

Master George—Mamma, where are my ruffled cuffs.”

A merry happy crowd they are, all talking together without rhyme or reason, but all intent on one thing, to be ready in ample time for mass...O the exemplary family ! What a beautiful morning they will spend down there in God's temple. How merrily they will return home, joy overflowing from their pure hearts like the sun's rays from the blue heavens. In the afternoon, one and all go back to assist at Vespers and Benediction in glad thanksgiving for the morning's communion. And don't you think the homeward walk through the fields is laden with perfume other than spring breezes and budding plants? After supper comes the family gathering, where in parents, children and friends while away the hours with music, laughter and song, and taste once more the fulness of Eastertide.

No tears on that threshold.

The guardian angels of that happy band are radiant with joy.

And when the Easter Angel passed singing :

Alleluia, my brother, Alleluia !

They repeated : Alleluia ! Alleluia ! Alleluia !

And the house vibrated with the glad refrain : Alleluia.

In the little village there are three houses ; three houses that look alike but that are in reality not at all alike.

### A Beautiful act of Faith.

AMONG the many notable happenings in the life of a missionary in the South, the following touching incident certainly deserves a prominent place.

About three or four miles from Piscataway, Prince George's Co., Maryland, embosomed in the woods and severely alone in its marked isolation stood a little cottage tenanted by the only Catholic colored family in that section of St. Mary's Parish. Not that the colored settlers of the surrounding country were few and far between, or