

sanctuary. I watched him from the door. He was reverent and attentive, even surpassing his Catholic companions in respectful devotion and listening breathlessly to every word that fell from the lips of the priest who preached the sermon. Sunday nights we have sermons of a doctrinal nature followed by Benediction. Charlie never flagged in attention. Every Sunday evening he was there and the boys never once referred to his being a Protestant, at least not in my hearing.

One evening he lingered after the boys had said good night.

"Well, Charlie," I said, "tired of being a choir boy?"

He looked at me.

"Oh, Father! No, indeed; but, Father may I be a Catholic?"

I put my arm around him. I couldn't help it the little face was so serious. "Certainly, my son, but your parents must be consulted and give consent."

"Why, Father, I brought them to Church every Sunday to see me in my choir clothes, and mother says she would be glad if I were good enough to be a Catholic."

I inquired his address, and I went to see his parents soon after this. I found they were unbaptized Protestants and, of course, not one of the six children had ever been baptized.

I talked about Charlie and found both parents were not only willing to see Charlie instructed and baptized, but wished the same for themselves and the rest of the household.

The end is soon told.

I instructed the little apostle and his father and mother and baptized them and all the brothers and sisters, eight in all. He was soon confirmed and made his first Communion, and then encouraged and helped the rest. All are now fervent converts, and the little choir boy still is seen each Sunday in the Sanctuary rejoicing in his new-found treasure of faith and lifting his innocent heart in prayer.

Who knows but some day he may stand on the altar steps and break the Bread of the Word to starving souls who are yearning for just such an apostle?

(Rev. R. W. Alexander in the Missionary.)