AUGUST 27, 1904;

give you an organ," she said decis. "My dear child they can't," was the

gentle old priest's answer. "They must," declared Nettie, with

"I really could not ask for it," said Father Paul nervously. "Then I will," said Nettie gayly;

"only we won't call it a collecti We will call it 'Charades.'"

much hammering and tacking this winter day in the old town-hall, where the young people were buzzing in a merry, busy swarm, under the queen bee's skilful directions. But dispite flags gathered from all the clubs and societies within reach, despite the pines and cedars, dutifully dragged in great wagon-loads at the fair autocrat's orders, despite the six great hoops filled with tallow dips that swung from the ceiling, there was a grim rigidity about the festal room that seem to defy

Tim is always holding op and to show as an example, and I'm bound to show him that mine will be just as good Catholics, though they are brought up Catholics, though they are brought up that the common school. As for this unat the common school. As for this un-lucky book, I'll take good care that Eliza never gets such another reward

and clinging for those chandeliers, And I know just the place to get it. That dear old tumbled down house on Mrs. Blake shook her head sorrow-fully, and Tim began to whistle, "The Little House under the Hill." Miles, the brow of the hill is fairly running over with greenery. Mr. Selby, I com-mission you to furnish a wagon-load at Little House under the Hill." Miles, got "on the high horse," as his wife said, and went out in a pout to relieve guard in the store. Harry came in to his supper, and Tim found out all of a sudden, that "it was time to be moving home."

hastily interposed his chum, Dick Barton; "or at least it is in the care of an ill-tempered old curmudgeon who won't let any one touch a twig

won t let any one touch a twig." "Nor a vine," corroborated Hattie Lee quickly. "The boys tried to get some honeysuckle last summer, and he threatened to set the dogs on them, Said he had his orders and he meant to ober them."

obey them." "Nonsense," laughed Nettie ; "as if he could have any orders about that old ivy tangled over the stone walls. I'll wager three pounds of my caramels to a box of Huyler's that I will get all the ivy from him I want." "Take you up, Miss Nettie, take you

up, take you up," cried half a dozen masculine voices, but Jack Selby walked to face Miss Davison after that? I wish father would either take me from the school, or else let me keep the book! What in the world shall I do,

off without a word. "Dear me, what have I done?" asked Nettie, not a little dismayed at the seeming defection of this very loyal envisor. God direct you for the best! I

the seeming direction in a sore point, "Touched Jack in a sore point, that's all," explained Dick Barton. "You see, Ivy Towers is his old home, and it's tough luck not to be able even "God direct you for the desc! I wish I could assist you, but you see I can't. Pray to God and the Blessed Virgin to keep you out of harm's way. I think it's time you were going home low, for your mother will be on the look out. Poor Mary!" she added, stee Eliza was gone. "Poor Mary!

for you with his wild notions; he's breaking the staff that would support

the time comes for him to reap what he's sowing now, nobody can be sorry posed Madeline earnestly. parents died young, and he a for him; as he brews, so he must bake, as my poor old mother used to say, God "Amen !" responded Nelly, with plous fervor, and then the night praythe

vithout a parting prayer to St. Pat rick to watch over and protect "them and theirs" during the ensuing year. Thus ended St. Patrick's day in Tim Next morning Miles Blake went with

Eliza to school, and to her great con fusion, returned the obnoxious book He and his daughter were entirely bliged, and he was proud to hear sh was doing so well, but she was a Cath-olic, and could not read or keep such

eper in the old "Indeed !" said Miss Davison, in great surprise, "why, what do you find wrong in the book, Mr. Blake ?" at Carlsbad trying to hang on to life ong as he can. That is why Jack m for

THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

tory. That ought to be a good thing. and fixed them on his cousin, in a sort and fixed them on his cousin, in a sort of breathless astonishment. He fully expected to see Harry laugh, but Harry neither laughed nor smiled. "Why, Harry, what's got into you, that you speak so? I never heard you speak so before. Bat you're jesting, now; I'm sure you are!" Have you read any of it, Eliza?" "Not much, only just a chapter or

" And what is it about ?" " Oh ! about the burning of son people in Spain long ago, on account of religion. I didn't much like it, it's so pitiful to read such things, but then it seems it's all quite true. Miss Davi-son says so. How wicked it was to burn people because they wouldn't give up their religion ! Wasn't it dreadful,

unty ? Just t then her uncle came in, and all the children cried out, " Oh ! father, father, see what a beautiful present "What does he say?" "You can ask him yourself, the first opportunity." And so saying, the indignant young champion fell back to Eliza got from her teacher-the pretti-

est book ever you saw !" "From her teacher, eh ?" said Tim drily. "Will you let me look at it?" -" There can't come anything good from that quarter," said he to himself. drily.

From that quarter," said he to himself. Eliza handed him the book, and, lean-ing over his shoulder, pointed out the words written on a fly leaf at the begin-ning :-Presented to Miss Eliza Blake, as a reward for punctuality, correct de portment, and diligent attention to be studies.

Ward School No. --- N. Y., March 18-

"So far, so good, Eliza," said her

nomeward way, distinguished by their gay green badges. Tim Flanagan and his boys had just got home, and were seated at their comfortable dinner, later than usual by a couple of hours, when Edward said to his father : "What uncle; "now let us see what this book is. I hope it's all right, but I have my doubts about it." He turned over the leaves in silence for some time, then suddenly he stopped with an emphatical "humph !" and deliberately turned down the corner of a leaf, regardless of Eliza's earnest remonstrances. Another and another leaf was turned down, to Ned repeated the dialogue that have not so annoyed him, and, to his great sur-prise, his father only smiled, while his mother told him to "mind his own business, and not bother himself about Eliza's great dismay, Tim's face waxing and redder as he proceeded dder "all of a tremor. Eliza became "all of a tremor," and even her aunt's curiosity was fully

what didn't concern him. If you could do poor Harry any good, it would be all right enough, but you can't, Ned dear, Why, Tim dear, what sort of a book s it, at all ? you can't do him any good so long as matters stand as they are. Bless your-

It's the very thing I expected to find it, only a little worse. Just listen, Nolly, and you, Eliza; what do you think of this ?"

selves, children, and get to your dinner I'm sure you're all half starved." The paragraph which he read was Tim "helped the children all round, scriptive of the blessed effects of th Reformation, the greatness and glory of those who figured in it, especially Luther, Calvin, and Queen Elizabeth the hideousness and deformity of Poper as a system, its demoralizing influhuman mind ; its determined on the hostility to education, and, consequent

Mrs. Flanagan, "we've heard too much already. Why that book ought to be thrown in the fire. No Catholic ought

to read it." "Poor Nelly, you talk like an ignor-"Peor Nelly, you talk like an ignor-ant, benighted Papist. Wouldn't it be a thousand pities to burn such a fine book as that?" holding it up before them, "what do you say, Eliza?" "I don't know what to say, uncle; I'm so surprised at Miss Davison for airling me such a book say that and show

giving me such a book as that, and she knowing very well that I'm a Catholis. I'll just show father that place you're after reading as soon as ever I go home, and I'll take the book back to Miss to Miss Davison to morrow. I'm sure father will

"And that he may I pray God !" said Mrs. Flanagan, with pious fervor ; "who knows but this will open his

eyes ?" "If it does, it will be the lucky book," said Tim: "that's what neither man nor mortal could do these five years

that for ? sure we haven't seen any "Well, Tim, you know God has His thing to say very bad of him yet, and its always time enough to bid the devil good morrow when you meet him. Don't fret any more about him, for you have own good time for doing everything. Just go down yourself with the book and show it to Miles. Let Eliza stay fret any more about him, for you have done all you could to bring Miles to reason, and, after all, Tim, it's him that's accountable to God for him-not you. If we could get him to be more here till you come back and mind you don't be long away, for we'll all be un easy till we hear the news

May I go with you, father ? " said Edward. ' No, no ; stay here with Eliza

with our boys-he's too much among them other sort—that's what's doing the mischief." your mother. Be good children till come back, and I'll bring you lots o "To be sure it is, Nelly-that and the Protestant teaching he gets-may the Lord save him ! Never mind, I'll candy !"

"Would you like to go with him set Father Power at Miles again ; we'll Lizzy ? " said her aunt, in a low voice. not give it so easily !" Having thus "Oh no, aunty ! I'd a great deal I don't care to be at George!" rather stay here. nome when father's in a passion. He does make such a time of it.'

for good conduct, but you may be sure me a long, long while to know as much as you do. B: ys can never be as wise as their father or mother, you know, for we learn in our catechism that our parents are placed over us by God to

guide and direct us." "Well, but about the book?" said "Well, but about the book?" said Eliza somewhat impatiently. "Do you think Father Power would be very angry if he knew I got it?" "Not so angry as if he knew you kept it," said Mrs. Flanagan, with a smile; but if you or your father wanted to please Father Power you'd keep out of the way of getting such books. Children, it's getting late ! you ought to be learning your lessons."

heart now, he kept at it so. If you children were going to the same sch children were going to the same schools as mine you'd have no need of getting in a passion, or returning bad books on the teachers, take my word for it." "I wish to God, Miles, you'd take to be learning your lessons." When Tim Flanagan sauntered into

When Tim Flanagan sauntered into his brother-in-law's store, with his hands in his pockets, and his face as composed as if nothing were wrong, he found Miles very busy serving some customers. A nod was as much as he coald spare time for. "Go in," said he, "you'll find Mary inside." Mrs. Blake was just setting the table for supper, and Harry was sitting one side learning his lessons by the Tim's advice at last," said his wife; "it is not too late yet!" she added "No, hang me if I do! as I've burned the candle I'll burn the inch. Tim is always holding up his children

one side learning his lessons by the light of one of those glass oil-lamps, so common in the Eastern and Middle "Hard at work, Harry !" said his

resented to her.'

" Convince a fool against his will He's of the same opinion still."

" Dear me !" said Eliza, " how am I

your old age and his !"

be good and merciful to her soul.

ers being read aloud by Tim, family went "to prepare for bed,

lanagan's peaceful household.

Miss Davison after that?

him, "you uncle, taking a seat near him, "you seem to be fonder of study than you used to be. What's this you're at now ?" "Bible and Gospel History, uncle." "Humph! 'Bible and Gospel His-tory!' very good-I suppose; I don't like anything about the Bible coming

home." " Isn't it a poor case, Tim, dear?" from Protestants ; there's a snare in it said his sister, in a low volce; "Sup-pose we ask Father Power to try him again; will you speak to him!" "I will, if you wish it but I haven't depend upon it." Harry laughed, and was about to make some witty response, when the door opened, and in came his father

much hopes, for a reason I have.' "And what is it, Tim ?" from the store. "You're just in 'time, Miles," said his wife, "I was going to call you.

"And what is it, Tim ?" "Oh ! it's one l don't care to tell you," said Tim, "it would do you no good to hear it." So he bid them good-night, nodding to "Miles as he his wife, "I was going to call you. Supper's ready, and Harry can stay without till you're done." "Agreed," said Miles; "sit over, passed through the store, and mutter-ing to himself as he walked home :

Agreed, said Miles; sit over, Tim, and have some supper. What's your best news?" "Nothing worth speaking of, if it isn't the beautiful batch of cakes that I saw Mary putting in the oven there

To the various questions which greeted him on his return, Tim curtly replied: "the book's to go back to a while ago." "And it's not bad news, either, at Miss Davison to-morrow; and your father with it, Eliza. That's all I can the present time, for I'm as hungry as a hawk. Let us have some of them, Mary, as soon as you can.": "Here they are, Miles, smoking hot. tell.'

Sit over Tim, and try if they're as good as they look." "Well, I don't care if I do, then, said Tim, moving his chair towards the table: "it's a friend would ask me, so never say it twice. Now that you're aunty?"

never say it twice. Now that you're in the way of satisfying your hunger, Miles, I want to ask you a question. Did you see the book that Eliza got at school to-day?" "Yes, yes!" said both husband and wife, eagerly; "is'nt it a beau...

book : "The outside of it's well enough,

responded Tim coolly, " but I'm sorry I can't say as much for the inside. Did you look over it all?"

No, neither of them had had time; what sort of a book was it? " Just wait till after supper, and I'll read you some passages. I'll take another cup of that tea, Mary, if you

I'll engage you'll be for finding

fault with that book now," said Miles, pettishly, "because Eliza got it from her teacher?" "I'll not say one word against it, Miles, not a word. Let it tell its own

story." Mrs. Blake looked at her husband but said nothing. She had a misgiving that all was not right, but thought she would "bide her time" to put in a

ord. Now for it." said Miles, when they had finished their meal. "Hurr yourself, Tim, till I let Harry to hi " Hurry "Here it is, Miles; read for your And he pointed out to him the elf.

paragraph "on the Reformation." Miles began to read aloud, and for ome time made no other comment than humph ____

for good conduct, but you may be sure there was no poison in it; nothing about Papist ignorance or superstition, or the blessings of the Reformation; no, no, it was the Life of St. Francis de Sales, and though Ellen can't read much of it herself yet, she gets Ned to read it for her, and they're all as much much of it herself yet, she gets Ned to read it for her, and they're all as much taken up with it as if it was a story-book. Then, Ned got the life of St. Patrick some time ago, for a premium, you remember, and he has it almost by heart now, he kant at it so. If your

And so it happened that there was

all Nettie's graceful efforts. "Stiff ! stiff ! horribly masculine and

stiff," criticised that young lady from her perch on the step-ladder. "We must have vines, ivy, something pretty and clinging for those chandeliers,

There was a moment's dead silence during which Nettie was conscious of Madeline Grey's warning pull at her

"I-I-really I am afraid I can't go there for you, Miss Nettie," said Jack

Selby. "The place is vacant, you see,"

and it's todgin hick hole to be able to at to pull a vine there?" "And why—why isn't he able?" "Rowed with the old man, his grandfather, continued Dick. "The old Turk turned him out, and they say Jock out. Poor Mary!" she added, after Eliza was gone; "Poor Mary! it's the hard fate that he's preparing it's the hard fate that he's preparing has cut him off with a shilling. It something about religion I believe.' "It was all about religion," in Ay! that he is, Nelly, and when inter-

grew up at Ivy Towers-his grandfather's idol, mamma says. And then ho had such wonderful talent that old Mr. Selby

wonderful falent that old MF. Selfy sent him to Rome to study art—and he became a Catholic there—" "Which was rallying round the wrong flag entirely with the old gentleman," continued Barton. "He has all sorts of blue nosed, antedilavian menudices account Decourt as he still has an sorts of blue-hosed, anternavian prejudices against Popery, as he still calls it: and he got fire-and-brimstone mad, and said Jack might choose be-tween his faith and his fortune."

"And he chose," said Nettie, her cheeks glowing and a perilous lutter of sympathy in her warm young heart. "Oh, he chose, of course, you can see how," answered Barton grimly. "That'a why he is book keeper in father's cotton mills now and the old Nettie her

father's cotton mills now and the old Cerberus of a Caspar is guarding lvy Towers, and its cranky old master is

"Not I." answered Nettie," im-

"I'll stand to it and win, as you will

And so it happened that our darling

Cerberus nor his companion dogs were

eafless branches stood etched against

moss-grown terrace, the tangle of rose

porch. Ah! no wonder Jack

trees and woodbine around the pillared

choked up and turned away when she had asked him to come here—back to this beautiful old home in which he had

Caspar

try sunlight, his

down under a kn velvet smokingred shirt. "I said 'Good

AUGUST 2

Nettie with her n Oh, you did, cyes flashed sus their heavy bush are you and what Nettie winced. surely old savage warned her, reckless wager and its loss would w

her pretty lips de " My name is answered, "and

favor." "I'll be bom the old man fierd let alone twenty ing bed. Soup i orphan asylums with them all. want peace and get nothing, no and the speake shrill quavering Nettie's eyes

really too much at in this way "You forget t a lady," she sai not fit to be in o

grounds." "Eh! God 1 old man staring. "You are a dia disgrace to th

tinued the vo glowing with ja shame that a low be in the hands disagreeable old

you suit your n much an old ben "My master staring, "my m And then, went off into shock him from shook him from Lord ! that's g such plain, str sixty years or n uncivil, disagr disgrace to the little lady, I be than two-thirds it. I ought to

your face. I Nettie Dayton, flash like yours "Aunt Janet wilderment. " "Old Jack

little lady ; old bleared eyes y wholesome day Selby, who has rough old bear

"Oh !" gaspe dismay as she r on the suppose am very sorr "You need

man, with and "Call it quits lady. And no and you shall h And that wagon-load of her wager bu man's heart. worked with th still matters o ville. It is en eighteen mont

lost heritage istated in his r grandfather's erberus, tra watch dogs, w dise of bloom roses, and the lared porch "Jacks," the lady, whose of and love and Towers, and r Eden—a happ

MARRIAG. 1

Tim "helped the children all round, as Nelly said, and then helped himself, but somehow he had lost his appetite, and though he tried to eat, to please Nelly, who had taken great pains to Nelly, who had taken great pains to make a nice steew, still ne could not make a meal of it, do as we would. His usual cheerfulness seemed to have for-saken him, and even the merry pranks of little Sasy were scarcely noticed. ly, to civilization ; the abominations of the monastic communities, &c., &c. "For goodness sake, stop !" cried saken him, and even the merry planss of little Susy were scarcely noticed. At length he pushed away his plate, and said across the table to Nelly, with a disturbed and anxious look. "Well 1 It's really too bad—it's

At length the procession was formed, enough to vex a saint, so it is ! What do you mean, Tim dear ? said his wife anxiously, at the same time dropping her own knife and fork Wards St. Fatrick becated, and a ser-Migh Mass was celebrated, and a ser-mon preached by Dr. Levins, on the life and virtues of St. Patrick. After is it the stew you mean-I'm sure if 's bad it isn't my fault; I did my best Mass the procession was again formed, and resumed its march with renewed o make it good.

"Not a bit of it; I'm downright in

"More shame for you, then," re

"More shame for you, may just walk sponded Ned, "and you may just walk by yourself for me, Master Yankee. It's true enough what my father says." "What does he say?"

join his brothers who were close behind, muttering to himself: "If I don't tell

The procession was at last over; th banners and the music were all inclose

within the hall where some hundreds of the sons of Ireland dined together, in

commemoration of the day; Patrick'

commemoration of the day; rathew s day had disappeared from the streets, save here and there where some groups of Irishmen were seen wending their homeward way, distinguished by their homeward way, distinguished by their

can be the reason, father, that Harry Blake talks so strange as he does some-

Why, what has he been saying now,

Ned repeated the dialogue that had

Father Power every word of it."

earnest !

to make it good." Tim laughed heartily, just as his wife expected : "I know you did, Nelly, I know you did. I have nothing to say to the stew only what's good. It's of Tim Flanagan was there in his glory with his three cons. Miles left his store for that day to the care of his thrifty holpmate, and "turned out" in honor of St. Patrick. Harry was there, too, in person, but hardly in spirit, for amid all the witchery of the scene, he had before him a certain vision of "tosing his place" in several of the excluding ser. There was his mathe to the stew only what's good. It's of Miles Blake I'm thinking; you see it's just coming to pass as I often told you it would. Now, that boy-Harry I mean-would be one of the finest boys in the city of New York if he were only put under proper training. He was as promising a child as ever I laid my eyes upon, and I thought he'd he a credit to school-classes. There was his mathe matics — the pride of his heart — to which he had devoted more study than us all, but you see how it is now !-he'll be a disgrace to us, Nelly, if God to all his other lessons put together ; well, yesterday he was at the head, and to morrow he will have to take his asn't said it !" "Hut, tut, Tim, what do you say

" Oh ! that's the best of all, aunty

-or rather, I used not to like it,

4 It is all very well for father and not give it so easily not give it so easily " Having thus relieved his mind by talking over the matter, Tim recovered his natural gaiety and soon forgot his recent dis-quictude in a game of romps with the uncle," said be to himself; "they came from Ireland, and are used to this sort of thing, but I guess I'd rather be at the mathematics just now, or even hammering Sam Herrick." And then Towards the evening, Eliza Blake hammering San Herrow, the young he wondered how his cousins, the young Flanagans, could take such an interest in what was going on. "But they came in, her usually pale face flushed and smiling, and a certain nervous in what was going on. "But they ha'n't got to lose their places, to-mor-cow," thought he, "if they had, I've a trepidation in her manner, which was very unusual with her. She had in her hand a small parcel, neatly done up in notion that they couldn't enjoy the fun notion that they couldn't enjoy the full as much as they do. There's no school the their school to day. I wish there was none in ours, or else that father had let me gr, I do!" And poor Harry sighed deeply. It never oc-carred to him that he was at the wrong carred to him that he difficulties blue paper, and from the way in which she looked at it, and held it up before the children, it was evident that it contained the cause of her joy. Running up to her aunt, who was sewing at a small table near the stove she threw curred to him that he was at the wrong school, and that all his difficulties her arms about her neck and kissed her; then took up Susan on her knee arose from the fact that he was under Protestant or rather non-Catholic influ-

THE BLAKES AND FLANAGANS.

BY MRS. JAS. A. SADLIER.

CHAPTER III.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY-THE PREMIUM.

It was "St. Patrick's day, in the turning," and the whole Irish popula-tion of the city was in a state of joy-ous, hilarious commotion; men and hoys were seen hurrying in crowds

towards the place of meeting, each one dressed " in his best," and wearing on his breast a badge of " our own immor

tal green," some surmounted by a cross, others a harp, and others still,

the figure of a shamrock ; and handsome

badges many of them were but poor substitutes, the wearers thought, for

Chosen leaf Of bard and chief. Old Erin's native shamrock."

The streets were vocal with the old

etrains transplanted from the hills and dales of Ireland, as the boys caught up

and re-echced snatches of the Irish airs played by the various bands. The crowd grew thicker and thicker, every

moment, and, as band after band came up playing "Patrick's day," "Garry Owen," or "The Girl I Left Behind

Owen, 'or The Girl I Left Behind Me,' the scene became more and more animated. The wild enthusiasm of the Celtic nature was at its height; every eye flashed, and every heart throbbed with joyous emotion, when suddenly one of the bands struck up "The Exile of Fein" and the others all followed

in an instant all was changed, the light faded from the laughing eye, and tenderness, if not sorrow, was in every

heart; a spell was cast on the vast multitude, and, save the soft, wailing

Memory was busy with most of those

Memory was busy with most of those present; their hearts were far away in the land of their fathers, the home of their youth; and the present, for the moment, gave place to the past. Many an eye was moistened with tears for the "sisters and sire," for ever lost, and many a sigh was heaved for

"the cottage hard by the wild-wood,"

levelled perhaps, by a merciless land-

lord, or a cruel tithe proctor. A long, mournful cadence, another turn of the

mournful cadence, another turn of the music, and, quick as thought, the tears were wiped away, the smiles returned, and every foot was beating time to "Garry Owen na Glora." Such is the Irish heart, under the influence of Irish

and moved forward in good order to wards St. Patrick's Cathedral, where

Tim Flanagan was there in his glory

place at the foot of the class, on account of being a day absent, and, worse than

all 1 it is his mortal foe, Sam Herrick

who is to have his forfeited place. And then Hugh Dillon and the other Catho-

Me boys who went to school regardless of "Patrick's day" would all laugh at

forced him to stay from school. Then as would try to listen to the music and

read the inscriptions on the banners. But it wouldn't do. "It was no go."

to said to himself, and again he wished

It was really too bad, Harry

animation.

of Erin," and the others

" Garry

all followed ;

Ned ?

Edward Flanagan noticed his cousin's dejection, and strove to cheer him after his own fashion : "Isn't cheer him after his own tashion : "Isn't ft lucky," said he, "that the day is so fine? The streets are a little muddy, to be sare, but we don't mind that. Doesn't it do your heart good, Harry, to see such a turn out of Irishmen. I'm such I feel as if I could jump out of my skin fee iow." skin for joy." "But we ain't all Irishmen, as you

eay, or Irish boys either." "And what are we, then ?" demanded

Edward, in surprise. "Why, Americans to be sure-were

we not born here ?"

I received it this afternoon from m teacher, Miss Davison, as a reward fo "Well, I suppose so," returned Ned, coolly, "but what of that? aren't we the sons of Irishmen, ay ! and the sons of St. Patrick, too, as Mr. Lanigan told ats yesterday afternoon ? I'm sure St. Pstrick is worthy of all the honor we can pay him; don't you know what he did for Ireland?"

"Yes, I guess I have heard enough about what he did for Ireland, but that about what he did for ireland, but that won't do for me; it ain't very likely that he'll help me to get my place again. There, you see, I was head in mathematics, second in rhetoric, and pretty book. admired, and then Mrs. Flanagan pro-ceeded to investigate the contents, saying "I wonder if it's as pretty within as without?" mathematics, third in natural philosophy; now I'll be foot in every one of them. I wish they wouldn't keep Patrick's day here; they might leave it behind in Ireland, within as without ?" "Oh dear, yes, aunty !—it has ever so many beautiful pictures." "Yes, so I perceive. Let me see what's the name The Beauties of His-

Ned Flanagan could hardly believe dis ears ; he opened his large blue eyes,

Why, sure he never says anything "Why, sure he here's says any thing to you, Eliza? I know he gives it to your mother now and then, and some-times Harry comes in for his share; but I thought he never said anything cross to you." "Well, no more he don't, aunty;

but then I never like to hear any one scolding. It makes me feel dreadfal bad. I hope he'll not go down to the school to-morrow and make a fuss. I'm sure Miss Davison meant no harm when she gave me the book; she dosen't know that Catholic are so particular about books. She gave Jessy Mc Pherson one just the same."

"Yes, but Jessy McPherson is a Protestant ?"

her; then took up Susan on her knee and began to untie the precious parcel while all the other children gathered eagerly round to see what was coming. "Why, what have you got there, Eliza," said her aunt, "that you seem Oh ! of course she is, aunty !" "Well ! that makes all the differen you see. What answers one, doesn't answer the other." "Why can't we all be of the same

Eliza," said ner aunt, " that you seem so delighted ?" "Oh ! something very nice, aunty— only look !" and she drew from its paper covering a handsomely bound volume, gilt-edged and otherwise highly ornamented, which she held up before her ann which give at the same religion, aunty?" said Eliza; if we were, we have no need to quarrel about

"It would take a wiser head than know is, that we're not all of the same religion, and as we have the true re before her aunt, whispering at the same time to the child on her knee ime to the child on her knee 'There's some beautiful pictures in it ligion, we must try and keep it, with God's help." "Well, but if we have it, aunty, we "That's a very pretty book, Eliza my dear ! how did you come by it?"

can't lose it very easy, I guess. It aint reading a book that would make

us Protestants, is it?" "Yes, it would," said Edward, stoutly, before his mother had time to good conduct. I knew you would be pleased to find that I am doing so well answer; "it was eating the to Father fruit that made the first sinner, Father fruit was and you know we're for-"it was eating the forbidden at school, so I just brought over the book to show it to you and my uncle ! You know I don't much like the school hidden to read bad books, Lizzy ; so if we read them we'd be Protestants, beeally I find this so very kind of Miss Davison, that I begin, already, to think better of her school. Just look what a cause Mr. Lanigan says that a Protest ant is one who rebels against the law-ful authority of the Church. Isn't that The exterior of the volume was duly true, mother ?

believe it is, Ned," said his er with her brightest smile; mother with " you're getting on so fast these times that you'll soon be able to teach us all.

"Oh no, mother dear," replied the boy, with a look of unutterable affec-tion, "it would take a little fellow like

By and bye it began to be "Well! that's not so bad, either! The Reformation, indeed! a pretty Reformation it was!" Tim and his sister exchanged looks, but said not a They could see by Miles face

a book.

that the steam was getting up, and they waited the result in silence. "Yes," said Miles, "that way surely a great time, and old Harry the

word.

Eighth was a great fellow-

When he the papal power rejected. And if from the Church the realm dissected, And in the great St. Peter's stead. Proclaim'd himself the Church's head.' ('Ward's Cantos.'' Cant. I. p. 29.)

-They haven't a word here about the

- ney naven t a work nere about the causes of the Reformation ! oh no !" "Why, yes they have," said Tim, with sly hamor; "don't they tell about the corruption of the Church, and the wicked lives of the elergy, and the "worse than pagan superstition' of the people 2-bless the mark!" "'Ay, I see there's plenty of that kind of stuff in it. The sham causes

and or stull in it. The sham causes are all given, but not a word about the real ones. Not a word about old Harry's beastly doings, or about Cranmer, the reprobate, smuggling his old jade over from Germany in a chest ! Ab, the villains! it's true enough what Ah, the villains ! it's true enough wha Ward says in his Cantos :

With every vice they stock'd the nation To fit it for a Reformation." I bid p. 154

Tim waited patiently till Miles had vented some of his indignation, then he quietly asked : "What do you think

he quietly asked: "What do you think of such a book as that for a present to your daughter-eh, Miles?" "I think bad enough of it," said Miles snappishly, "and if I live till to morrow, I'll tell Miss Davison so "Yes," said Tim, "you'll do great things, I know myself. What good will it do for you to bring back the book, when you avonce your children day when you expose your children, day after day, to the danger of Protestant teaching? Don't you remember the old saying there's more ways of killing a dog than by choking him with butter ? This villain of a book is only one in-

stance of the way in which they go on with Catholic children in them common schools. Now my little Ellen's just beginning to read, and Sister Mary Teresa gave her a prize the other day

"Everything wrong, Miss, every-thing wrong; so I'll thank you to give looked so blue when you : Eliza no more books, let her be ever so the ivy this morning! And that is why you are going to lose your caramels, for that curnudgeon at the Towers is the surliest old savage this side of the Rockies. You had better call diligent and attentive." This was a great blow to the amiable

Tim.

and pious Miss Davison; but she had only to bear it with Christian resignation as a fresh proof of Romish bigotry your wager off while you can, Miss " Poor creatures !" sighed the charit "Poor creatures!" signed the charit-able young lady, "they have eyes and will not see; ears and will not hear; we would enlighten them, but they will not be enlightened! how sad a thing Nettie. mediately seized with a devouring in-terest to see "Jack's" old home it is to 'sit' thus ' in darkness and it is to 'sit' thus 'in darkness and shadow of death,' in the full glare of gospel truth! And she gave an extra twist to her glossy dark ringlets, in preparation for a class meeting, where see. little heroine started out this bright afternoon to storm the fort, hitherto held by the redoubtable Caspa against all fair invaders. To her sur at she proposed to make capital of 'this melancholy affair.' " prise she found the great iron gates standing encouragingly open, and the mark of carriage wheels on the crisp, snow covered road. But neither

TO BE CONTINUED.

NETTIE'S WAGER.

Mary T Waggaman, in the Catholic Home Annual

in sight. The wintry sunshine seemed to rest The wintry sunshine seemed to rest upon the silence and desolation, like the pale, strange smile that lingers upon the lips of the dead. Nettie walked up the broad avenue, her bright eyes taking in all the beauties around her; the wide slope of the spacious lawns, the great elms, whose leafless branches stord etched arainst There was a pleasant flutter in the little village of Selbyville; in face there had been more or less of t pleasant flutter since pretty Nettie Dayton had come down for a three onths' visit to the maiden aunts who lived in the Dayton farmhouse below the hill. the sunlit sky, the broken fountain, the

For Nettie was one of those bright. For Nettie was one of those stagna-breezy creatures to whom rustic stagnation was quite possible. With widowed mother, a paltry income, five-room flat for a home, she h nanaged to extract more out of her blithe twenty years of life than many a girl whose pin-money would more than balance the Daytons' livelihood.

no longer right or place. How fair and dear it must have been to his artist's -The six weeks of her visit had already quite revolutionized Selbyville. The eye, his poet soul! In her tender sympathy for Jack she had almost forgotten the ivy, when she was startled by a hacking cough, and there at the turn of the road that ci-cled the broad park-like grounds stood patterns Nettie had brought down ! the Paris hats she manufactured ! the stylish wraps she evolved from old capes and pelerines! all these were their grizzled guardian, Cerberus him-self. He was growling audibly at a felled tree that had been flung carerevelations to the conservative village belles, while the tinkle of her manne and the music of her voice delighted old and young alike. And now, after leading the church

felled tree that had been flung care. lessly across the path, and for a moment did not see the pretty intruder. "Good evening," said Nettie in her pleasantest type choir as it had never been led before, Nettie had risen in arms against the pleasantest tone. "Hey!" said the old man, turning old melodeon, whose screech almost defied her rich contralto. sharply upon the speaker. He made an odd picture as he faced her in the win-

"Father Paul, the people should

CHARMING S

Miss Char author of " M delightful b press with Ca vara Chronic small Irish to chapters we nothing clev this line sinc ford." We stalment in T

week, are th people drive peasant won to the qualit helped them scanty and wonder they best advant

them it seem nounced as interesting could make as far as th riages are an in the near discuss the these are matter of young coup other. The or a couple gotiations Toomevara the question girl and ma she had a there's not wan woman not much rule, thoug out in unex

some dram fireside for we have in walking o and so fru vara girl young man loses her not speedi The pries mothers wi courtships