

is true he is poor, father, but he is very honest and reliable. I mean Justin Wright. I think you know him. He served your Mass on one of the first Fridays."

"Sure enough, I never thought of him. He is just the boy. Send for him and tell him to call at the office of Mr. G. Guttman. The place is near Mrs. Lyons' store," said Father Seligmacher.

Jus promptly responded to Sister Serena's note. After the good sister had inquired about his mother's health, she said to him:—"You remember I told you Justin that I would try to do something for you whenever the opportunity presented itself, and now I am glad to be able to fulfill my promise."

Jus thanked the sister two or three times, and soon was on his way to Guttman's office.

On his way down town Jus met Olive Reinheart, who was on her way to Jus' home. Her visits were more frequent since Mrs. Wright became ill.

"I don't know about that," said Olive, after Jus told her for where he was bound, "perhaps, Jus, it's better if you turn back with me. I might succeed in getting you a position. I do not think you ought to have anything to do with that man Guttman—you will be in danger of losing your faith. I do not place much faith in hearsay, nevertheless so many people say he is a member of some secret organization, and even goes to our Church in order to throw people off their guard. No, Jus, if I were you I would have nothing whatsoever to do with such a man. Your soul is worth more than a few paltry dollars."

And thus was Gottlieb Guttman robbed of his good name, because his landlady couldn't hold her tongue.

"Well, Miss Reinheart," said Jus, "I'll try the place, and will come straight home the moment I hear anything said against Catholics."

But Jus didn't come home, except for his meals. Had he followed Olive's advice, and not applied for the position at Guttman's, it would have put an entirely new face on what I have yet to relate. It was only a boy's resolution, but a great deal depended on it.

Just as Guttman was dismissing a new customer, Jus walked up to the desk.

"Hello! here's my little newsboy!" exclaimed Guttman, entirely ignorant of Jus' present mission. "Why, for the past two weeks I have had to walk down to Mrs. Lyons' for my *Evening News*. Where have you been?"

Only the night before Guttman was at Mrs. Lyons' for his paper, and since she was generally well-posted on the dates of church festivals, to be doubly sure, he asked that amiable old lady the day on which the Feast of St. Louis fell. He thought, as I said before, it was August 25th, but he was not quite sure. This evening he stopped to have a chat with Mrs. Lyons, saying to her, among other things: "Why, Mrs. Lyons, it seems you'll never get rid of those little statues of yours. They will, I think, wear out their existence by the many dustings you give them in a year. It's strange how little our people care for these pretty things. They would give a Catholic atmosphere to any room, it seems to me. If some one doesn't soon buy that lovely little statue of the Pure Heart of Mary, it might fly off and seek its resting place some where else."

Guttman, it is true, was only talking in a half-teasing way, but when I look closer at his words, I think he was only expressing what was uppermost in his own mind. It is a very true saying that "out of the abundance of the heart, the mouth speak." To put it plainer, Gottlieb's heart was seeking its resting place. If there was a heart beating in unison with his, its throbbing could not be heard by Gottlieb. If there ever was an object on which he was to devote his affections, instead of approaching towards him, it seemed, he thought, to vanish farther and farther away from him. But in truth it was approaching him, faster than Gottlieb dreamt. I fear I have made a digression. So let's return to Guttman's office and see how Jus fares.

When Guttman asked him "Where have you been?" Jus could hardly give an answer. He, too, was rather surprised to meet his old customer, the same who had given him the "extra" cent that rainy night. "It surely can't be true that so