THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

THE BLAKES AND FLANAGANS.

BY MRS. JAS. A. SADLIER. CHAPTER V.

MT. FETER'S SCHOOL .- A VISIT FROM THE PRIEST.

afraid.

It was the custom in St. Peter's school, as in all Catholic schools, pro-perly so called, to say the catechism every day before any of the other lessons. Those who knew their cathe-ekism well were taught to serve Mass they are brave, generous, temperate and hospitable and—and possess an elevation of mind "—Edward began to they chism well were taught to serve Mass hesitate. and as there was only a certain number "Go on, Edward, you are right so eligible for that office, the boys were ar. Well, the Spaniards possess an elevation of mind-" always ambitious of the honor. Mr far. Lanigan had always a good class of boys elevation of mind — Thus encouraged, Edward went on fluently: "which places them above the commission of a dishonorable acwell instructed in their religion, and these sorved Mass by turns in St. Feter's church. If any were known to commit a grave misdeameanor, such as tion lying, disobeying his parents or teach er, cursing, or swearing, he was forth-with deprived of his right to wait upon the priority and the penalty was con-sidered so severe that it was quite sufficient to deter the boys from any glaring misconduct. They had a whole some fear of Mr. Lanigan, who knew how to administer the birch, when zecessary, as well as any man within ten square miles of him. To do him justice is was only when all other remedies failed, that he made use of manual correction, but when forced to do it, he did it in earnest. This was well known to the boys, and it had its weight, unthe boys, and 16 had its weight, and ababtedly, in keeping them "to their tramps," as Mr. Lanigan used to say, but there was another motive to the fall as strong. This was the influence were famous for their and magnificence, and tall as strong. of Dr. Power, at that time and for many years after, pastor of St. Peter's church. Dr. Power was indeed a man " of many Those two cities were celebrated endowed with a strong and gifts, piercing intellect ; a giant in the aren ing intellect; a grant and eloquent introversy, a powerful and eloquent cher, yet mild and affable in his depreacher, yet mild and anthe special ob jects of his affectionate solicitude, and his winning gentleness of manner made him quite a favorite with them. the great Apostle of the Gentiles, he could make himself, "all things to all " and was as much beloved as he was feared and respected. Of him it was said that, in his presence,

Long tuling prejudice abashed became, And error shrieked to see her empire di and bigotry, few other minds could tame Repentant wept beneath his meek reply.

Such was the man who presided over the destinies of St. Peter's school at the period of which I write. He was even then a doctor of divinity, but the people amongst whom he labored like better to call him Father Power-a thing very common amongst the Irish, who with their characteristic and most filial attachment to their clergy, merge all honorary and scholastic titles in the patriarchial one of Father. Most of the boys were about as order-by and well-disposed as hows brought as

Most of the boys were about as order by and well-disposed as boys brought up in a large city could be. Still there were some turbulent spirits amongst them who, at times, bred disturbance in the little community and could only be kept in proper subjection by an occ sional application of the birch aforesaid. One of these was Mike Sheridan, a scion of the Sheridan family, who claimed re-lationship with our friend Mrs. Blake, Mike was brother Tim. wild, hot-headed fellow, full of fun, and delighting in the perpetration of all manner of antic tricks. Yet Mike was good natured almost to a fault, and ald not keep anger against any human being for one half-hour at a time. He sould learn very well when he liked, but that was not often, and, as a gener

al thing, Mike went to school without having looked at his lessons, and stood nding on the assis ap in his class depending on the assistance of others who were more studious, so prompt him. And the boys, know-ing this, were always ready and willing to do it (provided Mr. Lanigan's eyes to do it (provided Mr. Lanigan's eyes was not on them), for Mike was a lavorite with every one of his school fellows. Mike was about the same age as Harry Blake; that is, fifteen or thereabouts. He had a younger brother whose name was Peter, a shy, timid lad, wholly engrossed with his books, and booking up to Mr. Lanigan as the great-sst potentate on earth. except Father sooking up to Mr. Lanigan as the great-est potentate on earth, except Father Power. Then there was Tom Reilly, their cousin, a precocious genius of thirteen, who, if he had been at almost any other school, would have thought him self a man, but Mr. Lanigan allowed ao premature manhood in his dominions, so poor Tom was forced to remain a boy, h against his will. much against his will. Before we proceed any further with eur story, let us take another peop into Mr. Lanigan's alma mater. It was a bright sunshiny morning about the be-ginning of May. Catechism was just prer, and the first class was called up for recomptly. over, and the first class was called up for geography. The boys got over their repetition tolerably well, and Mr. Lanigan proceeded to ask them some questions. There sat Mr. Lani-gan in his suit of sober grey, "with spectacles on nose," preparing his abroat by divers "hems," as he glanced his eye along the line to recon-soitre his forces; and there stood the boys watching their liege lord, with eager, anxious eyes, some of them sager, anxious eyes, some of them glancing at each other with imploring gestures, as much as to say, " be sure and help me." "Ahem !" said Mr. Lanigan, by way "Ahem !' said Mr. Lanigan, by way of proface " your lesson to day was on Spain. Tell me, Lawrence Boylan, "bat kind of a country is Spain ?' " 'I t is a large and very important country of Europe. Its soil is gener-ally fertile, though many parts of it are overrun with woods. With the excep-tion of Switzerland, it is the most

to himself, as he stopped in front of a confectioner's window. "I'd like well enough to have some of them nice cakes but then I'd be giving some to Mike, "Stop there, Mike, you've gone far mough," said Mr. Lanigan, with a mile which he could not repress; "I suppose, if I let you go on, you would make out the poor Spaniards to be all that their enemies and ours choose to but then I'd be giving some to hink, and some to little Annie, and some to father and mother, and then we'd all eat them up, and then there would be an end to Father Power's bright shilrepresent them. Go on to the next: speak out, Edward Flanagan, don't be ling; but if I bought a book with I'd have it to look at and to read. with it "The Spaniards, sir, are grave, stately, and formal in their manners; think I'll buy a book."

Poor Peter felt hungry at the time, and the cakes in the window looked temptingly nice, but Peter's philosophy was stronger than his appetite,

Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind, There was a bookseller's shop on hi way home, and Peter went in; but it was no easy matter for him to suit him-self in a book "for the low price of one shilling.

"Well done, Edward; go up, my "Well done, Edward; go up, my oy. Now Mike, see what a different Peter had a wholesome distrust of reter had a whotesome distrust of Protestant books, and yet he could not well distinguish them from the others. The shopman showed him a number of books, such as boys generally purchase, boy. Now Mike, see what a different character you were going to give them. One would think you had been learn-ing geography at Mr. Simpson's school. Tom Reilly, can you name some the principal cities in Spain?" "Yes, sir," said Tom briskly, "Madrid, Saragossa, Toledo, Sala-manca, Grenada, Bilboa, Pampeluna, Valladolid." Peter now and then reminding him that Peter now and then reminding nim that he could not go higher than a shilling. Sometimes, when the title on the cover of one struck his fancy, he would turn it round and round, scrutinizing it "Very good, Tom; that will do closely, and saying to himself, " I wish I knew whether it was a Protestant book or not!" At last, he happened Now, as you have done so well, can yeu tell me what it was that made Sala-manca and Valladolid so famous, for on Robinson Crusoe, a cheap edition, in a paper cover, and, as he had often manca and Valladolid so famous, for they were very famous for many ages throughout Europe?" "Certainly, sir," said Tom, "they were famous for their great strength heard his father speak of it, he said to himself: "I'm sure it can't be a bad book, or father wouldn't speak so well of it.

"No such thing, Tom." The boys "What's the price of this one, if you please, sir?" said Peter, timidly. all tittered at Tom's mistake. "Can any one tell? No! Well, I'll tell you.

"You may have it for a shilling, though it ought to be one and six cause of their having each a great unipence.

versity or college, to which students were sent from all parts of the civil-Peter thanked the obliging shopman, and walked away with his book in his ized world. They were two of the greatest collegiate institutions the pocket, thinking every minute an hour, till he got home to show his newly-acworld ever saw. That was very good, you see, for times which the lying Projuired treasure.

His parents were to the fall as much gratified as he was himself, when he told his artless story, and exultingly There produced his prize. "Now, Mike," said their father, addressing his elder son, "how does it happen that you Now. Mike "I see none of you know, and indeed

I hardly expected you know, and indeed it is not mentioned in your geography. But mind what I'm going to tell you, so that you can answer me the next time never get such rewards as Peter.' "I don't know, father," r replied Mike, with his usual blunt sincerity, "I suppose it's because Peter lays his mind to his books, and I don't. You know mother says I have no head for the learning so it is the to be a for markable for having one of the most famous shrines of the Blessed Virgin, called Our Lady of the Pillar Which of the learning, so it isn't my fault-is it, mother? Ain't I just like your own you can tell me what a shrine is ?" All were silent for a moment, when brother Terry, that you say could never get any further than reading his Peter Sheridan timidly raised his voice, prayerbook blushing for shame at his own boldness; A shrine, sir, is a place where people

'Get out, you blockhead," said the mother, pretending to look for a slender stick, which she sometimes used on Mike's back, "get out, or I'll break go to pray when they want to ask some lar favor, and where miracles every bone in your body. If you were only as quick at the learning as you are Mr. Lanigan clapped his right hand at your tricks, we'd have another story to tell. Daniel" (to her husband) on his right knee, a custom he had when agreeably excited. "Well done, little Peter, well done! bless my soul, 'haven't you something for him to do

out-bye ?" "Ay, indeed have I," said the father, "I read it, sir, in that little book you were so kind as to give me last week when I got head in the grammar turning away to hide a smile, "any boy that won't learn, must be made work. Come along, Mike, my boy, and rub down one or two of the horses

class." "Now, boys, there's an example fo Daniel Sheridan was a carter by you," cried Mr. Lanigan exultingly. "It's some use to give books to a boy trade, and kept six or eight horses as many men, constantly like Peter; he not only reads his books but remembers what he reads. Come with ployed.

but remembers what he reads. Come to me after school, Peter, my little man, and I'll give you a nice picture. I say, Tom Reilly, how is Spain bound-ed ? He was an upright, honest man the was an upright, houses man, somewhat thick - headed, but kind-hearted, and willing to oblige whenever it was in his power. In his younger days he had been rather wild oblige but of the source a glass but of late Tom began with his usual flippancy. and fond of taking a glass, but of late years he had left off drinking, and bene well to do in the world. As he used to say himself, "he had always something by him for a sore foot, (for any emergency) and never knew the want of a shilling, thanks be to God."

features well accorded with his thicknother; the father took upon et, burly figure. "Hillo, Blake !" said Herrick, with "Hillo, Blake!" said Herrick, with a coarse laugh, "have you been to con-fession lately? I guess you'll have a pretty long score to get wiped off next time you go-eh, West?" "I rather think so," was the reply, "he'll hardly tell all. I guess he'd better get Zach to help him. I say, Blake one more than a great

nswer.

him

call standing up for religion ?"

What do I call standing up for re-ligion ?" repeated Miles. "Why, sir, when boy or man is always ready with word or blow to silence any one that attacks his religion; that's what I call standing up for it "

efficacious way of defending your relig-ion is to practise its duties and carry out its priaciples in all your actions.

By doing so you will make your religion respected, without ever having occasion

to strike a blow, whereas you may fight and squabble with your Protestant ac-

quaintances, year after year, and find them at the end more inveterate than

ever against you and your religion ; or

rather, what you are pleased to call

your religion. Such is precisely the

your religion. Such is precisely the case with Harry. I am much afraid that his religion, if he ever had any, is either gone, or going fast in these angry discussions to which you expose

"Father Power !" said Miles, with

can't let you go any further with such talk as that. I tell you, sir, that I've

as much religion as any one else, and as

for Harry, I'm sure and certain, he'd lose his life for his religion, just as I

would myself." " All very fine, Mr. Blake! all very

to die for your religion, don't you think it would be well to learn to live for it?

I speak not now of yourself, my dear Mr. Blake; that is not the object of my

present visit, but I must insist on your

removing your children from the bane

Mrs. Blake here hastened to justify

nerself. "Indeed, indeed, Father Power, it isn't with my consent that

ey go to them, and I'm sure I've had

" Indeed ! and how do you know,

prayers and catechism and all

"Then, you don't consider prayers

sary?" Yes, I do-in their own place.

any a hard tussle with Miles on that

Blake, your governor must be a great fool. Zach says he gives you no funds, and yet never suspects you of tipping his shiners. He's a great old coon, I

"Why, how could he see anything clear?" cried Sam, with his bitter sneer, "ain't he kept in a fog all the time by that ere feller up at the church. time by that ere letter up at the church. Papists can't see things right clear like other folks. Can they, West?" Before West could answer, Harry had felled Herrick to the ground, with

standing up for it." "Well, my friend, that is one way, certainly, of defending your religion, but it is far from being the best way." "How is that, your reverence?" "I will tell you: the best and most efficacions way of defending your religi blow of his clenched fist, whereupon West took to his heels, having no fa for fighting when it came to hard knocks, though he could bluster and swagger with any boy in the city. "What's your hurry, Ezechiel?" said Harry, laughing, "Cau't you wait

awhile?" But Ezechiel was already out of hear ing, and Harry drew the terrified Eliza away in the direction of their home, leaving his prostrate fce to be picked a gentleman who was passing

up by "Terrible fellows these Papists are," said the stranger, with a smile. "Now that is what I call an effective argu

"Sir ?" inquired Sam, as he stood shaking the dust from off his clothes.

"I say, my young friend, the old feller up at the church, couldn't have knocked down a Protestant in better a raised voice and a flushed counten-ance, " I respect you highly, sir, but I style-could he?'

style-could he?" "So you heard what I said to Blake," said Sam, doggedly. "Well I don't care who hears me, not a brass button : the priest is an old feller, and that. I hate priests; I do, and so would you, sir, if you heard half as much about them." have heard folks call him worse

fine as far as it goes ; but as neither you nor Harry is likely to be called on "I have heard more about them than you seem to suppose," said the gentle man with the same quiet smile, " but man with the same quiet smile, " but God forbid that I should hate any of my fellow creatures. Good afterno my lad; let me advise you for the future to let that boy alone; you see future to let that boy alone; you see he has a peculiar way of settling a ques-tion with the arm rather than the tongue. Keen clear of his than the tongue. Keep clear of him, then, if you value your bodily safety. Saam saw at a glance that the gentle-

your promise some time ago that you would take your children from the common schools ; why is it that they still nan was mocking him, and somehow he felt rather uncomfortable beneath his keen searching eye. He cut his acgo there quaintance, therefore, rather suddenly, and speedily turned down a neighborng alley, without as much as thankin he gentleman for his trouble. An

Irish applewoman, who had been an amused spectator of the whole scene, burst into a hearty laugh whon she saw Sam scamper off after his valiant comaccount. He says, sir, they learn better there than they would at any Catholic school." "Well, if that wasn't one of the that, Mr. Blake ?" "Because," said Miles, trying to keep down his anger, "because there's too much time lost in Catholic schools purtiest knock-downs I ever laid an eye on ! God's blessin' light down on you, Father Power, dear, but it's yourself can take them to the fair at your aise, anyhow.

such things. That's the plain truth, Father Power, and I don't care who Oh ! is it there you are, Molly ?" said Dr. Power, for he it was. " is business with you these times?" "Deed then I can't comm " How hears it !" and catechism either useful or neces-

Deed then, I can't complain, thank God, and your reverence thank God, and your reverence; as long as I can get the bit to eat, and the rag to cover myself an' the ould man, well content.

The school-room is not the place to learn either prayers or catechism; they can be learned in church, or even "I'm glad to hear it, Molly. A contented mind and a good conscience, generally go hand in hand." "Only that this is no place for your

" Pardon me, Mr. Blake, the schoolroom is just the place to learn every-thing that is to be learned. If religion be excluded from the school-room, it will be excluded from the mind. Religion,

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with very few exceptions, growing up, without fear of God or man, despising their parents in their hearts, and beblushed, and looked exultingly at his their parents in their hearts, and be-coming, from day to day, more reckless of duty, virtue and religion. Good evening, Mr. Blake; if I have given you pain I am sorry for it; but a cankering wound cannot be healed with-out being well probed. God grant you grace to profit by my admonitions! I heart to see you again soon." "Why, yes, your reverence, Harry is as good a soldier as any boy in the city of his own age, I don't care where the other is. Young as he is, he knows how to extend up the his while he would now to stand up for his religion as well as I could myself." "And pray, Mr. Blake, what do you ope to see you again soon." Miles was so confounded a

Miles was so confounded and embar-rased, that he could not get out a word, Blake was quite taken aback, and his and before he had recovered his pres-Blake was quite taken as much as to say, "now, you'll catch it." "What do I call standing up for re-ligion?" repeated Miles. "Why, sir, sence of mind, the priest was gone.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE FLAX-DRESSER.

The flax dresser's home is gone. There is a wall skirting the hollow where it formerly stood, built of its . That low-roofed, two-roomed, sunk in the hill, with its gloomy stones. That abin. interior made more dismal by the dust of his trade hanging about it, was a weird, mysterious place to me, who feared, yet liked, to take a peep inside. And how furiously I scampered away when the hoarse voice of its occupant cried, "Be off with ye;" or Murty McIntyre had then the reputation of being an evil-souled man. He never went to Mass or associated with his neighbors.

Not without some cause did those country people regard him fearfully. During the six years of his residence here that shaggy-bearded, dark-eyed man, was seldom seen except in the semi-darkness of his windowless kitchen. If any one came to his door on business, the fewest words possible occupied its transaction, and only only when compelled to do so did McIntyre into fuller light. There were come women herabouts who never passed his without crossing themselves. cabin There were certain times of the year when his press had to remain idle, but the man could not. His chief employ-ment then was altering the position of the door-for he was skilful with a trowel-by way, perhaps, of baffling inquisitive youngsters like myself. One day it faced north, embracing a wide between it and view of the country Knockbard; the next day it stored to its former position, looking down on the valley of the Shannon. Frequently, people going to Mass saw the alteration completed on their reful influence of Protestant teaching, the companionship of Protestant children. I have repeatedly spoken to you on this subject, and even obtained turn. He had to work because of that

restless temperament of his. Where he had originally migrated from nobody could tell positively. day he came across the river in an old day he came across the first and a boat with his flax hackle, press and a few household effects. He looked around the village, saw this cabin empty, obtained the owner's consent to occupy it, and before night he had settled in his new abode. This was all This was all that was known of him for six years, for he frigidly declined the friendly advances of the warm-hearted neighbors, ready to give this useful man a

bright welcome." One November night, as the leaves, driven by a fierce gale, were madly dancing about the narrow passage giving access to the cabin, a knock came the door. Murty, a sulky frown on his gloomy face, went to open it, mumbling angrily at being disturbed at so late an hour. He found a beggar woman there, her rags shivering in the strong wind. She was carrying a child, tight-ly wrapped round in an old shawl.

Murty l' she said, looking up into face. McIntyre started, evidently his face.

recognizing the voice. "What brings ye brings ye here?" was his

surly question. "Sore bad fortune," answered the beggar woman. "I've nayther food nor shelter for meself or me child. God help us both this night!"

tion of Switzerland, it is the most mountainous country in Europe."

Very good, Lawrence, very good, sed. Now, Mike Sheridan, the next indeed. is yours : what is the character of the Spaniards The Spaniards, sir, are-are grave

-grave and"-"Go on sir !"

"Go on sir !" Mike looked around in distress, but so one dared speak, as Mr. Lanigan's tace boded no good. "Go on, sir, I say, what is the sharacter of the Spaniards ?" All at once Mike thought he had it, and hastened to get out the bright idea before it vanished. "They are grave, stately and formal in their manners, bat lazy and indolent "but lazy and indolent '

Tom began with his usual hippancy. "Spain is bounded north by the Medi-terranean sea"— "Wrong, wrong; go on to the next." "I beg your pardon, sir," said Tom, "I think you'll find that I'm right, if you'll plages to look at the mun. Inst you'll please to look at the map. Just look if the Mediterranean isn't right

testant historians call the dark Well, boys, can any of you tell me

I put the question. Saragossa is re

are performed through the intercession

where did you find that out?'

what Saragossa is remarkable?"

was no answer.

partic

ed

look if the Mediterrahean Ish o right over Spain." "Why, you little Tom Thumb of a fellow," said the master, eyeing him through his spectacles with an affecta-tive of superlative contempt; "do you pretend to imagine that you can teach me? Upon my credit, if the Medi-terrean is not 'just over Spain,' I've a great mind to put you over the desk, a great mind to put you over the desk, and thrash some of that self conceit out of you. What a pretty fellow you are be sure! Now mark my words, Tom Reilly! never dare, while you are in my school, to give your own opinion contrary to mine, or insist that you are right when L have memoured how right when I have pronounced lyou right when I have pronounced you wrong; if you do, up you go, so sure as my name is Lanigan! I think your hinder end ought to remember the last admonition I gave you. Beware of deserving another; while you are under my tuition, you must be subject to me, ir; do you hear?"

Yes, sir," said Tom, sheepishly, and not daring to lift his eyes. "Now, Edward Flanagan," said the

' you tell me the boundaries of master. Spain ?" Edward answered correctly, and then

Mr. Lanigan made him point them out on the map, to Tom's great mortifica-tion. That was a lesson that he never forgot, and he used to say in after years that "it was worth gold to him." So it was, and better than any amount of cold could have here.

It was, and better than any amount of gold could have been. The class was then dismissed. In the afternoon, Mr. Lanigan took Peter Sheridan to see Father Power, and the little fellow's heart was rejoiced when the priest patted him on the head, and heade God blass him, after hearing Mr. God bless him, after hearing Mr.

Lanigan's kind report. "God bless you, Peter, God bless you. You are laying the foundation of The acoustion you. You are laying the toundation of a good and useful life. The acquisition of knowledge is said to be the most hon-orable pursuit of youth, but knowledge when acquired is only a curse if it be not guided and controlled by Christian minging. Descent that Better principles. Remember that, Peter. It is very good to be a learned man, but is still better to be a Christian man;

if you can be both together, so much the better. You may go home now, Peter, and here is a shilling for you to home now, buy cakes."

So Peter made his bow as well as bashfulness would let him, and made the best of his way home, thinking all the time what he was to do with his the time what he was to

want of a shifting, thanks be to God." Leaving Daniel and his son hard at work in the stable, and Peter reading Robinson Crusee to his mother, while she washed up her dinner dishes, let us she washed up her dinner dishes, let us return to Miles Blake and his family,

return to Miles Diake and his tainity, whom we do not wish to forget. Harry had been to the theatre several times, unknown, of course, to his father, contriving to elude his mother's suspicions by some specious pretext. But Eliza began to suspect the truth, and, from certain little cir-cumstances which came under her ob-servation, she feared that the money thus spent did not come honestly into Harry's possession. She could not Harry's possession. She could not bear to tell her father what she suspected, or even her mother, fearing the consequences for her brother; but she determined to speak to himself. At that time Eliza was still a prudent, dis creet girl, full of kindness and good nature, and tenderly attached to her

own family. "Harry," said she, as they walked home together one afternoon, "I should like to know where you get all those cakes and sweeties, and fruit that I see you have ?"

blushed up to the eyes, but he Harry tried to put it off with a laugh. "Where do I get them, Eliza?-why some I buy of the old woman at the corner, and some at the confection-

"That's not what I mean," said Eliza, "I know well enough where you buy them; but I want to know how you get the money."

"Well, I guess you will want to know," retorted Harry, angrily; " if you ain't one of the most inquisitive girls I ever knew !

"It's no wonder I'd be inquisitive. Harry, for I'm afraid father's money-drawer knows something about it, if I don't. It's not for nothing you get all those nice things, not to speak of going to the theatre, nights, as I know you do! I see you're going to deny it, but you needn't, Harry; it's no use."

you needn't, Harry; it's no use. "How do you know that I go to the theatre?" said Harry, doggedly. "No matter, I know it, that's enough for you to know; and I'm just going to

tell mother this very day." Just then Sam Herrick passed them by. There was at all times "a lurking devil in his eye," a look of sly, cold malice, unnatural in a boy of his age, for Sam was not more than fourteen

He had with him Ezechiel West, an bright new shilling. "Father Power He had with him Ezechiel West, an Netther Miles not in son underseed to be buy cakes with it," said he overgrown lad of sixteen, whose Saxon the keen irony of the remark; the son

"Only that this is no place to year reverence to be seen talking with a poor old body like me," said Molly, bending over her table, and letting her to a whisper, "I'd voice fall almost to a whisper, like to have a talk with your reverence Blake. It's a about that same Harry thousand pities, sir, that his father let him go to that blackguard school beyant; I'm sittin' here the whole grow up Christians ; if you are conter grow up Christians; if you are content o make them heathens or infidels, then you are quite right to do as you are doing. Mrs. Blake, would you have the goodness to leave us alone together, for a few minutes ?" and he glanced significantly towards the young morele beyant; I'm sittin' here the whole week round, an' I see everything that's goin' on; an' mind I tell you, sir, that boy is in a fair way of goin' to the devil. I ax your reverence's pardon sayin' such for a word—it's none of my business, to be sure, but still an' all it goes to my heart to see the son of a dacent Irish-man goin' to the bad. Tell Mister Blake, sir, from me, that if he's wise he'll take his son from that school, an' if he doesn't do it soon, he'll be too late." significantly towards the young people. "Oh, certainly, your reverence ! Come up stairs, children ?" Harry and Eliza exchanged looks of alarm, but they both followed their mother to one of the upper rooms. "I'm sure he has heard something ?" whispered doesn't do it soon, he'll be too late. "I thank you, Molly, for your kind formation," said the priest, " and

Harry to Eliza. sister in the same tone; "I wouldn't be in your place for a dollar." information," said the priest, "and will not fail to act upon it as soon as possible. To tell you the truth, I was just on my way to visit Mr. Blake on that ness. I wish he wouldn't be coming same business. (God bless you !" Good evening, and may here putting bad into father's head

God bless you !" "An' you, too, your reverence ! may the Lord spare you long to us ! what would we do, at all, without you ?" This last query was addressed by Molly to herself, as she followed with her eye the receding form of the value. against us." "Are you aware, Mr. Blake," said Dr. Power, " that your son is in the habit of frequenting the theatre?" sir, my boy has never been once to the theatre, that I know of." priest.

Harry and Eliza had just got home times, that you do not know of." "Impossible! sir, impossible! How and were giving their father and mother an account of what had hap-pened, when the shop-boy ran in to say without in that Father Power was the shop, wanting to see the master." Miles hurried out to receive his honored visitor, while Mary glanced

honored visitor, while inter if every-round the little parlor to see if everything was in it's place." "Eliza, put that pitcher in the closet," said she to her daughter, "and then sit down, you

her daugnter, "and then sit down, you and Harry. Hush, now, not a word; they're coming in." "How do you do, Mrs. Blake?" said Dr. Power, with that high-bred courtesy for which he was distinguished. "And your young people ?" he added, quietly taking possession of a chair. "All well, thanks to your reverence he would be, in all human probability,

a dutiful, conscientious boy, a good son, and a good Christian. Such are the children of your worthy brother in law, won't you sit nearer the stove ?" "No, thank you, I prefer sitting here; I feel warm after my walk. So, Tim Flanagan. Take all the boys at-tending St. Peter's school, and though

here; I teel warm after my walk. So, Here, not here been practising your ast to day," he said, with a smile. Harry looked surprised. "Why, sir, how did you come to know?" Dr. Power laughed. "Oh! I wasn't quite twenty miles off when you knocked down your man so cleverly. fond of sport, yet, their sport will be boyish sport, not those forbidden pleahad no idea you were so good

tory, while, on the contrary, the chil-dren of those Catholic families who, Neither Miles nor his son understood like you, patronized mixed schools, are

"That's none of my doin's, me good my good sir, must be ever present with your children; it must regulate and woman. Go to the man ye gave your-self to. 'Tisn't a bit of good comin' to control their studies, their words, their actions-that is, if you wish them to

'I don't care-it's none of his busi-

"The theatre, Father Power! No.

Bat he has been there very many

"That is for you to find out my

youth indulge; you will find few amongst them disobedient, or refac

they

"Tim was transported at the last as sizes, and now I am driven to take to the roads. God help me."

"Amen! for ye'll get no help here." "Ah, sure ye wouldn't be that hard on a sick woman, and a stranger in these parts-what makes it worse -to these parts—what makes it worse—to dhrive me from yer door this bleak night, empty-handed and shelterless." "Ye're another man's wife; ye wouldn't be mine when ye had the chance, so I'll have nothing to say to ve now.

Murty shut the door with a vicious bang. The forlorn creature raised her voice to the highest pitch, for the Hush ! he'll hear you," said his strong wind among the trees on the other side of the road was trying to

drown it. "Murty! For the sake of ould times,

don't be hard on me!" "''Twas little consideration ye had for me then," he answered, pausing in the act of turning away from the door. "Ah, Murty! 'tis the Lord knows this night me soreness of heart, and how I wish I had me time over agin; and when I heard in me bitther distress that ye were livin' here, and not knowin' what to do or where to turn to, I said to meself, 'Murty won't let to, I said to meseli, 'Murty won't let me an me child sleep out this night could he get money to go to the theatre -people don't get in for nothing, do undher the hedge.' "

"I don't care where ye sleep, so be

off with ye." "Just for this one night ?" she friend," said the priest calmly; then he added with a melancholy smile, pleaded, her low sobs growing loud enough for him to hear. Her distress aroused his manly ten-

" If you should discover that your son has been taking advantage of your credulity, and betraying your trust— that he has not much religion in his heart or mind, though a great deal at derness. It east him back unwillingly on his past self, and Mag Devlin, the sweetheart he had loved to earnestly, his finger-nails, you have no one to blame but yourself. Had you sent him to a Catholic school, from his infancy, took the place of that ragged outeast begging for shelter. He threw open he might have spent half an hour, every day, at 'prayers and catechism ;' but

his door. "For this one night, then," he said, He quickly sulkily, walking past her. He quickly disappeared into the darkness. This was the night he slept in my father's barn. I saw him leave it next morning before any one was stirring, and it was that so impressed me with the whole some of them may be a little wild, and

On coming to his door that morning, steeled against any further show of tenderness, he found scrawled on a stained page taken front his memorandum book which lay on the dresser, the

"I'm not able to carry her farther. Will come_again if I can ; if I can't she