

was the sweet music of the chimes of St. Peter's* that send forth their silvery tones and drown, as it were, the busy thoroughfares in a sea of harmony; the other was the jubilant shouts of the happy urchins that three times a day joyously rush into the Visitation Street school.

How he longed to see those faithful chimes! How he hungered to join that gay throng of careless children! But how could *he* appear on the street? How could *he* show himself among other children? He was scarcely clothed.

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One night the poor step-mother returned later than usual and, wearied out, she threw herself supperless on her bundle of straw. Jacques saw her, and that sight, sudden as a flash, filled him with determination. "It is my turn," he said; "I shall go out to work."

The following morning at day-break, dressed in his rags, bare-footed, and with his father's cap falling down over his eyes and ears, he made his appearance on Wolfe street. To his great surprise no one seemed to notice him. He became bolder and bolder, and as everybody was hurrying in the same direction, as though bent upon the same errand, he fell in with the surge of people and soon found himself at the main entrance to St. Peter's. It was All Souls' Day and the great bell sent forth on the crisp morning air the news that divine service was about to begin.

Poor Jacques, dumb with amazement, did not dare to enter the imposing edifice which seemed to swallow the stream of people pouring into its portals, and shortly he was left alone with five or six street-arabs, less miserable even than himself, who were distributing circulars and selling morning papers. One of these (kind little heart) seeing Jacques' poor naked feet blue with cold, threw him a penny and then scampered off with his companions in search of new clients.

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How came it about that Jacques himself became a newsboy and sold the *Star* and *La Presse*? Why did he quit this for the work of gathering coals dropped from the carts as they passed

The Church in charge of the Oblates in Montreal.