WILL SHAKESPEARE'S

LITTLE LAD. BY IMOGEN CLARK. CHAPTER VIII.

Merchant of Venice.

An angel is like you, Kate, and you are like an angel.

It was long past high noon when Hamnet, with Silver tagging close at his heels, walked slowly through the market-place. At that hour it was almost deserted, though several belated housewives, who were reputed to be un-thrifty, were 'washing of their clothes' Town-pump and hanging the Cross to dry, the them on the whiles their whiles their tongues were more nimble than their fingers. The smocks and the hempen towels flapped softly to and fro in the faint, warm breeze, and the air was noisy with the buzzing of the flies gathered close about the meat which some butchers had also hung

there earlier in the day.

Goody Baker was brushing the square industriously with her broom of twigs She was a little, spare woman bent almost double with age and the result of her occupation, and as she moved about at her work, with her dark gown bunched up at the back, she made one think of some curious bird. So that Silver, being of that mind, forgot his dignity, and bore down upon her with a sharp, yapping noise, which made her leap a foot nore in the air, letting the shove which she carried under her arm fall to the ground with a great clatter. She turned a wrathful face upon Hamnet, her small, deep-set eyes shooting forth

venomous glances.
" Away wi' thee," she cried, brand-'Away we thee, she cried, brand-ishing her broom in menace, though she kept ever on the other side of the boy; "mind the dawg, or I'll brain he. A-frightin' o' a body this away. I wull to the Bailly about it, an' a wull gi' thee a threshin' for settin' o' great beastises on an old wummun as doeth her duty in rain or shine from sun to sun. There's na idlin' here; go to Gaffer Raven keep he to 's work. I warrant me a breshes na Sir Hughie's bridge as clear

as I doeth this Market-place."

Hamnet laughed and whistled Silver close. There was a feud of long stand-ing between the two street-cleaners and each jealous of the other's supremacy. Of the two, Hamnet preferred Old Raven, who had charge of the bridge, and who, besides was a splendid hand at a story and ever ready for an excure to pause from his ready for an excuse to pause from his labours. Goody Baker was like a little, clattering, chattering magpie, with a temper like a witch, and there were who hinted that she did strange things with her broom when the day was done. Some of the rougher boys pestered her shamefully, tracking mud and brushwood over the places she had spent hours in cleaning, and then ocked her at a safe distance from her with her imprecations and threats. Hamnet had ever thought it a shame to tease her, but now he came in for a full

tease ner, our share of her anger.
"La, Goody," he cried, soothingly, "La, Goody," he cried, soothingly, when she was forced to pause for lack of breath, "Silver meant no harm; he's full o' life this day, and belike he thought 'twas some kind o' game to see thee hopping about; but he'll not fright

"Na. I will see that a doan't," the old woman muttered. "An' hoppin,' say'st thou? Marry, the Muster Bailly wull show thee what hoppin' be-eth. I'll tell he maself how young Muster Combe set

's dawg on ma poor heelses."
"I'm not Tom Combe," the lad interrupted. "My name is Hamnet Shakespeare, and I live in Henley Street at

an' a saith there was na such shinin stuns i' Lunnon as here. An' that to I an' na to you witless loon, Raven at the Bridge. An' a saith, besides, that oncet i' Lunnon town, when the Queen were passing by, the stuns there be-eth so dirty she'd a-mucked her shoon, but a young gallant from the coort spread 's cloak down i' the mud, so that she wen o'er 'thout 'filin o' her feet, an' she made a lord o' he on the spot. But an I'd been the Queen, I'd ha' gi'ed he a tonguin' for usin' 's cloak that away. Wilful waste maketh woful want, an' a will coome to that some day. An' thy faither saith the Queen 'ud need na ploosh cloaks here whur I be wi' ma broom. Dost think she will ever come

"I' faith, I cannot tell. She was a Kenilworth when that my father was a little lad, and there was monstrous fine doings there, he'd told me o' them oft, but she came not hither. Like as not she'll not leave London, where 'tis so

'Go to! 'tis not so grand. Thy own faither saith my stuns be cleaner; a saith that to I, an' a gi'ed I a saxpence besides, an' a saith that oncet the

"Yea, yea, I know: but I must hasten now," Hamnet interposed, "so give thee good den.

"An' a did na say that to Raven nayther," the old woman bawled after the boy. "Twas just to I. An' so thou mayest go thy ways; I wull na tell the Muster Bailly, for thy faither's sake, for a gi'ed I a saxpence an' a saith-

Happily for Hamnet, however, he was already out of hearing, giving vent to the mirth which he had so manfully suppressed in Goody's presence. It was the first time she had taken him into her confidence, though Raven, with whom he often foregathered, had always much to say in praise of his father. For sweet Master Will Shakespeare, riding to and from Stratford, had ever nod and a word for the bridge-cleaner, and something better, look you! than either. Something bright and crimans that found its way, or soon or late, to the Bear or the Crown in Bridge Collyns, his two dear friends, had crowd-the Bear or the Liquefied, to Raven's ed with the other children about the Something bright and clinking

inner man; at which times he would not have exchanged his state—no, not for the Master High-Bailiff's, nor for a

for the Master High-Balliff's, nor for a king's for that matter!

Hamnet, once away from Goody's noisy tongue, walked quickly past the Market Cross. At one side he could see the pillory and the whipping-post, and he knew there must be a man in the stocks, for a group of idlers hanging about jeered at the unfortunate, whose case was like to be their own at no distant date unless they mended their ways. The boy tossed his head impatiently, and a hot flush crimsoned his sensitive face, while he clinched his little brown fists. He had small toleration for those who, when a man was down were ready with their taunts and mockery; that was the time, according to ery; that was the time, according to his mind, when one should give nothing

"An I were the Master Bailiff," he "An I were the master bank, he said to himself, "I'd set 'em all in the stocks for baiting a poor wretch so. Twould be a monstrous good thing for 'em, I warrant."

He turned into High Street, forgetting

on the moment his amendment of justice in the inspection he bestowed upon Master Roger's fine new house. He had watched it building with the greatest interest, following with delight the monster carver's hand as the feur-delys and the interlacing designs grew on the wood-work in front under the skilled fingers. Now it was quite complete and the family had moved in, though there was still a bit of the workthough there was still a bit of the work man's scaffolding beneath the second story windows where the finishing touches had just been put to the letters "A. R.," which stood for Alice Rogers, the second wife of Master Thomas Rogers, whose initials, with the date of

Rogers, whose initials, with the date of the year, also decorated the front. Hamnet's feet lagged a trifle as he glanced at an open case-ment where a green curtain stirred softly in the breeze. He knew all about the room within. His mother was Mistress Roger's good friend, and had already seen the interior of the new house, and this especial room, with the window seat just back of that pretty curtain, whereon there were three fine cushions, also made of green.

"Good-morrow, little page o'all loves," girl's voice above him called softly. Whither away? An thou hast an idle minute to spend come in, thou and thy shadow, Master Silver."

Hamnet's hand went up to the flat, gray covering on his auburn locks, and he off-capped in the direction of the

window.
"Is't thou, sweet Mistress Kate?" he asked eagerly. "Silver and I were off to Aunt Joan's; a letter is but now come rom father from London town, and must acquaint her with it, so hath my grandam saith. But there is no suc hurry. I' faith 'twill keep; 'tis only the bad news, they say, that travels quickly, and this is the blithest, blithest news My father will be coming hither in scant four weeks' time, and oh! Mistres he hath writ me a letter, besides, and verse o' poesy with his very hand. have it here fast by my heart. would show it thee, an thou carest to

"Indeed, la, I do care, so come up "Indeed, la, I do care, so come up, sweeting, the door is not made fast. I am all alone in the house, save for Marian, in the buttery. My father and mother are away to Coventry."

The next moment, for scarce longer it seemed, both boy and dog were in the pretty new room, where the light coming in at the window through the curtain meetile the support supplied lightering.

was like the summer sunshine flickering through the leaves in the woods. A little golden fleck, where the curtain was sagged between the rings, danced per-sistently upon young Mistress Katharine winsome face beneath her de Roger's mure little cap. She was leaning against the cushions, her lute held lightly in her lap; but at Hamnet's approach she laid it down on a stool and rose to greet him, kissing his upturned face fondly, and pulling Silver's ears with

her pretty hands.
"Thou'rt welcome," she cried. "Come my grandfather's house."

"Oh! ay, forsooth, I knows thee wall.

Muster Wully Shaxper—a that's playactor i' Luunon—'s thy faither. A
god people; sweet Mistress Mary Shakegood people: sweet Mistress Mary Shakeeare and thy sweet mother, too, and how is my dear gossip, Sue? And what makest thou from thy afternoon lessons, fair sir?"

'Why, 'tis a half-holiday. Methinks Sir Join will not live long, he hath grown so kind o' late; or belike he is fathoms deep in love with some gentle lady, for he is so monstrous dove-like.

"I pray Heaven she will not make him wear the willow," Mistress Katharine laughed, "else will you boys feel the oirch. The trees grow side by side."

Hamnet rubbed his shins apprehensively, and made a droll grimace.
'Amen!" he answered. "I faith, I hope she'll love him passing well, for our sakes, if not for his own."

He looked for a moment about the room with its new adornings, its bits of tapestry on the walls, and its high-backed settle near the chimney, which was also flanked by two capacious chairs.

Then his eyes came back to the girl at his side. She was just budding into womanhood, a fair slip of a maid with a roguish glance, and a sweet, oft-recur-ring smile, and a low voice that was ever singing. Hamnet felt all a lad's love for the pretty creature, who was a few years his senior, and yet who seemed to care for his companionship. He had worshipped her after the fashion boys have, from afar, glad of her smile when she met him, and treasuring up the re-membrance of whatever words of greet ing she let fall, and dreaming often of the time when she would guess what was in his heart for her. Then, when he had least expected it, there had come that happy day on which she had rewarded all his faithful devotion.

And this was the way it befell: There was a gathering of young people at old John Combe's house, that which had once been the college in Old Town over against the church. She was there, and Edmund, who was near her age, and the other big boys had formed a train about her, urging her to dance, or sing, or play at stool-ball in the wide gardens Hamnet was one of the little fellows just looking on. He remembered distinctly

window when the first sound of the fiddles within, squeaking out the notes, 'Kiss Her,' heralded the 'Cushion dance.' Twas always such rare sport to watch. Edmund Shakespeare held the cushion in his hand and danced about the room, in his hand and danced about the room.

in his hand and danced about the room, skimming over the ground as light as ever swallow dipped above Avon. He bore himself right bravely that day as Hamnet was more than ready to admit. He was fond of his young uncle in the main, though he could not always conquer his jealousy when Ned talked so much of London and brother Will. At such moments he almost hated the so much of London and brother will.
At such moments he almost hated the
fresh-faced stripling. In every other
thing they were the best of friends, and
the little lad, looking on at the dance, was proud of the graceful figure flitting hither and yon. Suddenly his heart gave a hither and yon. Suddenly his heart gave a great thump under his Sunday doublet, for Ned had dropped the cushion right in front of pretty Mistress Katharine Rogers; who half-turned her back upon her kneeling suitor. Hamnet clinched his fists. Faith, now, but Ned was a daring wight! The gay tune went on mockingly for a minute, then Ned lifted up the cushion and turned him toward the end of the room where the fiddlers were sitting and sang: 'This dance it will no further go.' When he had will no further go.' finished his wail the musicians, affecting a great show of interest, sang in their turn: 'I pray you, good sir, why say Because Katharine Rogers will come to. Whereupon the fiddles scraped furiously as 'twere a lot of hornets let loose, and the music-makers—a they were very gods and ruled mankind
—roared out right lustily: 'She must
come to, she shall come to, and she must come, whether she will or no.'
So Ned, with a sly twinkle in his eyes

—the rogue, for well he knew the rules of the dance—laid the cushion down again and knelt thereon, and the maid, with many pretty floutings, knelt too, whereat Ned sang: 'Welcome, Kathwhereat Ned sang: 'Welcome, Katharine Rogers,' and kissed her blushing cheek. That done they both rose them up and bore the cushion between them singing: 'Prinkam, prankum is a fair dance, and shall we go dance it once again, and once again, and shall we go ance it once again?'

Then it was her turn to make a choice and Hamnet, from his post at the window felt his heart leap again, but with a difference. Ned's seeking her out showed that to his thinking she was the fairest in the company (as was the truth!), but it was no sure sign of her own feelings. 'Twas only now that she was to make her selection that they would be known, and the youth she cho was the one to be jealous of and to fight with and overcome—in one's dreams, it

Mistress Katharine Rogers took the cushion from her companion and ad-vanced alone into the centre of the around at the merry-makers in the wide circle and at the on-lookers thronging the windows and doors; then she stepped forward to one window, and the westering sun, peeping in at the sport over the heads of the children, kissed over the neads of the children, assets the rair face unrebuked. She came on and on, the dimples deepening on her rosy cheeks, and suddenly she cast the cushion before her on the floor.

There was a stir among the small

boys like the murmur Avon makes lapping the cool green rushes along its banks. Tom Combe nudged Francis Collyns slyly in the ribs, as though to Thou art the lucky man !' say: upon Francis threw back his head proudly and stretched up a full inch, while little Tom Quiney laughed boisterously in his shrill fashion. Only Hamnet stood very still. He was glad his rival was to be about his size-there was such a good ducking place in a pool hard by! His head was spinning and the fiddles mocked him in his misery. He stared resolutely at the top of the door opposite; but though he was thus blinded to what was taking place, he could still hear Mistress Katharine's voice as she sang despairingly: 'This dance it will no further go.' And then, when the musicians had asked in their turn for her reason, she sang again, and there was, oh! such a little, pathetic tones Because Hamnet Shakespeare will not

come to ! Why, he didn't wait for the musicians commands—in one bound he had cleared the window-sill and was kneeling before her while they were still singing What did he care for the shouts of merriment all around? She saug 'Wel-come!' right heartily, and kissed him on the lips and then, before them all, she took a flower from her gown and kissed it softly and stuck it behind his ear. So they rose and sang, 'Prinkum, prankum,' and throughout the rest of the dance they were side by side until the end, when, everyone being in the ring, each went out as he came in, with 'Farewell!' sung instead of 'Welcome!'

Since that day's pleasuring at the Combes,' a twelvementh gone now, she was ever his true lady-love, and had bestowed many favors upon him. Now twas a gilt nutmeg at Christmas-tide and anon a little handkercher of less than four inches square, wrought round with silken thread and with a small tas-sel at each corner and a tiny one in the centre. She had shown him how to fold it in four cross folds so that the middle might be seen, and had bade him wear it in his cap, as the Court gal-lants did wear the like favors which their ladies gave them. (And Grandam Hathaway, who ever liked to know the cost of things, said, 'Twas worth twelvepence and no mistake.' But his other grapdam, when that he boasted thereon, had rated him right soundly for her sweet tongue, and had said: 'The gift was worth the love that prompted it and not the money it

had cost !') On his last birthday she had given him a silver ring with a posy within, and on St. Valentine's day he had caught her famously, standing without her house long ere the sun had risen, and when she came to her window to see who twas that sang, before ever she see who twas that sang, before ever she had a chance to speak he had called:
'Good-morrow, Valentine.' At which recognizing his voice, she had dropped her silver-gilt pomander to him, bidding him wear it always for her sake. Then she had dressed quickly, and calling

him within doors, they had waited at the casement until the other boys, com-ing after the sun had risen with their cries of 'Good-morrow, Valentine,' met with no reward but only laughter, and were told they were 'sunburnt' and

were told they were 'sunburnt' and bidden hence in disgrace. Still he would not have all the giving on one side, and so he had ever son little gift for her. At Christmas-tin little gift for her. At Christmas-time there had come a pair of sweet-scented Cheveril gloves from London town, paid for out of Master Will Shakespeare's purse, which the little lad bestowed upon young Mistress Rogers. Proud as he was of that gift, he did not feel half so happy as when he bought her a tawso happy as when he bought her a taw-dry lace from the mad pedler's pack on May-day with his last pence (for ginger bread, nuts and little gauds for all one) family soon swallow up a lad's savings). In other ways, too, he could show his thought of her. He never could come empty-handed while there were flowers in woods and meadows waiting to be gathered, or berries twinkling in th

sun. He could plait a basket out of rushes, or carve some little thing with his whittle. And when these were lacking, any story that he had read was like a gift to her. Even this day, when he had not expected to stop at her new home, though outwardly he bore no present, what greater riches could he which rose and fell with his heart's beating? He thrust his hand into his jerkin, and she, noting the action, cried

"Prithee, sweet, show me thy letter without more ado. In truth, la, I love thy good father passing well, as who doth not? He hath ever a kind word for us all, both old and young, and what better news could'st thou bring than that he e'en coming hither? I faith, I shall want to see him mightily, though when I hear o' the wondrous plays he hath writ I could find it in my mind to be afeared o' him, though my heart doth ounsel otherwise."
"The heart's the best guide, so saith

my sweet grandam oft; and sure me-thinks 'tis true in this case, for there is naught to be afeard on when father's See, here is the letter."

He drew the paper from his breast and read the superscription proudly: "To my most loving and dutiful sweet son, Hamnet Shakespeare;" then he un-wound the silken thread which bound the packet and laid it upon the cushion at his side.
"'Tis writ in my father's own hand,"

he said, as he smoothed out the folds with a caressing touch, "and 'tis not with a caressing touch, "and its not over easy reading, neither, though 'twas no pother to me, sith I know all his quirks and curls—so I'll e'en read it out to thee. It runneth in this wife: to thee. It runneth in this wife:
"" 'Alderliefest'" (and that meaneth
'dearest o' all;' tis my father's own
heart-name for me—I'll tell thee, anon,

"'Alderliefest,—'Twill be a short month, now, by man's count before I see thee, but a long, long month—for every day is that—by mine own heart's reckoning. When 'tis done I shall be at home with thee and the other dear ones home with thee and the other dear ones for a happy space. Then will the hours fleet quickly with thee, my young rover, for thou dost ever make a July day short as December, and 'twill be sun-

shine everywhere, no matter how the sky may seem to other eyes. "Herewith do I enclose a bit of poesy writ it the other night, and thou and love are still my argument. My time bids me to hasten to an end. The Lord be with thee and with us all.

Amen.
"From Southwark, near the Bear Garden, the 18 day of June, 1596.

"Thine in all love and kindness,
"WILL SHAKESPEARE." The boy raised his shining eyes to his companion's face, without speaking, as he finished the letter, and she leaned forward and touched his delicate cheek

"Marry," she said, softly, "how he dothlove thee, dear wag. We all do, as thou knowest full well, but thou'rt very

near his heart." "As he to mine," the boy cried; "thou "As he to mine," the boy cried; "thou caust not guess how close. Nay, then, I can't abear that others be near him and can't abear that others be near him and can't abear that others be near him and can't forty-four," answered James with There's Ned, now, who goeth to London

shortly. I almost wish some harm would befall him to keep him still at home—"
"Peace, peace! What would thy father say, an he heard such words, sirrah? "Verily he would be sore grieved, wis, but the thoughts choke me by night and day, when I bethink me o' Ned's

dole."
"That's not like my little page o' all loves! I would not have thee grudging another's happiness, sweet, nor would thy father, I trow. Ned's his brother and dear to him, but n thou judgest from thine own heart—and thou hast said the heart's the truest guide—thy father's love is greatest for thee. Truly la, thou'lt not be greedy and want it al for thyself, when others hunger for

Hamnet hung his head shamefacedly "Thou dost not understand," nurmured. " No, faith, not I. An I was so sure

o' my father's love as thou art o' thine, I'd trust him to the end."
"Why, so I will," Hammet interrupted throwing his head back, his small face working with determination "so I do. Only there be times that I wonder and wonder about the day when I shall truly be with with him, and I never can make it quite clear in my mind; often 'tis one way, often another, but ever so distant

"Soul o' me! I never took thee for a puling lad before. Out upon thee! Thy father would like thee to bear a brave heart, I wot—but there! I'll rate thee no more. Thou'lt mend thy ways?

till that I am out o' heart with longing.

And so clap hands, and a bargain."
"Ay, that I will," the boy cried; "I'll
do Ned no ill turn. I promise thee—not
even in my thoughts. But, now, I must
away to Aunt Joan's, and ere I go I needs must tell thee the poesy father writ—I have it already by heart. I prithee touch thy lute, sweet and low,

He stood before the girl, with his head thrown back, his eyes looking into hers, and she, to humour him, fell to picking the strings of her instrument, but, softly, too, so as not to lose a word.

'What's in the brain that ink may character Which hath not figur'd to thee my true spirit? What's new to speak, what new to register. That may express my love or thy dear merit? Nothing, sweet boy; but yet, like prayers divine, I must each day say o'er the very same, Counting no old thing old, thou mine, I thine, Counting no old thing old, thou mine, I thine, Even as when first I hallow'd thy fair name. So that eternal love in love's fresh case Weighs not the dust and injury of age, Nor gives to necessary wrinkles place, But makes antiquity for any his page. Finding the first congecit of love there bred Where time and outward show would show dead."

His fresh, young voice broke as he reached the end, and the next moment he came close to Mistress Katharine and humbly kissed her hand where it lay upon the lute.

"Chide me not," he whispered, trem lously. "I'll try to grudge Ned naught; when the feeling cometh upon me I'll say those words over."

For all answer the girl put her arm about the little lad and pressed his face tenderly against her own. So they rested for a short space in the gracious quiet of the pretty room, while the cur-tain at the window swelled softly in and out, like a small sail under the command of Sir Breeze, and irregular patches of sunlight dotted the floor with gold.

AT LEAST YOU, MY FRIENDS!"

The "Month's Mind" was over. The priest had unvested and was making his thanksgiving before the altar in the little basement church. The widow and her two little girls in deep black still knelt in the seats at the top of the aisle The sacristan removed the catafalque and stowed away under the organ the six tall candlesticks with the yellow andles.
I met him in the porch as I went out.

I met him in the porch as I went out. "John Callaghan," he said in answer to my unspoken question. "He drove a wagon for Belford's, the coal people. Thim's the widow and two girls. The boy works in Schultz's, the grocer. The haythen wouldn't lave him free to come to the month's mind this mornin'! The Lord reward him—and He will, too. When his turn comes he'll know what it When his turn comes he'll know what it is to need a friend. Purgatory'll be

is to need a friend. Purgatory'll be terrible lonesome for some people—if they're lucky enough to get there."
"Mike," said I pointedly, "how long do you think anyone will remember us?"
"Well sir," said Mike, "I'm thinkin' it'll be just about as long as we remember thin"

"If that's all, then the Lord be merciful to us, for we'll need it." I meant it too, for only a couple of days previously I had heard from Thomas a Kempis ome searching truths on the point. "Well who knows?" said Mik 'Listen now—Mornin,' James, 'tis said Mike. eautiful day."

His salutation was addressed to an old man coming out of the basement. His face was abundantly familiar to me, seeing that every morning he occupied the same seat at the back of the centre aisle. It was such an old man's face as one sees often in Ireland, on which the peace of childhood seems to have so softened the marks of time and struggle that the lines are all reposeful and harmonious. The sacristan presented me formally to Mr. James Nolan—"a County Cork man like yourself, sir!"-

ings.
"Well, James," said Mike, somewhat suggestively-not to say provocatively, John Callaghan'il rest easier to day. "He will so," said James. "Lord had mercy on him! He was a good, steady man. I knew his father in old St. James' down town. He's dead this twenty-two year. He went after Paddy Sheehan and before Molly Joyce Lord be good to thim! There's a great

plenty gone since thin. "We've more friends that side than this," said Mike, surreptitiously pull-

ing my coat sleeve.
"Begor, we have that!" said James
with a laugh. "I'll have tin more names n me envelope next Sunday for this

"An' how many'll that make, James?" Mike's voice dripped simulated non-chalance while his face worked with the strength of his desire that I should see

the point.
"A hundherd an' thirty-four last year perfect simp icity.
"Well now, look at that!" said Mike

with a perfectly natural air of surprise. "A hundherd an' forty four! It bates me how you can remimber thim all James.

"'Tis alsy enough to remember thim whin they're yer friends," said James.
"I suppose ye could call the roll at any time," said Mike endeavoring to in-

fuse yet more indifference into his tone "Deed I could," said James, "why not?" and then and there to Mike's undisguised joy in that church porch, the old man commenced the litany of his dead. It, went somewhat as follows:

"Grandfather, and grandfather, uncle Pat, uncle James, father, aunt Bridget,

Pat, uncle James, father, aunt Bridget, aunt Mollie, mother; Lord ha' mercy on her! Cousin John, Mat Malone, Mary Shea, Father Daly, Owen McGuire, Father Sheridan, Owen O'Neill, Patsy Bryan, John Byrne, Mary Byrne, Doctor Ford, Willie Clancy, Nellie Murphy, Dick Cronin, little Jamsey, John Molloy, Bridget Mahony, little Mollie"—and so on. His wife's name came late in the list. He called her his "darlin' Mollie." I could hardly repress a start when he

could hardly repress a start when he named "Charles Stewart Parnell," and a little later "William Ewart Gladstone." For what seemed many minute he stood there his eyes closed, the names coming rapidly and without shadow of hesitation. It took him per haps three minutes to recite the rollat last came—" . . . John Callag-han an' Richard Lonergan, an' certain others an' thim that has none to pray

We had prayed the first time for Lonergan's soul the previous Sunday. Mike looked at me with triumph in his eve and James came to himself with a

eye and James came to him length in the land of the la

"Well," said Mike, "what d've think

of that?"

"Oh! Mike—there's them he's forgotten—he said so himself. May the good Lord forgive us—me, I mean!" As I spoke Father — came through the porch on his way to breakfast. He caught my last words.

"What's the matter?" he said.

"Wather. I'm tempted to wish I was

"Father, I'm tempted to wish I was dead and on James Nolan's list," I said.

Mike left us and went back into the church, grinning widely as he went.

"You might be worse off. He'll be in

"You might be worse off. He'll be in with five large sheets of foolscap next Sunday. Did he call the roll for you?" "He did," I said.
"And did you stop to ask yourself how he was able to do it almost without drawing breath and without a stop?"

A great light poured in on my mind, "Every morning of his life he calls his roll at Mass. Some of the people on it are dead these sixty to seventy years, I suspect 'twould be a waste of good prayers for most of them only there's no such thing. No I don't mean what you such thing. No I don't mean what you think—I mean they're in Heaven long ago if they are James's kind, and James's prayers are undoubtedly distributed elsewhere. I hope James is in my parish

when I die.' when I die."

He stopped in hesitation a moment.

"I'll tell you something more if you'll promise not to laugh. How did he finish nis list ?-I mean after the names

stopped."
I told him. "I thought so. How do you suppos he came to put in the phrase, 'certain others?' Well I'll have to tell you—it's too good to keep. When I first came to this parish and James' list came in, I made a business of getting acquainted with him and he told me about it. Just for deviltry, I said to him-'James, there's a bg list of deaths every day in the Herald—why don't you pray for them, too? 'Tis a good notion,' says James. And every day he puts them in the 'certain others' part of his list and completes his intention later by going to the sexton's office and borrowing the Herald to read them over. James has many a friend in the next world I fancy that he knows nothing about.

No! It was not laughing that threatened me.-Andrew Prout in Americ

THE HOLY CATHOLIC CHURCH.

Written for the CATHOLIC RECORD. In the RECORD of the 2nd inst. notice

is taken of a newspaper, which, in a manner commendably calm, distinguishes between the Holy Catholic Church and the Roman Catholic Church. The editor of the newspaper in question is not the only one that makes or supposes a difference between the two Churches; thousands of others who have heard that and who have, by repeating it, become familiar with "The Holy Catholic Church," have it in their minds that there is as great a difference between the Holy Catholic Church and the Roman Catholic Church as there is between light and darkness.

When it is desirable to institute a comparison between two things, it is necessary, in order to arrive at a just conclusion, to get a thorough knowledge

of them; and in the case in hand it is imperative that the origin, history, and present status of the two churches should be exactly and minutely known. From Ecclesiastical History, either Catholic or non-Catholic, anyone can get a full account of the Roman Catholic Church, throughout her whole course. Our Saviour committed this Church to the guardianship of St. Peter. The New Testament tells us this. Eusebius in his Ecclesiastical History, says that St. Peter went to Rome, and was beheaded there. Not only is this confirmed by other writers of the infant Church, but is admitted by all modern historians of any consequence. St. Peter's successors have, in an unbroken series, ruled the Church down to the present. No one but a madman would deny this. St. Peter, living in his suc-cessors, has fed the sheep for nearly two thousand years. This should impress thinking man.

For nineteen hundred years, the Roman Catholic Church Roman" because St. Peter's chair was fixed in Rome-has labored unremitting-



When an undue amount of nervous energy is used in the brain there is certain to be failure in the other functions

of the body.

Digestion is imperfect—the head aches—you cannot sleep—you become nervous and irritable—you are easily excited and quickly tired—your memory fails and you cannot concentrate the mind.

Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food

is a creator of new, rich, red blood and hence a builder-up of the nervous system.
Being mild and gentle in action it is esp

