

AN UNPROFITABLE SERVANT.

We never thought much of him when we were all fellow students together at St. Chad's Hospital.

An examination drove every scrap of knowledge he possessed straight out of his head. It paralyzed him, and he was the despair of his teachers and examiners.

When I left the hospital he was still plodding on patiently and hopefully. He came sometimes to my rooms in the days before I left and poured out his aims and ideals to me.

He did not look a very impressive object in those days. He was always rather an untidy sort of a chap. His clothes hung upon his loose, shambling figure a little as if he were a clothes prop.

I'm sorry now that I didn't stick to my resolution, but other interests soon filled my life, and I forgot to look Tom Parkes up or even to ask him to come and see me.

Shortly after my return I went down to St. Chad's, and as I strolled around the old hospital, feeling a terrible Rip Van Winkle among all the "new men, new faces, other minds."

"Poor old Tom!" I said to myself: "I'll come back and look him up now and then. He's such a lonely sort of chap."

ing off, how dilapidated was the bell pull, how rickety the knocker. It was plain that times were not good for the dwellers in Paradise street.

The door was opened almost at once, and Tom himself stood before me. In the dim light I thought he looked much the same Tom as I had last seen eight years before, except that his face seemed to be older and thinner and whiter.

"Mind? My dear chap, of course not. I want to have a chat if you can spare time?"

"I'm free just this minute," he said; "but I expect some patients will drop in presently, and I may be sent for, too."

I glanced sharply at him. In the better light I could see that his own face was terribly thin and his eyes had a curious sunken look.

"This is my consulting room," he said, with a little smile; "the patients wait next door, and he pointed through half open folding doors into a second and even barer room that was furnished only with a few chairs."

He seemed pleased to see me, but he talked very little; it was hard to think that he could be the same being who had stood beside my fireplace in the old days talking so volubly of all his hopes and plans.

"That's another doctor, Grannie," he said, nodding towards me; "you don't mind him, do you?"

"Oh, yes! I can tell you where he is. He has a sort of surgery in Paradise street, in the borough. He's not making his fortune, I gather."

"For it must be precious dull living in these God-forsaken slums," I thought as I walked down a forlorn little street, the face familiar of others of its type, which all present an appearance of having been forgotten when the dustman went his rounds.

"Poor old Tom! There flashed before my mind his faithful of a possible house in Harley street in some dim future.

"Look here, old fellow," I said, "I'm going to have something somewhere. Come with me for auld lang syne."

"Thanks," he answered, "but my old working clothes aren't decent to go out in, and—"

"I'd like to come," he said, and the eagerness in his tones made my heart ache again. "I've got a lot of patients to go and see later—"

"But I haven't ever borrowed, and I don't know when I could pay back. I shouldn't like a debt."

"What doctor?" I asked, mystified. "Why, I'm going to a doctor's funeral, too, but my poor friend wasn't well known; he won't have crowds to follow him."

"I'm—I'm awfully glad to see you," he whispered; "go—a touch of the flu—"

"I've just got a touch of influenza—such a lot—about," he muttered, wearily; "such bad nights—so many sick—and dying—and dying."

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eral should be a decent one, and I determined to be present at it myself, for I couldn't bear to think of the poor old chap going lonely to his last long home.

As I entered the thoroughfare out of which Paradise street opens, I was surprised to find myself upon the outskirts of a dense crowd of people.

"What is it all about?" I asked. "Can I get through?"

"What does it all mean?" I said to a man beside me, a rough costermonger, who, like myself, held a bunch of flowers in his hand.

"This is the doctor's funeral," he replied. "What doctor?" I asked, mystified.

"I'm-I'm awfully glad to see you," he whispered; "go—a touch of the flu—"

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decided to let the boy enter college and study for the priesthood. He was ordained the other day in Rome. He is but twenty-two years of age, and a dispensation from His Holiness, Pope Leo, was required in order that he might be ordained, it being a rule that the applicant should be twenty-four years and a month old before he could receive his orders.—Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times.

SATIATE MY HEART!

Friday June 22 was the nineteenth century's final feast of the Sacred Heart, a wonderful day in the world's calendar and in the Holy Year.

"I touched a policeman's arm. 'What is it all about?' I asked. 'Can I get through?'"

"What does it all mean?" I said to a man beside me, a rough costermonger, who, like myself, held a bunch of flowers in his hand.

"This is the doctor's funeral," he replied. "What doctor?" I asked, mystified.

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AN ARCHBISHOP'S REMARK AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

About a decade ago Richard Gillen, just in his teens, was a student in the commercial department of the Jesuits' College, New Orleans. One day as an altar boy he participated in the laying of a convent corner-stone.

I'm not a very religious sort of chap, but somehow when he said those words some others came into my head, and I whispered: "Not unprofitable, old fellow; there's something else in the same book, isn't there, about a 'good and faithful servant?'"

I was obliged to go out of town again for the three days after his death, but I made all arrangements that the funeral should be a decent one, and I determined to be present at it myself.

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