

THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

THE BLAKES AND FLANAGANS.

BY MRS. JANE A. SADLER.

CHAPTER XXII.

CONCLUSION.

Mr. O'Callaghan lived about two years after Tim Flanagan, and then calmly resigned his spirit into the hands of Him who gave it. His whole fortune, amounting to thirty thousand dollars, came into the hands of Edward Flanagan, with the exception of four thousand dollars divided between the nephew and niece of the deceased. So John Flanagan was two thousand dollars richer by the death of Mr. O'Callaghan; but neither John's two thousand, nor Edward's twenty-six thousand, was considered any equivalent for the loss of the kindly old man who had been looked up to as the head of the family ever since Tim's decease.

Lawrence Daly had commenced business for himself a couple of years before, and his uncle's legacy "gave him a good lift." He and Annie were both careful and industrious, and they blessed their efforts with success. They still kept on the same small business, and hoarded on their little capital, so that, in the course of a few years, they were wholly independent, and able to give their young family a good education.

Daniel Sheridan and Jonny were still the same easy-going, good-hearted couple, able and willing to assist the needy, never making a show of it, yet respected and beloved by all who knew them. The last glimpse we had of them they were jogging merrily along, on the road of life, in a comfortable Darby and Joan sort of way, the one helping and supporting the other through the various sloughs and rough places which marked their journey to the tomb. Every year, when the busy of the paschal time was over and spend a couple of weeks with him, sometimes accompanied by Mike's family or Annie's, but more often by themselves, leaving some of the others to take charge of the house while they were absent.

Miles Blake and his wife had entered on a cheerless old age; lonely and solitary they lived together, surrounded by cold and chilling splendor, which had no longer any charms for them. Miles had always been of a dogged and reserved turn, but of late years he had grown gloomy and morose; religion had no consolation for his bruised and wounded heart, for he had never tried or tasted of its sweetness. A Catholic but in name, he hardly ever approached the sacraments, unless it might be once a year, just to avoid the extreme unction awarded by the Church to those who neglected their paschal duty. Mary went often to confession, but, somehow, his healing balm gave little peace to her mind. She became fretful and irritable; subject to fits of querulous impatience, during which she made every one around her miserable. The truth was, that conscience was lashing both husband and wife; they could not but see in their present desolation, the effect of past improvidence, and in their humiliation, the consequence of rashness and presumption. The warnings of the good and wise, now numbered with the dead, rose up before them in characters of flame, and seemed, as it were, to sear their souls. Their children were ashamed of them—that fact was clear—they had no claim on the sympathy of their relatives or former friends, for they had turned their backs on them the day of prosperity, when they calculated on friends of another class. Look where they might, all was gloom, and yet they could not raise their eyes to that better world where sin or sorrow has no place. At times one or the other would begin to yearn for the society of their children. Now it would be Miles, now Mary, who would endeavor to overcome the natural indignation of an outraged parent, and say, "Well, after all, I think I'll go and see Henry or Eliza to-day," which ever it might be, but the visit would be sure to tear open the old wounds and add still others. On one of these occasions, Miles returned home with a lowering brow and a feverish flush on his cheek.

"Well," said his wife, meeting him at the door, "how did you get on?" "As Henry at home?" returned Miles snappishly, "and if I'm spared twenty years, I'll never darken his door again—nor you either, Mary, with my consent. Let them go to the devil, where they are going headlong."

"Why, what has happened to make you so angry?" "It's not worth speaking of," said Miles, "for it's only what I might have expected, but since you are so treated in his son's house. When I went in, I was shown into that little room opposite the best parlor, and the girl told me that I couldn't see Mrs. Henry for some time, as she was engaged with company. Well, I waited and waited, and walked about the room, and sat down again, but no Jane appeared. So I rang the bell and asked the servant if I could detain her long, and only wanted to speak to her and leave a message for my son. I wish you'd see the terrified look of the girl, as she cried: 'Oh, dear, no, sir, you couldn't go in on any account, Missis would never forgive me—in, sir they're quite grand the people that are in there.' Well, I was vexed enough, you may be sure, but I asked if I couldn't see the children, and she they wouldn't come, the unnatural young cubs; and it's what I heard one of them saying: 'It's my old Irish grandpa that's there, I don't want to see him. I don't care—yep you may tell him so, Sarah, if you like.' With that, the girl came back to tell me that she couldn't find them nowhere. If I didn't give her a look, she never got on, I tell you, and she got as red as a coal, but she said nothing, and neither did I. Out I walked, and it will be a month of Sundays before ever I cross that same threshold again. Those children are growing up in a bad way, and I tell you, Mary!"

"I know it very well," said Mrs. Blake, "and that is just the way the world goes all over. Like father like son, and like mother like daughter. Eliza's children aren't one bit better, and how could they? How could any of them be what they ought to be, when neither Zach nor Eliza has any religion worth speaking of, nor Henry either, and as for Jane, her religion isn't worth having, though she has enough of it to make her as black as the ace of spades. I declare to my heart, Miles, it makes my brain reel at times when I begin to think of all these things. When I see the Flanagans and the Sheridans, the Dalys and the Reillys, all going on as well as heart could wish. Good obedient children they are always were, and now they are good religious fathers and mothers. They're got by God and man, and then just look at the Flanagans, I'm sure there's not a more prosperous family in New York, or a more respectable one, or a more religious, and yet you're all so bad, and religion didn't pay well in this country. Ah, Miles! I wouldn't think of all this in time, though it was often told us by them that's now in dust."

"Ay! there it is," said Miles; "it's always the old story over again. Tim Flanagan's advice haunts me when I'm in the grave. It was his own doing, I tell you, he cast it up to his Mary, but you're casting it up to me, now, or you'll not be thankful to yourself! Those hateful prophecies of his are ringing in my ears from morning till night, like a death-bell, and you must be coming over them to make matters worse."

This was the termination of many a debate between Miles Blake and his wife, and very often she spoke to them so warm that Mrs. Flanagan was called in by the servant, who, being an old follower, was anxious to restore peace. As age advanced, these recriminations became more frequent and more violent, until Mrs. Flanagan was obliged to have recourse to Dr. Power, then rapidly nearing the fatal bourne. He was unable to leave his own house, but Mrs. Flanagan contrived to have him come to her house, and the good priest exerted all the little energy that remained to him to bring both parties to a more Christian frame of mind. He at length succeeded in convincing them that it was now more than ever their interest to live in perfect harmony, on account of their children's estrangement, and that idle retrospections were both useless and ill timed. From that day forward there was a vast improvement visible in both husband and wife; they expected in this world, but they were induced to think more of the salvation of their souls, and to bear the hardships of their lot as a means of expiating their sins. Their reconciliation acquired a solemn character in their eyes by the death of Dr. Power, which took place soon after. He had told them at the time that he spoke to them from the verge of eternity, and the event showed that he spoke prophetically. He lingered yet a little while, though wholly unable to perform the principal functions of his office, yet calmly resigned to the will of God, and awaiting without fear, the final summons. He died as he lived in close communion with his God, and a martyr to the iniquitous system of lay-trustees. Long, long will his memory live in the hearts of the Catholics of New York, as the man who stood by them in their troubles, and soothed the sorrows of their struggling state with his mild eloquence and his gentle ministrations. Thank heaven he lived to see the Catholic children of New York amply provided with the means of education. Dr. Power was a mighty man in his generation—in the early days when his services were most required, but a mightier than he descended into the arena where the School question was being agitated, and through his thrice blessed exertions, the Empire City can now boast of as good Catholic schools as any on the Western Continent. The Brothers of the Christian Schools and the Jesuit Fathers labor conjointly in the Christian education of youth, doing for boys what the Ladies of the Sacred Heart and the Sisters of Charity do for girls, on all conditions. New York has now its Jesuit colleges, its Christian schools, its Mount St. Vincent, and its Sacred Heart, watchwords of hope and joy to generations yet unborn.

And Henry T. Blake and his sister, Mrs. Thomson, saw all these Catholic institutions rising and flourishing around them, but no child of theirs ever took upon them—the cold indifference of their youth—their yearning neglect of the means of grace—their contempt for Catholic customs and Catholic devotions had grown into a hard callous crust, impervious to the gentle rays of faith, hope, or charity. Religion was dead within them, and the world—the fashionable world, was the god of their worship. They sent their children to the same schools where their own faith had been shipwrecked, and the consequences were the same, only more decided. Henry T. Blake came from Columbia College a very bad Catholic, his sons went into it without religion of any kind, saving a sort of predilection in favor of the Baptist sect—what they came out may well be guessed. Eloquent and Samuel were trained up by their mother and her family in a wholesome horror of Catholicity, and a great contempt for everything Irish; it is, therefore, quite probable that they are now to be found in the front ranks of the Know-Nothing, urging on the godless fanaticism of the age, in a crusade against the religion of their fathers and the children of their own race. As for their father, he gloried in his freedom from all prejudice, as he was pleased to call petty and religious influence. He was a staunch opponent of the Catholic party in all their struggles for freedom of education, and by his eloquent talents did good service to the opposition. Many a worthy son of Ireland was put to the blush by Henry T. Blake's example, cited for their imitation by those who hated their race and

their creed, and many a time was the fervent exclamation heard: "I wish to God he hadn't a drop of Irish blood in him, for he's a disgrace to his name." But still the world smiled on Henry T. Blake; he attained to a prominent position at the American bar, and after some time got into the legislature. Outwardly, all went right with him, but inwardly, all went wrong. A fine intellect, a noble nature, were going rapidly to ruin for want of the pruning hand, and the salutary restraint of religion. The mocking demon of doubt lighed, and inroadly was gradually taking possession of that soul whence faith had been so early expelled. Henry T. Blake was fast becoming a scold—a de-lamer against all religion.

Still it must not be supposed that Henry T. Blake ever formally left the Catholic Church. On the contrary, he always called himself a Catholic, and would not listen to any suggestions recommending change. Many a time he was besieged with all the reasoning and vituperative powers of Tomkins, Pearson and Company, but he had still a way of getting out, and generally contrived to evade the discussion. He used to spike the enemy's guns, as he laughingly boasted to Joe Smith. Once, when Tomkins, who was belaboring him with all their might, and endeavoring to persuade Henry to "come forth from Babylon," he took them all by surprise.

"Now do you really suppose," said he, "that you are going to make a Protestant of me? If you do, I tell you candidly, once for all, that you are egregiously mistaken. No Catholic can ever become a Protestant in heart, ever become a found to conform to motives best known to themselves. As for me, I had no mind to play the hypocrite, so you may give up the notion of making me a convert. I give you fair notice now, gentlemen, so that you may in future spare yourselves the trouble of angling for me. Believe me, you have no bait that can entice me."

"But, my dear Mr. Blake," said Tomkins, "you seem to have cast off much of the mire of Romish superstition; I did hope that your excellent understanding was awakened to the saving knowledge of the truth which is in—"

"Don't mention any sacred names, I pray you," said Henry laughing; "you and I understand each other, Mr. Tomkins, at least I hope so. Now, mark me, reverend sirs, I shall be always happy to see you in any house, and to speak to you as long as you please, but I renew this attack, from that moment my doors are closed against you. You may talk to my wife here as long as you please—provided you don't make a Mun. on her, and aggregate her to one or other of your families; but, for me—I am a very bad Catholic, I am willing to own, but I shall never be a Protestant."

The two ministers were extremely disconcerted; for, to say the truth, had been calculating on Henry as a convert for some time past, and this sudden annihilation of their hopes was more than they could bear with equanimity. It took a good solid slice of potted beef, ditto of cold roast mutton, washed down with half a bottle or so of good old port, to revive the inner man of each reverend propagandist. Henry felt better both inwardly and outwardly, and their contumacious host was assured by both that they would never again impugn his religious belief. It was all because of their pressing desire, they said, to secure his eternal salvation.

"Many thanks, gentlemen," said Henry laughing, "for your good wishes about my spiritual welfare; but I allow me to tell you, now that I am speaking plainly, that when I consider my salvation in danger, I know who to call in. Let us eat, drink and be merry, my good sir, and leave religion on the shelf for the present. It has been said of old that 'wine maketh the heart glad,'—so it does; but, religion maketh the heart sad—that is my conviction."

And well might Henry say so. To him religion was no more than a mere human vocation—the sweet dither of his bitter cup—the magic glass that brings the joys of heaven within the reach of the humble, hopeful Christian. He never knew the sweetness of religion; how, then, could he love or prize it?

And so it was, too, with his sister—Mary, still to her own mind a good Catholic heart, like Henry that all religions were but a sham, still, she had not the firmness to adhere to her own. Very early in her married life, she left off going to confession, simply because Zachary turned the practice into ridicule. When her mother used to remonstrate with her on the danger of such neglect, she would cut her short with: "there's no use talking, I cannot, and will not have Zachary and all the Thomsons laughing at me. They do make such fun of me about confession that it makes me feel downright miserable. I must only wait for the chance of going unknown to any of them."

"But, what if death came on you before you'd have the opportunity?" "Oh! no fear of that, ma! I hope I shall have time to get the last sacraments—surely, God will not take me so very short."

"There's no saying, Eliza," said her mother, gravely; "I was too long of your way of thinking myself, but, thanks to God and Father Power, both your father and I have had our eyes opened. Take care of what you're about, Eliza—death might be nearer than you suppose."

Eliza smiled, and said: "I hope not, ma! but you're really enough to frighten one almost to death. There's no use in your talking on so, for I have already told you, that confession is altogether out of the question—at least for some time."

A strange presentiment seemed to hang over Mrs. Blake, so that she could not dismiss the subject as Eliza would have wished.

"And what about those poor children of yours?" said she: "what is to become of them?" "Why, of course, ma! I intend to bring the girls up Catholics, but Zachary insists on having the boys go with himself. Indeed, I'm afraid I shall have some trouble with Arabella, for she seems to be more of a Protestant than a Catholic. But, then, after a year or two more I shall persuade Zachary to send her to the Sacred Heart, and that will make all straight. Evelina, too, must go when she gets to be nine or ten years old. Will that please you, ma?"

Mrs. Blake was far from being satisfied; but, as Eliza said, there was really no use in talking, so she had to give in for that time, though the dark foreboding still lay heavy on her heart almost unconsciously to herself.

Eliza was then very near her confinement. Preparations for the grand event were going on rapidly, and no cloud seemed to darken the bright heaven of her hopes. But the sky darkened all at once, and the lightning flashed, and the thunderbolt fell with an awful crash. Eliza got over her confinement well, and gave birth to another son; but, immediately afterwards, she was seized with a violent fever, and she lived but a few hours. She had, still, time enough to make her peace with God; but, her whole anxiety was to live, not to prepare for death. To the very last she could not believe it possible that she was to die—to be torn from her husband, her children, her happy home—so young, too, and so unprepared.

No! it could not be—God would not do so cruel. Alas! I God was not cruel; he was only just. Mr. and Mrs. Blake were sent for in great haste when their daughter was found to be in danger, and the first thing the mother did was to send for the priest. Eliza herself would not hear of the priest, because she could not believe herself in danger; Zachary helped to keep up the illusion, saying it was time enough to send for a priest when there was no longer any hope. Meanwhile, Mrs. Blake's message went to the priest's house, but he was no priest there. The two were out on sick-calls in opposite directions. After the lapse of half an hour or so, one of them came in, and set out immediately with the messenger. But he came too late. Death was before him. The soul was already gone to meet its Judge, and to answer at the bar of Christ for all the years of its life. Time was no more for Eliza Thomson; she had departed ten minutes before the entrance of the priest, crying out, "Oh! my mother!" "Oh! my mother!" cried the wretched woman, "mother, pray for me—what good can prayers do me? I didn't pray myself when I was able. I didn't confess. I didn't do anything for the other world, and here I am on its threshold."

"Eliza, dear," whispered her heart-wrung mother, "pray to the Blessed Virgin!"

"Ay! pray to her!" murmured Eliza, "pray to her now when I can't help myself. I haven't prayed to her—I let every one around me—even my own children—speak slightly of her—oh! I have no friend!—no friend!" Her voice failed her. She could not articulate, her power of speech failed her. Oh, Zachary! how you loved her!—and she spoke no more. Her death was accompanied with much bodily pain; but, it was fearfully, awfully, sudden, and overshadowed with the dark wing of despair. Her features, hitherto so fair and so sweet in their expression, became, all at once, withered, and old, and stamped, as it were, with a heavy sorrow. Alas! for the death of the dear, sweet saint, the Christian. Well, careless, indifferent Christians. Well, death sudden if Thou wilt, oh, Lord! but not unprovided!"

Mrs. Blake never got over the effects of that shock. She died of a broken heart a few months after her daughter, leaving Miles lonelier and sadder than ever. Bending beneath the load of grief and remorse, uncareful for his health, he would have given up all his wealth, had Heaven left him one resource. The Flanagans gathered round him with their kindest attentions; and he was, finally, induced to take up his abode at Mr. Fitzgerald's, where Eliza and her mother made his last days pass away more calmly and more happily than he had ever dared to expect. Henry sometimes represented to his wife, that it might be well to take the idea of Catholicism, which he might be tempted to leave to the Flanagans. But Jane would never hear of any such thing.

"Let them have him," she would say, "and welcome. I wouldn't be worried with his odd ways for all the money he has to leave. If he is so unnatural a father as to enrich fawning sycophants like them at the expense of his own flesh and blood, why let him do it. We can get along without his money." Henry demurred, occasionally, but it was no use, Mrs. Henry was determined. The truth was, though she did not say so to her husband, she had a nervous fear of an old Catholic grandfather coming in contact with her children, fearing lest they might begin to backslide under his Jesuitical teachings. Like many others of her class, she had a very vague idea of Catholicity, which knowing nothing at all about Jesuits, or what they really were, she was in the habit of setting all good Catholics down as Jesuits, and it was the great business of her life to keep her husband from becoming Jesuitical. As for her children, she was quite sure of them, for she cleverly managed to keep them aloof from all "Jesuitical influence," i. e., Catholic society. And this was Jane's hobby, if her hobby had, Eliza's death had interfered with her plans considerably, for Henry was so frightened that he actually went to Mass four Sundays running, and was once in at the Confiteor. He even had an idea of going to confession, and did really go as far as the Church door, for that purpose, one fine Saturday afternoon; but, a professional friend came up at the moment, and asked him where he was going—was he going to Church? The satirical smile that accompanied the words was fatal to our poor friend. He

was induced to make a compromise, dividing one-half of his money between the children of Henry and Eliza, and leaving the other half for distribution amongst the Catholic charities of the city. He would fain have left some mark of his gratitude to each of the Flanagans, but they all positively refused. They did not need it, they said, and even if they did, they would not have their names in the will on any account, for fear of giving scandal to those who would be but too well pleased to get hold of such a handle. This, however, was not to be known till Mile's death, which had not occurred when we last heard of the family.

And now that I have brought my story to a close, I would beg all Catholic parents to "look on this picture, and on this." It is for themselves to choose whether they will have such sons as Tom Reilly, and Mike Sheridan, and Edward Flanagan, or Henry T. Blake and Hugh Dillon, or the monstrous Eliza Flanagan, or like Hannah, and Celia Dillon, Under God, it depends entirely on themselves. I have carefully avoided all exaggeration or undue coloring in this simple tale. I have merely strung together a number of such incidents as we see occurring every day in the world around us, growing out of the effects of good or bad education. If it be true—and I fear it is—that a large proportion of the children of Catholic parents are lost to the Church in America, it is altogether owing to the unaccountable folly of the parents themselves in exposing their children to perish. Catholic parents who so act are more inhuman than the heathens of China and of Madagascar who destroy their helpless infants. They throw them to be eaten by dogs or swine, or expose them to the savage denizens of the forest, but what is the destruction of the body in comparison to that of the soul? Ah! it would be well if Catholic parents would think more of these things than they do. If they would only consider that they are accountable to God and his Church for the precious gift of faith, and are bound, under pain of deadly sin, to transmit it to their church pure and undivided, they would not dare to send those children to godless schools, where they are almost to lose that precious inheritance or to have it so shorn of its splendor, so poor and so feeble, that it is no longer worth having. The faith of a young man or a young woman, brought up under a Catholic training, is no more the faith of their fathers or mothers, than the vile brassware displayed on street stalls is the pure gold of the jeweller.

In conclusion, I will lay before the reader some appropriate remarks on this subject, from the pen of an American priest: "Though the Catholic Church in this country has increased much more largely by conversions than is generally supposed, yet, for the most part, its rapid development has been owing to the emigration of Catholics from foreign countries; and, if we desire to make this increase permanent, and to keep the children in the faith of their fathers, we must, above all things, take measures to imbue the minds of the rising generation of Catholics with sound religious principles. This can only be done by giving them a good Catholic education. In our present position, the school-house has become second in importance only to the House of God itself. We have abundant cause for thankfulness to God on account of the many blessings which he has conferred on us; but we will show ourselves unworthy of these blessings if we do not do all that is in our power to promote every good work by which they may be increased and carried to those who shall come after us."

THE SCAPULAR.

Suppose that some one who signalized himself in the defense of his country is honored by that country with some badge of distinction, will such a person cast aside his honors contemptuously? Should not the piece of brown cloth made in the form of a scapular, and entitling us to a special blessing, be worn with respect?

It may be held that the wearing of the scapular is simply a bit of superstition. Granted if we attribute any power to the material object, the bit of cloth. But we do justly attribute great power to the Mother of God in whose honor scapulars are worn. The Blessed Virgin herself, when, in 1257 she appeared to St. Simon Stock of England assured him that those wearing scapulars with honor and devotion would never be punished with eternal torments; surely, the Mother of God, who has the power of putting her promise in execution. The wearer, however, must hold the badge with veneration and endeavor to lead a life of rectitude. It will not do to expect protection through the scapulars unless there is a corresponding endeavor to lead such a life as will merit the stamp of her approval.

Since the advantages are great and the requirements few, the badge of the Blessed Virgin should be worn with respect as a garment of respect and protection, just as one wears the insignia of office of privilege, placing trust in the protective power of the Mother of God. All Catholics should be careful not to neglect to avail themselves of the simple means of grace by enrollment among those who desire the aid of the Mother of God. All Catholics should be careful not to neglect to avail themselves of the simple means of grace by enrollment among those who desire the aid of the Mother of God against the temptation of life and in the struggle of the hour of death.

There is such a thing as a man having in this world spiritual possessions, as well as material possessions, and being thus possessed he can look through the shadow and see the substance, he can reach out and touch vanished hands, see the faces of those whom he has loved and lost, can come ever close to fellowship with God and being pure in heart can see God.—Rav. P. G. Sears.

HER COURAGE WON A HEARING GIFTED FATHER. By George Walden.

Pierrette stood upon the world and gazed out into the world favorite point of vantage at the three dirty broken steps to the shop door. It was a big world as she beheld glimpse of people hurrying noisy, crowded boulevard, my figures did on the sheet of magic lantern which was sent to children long before the graph was thought of.

The street itself was a veritable Paris. It was very narrow with cobblestones, and the houses were so high that when she came out on her doorstep it lay there was only quite a narrow sky for her to gaze at, count the stars in.

But to - day Pierrette neither at the street nor at the street. She is thinking hard, and she looks at the determination come little face as she murmurs: "I will!"

Pierrette is a tall, slender child about nine years old, very pale, and looking as if she had quite enough to eat. The grown-up, old-fashioned so often seen on the faces of children of the poor, is not on her face. Her hair is a mass of tiny curls that she keeps in order peep out here and there. Altogether she is a picture of a child, hardly in keeping with her clothes and small surroundings. The shop is a tiny and "Comestibles" is written on the door and they take the form of onions, rows of sausage every stage of ripeness, a counter, and all sorts of things in tubs. Altogether unsavory place, but Pierrette's own home, as well contented with this yesterday.

Yesterday! and it seems she was standing in this when she heard Granny to a customer inside the door. It's a long time for one years; but I don't think him much longer. He is his heart out, poor man!"

Pierrette had suddenly they were talking of father, whom she loved and whom she had a right to object. She had torn staircase, burst open the attic room, and thrown her arms of the man sitting there. The man smiled at her soft hair. "What is how thou art panning?"

"Oh, daddy, don't say that. Pierrette could utter, and she is quite a young girl much over thirty, with her eyes as Pierrette. She half starved look there hopeless and despairing. He has the face of one that failed in his life's race, to see in one so young."

Ten years before Pierrette had a handsome and a handsome young man had come to Paris to see his fiddle and 1,000 worldly possessions. He the Conservatoire and a fully having obtained recognized the genius who prophesied a brilliant him. And then Pietro a singing student, young himself, and beautiful, and married and lived for hard and giving lessons there else to earn money. Pierrette arrived, to come and it was very hard to come. She they moved room this very one, in Veuve Jourdain's shop.

But one day poor Pietro with a racking headache he was delirious; they to the hospital, where he crawled, then when he came home again, he met him, carrying the ring into tears, told him dead.

She was very weak, Pietro's illness was taken away. No work had to be carried back and it was many a day his attic home again. Had cared for the baby own. She could not parting with her mother Pietro to stay in her home when he was dead.

Then he went to and was met by another was dead, of the same nearly killed Pietro. And from this moment struggle. Pietro had training, and therefore him or cared about obtained a post in minor theater with a third-rate school, nor anything that offered sake. And she had years old and the do "Oh, if I could but he would sometimes could make them list."

But ten years ago Pietro had entirely sunny Italian nature and he only wondered he could hold out for only yesterday! sleep for thinking terrible words. In had crept out across yard and had waded in a dream. At the little garden near