AILEY MOORE

DALE OF THE TIMES SHOWING HOW EVICTIONS, MURDER AND SUCH-LIKE PASTIMES ARE MANAGED AND JUSTICE ADMINISTERED IN IRE-LAND TOGETHER WITH MANY STIBBING INCIDENTS IN OTHER

ST RICHARD B. O BRIEN, D. D. DRAW OF MEWCA CHAPTER XXII FRANK TYRRELL

"Throth, then, sir, that's id, just, said a young fellow, about fourteen addressing a gentleman in fashion able morning costume, who stood by a huge round stone at the corner of a narrow street, and "at the foot of

a narrow street, and "at the foot of the bridge," which crosses Shannon from Thomond Gate to the old town of Limerick. "Throth then, sir, that's id, just," said he. "And why is it called the 'Treaty Stone?' "asked the gentleman. "Why, sir, bekase Sarchfied signed the threaty on id."

the threaty on id."

What treaty?"
What threaty, sir! O murdher! cried the boy laughing at the gentle-man's ignorance, "the Threaty of

Well," pursued the gentleman evidently sounding the depths of his companion's knowledge; "well, and what was the Treaty of Limerick?" "Why, sir, when the English was

beaten, an' th' Irish wasn't goin' to beat'em again, Sarchfield signed the threaty an' the English broke it," said the little fellow, looking round with the exultation of youthful

patriotism.
"Is that true?" asked the gentleman, speaking to a little girl, whom curiosity had brought to the spot. She had a clean check pinafore, fair hair, and blue eyes, like most of the children about that quarter of the

Yes, sir."

When did this take place?" "In the year 1691, sir," answered

the child, very mildly.
"Can you read and write?" Yes, sir."

'And who taught you?" "Mother Mary Vincent, sir."
"Who is that?"

The little girl looked up in sur

prise.
"Mother Mary Vincent, sir!" she half exclaimed; and then she looked at the little boy, and both smiled meaningly. They thought what kind of a human being it could be that did not know Mother Mary

"She's one o' the Nuns o' Marcy sir," said a man, bearing on his back a light mahogany case, which was hung from a broad leather strap that ed his breast like a soldier's belt. 'Any good razors to-day, sir?"

"Pencil cases?"

Good brown Windsor?"

'No, thank you, I——''
'Some fine clasp knives, scissors shirt buttons, racks, combs, hair-brushes, shoe-laces, Jews'-harps?" "Why, my good ——"
"Clever children these, sir," said

the pedlar, interrupting, as if to say "the business part is now done." "The girl is from the convent-What kind of a convent?" asked

the gentleman, smiling at the pedlar's adroitness. The Marcy convent, sir; two thou

sand girls are educated by them, and many of the girls are fed."
"Who are the ladies?"

"The nuns."

Are they French?" 'Oh nae, sir, they're the ladies o' the country, an' the' left ther faeth. ers' hooms and ther playsant friends amang the childher o' the poor.'

"Why was that?"
"For why is't? Bless, you, 'tes be-kase the want to be parfict as tha hayv'nly faether is parfict, an' all-a ways tae goo aboot a doin' o' good, lek our Saviour."
"And this is their life?"

"Ay, is't. Oh, if you seen 'em, sir, weth th'r gentle face and hayv'nly smile, a stoopin' o'er the rags or the poor mon's bed when a' the waurld's left 'em en sorrow; an' ho' the' sooth the poor heart an' settle the achin' head, an' tache 'em tae look cop cot; ' the dark an' to thenk o' heaven an' ho' th' waurk around hes wee room, an' bees to 'im as service-maids. Ah, sir, these ladies do fra Him who' the' would nae do fra the crown o' the queen."

Certainly, they would not bend to

that for earthly reward."
"Airthly reward! Nae, nae, sir;
the' do fra God an' charity wha' the goold o' the south wad nae buy." The gentleman thought for a mo

ment, and the man with the case continued:

Id requires faith en airnest, sir, tae lade a life lik' yon; an' some-thing mair than the resolution of a

What more ?" "Why, the grace o' God, to be found in the Church."

The grace of God!" said the looking steadfastly at the pedlar; "the grace of God," he re-

peated, slowly and softly.

"Why, yis," answered the case-man. "an' more be token, the' never can be found oot o' the church fra want o' the grace, an' the rale faith. Pon my waurd!" he continued, looking towards the city—" pon my waurd, here's two o' them!"

The gentleman looked in the same direction as the pedlar, and saw two ladies approaching. They were ladies approaching. They were dressed entirely in black, except a neat white linen colar; andeon stealing a look under the deep black bon-net you could see that the forehead net you could see that the forehead was bound with linen, while a covering of the same material from the is trembling hands to be raised his trembling hands to

temples over the ears and under the chin left no portion of the features unnecessarily exposed. Each carried a heavy basket, which contained refreshments and simple medicines for the sick

"Sister Mary Monica," whispered the child, getting behind the pedlar, "and Sister Mary Patrick," she added: The pedlar took off his hat, and bowed low to the ground; and the strange gentleman followed his ex-ample only he did not bow so very

"Glory be to God!" said the ped-lar, piously; "these are two ladies that left their carriages at the convent door, an' the'r friends vainly lamentin' behind 'em, to become the lowest of servants to the poor!"

"Where do they go now?" asked the gentleman, still looking after

"They are goin' to Mrs. Benn's, sir," answered the little girl.
"Mrs. Benn's!" repeated the

There's an auld gentleman sick ther; his name's Mr. Moore, sir,"

said the pedlar.
"He has a daughter?" asked the "Ay, has he," said the pedlar, "Miss

Ailey."

"Oh! the darlin' Miss Ailey!" cried

the child, clapping her hands together. Why, you know her?" said the

why, you know here:

"Oh! yes, yes, sir," said the little
girl; "she teaches catechism at the
chapel on Sunday, and she goes to
see grandmother—grandmother is
sick and old." The young gentleman placed a crown piece in the hands of the child.

who had no sooner seen the large gift she received, and made her cur-"Can you show me the way to Mrs. Benn's?" said the gentleman, ad-

dressing the pedlar, and apparently surprised at the sudden departure of his younger acquaintance.

"That I can, sir; I have a
pair of new spectacles fra Mrs. Benn,
sir, tho' I did nae know the Sisters

"Then you can accompany me?"
"Ay, sir, can I."

"Ay, sir, can I."
The pedlar and the stranger commenced a movement westward, and every moment seemed to augment the interest of the latter in all he saw and heard. The children were poorly clad—but they were all edu-cated; the people walked slowly and talked freely and good-humoredly, but they were every one polite and at-tentive. The pedlar rather surprised his new friend by assuring him that "on'y sixty years afore, the people," whom he met, "were nae allowed whom he met, "were nae allowe'd tae goe to schul; an' a priest," caught where they then were, "wad hae ended where they then were, wad has ended his life at a lamp post. In fect," said the pedlar, "our faethers' sir, had nae larning, an' nae teste fra larning, an' we had very leetle money either; but we are comin' an. Gie us twenty years, and we'll waurl our way.'

The Sisters of Mercy were really going to Mrs. Benn's and had been for some day's visiting our poor friend Mr. Moore, of Moorefield. Their presence seemed to soothe him, and he prayed with them forvently; indeed, he never neglected to pray, even in his greatest aberrations of mindbut he prayed most collectedly with In fact, they made him happy, and that was a more than sufficient inducement for the Sisters of Mercy.

They, the Sisters, found Mr. Moor in high spirits to-day. He was in-troduced to them for the seventh or eighth time, and he told them he was exceedingly happy to see them.
"Gerald," he said, "was talking to
me a little while ago, and he told me, all was nearly prepared for our return to Moorefield immediately—quite immediately, for," said he, "we have been a month away now, eh, Ailey ?-where is that bold girl ?-

Yes, sir." "So I thought, child-so I thought. I sometimes fear my memory is going; but you see I am not so bad! Oh, well, dear Moorefield. I shall get better there—shall I not Ailey?'

Yes, sir." "To be sure I shall. Ah! dear Moorefield! Ailey?

He caught both her hands, and looked into her face.

"Come here!"

Ailey !" he said. "Sir—well, papa?"
"Won't I be buried alongside mam ma, Ailey? Sure I shall not be bur

ied away from her?" and the tears ran down the old cheeks. Oh, sir!" said Sister Mary Monyou are not going to die yet We must pray with you many, many

times before you die."
"Ah, yes! ah, yes! Ailey's mamma was always praying. My Mary!" he said, looking up to heaven; and the old man shook like an aspen. away, you baggage!" he said, throw-ing off Ailey. "Go now, go!"

away, you baggage. He said, after ing off Ailey. "Go now, go!"
She retired a few paces.
"Sister," he said, "Ailey is likeher mamma! You are not going to

take Ailey ?"
" Oh. sir !" said Mary Monica. "Oh, no! no! no!" cried the old man; and he wept. "Oh, no! no!" he repeated, "oh, no!"

he repeated, "oh, no!"
"Well, we'll pray for your Mary,
now, sir," said Mary Monica.
"Yes, yes yes! for Mary. Oh,
yes!" and the old man struggled to

get upon his knees.

"No, no, sir," said the good nun,
"but we'll kneel down beside you,
and you will join us in the prayer."
he said. 'For Mary? oh, yes!" he said,

for Mary !"

heaven, and his eyes were fixed upon his "home above," and he prayed for her the love for whom warmed the cold current of his chill old age; and his Mary was once more beside him, as he used to see her with the eye of youthful fancy, for she now came to as he used to see her with the eye of youthful fancy; for she now came to him, fresh and fragrant, from the company of the angels. Ailey knelt at a little distance from his group, and joined her prayers and tears with those of her father.

And then the good nuns spoke of what a changing thing the world is, and how we are made to leave it, not to live in it; and old Mr. Moore said.

and how we are made to leave it, not to live in it; and old Mr. Moore said, often Father Mick had told him the same. And then he would ask them whether they knew Father Mick; and he would tell them of his fine silvery hair, and large, fond eyes, and that he came every day to see him, because Father Mick loved Gerald. He said Gerald was a brave young fellow, but he was out just then, he was to be in very shortly; in fact, immediately. He hoped they knew Gerald; and Gerald would thank Gerald; and Gerald would thank them for him, he added, because Gerald was fond of his father. And then old Mr. Moore would join them in "forgiving all who had offended or injured him," although there was something very heavy on his heart that was done to Gerald, and which he could not remember; but he forgave it, and every one; and he prayed for the forgiveness of "every one of whom he had offended." And then he would ask them, "Wasn't it time for them to pray for poor Mary?" and "if they had only known Mary! She

was such an angel."
"Ailey!" cried Mr. Moore. Sir.

Sing mamma's song."

"And get the harp, Ailey; 'dear arp of my country,'" cried old Mr. harp of my country, Ailey looked astonished, and the

nuns looked not less surprised.
"You must get the harp Ailey-Mary, that is mamma, was fond of the harp you know."

"Have you a harp, Ailey?" de-manded Sister Mary Monica. Ailey blushed.
"Yes, indeed," she replied, "just three days. An unexpected present from a lady in London, and my sur-

prise is that poor papa remembers."
"The harp, Ailey! the harp!"
cried old Mr. Moore.
"Oh, yes, by all means cherish the
thought that holds its place," said

the Sister. "Yes, papa," answered Ailey; and with the aid of the junior Sister, the harp was soon down stairs. It was a right regal one, indeed. Splendidly carved, and richly ornamented.
It had been standing before the altar of "Mary," in Gerald's room, and to "Mary" its first sounds had

A little girl appeared at the win-dow, the same blue eyes and check pinatore. She was peeping in.

"Come, come, little darling!" cried
the old man. "Sure she may come in, Ailey, can't she?" asked the poor old man. "She's innocent, and

twill do her good to hear Mary'sthat is, mamma's song."

Ailey had sat down, the nuns looked at her as if they were en-tranced. "Saint Cecilia?" whis-

tranced. pered Mary Monica. Mary Patrick gave an affirmative

look of delight. Ailey swept the strings like a tem pest—it was like the outburstings of an imprisoned melody; and then her ear fell towards the instrument, and

The strains to silence stealing,

expired, while she looked as though she could hardly catch the whisper ing lay, that, like a spirit, flitted as That's my colleen ?" cried the

old gentleman, clapping his old Ailey, then, in a voice of ravishing sweetness, which the music seemed to wrap in ethereal flowers, sang :

"I love all things old: The old oak and old willow— The old church in the dale— The old rock in the billow-The old woods, the old fens-The old caves, the old mountains-The old streams in the glens— The old moss covered fountains.
The old bells—the old chimes, That old memories bring round m Of old friends and old times, Whose old love used to crown me Oh, I love all things old; Be their dear forms still near me When the young ones grow cold,

Their old faces will cheer me! But I love all things young; The young trees, the young flowers The young May blossoms, sprung Up to toy with the bowers ! The young infant's glee, When its bright eyes are glancing Like light on the sea, With a beauty entrancing! And the young maiden's smile, Whom the angels are wreathing With spells, all the while That her sweet song she's breat

ing!— Love all things and all men; Love high land and low land; Love Ireland the first—then Bear hatred to no land! There's wealth undiscovered In mine or in river ; The life's light of joy Is-to love on forever!"

The song had hardly been finished bravo!" which astonished when a everyone—even the old man—burst from the next room. All was comnotion: the nuns seized their bas motion: the nuns seized their bas kets; Ailey flung the harp against the wall, and the old gentleman cried it was "Something!" The small folding doors opened, and wonder of

while Mr. M'Cann, a trader well-known for his "peace and order" qualities, case in hand, stood behind.

The nuns escaped without taking

Aunt Benn seemed to enjoy the joke wonderfully; but Ailey, and, in good truth, Frank Tyrrell, looked as like two people who had something to conceal from one another, as well

may be. Really, Miss Moore," he came forward and said—while Aunt Benn was looking mock "proper" behind his back—" really, Miss Moore, I am quite ashamed of myself to have spoken so loudly; but, to say the plain truth, I entirely forgot myself. The melody was so divine that my soul was lost, and I had no command

of my heart or tongue!"
"You are most welcome!" said
Ailéy, quite frankly, and giving her
hand. "How long have you been
here? When did you see Cecily?" "I have not seen Cecily for a fort-night, but I hear from her two or

three times a week."
"You know Aunt Benn? Aunt "Tou know Aunt Benn' Aunt Benn, Mr. Frank Tyrrell."

"The good pedlar has been doing the honors, and I have promised him for the happiness he has procured me to day, to obtain for him a government appointment in Dublin

"Thank ye, sir."
"You will make a good policeman

No betther, sir." And Mr. M'Cann disappeared—he met Eddy in the hall. Oh, Eddy!" cried M'Cann.

Where's Shaun ?" said Eddy. "How should I know?" answered the pedlar.
"Yis, ye do," answered Eddy; "an'

so do Gran," said he stiffly. Eddy was going off.

"Oh, quiet, Eddy: wait fra a wee."

"No, I won't," said Eddy.

"Maybe I saw Gran lately; an'
now, maybe, I'm gaen to see her."

"No, you are not," said Eddy.
"Where am I gaen, Eddy?" "You're goin' where you're sent," boldly replied Eddy. "You're not as good as Shaun," said the little fellow in the low, thoughtful way so peculiar to him, and which really ap-peared "thinking aloud." "When did you see Gran?"

"Last night.

"Oh, so lately!" I sees Gran every night."

" How ?" God sends Gran, an' she kisse me when I'm asleep; and I speak to her—an' I pray for her."

The pedlar slipped a half-crown

into Eddy's hand. You're good !" said Eddy, looking

at him, fixedly.
"Will you keep it for Gran?" "Little Nancy's mother is dead," said Eddy, pointing to the parlordoor, and alluding to the fair haired girl, with the check pinafore. I'll give little Nancy half," said the beggar woman's grandson; and he looked again at M'Cann with an

open sunshiny smile, that made pedlar's heart beat.

Beautiful it is to see the poor the young boys and girls love one another! It makes them like the angels of heaven; and assuredly the angels of heaven that guard them—their own angels—smile with the bliss of immortality when they see their little ones thus growing up like Him "Whose voice was not heard in the stacets." M. L'Abbe Moulois tells a story: A workman's little boy got a halfpenny with his dry bread every morning, and like a bread every morning, and like a brave child, he went off to learn a school, and gave mamma no trouble to get breakfast. She was rearing the boy well, was she not?—but her pride was his honesty-his great pride was his honesty—his noble youthful integrity; for she she was proud of her boy, and thanked she was proud of her boy, and thanked and whatever success I have to day I are attribute it to them, at least in a her God. One day, however, she was shocked to find a half crown, in small silver, concealed in his clothes. The touch of the money was to her the sting of an adder, and she shrieked she shrieked as a Frenchwoman would shriek who felt herself dis-

TO BE CONTINUED

DONALD'S CASE

A TRUE STORY

Donald came into the house in a comewhat excited manner, put his books away, and entered the room where his mother was sitting. She looked up fondly, and was somewhat surprised at the flushed face. Well, surprised at the flushed face. Donald, dear, anything amiss to day?" "No mother," and he began day?" The surprised at the flushed face. to fidget about the room. The mother's eyes followed him. There was something in his thoughts that his mother divined, an intuitive process known only to mothers. She rose, placed her hands on his shoulders, and looked into his eyes. He met her look calmly, almost smilingly. "No, mother, except—"
"Except what?" said his mother. "Why," said Donald, "we had a visit from a strange Brother to day, and he spoke to us about going away to be Brothers." "Yes, dear, and was be Brothers." "Yes, dear, and was that all?" said the mother. "Yes mother, except that I—I told him that I would like to go away," Donald answered. "That was nice of you, Donald, dear; but you are young yet you know, and you must Why, to be a Brother finish school. you have to be a learned man. You are but thirteen years of age now. Look at Gerald; he was twenty when he finished, and William is still going to school: There is plenty of time to think of it, Donald, dear. He listened in silence, and in a few minutes was playing ball in a neighboring lot. After he had gone,

as a passing phase in a boy's life. Children, she said to herself, have little or no stability. It will pass away.

Mr. Morris was a hale, hearty man with a cheerfulness of manner that was simply contagious. What is more to his credit, he brought this cherry manner into the home. greeted his wife and son in customary manner, and then looking at his wife more closely, observed the agitation which she tried to conceal. "Hello! what's the matter Servants leave, or get saucy? A bac day at the bargain counter? Donald fail in school? Come, what's the trouble?" She said nothing for the time being, but looked distressingly from the father to the son. The father understood. Something in his wife's manner indicated to the father that she desired to say some thing, but not in the presence of the boy; and then turning to Donald, he said: "Well, boy, how goes it? What's new on the carpet?" "Oh, everything is all right, father," answered Donald. The father looked at him closely, after exchanging looks with his wife. "I saw the score-board to day. Giants were ahead in the eighth inning. Donald we'll have to take in that series with the Cubs. I see they're scheduled for next week." Noticing that Donald did not respond in his usua manner to his favorite team and topic, the father stopped, looked sharply, and was about to sharply, and was about to say something, but Donald's calm manner, his innocent look, disarmed any suspicion of wrong doing, and the father turned to address the mother on a few commonplace topics.

The dinner being over, Mr. Morris took his paper, and the wife busied herself about the house. Eight

him; but holding him convulsively in her arms, kissed him, and Donald o'clock struck, and Donald came into left the room in silence. She re-mained for some time in a listless the room where sat his father, threw his arms around his neck, kissed him, attitude, then arose impatiently. Her mind was made up. She would see bade him good night, and left the room. The mother then entered.
The father spoke: "Well, Mary, what's the matter? You seem all worked up; what is it?" "I have reason to be," she answered. There upon she told him of Donald's avowal to be that afternoon and they want to be the afternoon and they want to be they they wan upon she told him of Donald's avowal
to her that afternoon, and then placing her hands over her face, burst
into tears. "Tut, tut, woman," said
Mr. Morris, "you are wrong to be
giving away to such fears. Donald
is only a boy, with a soft, foolish
heart like his mother; sure, that will
pass away." "Yes, John," answered
his wife, "Donald has a soft heart,
one that is easily impressed, especione that is easily impressed, especially with anything that borders or heroic : but he has a strong wil where the object of good is concerned, and is not easily deterred. He is not like Gerald or William." These were the two older brothers of Donald Well," answered the father, " if he does go away; he seems to have the notion." "What—if—he—does the notion." "What—if—he—does
— go — away," repeated his wife,
slowly, looking hard at her husband.
"John Morris, are you serious?"
"Never was more serious in my life," answered Mr. Morris. 'Surely continued his wife, "you have not forgotten the provisions of his Uncle Daniel's will—the money left to pursue his course for a doctor ; and for the past two generations we've always had a doctor in our family." "Well, Mary, I don't know what your real reasons might be in trying to combat this desire on the part of Donald. The provisions of his Uncle Daniel's will do not determine what he must be. There is an explanatory clause that says, if he is so inclined. Evidently he is not." "But," said his wife, "to be a Brother!" and her manner of saying it somewhat roused her husband. "You forget, Mary, answered Mr. Morris, "I, myself, was

can attribute it to them, at least in a measure. It was for this purpose that I moved to this parish, that the boys might have a chance to attend the Brothers' school." The wife Brothers' school." The wife colored at this candid avowal, and was preparing to leave the room, when her husband gently detained her. "Wait a minute, Mary. Let us view this affair calmly. I know, in a way, how you feel about it, and I am prepared to make due allowance for your feelings; but, on the other hand, I am pleased with the desire of Donald. I can go back to my own school days and recall some of the examples I have seen, and the lessons that were taught me. I have had a good deal of experience with the world for the past thirty years, and know what a man will do to gain a footing on the social ladder, to add a few dollars to his income, and to hold a little power. But when I re-call the life of these good men, I almost think it impossible. But it is a reality. They have sacrificed the identical things to which the heart of man tenaciously clings, and have given themselves with an abandon that seems almost reckless. Did they not receive the approbation of the Church and the universal endorse ment of good and sagacious men, I would consider them as fools, even for Christ's sake." Nothing more was said on the subject that night.

Sunday night it was raining quite hard, and when the "first bell rang" for vespers, Donald was heard in the vestbule fumbling with the unbrellas. "Mother," he called, "did you see my umbrella?" "Your umbrella!" exclaimed his mother, from an inner room. "Why your umbrella?" "I was going to vespers," said Donald. "Going to vespers on a night like this," said his mother. "Yes," an swered Donald; "Father K— is going to preach on a choice of life, and I am anxious to hear it." Quick as a flash of lightning came the thought she world accompany Donald to the

the notion he was now entertaining.
When the mother and the son
reached the church, Donald immediately made for the side aisle. "Donately made for the side aisle. "Don-ald," said his mother, plucking his sleeve, "our pew is in the middle aisle, 66. Where are you going?" "But, mother," said Donald, "I al-ways sit in front, near the Brothers." She followed him.

The priest in the course of his sermon touched on many points con-cerning a "choice of state of life," but upon one point he was most in-sistent. He urged all fathers and mothers to encourage religious voca-tions in their children, and held it to be a most sacred and solemn duty to do this, especially when the children themselves took the initiative. The reasonableness of his statements wa plain enough for a child to understand and yet suggestive enough for older heads. Mrs. Morris' plans were turned awry. She was vexed with the priest and with herself. What passed in Donald's mind can be read-ily interred. When Donald was bidding his mother good night, she held him caressingly in her arms for some time, and then kissing him again, looked him full in the face and nurmued, "Donald, Donald." With his arms still around his mother's neck he looked earnestly into her eyes. "Mother, I think God has heard my prayer and wants me to be a Brothe I am so happy. Good night, mother, dear: I will pray as I never prayed before." Donald said no more, but left his mother, who sat gazing out of the window into the darkness He turned as he was about to leave the room, and saw her with out-stretched hands. He came back to her and said: "Why, mother, what's

her and said: "Why, mother, what' the matter?" She never answere

the Brothers in the morning and tell them what she thought of them. The afternoon of the next day the bell rang violently in the Brothers' house, and when the Brother Porter opened the door, it was to admit Mrs. Morris, who, in a voice that showed much irritation and annoyance of manner, inquired for the Brother Director. He came, expressed considerably taken back when she launched forth in a flow of violent invective. She reproached the Brothers for taking advantage of Donald's innocence, enticing him from his parents, his home and friends. The patience of the good Brother was finally exhausted. He assured her that nothing was said to Donald in particular. They had noticed in him an increase of piety that brought with it a graveness of manner, but this they ascribed to the coming examinations and hopes of promotion, two factors that enter into every schoolboy's life at this season of the year. The explanation was useless, and she left the house in a huff, with the avowed declaration that never again would Donald enter the school. Nor did he.

The following September Donald vas registered as a student in another school of higher pretensions, and the Brothers lost sight of him. To counteract any influence that the example of the Brothers might have on him, it was arranged that he should take his music lessons Sunday at home, and so Donald dropped out of sight, but not out of memory. A thing of beauty is a joy forever, and an innocent heart, enshrined in the memory of a religious teacher

As to Mr. Morris' attitude in the matter, he had acted like the proverb ial father, "leaving it to the mother." A period of successful business ven tures weaned him from home, and the lure of making money was fast making shipwreck his love for home. He, too, saw little of Donald, and the mother was in possession. Gerald, the older boy, was a mining engineer in the West, and William was study ing in Germany.

The years passed. The Morrisses had ascended the social ladder. Donald was finishing his last year at -University, when there was stabbing in one of the "Frat" houses following a night of dissipation, in which Donald was the chief actor. Aye, he had fallen from grace and left his first love." closures followed-forged checks, un paid bills, and entanglements of more grave nature were expose These the mother endeavored to cover up, but the awful discovery of Donald's wicked and criminal escapades was too much for the fatherhe never recovered from the shock He died, and Donald was not at th funeral. The mother continued sending him remittances, but his esca pades had so worked on her feelings that she for a time closed her Lear against him. He dropped out of sight, and out of mind. His name, if ever mentioned in the parish where he was raised, was the familiar tele of the spoiled child—too much of his own way. Was it? Was it not own way. Was it? Was it not rather interfering with his own way. or rather the way of God manifest ing itself in his beautiful young soul. He had given all the exterior signs of a vocation. His beautiful behavior was an index of his innocent heart Alas! how often it is that young hearts, noble in their aims, lofty in purpose, and eager for the things of God, have wilted and shrunk up and sunk to things low and degrading. Parents have lived to see the day and to regret that, when God called, they

bardened their hearts. It was Christmas Eve. Gloom reigned in the Morris home. Gerald church, and by her interpretation of the priest, easily dissuade him from in Germany: the father dead, and

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