England.

"ART THOU THERE, MY JESUS?" If our love were but more simple, We should take Him at His word; And our lives would be all sunshine In the service of Our Lord.

Little Stephen ran along the streets, one raw morning in November, to school. Every now and then he stopped to wipe his eyes with his blue hands or his dirty pinafore, or to give vent to a heartrending sob. When he passed by the baker's, the sob rose into a wail of despair; for Stephen's supper the night before had been but hunch of bread, and he had had no breakfast

that morning.
Stephen's father was out of work, his mother could only earn a little by going out charring, and nearly all her scanty earnings were forced from her by Stephen's father to spend in drink. And when he had been drinking he beat his wife and children; and so, besides the cold and hunger he had to bear, poor litle Stephen was sore from bruises. Altogether, he was as unfit for a morning's work in school as any

little boy can possibly be.
"Hallo, Steve," cried some one be hind him, as he turned the last corner and came in sight of the school house,

"what are you crying for?"
Stephen turned and saw Jack
Thompson, a much bigger boy than
himself, but still a great friend.

"I'm so cold and hungry," he faltered, "and father beat me last night because I cried when he hit

"No," and Stephen sobbed again, for he felt a wolf gnawing at his stomach.

"Here," said Jack, putting his hand into his pocket, and drawing thence two slices of bread and dripping, "you can have both these, for father and mother are both in work, and so we have plenty to eat just now.' Stephen took the bread and dripping

from his companion eagerly, and sit ting down on a door-step began to de

"Poor old chap," said Jack, watching him with honest pleasure.
"Your father ain't done no work nigh on two months, have he?"
"No," said Stephen. "We ain"

had no fire this winter. Mother couldn't get no work last week neither, and so we have had very little to eat."

Just then the school bell rang, and the clock struck 9.

"Oh, I say now," cried Stephen, who had only just eaten his first slice of bread.

"Never mind, I'll wait for you, and we'll go in late together. "All right, but don't you get into

trouble just for me. "Pooh," returned Jack loftily.
"What do I care? As long as I have enough to eat and drink, and a fire

to warm me when it's cold, I don' care a fig for all the rest. When at last Stephen was ready, and they went into school, the master

was chalking up the names of the late-comers on the blackboard for punishment.

"John Thompson," he said frowning on Jack. "The third time this week you have been late for school. I shall cane you to-day, sir. Stand by my desk. As for you, Stephen Grey, you are as naughty a little boy of years old as is to be found in London. Go and stard on the dunce's stool in the corner, with the dunce's cap on your head." And so on, until all the culprits had

been called over, and a punishment given to each. out his hand bravely.

looking over at Stephen and winking at him as he saw how the poor little boy was distressed at his being caned through his fault. Indeed, he tossed his head and glanced round with such an air of cool contempt that the master struck him smartly on the head with

Every bone in poor Stephen little body ached, so that he could hardly stand upright, and he could not keep back the tears which flowed down his face.

"Do you want to wash your face? sneered the master. "You might do that before coming to school, I think." He looked round at the boys, ex

pecting them to smile at his wit, but they were sorry for Stephen, for most of them knew what it was to be very cold and very hungry too. most of them looked sulky or indifferent, and not one smiled. This made he master more angry, and he went up and slapped Stephen's face.

Poor little Stephen, the unkindness hurt him far more than the blow.

At 12 o'clock he went out into the streets to wander about until afternoon school. He dared not go home, for his father could not bear him, his mother herself did not love him half as much as his little brother of four

He cried again a little, for a wolf was gnawing at his stomach very piti-lessly, and his hands and feet were quite numb with the cold.

"What is the matter, my little man?" asked a kind voice suddenly, while a gentle hand caressed his bare head and tangled curls.

Stephen sobbed out: "I'm so cold and hungry, and it's

such a long time to wait. "Have you no home to go to?" asked the gentleman so gently that Stephen looked up at him, and saw a kind, holy face. It was a Dominican kind, holy face. It was a Dominican Father, who had been out visiting the

it from his mother."
"Don't wait! for Jack, then," said the priest. "Come home with me, and I will try to find you something warm. Come along, and don't be afraid. But how is it that you have nothing to eat

" Father's out of work, and mother too; and there's so very little, and I have a little brother, and they must feed him first because he's only a baby.

"Poor little chap, and how old are you? But here's the house. Come in and we'll see what there is to eat first. A younger man in a white habit opened the door. He smiled when he saw the little boy, and taking him by the hand led him away to a little room, where he washed his face and hands and feet in warm water, and giving him a chair by a little table near the fire, brought him in a nice bowl of soup, and afterward a plate of meat and bread, such as Stephen had never

eaten before. After he had finished, the kind priest came in and asked him if he had enjoyed his dinner, and where he lived, and a great many other questions. "Now, my boy," he said finally,

morrow you may come at 7 o'clock with as many other little companions as you like to bring, and we will give you as much bread and butter as you can eat, and perhaps a little plum cake into the bargain.

Stephen's eyes brightened as he looked up at the kind, smiling face, and tried to thank the Father. He could only stammer out a few words, but his bright eager eyes where far more eloquent.

II.

The next evening Jack and Stephen, with some of their picked companions, who they were sure would not be "cheeky," put their heads under the pump in "Pine Apple Court," where they lived, and set off Court," where they lived, and set off for the house in Green street. They arrived before the church about o'clock, and loitered about, and played few games until the clock chimed 7. Then, each pushing the other to the front, they crowded round the

door, and Jack timidly rang the bell. Father Gregory, the priest who had found Steve the day before, opened the door, and with a kind smile of welcome said :

"Ah, here you are! Come in, come in; there's room for you all, and many more too, both in our hearts and in our room."

The boys crowded into the large room prepared for their reception, in which there was a blazing fire. long table was spread with plates of bread and butter and cake, teacups, and a steaming urn. Two more priests and a brother came in to wait on them, while Father Gregory poured out the tea.

At one end of the room was a crucifix, at the other a statue of the Blessed Virgin with her divine Child in her arms. Round the wall were hung pictures of the life of our blessed Lord, of His childhood, His public life, and

His sufferings.

There were also book shelves containing old and new books, which had been given the priests for their mission to the boys of East London. After the boys had eaten as much as they could, and pocketed unlimited slices of cake for the next day, Father Gregory gathered them round him, and talked to them, and listened to their tales of misery, for they were all children of very poor parents. He then told them why he wished to make friends with them, and asked them so lovingly to always look upon him as their friend, that he won their hearts at once.

"You all know what it is to suffer, to bear pain and hunger and cold," he said. "Now, I want to show you he said. how to be happy in spite of all these things.

Then he spoke of Jesus, of His love, and of all He suffered for us, and of how His presence makes every hard-ship sweet and every burden light. He told them of the birth of Jesus in the manger, and though some of them had been sometimes to Sunday-school, they never realized till they heard these words of burning love that Jesus had done all this for love of them-for each one of them, moreover.

They promised gladly to come again, indeed they would have come every night of the week, but Father Gregory with foresight and wisdom, judged that it would be better to let them come twice a week only, that they might not grow tired afterward.

III.

Some time passed away, and the boys attended the evening classes pretty regularly. Stephen was especially eager; his mother, strange to say, had taken some interest in the evening classes, and had given Father Gregory permission to baptise him, and also his little brother, who received the name of Aloysius. She noticed how much gentler little Stephen was through the priest's influence, and how bravely he bore his father's bad temper, and how much he tried to help her in cleaning the little room where they lived, and to run her errands.

It was very near Christmas, and though Stephen's father was still out of work, and the only good meals the little boys ever had were given them by the Fathers, his heart was full of joy, for on Christmas Day he was to walk in a procession in honor of the infant Saviour.

His old friend, Jack Thompson, was to be in the procession too. Jack had corresponded to the graces offered to him with his noble generosity of heart; and Stephen and he were bound by a closer tie than their old friendship now.

Jack said he would try and bring me a tized on the same day; and after bit of bread and cheese if he could get Christmas they were both going to leave the school of the unkind master, and attend the school of the Fathers. which was quite free.

They were now also being taught for the first time of holy Communion, and the great love of their most sweet Lord in the Holy Sacrament of the altar. boys drank in every word breathlessly at last arose the cry in their erst lone hearts, "We have found a friend ever present, the same to day, to-morrow, and forever."

Every day they went together to pray in the little church, and to ask Jesus for all they wanted, and to tell Him that they loved Him dearly.

Stephen was a little apostle, and was teaching little Aloysius all he learned. He took him to church every day, when it was fine.
One morning, just before Christmas

week, Stephen came running to Jack, between morning school and dinner time; he was all out of breath, and could hardly gasp out:
"I say, Jack, I can't find the little
one; what shall I do?"

"Perhaps he's gone home without

you, or perhaps with another boy where did you leave him?" "Just on the doorstep at No. 19.
I ran to ask mother if we were to go

home to dinner, or if I was to bring it here. "Phew," whistled Jack, rather frightened himself. There were so nany dangerous crossings, and Aloy

sius never would sit still for five min utes at a time. "Why, of course," he burst out suddenly, a gleam of hope lighting up his face. "You haven't looked in church for him, have you?"

"Oh, no. How stupid, to be sure!" answered Stephen. "Come quick, let's

go and see. The church was dark, the windows being all painted, and one side being overshadowed by the wall of a house. For a minute the boys could see noth ing on entering, but they soon heard a little baby voice speaking aloud: "Art Thou there, my Jesus?"

They heard a little tap, they crept on tip toe toward the choir, and saw Aloy sius sitting on the altar tapping at the little golden door of the tabernacle They saw Father Gregory come out of his confessional; he, too, as well as they, wgs about to go up to Aloysius when a sweet, gentle voice that fell on their ears like music from heaven an swered:

"Yes, my little child, I am here What do you want of Me?

"Dear Jesus, I want father to get ome work, and not to drink and beat mother and Steve any more. Will you make him, dear Jesus, please? And take care of dear Father Gregory? And make mother grow fat, and leave off crying? Dear Jesus, I love You very much, more even than father and nother and Steve.

" Dear child, go home and tell your father that I want him to love Me, again answered the Saviour, who stenderly loves little children. "Tel him he must love Me, and that I will always be his friend.

"Oh, thank you, thank you, dear Jesus!" cried the little boy gleefully. Dear, dear Jesus, good-by.

He got down from the altar by mean of a chair, which he had dragged quite close, and came running down the church. Then he perceived his brother and the priest, together with Jack, kneeling in adoration of their divine Lord. "Come, Steve," he said, "come

quick, and tell father."
"Go, my child," said Father
Gregory, as Stephen looked up to him, go, and God will not fail to bless

His eyes were full of tears; his hear was full of gratitude and love, for these were the little children whom he had gathered together for Him who sald, "Suffer the little children to

come unto Me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." The two little brothers rap off home A half-fear just crossed Stephen's mind that perhaps his father would be in the public house. But no, he was at home crouching over a miserable fire, which the mother had made to do some

washing she had obtained. "Daddy," said little Aloysius, caressingly patting his father's face, "Jesus sent us to tell you He wants you to love Him.

He kissed his father again and again, and said .

You will love Him, daddy, won't you? Then He will be your friend and give you some work; and we will be so happy together. Come, now, and let us go together and tell Him you are going to love Him with me.

What was it but the grace of God that touched the man's heart, that made him press his little child to his breast, while the tears ran down on the little curly head?

The touch of Him who healed the blind, the deaf, even the leper, is as powerful now as then, and did we but trust in Him "our lives would be all sunshine in the service of Our Lord.

The father rose, and, taking his hat, said simply:
"Come, then, my lad, I'll go with

Just as he was, in his ragged working clothes, he let his little boy lead him to the church, and he knelt with Steve and Aloysius before the altar, and even as they prayed once more the heavenly voice fell on their ears:

"Come unto Me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will

poor all the morning.

They were to make their first confession on Christmas Eve, and to be bap.

They were to make their first confession on Christmas Eve, and to be bap.

the little boys lead him to Father Gregory, and he begged himself to be brought into the fold of the Good

By Christmas day a place was found for the father with good wages, the mother had some work in the Christmas preparations, and all their better clothes were out of pawn, so that they were quite clean and tidy

And though they thanked God for all these benefits, and the good food that replaced their dry-bread dinners, their chief joy arose from their happiness at being present together at kneeling by the manger-the thought that Jesus was born in a stable, a lowly infant, outcast by the world for their sakes, and to be their Saviour and their friend.

From that time the family prospered. The father was never out of work ; he was so steady and capable that he rose to be foreman in the large factory in which he worked, and never knelt down at night to thank God for the blessings of the day without special gratitude

to Him that giveth the victory."
The mother no longer went out to work; in fact, in a few years they were able to move from the East End to a comfortable cottage at Sydenham, with a nice little garden, where they quite looked up to and respected

by all the neighbors.
Stephen and Aloysius both obtained the grace of a vocation to the priest-hood. Aloysius went as a missionary to the lepers of Japan and died a mar-tyr, killed by those to whom he had

been a ministering angel.
Stephen labored on in London, and died after having brought many to the faith of Jesus and saved many from the demon drink.

Jack Thompson, whose father sud-denly came into a large fortune, founded an orphanage for boys; and his old life having given him much experience in the ways of boys, he had such a knack of winning their confidence that the most deprayed came of their own free will and submitted themselves to the discipline which he was very strict in maintaining. He was never tired of telling them about his old friends, Steve, Father Gregory, and above all the wonderful story of little Aloysius, and kindness of Jesus in the Most Holy Sacrament of the Altar,

TO BE CONTINUED.

Wake up, Young Men!

It is too bad our young men do not emulate our Catholic young women in the matter of self-cultivation. We are forced to admit that, as a class, the latter are making the far greater strides in the way of true artistic cul-ture. Of course, much of this difference is but a natural result of difference in temperament and education. But it is sad to see so many of our fine young men almost entirely indifferent to this matter of self-improvement. As we meet them on the street we cannot but be impressed with the great possibilities of their bright, generous natures. But only too often this very brightness and generosity serve them as a mere stimulus to take the downward path. The reason of it all is, that they fail to cultivate true ideals, and consequently do not attain to any great results. There is nothing that will ennoble one sooner than th tering in the mind of truly great ideals. Their realization must, at least in a measure, be a necessary and glorious consequence. — Buffalo Union and

Love at Home.

We ought not to fear to speak of our love at home. We should get all the tenderness possible into the daily household life. We should make the morning good-byes as we part at the breakfast table kindly enough for final farewell. Many go out in the morning who never come home at night; therefore, we should part, even for a few hours, with kind words, with a linger-ing pressure of the hand, lest we may never again look into each other's eyes. Tenderness at home is not a childish weakness; it is one that should be indulged in and cultivated, for it will bring the sweetest returns.

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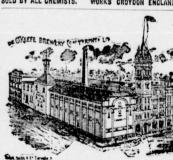
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JANUARY .

FIVE. MINI

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