

Farewells!

They are so sad to say: no poem tells The agony of hearts that dwells In lone and last farewells.

IN SPITE OF LUCK.

In spite of ill luck, I mean, for of all unlucky people the Armstrongs had been what old Mrs. Ordway called "the beatmost."

The clergyman who officiated at the obsequies called it "an inscrutable dispensation of Providence," but in the opinion of the village doctor it was a "want of drainage."

Tommy's long hair and sallow skin did not make him specially attractive, though the mournful black eyes, full of unshed tears, in a well fed dressed boy who had not lived in the malicious valley that had been his home, might have found fonder parents whose hearts would have gone out to him.

"None of that shiftless tribe for me," said Mr. Grattan when interviewed.

"But," said Deacon Allen, who with a little opposition was always ready with an argument, "you don't know nothing 'agin the boy, and in ten years' time you can get a heap o' work out of him—a good investment."

"Now, don't tell me she was smart, living there as she did."

"There's the poor house."

"No, no, Mr. Grattan, don't send the little fellow there," and Hamil Brown wiped away a tear, rough man that he was, for while listening to the above conversation his heart was filled with tender pity.

arm around him, he talked and talked until the stars came out.

In the spring, when the men came down from camp, a red cheeked, black-eyed and handsome lad came with them. Wholesome, hearty food, life in the keen, clear air of the hilly forests had worked a miracle.

A little later, like the butterfly from the chrysalis, Hamil Brown emerged from his old life, shorn of much that outwardly had made him such a contrast to the youth who, six years before, said his last good-bye to parents, home and friends who with troubled hearts, but never wavering love, had hoped on, never doubting that some time he would return to them.

In all his wanderings he kept his old latch key, and it would be hard to tell of the influence of that voiceless bit of metal.

Tommy Armstrong, who accompanied him, the journey was a complete bewilderment, though Mr. Brown had in a measure prepared him for it; but the immensity of mountains and prairies was inconceivable, the city blocks and parks with their adornments were hard for such a boy to imagine.

Hamil Brown, leaving his sins behind him, bravely struggling back into the niche that long before should have been his, looked upon Tommy with pride as well as love.

A score of years later the little town that had had almost a Rip Van Winkle sleep, awoke from its lethargy. Half a mile north of the village buildings sprang up as if by magic. Ponderous machinery was put in place.

Hamil Brown looked at the deacon as if he could hardly repress an oath, and the Lord who looks into the heart might have had one to forgive.

"Poor little chap, you here alone? Where are the poor women of this town, I wonder?"

the "whirr and whizz" began, superintended by the noble man whose life was proving that in spite of the ill luck of his family it was possible to step up and out of the ruts that had borne them only down.

In the following summer, on a clearing in the midst of what is yet a forest surrounded by huge trees, some of them, perhaps a century old, stood two men. Suddenly their hands clasped and with tears intermingling with smiles, Mr. Brown, a magnificent specimen of manhood, said: "My dear brother, it recalls so vividly the turning point in my life. This is the very spot where we camped, and God grant that the towering tree just yonder that o'ertops all others has not put out better growth than this humble follower, who has sought to do His will. I shall leave you in your new home, proud that the little sister whom I had never seen till, I trust, the washing away of sin scars had commenced, is with you, your dear and honored wife."

A story of a life can never really end, and it may be as well to take our leaving just at this point as at any other—in the sunshine which we trust may follow them through life.

A STORY THAT IS TRUE.

How the Worst Boy in the School Saved the Life of the Teacher.

Ruth McDougal, the prettiest school-ma'am in Hartford county, Conn., lies on a little cot at her Burnside home—her cheeks pallid, great dark circles under her eyes, and an ugly, greenish-yellow spot on her right forehead.

Last Tuesday morning, while the dew was yet on the grass, Miss McDougal started from her home to walk to the schoolhouse, nearly two miles away. Her journey led through the Burnside woods. While passing this miniature forest, she espied some late fall wild flowers growing about twenty feet from the pathside.

The morning session being over, she seated herself at her desk and prepared to eat her luncheon. There were several small boys in the room, who remained indoors to their luncheon also.

Looking up they saw their pretty teacher standing in her chair, while coiled about her right arm they saw a yellow-brown thing that squirmed and hissed and shot out a long red tongue.

Then Willie looked at Miss McDougal. She was lying prostrate on the floor. He dashed water in her face, and, seeing a drop of blood just above the wrist of her right arm, he put his mouth to it and sucked at it vigorously.

Willie is the hero of the school now, and has little fear of punishment for his boyish escapades during the rest of this term.

Mothers, have pity on your pale and suffering daughters. Their system is "run down," and if neglected, the consequences may be fatal.

Worms derange the whole system. Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator deranges worms, and gives rest to the sufferer. It only costs twenty-five cents to try it and be convinced.

Respect Towards the Blessed Sacrament.

Monsignor Merrimill, a holy Bishop and eloquent missionary, tell us that when vicar of Geneva (a long time ago) he was the innocent cause of converting a Protestant by simply making a respectful genuflection before the Blessed Sacrament.

It was his custom to go every evening and pay a visit to the church, trim the lamp, see the doors were securely fastened, and that nobody remained hidden, for they were always afraid of a sacrilege. He returned to the foot of the altar, made a devout genuflection and in leaving kissed the ground as a mark of perfect adoration.

One evening believing himself quite alone, he was in the act of rising after concluding his devotions when he heard a noise, the confessional door opened and a lady came out. "What are you doing here at this hour, Madam?" "I am a Protestant," she replied, "as you know; I have attended the Lenten services and listened to the instructions which you gave on the Real Presence. I was convinced by your arguments; one doubt alone remained—forgive me for expressing it—'Does he believe,' I asked myself, 'in what he says?' To convince myself, I came here to see if, in secret, you would behave towards the Holy Eucharist as I saw you believed: I was resolved if I saw your conduct accorded with your teaching to be converted. I came and I believe. Hear my confession."

To day she is one of the most fervent Catholics in Geneva.

We borrow From the sun of some to-morrow Half the light that glides to-day; And the splendor Flashes tender O'er hope's footstep and fond her From the fears that haunt the way.

—Father Ryan.

Newspaper Dead Beats.

Every newspaper published, the Catholic not excepted, is cursed with an occasional subscriber whose soul seems to be made of the fag end of the material, and a skimp pattern at that.

Does this cap fit any of the subscribers of the CATHOLIC RECORD?

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