

life itself. Could the ancestors of the Protestant O'Sullivans O'Tooles, McCartys, and hundreds of others but see their children or grandchildren kneeling or sitting in a Protestant meeting house, how happy they would feel can be more easily imagined than told. Many a child is lost to the faith through the carelessness of parents. Coming from a land where they knew but of one true church and that almost the only one, they soon learned that here they could choose for themselves and be more happy in appearance, admired in society by being liberal in their religious notions. One church was about as good as another in America and the Protestant was in every way far more prosperous than the struggling Catholic. The old man did not love his faith. He kept within the traces by going to his duty once a year, and died barely crowding his bones into a consecrated ground. But the example told upon the children. They never saw father or mother regularly attend at mass on Sunday. They never knew them to approach the Sacraments save at Easter time. They always heard them speak slightly of church and holy things. Heard them ridicule the pious practices of others, and thus the young, taught by the old, soon began to think that the Catholic faith was nothing better than a mere sham.

The opportunities offered for hearing mass or being present at instructions were not taken advantage of and at home religion had no place. Old folks then are somewhat to blame for the loss the Church has suffered here. Nor should the blame be entirely thrown upon the priests. They can do but little good when the home influence has a tendency to counteract the effect of their instruction. Then, when we hear of a Mac or an O' occupying a pulpit or a pew in a church other than Catholic, we may conclude that that man was stolen from the faith which he should by right profess, or was led astray by foolish careless parents.

"Mary Jane have you given to the gold fish fresh water?"
 "No, ma'am; what's the use? They haven't drank up what's in there yet."

Mamma is scenting her handkerchief. Little Emmy, aged two, holding up her tiny square cambric, lisps out. "Div baby's pooty handcups a drink, mamma."