## THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

of books for any house in the city.

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cool him down the hottest time he

grand boarding school

This is the beginning of my

up

God

## THE BLAKES AND FLANAGANS. BY MRS. JAS. A. SADLIER.

## CHAPTER VII.

THE SISTERS' SCHOOL-A GLANCE INTO TIM FLANAGAN'S HOUSEHOLD.

As we have taken a passing glance at the female school, governed by that most pious young lady, Miss Davison, it would be neither fair nor courteous to overlook that of the Sisters of Charto overlook that of the black of our ity. It is almost needless to say that these good ladies are invariably char-acterized by their feminine gentleness and Christian modesty—the spirit of the Order, actuating and regulating all their actions, leaves little room for individual peculiarities. All have be-fore them a common model for demeanor as well as for conduct, so that in every one is manifested more or less of the divine sweetness and modesty of the Virgin Mother. Of the Sisters who taught St. Peter's female school at the time of which I write, I will only particularize two: one was perhaps forty-five or fifty, and the other a fair young the second year of monastic life. Sister Magdalen, the elder, might well have passed for the mother of sweet, Sister, Mary-Toresa, and the latter always treated her with mother of the deferential respect of a daughter, for, independent of the difference in point of age, Sister Magdalen had many other claims on the respectful consideration of her companions. She was a woman of excellent understanding She with a strong and vigorous mind, well fitted to grapple with the most abstruse subjects, if such had been her taste her natural abilities had been seconded by all the advantages of education, her family being one of the first in her native county. Had she been a Protestant, she would have been "a strong minded woman," beyond all doubt; she might have taken the lead at public meetings, edited a daily newspaper meetings, edited a daily newspaper in some of our great cities, delivered public lectures, and written huge volumes on metaphysics or philosophy. But being a Catholic, as I have said, and born in Ireland, she was brought up by the isters of Loretto, and her mind was imbued with the old-fashioned Catholic notions regarding feminine modesty and Christian humility. She was taught to consider human learning as a mere accessory to the grand scienc as a mere accessory to the grand science of salvation; very good and very useful in its own place, but never to be made the primary or fundamental object of education. So instead of blazing forth, "a burning and a shining light," on reaching the age of maturity, Sister Mardalen thought momer to take the Magdalen thought proper to take the very unworthy step of retiring from the world with all her natural and acquired graces, and all the rare endowments of ar mind to live a life of seclusion and of mortification amongst the humble ters of Charity. There, her talents and her virtues were hidden in "the bosom of her God," and devoted to Him in the service of His creatures. In the community, Sister Magdalen was only distinguished from her Sisters in religion by her still greater diffidence and hardline the state of the second s and humility; in the school-room she was characterized by

Her speech where dazzling inte Was softened by Christian mee and by the sick-bed of the poor and estitute, Sister Magdalen was indeed a ministering angel. Such was "the triple crown " which that singularly. gilted woman had chosen for herself. Her young assistant in St. Peter's was very heart ful in person, land as pure in mind and heart as are the celestial spirits; but her intellect was of no high order, which deficiency gave Sister Mary-Teresa but little trouble, she knew enough to teach so long as she knew enough to teach he little ones. 'Dear Sister Magdalen knows enough for all of us, and the higher branches are in her hands.' But even this was more inferred from the young Sister's manner than from her words, for Sisters of Charity speak but

duties of the day. There were also two or three of the girls, sisters of the two of three of the girs, sistents of the name of Smith, the youngest of whom was about the age of Ellie Flanagan. "Now, you see, Ellie," said Susan, "we're too late after all. Isn't it too

bad, and we coming so very early ?" "What is the matter with my little Susy this morning ?" said the soft voice of Sister Mary-Teresa. "She looks as though there were something vrong.

Don't tell her?" whispered Ellie. "Yes, but I will, Ellie-I know Sister Mary-Teresa will get leave for us to look at them. It's all about that

big black book, Sister, that's over there on Sister Magdalen's desk." "Oh indeed? and what about the

"On indeed? and what adde the big black book, my child; does it make you afraid, or what?" "Oh! no, Sister," cried Susy, en-couraged by the Sister's affectionate smile; "Ellie says it's full, full of pictures, and we do want to see them, but we can't get a chance, for you see we came this morning ever so early and here's you and Sister Magdalen and all the rest in before us. If we could only look at them pictures, Sister, Ellie and woald be ever so good."

"Well, Susy, suppose I show you the picture, will you and Ellie, promise not to look round the room any more when you're at your prayers ?"

It is needless to say that the promise was cheerfully given, whereupon the smiling Sister took the two children with little Mary Smith, and showed them "every one of the pictures" in the mysterious black book, to their inthe mysterious black book, to then in finite satisfaction. The book was no other than a volume of Butler's Lives of the Saints, an old Dublin edition, embellished with numerous engravings, and Sister Mary Teresa told the children a little story or two in connection with the pictures, the two older girls drawing near when they heard of the stories. Susy was quite taken with the infant St. John in the desert, with the lamb, and the Sister had to tell her name, and the sister had to tell her more than once how he retired to the wilderness in his early childhood to serve God in solitude and in mortification. Numerous were the questions asked, and patiently did the gentle teacher answer them all, until the bell rang for prayers. By this time most of the girls were in and listening to the stories, but in an instant all were on their knees facing towards the were on their kines table for the room over Sister Magdalen's seat. The morning prayers were said aloud by Sister Mary-Teresa-they consisted of the Lord's Prayer, Angelical Salutaion, the Creed, and the Angelus, end ing with a short offering of the actions of the day to God and a little prayer for the faithful departed. The whole took up about five minutes. Then came the catechism, divided into two classes, heard respectively by the two nuns, already mentioned. With all due respect to the more advanced pupils and their accomplished teacher, we will remain with Sister Mary-Teresa and her infant class, consisting of about

twenty children. "Well, children !" said the Sister, seeing them all properly settled in their places," whereabouts are we today ?" "There, Sister," said the first girl,

Sally Doyle, stepping forward and pointing our the place in the book held by the nun. "Very well ! repeat the seventh

commandment, Sally ! " "Thou shalt not steal !" " Very good ! What is forbidden by

this commandment !-- Go on, Alice !" to the next girl. "It is forbidden to take, to receive,

to keep, or to covet anything belong-ing to our neighbor, either publicly or privately, without his knowledge and concent.

consent." "Very well, indeed, Alice! Now tell me, Mary Smith, if you were to take a sixpence from one of your com-panions without her knowledge, would you thereby break this seventh com-

your neighbor's character in any way. o you understand me, children ?" "Oh, yes, Sister," cried several of ne girls, but Ellie hung down her the girls, but Ellie hung down ner head, and looked as though she could

hardly keep in her tears. "Ellie, my dear," said her kind "Ellie, my dear," said her kind "Ellie, my dear," said her kind teacher, "you must not feel hurt at what I have said. I scarcely think you what I have said. I scarcely think you have sinned in this matter at all, cause you spoke through ignorance. You did not know that it was a sin to

Fou thick the faults of another ?"
"No, indeed, Sister, I did not," said Ellie, looking up with a brighter face.
"Well, then, I may venture to tell you, my dear child, that you committed no sin, but, remember, you can never here the overse again. You now up. have that excuse again. You now un derstand how the eighth commandment is broken, and will, I trust, be careful observe that holy precept for the

All the children answered in the affirmative, and thus ended the Cate-chismal lesson of that morning. About a quarter of an hour was thus passed, and who may calculate the amount good effected during that short tim ount of -who may tell what precious fruit it brought forth in after days and years -how many thefts, how many prevari-cations - how much calumny and detrac-tion it prevented ?-how many a griev-ous would it saved the hearts of parents and friends, ay ! even the loving heart of God !-Ah ! surely it is a pitiable thing to hear Catholic parents complain of so much time being lost in Catholic schools in teaching and learning the Christian doctrine !—Time ! What is time, but the ladder given us to ascend to God ? If we use it not for that purpose it will be turned the other way. and lead downward with double velo city to the abyss of never-ending woe. If our children are not taught their relative duties to God and man, and to their own souls, all else that they may learn its worthless trash, without any real value either for this world or the next.

A day or two after this practical lesson, Tim Flanagan happened to make some remark in reference to Mile's misconduct with regard to his children. It was in the evening, just after supper, when all the family were assembled in the little sitting room, or rather kitchen. The young people were conning over their lessons for the ensuing recommendation. They were both of a studious disposition, and both desirous ning over their lessons for the ensuring day, and Mrs. Flanagan sat knitting her stocking while Tim read aloud Gobinet's famous 'Instructions for Youth.' All of a sudden Tim laid down his book and heaved a heavy sigh. "What's the matter, Tim?" said Mrs.

"What'st he matter, Tim ?" them along, Flanagan, with affectionate solicitude. "Nothing at all, Nelly, only I was just shinking of them poor children of Mary's. They get no Christian instruction at school, and though their mother does all she can to make them read good books at home, they're gotting now that they won't read them, do what she will. Novels are the whole good go with them now, it seems, and she doesn't like to be telling their father

said Tom, "It's high time I was doing something for you and myself. I'm bound to make a fortune, you see, mother, and you've been toiling and saving so long to keep me at school that I must try and do something for all the time." "God look on them this night," sighed Mrs. Flanagan, "I could cry for them from my heart out, indeed I could.' "They say, father, that Harry makes

you in return." "God bless you, Tom," said the proud mother, "it's you that will do something for me. It was low days with me, Tom dear, when I took to fun of the priests and nuns now," said Edward, "just as if he wasn t a Catho-lic at all. Mathew Grace says he heard

he at all manew Grace says he heard him at it with his own ears." "Take care, Ned," said Ellie, eagerly, "take care of the eighth com with God's help and yours, mandment.

"What does the child mean ?" said able to raise my head with the best of them. Indeed, myself fancies-God Tim, opening his eyes wide, and fixing

 them on his daughter.
 "Why, father, Edward is saying something bad about cousin Harry, and Sister Mary Teresa told us the other Mary Blake began to look down on me these last days, since Miles got to be a trustee, and Harry went to col-lege, not to speak of Eliza going to that grand bending schedul going to day at Catechism, that that is breaking the eighth commandment." The father and mother exchanged that

with the two Miss Thomsons ; but, as I glances. Their hearts were full of joy said before, it's a long lane has no turn, and may be my turn will come next spoke. At last Tim reached out his hand; " come here, Ellie-God bless you, my child; but it's you that has had graduate the main of the sport of the and gratitude, and for a moment neither

to secure comfort and independence for to secure comfort and independence for his mother, no one had a right to blame him. He was scrupulously regular in attending Mass, and made it a point to go to confession and Communion once a quarter, including the Christmas and Easter duty. Dr. Power had been heard to say (as Mrs. Reilly often boasted,) that Tom was an honest, up-right young fellow, and could not fail to do well. Poor Tom had to take the world on his shoulders very young ; but it again, a couple of years." "Or sconer, if you can," added her mother with a smile, "go now and play with dolly awhile--that's agood child." Meanwhile, Edward got a situation as clerk in the establishment where his fother was employed as a journerwan father was employed as a journeyman leather-dresser. He had got a good solid mercantile education, "and that leather-dresser. He had got a good solid mercantile education, " and that is all he wants," said his father ; " he knows quite enough to work his way decently through the world, and I have world on his shoulders very young ; but world on his shoulders very young; but his mind was so constructed that he scarcely felt the load a heavy one. Business was Tcm's chief pleasure, and after he had got fairly underweigh and entered fully into the spirit of the thing, he used to say that he could hardly live without it. A regular, old man was Tom in his peculiar turn of mind, having little of the buoyancy or elasticity of youth, and much of the no fear but he'll do that, with God's help. He's smart and active, writes a first-rate hand, and is able to keep a set but he'll do that, with God' knows grammar and geography, Mr. Lanigan tells me, as well as any boy Lanigan tells me, as well as any boy can know them, and, what's best of all, he knows his duty to God and the world; so I'm not much afraid but he'll elasticity of youth, and much of the sober caution of age. His heart alone do well. He has a better chance than I had," added Tim, "for I knew neither had the freshness of youth, and no stranger could imagine what a depth of book-keeping, grammar, nor geography when I started to push my fortune, nor doesn't yet, for that matter; but, never mind, I'm getting along well enough without them, thanks be to God "" feeling was hidden beneath that dry, cold surface. Tom Reilly and Edward Flanagan

were nearly the same age, and, not-withstanding their dissimilarity of dis-This was said to Daniel Sheridan, position, they were always very good This was said to banket sherear, who had, of late, become a "bosom crony" of Tim's, owing to the increas-ing estrangement of Miles. Daniel had bound his son Mike to a carpenter, bound his son Mike to a carpenter, position, they were always very good triends, and were generally seen to-gether. Edward was a fine-looking young fellow, giving promise at six-teen, of great muscular strength, with a well-proportioned figure, and a frank and open countenance, full of gaiety and good-nature. Though not of a very studious turn, Edward Flanagan was fond of reading, that is, provided " just to keep his hand out of an ill-turn :" said Dan, " I wish to goodness he was anything like as far on with his schooling as your Ned is; but the short and the long of it is, that he wouldn't and the long of it is, that he wouldn't learn do what we would, so we thought there was no use in tryin' to cram les-sons down his throat. Thanks be to God for it! he's not a bad son, though was fond of reading, that is, provided the book were not too large, nor too dry. History was his particular *jorte*, time he reached man' by the and by the time he reached man's estate he had acquired a very fair knowledge of its principal details, both in ancient and modern times. He had read what was to be read of the history he's a poor hand at the learning; to be a wild harum-scarum fellow as he is, it a wild harum-scarum fellow as he is, it wouldn't be easy findin' a more dutiful son. To be sure he's fond of kicking of the United States, and had a du wate respect for the memory of Washington, at times with his antics, but for all that, a word from me or his mother will together with a proper estimate of the honor of American citizenship, but somehow he hung with more intense interest over the changeful page of but God knows I'd rather see him as he is, than to be like Harry Blake, for all he's at college, and talks like any gentle-man. But what of that, Tim dear, when he won't bear a word from father Ireland's story. Her great antiquity, her former glory, her manifold misfor-tanes, her unequalled fidelity to the faith of Christ or mother, and never bends his knee to a priest, I hear, from one year's end to "Thro' sges of bondage and slaughter'

he other—Christ save us !" Peter Sheridan and Thomas Flanagan and her wonderful agency, from the to last in evangelizing the nations ; all were learning Latin, on Dr. Power's these made a deep and indelible im-pression on Edward's mind. Much of his leisure time was spent in such read-ing, and he could sit hour after hour of becoming priests. Their parents were well pleased with their choice, ondering over the strange fortunes of the land of his fathers. Dr. Power had early noticed this fondness for Irish literature, and he took care to and declared on both sides that they spend the last copper they had to push " if so be that God gave them grace to perservere." Tom Reilly and his wife had latterly supply him, from time to time, with the best works of the best authors. good priest loved the boy for his Irish heart, for he himself, amid all the mul-iplied avocations of his office as Vicarset up a little grocery-store in a shop not far from Tim Flanagan's. Tom was not far from Tim Flangalts. You have verging on sixteen when he left school at his own request, telling his motion that he was as far on as Mr. Lanigan could put him. Of course his mother believed him. "And besides, mother," ieneral of a young and struggling dio-, and all the harassing cares of his ministry, still fondly cherished the memory of his own dear land. He said Tom, " it's high time I was doing nemory of his own dean loved to revert in thought

"To that Green Isle where centuries have given Geniue, and truth, and learning, value vast, To call her olden glories from the tomb-To strike her harp once more 'thio' Tara's Halls '--

Halls'-o see again her Red Branch prowess bloom Or wake the anthum thro' the abbey's walls' -J. Augustus Shea.

But Dr. Power had other good reasons for liking Edward. He was so frank and so generous, so gay and good-humored, that it was impossible not to like him, and better than all that, he was truly religious. He had taught the Catechism in St. Peter's, oran since he was fifteen. Thus the sick-nursing, but sure, necessity has no law. Them days are gone by now, and ever since he was fifteen. Thus, the teaching of his worthy Pastor, the orgive me if I'm wrong !---that even ever since he was fitteen. Thus, the teaching of his worthy Pastor, the example of his good parents, and the bent given to his mind by his ancient master, had all borne good fruit. Ed ward Flanagan was just what an Irish-man's son ought to be, no matter where he is born or educated. TO BE CONTINUED.

## THE STOLEN MISSAL.

There was excitement in the Scrip-

SEPTEMBER 24, 1904;

was a clever copyist and illuminator. He worked very hard and indeed made a comfortable living for himself and his mother until she became sick of some chronic trouble that not only took much money for medicines, but hin-dered her son at his work, because of the care he must give her. Yet he ill-uminated by day and wrote in the evenings and was thus a model of filial self-sacridee. One day a fever at-tacked him, and his body, wasted by self-denial and overwork, could not ac chronic trouble that not only tacked nim, and nis body, wasted by self-denial and overwork, could not re-sist is. There were now but few hours in the day when his trembling hands could hold either quill or brush. It was at this time that the Jew

dealer Jonas, came to him and asked him to make a Missal for a wealthy patron who wished to present one to a convent. It was to be done in a year and Otto was to receive twenty pieces of gold for his work. That was well of gold for his work. That was well enough, but how was he to live during the year and care for his mother, especially when he himself was weak and hardly able to walk. Six months had passed and he had finished but ten leaves. He had no monow left and eix months leave for

money left and six months, long for suffering, and short for work, stretched before him. Distressed as he was, he he could conjure up no ideas for his work. Then he heard that Brother Angelus had finished his Missal and he went to look at it, hoping that it would inspire him with new ideas.

The thought of the book had haunted him all day, and now, at twilight, he had come back for another look. The bell rang out and the monks came in for compline. Otto slipped behind a pillar. But why did he hide instead of leaving the church with the gathering darkness ?

The brothers had long gone out of the church and no one but the Abbot himself was left. He knelt with bowed head in his oaken stall, so motionless that he seemed a part of the carved

wood. A slight noise caught his ear, but he paid no attention. Perhaps some young novice had come back for a last prayer. Yet why did that faint and hesitating shadow creep along the wall in front of him? At the desk it paused and stretched a hand towards the Missal, and then drew back again suddenly. Yet it seemed that the demon of temptation triumphed. For demon of temptation triumpned. For the hand went out again then hesitated little null the frail again. Then a little pull the frail chain broke, and clasping the precious book, the shadow turned and fled wildly from the church.

wildly from the church. The Abbot rose and went up to the altar steps and prayed. "O, Lord, dying Thou didst pardon the penitent thief. Have pity, too, on this poor sin-ner and lead him back to grace. Am I without sin that I should try to being without sin that I should try to bring him to justice ? Lead Thou him back, I pray Thee, Oh, Lord, in Thine own

way." In the morning the Abbot went into the Scriptorium. "Brother Angelus," the Scriptorium. "Brother Angelus," he said, "you will have to make me another Missal."

"Brother Angelus bowed in silence and began anew his ten years' work.

When Otto arrived with his treasure his mother received him lovingly, glad to think he had come home at last. "If she but knew," he whispered to himself as he waited on her.

With the eye of a critic he looked at the work, the beauty of which was even greater than he had thought. "Alas," greater than he had thought. "Alas," he said, "I am but a copyist now though once I was proud of my own designs. Need has reduced me to this. Did I not promise my father when he died that I would take care of mother ? And must I not do so ? And I did not really steal. When I have made the copy I shall return the book. In the meantime Brother Angelus has no meantime Brother Angelus has no cares. He has time for his work and his thoughts. He does not need to min worry about his inext meal. Oh, mis-ery, misery ! I shall ask Jonas to pay me a little advance on this work."

Otto had been turning to the pages of the Missal and now came to the ng anathema. The book sank from

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little of themselves,

rarely as possible. The two little Flanagans were as yet ander the care of Sister Mary-Teresa, and though she, of course, made it a rule to show no partiality, yet she could not help feeling a peculiar in-terest in both children, but especially in little Susan, who was the youngest child in the class. Ellen Flanagan, or -as she was generally called, Ellie-was at times a little refractory, and liked to have her own way, if she could at all manage it so, but Susy was as gentle as the breath of summer, and was fond and so endearing that help Sister Mary-Teresa could not loving her more than all the rest. But that was nothing strange, the other children said, for dear little Susy was

the pet of the whole school, One morning, about a week after the

social meeting at Tim Flanagan's, the two little girls went very early to school, hoping to get in before any of the others, in order to have a look in a certain big black which lay on Sister Magdalen's

This book, or rather these pic tures, had been running in their heads ever since ona memorable day, some two or three weeks before, when Ellie had been called up before that grand

tribunal where Sister Magdalen pre-sided, to answer for some grave misdemeanor-grave it was in that school where all was innocence and childish igh in other more worldly simplicity, tho would have amounted to n thing. However, while Edlie stood listening to the mild admonition of the good Sister, her sharp eye caught sight the pictures aforesaid; the grand tidings were speedily communi-"Sister bated to Susy, and ever since, "Sister pictures," had been the chief subject of their conversation when alone to-gether. Eilie would "give anything in the world to see those pictures, and Susy "had a great mind to ask Sister Mary-Teresa to show them." "No, no," said Eliie, "don't ask

her; let us try and get in very, very early some morning, and then we ca look at them so nicely before any of the girls come."

But alas! for Ellie's fine scheme the nuns were already in the school-zoom, engaged in preparations for the

them ?" "Yes, my dear, it would be a very

great harm-almost as great as if you took it from me or any one else. You know, my dear children, the commandment says positively thou shalt not steal-it does not say, thou shalt not steal from any one except your father and mother, but simply thos shalt not steal, so you see there is no exception. If you take anything from any one without his knowledge and consent, you violate the seventh commandment of God.'

Well, then," said Ellie Flanagan, " my consin Harry broke this command-ment whon he stole money out of his father's drawer to go to the theatre-

didn't he, Sister ?" "Hush, hush, Ellie dear !" said the

nun quickly, " you are now breaking another commandment." " I ! Sister," cried Ellie, with a face as red as a coal, while all the others oked their eager inquiry, for none of em understood how Eilie could have them understood how sinned by such simple words.

"Can any of you repeat the eight commandment for me ?" said the nun mildly.

alldiy. AEllie herself replied, "Yes, I can. Thou shalt not bear false witness Ellie igainst thy neighbor."

"Very good. Can you tell me now, Ellie, what is forbidden by the eighth commandment ?" Ellie could go no further, but Mary

Smith answered for her : " all false testimonies, rash judgments, and lies. "Very well, Mary, as far as

goes. Now tell me what else is for-den by the eighth commandment ?" it goes.

hurtful to our neighbor's honor or re

"Right, Alice, quite right. - Do you now perceive, Ellie, how you broke the commandment, by speaking as eighth you did, regarding your cou sin ? ee you are forbidden by this command-

ment not only to tell lies, but even to tell the truth when it might injure

"Yes, I would, Sister ; but I wouldn't take a sixpence, or a penny from any one—unless my father or mother. Would it be any harm, Sister, to take it from them?" "Yes, my dear, it would he a very "Yes, my dear, new doll for that !" "And me, father," cried little Susy,

"And me, fatner," cried little Susy, "won't you buy me one too?" "There now," said the delighted father, "see what I have brought on myseif. I'll see, Susy; I'll see what I can do. Make haste and learn to read can do. Make haste and learn to read your prayer book, and then I'll get you a doll if there's one to be had in New York city. Go over there to you parent, yet anxious to get away if pos-sible. "Don't you think mother, it would be well if I went to look after York city. Go over there to mother, little pussy, I think she nork city. Go over there to your mother, little pussy, I think she has something in her pocket for you. If you have your lessons learned, Ned, go and get that "Life of St. Patrick" that you have, and read some of it for Tom and Johnny." With such teachings as this at home

took out her precious store, the savings and at school it was quite natural that of five years. the young Flangans should up grow than a hundre in the fear and love of God, a blessing she counted or than a hundred dollars, and that sum she counted over and over again, into Tom's hand. After the second reckon-ing, she gave it up, finding herself two to their parents, and to each other. Weeks and months rolled over their dollars astray. "There, Tom, count it yourself, heads, their bodies improving in health

and strength, and their minds in all the knowledge useful and necessary for them. One after another the four children made their first Communion, and received Confirmation at the hands of ever except my uncle Phelim and poor Father O'Flynn-God be merciful to the good Bishop Dubois, then titular Bishop of New York. Little Susy felt it hard that she could not be confirmed. or go to confession, or receive the Holy Communion when here sister did. Her Terence O'Shanghnessy-was a ver cute, well-discoursed man, and read power, but myself doesn't know. Well other tried to console her by telling her that in a couple of years more she

night begin to prepare. "A couple of years, mother ;--how long is that ?- isn't it a very long

Mind that, now !" " No, no, Susy dear, a year is only twelve months, and two years will not be long in passing. Don't be thinking about it, Susy, and it will pass all the sooner. Your turn will soon come-never fear but it will. Try and learn your catechism as fast as you can." "Can't anybody make their first

"Communicon, or be confirmed, unless they know their catechism, well, well?" "No, my child, because you couldn't understand what you were about nnless he some

you knew your cateshism, well, well, as you say yourself." "Well, mother, I'll try hard to hive

money matters he was somewhat too close for a boy of his age, but as the chief object of his savings was

libert where there was usually no sound save the rasp of a quill or the scraping of a knife. And no wonder—the great Missal, at which Brother Angelus had grandfather put up for her and my father, she had her twelve good head been working for ten years was finof cattle, and came home riding in her side saddle. She did indeed, Tom !-shed. The scibarii, who copied the sacred

texts, and the correctors, who com-pared them, the monks who cut the parchment, and those who made the lines, and those who bound together the finished pages, to say nothing of the abbot and the prior, the sub-prior and the librarian, the only ones of the com-munity besides the workers admitted would be well if I went to look after those things we want for the store?" "Well, I think so, Tom, and I sup-pose you'll be wanting this penny of money." Rising up, she went to her Scriptorium, were all in gentle to the delight over the fruit of Brother An-Rising up, she went to her patient toil. Brothe gelus' cupboard, and opening a little tin box. Angelus, be it known, was the only one in St. Willibert who could do all things pertaining to a Missal himself. His hands had printed the ornate Gothic It amounted to no less letters, illuminated the initials, and adorned the margins with miniatures, and made the designs for the cover, and now it was all done at that.

The transcendent beauty of the "There, Tom, count it yoursen, your eyes are younger and sharper than mine, and besides, you're a better ucholar than I am. None of us was ished work, so moved the good Abbott Gelasius that he bade Brother Angelus ished work, so moved the add a line at the end, saying, "Who-soever steals this Missal is shut out from the communion of the Church." very bright at the learning, morrow the splendid book On the was placed on a desk at the right of them all ! They say my great-grand-father, by my mother—that was old Terence O'Shaughnessy—was a very the altar. It was fastened to the desk by a little chain and left for the edifiation of the brothers and of the faithful who might see it. Well.

All the brothers were present at this solemn act and then they left the is that all right, Tom, dear ?" "All right and straight, mother. church one by one to congratulate fortune Brother Angelus.

They were hardly gone when a pale, sickly-looking young man stepped up to the desk and began turning the Well, I hope so, dear-I hope so God enable you, poor fellow !" With all his pertness and self-con-ceit, Tom Reilly was a good lad, dutiful pages of the Missal. Every few mond respectful to his mother, and well ments he exclaimed at the marvel of the work in the way of a man who understands that at which he is lookdisposed to earn a living for himself and her. He was a little weezened and ing. Suddenly he took out parchment and began to copy arabesques, flowers, hard featured to be sure, and rather small in stature; his manner too, was anything but prepossessing, but still figures and so on. For two hours he worked breathlessly, then his hand dropped wearily. "I would have to ntrived to make himself respected, and had early got the name of being care and and industrious. In dropped wearily. "I would have to have it before me and then it would take me more than a year to initate it," he said disconsolately. Otto, that was the young man's name,

his trembling hands. he thought of taking it back to St. Wil-liberts and confessing his guilt to the Abbot. No, how could he? His mother was dying, and he must have noney! All night long he tossed wakefully.

In the morning he went to Jonas sceking an advance ; but Jonas was firm. No money until he had the work n his own hands. Several days passed in direct misery. Otto finished some illuminations of the "Our Father" and interimations of the "our rather and almost gave them away for a few ready coins. Then, when that money was gone, he went back to Jonas carrying the Missal itself.

"Here is your book," he said;

give me my twenty gold pieces." The Jew looked thoughtfully at the Missal.

"Hm !" he said "When I promised you twenty gold pieces I thought it would take a whole year, but now that you are through in so much less time, I cannot give you that much."

"Give me eighteen then and let it go. My mother is very sick."

"You are in a hurry, young man; but in truth, I am not obliged to pay you the money at all until the time of contract expires, and that would nake six months longer."

Otto looked at him speechless with onsternation.

" Come again tomorrow, and we shall see. I want to look the work over."

Otto went and Jonas, wrapping up he Missal, hurried to St. Willibert's the Missal, hurried to

and showed it to the Abbot. "Do you think this work is worth eighteen gold pieces ?" he asked.

The venerable old man smiled. Yes, I am sure it is : the book is clearly written and richly ornamented. You will run no risk in paying eighteen gold pieces for it. If you should buy it, come to see me again. Perhaps I might take it from you for this monastery.

The next day Jonas said to Otto : "I can offer you sixteen gold pieces, but no more, for I have shown the book to one who is a good judge of such work, and he said that at that price I would be making very little on it. You have done a great deal of work for