THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

the Priest's Prayer.

2

505

One eve I kneit in a Franciscan church, And one, I need not name, beside me kueit And prayed. The twilight cast a sacree O'er nave and chancel, sculptured saint and

shrine In painting, shadowy, spirit-like, appeared Her face alone shone clear and angellike, And looking upward to one red light Which burnes before the host, a tender

light .n her own face, betokened angel smiles. The sound of children chasting childhood bymns Of praise to Mary, floated down from stalls Up near the holy place. Two mongs, in

And girded with the three-fold cord, before The sitar kneit in slient prayer.

Dear one ! prayed, silent. Heart told hear she prayed

she prayed For me. O, love, long since in paradise ! This night I vigil keep and kneel alone Where once those brothers knelt. O, love As, walking through fair vales of rest with

Him In Sacrament adored that eve by us, Thou lookest down upon a priest in prayer Rememb'ring that calm night of peace an love emb'ring him who loved, and loving Ren died To all the world for thee-this night, my

read from the street— Anthony Marshall, Shoemaker. In smaller letters beneath wa letters beneath was an nounced the fact that repairing was neatly and promptly done. The repairing was really Anthony Marshall's business. He had taken up the trade of a shoemaker late in life, and had never rien in it above mending what others made.

In one corner of the small room, which was his shop, stood a little old-fashioned above mending what others made. In one corner of the small room, which was his shop, stood a little old-fashioned melodeon. On one side of the melodeon were two violins in their cases. On the other a violoncello, and a large impro-tickets, do you? said L. 'O-ho! so you furnish your Uncle Tony with op'rer tickets, do you? said he. 'Yes, Miss Marshall won't let Uncle Tony spend any money for 'em.' 'And who might Miss Marshall be?' (Why, Uncle Tony's wife, of course.' 'Isn't she your aunt?' 'No, nor Uncle Tony ain't my right uncle. He found me asleep in a packin' box seven year ago.'' presenting, when you were in just the right light, a young girl of perhaps twelve years, with a broad, full brow, great, questioning, velvety eyes, a wide, smiling, joyous mouth, and a firm, square little chin, softened by just the averaging the second veale ago.' "Well, well, well ? Here is a combination. I suppose you would like to go to the op'rer, even though this adopted

uncle of yours-the musical cobblerchin, softened by jast the suggestion of a dimple. Suspended from the same hook which held this portrait hung a girl's hat, should stay at home? 'No, I wouldn't,' said I. 'It wouldn't be the same without Uncle Tony." battered and worn, the broad band of which still held a large faded red rose and

and a door leading into the front part of the house was a small bench for light car-pentering. On the other side of the door was an open cupboard of shelves, contain- on a piece of paper, put it in an envelope, was an open cuppoard of shelves, contain-ing piles of newspapers, a strap such as newsboys use in carrying their packages securely from the newspaper offices to their "beats," several piles of unopened boxes of shoe-blacking, two shoe brushes,

and four this of shoe branks, in took them thumpanty from his ranged along nearly in the older of their different sizes. Near the one window, which looked out on the alley to the south and them holds and in the second states of the dress circle, and the second states of the second

small uncurtained panes of which the sun was streaming, sat Anthony Marshall on the round leathern seat of his shoemakers' with a broad, round face small for with a broad, round face, small features, and beady black eyes, came in, treading with such weight that the triangles in the

"'When oth-er lips and oth-er earts'"-sang Anthony Marshall. hearts' "Rat-ta-tat-tat-tat-tat !" rang his broad little hammer. "Their tales_of love'"_

"Rat-tat !" went the hammer. Shall tell.' Then the old man laid the hammer on

the bench at his shall also be a sub-the bench at his side; pushed his spectacles upon his bald head, and bent over the coarse boy's shoe he was half-soling with the peculiar close gaze of the near-sighted.

back and forth ominously. Uncle Tony coughed again, and said,

book, Patton."

we me sell 'em !" "Well," said mother, bridling, "I don't

He looked at Tim. The boy's disap-pointed face touched his sensitive, gentle heart, and he at once assumed a look of interested inquiry, though his face was still very pale. "Well, Tim, if I can't guess, tell me." Tim hitched himself into a chair and hearn to tell hir news.

"Well, you know, Uncle Tony, how we "Well, you know, Uncle Tony, how we was talkin' yesterday about the op'rer, and about the time when you used to play in the orchestrer, at that Lane Theatre in Uncle 20

London ?" "Yes, Tim, in the orchestra at Drury-lane Theatre."

lane Theatre." "That's it. Well, this mornin' after I had sold out, I was just a wishin' and a-wishin' that I could get twenty shines to do, as I did last year, so we could go ag'in ; for, ob, it was jest heavenly ! and I was a-standin' before the main entrance of the Grand Hotel, and a-thinkin' about that

"Well," said mother, bridling, "I don't s'pose a gentleman such as the one you told us about gives Injan presents to take 'em back again, does he?" "No o," said Tim ; "but if he had wan-ted 'em sold, he'd a sold 'em himself." "Timothy i now when you have a chance to get a chunk of money, it is a flyin' in the face of Providence not to do it! What if you was to be sick, what would you do then? If you get a little money together and just put it out to interest, the inter-est is a-going on night and day, day and night. Your money is a carnin' for you while you are sleepin'. You just go and put in the advertisement." "Tim, in common with a great many people, felt what he found it quite impossible to express. He was no match for Mrs. Marshall on the subject of selling the tickets, though aside from his op'rer we went to last year and a whistlin' the theme you learned me and we play together, when two awful swell gentle-men came along, one of 'em with his boots all splashed. I said to him: "Have a third the second it " selling the tickets, though aside from his great longing to go to the opera, he felt it would be a mean act to sell them. He twirled his cap round and round, and looked furtively, anxiously, towards Unde

Remembring him who loved, and loving To all the world for thee-this night, my My loved ose ! pray for him who knett with thee. -Youth's Magazine. -Youth's Magazine. -Youth's Magazine. Ant the intersection of an alley and an obscure street, in an outlying portion of frame, swinging and creaking in the high March wind, a sign, upon which could be read from the street— Anthony Marshall, Shoemaker. - Anthony Marshall Shoemaker. - Anthony Marshall Shoemaker. - Anthony Marshall Shoemaker. - Anthony Marshall Shoemaker. - Antho

other gentleman and said: 'There is another phase of American life for your and manner that this decision was final. She was not a stupid woman. She, therefore, arose, and with a look of lofty, com-miserating disdain, remarked— 'Some people ought to be born with two silver spoons in their mouths!' "Then do you know, Uncle Tony, he put up his other boot, and bending his head with a queer kind of a smile, said :

Then she marched out of the shop, her 'And do you anticipate going to the op'rer this year?' 'If I can get shine crinoline-distended skirts mowing down a wide swath of small movables as she shines went.

When the door had slammed behind her, Tim, in silence, hastily ate the lunch of bread and meat which he had taken of bread and meat which he had taken with him in the moning. Then taking one of the triangles from the cupbeard and his box from the floor, he put his hand on the latch and turned with a

hesitating. "Well, Uncle Tony ?"

"It will take us an hour to walk it Tim. We will start at seven o'clock Good-bye, my boy; and good luck!' sail Uncle Tony, wrapping up the show he had finished.

The gale which had been blowing all At this point Uncle Tony brushed his eyes carelessly, and blew his nose vigorday had fallen, with the setting of the sun, to a low, cold, crisp wind. Here and there the dingy white of the half-melted snow sparklei with the gathering frost, in the light of the large moon. Up and down the streets of the great, grimy, hurrying, never-silent city, the trailing folds of pale white light and shadow made all things dimly beautiful. Down the streets, now in light, now in shade, Tim and Uncle Tony went silently on their way, Uncle Tony taking a queer little back step, at regular intervals, to keep himself in particulth Tim's halting gait. "Uter Tony," said Tim, looking up into the old man's face, "wo-would you

mind telling me how it all happened ?' The old man hesitated a m ent, and

"Tim, I will tell you ; but I must begin pretty well back, or you couldn't under-stand it."

"You see, Tim, my father was a musiand beauty beauty weight that the triangles in the cupboard set up a vigorous chiming. Her expression plainly told that she believed herself to be a martyr, and that no one could know what side suffered. She seated herself in a rocking-chair, and fetched a heavy sigh. heavy sigh. Tim turned his cap round and round uneasily. Uncle Tony gave an apologetic little cough, and asked— "Do you feel any better, mother i" "Nobody cares whether I do or not," Tim, I couldn't do it. And I tell you," She took care of me real tender, Uncle Tony, as long as she lived." "And when she died your drunken father put you in the street." "You remember I told you that I played in the orchestra at "Nobody cares whether I do or not,"

almost every night after I was through at

became acquainted with Adelaide, Sir William Norton's only daughter." Uncle Tony's tone had been growing

lower and lower, and now, with bent head,

softly-... "Wh-where is Adelaide now, Uncle

Tony ?" "Ab," said the old man. raising his "Ab," said the old man. raising his

head and lifting his rusty silk hat rever-ently, "she's an angel, Tim ; an angel with God these many years!"

A few moments and he went on husk-

"After a time, Tim, we stole away and

"Was she ever in America, Uncle

"Yes," said he, rousing himself, "Yes. When Sara was born Adelaide called

her Sara for her dead mother. When her father heard of it he wrote her. This was

the letter, Tim, I remember every word of it-You have insulted your lady mother's sainted memory by calling An-

In other's satisfies intendry by cating An-thony Marshall's daughter by her name. I will never look upon your face again, nor hear from you, if I can avoid it !' " "He was a mean, hard one, wan't he ?" wild Tim his herem are devianished?"

said Tim, his brown eyes flashing indigna.

"I don't suppose he meant to be.

believe I can understand how it was," said

were married. "There never was a lovelier being, Tim

walked on in silence until Tim said

the old man and then at the stage, and the op'rer boss, and he wouldn't like to see there were no great folks in New the old man and then at the stage, and replied softly— "Why, she is some like it, sure ; sure." In the "Jewel Scene" the old man's suppressed excitement grew intense, and he exclaimed in a quavering whisper— "Tim, if it isn'ther, it is cruelly, cruelly like her ! And, Tim, it certainly, certainly is her hand 1—so like her mother's hand !" The act closed with Marguerite at the casement, and the old man rose in an un-steady way with— "Tim, Tim—I must have air !" and up through the gay audience they went, Tim York who wanted me to play for them." "Ah, Tim, it is a great comfort to me to think that Adelaide never wanted for anything which money could buy, and that she never knew about the shoes." The old man spoke no more until Tim

asked-"And how was it about Sura, Uncle Tony ?" "After it was all over," said Uncle Tony,

"After it was all over," and Uncte Tony, in a quiet, weary tone, "I could not play. There is much in us, Tim, which may die out while we live on,"—with a long sigh— "and I have worked only at the shoes "Im, Im-1 must have all a share werk. Tim leading now, and the old man following with a step almost as uneven as Tim's. They gained the street. The old man, after drawing a long breath, dropped his head upon his breast, and remained several minutes in deen reflection. Then slowly He paused a moment and then contin-

"Mrs. Wicks-that was mother's name minutes in deep reflection. Then slowly raising his drawn white face to Tim, he saidthen-lived in the house with us, and she looked after Sara and I. When Sara. was ten years old mother came in one morning, looking very severe. After she had arranged everycannot bear this suspense. I must go to the Grand Hotel and know the truth-

severe. After she had arranged every-thing she said— "'Mr. Marshall, you must get some one else to do what I have been doin' ever since your wife died, and before, too, for that matter. Not that I don't want the money, or that I mind the work, but'— she stopped, and I asked her what she meant. 'Well,' said she, 'to tell you the unvarnished truth. Mr. Marshall, you are a widower. I am a widow. The neigh-bours will talk.' I didn't know what to do. and I told her so. You see. Tim, I was The ystepped inside the theatre as Mar-guerite was rising from her pallet of straw. Then her voice, full of heart-broken anguish and passion of love, rang out in agonised pathos. With trembling hand the old man ad-"Vith trempting hand the old man ad-justed his glass, grasped the door for sup-port, and, in a dazed exultation, tremb-lingly whispered-"Come, Tim, come! It is Sara! It must be her!" As they were humanical data in the do, and I told her so. You see, Tim, I was used to 'mother.' She took the kindest care of Adelaide, and I always remember must be her!" As they were hurrying along, the old man stopped suddenly, as if he had been dealt a blow. They were in the shadow of a great building, and Tim could not see his face, but there were tears in his voice who said that. You know how mother smoothes her dress, Tim, when she is saying something very particular. Well, she smoothed her dress, stopped a little, and then said : 'We can fix it by getting married, Mr. as he said-"Tim, she has never come for me, and Mar hall ?"

"So she asked you, Uncle Tony ?" said perhaps-" His voice failed him for a moment, but he cleared his throat bravely

Tim, opening his eyes very wide. "Yes, Tim. I should never have thought and continued :-- "Perhaps-she-would rather-rather not find me, Tim !" "Yes, Tim, I should never have thought of but one kind of marriage. Well, Tim, I knew that Sara must have a woman's care. That decided me." "You know, Tim, that mother means well, but at times is a little wearying." "Yes, Uncle Tony, and she's pretty savin'; always. "Just so, Tim, Well, she couldn't under-tand as Sara and as Sara arow older "Now, I don't believe that, Uncle Tony " said Tim stoutly. "I bet she has looked for you all over. Why, it's seven years since you came from New York." "But she nave wrote. "Im "

"Perhaps. Anyway I must be certain about it all. And then if—" He stopped, and, after a moment, said in a resigned stand Sara, and as Sara grew older mother wanted her to wash dishes, mend the stockings and sew, and, as she said, 'be like other girls.' Sara could no more do these things, Tim, than a lark could draw

a plough. You should have seen her perch herself on my bench, Tim, and then heard her sing! How she could sing! There never was another such throat!" "The summer Sata was thirteen an Italian singer took apartments in the house. Many musicians came to see him, and Sara was with them a great deal. She

father missed. "One morning, after the singer had moved away, I found Sara gone. In a little note to me, she said she had gone away to study and be a great singer; that she loved me better than all the world; and that she would come back for me, her

always called me, Tim-and make us all happy and proud; and that I was to be always sure she was very good and was working hard." The old man's voice had a sad little tremble in it as he added, "and

"Yes, Tim. Sara had been gone almost year when we came here." "You found me in New York, didn't

you, Uncle Tony ?" "Yes, Tim, fast asleep in a packing box,

"Yes, Tim, fast asleep in a packing box, with your triangle in your hand." "Do you know, Uncle Tony, that I always like to have my triangle with me. It makes me feel kinder close to my mother. She used to sing to me kinder clear and wailn' like, but so sweet! All about old Ireland ; and when I play my triangle it seems as if I was havi' ber She bought me the triangle 'cause it was all she could afford, and I like music so. She took care of me real tender, Uncle

ISTIT NOT OUR DUTY !

JAN. 31, 1885.

Catholic Review.

We remember once being greatly amused at overhearing a conversation in a amused at overhearing a conversation in a public conveyance, between a well-dressed lady and a gentleman whose chief anxiety seemed to be to avoid disagreeing with her. "I am an Episcopalian," said the lady, who carried a large and handsome "Book of Common Prayer." I am an Episcopalian, but I don't believe in the Trinity. Our minister says that I'm not an Episcopalian if I don't believe in the Trinity, but I tell him I am, and a good one. too: but all the ministers in the world one, too; but all the ministers in the world can't make me believe that there are three per-sons in one God."

sons in one God." Now, to any intelligent Catholic such an utterance as this must sound at once piti-ful and ludicrous. To us the idea of a Church which includes amongst its mem-bers persons who deny its fundamental doctrines is an absurdity, and the ignorance displayed by this fashionable lady is almost incredible. But, unhappily, there are some Catholics who are not much better off, as far as regards a knowledge better off, as far as regards a knowledge better off, as far as regards a knowledge of what they believe or ought to believe. It is only a short time since that a life-long Catholic, a gentleman of cultivated intelligence, said to us that he had great difficulty in believing that many of bis non-Catholic friends, who were good, con-cientious, and even pious people scientious, and even pious people, must infallibly be lost because they were not professed Catholics, while the doctrine of professed Catholics, while the doctrine of the damnation of unbaptized infants was still harder for him. When we ex-plained the real doctrine of the Church on these points, he pro-fessed himself greatly surprised and re-lieved. And this is by no means an isola-ted case. We firmly believe that there is means from the catholics of the surprised and re-lieved. among young Catholics a lamentable want of knowledge of the doctrines of the Church. There must be thousands who attend Low Mass on Sundays and perhaps never hear a doctrinal sermon. No one who has ever taught in Sunday-school will need to be reminded of the difficulty of making children learn their lessons and making children learn their lessons and the practical impossibility of giving them an intelligent comprehension of the neces-sary dogmas in the short space of one hour each week. Moreover, while there is nothing to be said against the matter of our Catechisms, as they have their "impri-matur," and must be concert wat it is not "But she never wrote, Tim." "Maybe the letters got lost. Lots of letters get lost, you know !"

our Catechisms, as they have their "impri-matur," and must be correct, yet it is un-deniable that their style, to say the least, is not exactly alluring. Children who are particularly bright, or who have the gift of learning readily by rote, manage to learn the answer to most of the questions by heart, but it is not too much to say that a great deal of the matter in the larger catechism is haven the

by loait, but it is not too inten to say that a great deal of the matter in the larger catechism is beyond the comprehension of the average Sunday-school teacher—not on account of the difficulty of the subject, but because of the peculiar style of expres-sion. It is in fact necessary, usually, for a teacher to spend a good deal of time in explaining the meaning of words if he wants his class to understand what they are saying to him. We are not alone in thinking that for these and other reasons our young people are in deplorable ignor-ance of the doctrines of the Church. That it is of the highest importance that Catho-licz, especially at this day, should know as thoroughly as possible what they believe, we do not propose to prove; it is a truth which answers for itself. The question then is: "What can we

The question then is: "What can we do about it? We have recently been

made acquainted with the work of a priest in one of our large cities which we believe in one of our large tites which we believe offers a very satisfactory reply to this in-quiry. This zealous priest observed, as many others have, that the young people of his parish were not so well posted as they ought to be in their religion. Ac-cordingly he opened a weekly Christian Ever after, this great songstress and this ittle, radiant old man were inseparable : cordingly he opened a weekly Christian doctrine class, to which he invited all the Sunday-school scholars over a certain age, as well as the young men and women of the parish in general. Each evening was devoted to an instruction upon every point, and every member of the class was obliged to take notes of what was said. The instructions were made very simple

JAN. 31, 1885.

CATHOLIC ASD PRO SIONS

From St. Joseph' From St. Joseph" The following contra the noted George France ture at Cincinnati, when well as "M. R." (who given), heard him more all the interest of a rom internal evidence of fa internal evidence of ha George Francis is not a body knows. Brought with the "poor" Prote in China, whose wonder "hard lot" among the " he had heard so much

sachusetts Sunday-scho contributed his pocket-i a lud, picked blackberri houest penny by selli square on the twenty-fi tion list for the "poor, ies" so far away! Gro actually visits the Cel

HERE IS WHAT HE SA "A short walk brough

ure of the missionary's walk of shell led to walk of shell led to door, which was orna silver door-knob. "Well, I looked ch knob, and what do yo imagined, at least, that lump of silver a gr twenty-five cent pieces while a box. It was si while a boy. It was so ringing the bell that I full fledged English la

dered and shaved, wh manner, demanded my him I wished to spea master, if convenient. "He informed me h finished dressing, but and I was invited to The servant took my absence I had a chance appointments of the l that modern art had in

of making a home COMFORTABLE, BEAUTIN was there. The mas the rich carpets and n appearance of all you to suppose that you y of one of the lordly ma Square, instead of a m the wild coast of Chin minutes I heard a hea and saw descending portly gentleman, in a and slippers. He car baby in his arms. Aft he opened the parlor in. The room was gra the middle was a cent

large, richly bound B large, richly bound b baby sitting on the l joyed his babyship's f right at that moment clusion that Bibles a to go together. I for pleasant, agreeable ge versationalist, and w rent topics. He int seldom went far into charge of a mission about seven miles dis

HIS PRINCI was, however, in amount of Bibles an tions. He showed several tors of sac stored. I expressed miles back into the c erend host kindly te norse, and despatche bring me safely back vitation to lunch wit all of which I gratef

"The appearance of prove much as you l earth is hard, dry an of fine white sand and almost blind about three miles on on the point of tu quarter of a mile in moving figure, the beheld since leavin "On a nearer app

was a man leading wretched looking do with a heavy load of

peared as if the ma donkey and cart the

osity impelled me of this toiler in the

came near enough

person, I became sa

native, but an

who was dragging

ence in some tranatives of this in

She started back, poised an instant on one foot and then, springing forward with a wild, glad cry, she reached out her beau-tiful arms, and clasped the old man to her strong young breast, exclaiming-"I knew - I knew I should sometime find "And it was in New York, wasn't it ?" my little father ! I told Sir William so. Dear, dear heart! I would rather have you, my little father, than all of Eng-

land !-- yes, yes, yes, than all world !"

triangle, it seems as if I was hearin' her.

maid. was a born songstress, Tim. She had the genius which her father and her grand-father missed.

dear little father-that was what she

neur hem, too, was loyal, loving Tim and his triangle, while "mother" less particu-lar, mellowed by opulence, but still alert as to values, stood like a nock between all the world and Anthony Marsball's daugh-

ter.

From the Boston Transcript.

and gentle tone_"It will be a comfort, Tim, even if I should never see her but this once." They had been waiting but a few n

ments, just inside the door of the ladies entrance of the Grand Hotel, when the carriages began to arrive. Several parties passed in. Then she came, leaning on the arm of her escort, followed by her

The fragrance of the flowers in her hand touched the old man's face. The down on her cloak brushed his hand as he stood in the shadow. He did not stir until she had swept quite by him. Then he followed her quickly. Not until she had reached her avartment could he command himself. Then, stepping forward, pale and trembling, he said softly— "I—am—Anthony Marshall."

A Fallen Star.

How an Infidel Praved.

Drive It Away.

"I believe we have seen Sara, Tim.

the pegs; while, with his under lip closed tightly over the upper, he hummed tightly over the upper, he hummed through to its close the air which he had

gently, "Now, don't, mother. Tim and I do care a great deal about how you feel." "I should think you did by the noise you keep up when I am trying to get a little rest." begun while driving home the pegs. His voice was a trifle thin, and had the occasional quaver peculiar to ege, but there was in the undertone singing and humming of "And you'll remember me" "I did upset the clamps, but I really did a fine touch of finish and expression; while not mean to." "Mother" was unappeased, and continued now and again there was a note so pure, so sweet, so thrilling that the moulting to rock and sigh. Tim shifted uneasily, and Uncle Tony bent over his shoe in a canary in the little cage hanging in the swelling throat, gave forth little trills in no further opportunity to say anything unpleasant, she raised her head, and, turnemulation.

An irregular, hurrying step turned unpieasant, she raised her head, and, turn-ing towards Tim, said severely— "Timothy, this is a strange time in the day for you to come home. I should cer-tingly think that a boy who needs as from the street down the little walk along the alley. The shop door was opened quickly, but quietly, and the old shoe-maker raised a surprised, questioning face, to greet a lad who, with an eager out of breath, "Oh, Uncle Tony !" thust himself with a sideling jerk into the room. The boy was lame and misshapen. The old man raised his finger with a he could Tim looked furtively toward Uncle

Tony, who came to his assistance. "Tim had great luck to day, mother, and warning glance toward the inner door. The lad's bright face fell a little as h ame home to let us know about it. It would have been too much condescen

sat down.

5

"Is she 'particular' to-day, Uncle Tony ?" "Rather particular, Tim," with a side 'turn of the head, "but why are you home ?" ion on the part of "mother" to have appeared at all interested ; but, under the "Such luck !- Such news, Uncle Tony !

influence of awakened curiosity, she ceased to be a gressive, and Tim was em-A cold grey colour swept over the old A cold grey colour swept over the old man's face. With drawn brow and lips and anxious eyes he started up, overturn-ing that "mother's" standard of all. ing in his agitation the clamps with a earthly good was money, Tim, in an evil crash; and, dropping the shoe he was moment, and to make his story impress-mending, he exclaimed as he reached both ive, declared that his tickets were his poor old hands toward the daguerreo type-"Tim-Tim ! have you found-found

worth forty-eight dollars, and world fetch as much as thirty dollars, he knew. "Mother's" interest began to kindle, and, in a tone of superior without the knew. ther ?-Heard anything of Sara, Tim ?" All the light faded from the boy's face in a tone of superior wisdom and commanding suggestion, she said-"Now, Timothy, you have a chance to

as he shook his head slowly and said sadly-"Not that, Uncle Tony ; not so good as "Not that, Uncle Tony, my news is advertise in the papers that you will sell them tickets. If you can get more than

that! But then, Uncle Tony, my news is real good; common good, you know. And you couldn't guess what it is in a thirty dollars, just do it, and it will be a nice nest-egg for a real little fortune. I will help you to take care of it, Timyear !" The old man slowly set the clamps in

othy ! the opposite direction, should red roughly against him and roused him. "But the gentleman gave 'em to me for Uncle Tony and me to use. I guess he is their place by the bench, picked up the shoe and the stick of blacking with which he was finishing the edge of the sole, and

Tony ?"

tion.

coarse boy's shoe he was half-soling with the peculiar close gaze of the near-sighted. Taking up his thin, sharp knife he pro-ceeded to trim off the battered heads of the pegs; while, with his under lip closed the pegs; while, with he hattered heads of the pegs. While, with his under lip closed the pegs. While, with his und

brought music back to me almost every night after I was through at the theatre. It was in that way that I became acquainted with Adelaide, Sir william Norton's only daughter?" is met with resentment and lament that she is developed into haggard misery or vice.

> They were now in the central part of the city. As they approached the theatre they found themselves borne along by the crowding throng, up to the brilliantly illuminated entrance, and on through into the handsome auditorium, which was greatly crowded.

The usher looked at them doubtfully as he took their tickets, which he examined with great care.

Anthony Marshall would never have than she was." The old man sighed thought of going to the opera in any other than she was." The old man signed thought of Sound the second the signed that a dress-coat. heavily and went on in silence until Tim than a dress-coat. His was of bottle-green cloth. The

waist line hal been gradually rising with his increasing weight and size, during the twenty years which had passed since it was made, until now it gave his figure a very peculiar proportion. The half circle of fine gray hair, below his bald crown, was brushed carefully from the back, so was orusided carefully from the back, so that it just peeped over each ear. With his glass in his eye, and his self-possessed, gentle bearing, his appearance was most quaint and unusual; and as he and the misshapen, roughly-clad, handsome-faced boy passed down through the brilliant audience of elegantly dressed men and audience of elegantly dressed men and women of fashion, to the very best seats in the house, they attracted an attention which even the wringing in of the or-

chestra did not divert from them. The curtain rose, discovering Faust in his lonely studio, a victim of disappoint-ment and despair. Tim and Uncle Tony followed with

bated breath each note. When Marguerite at her wheel was revealed to Faust, a hesitating, anxious attention came into Anthony Marshall's face, and he took his glass from his eye and wiped it carefully. Drive away all poisonous humor from the blood before it develops in scrofula or some chronic form of disease. Bur-As the opera advanced, and Marguerite dock Blood Bitters will do it. As the opera advanced, and Marguente sang_"How Strange 'tis to Me," the old "an grasped Tim's arm and whispered—" "Isn't it like her, Tim? Isn't it like the daguerreotype?—eh, Tim?" Tim looked in a startled way, first at

From the Boston Transcript. Pere Hyacinthe has fallen upon evil days since his return to France. He is, indeed, a voice crying in the wilderness, as religious bodies of all denominations refuse him their pulpits. The other day he proposed to deliver a discourse at Neuilly, in the neighborhood of Paris, Neuilly, in the neighborhood of Paris, Neuilly in the neighborhood in the neighborhood in the neuron the neighborhood in the neuron the Neuilly, in the neighborhood of Paris, pupil was expected to write out, during but could find admission nowhere. At the week, a concise summary of the inbut could find admission nowhere. At last, in desperation, he besought the Eng-lish rector of a little Anglican church recently erected to grant him admission, at first the English minister was as bdurate as the English minister was as obdurate as the rest. Finally Pere Hyacinthe won him by promising to pronounce a panegyric on Luther, which he did, comparing him to himself. The congregation amounted to seven. and the class grew steadily. The men and young women of the parish attended in

young women of the parish attended in great numbers and the class before long included several hundred pupils. Finally, the local Catholic journal asked to be allowed to publish the best papers that were handed in, and this was permitted. We have seen some of them, and they are really admirable, showing a thorough comprehension of the points made in the lectures and giving most gratifying evi-Hume, the historian, passing one day by the back of Edinburgh castle, where the ground is very swampy and the footpath lectures and giving most gratifying evidence of the complete success of the exnarrow, inadvertently tumbled into the periment

bog, where he stuck, not being able to extricate himself. A washerwoman hap-Here, then, is something practical ; and now the question presents itself-Is it not our duty, as conscientious Catholics, to pened to pass at the time, looked at him, and was traveling on, when he shouted after her to lend him her assistance. "Na, look about us and see if we cannot do at "Na, least a little part in carrying on so great and important a work? We have not all at hand the facilities and advantages for na," replied the woman, "you are Hume, the infidel." "Well, well, no matter," rethe inhide!." "Well, well, no matter," re-plied he, "you know, good woman, your Christian charity commands you to do good even to your enemies." "No, I winna," said she, "unless you will first repeat the creed and the Lord's Prayer." Having no other alternative he was forced the work which are at the command of a parish priest, but if we cannot organize a large class, may it not be in our power to form a small one? If not this, then are there not one or two or three young Catholics whom we can teach and help to to accede to the pious woman's terms. know better and to understand more fully Children starving to death on account the glorious truths and saving doctrines of our blessed religion ? of their inability to digest food will find

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and gaunt in per-hair and beard, hi loose garment of t ial, with a cord en-costed him in Fren beisance, he answ I inquired the dire going, and he poi site to my way b some old clothes a filled with ripe an "'My good fe dling as an avocat 'You mistake per il

am a medical man Maison de Sante miles distant. to v

ing.' "Excuse me, name of reason sional man like y come to such a co

medicine ?' "I here checke visible emotion the thought strue touched upon a sorrow, perhaps that he wished to his face brighten countenance he :

"I AL and have some s herbs, and cooli human infirmiti only care, is the in obedience to teach and instr creatures in the Catholic mission do my duty as the girdle arour a crucifix from devoutly kissed "He informe

a complete mas guage, and had

The old man dropped his head and did not speak again util someone, going in the opposite direction, should red roughly against him and roused him.

the old man in his gentle, direct way. "After this Adelaide grew more frail every day, and, for the sea voyage and the change, we came to America. She was better at first, and then she failed in that fatally sure but imperceptible way which only victims of consumption do, and

by her name.