

Little Boy Blue.

The following is a copy of a little poem by the late Eugene Field. It makes a pretty recitative piece for children and should be committed to memory by each of the little ones, in the home or school.

LEGENDS AND STORIES OF THE HOLY CHILD JESUS.

Ireland.

"THE POOREST OF THEM ALL." But they made answer to him, "Nay!" They were lords and ladies' sons; And he, the poorest of them all, Was born in an ox's stall.

What a grumpy old woman was Nanny Fox! How she used to storm at her little grandson Charlie; and when she was not crippled and helpless with rheumatism, how she used to beat him too! Even the rough crew of Tilt Street, Dublin, where Nanny lived, cried shame on her for her ill-use of little Charlie.

Not that Charlie ever complained, or made a fuss about any of his trials. He was a plucky little chap, and his natural courage was strengthened by the grace of God given him in the sacraments and by prayer.

Charlie's father, old Nanny's son, had married when she was quiet young. His wife had died when Charlie was born; she had been weak and ailing for some time, and her husband had not money enough to buy her food and nourishing things to keep her alive.

Nanny was a wicked old woman. She had drowned in all the whispers of her conscience in gin, long ago; and if at times loud warnings would make herself heard, she hugged the devil closer to her heart, till at last she heard no voice, obeyed no dictates, but his, Charlie took care of the mice, and went about the streets with them trying to sell them. It was not such a poor business, after all. Many children liked to watch the little pets running up ladders, playing hide and seek, and doing the other pretty tricks that Charlie taught them; and they generally begged pennies from their nurses or parents to give to Charlie, who would have got on very well as far as money was concerned if it had not been for his grandmother. But old Nanny took all his money from him at the end of the day, and spent most of it for gin.

Charlie could have kept it from her had he chosen, for, of course he need not have told her how much money he had taken during the day; but he had promised his father to be good to her—his father had not foreseen the result—and he could never tell a lie, or deceive the least little bit in the world, not even though his grandmother took the money for gin, and left him half-starved and in rags. Drink is so selfish, so unkind; it uproots the feelings that are deepest rooted by God in our hearts—the longing for Him and the love of our own relations.

When Nanny was ill, Charlie was as gentle and forbearing with her as a Sister of Charity. Not that he was perfect. Now and then, when she sent him to the public house at the end of the street to spend some of his hard-won coppers on gin, Charlie would stand in the street outside the door of the "Red Lion" for a moment and stamp his foot, and say dreadful words, in his rage that such things should be.

Now and then, too, he would watch some well-dressed boy of his own age. There was one in particular he often saw walking by the side of his mother or companions, chatting gaily, and going in and out of dry, sweet, or book shops; and dark, rebellious thoughts would come into the poor boy's heart,

and a half-quelled murmur against God for making him poor.

One winter in particular, old Nanny was very trying. She began by taking all the money she could get for gin, and often Charlie had not enough for good. It was no unusual thing for him to have only a hunch of dry bread for his dinner, and neither breakfast nor supper. He was more than usually cheerful and patient, however, for he was preparing for confirmation; and Father Southwell, who was instructing him, guessing at many things in Charlie's life that the boy kept secret, took advantage of the time, not only to fit his instructions with the boy's daily need, but also to keep him back sometimes when the rest of the class was dismissed, to give him a few kind, encouraging words, to help him on his way.

You who are surrounded by loving friends and relatives little know the worth of kind words of sympathy to a soul that is in its daily struggle alone but for unseen help.

One day Charlie was coming home, after a long tramp; it was so cold and snowy that few people had ventured out, and Charlie did not like to disturb the little mice, in their warm nest of hay, to make them perform. He met a funny little old gentleman in Tilt Street—a most unusual place to meet anyone in clean, respectable clothes.

"Ah! you're the white-mice boy?" he said, stopping Charlie.

"Yes, sir," answered Charlie, who remembered that in a house at the other end of the town, where the rich people lived.

"Well, and where do you live, and where are your father and mother?" Charlie thought the old gentleman very inquisitive, but being a very modest, courteous boy, he answered quietly:

"I live at No. 17, sir; and my father and mother are dead."

"What's her name?" was the next question.

"Nanny Fox," answered Charlie, more and more astonished, and truth to tell, a little annoyed at being catechised so abruptly.

"And how much do you make a day?"

"Sometimes ninepence or a shilling; never more than that. Sometimes I don't sell anything or take any coppers all day."

"You'll never make your fortune at that rate," said the old gentleman. "And how much do you give to your grandmother?"

"All I get," Charlie answered sharply, for he was getting very angry at having his affairs pried into.

curled up in the most comfortable chair in the room, reading.

"Late again, father," said Annie, getting up and moving a chair near the fire for Sir Charles. "It's 6 o'clock, but we waited afternoon tea for you, as it was such a wretched afternoon." Be it noted the little boy did not offer to move, not even to look up and smile a greeting to his grandfather.

"Where have you been?" asked Lady Felton, as she gave Sir Charles his tea.

"In Tilt Street, making inquiries about that little white-mice boy that we have all taken a fancy to."

"Oh! I am so glad, father," said Annie. "I hope he is the little saint we think him."

"Very nearly, very nearly," answered Sir Charles. He told them all he had heard about Charlie.

"He's a namesake of yours, Charlie," he added, turning to his little grandson. But the boy gave no answering smile. He looked up for a moment from his book half-contemptuously and then went on reading.

He had only been with his grandfather and grandmother for a month or two, since his father's regiment had been ordered out to India, and his mother had gone too. At home he had been left to himself a great deal; his mother spoiled him or took no notice of him. His father was never at home, and being supposed to be too delicate to go to school, he had had a private tutor, who came only for three hours in the morning. Charlie had been left a great deal to the servants, who had filled his head with pride and nonsense. The consequence of all this was that he was a very disagreeable, overbearing little boy, and considered it an insult to his dignity to have a poor street boy spoken of as his namesake.

His grandfather noticed his disdainful manner, and, being very particular about respectful behavior in children, ordered him out of the room.

"That boy is perfectly unbearable, with his airs and graces," he said. "He is so rude and unmannerly, too."

"Yes, it's a great pity," said Lady Felton.

"The only grandson, too, and always the eldest. But I think we shall be able to do something with him, and he will get a lot of it knocked out of him at school."

"What have you been doing all day?" asked Sir Charles of his daughter.

imagined himself of much importance when he went out with his grandfather, as every one made so much of Sir Charles, for all loved and honored the good old man.

In the second part of the programme was a pretty old Christmas carol sung by four of the school children, each taking a different part. It is an old English one, not so well known as many others, though beautiful in the lesson it teaches.

Charlie could not make out why his grandfather fixed his eyes on him with such a meaning look. I will give some of the verses here, and you will discover, as Charlie did, at the third verse what Sir Charles meant by it.

As it fell out one May morning, On one bright holiday, Sweet Jesus asked of His dear Mother If He might go and play.

But they made answer to him, "Nay!" They were lords and ladies' sons; And he, the poorest of them all, Was born in an ox's stall.

Nothing more was said by Sir Charles, but on Christmas morning after High Mass, when Charlie Fox came to Felton House, his little name and frankly-spoken regret for his cruel speech about the snow man, and offered to give all his Christmas presents to make atonement.

He was as active as his grandfather ever after in trying to be kind to the poor, especially to Charlie Fox, who was given regular work in the garden by Sir Charles; and the boys became such friends that when they were grown up and Sir Charles had his son dead and little Charlie succeeded to the title and estates, his namesake was made his agent—nay, more, his confidential and honored friend.

Dear children, the winter is as cold now as then; the poor suffer in as great reality; all around us are the poor, the sick and the sad. If we cannot give alms, if we cannot go on errands of mercy and charity, we can at least speak words of brotherly love and comfort. We can love all, as we would wish to be loved ourselves. Is it much to ask of us one little encouraging sentence to some one weary at heart, one little act of self-denial to help the needy? Much? No, nothing for the love of our most sweet Lord? We can never, never love Him enough, never do anything to show the millionth part of our gratitude to Him. And let us not forget our dearest Mother, Mary; let us ask of her to help us give ourselves and all we have in the best and wisest way to sweet Jesus for His Christmas gift. We will offer our gifts through her, for then we know they will be accepted; for her Son will welcome all that comes through her hands, and we shall be safe in His keeping now and ever more.

TO BE CONTINUED.

The Children's Enemy. Scrofula often shows itself in early life and is characterized in swellings, abscesses, hip diseases, etc. Consumption is scrofula of the lungs. In this class of diseases Scott's Emulsion is unquestionably the most reliable medicine.

AS PARMELEE'S VEGETABLE PILLS contain Mandrake and Dandelion, they cure Liver and Kidney Complaints with unerring certainty. They also contain Roots and Berbs which have specific virtues truly wonderful in their action on the stomach and bowels. Mr. E. A. Cairncross, Shakespeare writes: "I consider Parmelee's Pills an excellent remedy for Biliousness and Derangement of the Liver, having used them myself for some time."

The Pills should bear in mind that Dr. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL has nothing in common with the impure, deteriorating class of so-called medicinal oils. It is eminently pure and really efficacious—relieving pain and lameness, stiffness of the joints and muscles, and sores or lumps, besides being an excellent specific for rheumatism, coughs and bronchial complaints.

Not what we say, but what Hood's Sarsaparilla does, that tells the story of its merits and success. Remember Hood's cures.

"Ah! my boy, we have met again. I wanted to see you. The day after tomorrow's Christmas Day, and you and I will forget that we misunderstood each other last night, and you will come to wish me 'a merry Christmas' after High Mass. I live at Felton House, but in case I miss you after church or you forget, I have written it down on this piece of paper.

Giving Charlie the piece of paper, he bustled off.



Ayer's Pills

"I have taken Ayer's Pills for many years, and always derived the best results from their use."

Church Candles

ESTABLISHED 1855. ECKERMANN & WILL'S. Beeswax Altar Candles.

ECKERMANN & WILL

The Sacraments of the Church. By Rev. A. A. Lambing, L. L. B., 21mo, cloth, illustrated, 50 cents.

Popular Instructions on Marriage. By Very Rev. F. Girard, C. S. S. R., 2mo, cloth, 50 cents.

Outline of Dogmatic Theology, Vols. 1, 2. By Rev. Sylvester J. Hunter, S. J., 12 mo, cloth, each, net, \$1.50.

BENZIGER BROTHERS. NEW YORK: CINCINNATI: 33 3/4 Barclay St., 343 Main St., 178 Monroe St.

TRY THAT MOST DELICIOUS TEA & COFFEE

James Wilson & Co. 398 Richmond Street, London. Telephone 650.

PLUMBING WORK in operation, can be seen at our wareroom Opp. Masonic Temple, SMITH BROS. Sanitary Plumbers and Heating Engineers near London, Ont. Telephone 88.

REID'S HARDWARE For Grand Rapids Carpet Sweepers Superior Carpet Sweepers Sinepette, the latest Wingers, all Angles Cutlery, etc.

LOVE & DIGNAN, BARRISTERS, ETC. 418 TAVISTOCK STREET, LONDON, W. Telephone 250.

1896. THE CATHOLIC HOME ANNUAL.

IT SHOULD BE IN EVERY CATHOLIC HOME.

A Book that will instruct and Entertain all Members of the Family.

The Catholic Home Annual for 1896 is just published. This year's issue is gotten up in an entirely new form, with new cover, with more pages and more pictures. It contains seven full page illustrations and over seventy-five other illustrations in the text. The contributions are from the best Catholic writers, and the contents are almost entirely original.

A LONG LIST OF ITS ATTRACTIONS. Rev. Henry F. Fairbanks, Jerusalem. Places and Scenes halloved by the presence of Our Blessed Lady. Maurice F. Egan, The Toys. One of Dr. Egan's best short stories in which is portrayed the wilfulness of a headstrong daughter, with the consequent suffering of herself and child, and the enduring love of her father.

Among other interesting illustrated Stories we mention: "Grandmother's Spinning Wheel," "Greater Love than this no Man Hath," "The Leper," "The Vow," "Agnes and Eleanor," etc., etc.

The Catholic Home Annual is not a volume that will be read and then thrown away. It will occupy a prominent place in the household for the whole year. It will be read and reread by young and old.

It costs only Twenty-Five Cents, Post Paid by us. Send us the price at once, and you will get the Annual immediately. All that is necessary is to send a 25c. piece, or 25c. in postage stamps. The Annual is worth double the amount, and anyone who buys it will find it a good investment. Address: THE CATHOLIC RECORD, London, Ont. Also to be had from our travelling agents.

FOR TWENTY-FIVE YEARS DUNN'S BAKING POWDER

THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND. LARGEST SALE IN CANADA.

The O'Keefe Brewery Co. of Toronto, Ltd. SPECIALTIES: High-class English and Bavarian Hopped Ales; XXX Porter and Stout. Pilsener Lager of world-wide reputation.

THE LARGEST ESTABLISHMENT MANUFACTURING CHURCH BELLS & CHIMES. WEST TROY, N. Y. GENUINE CHIMES, ETC. CATALOGUE & PRICES FREE.

STAINED GLASS FOR CHURCHES. Best Qualities Only. Prices the Lowest. McCausland & Son, 76 King Street West, TORONTO.

JOHN FERGUSON & SONS. The leading Undertakers and Embalmers. Open night and day. Telephone—House, 373 Factory, 547.

O. LABELLE, MERCHANT TAILOR. 372 Richmond Street. Good Business Suits from \$15 upwards. The best goods and careful workmanship.

COOK'S FRIEND BAKING POWDER. Should be used, if it is desired to make the Finest Class of Goods—Rolls, Biscuits, Pastry, Cakes, Johnny Cakes, Pie Crust, Baked Paste, etc. Light, sweet, snow-white and digestible food results from the use of Cook's Friend. Guaranteed free from alum. Ask your grocer for McLaughlin's Cook's Friend.