

chance of a good situation. He joined with one of them at cards in a bond for a bad debt, for which his friend was arrested, and Howitt forced to pay. To do this he was obliged to sell his clothes and most of his furniture to escape imprisonment, and sat down in his dismantled room alone, and at last sobered and in his right senses.

He thought over what was to be done, and went out to try to get some kind of work; for he knew that he was a good workman, and could command good wages. He found, however, that his character, exaggerated and painted in the worst colours, had gone before him. He was looked upon with dislike and suspicion, as a great talker and meddler, and refused employment on one pretence or another. At last he got a promise of a month's trial in a small establishment, very inferior to his wishes, and tired out he turned homewards. He had to pass the very drinking-room which had been the first scene of his misfortunes. The light streamed out on the dark pavements, and the joyous sound of music and laughter gushed through the open door. Howitt paused—should he go in or not? He would only peep through the window, and see who was there. He accordingly peeped in, and was immediately hailed by two of the worst of his former companions. They dragged him in, and challenged him to drink and play at a game with them. He had only two shillings in his pocket, and refused. They mocked at him coarsely, till, stung by their jests, he stayed. He lost his two shillings, and was met with insulting laughter. He rushed to the door, blind with rage and remorse, and ran hastily down the street. It happened that one of the gas-pipes had been taken up there and left in the street, with a large hole, and a heap of rubbish, over which Howitt in his anger stumbled. He fell into the hole, and in his fall broke his leg. He lay there groaning for a long time, till a policeman found and took him up. He was carried home, and after a few questions and a little curiosity, was left to his own reflections. It is easy to imagine what those were—his whole life—his lost time—his wasted strength—his abused gifts—rose up one by one, before him, till he covered his face with his hands, and fairly burst into tears. He was roused by a gentle rustling near his bed, and starting, he saw the compassionate face of a Sister of Mercy from a neighbouring convent gazing at him. At first he felt ashamed—the shame of pride—but a better feeling was waked in his heart, when the Sister spoke mildly but searchingly of his accident and its causes, and his life; he truly told her of his folly, and his contrition; and she gave him, at the same time, Christian rebuke and consolation. Another Sister soon entered with the surgeon, who examined Howitt's leg. It was a compound frac-

ture; and though it could be set, the surgeon thought he would be lame for life. This was terrible news for a proud young man in the prime of health and strength, and vain of his appearance; but Howitt bore it after a while with fortitude, and after some attendance of the Sisters with humility. After his leg was set, however, the pain and inflammation brought on a fever, which reduced him to the brink of the grave. Then it was that James clearly saw and bitterly acknowledged his abuse of God's mercies to him. The Sister who had appeared like an angel of mercy first by his bed-side, and who was long versed in the offices of consolation, with unwearied efforts turned the bitterness of his contrition into a calm and lasting sense of sorrow for his past life—that sorrow which gives promise of wholesome fruits—amendment and reconciliation with God. Howitt had lived like many others; not altogether badly, but carelessly. He had shrunk of late from confession, and left off also frequent communion. He heartily promised to lead a new life, if it should please God to raise him up from his sick bed, and he kept his word. He got up from that bed lame for life, pale, and looking like an old man; but there was calmness in his eye, and true peace in his heart. He could no longer follow his old employment, so he opened a small school; and with the help of the clergy of the town, and the Sisters, maintained himself sufficiently. He smiled when his friends pitied his dull life, and never ceased to thank God for his sickness, and the invaluable blessings which his accident and the Sisters of Mercy had brought him.

BIRTHS RECORDED.

AT ST. MARY'S.

- FEB 20—Mrs Johanna Weston, of a Daughter.
 23—Mrs Mary Noonan, of a Daughter.
 “ Mrs Mary Ann Gough, of a Daughter.
 “ Mrs Mary Walsh, of a Daughter.
 “ Mrs Catherine Dunford, of a Daughter.
 24—Mrs Catherine Keefe, of a Daughter.
 25—Mrs Anastasia McWilliams, of a Daughter.
 “ Mrs Ellen Curran, of a Son.

INTERMENTS.

AT THE CEMETERY OF THE HOLY CROSS.

- FEB 24—Jane, daughter of Lawrence and Elizabeth Reardon, aged 5 months.
 25—William Shannahan, native of Tipperary, Ireland, aged 39 years.
 26—John, son of Michael and Mary Lee, native of Halifax, aged 11 years.
 27—Catherine, daughter of Thomas and Margaret Holden, aged 12 months.
 28—Mary, wife of John Mulrouney, native of Carlow, Ireland, aged 27 years.