

wanted to go so much, that is, Johnny and I, for our tapestry and drawing for some time, I want Mike says he will never learn anything but you to help me.' soulgering, but we have no clothes to go in. This 'We are quite ready, Papa! what can we do is all the socks I have, and no petticoat, nor shoes for you?' or stockings, nor bonnet at all.'

Poor Katie's wardrobe was scanty indeed, her cotton gown was in holes and dirty, and her many-coloured and bruised feet were quite bare. It 'Rady even to put away your screen and paintings?' asked he smiling; but added more seriously 'It is to perform a religious office that I ask this sacrifice—I wish you to help me in *clothing the naked.*' was quite plain, too, that she spoke the truth; her large innocent eyes were still full of tears of pain, and an ingenuous blush at her own ignorant and destitute condition tinged her cheek. The surgeon came in at that moment, and put a stop to Mr Drummond's questions; he looked at the shoulder, which had really slipped out of its socket, and slipped it in again. This painful operation the little girl bore with astonishing fortitude, and gratefully thanked him when it was over and the pain gone. Mr Drummond then sent for a tidy neighbourly body, whom he knew by sight, to sit with her, gave her some money to get what was necessary, and went on his way. All the time he was mechanically pursuing his business, and while he thoughtfully walked homewards, his mind was occupied with one idea. He took the same lanes in his way back, partly to see Katie and her parents, partly to call on their neighbours, to ascertain if many of them were in the same condition. He called at sixteen houses, and found in nearly all of them the same case; the children were kept at home, and deprived of the inestimable blessings of religious instruction, to say nothing of regular and ordinary habits of living, by the want of clothes. He found Katie better, her eyes sparkled with true Irish gratitude when he went in and the rough parents thanked him with the good grace of warm and affectionate hearts. He spoke to them on the advantages they missed for their children, by allowing them to run wild, and contract all kinds of evil habits in idleness. They assured him with tears in their eyes, that they well knew the risks their children ran, and how they slaved to get the children even food. He promised to see if any thing could be done, and recommended Mary Reilly (the mother) to wash her house and keep it in better order, which she promised, and then he wished them a good night.

He went home to his own drawing room, and found his four daughters engaged in various works of fancy, three of them were working tapestry, one was drawing a water-coloured landscape. They all were round him in a moment, put his easy chair by the fire, and poured out his tea. He looked at them affectionately; why should not such bright and warm feelings be employed in God's service? 'My dear girls he began, 'I am going to beg of you to put away

Mr Drummond unfolded his plan: he resolved to set apart a yearly sum of money (exclusive of his other charities) for buying clothes for poor children, to be given to the most deserving and most needy, with regularity and discretion; he wished to confide the distribution of the clothes to his daughters, and that they should at least superintend, and share in the making of them. The two eldest especially, entered heartily and sincerely into his proposal, and henceforward, together with works of fancy and mere amusement, this really Catholic family carried on with one heart and mind the object so admirably suggested to their excellent father. He lived to see Katie grow up, an admirable and religious daughter and wife; he lived to see Johnny ordained, and sent out as a Missionary Priest to New-South-Wales, and full of years and good deeds, he died amid the blessings of the children whom in Christ's name, and for His sake, he had clothed.

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 "IN PRISON, AND YE VISITED ME."

Father Thomas walked up and down the broad quays on the banks of the Tagus, which pours its brimming waters through the beautiful city of Lisbon. Lisbon you know is in Portugal, and Father Thomas was a Portugese monk, full 300 years ago. That matters little to us; in the Church of God there is as it were, no such thing as time. Those who are dead and gone are only removed from our earthly sight; the saints are still alive; and they at least, if our faith fails to do so, can look forward rejoicingly, over thousands of children of God yet unborn.

The broad and deep blue river was full of ships of war, and the noise and preparation was heard throughout the vessels, among which glided a hundred little boats, carrying provisions or arms to and from the shore. Every where the voice of hammers and mallets resounded, mixed with the cries of men, and the creaking of ropes or yards. A hundred gay flags were flying, and the busy men on the shore were shaking hands between whiles with their friends, or taking tender leave of wife and child.

The monk continued a while his measured walk