were consistent from the valley where they had been on some errand of mercy. Giovanni ran towards them, crying out:

"Help! help! Oh, come quickly, my grandfather is dying," and he

broke into pitiful sobs

The Sisters hastened their steps who was this child who came ing towards them, the tears coursing down his cheeks, his voice choked by sobs? They did not know him; he was a stranger in the vil-lage, and he was certainly in great

"What is the matter, my child-what is it? Your grandfather is dy-ing? But where—lead us to him." "Here, here in the stable, and it is

## **BRONCHITIS**

The Symptoms are tightness across the chest, sharp pains and a difficulty in breathing, and a secretion of thick phlegm. at first white, but later of a gre yellowish color. Neglected Bronchitis is one of the most general causes of Consumption

Cure it at once by the use of



SYRUP Mrs. D. D. Miller, Allandale, Ont. writes: "My husband got a bottle of Dr Wood's Norway Pine Syrup for my little girl who had Bron-hitis. She wheezed so builty you could hear her from one room to the other, but it was not leng until we could see the effect your medicine had on her. That was last winter when we lived in Toronto.

Toronto.

"She had a bad cold this winter, but in stead of getting another bottle of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. I tried a hommel-co-sent which I got from a neighbor tomat dut ther cold lasted about twice as long. My husband highly praises "Dr. Wirels", and a sys he will see that a bottle of it s always k pt in the home."

The price of Dr. Wood's Norway Pingua, syrill ow wrapper, three pine trees the trade mark, so, be a and accept mone of the many substitutes of the original "Norway Pine Syrup."

The child ran back, the Sisters fol-lowing as fast as they could make their way along, and coming to the stable, followed Giovanni inside, but it was so dark they stumbled along

with difficulty.
"Sister Veronica, the candle "Here they are, Reverend Mother," nd the Sister who answered to the and the Sister who answered to the name of Veronica drew a long candle from her basket, and then found matches, with which she quickly produced a light, and holding it before her, led the way to the pile of straw on which lay old Vitelli, quite unconscious and breathing slowly

and heavily.

Reverend Mother knelt beside him

Reverend Mother knelt beside him and felt his pulse.

"He is almost gone," she said; then she drew a small flask from her pocket, and tried to pour a few drops of brandy down the old man's throat, but it was useless; the liquid trickled down the corners of his mouth, he could not swallow, and the two women, accustomed as they were to kneeling beside the dying, realized that the old man was past all earthly help. They began to repeat the prayers for the dying. The child meanwhile crept close to the inanimate form, crying and sobbing softly; he took one of the withered softly; he took one of the withered and rubbed it, trying to bring hands and rubbed it, trying to bring back some warmth to the stiffening fingers. But it was all useless; a shiver passed over the body, a spasm contracted the face and then it was over. Poor old Vitelli, who had made such a brave fight for

life, was dead.
"Grandfather! grandfather! wake up! Speak to me. Don't you know me? Don't you know it is Giovanni, your little Giovanni? You cannot go away and leave me alone.

Grandfather, dear grandfather—"
"But, my child," Reverend Mother said gently, "he cannot speak. Your grandfather her grand-grane, alrendy

said gently, "he cannot speak. Your grandfather has gone—gone already away—gone to le bon Dieu."
"And left me alone! Oh, no, no it cannot be, he would not leave me

it cannot be, he would not leave me so. Dear grandfather, come back! and he bent down and kissed the old man's face.

"My child, your grandfather cannot come back, le bon Dieu has taken him." and Reverend Mother put her arms about the boy, trying to comfort him. "Tell me, how do you happen to be here—why are you alone in this place?" in this place?

alone in this place?"

"We have come a long way," Giovanni answered; "grandfather and I, we have walked for many days, and we were going to Italy. We were so happy together; he had his guitar and I, I sang, and he wanted to take and I, I sang, and he wanted to take me to his friend, who would teach me: he said I had a voice, and the maestro would show me how to use it, and then some day I would be a great singer, as he had been," and the child pressed against the side of Reverend Mother, crying bitterly and unable to continue, while Sister Veronica knelt and straightened the limbs of the dead man, crossing his limbs of the dead man, crossing his

hands upon his breast.

Reverend Mother looked about andsaw an overturned box in one corner. She sat down upon it, keeping
the child beside her.

"Put the candle here," she said to

"Put the candle here," she said to Sister Veronica, indicating the stone sill of the narrow window, "and then go out and find the cure, and look for a gendarme," and Sister Veronica obeyed

Through the open door could Through the open door count be seen the old church on the opposite side of the wide street. The steeple, rising high, was lost in the gathering darkness, but there was a light near by, and its rays fell on the tall row windows, and high up on wall it lighted up a fresco that the wall it lighted at wonderingly—a huge blue disc on which was a great eye; rays of light were thrown from zy clouds about it, and on the circle enclosing the curious picture painted in big capital letters the

words:
"JE VOIS TOUT-ET PARTOUT. (I see everything, and everywhere.) Giovanni looked at the fresco fasci nated; he could not withdraw gaze from that eye, which seemed to see into everything; he felt afraid. "Je vois tout, et partout.

Yes, everything and everywhere Yes, everything and everywhercthere was nothing that could be hidden—nothing that that eye did not see. But surely it was the eye of le bon Dieu, le bon Dieu, and He saw what had happened. He must know how they had come to the stable, how his grandfather had fallen and died. Oh why had I had happened to the stable of the bon bieu, and He was the eye of le bon Dieu, and he was the eye of le bon Dieu, and he was the eye of le bon Dieu, and he was the eye of le bon Dieu, and he was the eye of le bon Dieu, and he was the eye of le bon Dieu, and he was the eye of le bon Dieu, and he was the eye of le bon Dieu, and he was the eye of le bon Dieu, and he was the eye of le bon Dieu len and died. Oh, why had He not helped him? How could He let his grandfather die—how could He let him go and leave his little Giovanni? Was He really, as the Sisters said, le "bon" Dieu? The child was said, le "bon" Heu? The child was frightened at the thought, the idea that he dared for one instant to think. "Grandfather might have been left alive. It was cruel to take him away from Giovanni."

away from Giovanni."
"Je vois tout et partout. Je
vois - tout-et-par-tout." The
child's head was swimming; things
seemed so fer away; his head fell
against the cherlder of Reverend Mother, and, weary and sad, his eyes closed and he was soon in the mer-

"Here, Monsieur le curé." Sister Verenica turned towards the door of the stable, the cure walked beside her, a relicement followed, and several neorle from the village joined them as they draw near the place where the cit seem lay deed, and between Matheward little Jest.

where the old count by deed pure the property of the country and little Jeen ness and tired feelings. There were worthing and little Jeen ness and tired feelings. There were brick dust disease, Dr. Chape's Kidney-Liver of Vitelli, cheesed in the nerrow pire of the private and shady. The configuration of the private and the priv

kind voice would never speak to him, the hand that had led him so many miles through the fields and the vii-

lage streets and over the hills stretching away towards Italy—all were still in death.

Leverend Mother pointed to the child. She told the curé and the doctor all she knew; the gendarme listened; the people stood about one. listened; the people stood about gap be done now; to-morrow the coroner would come, and then the old man must be buried.

"Was there any money?" It hardly seemed possible. "There was the guitar." The cure saw it less.

guitar." The cure saw it lying be-side the old man where it had drop-ped from the hand that could no longer keep its hold upon it—the be-loved guitar—that would sell for enough, the cure thought, to pay lor the candles that he would order to be lighted beside the body, and he would himself say a mass for the would himself say a mass for old man's soul. He was a would himself say a mass for the old man's soul. He was a kind man, the curé, and the Sisters, they were kind also. When the man was buried, they must see what could be done with the child.

"I will take the boy home with me

for the night," the curé said, cone of the men from the street caforward and offered to carry across to the presbytère.

Reverend Mother looked at she bent and kissed the curly hair. She had had her own history, when no one hereabouts knew; it had all happened years ago, and her secret was hidden away in her own heart; but the child leaning against her shoulder, nestling so trustingly on the breast that was so full of tender mother love, woke in her anew the anguish of the past year, and as the value of the past year, and as she raised her head, motioning the man to lift the boy, her

eyes fell upon the fresco across the street, "Je vois tout et partout." There were people lingering about the stable. The doctor arranged for two of the men to watch beside the body, and Sister Veronica placed candles at the head and foot, light-

ry late; we must be going on soir, Monsieur le curé."

"Good-night. Reverend Mother good-night, Reverend Mother; good-night, Sister Veronica. May God's blessing rest upon you." And they went their way while the curé, followed by the man with the sleeping child in his arms, went on to-

wards the presbytére.

The old housekeeper, who had been warned that something unusual had happened, held the door open as the curé approached, and followed him into the bare little room, which into the served as his living room and study served as nis living room and study in one. It was fairly neat, a little fire was burning and the lamp was lighted on the table. The cure motioned to the peasant to lay the child down on the lounge beside the fire, and taking a bottle of the win of the country that stood on the ta-ble, poured some of it into a tumb-ler which he handed him, thanking him for bringing the boy across the street, and then dismissing him, the old woman showing him to the door

"Come back, Elise," the cure said:
"we must find a place for the child
to sleep," and he hastily recounted
what had happened as she listened in open-mouthed astonishment

The child stirred and opened yes, then he sat up and le yes, then he sat up and looked cround the room, dazed by the light and unknown faces and the new sur-Where am 1-where is my grand

'You are here, quite safe; we are going to give you something to eat," the curé said gent-ly.

"Poor little fellow, he must be hungry," Elise added. "Monsieur le curé, I will get him a bowl of hot milk and some bread," and she went to the kitchen, leaving the old man and the child alone.

'I don't understand, ' the boy said. "What has he looking around. "What has happen-ed?-grandfather—" then rubbing his eyes; "oh, I had a dream, it must have been a dream. Grand-father was ill—he fell on the straw looking around -I-thought-he-died.

"My boy,"-the cure's voice stood over the boy and to stood over the boy and took his hand. "Try to be quiet. You must be very tired; you have walked a long distance, and you have been

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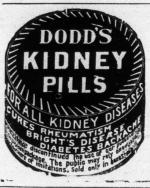
(The denosity of the severe large of kidners, and the control of the severe brick dust denosits in any prine as well as other synctoms of kidners.

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hands, and there were tears in hi

ney."
"A journey! Without me? My grandather has gone and left me be hind?" Then as everything camback to him, he started to his feet. "Oh, it was true, it was not a dream, it was true! There was the stable—and the Sisters—and my grandfather—he died—he died!"
"Yes, my child, le bon Dieu took him, the kind, merchel God, God the

took him to himself, I never be ill, hungry nor cold; he will never be unhappy "And he has taken him away from his little Giovanni!" The child threw himself at the feet of the curé holding the old man's hand and sob-

bing bitterly.
"Yes. little Giovanni, God has ta

ken your grandfather to himself Try. my child, to be brave; remem ber that what le bon Dieu does is for the best." voit tout, et partout,"

child repeated slowly

"Yes, my child," the curé answered not following the cuild's idea.
"And He saw my grandfather and took him, and left me behind. But what will grandfather do? He often said he could not get on without m
—that he wanted to uve for me."

-that he wanted to live for me."
"God knows what is for the best, little Giovanni. He will see to it that you are taken care of; that is." the cure added, "if you are a good boy. God will himself look after

of coarse bread. "The child is hungry, he must eat," the curé said, and himself drew a chair up to the table. The child came forward and stood while the stood while the curé pronounced the grace, then he made the sign of the Tains in the small of the back.
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## TO LOVERS OF ST. ANTHONY of Padua.

Dear Reader,-Be patient with me for telling you again how much I need your help. How can I help it? or what else can I do?

For without that help this Mission must cease to exist, and the poor Catholics already here remain without a Church.

I am still obliged to say Mass and

give Benediction in a Mean Upper-Yet such as it is, this is the sole

outpost of Catholicism in a division of the county of Norfolk measuring 35 by 20 miles.

And to add to my many anxieties,

Backache,

Kidnev 'Pair

boy. God will himself look after you."

The child shook his head sadly. "I do not understand," he said.

Elise came into the room bringing a bowl of milk and a great hunch of coarse bread. "The child is hungly, he must eat," the cure said. The generosity of the Catholic Public has enabled us to secure a valuable site for Church and Preshytery.

Kidnev 'Pair

And to add to my many anxieties, have no Diocesar Grant. No Endowment (except Hope)

We must have outside help for the present, or haul down the flac.

The generosity of the Catholic Public has enabled us to secure a valuable site for Church and Preshytery.

We have money in the value of the present of the present. The generosity of the Catholic Public has enabled us to secure a valuable site for Church and Preshytery. We have money in hand towards the cost of building, but the Bishop will not allow us to go into debt.

I am most grateful to those who have helped us and trust they will continue their chamity.

To those who have not helped I would say: —For the sake of the Cause give something, if only a "little." It is easier and more pleasant to rive then to ber, Speed the "lad hour when I need no longer plead for a permanent. Home for the Blessed Sacrament.

#### Father Grau, Catholic Mission. Fakenham, Norfo'k, Fngland.

P.S.—I will gratefully and promptly acknowledge the smallest donation and send with my acknowledgment a beautiful picture of the Sacred Heart and St. Anthony

#### Letter from Our New Bishop.

Dear Father Gray. —You have duly accounted for the alms which you have received, and you have place! them securely in the names of Piocean Trustees. Your efforts have gone far towards providing what is mecessary for the entablishment of a permanent Mission at Fakesham. I authorise you to continue to solicit alms for this object until, in my judgment, it has been fully attained. Yours faithfully in Christ,

Richop of Northampton.

THURSDAY,

By Sar Two little st

side, Close to the 'Two?'' said he came, Loaded with 'Ho-ho!'' wi 'I'll have no one, I know who my dear.
There's only
here." So he crept u

place, And measured Just then a v And fluttered "Aha! what's prise, As he pushed his eyes,
And read the
rough plan
"Dear Saint N
"The other sto

wall I have hung Clara Hall. She's a poor good, So I thought would
Fill up her stor
And help to n
bright.

If you've not er
ings there,
Please put all i
care."

Saint Nicholas his eye,
id "God bless
said with a Then softly he chimney high A note like a b high. en down came mortals

That ever were se earth's portals. "Hurry up," said a nicely prepare nicely prepare
All a little girl wa
is rare." en, oh, what a s that room!
Away went the elve the gloom
Of the sooty old chi

bling low A child's whole was to toe How Santa Claus I gathered them in And fastened each with a pin!
Right to the toe he dress."
She'll think it cam
I guess."
Said Saint Nicholas
folds of blue,
And tying the hood

When all the warm tened on, And both little socks done, Then Santa Claus tu and there,
and hurried away to
Saying: "God pity these the dear chi
who pitics them too,
so wild."
The wind caught

The wind caught
bore them on hig
fill they died away sky, dile Saint Nichola the icy air, ringing "reace and g him everywhere.