OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

God Sees Everywhere. Written for the CATHOLIC RECORD. A row of little heads were seen
In cager listening style,
The teacher smiling seemed to say:
"God loves you all the while;
Nor must you think when nightfall comes,
You've grown beyond His care,
For you must know, my little dears,
For you must know, my little dears,
That God sees everywhere."

The days flew by, so me rily spent,
The pure hearts were gay.
The teacher thought twas time to see
If morals won the day.
So in he brought flye little bars,
Whoge chirples weet and shrill,
Those shad aspectant faces bright
With wondering joy did fill.

"You each must find a secret spot, Where God does never go, Where angel's eye can never see, Nor human heart can know. There you will kill your little bird, Then come in haste to me, and each will tell the dark some place That God can never see."

The teacher waits; the moments speed;—
In walk his charges five.
And of them all, but one did have
His litt e bird allve.
Some told of heiges, dark with leaves,
Another found a cave
Where light of day did never shine
Nor angry winds did rave.

Then turns the teacher to the last,
A blue-eyed boy of seven,
Whose cheruh face and presence bright
Did draw one nearer Heaven.
"I did not look," whispers the voice,
"For places dark, nor dare
To kill this darling little bird,
For God sees everywhere,"
"KATE J. WEBB.

Detroit, March 21, 1892.

CRONIN'S GAL.

It was a still, clear, cold night in the heat of the Maine woods. Mary Cronin drew her frayed shawl closely over her head and shoulders as she closed the door softly and stepped out into the She was very tired for the day's work had been hard, and her invalid mother had needed more care than usual.

The dishes had been washed, and the table reset for breakfast; the pail had been filled at the ice-encircled spring on the mountain road; her mother's gruel had been made; her bed smoothed up; and Mary had sung one tune after another, as she held her mother's wasted hand, till sleep came to the

aufferer. The girl stood motionless on the doorstone, and looked eagerly at all the works. Through the windows and doors of the casting-room, which were open this December night, a fiery gleam shone from the red-hot iron run ning through the moulds. Now and then came a sharp explosion, with a superb play of fireworks around the mouth of the furnace.

The violent, orange, green and crimson stars did not attract Mary's atten-tion. It was an old story to her, and her heart was too heavy for her eyes to see any beauty in it. She looked above the casting room up the high brick chimney to the "top-house," which was perched on an immense staging just at the mouth of the

Her father was there-for it was his night on-and he had been drinking when he came home to supper. For tunately her mother was asleep, and hadbeen spared cruel anxiety. Mary's heart stood still as her father took his lunch can, without his usual kiss or the "Good night Molly! take good care of your mother," which made her happy every night. He had stumbled over the rag mat, and uttered a curse under his breath. He never did this unless he had been drinking heavily.

Poor John Cronin! His appetite for liquor and his weak will had caused him to drift from one workshop to another, from city to city, and from State to State, carrying with him his wife and only child. The factory wife and only child. St. Louis, Pittsburg, Newark, and other manufacturing centres are woefully alike, and had it not been for her mother's stories, Mary -the little girl-would have believed world paved and cut into narrow, dirty streets with a streak of sty above, crossed with clothes-

idon

IAN:

er-er-ints

Her mother came from the Catskill mountains region, and her nature re volted at the wretched places they had called home. The sunny old brick arm house built in the Dutch way; the fertile fields, and crowded barn-yard grandmother's flower-garden across the road, the mountains framing the little vale, the peace the cleanliness, the her mother's words and sighs and

A great resolve had crept into the A great resolve had crept into the dild's heart to try and reproduce that peaceful life. "To be respectable and stay in one place" was what she lived fer. If only her father would not drink.

There came a day to the child when the began to see her way clear. A letter arrived from a man with whom her father had worked before his marpiage, in a Penobscot logging camp. He wrote of an opening for a family at the Katahdin Iron Works, in Maine—fair wages and a comfortable home were ready

When John Cronin read the letter, all his old love for the woods came back He could feel the cold steel of the gun-barrel, and the supple rod bend in his hand. Before long the money was got together which carried the family from Boston to Bangor, and from there to the Works, sixty miles

Six months had gone, every day brought new beauties to Katahdin. Now and then the child left the Works, with its black unsightly buildings. Could she guide the car and dump it?
Before she knew it, it was done. The sulphur fumes, and explored Pleasant River, leaping from one flat stone to another, and gathering the valid cardinal flowers along the bank. She wandered beside Silver Lake, which respectively. The sleeping man and moaned and cried:

Could she guide the car and dump it?

Before she knew it, it was done. The car was replaced, the bell rung. The elevator had gone down and the floor had been replaced.

Then Mary crouched beside the sleeping man and moaned and cried:

Could she guide the car and dump it?

Before she knew it, it was done. The car was replaced, the bell rung. The elevator had gone down and the floor had been replaced.

Then Mary crouched beside the sleeping man and moaned and cried: ong row of charcoal-houses, heaps of

Mountain upon its polished surface. Her mother would not let her venture far. Two fierce bear cubs in their cages at the hotel told what the woods contained.

Under Mrs. Cronin's touch the plain There were a few pretty pictures and ornaments that she had brought with her—the remainder of better days, and Mary helped arrange them in the bare The curtains of the living-room. windows were coarse but white, and the new stove shone resplendent with its silver-plated ornamentation and let-

"The Star of the East, Bangor, Maine," Mary read on the oven door

many times a day.
"Mother," she said, holding her stove-rag in her hand as she knelt before the range, "I always give the name an extra polish, for it seems to mean so much to us. This is our first real home. Nobody under us and nobody over us, and such heaps of room all round !'

Mary's intense delight in all she saw. and the deep gratitude she expressed for all that was done for her, made everyone anxious to give her pleasure. She was thoughtful and unselfish, and the whole settlement learned to love 'Cronin's Gal."

Was a child unruly? The mother would call Mary in to help her, and soon the unhappy little one was listening with open eyes and dirty mouth expanding into a smile, to her account of some St. Patrick's day parade, or a Fourth of July exhibition of fire-works on Boston Common. To Mary, versed in city love and sights, the country was one thing to be desired; but the Katahdin children, tired of the monotony and loneliness of a life in the woods, could never hear enough of the crowds and

So "Cronin's Gal" became the story teller of the settlement. Often the workmen stopped and joined the circle of children and crowded around her in the summer twilight and listened to her story.

"Seems a different place, somehow since 'Cronin's Gal' came " said many of the people. "The children don't fight half so much as they did, nor torment the critters. They're nice folks, them Cronin's."

Before her mother was taken ill, Mary's hands and feet and head had been at the service of the whole settlement. Every one loved, petted and tyrannized over her.

In spite of her mother's sharp but short illness, from which she was now recovering, the summer and autumn had passed happily with Mary. Her father had kept sober, and no one sus-pected his past shame. John Cronin was a good workman and soon rose from being a driver of the four-horse waggons which carried the ore down roin the mountain to the Works, to being a "top-man.

The duties of the top man were of a very responsible nature. Eight times an hour the elevator, built beside the chimney, came creeking and groaning up to the top house with its load of ore and limestone. The top-man fastened the elevator with a bolt, and the car to the rear mouth of the chimney. Over this the car rested while the top-man pull a chain which opened the bottom and precipitated the mass of ore and rock down the chimney, and into the furnace below. The car was returned to the elevator, the bolt pushed back, a bell rung, the man below started the machinery, and the elevator began its

downward journey and wakefulness. The children of the settlement had told Mary of an awful night, two winters before, when, owing to the neglect of the night topman, an explosion had occurred which wrecked and burned the Works, and brought all the men in the top-house to a fearful death.

No wonder Mary's heart stood still with fright when her father reeled through the door, nor that she resolved to follow him to the top-house to make sure that he had not fallen asleep. She had watched the furnace and kne by the shower of sparks that were sent up that the ore was being dumped regularly; but at any moment sleep might overtake him-sleep that means dismissal and disgrace, and possibly

death to himself and others. The road was white and lonely. The frozen river had no word of en ouragement as she crossed the old red bridge; and the stars were far-away and cold. She avoided the front and cold. She avoided the front Works for fear of being seen by some of the night-force in the casting-room. Around the charcoal house and through the thick smoke, up the hill, over the bridge and up the ladder the child went, with chilled hands and feet, but with a heart warm with love and

desperation.

There was an ominous silence above, and the child hurried up the ladder. John Cronin lay asleep on the floor.

John Cronin lay asleep on the floor.

She

Mary had no time for thought. drew the bolt and secured the elevator. Then she seized the handles of the car and wheeled it toward the fiery pit. The heat grew more and more intense. Could she guide the car and dump it?

one weakness, but suddenly she became conscious of her inner strength. She knew that she would stay here until morning and hoped that by that time her father could be roused and said one. that they might get home without suspicion.

again she must nerve herself to roll the heavy car at that awful brink Well she had done it once and she

turn of the car; but as the night wore on, the child became conscious of an overpowering desire to sleep.

The dreadful sense of responsibility, The dreadful sense of responsibility, father said, "Mary, does mother the loneliness and unnaturalness left know?" her. She even began to forget her desire to save her father. All emotion was swallowed up by the sea of sleep, which surged around her, making her sick and giddy.

she must do something. She struggled the next dumping, and then opened She could not speak. the door of the warm to-house which was enclosed on three sides, the fourth have saved the Works. As God hears the door of the warm to-house side opening on the chimney. She me, I will never drink another drop. closed it behind her, in order that her And he never broke the vow he made father might not feel the cruel cold, beneath her

The intense coldness revived her, out. settlement seem crowded at her feet. the slums of a city. be to leave them all, and go back to of the East," and soon a good break the old wandering, disreputable life? fast was in preparation.

swered other purpose. Her patient suffering mother was there — her mother who bought. would have died in the city the Brownsfather's good wages could buy.
For her mother's sake, and for her

father's sake she must go on. keep me awake!" was the fervent day. "He and his daughter prayer that went up in the frosty air. studing chemistry together, and

gigantic beetle. Mary went to work with new enthusiasm. Between trips, she sat out side and suffered with the cold. But such suffering was positive settlement seems to be fond of her. joy, after the deadly numbness she had fought within.

stars began to pale. A faint pink day if it were not for 'Cronin's light spread through the east. Lights appeared here and there in the houses below. The men of the "day force" were being roused, and the women The Breton conscripts for the French

bell rung, the man below started the machinery, and the elevator began its ownward journey.

All this required methodical care there was the bell clinging below her.

All this required methodical care there was the bell clinging below her.

There were 1,130 of them. While such men live and such practices continue count once or twice. Yes, she had, for fine fail to destroy Christianity in that It lacked five minutes of being six, country. and Jim Brennan the other day top-

the ladder, at which Jim Brennan had unsuspectingly laughed; the first few hours which he fought the stupor that was coming on: this he remembered but what had followed?

Hush, father, don't speak a word, Jim Brennan is coming up the ladder. The furnace is all right. Jim will think I have just come to tell you how

Jim Brennan's face appeared above

desperation.

Surely that is the elevator rattling up beside her, Now she stops for breath on the landing, waiting for welcome noise from above that will drive her fears away. How her father will laugh and kiss her, and, with a cheery word, send her home for the night. The intensely cold air may have brought him to himself, she thinks.

Jim Brennan's face appeared above the platform.

"Well, mate, how goes it? Hello, Wary! blessed if you didn't scare me. Gainst the rules, you know, to be in the top-house; but I guess the boss the top-house; but I guess the boss of the platform.

Gainst the rules, you know, to be in the top-house; but I guess the boss of the platform.

UNSIGHTLY PIMPLES, BLOTCHES, TAN, and all itching humors of the skin are removed by using Dr. Low's Sulphur Soap.

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UNSIGHTLY PIMPLES, BLOTCHES, TAN, and all itching humors of the skin are removed young burner to be a stop of the skin are removed young the same of the corns, root and branch, by the use of Holloway's Corn Cure." Others who have tried it have the same experience.

UNSIGHTLY PIMPLES, BLOTCHES, TAN, and all itching humors of the skin are removed young burner to be same the same experience.

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UNSIGHTLY PIMPLES, BLOTCHES, TAN, and all itching humors of the same experience.

UNSIGHTLY PIMPLES, BLOTC though it aint mine

can't stay here all night! If I call for help you will be dismissed. I'm afraid to stay here alone.

The man slept on. It was impossible to rouse him.

Mary had feared hurried down the hill. The furnace one was both by gridenty, she had to not was launcing or the floor of the many was launcing or the floor of the men were lounging on the floor of the "Blessed if here aint Cronin and his

gal. Hope the missus aint no worse, "She's probably been up all night ith her. Never seen such a plucky

The elevator was coming again, and little woman as that gal in all my life, said another.

Back over the red bridge Mary went, with her hand tightly clasped on her father's. She gave his hand a content to the heavy task. The hours went by, Mary counted them by the loads—eight to an hour. At first they went quickly, for she dreaded the re-

When they had passed the group o houses that clustered near the bridge and the woods were before them,

"No. Don't let's tell her. She will think I went to meet you, if she is awake. "If you'd not followed me last night,

ick and giddy.

At last she became conscious that happened?" Mary nodded her head vigorously.

Mary cried with joy on her father's and sat on the icy platform, and looked neck. All the terror, loneliness and down, down on the shapeless Works labor of the night were over, like a bad dream. Best of all, the burden of ceaseless anxiety, which had seemed to freeze the sleep weighed on her and her mother, was The December moon shone laid down forever. Never again Never again steadily, and the wind, now ris would she listen to his step, in the fear ing, blew the charcoal smoke away that it might be uncertain, or walk from her. From this great height the with tired feet seeking him through

Each house stood out from its pure They softly opened the door and white surroundings and Mary thought found the mother still sleeping. of the friend in each. What would it Mary opened the dampers of the "Star

Her eyes traversed over the road, till they rested on her own home—her lution, as he sat by her bedside, after first home! Then something blurred Mary had gone to bed, but he did not them, and the old frayed shawl antell her then at what a fearful cost of Her patient suffering to their child it had been

His intelligence and perseverance ville doctor said, had this illness over-taken her there; her mother, who would need the fresh bracing, balsam recovered her health and gaiety in air of the mountains for many a long day, and all the comforts that her house, which exceeds Mary's daydreams.

"That's a fine man, that Cronin, "O God, said some one in authority, the other "He and his daughter are A shout from below, a rattle of has some first-rate notions about roast-chains, and again came the elevator, creeping up the chimney like some shouldn't be surprised if we had a rare

John Cronin, passing on the other side of the red bridge, himself unseen, The worst hours—from one to three —were past. The moon set and the thought, "Where would Cronin be to-

were preparing the morning meal.
One more load was dumped. It must be half-past five, Mary thought but she
There were 1,130 of them. While such

and Jim Brennan the other day topman, would come in five minutes.

"Father, get up!" Mary called, in a clear whisper, as she shook his shoulder. "Father do you hear?" Would he move or had her awful night's work been in vain.

"Why, Mary, have I over-slept?" said he rising suddenly and leaning on his elbow.

Then like a lightning flash the truth fell upon him.

The liquor drank in the woods the afternoon before; his return to his home to supper: his difficulty going up the ladder, at which Jim Brennan had mususpectingly langhed; the first few

headache which froubled him for a long time.

Cold Weather Frials.

DEAR SIES,—This fall and winter I suffered from neuralgia in my face and had the best medical advice without avail. I at last thought of trying B. B. B., and after using one bottle have not felt any symptoms of neuralgia since. I regard it as a fine family mediciae.

J. T. DROST,

Heasip, Man.

The furnace is all right. Jim will think I have just come to tell you how mother is. No one need ever know, father dear."

Joseph Rusan, Percy, writes: "I was induced to try Dr. Thomas' Eelectric Oil for a lameness which troubled me for three or four vers, and I found it the best article I ever used. It has been a great blessing to me."

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convinced.

A ladv writes: "I was enabled to remove the corns, root and branch, by the use of Holloway's Corn Cure." Others who have tried it have the same experience.

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