



BARNEY McCORMICK'S CONVERSION.

I.

“REMEMBER, my boy, that your poor mother did all she could do to bring you up a good Catholic, though a hard job it was under the circumstances. But, God be praised, you’re now of an age to remember her teachings, and she has the consolation of knowing that you’ve at least made your First Communion before she dies. Your father was a Catholic, Barney, and your grand-father was a Catholic, and so were all your relations, and if ever you go back on the faith you’ll disgrace their memory and your Irish blood.”

Barney was a lad of but nine years, and was standing, his eyes filled with tears, at the bedside of his dying mother, listening to her last words of advice. The house in which Mrs. McCormick was nearing her end was of the poorest. It was furnished with the barest necessities; for the good woman, having lost her husband some years before, was obliged to provide, as well as she could, for the support of herself and her youngest boy, the pride of her heart. Her husband had been an honest, hardworking man, who, for one reason or another, was obliged to live in the little village of X——, situated in the northern part of England and not far from the sea.

He had several other children, but circumstances had