

behind a pillar and remained as long as he could listening to the hymns and part of the sermon. After that church glimpse, school seemed so desolate and cold and his home even more so. Still he did not complain or importune, fully realizing, child though he was, that his father's will was as adamant in this case.

One evening during the retreat profiting by his father's absence he went to confession thinking if he could not make his First Communion he could at least purify his soul in anticipation.

The night before the Festal Day he was so restless and unhappy he could not sleep. When the Angelus rang out he heard the bells repeating: "To-day! To-day! is the glorious day." Bursting into tears he drew the bed-clothes over his head to shut out the sound murmuring. 'Glorious Day! Yes, for the others—but what for poor little Jim.'

His father got up in such an ugly cross mood that morning that Jim was really afraid of him and glad when he saw him open the door and go out. Scarcely five minutes had elapsed when he returned and even the child could tell that he had only been to the saloon, and had come back crosser and more determined to be on the alert for the trick he was sure those crafty priests were going to play on him, to get his boy.

Little Jim was the picture of dejection as he sat there, on a low stool, in a corner near the chimney-place with bent head, ragged old blouse thrown carelessly on, and feet half in and half out of shoes much the worse for wear. As he raised his eyes to look at the clock, which was about to strike nine, the bells again rang out even more gaily than before announcing the procession of the children, pure as angels, through the church to the chancel where they were to take their places near the altar. More with soul than ears he heard them singing the hymn he had hoped until the last moment to join in and forgetting even the stern father watching him he burst into tears.

Drunk as he was the inhuman father could not look at him without a pang of pity. He had still sense enough to realize that he was torturing his only child, whom he was bound to protect and love and who when grown to