

## ATHOLIC HRONICLE. C

## VOL. XVIII.

## OUR BOY ORGANIST.

WHAT HE SAW, AND WHAT CAME OF IT. (From the Catholic World.)

How was it, doctor, that you first thought about it ?'

Well, I suppose I had better tell you the whole story. It may interest you. Just twenty years ago, on a bright Sunday morning, I was hurrying along the road home to Tinton, hoping to be in time to hear the sermon at church.

My watch told me that I should be too late for the morning prayer. Happening to look across the fields, I was surpri-ed to see little Ally Dutton, our boy organist, running very fast over the meadows, leaping the fences at a bound, and finally disappear in the woods. 'What could possibly take our organist away during church time? Surely,' thought I, ' the minister must be sick,' and, being the village doctor, I hurried still faster.

But what could take our boy organist in that out of the way direction at such an hour, and in such haste? Is it mischief ?' I askeil myself .--But I banisbed that thought immediately, for Ally had no such reputation. 'There must be something wrong, however; for he ran so fast, and Ally is such a quiet, old fashioned lad. The minister is ill, at any rate,' said 1 to myself, 'or Ally would not be absent.' Contrary to my expectations, I found the minister preaching as usual. I do not recollect anything of the sermon now except the text. Rev. Mr. Billups, our minister, had a fashion of repeating our texts very often, sometimes very appropriately and sometimes not. It was Pilate's question to our Lord :- 'What is truth ?' You will see, after what happened subsequently, that I had another reason for remembering it besides its frequent repetition. The sermon ended, the byran was sung, but the organ was silent. The silence was ominous. I can not explain why; perhaps it was one of those strange presentiments of disaster, but I faocied our boy organist dead. I loved Ally very much, and my heart sank within as I looked up through the drawn choir curtains, and missed his slight little form, perched up as he was wont to be, on a pile of books so as to bring his hands on a level with the key-board, trolling forth his gay little voluntary as the con gregation dispersed after service. I missed his voice in the bymu, too; those clear ringing tones which were far sweeter to me than any notes that musical instrument ever breathed. I was

kneeling people, and the priest. It's true and no he. This is my body, this is my blood.'together as if in prayer.

Don't trouble about this,' said I to the weeping mother. 'I know what it is. He has been down to Mike Maloney's, in the Brook woods, and seen the Catholic Mass. Don't refer to it again just now. I will give him some composing medicine, but I wish,' I added, ' that this had not happened. It only tends to weaken him."

Presently I noticed him playing with his fingers on the coverlet as if he were playing the organ. I thought to take advantage of this, and said :

'Ally, my boy, get well soon, now, and let us have a grand voluntary on the organ-one of your very best.'

' For God, for Mass, for the kneeling people and the priest,' he murmured.

"On ! never mind the Mass,' said I, " that's nothing to you."

Turning his eyes suddenly upon me, he exclaimed :---"O, doctor ! it seems everything to me. I

never can forget it. I low could anybody ever lorget they had seen Mass. Could you ? 'That I can't say, Ally,' i replied, 'for I

never saw it." ' Never saw it ? Why I've seen it.'

' Olten ?' I asked.

"Well-I saw it-one Sunday, anyway,' answered Ally, with the air of one who had never been anywhere else all his life.

" What was it like, Ally dear ?' asked the mother.

' Like heaven, mother, if the angels hand only been there '

"Angels!' said I contemptuously. "Pretty place to find angels, in Mike Maloney's shanty ! Why, it's like a stable.'

Again Ally's eyes went up to the ceiling, and, while his fingers nervously played an invisible or gan on the coverlet, he began to sing, so plain. tively and sadly that it quite unmanned me :

'He came down to earth from beaven, Who is God and Lord of all,

And His shelter was a stable

- And His cradle was a stall.
- With the poor, and mean and lowly, Lived on earth our Saviour boly.'

The widow and I stood watching and listening long after he had ceased singing. In a tage ma that 1 did not dare to ask any one the cause of ments a lucid interval occurred, and, noticing

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1867.

bible too attentively, for it is calculated, 1 am satisfied.

sorry to say to make a deep, very deep, not to most alarming impression upon the mind, espe- it.' cially of a boy like Ally.'

'Well, if you see him,' said I, not much relishing this opinion about the bible being in favor of Catholic doctrines, 'you can manage to bring the subject up, and easily explain its true meaning to him.'

'Yes, oh ! yes ! easily explain its true meaning to hum,' again repeated Mr. Billups after me, set looking rather puzzled, as I thought, and doubtful of success; but perhaps it was only his manner that gave me that impression. Would to morrow, think you, do, doctor ?' he continued, after a pause, ' I am quite busy, just now.'

'Better,' I replied, 'much better; Ally is very low at this moment.' I do not know what made me say it, but Ally's words came suddenly to my mind again, and I added confidently :---

'He will not die jast yet. He will surely be better to-morrow." I bade Mr. Billups good morning, not at all

satisfied. 'The sixth chapter of St. John ! the But don' sixth chapter of St. John !' I went on repeating added Ally. to myself. Strange! I have never read that chapter with any thought of the doctrine of Catholics. And yet, to judge from what the minister said it might trouble the mind, even of a child. As I waited in the parlor of a sick hidy whom I went to visit before returning home, I could not refrain from turning over the leaves of you." a large family bible on the centre table, and finding the chapter in question. I had not time, however, to read many verses before I was summoned to the sick chamber. Attention to my professional duties drove the subject from my mind during the rest of the day, and I retired to

rest considerably exhiusted and fatigued. ' Now for a good sleep,' said I to myself, ' and a quick one, for I shouldn't wonder it I were it, and there will be an end of it. Then I shall sleep.' So I rose and ht my lamp, got out my bible, and there, half dressed, read the trouble some chapter. As I reflected upon what I was doing. I felt more like a thief, a midnight robber, or some designing villain laying plans for murder or house-breaking, than as an honest Christian | mother's sake, for the sake of the church of your reading his bible; for was I not allowing myself to do what was calculated to made a deep, not to say an alarming impression on my mind, that the Catholic religion was true, and the Protestant religion false? Now, without vanity I say it, few people know their bibles better than I did, and, alt'iough I must have read that identical chapter many times, it seemed that I had never read it before. I thank God for that midnight perusal of my it myself.' oble. One thing I then and there determined, for private reasons of my own, which was to be on hand at Mrs. Datton's when the minister called ; and there I was. Ally was a good deal better and brighter. After some commonplace remarks, Mr. Billups said to Ally :

'God !' answered the boy, turning his eyes | 'Ot course, of course, which ought to be ef- | 'When he died on the cross, and shed his which must have impressed them with the conupward to the ceiling again, and looking, as it faced,' repeated he. ' Not a doubt of it. I re blood for our salvation,' said the minister so were, at some object miles away, 'and the member, now, Mrs. White, his Sunday school lemnly, closing the bible, and looking at me as if teacher telling me that he had asked her in class he would say: 'There's an end of the whole say to his mother: what the sixth chapter of St. John meant. I matter ; you see how easily I have explained it And he joined his hot and feverish little hands hope he has not been reading that chapter of the to him.' Ally did not, however, seem so easily it isn't true. But it's better to know what's true

"But where can we get it to eat and drink ?" say, in regard to the Popish Mass doctrine, a asked he. 'Jesus said we must eat and drink

Mr. Billups again glanced at me with a look which I interpreted to mean, ' I fear he has been reading this too attentively,' and then said :

· You partake of it by faith, my child, but you do not really eat it."

"I must believe I eat it, and don't eat it after all,' said Ally explanitorily-

'Yes-no-not precisely,' replied Mr. Billups, with some confusion of manner, and coughing two or three short little coughs in his band. ' We eat the communion bread, and drink the communion wine, and then we believe we partake, by faith, of the body and blood of the Savior."

" But then,' asked Ally, pushing the difficulty, don't we eat and drink what we believe we eat and drink?

"H'm, h'm,' coughed the minister, shift ing uneasily in his seat, "We believe - w. think-in short, as I was about to remark, we have faith in Jesus Christ as our blessed Savior.' . But don't eat his flesh nor drink his blood ?'

' Not at all, not at all,' replied Mr. Bdlups decidedly.

"Then I can't see what the bible means,' said Ally, scratching his head in a disappointed mann-r. . Except ye eat the flesh of the Son of Man, and drink his blood, ye cannot have life in

' My dear, dear child,' cried Mr. Billups, quite distractedly, 'what can you have been reading to put this in your head ?"

"Only the bible, sir,' replied Ally simply, what you have read just now, sir, and the story of the Last Supper; and I heard Pompey Suppson say it was all true."

" Pompey Suppon,' returned Mr. Billups, ' is a negro, and I am sorry? be continued, turning called up to Ally again before morning ' But to me, 'I should say both grieved and shocked, I could not sleep. Tossing to and fro in the to add, doctor, one of those misguided brings hed, I began to question myself about the cause grouing in the darkness of Roman idolatry, ful priest my dear boy organist, Ally Dutton,of my sleepleseness; I soon found it. The whose numbers are increasing to an alarming ex. He took for his text these words, 'This is my thought of Aliy had revived the in-mory of that tent in our country. Have nothing to do with body, this is my blood, and preached a powerful sixth chapter of St. John. 'Well,' said 1. 'I Perapey Suppose, my dear,' again addressing will remove the cause by getting up and reading Ally, 'or who knows you might be led away to concluded I went to the presbytery to call upon become a Romanst?" An event which Mr. B lus's held inturated at that moment to be too deployable to be expressed. "Yes, one of those emi-sarus of ogant Pope, described so truthfully in Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, as you remember. Do not go mar them. Ally, for my sake, for your baptism, or they will make you like unto them, an idolatrous worshipper of the host; which, as you have dever seen it, I will tell you is only a piece of bread. You see what ignorant deluded people these Catholics must be. Just to think of it-to worship a piece of bread !? But the Catholic is the old church and the first one, Pompey said,' rejoined Ally, ' and the old church ought to know. Besides, I-I-saw

No. 15.

viction of my being subject to temporary fits of derangement. As I stood there, I heard Ally

"Dun't cry, mother. I won't be a Catholic if than to play the organ or get any salary, if its ever so big. Isa't it, mother ?'

I assented to this sentiment so strongly with my head that I nearly put my nose through the window pane, an action that elicited a strong stare for my supposed impudence from the two Misses Stocksup, daughters of the Honorable Washington Stocksup, who happened to be passing the house at that moment.

. So it is, my dear' answered the widow. ( But I'm afraid, my darling, you are only fancying something to be true that is not true."

"Doctor !' cried Ally, arpealing to me, 'isn't it true? Oh ! it must be true !'

'I can't say I believe it is,' I replied, ' but I'm very much afraid it is."

"Afraid !' exclaimed Ally, "what makes you afraid ?

Poor Ally ! He could little comprehend how much it would cost him or me to say we believed it to be true. Excusing myself with all sorts of bungling remarks, I left the house, my mind torn by many conflicting doubts and emotions. Ally slowly, very slowly recovered. In the meantime a new organist, a poor man with a terrible asthma, as I recollect, had taken his place. Deprived of the aid which his salary afforded them, the willow and Ally found it hard to live.

The minister, it seems related to his wife what had taken place at Ally's sick hed, and it soon got bruited about that both Ally and his mother were going to turn Catholics. They soon left the village, and I did not hear of them until several years after. As for myself, it was not long before I took Ally's way across the fields to Mike Maloney's shanty, and now you know how I first came to think about it.

. What became of Ally ?'

Well, I'll tell you. One day I happened to be in the city of Newark. It was the feast of Corpus Christi, and crowds were flocking to St. Patrick's cathedral to assist at the grand ceremonies that were to take place. At the gospel the preacher ascended the pulpit, and what was my surprise to recognize in the person of the youth-

so filled with this presentiment of coming evil his absence. ' Pooh !' I said to myself, there me, he said : is nothing in it. I saw him but just now alive. and well enough, if I may judge from the way he cleared those fences and the swiftness of his footsteps as he ran across the meadows.' I thought no more of it until a messenger came two or three days afterward to my office and said-

. Will rou please, doctor, come down to the widow Dutton's ? Ally is sick.'

"I will come immediately,' said I to the mes senger. 'We shall lose our boy-organist,' said I to myself. And so we did: but not as you an uneartily glow. suppose. Ally became - but 1 must not anticipate.

I found our much loved boy organist in a high fever. 'He has been constantly raving all night,' said his mother, in as wer to my inquiries. ' about what he has seen. There has been some bing preying on his mind lately,' she continued. ' He has been very sad and nervous, and I fear it his helped to make him ill.'

directly, sir ; what did you see ?'

With his eyes still staring at the ceiling he answered in a wondering manner ' God !'

"I was sorely perplexed what further question asked 'Where ?'

plied dreamily. 'And Jesus said, 'Neither do gave him a general doubting air, somewhat I condem thee.'' And here he burst into tears. puzzling to strangers. Then the remembrance of the last Sunday morn ing came back to my mind, and I knew now Dutton is ill? what had taken Ally across the fields, and what he had seen. He was so faint and weak, his the word 'did,' as much as to say, 'But I hear gan to ween violently.

' Mother !' cried Ally.

bent over and kissed him.

Don't cry, mother. God will not let me die till I know what is true first.'

' That is a strange remark,' thought I, for a boy like him to make. What can he mean?' true.?

"Why should they say it isn't true, then?" asked Ally.

"What isn't true, my dear ?"

. Doctor, why can't we have Mass in our church? Oh! wouldn't I like to play the organ for it always till I died !?

"We couldo't have Mass, Ally,' I replied, Because it is only Catholic priests who can say Mass.'

'ls it? I know I'd like to play the organ for ever and ever for the Mass; but I'd rather be a priest. Oh! a thousand, thousand times rather !' And his pale sad face lighted up with

Seeing I could not divert his mind from the subject, and fearing to continue a conversation which excited him so much, I quietly gave direc tions to his mother, and left. I had little hopes of Ally's recovery, but his words made a drep impression on my mad: 'God will not let me die till I know what is true first "What truth can he mean?' thought I. Can he have imagined he does not know the true re In a tone of command, which I find will often heron? What can have made him think that elicit a direct answer from patients whose minds our Episcopal Church is not true? What are wandering, I said to him: 'Ally, answer me strange fancies will get into some children's heads! I should be sorry to lose Ally, but I'd rather see him die, I think, than grow up to be a Roman Catholic. Ugh! and a priest, too, per haps, who knows ? God forbid !' Revolving to ask, but, thinking to lead him on gradually to these disagreeable thoughts in my head as I went some more reasonable answer as I thought, I down the street, I met Mr. Billups, our minister. We shook hands, or rather I shook Mr. Billups' 'The kneeling people and the priest,' he re- band while he shook his head, a manner of his that

. Mr. Billups,' said I, ' do you know that Ally

' No, I did not hear it,' he replied, emphasizing pulse fluttered so unsleadily, that I feared the it now.' Although the negative accompaniment worst, and the anxious, searching look of the with his head would seem to imply that he did mother read my tell tale countenance. She be- ro' believe it. 'Yes, and very ill, too,' I added. If his mind becomes calmer than it is, I think it to the end.

might do good just to drop in and see him. I 'Yes, my child,' she responded quickly, and fear he has been under some bad influences lately."

' You astonish me, not to say grieve me,' rejoined Mr. Billups. 'Ally was always a good pious boy, and one of our head boys, as you are

aware, in the Sunday school.' 'My darling Ally,' said the widow, 'you do 'I mean,' said I, 'that he has been reading or know what is true. You always say what is hearing something about Catholics and their Mass, and other things; and it really has made a deep impression on his mind, which ought to be el-

faced; that is, ' I added, in case he recovers, which I fear is doubtful.'

not, my dear child; and would you not like me to read a little of the Word to you?

'Oh ! yes, sir,' answered the boy eagerly.

'I will read for you, then,' continued Mr. Billups, producing a Bible from his pocket. 'a most beautiful and instructive passage from St. John's gospel, commencing at the sixth chapter." He said this in such a church-reading tone that ered it up with a very loud cough. Mr. Billups tinctly, where I had read rather quickly, that is, quickly where I had read slowly, from that verse ing.' And he rose abruptly, and left the house

true ? 'The bible, my dear Ally ought to know, is all true,' replied Mr. Billups.

said he would ? asked Ally.

Yes my child,' answered Mr. Billups, he certaiply made all his promises good.

'I wish I knew where,' said Ally inquiringly. 'I asked Mrs. White, and she said she didn't know, and that I asked too many questions."

" Saw it yoursalf !' exclamed Mr. Billups, his hair fairly standing upright with horror. ' My organist dare to enter a popish Mass-house !' -And he frowned very severely at the widow.

' It was only Mike Maloney's' said Ally de precatingly. 'And the priest in his beantiful robes, and the people all kneeling around, dida't 'You are fond of reading your Bible, are you look mistaken, sir ; and I felt so sure that God was there,' continued Ally, trembling, " that I'm all the time thinking about it. Somehow I can't drive it out of my mind."

' Your son, madam,' said the minister, turning to Ally's mother. 'must drive this out of his declining,--'there being,' he added, 'a trust of mind. It would be a fearful calamity, madam, some importance to be undertaken, which I wish to have a child whom you have reared, and, 1 to confide to no one but yourself.' The letter may add in behalf of the vestry of our church, an concluded with a cordial invitation to pay him Mrs. Dutton, instinctively responded as far as organist, whose salary we have paid, fall into the a visit at the soug co tage in Devonshire to Glory be'-but, discovering her mistake, cov- toils of the man of sin. It would be well to which he had retired. Now Ellis was like mycurb the inquiring mind of your son, madam, and self-an old bachelor; and, except his half pay, read the chapter, but guite differently from the restrain his wandering footsteps; because, if he was, I knew, but little burdened with this world's manner in which I had read it: slowly and dis is permitted to worship at a foreign altar, he can baggage and accoutrements; so it never occurno longer exercise the position of, in short, per- red to me that the trust I was to undertake could from the beginning to the fiftieth verse; and form on the organ of our church. Good mora-

'That's very beautiful, and very strange,' said easily explain the doubts in the boy's mind, not and dog. I wrote immediately to accept the in-Ally pensively, as the minister paused at the end | to mention my own, and it exasperated me to see | vitation, and early the next morning I deposited of the chapter. 'But, Mr. Billups, is it all him have recourse to such base means to silence myself and my portmanteau in the E - coach. these doubts, instead of using kindly Christian counsel and teaching. To deprive Ally of his friend's abode. He was himself standing at the situation, and the widow of the support which his garden wicket, ready to give me a cordial wel-'And did Jesus give his flesh and blood, as he | salary gave, would he, I knew, to inflict a heavy loss upon them. Unwilling to depart and leave the widow and son without some comfort, and grasp of his hand; and I wondered internality. yet not knowing what to say I went to the win- what the missive he had sent me could possibly dow and looked out, flattening my nose against mean. However, I kept my thoughts to mythe glass in a most uncomfortable state of mind, self, and followed Ellis into his neat little diningand presenting a spectacle to the passers by room, where the snowy tablecloth was speedily

and eloquent sermon. After the services were him, but be did not recognize me ; so I said :

"Allow me, reverend sir, to thank you for your beautiful sermon. This doctrine of the real presence which you Catholics hold is a wonderful and a very consoling doctrine; and what is more, I am rather afraid it is so.?

"Atraid !' answered Ally, smiling. "That commuts me of a dear old friend of mine who once said the same thing ; but he was not long overcoming his fears."

" Doctor !

' Allie !'

As I knelt to crave the blessing of our quondam boy organist, now a priest of the holy Catholic church, he caught me in his arms and folded me in a warm embrace.

## A STRANGE STORY.

"So Brown, you tell me, has been appointed executor to Smith's will,' said our major the other day, as we were lounging together against the low wall that divides Carhile-terrace from the beach. 'I'll venture to say that trusts committed to him won't be as strange as mine were the first time I was made executor.

Some years since, I received a letter from my old friend and comrade, Ellis, of the -th, telling me that his health had been for some time possibly relate to anything more important than the bestowal of legacies on his old housekeeper All this nettled me. I had hoped he could and hutler, or his almost equally antiquated cat which, after a day's travelling, left me at my come. There was nothing very death-like in the clear, bright glance of his eye, or in the firm