

THE MISSION CROSS.

CHAPTER X.

Mrs. Rafferty often afterwards said that this wedding had been a blessing to the family. "It did me good to get a holiday," she used to remark; "one can work twice as well afterwards, and feel to much the happier."

But for having rushed and omitted the pollen in the discharge of their duty. So it was all over, and Jim was in prison, almost before they had time to realize his danger.

And once more Lizzie will come back from her daily rounds to find another home made desolate by the absence of her father. It was nightfall as she returned, and by that time all the neighbors had learned the story, and stood gossiping about it at their doors, as they wrung out wet clothes, or passed over a pail of water to shake their heads in plaintive satisfaction over the downfall of the family which had hitherto been so "respectable."

Lizzie learned the news ere she had crossed the threshold, and went up to find poor Mrs. Rafferty weeping silently in a corner as she rocked the baby in her arms. "Lizzie must be told of it at her place, and this the mother would do herself, leaving Ned to be received by Lizzie. And so the evening wore away, and the next day came, and they all had to hold up their heads and go out as usual, and ran the gamut of their neighbors' kindly sympathy, and were the recipients of many kind words and expressions of sympathy, so kind and so full of sympathy, so kind and so full of sympathy, so kind and so full of sympathy."

Several prayers and another hymn followed, to which the girl gave little heed, absorbed in her own thoughts. The child stood still and listened, fearing to enter, and strive to catch the words they sang. At first, all seemed an unintelligible babble of sound; but presently she found that the same words were repeated again and again, and she caught, from a group of children kneeling near the door, the ending: "Jesus, our love, is crucified. Jesus, our love, is crucified."

"What does it all mean?" she thought again. "Is He who will help me not to drink? I must take it home and eat."

THE GIRL SEEN, clamping her eyes tightly to her, and moved away with the rest. She hardly knew what the crowd meant, nor why it was so excited; but, looking upwards as she passed back to her corner, she saw another and larger crowd gathered to one of the pillars, on which a figure hung, there crowded, nail-placed and bleeding. It was rudely colored, but seemed all too lifelike to the untutored mind; and with a start, she looked down at her own cross. There was no figure there. "What does it all mean?" she thought again. "Is He who will help me not to drink? I must take it home and eat."

HEROIC AND FEATHERS WORK OF THE SISTERS OF MERCY.

The notices which have appeared of the recent death of Sister Jose Frances Bridgeman, Sister of Mercy, bring to mind the services of the Sisters of Mercy in attending to the sick and wounded soldiers of the English army at the siege of Sebastopol. The name of Miss Florence Nightingale became celebrated all the world over for the work that was done by noble English women under a discipline of camp and hospital.

When the Sisters reached the Crimea, the sanitary arrangements for the sick and wounded were in such a deplorable state of confusion that Miss Nightingale found herself unable to reduce them to even approximate order. Her names were for the most part unrecognition, trouble, hindrance and impediment.

When Mother Mary Clare's health required her recall to England, Miss Nightingale wrote to her a letter in which she said: "You going home is the greatest blow I have yet had, but God's blessing and my love and gratitude go with you, as you have done for the work no one can ever say."

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OUR DEAR FRIENDS THE METHODISTS.

Our Methodist or Baptist brethren have, certainly, very little to complain of, as far as the Catholic is concerned. We do not get rid and sneer at their honest efforts to try to lead better lives and get others to do the same. We seldom notice even the ludicrous aspects of revival, boy evangelists, getting salvation by shouting, etc. These things are queer; but if some poor, dazed soul is converted, it is better than nothing. We do not call our fellow Christians idolaters and other naughty appellatives. Perhaps it is not that we are virtuous, but we are wise in our generation. What would be the use of it? You will never make a man the friendlier by throwing stones at him, and even stones at a Christian. I have human regard for a fellow creature, but you do not exchange the harder weapons for the less dangerous missile of mud, you do not excite his veneration or affection for you a bit more.