trable heart of the sophist

trable heart of the sophist becomes illumined by a horrid light, and the souls of the saints themselves are not always free from anxiety—that change at the presence of which the light laugh or jest of petty malice, which was deemed to venial in the discourse of the preceding day, seems to swell and darken into a crime sufficiently enormous to blat out the light of para-

enormous to blot out the light of para-

wretched man believed that he was now about to be hurried, fresh from the

very act of his offending, before the

judgment seat, the terrors of which he had often heard depicted, but which had never affected his mind with any

other sensation than that of weariness and impatience, until now that he almost beheld it within the scope of his

worldly interests and connections eemed to crumble into dust before his

eyes—he was sensible of nothing but the eternal ruin that hung over him. He

clasped his hands, while a thick perspiration spread over all his frame,

but a little time, all should be dis-closed, and justice fulfilled at any cost. While he continued praying

closed, and justice fulfilled at any cost. While he continued praying, the beating of his heart subsided, a gradual relief crept over his spirits, which were at length lulled fast in a

TO BE CONTINUED.

A SEARCH REWARDED.

HOW JOHN BATES HELPED AN OLD MAN IN

HIS NECESSITY.

Mr. Whiting, attorney and counselor

at law, was busy at his desk. "I saw your advertisement for a copyist, and came to apply for the position."

Mr. Whiting looked at the speaker and beheld an old man. His hair was white; trouble and time had furrowed

a face that at one period must have been firm and handsome. The old frock coat was spotless, but shone in

out a stain, but bore unmistakable

vidences of wear.
'I can write a good hand and should

very much like to get the position,'

"I think it would hardly suit you," responded the attorney. "The wages are small, and I was looking for a

large wages. Of course I am not a young man, but I am as good as any of them. I am only sixty-eight and

am as spry as ever," and the spare am as spry as ever," and the spare figure straightened perceptibly. "I'm sorry," said Mr. Whiting, turn-ing again to his work, "but I have made partial arrangements to fill the

A shadow of great disappointment

overspread the applicant's counten

ance. "That is too bad," he said, " but I

"That is too bad, he said, but wish you would take my address, and if the other party should fail you, I know I could satisfy you."

"Very well, Mr. Bates,"—the law-

yer spoke to his managing clerk, who

papers-"you may take this gentle

The old man followed the clerk to

the outer room and saw entered on the memorandum "James McGregor, 139

As he watched the young man rub-bing his fingers over the blotter, he

if the other party does not come, won't

There was a note of pleading in the

tone that made Bates look at the speaker more closely. The figure had lost its erectness, the hopeful look which had illuminated his countenance

when he had first entered was gone

Are you sure you would want the

position?" the young man asked, "It pays only fifteen dollars a week."
"Oh, yes, yes indeed! I would be willing to work for almost anything. It is pretty hard for a man of—of my

age to get work. Everybody wants young men nowadays. I think this

would be just the place for me."
"Very well," responded Bates, strangely touched by the apparent dis-

in elevators, or climbing stairs, seeking for an opportunity to work,

old accounts, chaff that had been

thrashed over for years, and there was more exercise than profit in under

Money was too precious to be used for car fare, so he walked mile after

mile. This day had been but a repeti-tion of many others. Disappointments

hrd been accumulating, and he was staggering under the load. Moreover,

he had that morning withdrawn from the bank the last \$10 of years of sav-

The Lord only knows," he mut

tered, as he shook his gray head,

"what will become of us unless I get something to do this week. I can't bear to tell Beth."

His lips were moving, his bowed head shaking, and his hands closing and

He had been given

and in its place was an expression

"You will be sure to let me know

address.'

Bolton street.

position?

tress of the old man

chance to live.

taking to collect them.

'Oh, well, sir, I don't expect very

His linen was with

places like satin.

voung man

place.

By H. A. Ryan.

ound and dreamless slumber.

prayed loudly for mercy, promising

dise from our eyes forever. wretched man believed that he

A STORY FRO

Canton was ble

weeks' mission r Healy, the Paulist

The church wa

number of questic way into the Q evinced the keen the result of hi pleadings for trut

us a class of seven dren. Father Hea

The M

## Card Drawing

By GERALD GRIFFIN

"Is this my welcome home?" - Southerne He was then removed, while the Coroner and the Jury performed their several offices—the former of stating the case—and the latter of considering it. In less than a quarter of an hour after, Dorgan was again called.

Dorgan was again called.
"It will be necessary for you," said the Coroner, "to use every exertion in your power to prove your innocence (if you still persist in asserting it) and you still persist in asserting it) and collect all the evidence that is possible, for you are implicated in the verdict of the jury. It is wilful mur der against Duke Dorgan, and some

ersons uuknown."

A deep silence ensued, during which all eyes were bent on the unfortunate sailor. At the first announcement of the verdict he turned deadly pale, his eye became watery, the lid trembled, and a momentary shivering seemed to pass through all his frame. But the instant after, he had resumed his self-command, and drawing himself up to his full height, replied calmly:

"I have been considering this occur-

rence more deeply since I withdrew, for the language and am sorry now which I was tempted, in the first anger of my heart, to use; not that it offended the truth, but that it argued a very stubborn will towards the ordinance heaven. I should have recollected that you are not to blame for error in this. If it were not His will, and did not further some wise and useful, though hidden design of His, you could not hidden design of His, you could not lay a violent finger upon a hair of my head. My innocence is not the less white in His eyes for being wrongfully attainted in those of men. I have a strong confidence in His mercy, that the real murderer will yet be discovered, and that I shall never die for this deed but if that confor this deed — but if that confidence should fail me, I have at least the satisfaction of knowing that we shall all, in the end, be judged together before a bar where no injustice can be committed. Under all the circum-stances, gentlemen, I blame you not for the verdict you have given. I acknowledge the strength of appearances, and it is therefore not in censure of you, say—May all who hear me, obtain a fairer hearing at that bar than I have net with at yours!"

The house was soon after cleared of all but the unhappy family of the de ceased and their friends. Many of the spectators, as they took their way over the fields, were heard to express their regret at such a misfortune happening to "such a bright boy" as our hero, while others shook their heads and dewhile others shook their needs and de-clared (on the authority in many in-stances of severe personal experience) that "Duke had ever an always too good a warrant for a hard blow," and that the destiny which seemed now to hang over his head, was no other than had been often prophesied for him,

many a long year before."

Poor Duke in the meantime was conducted, heavily ironed, to the neigh bouring bridewell, as a place of tempor ary confinement, until an opportunity should arrive of transmitting him to the county gaol. Here, when the key (the rusty grating of which in the lock spoke pretty well for the morality of the district) had locked him in to the company of his own lonely thoughts could not held exclaiming as extended his manacled hands, the language which Southerne has put into the mouth of the unhappy Biron, and which we have prefixed as an appropriate motto to his history "Is this my welcome home?"

The friends of the deceased, in the

meantime, were busied in administering consolations which their humble sincere understanding suggested, to his wretched daughter. She was seated on the side of the dimitycurtained camp bed in her own apart ment, while the clergyman, who fluence alone appeared capable of restraining her, still occupied a chair at her side; and several of her male and female friends were placed in different parts of the room, offering now and then those venerable and hereditary expressions of consolation which are usually put forward on such occasions and which at least have one merit, tha of their perfect and unquestionable veracity—such as, "that Pennie might as well howl her whist, (hold her peace) for if she was to cry her eyes out 'twouldn't make him alive again," and various other undeniable facts of that nature, while the clergyman with a insight into directed her attention to that beauti ful passage of Ecclesiasticus in which we are told to "weep but a little for the dead, for he is at rest!' 'It is not all for the dead, father-

heaven forgive me!—that I grieve, said the poor girl. "The Almight The Almighty made a short work with my father—but His mercy is swifter than the murderer's knife-and I trust in that, hoping tha has is one of those who are at rest. But I have still a trouble in my heart for the living. I wish, if it was heaven's will, that I were waked beside my father before I had lived to hear any one doubt Dorgan for so revengeful a heart You, you, Kinchela!" she continued as Pryce entered the room, with a face of deep sorrow and commiseration— "you were not so hard! On my knees I ask your pardon (don't hinder m. Father !) for all that I ever said o did against you for your over-great mildness. You pardoned the old man, and made him no answer to his anger. You would not shed his blood in return for a hot word. The Lord that see into the secrets of all men, will remember it for you another day !"

"Stand up!" Kinchela exclaimed, turning pale with agitation, while he lifted her hastily from the earth, and hurried from her side : should you be kneelen' to me, Pennie darlen; I don't deserve them words.

"You wrong yourself," said the clergyman, who remembered Kinchela's remonstrance to Dorgan, which he had accidentally overheard on the previous evening; "I heard you utter senti-ments yesterday, which would have done honor to many a cultivated mind. It would be well for the young man

CONTRACTOR OF THE SECOND

that is now lying in chains for this murder if he had profited by your example and advice. But," he continued, heedless of the real distress which his praise (the result of a very natural feeling of admiration) appeared to occasion to the object of it—"let not this move you to pride, for from it all perdition had its beginning. If you stand now, take heed lest you fall. You, perhaps, were amongst those You, perhaps, were amongst those who witnessed Dorgan's confidence before the fatal train of circumstance was made out against him. Let that example place you on your guard; re-member when you may be tempted to member when you may be temp an offence, that there is no place on earth for the guilty, when th Almighty chooses to mark them out out with His finger! and that, as sure as the rising of the sun that hides him at night in the west, so sure is the un-cloaking of the deeds of the evil-worker though he encloses himself within four walls, and asks 'what eye can see him?" while he sins under the veil of

denser than Egyptian darkness."
The words of the clergyman appeared to exercise a strong influence on the mind of the person whom he addressed; so much so, that his color went and came several times while he listened. When the reverend gentleman had concluded, Kinchela took a hasty farewell of the company, on the plea of being obliged to prepare for a seal-hunt in the caverns near the Head, on the following morning. He left the inmates of the dwelling to make the necessary arrangements for the wake of the old while he hastened under the al ready advancing shades of night, to his own humble dwelling near the

coast.

He hurried over the interjacent hills, with a speed which was in part oc-casioned by his anxiety to reach the coast in time to make the necessary arrangements for the seal-hunt, and, in a great measure also, by his fear of encountering a straggler from a host of evil spirits, whose hour of dominion on the earth was fast approaching. He raised with an unsteady hand the latch of the hurdle door of his cabin, and was family whom he had ever known, and whom he really loved with an affection greater and more permanent than any which he had ever felt towards a human being-his aged and infirm mother. There are, perhaps, none of the social

onnections of human life more touch connections of human life more touch ing, more interesting, and more per-fectly free from the alloy of selfish motive, than those which bind the hearts of mother and son, or of father and daughter. The purer qualities that mingle in all other affections—the respect of youth for age—and the tenderness of age for youth—the pro-tecting and depending love that binds the sexes—the warmth and softness of conjugal affection, without any of its changes or suspicious—the finer essences, in short of all the various fmpulses by which the spirit of human peings are led to mingle and flow to gether in a league of mutual confidence and support, are united in their fullest strength and purity. Neither are such instances of generous love less interesting, where they are found to exist in classes where there is little of external refinement to grace and adorn them. The gold of Nature is of the same sterling quality in its bed of rough ore, as when it glitters on the breast of beauty or o royalty—it is only the figure that is altered. If the frame work of the human character were not composed of the same materials through all classes the elegant, and the high born would honor with their sympathy the pictures of humble sorrow and affection, which these Tales are intended to present? -even less, than we venture entertain while we are employed in

sketching them.
The affection of Kinchela for his aged mother was one of the features in is character which had procured him a considerable portion of regard in the neighborhood; such filial affection being looked on with a peculiar esteem in Ireland-a country where (to use a familiar expression of its own peasantry a man's child is always his child, for the interests of a family are seldon divided, even by marriage. The old widow was pious and honest; and widow was pious and honest; and though Pryce did not possess either of those qualities in any brilliant degree himself, he respected them in his parent, and was careful to preserve parent, and was careful to preserve from her knowledge any part of his conduct by which they might be offended. Without feeling in his own heart any extraordinary respect for the precepts of his Church, he was fre quently known to smuggle a keg of obacco or Hollands, in order to enable his mother to pay her Christmas or Easter dues; and would have stolen a sheep for the suet, rather than she should suffer any conscientious qualms about the want of the usual present of candles for the altar, never daring to supply her with either, until he taxed his ingenuity to furnish a perfectly satisfactory story, which would set all her doubts or scruples at rest.

The good woman was now seated by their fire of turf and pieces of wreck, engaged in keeping warm the simple fare which was intended for her son's dinner. A small deal table was placed near the hearth, and close to it a rush bottomed chair ready set for his use. Over a few red coals which were broken small, the iron tongs, placed lengthwise, and opened a little, was made to perform the part of a gridiron towards a beautiful Beltard turbot, which a gourmand would have judged worthy of a prouder table, and a more

elaborate process of cookery.
"A hundred thousand welcom child of my heart," said the old woman, speaking in her native I thought the very darkness would not bring you home to me. Si

Kinchela took his seat at the table in silence, while his mother placed before him the food which she had prepared. She perceived, however, that he did not eat with his usual despatch and satisfaction.
"There is some secret hanging on

your mind, my fair heart," said she, "you do not eat. You did not sleep at home these two nights; and when

you came in this morning, you looked paler than paper, and trembled like a straw upon the water."
"I didn't sleep abroad either," replied Kinchela, "an' sure what else terro'.

replied Kinchela, "an' sure what else would I be only pale after that, an' I being getten the canoes ready all night, let alone what I heard this mornen,

moreover."
"What was that, darling?" "Old M'Loughlin to be murthered

last night in his own house, over."

The old woman uttered an exclama tion of horror—" Woe and sorrow!" she exclaimed : "when will they weary of drawing the blood of the grayheaded? Your own father, Pryce, died by the cold steel. It is true for last Sunday, that Ireland was more cursed by the passions of his own chil-dren than ever she was by Dane or Sassenagh. The judgment of the Jews will fall on us at last. We are hunted through our country and from our country in punishment of our sins."

country in punishment of our sins."

"They say Dorgan—Duke Dorgan, that lived near the sally-coop, eastwards, did the deed. I saw 'em taken of him to bridewell, on the head of it."

"There! there, Pryce!" said his mother. "Remember my words when you were refused by him, and when you swore to me that you would preser foreign him, the longest day. forgive him the longest day own vision. He lay back in an agony of horror on his bed—the world and his

starting, as if in alarm.
"You did—and sorry enough you

were for it afterward. You might have been in Dorgan's place, if it were not for the mercy of Heaven."

"Let us have no more talk about it now whatever," said Pryce; "I'll want to take a little rest bethe sale-bunt; an' must have the canoe near the caverns before daybreak. Do you get the wattles an' the charcoal ready, mother, an' lay 'em there, a nigh the settle-

ed, agen I get up."

Pryce retired to his bed room, but eemed to be haunted even in the dark ess and solitude of this retreat by certain uneasy train of feeling which appeared to have been clinging to him throughout the day. He had truly stated to his mother that he d the former night without sleep; making him sink the more easily into lumber, had only the effect of weakening his nerves, and filling his brain with all the frantic images of sleep, without any of its calmness or comfor His mother, disturbed by the restless moans which proceeded from his cham-ber, laid down the bag of charcoal which she was preparing, and taking a rush-light, made fast in the fissure of a twig, in her hand, entered the room. Her son was at that moment laboring under a hideous dream. His head hung down over the bed-side, his arms were extended, his forehead and hair damp with sweat. He saw, in fancy, the corpse of the old man as it lay stretched on the table at M'Loughlen's.

conviction that some person had seized and was taxing him with the deed. Let go my throat !" he muttered hoarsely. "It was not I—'Twas Dor-gan—Dorgan did it, and not I!—He lies-the old man never named me-he

and seemed to be oppressed with the

Let go my throat!"
"The Almighty protect and bless my son!" said the woman, as she stirred him, and made him spring up terrified in his bed, "what words are

Let go my throat!

Kinchela remained for some time sitting erect, his eyes wild and staring, and his mouth agape with terror. Con-sciousness at length stole upon him and covering his face with his hands he leaned forward for some moments in

old woman at length asked, as he laid her hand affectionately on his shoul Nothen ! - nothen - only dreamen

greatly I was-Aren't you gone to bed yet, mother ?"
"No, darling; 'tisn't far in the night.

Those were dreadful words you spoke,

Did I talk out o' my sleep ?" "You did; you spoke as if somebody was charging you with a great crime, and you denied it, and bid them to let go your throat.'

Pryce paused a moment. Well, mother," said he at length, "I didn't think it would be so aisy to take a start out o' you. Sure 'twas funnen I was all that while." There was little mirth then in your

voice or in your actions," replied his mother, still speaking (as she always used) in her vernacular tongue thought the hag of the night had been throttling you.

"I tell you 'twas a joke, agen. Sure I felt you comen into the room. as broad awake as you are now. Go to bed, mother, an' hear to me! Don't say anythen o' this in the mornen, for twouldn't look well to be joken on such a business.'

The aged widow left the room and retired to her own settle-bed. offering up her usual portion of nightly invocations to the throne of mercy for all blessings upon all men; while her son remained wrapped in a mood of intense reflection, sitting on his bed-side and using every exertion in his power to compose his troubled spirit.

"For years an' years," said he, "I was looken to that hour, an' I thought it would be worth all I ever suffered or ever could suffer to live to see it; and now it has come, an' is this the happiness it was to bring me? The pains of hunger and thirst, the cold of the winter night, the shame and disgrace that I endured, wor no more than child's play the state in the cold. more than child's play to the sight of as he lay gaspen and groanen on the ground before me. Murder is fearful thing for all!"

Suddenly, while he paused and re mained fixed in horror at the bed-side a sensation of strong fear—one of those powerful nervous affections by which persons of deep though silent passions and ill regulated minds, are liable to be assailed on any startling occasion -rushed to his heart and caused the blood to receil upon it in such quantity, as to obstruct its action, and endanger to his own thought, the very structur

Mr. Whiting's managing clerk, walking of the organ. Its pulses ceased for a moment and then resumed their play, with a violence which filled him with Ah, good evening, good evening, You startled me. I did not see I was busy—ah—ere—just thinkterror. He heard distinctly every board which the irritated muscle made sir! ing."
'Poor old chap!" thought John,
Bates. "I suppose 'just thinking'
has been the only business he has
had for some days." John remembered within his bosom, and a swift and un-accountable suspicion darted through his mind, that this was but the signal Bates. "I so of a dissolution of the entire frame; that the hour of death which no accident of illness or of peril had ever brought before him, was now arrived; and that he was presently to undergo that awful and mysterious change, at the prospect of which, even the impene-trable heart of the supplies hearts.

the time when he, a young man full of vigor, had walked the streets day after day. He remembered the disappointments, the bitterness and the awful eagerness of his quest for work as he saw his money diminishing. What if he had been an old man whom no one wanted? He gasped at the thought as the horror of those days come back to him. He did not know Mr. Mc. Gregor's circumstances, but the symp-

toms were hard to mistake.

"I thought I recognized you, but I wasn't quite sure until I caught up with you. Are you homeward bound?

"Yes, I guess it is about time I was starting. It is quite a little jaunt from

"You are not going to walk?" ex claimed the young man.
"Oh, I don't mind it. I am a great

walker usually, but I am a little jaded to night." John made no comment, although he felt certain that he knew why the old man walked. He wished he could think of some way of offering him car fare without hurting his feelings, but no plan occurred to him, so ne said nothing further until he bade him

good night at the next corner.
"What if my father was in that shape?" he muttered, when he was alone, and he stepped faster, his brown

knit and his face troubled. Places of business were closing: toilers were hurrying in crowds along the streets; men with dinner pails justled Mr. McGregor; messenger boys and men of affairs hurried by un heeding. Street cars gongs clanged wheels rattled; drivers shouted, and the world seemed a pandemonium. At a corner a large department store was a corner a large department store was pouring its flock of clerks into the street. McGregor was forced to pause until this crowd had scattered. He ooked at the people hurrying hither and thither. The world seemed so and thither. The world seemed so full of work, but there was none for

The way had never seemed so long ascended the stairs. A little woman net him at the door with a smile

"Nothing, nothing!" he said, in response to the unuttered question which he saw in her eyes. He sank

wearily into a chair,
"I have tramped miles and miles,
but it is the same old story. It is
'young men, young men!' The world
seems crazy for young men. Youth and energy are everything. Experi ence and judgment nothing. There is a lot of good work left in me yet. They seem to think that a man who is over fifty is good for nothing but the poor house. He is worn out, and has o business to be alive."
"O James, don't!" exclaimed Mrs

McGregor, who had never heard her husband speak in this way before, for, husband speak in this way before, for, despite all his disappointments and trials, he had always kept a cheerful face before her. She came behind him, and throwing her arms about his neck, nestled her cheek against his gray Mr. McGregor started as if caught

talking to himself. "There now, dear you must not mind what I am saying am a little tired and disappointed That is all, I am sure to find some thing to morrow. I shall be all right coffee I smell. Is supper ready?

was not until after lunch that day that John Bates found an opportunity to speak to Mr. Whiting in regard to matter that had been troubling him al the morning. He had thought so much of the old man that in his dreams the night before he had seen his own old father, for whom he was now able to provide, wandering disconsolately about in search of employment. "Mr. Whiting," he said, "have

decided on any one to fill Mr. Hart-man's place?" No," responded the lawyer, "None of those who have applied suit me. "I thought you said you had partly

arranged for one. Mr. Whiting smiled. "I am afraid that was not exactly the truth. I said something like that, I believe, to that old man who was in, but I did it because I did not like to tell him right out that he was too old.'

"But why wouldn't he be all right?" he young man inquired. "He would the young man inquired. "He would be more likely to stay at it than a younger man. Young men are always looking ahead for something better and aren't as likely to be so careful.

"That is so," responded Mr. Whiting, twirling his glasses on the end of their cord, " but on the other hand Every evening found Mr. McGregor, weary and footsore, returning to the little flat which he and Mrs. McGregor called home. All day long he had been walking the streets, riding old men are hard to teach. They d not take things up as quickly, and are opinionated and set in their ways. Then, too, he would be likely to be laid up with rheumatism or something just when we needed him most, and we shouldn't like to be so strict with a man of his years.' number of bills by merchants and pro-professional men, but they were mostly

"He looks strong," John protested, and I think you would be doing him a kindness if you gave him the place."
"Perhaps so, but there are ten
thousand other old men in the city who are in need of just such kindness When you have practiced as long a I have you will have learned that a law business can't be run on a charitable basis. Keep your charity outside o

your business if you would have you

ousiness provide anything for charity. That is a good maxim, I suppose "That is a good maxim, I suppose, the young man responded with unusual persistency," but if you can serve your business and do a needy man a good turn at the same time, I should think it was a good thing to do. I want to make you a proposition. You have agreed that I may attend to any business of my own that I may get. Now I want to make this my business. If you will let him have the place, I will opening nervously when he was aroused from his reverie by a cheery "Good evening, Mr. McGregor!" Raising his eyes ne beheld Bates, do his work and mine, too, if he should miss a day or so at any time. You might tell him it was simply for a

month. Then you could see how he gets along, and if he does not suit, you could let him go when his month is up. He need not know that he is on trial, I think, Mr. Whiting, that he is pretty pinched, and he looks as if he hard pinched, and he looks as if could do the work all right."

Mr. Whiting thought a moment. It was contrary to his business maxims, but he was secretly pleased with his clerk's championship of the old man's cause. "Very well," he said, "you can try him if you wish to shoulder the responsibility."

McGregor dragged himself wearily up the stairs. Mrs. McGregor met him at the door with a radiant face. He could not respond this time. The smile refused to come.

She took him by the arm, saying: You are very tired, dear?" Yes.'

She opened the door and said softly. There is some one waiting for inside.

The information interested him. It would be the landlord, perhaps, or the

janitor.

The visitor was sitting with his back to the light, but rose, and coming forward, stretched out his hand.

"Good evening. Mr. McGregor! Mr. Whiting wished me to come to see if you could begin work fer him next Monday."

For a moment the old man was like one just aroused from a deep sleep. The horror which had possessed him fell from him like a dream. The racked rerves relaxed. Tears started

to his eyes and blinded him. He sank into a chair, seemingly oblivious to the presence of the stranger.

John felt that it was a scene on which no outsider should intrude, and started for the door. His step roused the old man, who, springing up with unexpected

wigor, put out his hand and said:
"Don't go! Don't go! I cannot
begin to tell you how thankful I am
to you. Sit down, please, if you are
not in a hurry, I suppose, though," with a disappointed expression, "that want to get home to your dinner. forgot it was so late.'

"If you could put up with our plain little table, we would be glad to have you take tea with us," said Mrs. Mc-Gregor, cordially.

John did stay, and he afterwards de-

clared that he never enjoyed a meal more. The old people seemed endowed more. The old people seemed endowed with the fire of youth, for Hope and Youth are near neighbors.

On his way home that evening John said to himself, "John Bates, you don't deserve much credit for it, but that is about the best thing you ever did." He realized as never before the truth of the maxim that the chief perquisite of a place is its opportunities for doing

## THE SCHOOLS.

June tells us that summer is well-nigh and that the school children and their hardworking teachers will soon have a well-merited rest. Closing examinations are being carefully gone through with. One cannot think without feeling a pride in the work they are doing, giving a Christian edu-cation to thousands of children. They are forming their lives on the mode life of our Divine Lord. The Holy Infancy is kept before the little children, and the childhood of Christ is the pattern placed before the older ones. In this way perfection is held up to the children, and they are asked to copy it, and they are shown the possibility of doing so in the grace that will be given them through the

practice of their holy religion.

The schools have made their impress as is evidenced by the many admirable young men and women we see who studied at them. The same good results are foreshadowed by the piety shown in the scholars now attending The time of youth carefully watched over cannot fail to produce good met and good women. It is the spring time of life, the seed time which sown good seed yields a rich and abundant harvest. The studies go hand in hand with the morale and so our children are not only good and holy, but they are second to none in knowledge and general intelligence according to their years. Heart and hand are slike years. Heart and hand are slike trained to develop the whole man and the perfect character.

Praise, therefore, be to God for giving us the school, and our praise and thanks be to His holy spouses who teach the school, and who labor so hard by word and example to make our children good children while imparting to them a sound and perfect education in the secular studies for which the age calls .- Bishop Colton in Catholic Union and Times.

Peter is the solid, real, existing fact rising out of the troubled waters of From that rock flashes the beacon light that has never failed for a moment in all the centuries.

In the world thought the Rock o

The most potent fact in the world to day is the indestructible "City on the Hill," the Holy Catholic Church.

Happiness may be defined as fidelity in friendship, love in marriage, mor ourage, courteous behavior in social intercourse, a devotion to duty perfect sincerity in every relation in

> No Breakfast Table complete without

## **EPPS'S**

An admirable food, with all its natural qualities intact, fitted to build up and maintain robust health, and to resist winter's extreme cold. It is a valuable diet for children

The Most Nutritious

and Economical

missionary in the know of no one bet particular, for n than he. After Father opened a mission Gulf Coast, and h ing experience there is no Cathol

I had secured the week, but on arri evening, I found youd its capacity than fifty who con by is a Presbyter stees asked m ing them cordiall forthwith. The that I could occu turbed for the would notify the at Pass Christia their weekly pray day evening. M Temple to this night; assured m would be agree

satisfactorily. Imagine my st lowing evening, church, a portly ministerial mien He was seated gaged in a ver with Deacon I was crowded. quickly, and as and surplice thr aisle, all eyes (t were riveted up momentarily ch tween the good er, and when I tended my ha which he very and introduced He at once p on the nature a

which I briefly

explained. He

formed me that

pulpit again.

Lindsey broke is spirited discuss aintaining tha infraction of Church, and strenuously the ture the preach me asked if preach in my plied in the ne n that heret be taught from said that that v to my preaching suggested that half-hour, and self to convin proposition, an nothing to do disperse mysel and remember at hand, said you see the in of you who wi follow me im As I steppe

school house, raised, so that admission mig Only seven of him for the p week, and I i and outside Fortunately the thermom made an cu On the clo Deacon Line address the of my lectur I readily he apologize

member

and despite t

of their shepl

Temple. meeting hel Christian, future. T members of promised s Mr. Smith. departure.
I consult Sorin, the

> subject, a zealous pre shall give in May, w year of my Band. replace me Catholic I days of th

the request our Rt. R

Christ.

Resign