# THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

### ONLY A CRUST OF BREAD.

A Story of Two Christmas Days. BY GROEGE B. SINS, AUTHOR OF

It is Christmas Day in the Workhonse, And the sold have walls are bright With periands of grees and holly And the piece is a bicenst cight; Yor with clean-washed hands and mess, In a long and hangy, lice The pagers at a the tables, For this is the hour they dine.

And the grandians and their ladies, Although the wind is easy, Have come in their fars and wrappers, To watch their charges family for mile and be condescending, Put pudding on paper blates, to be host as the workhouse banquet They've paid for-with the rates.

Ob, the paupers are meak and lowly With their "Thank'se kindly, mum's" blong as they fill their stemachs, What ma ters it whethes it comes ! Bit one of the old men mutare, And platten his plate adds; Great God!" he eries; "bat it chokes m For this is the day she died."

The guardiane gased in horror, The master's isos went white; "Did a paper relax their pudding ?" "Oould their ears believe aright ?" Then the haster olicabed their humband Thinking the man would die, Birner by 5 bo't, or somothing, By the outraged One on high.

But the pauper sat for a moment, Then ross mid a silence grim. Por the others had caused to chatter And trembled in every limb. Me Looked at the guardiave' indice. Toon, evelog their lords, he said. "I set not the food of villans W noce hands are fool and red:

Whose victims cry for vongeance From their durk. unballe eed graves." He's drauk ?" said the worthcouse mus "Or eise he's mad and raves." Bot drunk or mad, "vried the pauper, "But only a hunted beast, "But only a hunted beast, Who, form by the hounds and mangled, Decilase the vulture's feast.

"I care not a curse for the guardians, And I won't be dragged away, Just he me have the fit out It's only on Christmas Day That the black pest comes to goad me, And pray on my burning brain: "It will you the rest in a whisper-I swear I won't shout again.

"Keep your hands off me, curse you ! Hear me right out to the end, Ya come bers to see how par pers The season of Christmas spend. Yo sume here to waton us feediar. Hear why a poncies panper Boits on your pairy feast.

"Do you think I will take your bounty, And let you smile and think You're doing a uoble action With the workhouse meat and drink ? Where is my wife, you traitors-The poor eid wife you siew ? Ye, by the God above us, My Nance was killed by you !

"Last Winter my wife lay dying, starved in a flithy den; I had never usen to the workhouse-I came to the workhouse then. I scallowed my pride in coming. For, ere the ruin came, I held up my head as a trader, And I bore a spotiess name.

"I came to the workhouse, craving Bread for a starving wife. Bread for the woman who loved me Through fifty years of life ; And what do you think they told me, Mooking my awfol grief ? That 'lhe House' was open to us, But they wouldn't give 'ont relief.'

"I slunk to the fifthy alley-Twess a cold, raw Obristmas eve-And the backers shops were open, Temping a man to thieve; Bat I clenched m. fast together, Holding my bead avry, So I evene to nor empty-banded, And mournfully told her why.

"Then I told her 'the House' was open; She had heard of the ways of that, For her bloodless checks wend or immoon, And in her rays the sst. Orving: 'lide the Caristimas here, John, We've never had one apart; I think I can bear the hunger-The other would break my heart.'"

"All through that eve I watched her, Holding her hand in mins, Praving the Lord and weeping Till my lips were salt as brine. I asked her once if she hungered. And as she answered "No," The moon shone in at the window Set in a wreath of snow.

"Then the room was bathed in glory, And I saw in my dariing's eyes The far away look of wonder

BY LAS "Mister, please, I want to be took." Baroal, the great photographer, looked up from the portrait he was examining. He was at first amazed, but a smile here in out on the face, where the celebrities who at bufore his samers ware accustomed to see only a frown. Before him stood a hare headed gamin, a boot black, with the box on which he earned his Hving sur-pended from his shoulder by strape. From the box projected the end of a break. The boy's pose was greacful, respectful, pleading. His face was handsome and winning. "How did you get in f" asked the photographer, who wondered how the boy he office and reception reem as aguard to the studio, into which no one entered without first sending in a card. "The well lody wur kickin" yer amaze, Nobby, and I up the stairs and here I is. End, please, mister, de, won't yer, take ""Casendre hed came that morning to dit.

Ecd. please, mister, de, won't yer, take me ?" Cassandra had came that morning to sit, bet Baroni had found so much fault with her that she had gone away in a rage. As the boot-black had stated, he took advan-tage of the excitement her exit had camed to alip unobserved into the studio. "I wus hangin' 'round all mornin' waitin' for a chance, and now, please, Mister Baroni, don't put me out. Till work for tee pay yer, end I do want a pleter. Make a pleter uw me, wont yer ?" In his earnestness the boy forgot him celf, and the natural pose he sammed delighted Baroni's artistic eye, "Nabby-what is the rest of your name ?" "Chuduaser," and the namesake of the Habrew king unconsciously put out his hand in a breesching gesture and ap.

name "
"Chuduaser," and the namesake of the Hebrew king unconscionaly put out his hand in a beseching geture and ap-proached the artist, almost touching him. A call boy came in with a card, but Nebby did not notice him, so absorbed was he with the desire of being photographed. Nor did the artist look at it. He sat twirling it in his fugers while he gased at the gamin. A more interesting face he had never seen in a child. It was delicate, refined, sensitive, all out of keeping with

rougly supported their of

the vecenable Fahren Richards and Fahre Morgan, a comin of Father Dowd, who had preceded him to Canada by a father Morgan, a comin of Father Dowd, who had preceded him to Canada by a father, jest acrived in the soundry, and for a faw years at these assisted in the ministry of St. Pat-rick's until the Seminary found means to do the work once more through its own members. The more recent history of the congregation is fresh in the ministry arrived in interest therein. One of the congregation is fresh in the ministery and the fash in the ministry of St. Pat-rick's until the Seminary found means to do the work once more through its own members. The more recent history of the congregation is fresh in the ministery and who feel an interest therein. One of the possing features was the pigrimised to refer and the sound of St. Ook of the constrained to sequire failly that his speculations in farm pro-due were made with Almost uniform uscess. The laised Sank, of which he stand attrict. His career proves bin to differ the site of St. Patrick's as the failed for their interest, They were a growing in number, but laking the insti-tion there of the link constoling to the specific of the strike care proves bin to have been a providential man. Coming it of the strike a sub administry of st. Typ, he has guided their stops and unification is the Province. Mr. Consoly was a relignous and showed his to the strike a mean of St. Authony, St. Gabriel and the second district. His likes we may never sec-age growing in number, but laking the insti-tion there of the inite converge. Afti-tist and for their interests. They were the thous necessary for consolidation is thes a contribute a file tool and unification grows the the dutes of the scritter were not to provided. His likes we may never sec-age stim, but the inite stops and on the strike the scritter be admini-ter the strike derived of the instructure to the scritter bears to the fail to the scritter the scritter the strike derived of the scritter bears to the scrit derived

#### JAN 14, 1889.

### Written for the CATHOLICE IN MEMORIAN.

A tribute of sympathy to the mer-Miss Jane Frances Brothers, ('hild of a graduste of the Urauline Convent heam, Out., Jane 22rd, 1867, Died a Haven, Cont., Nov. 21st. Janes sugmested by two plotares; Jennis a d her olass mates, the other maket, before the burial leaw her in her youthful bloom; Lovely she shoad a mid the throug ! d fresmed not of an early tomb. A hearse, - a sad, funeral soug.

JAN 14, 1006

HAPPY NEW TRAE!

be looked like one whom, purpose i ad nerved for deeds of virtue rare; alm was the brow, and pure the ey at with the smile that angels wear.

Another while, beneath the shade, Of aged pines, the Convent bigh,— With loving class-mates stood the m (The picture pleased the artist's eye

Their happy school-days now are o The Convent's simple pleasures, pa The untried scenes of hife, tefore :--These thoughts a tender shadow cas And each young brow more pensiv As now the parting hour is near; Begrets are minging with their dra Of flowery paths, and shies so clear,

Dear Jennie, what didst then behold Scapning the future with thy gase Did wit the gifts of earth, unrolled, Tempt thes to try her devious way

One love hadst thon:-twas for thy One arcent wish:-to be His brids; To iread the path the saints have t No hought, no wish, hadst thou be Thus joyfal,-tho' the parting h

Thus joyfal,-tho' the parting 1 come, while crowning honors on her yo fell. Dear Jennie bade adieu to Conven Nor dermedit yet a final, sad farew Bnt what a contrast here ! Oh, can This mourn fal picture, Jennie, is This solemn bier, these floral round --The cross-the pall extended on th Is it thy fragile form, I here behol Within the caket? Motionless and cold Are the familiar features,-and m Parts the sweet lips !-the eyes ard death ! God herp the stricken mourner grief:-Is life so short ! and happiness so

Another plcture rises to my view, A lead of rest, beyond death's gi Along its shore are flowers of rich and golden wates nufeld their po This is the City of the Mighty On Not made with hands, nor d

Not made with hands, nor o decay! Its glorious splendor needs no ris Its is the home of light, and endle And shiring ranks of saints a blend Their hymns of praise, in one lo Fy e hait not seen such riches w Nor mortal car hath heard such

A mid these ranks, a Child of Ma Her lovely grown, and joins the song of the Heavenly Queen And Robes her place a mid the Vir No sorow, there can reach, no But only joy, and that, eternally

Behold your dear one! ye, wh

grief, user des de la service de la service

Nor you, loved Convent Moth Bewail, as lost to you, that main Lift to the sky your eyes, st tears; There pure affection faileth no Thing of her gain her willing to Obtains a blest reward, beyond All that the longest life of bearset:

Happy the soul to whom, Then, round her early gray bloom ! Let tender violets nestle there Their mingled beauty, and the

Shall tell of her who lives in b

Ursuline Monastery, Quebe

VERY REV. VICAR-G MACDONELL. Celebration of the Twenty yersary of the Ordinati Priesthood of the P of St. Finnans.

The far a way look of wonder That comes when the apirit files: And her ips were parched and parted, And her resson came and went, For she raves of her home in Devon, Where our happiest years were spent.

"And the sccents, long forgotten, Came back to the tongue once more, Yor he talked ilke the country lastic I woo'd by the Deven shore. Then she rose to her feet and trembled, And fell on the rags and moared, And fell on the rags and moared, For the love of God !' she groaned.

•I rushed from the room like a madman And flew to the workhouse gate, Grying, 'Food for a dying woman' And the answer came, 'Too late.' They drove me away with curses; Then I longit with a dog in the street, And tore from the mongrel's cutches A crust he was trying to est.

"Back through the filthy by lanes! Back through the trampled sizes! Up to the crast y garret, Wrapped in an awful bush, My heart sank down at the threshold And I peused with a sudden thrill, For there in the silv'ry mooalight My Nance lay, cold and still.

"Up to the blickened ceiling The sunken eyes were cast-I knew on those tips all bloodless My name had been the last: She'd called for her absent hweband-Oh, God i had I but known !-Had called in van, and in anguish Had died in that den-alone.

Had died in that den-klone. "Yes, there, in a land of plenty, Lay a loving woman dead. Graelly starved and murdered, For a loaf of the workhouse bread. At yonder gate, last Christmas, Toraves for s buman life, You, " ho would feast us panp-ra, What of my murdered wile! "There, get ye gone to your dinners: Don't roitad me in the least; Think of the happy paupers Exting your Coristmas feast; And when you recount their blessings In your +ne g Parisaic way. Say what you did for me, too, Only last Christmas Day."

Will You Bead This for \$500 ? Will You keen the neufacturers of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, who are abundantly responsible financially, as any one can easily accrtain by enquiry, have offered, in good faith, a standing reward of \$500 for a case of named catarrh, no matter how bad or of how long standing, which they cannot cure. The Remedy is sold by druggists at 50 cents.

Wheeslog, gasping sufferers from Asthma receive quick and permanent relief by uslog Bonthern Asthma Cure. Bold by druggists or by mail on receive of price. A Remarkable Case.

A Remarkable Case. Frederick Wieze, of Minden, Ont, suf-tered with running sores on both legs which the best of physicians failed to cure. Two bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters onred him completely. Scrottle always due to bad blood, is curable when timely dested with R B

A Marquis Well Roasted. In concluding his plea for Francis risards, The MoDermott, Q. C., said "What had Lord Clancicarde ever done to iterate him above the meanest scullery maid employed in London? Had he borne? Had they heard of it in the Sense or anywhere else, performing any one of the duties of his great position? What had this noble lord ever done to elevate in above a scullery maid? What peer in the United Kingdom had dragged his oranged the name which an unfortunate changed the name which an unfortunate the duties of the family, despite His Lord-hip, had been a household word in may maid? be treated and sacrificed agents way as he treated Mr. Joyce as a 'scullery maid,' he treated and sacrificed agents builtifs and all who served him. All this ovarice for money which was the chief and only characteristic of this noble lord avaided for money which was the chief and only characteristic of the same which a unfortune orander of the hands of the jury, feeling

## THE CHURCH CROWDED TO VERY IMPOSING CERM

Alexand ria Glengarrian, I Alexand ris Glengarian, I That the weather on T should have been what i bright and glorious—an throughout the county, a good fall of snow, excelle was a piece of real good for the friends of the Very General Macdonell an opp present at St. Finnan's C the celebration of the twee versary of that gentlement

vereary of that gentlemant to the priesthood took pla-let us compliment the me committee upon the some excellence of their array ongratulate those whit towards the liberal purse-rev. gentleman was made upon the handsome sum it At ten o'clock High his brated by Very Rev. Al-Within the sanctuary v Rev. Dean O'Connon, Per Brennan, Picton, Ont; Re mey, Lochiel; Rev. Georg Andrewe; Rev. Thomas Care Rev. Donald M'Rae, Gler Rev. Donald M'Rae, Gler Rev. B. Higgins, Alexand After the reading of the the Very Rev. Dean O'C the pulpit and remarked him great pleasure to the parishioners on that coca celebrating the twenty fil of the ordination to the their pastor, the very Rev Macdonell. When he re a few days before from the the anticipated pleas day before, at the very departure, he had recor the with them has heart at the anticipated pleas day before, at the very deliver an address. Ow the shortness of the not his inability to do so sati rev. speaker then referr good qualities of him w met to honor, the greas acquaintance with Fast extending as it did or years, and his rare chas priest, whose superior iound. "As a gentlema asid Dean O'Connos, "yy in the front reals-in years."