

hospital close by. There, gentle nuns laid him in a neat white cot to fight the battle between death and life. When Rody spoke again, only wild, incoherent words escaped his lips. There was a strange, unearthly lustre in his blue eyes, his pale cheeks were flushed like scarlet, and the fair, unkempt curls tossed restlessly from side to side.

'I hear them, they are coming, coming, nearer and nearer—they are crying 'Stop thief!' and I can run no farther! he would wail.

It was all in vain that gentle Sister Winifred strove to quiet his fearful fancies—he only moaned those sad words louder, until it seemed as if he must die of the very grief and fear.

At last, however, the plaintive cry grew lower and lower, and then died away altogether. The fever had gone, and weak, white, and wasted Rody lay, his great blue eyes wandering from bed to bed, vainly trying to recollect himself and guess when they came to his bed, and said that the child might linger some time, but that want and exposure had done their work—he could never recover.

Meanwhile Rody had grown very patient and quiet. The comfort and kindness which surrounded his cot puzzled his little brain—it was so different to the misery to which he was accustomed! He listened wonderingly to Sister Winifred's gentle voice telling of the love of the Sacred Heart for little children, and how Jesus used to take them in His arms and bless them, and say, 'Suffer little children to come to Me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven.'

Gradually Rody began to lose his sense of loneliness. He knew God cared for him and watched over him even more tenderly than his own long lost mother.

One day, when Sister Winifred asked him where she should send for his father and mother, he replied, raising his eyes to Sister Winifred's sweet face in amazement: 'They are dead long ago!' he said, sobbingly. 'I have been working for myself ever so long.'

'Poor little mite!' murmured the nun, 'God loves you all the better for being poor and lonely—you are one of His own favorite little ones.'

As she spoke a faint flush stole into the child's cheeks, for those words awakened in his childish heart pangs of keen remorse, and he felt a great tearless sob rise to his throat. The sad recollection, like a painful picture, rose before him, that he had been a bad boy—he had forgotten God, he had stolen—and, oh! what would mother say if she knew all? And as the thoughts crowded on him Rody covered his head with the blanket to hide his grief.

Needless to say, Sister Winifred's visits to Rody's bed were very frequent. He was 'such a friendless and forlorn mite' she felt strangely drawn toward him. He was always very shy and reserved when she spoke to him, and yet she was convinced he regarded her as a great friend. It was very true that Sister Winifred had not spent 10 years nursing little boys in vain. Little by little it grew on her that Rody was restless, some secret trouble must be weighing on his mind. She must win his confidence and bring him relief.

One wild evening, when the wind was sobbing and moaning pitifully around the city hospital, Rody seemed more disturbed than usual.

'Are you weary and tired of the bed, darling?' asked Sister Winifred, laying her hand gently on the child's throbbing forehead. For a moment Rody was silent, while the wind outside mercilessly beat against the window panes, and shrieked through the keyhole. Ah! it reminded him so much of his last night in the streets and that stolen shilling!

'Sister Winifred,' he cried, in broken accents. 'Sister Winifred, I want to ask you, to ask you so many

things that my head is aching with the thoughts of them!'

'I am listening, Rody,' the nun answered, gently.

'Sister Winifred,' he cried, 'where am I? Has the place anything to do with a prison? You know I should be in prison!'

'No, Rody, no! you are in the hospital—a place for good little boys who are sick,' answered the nun. Rody at once raised his confiding eyes to the Sister's sweet face, while his cheeks glowed like scarlet, and his lips quivered, as he said, hurriedly:

'I am glad it is not a prison, but, Sister Winifred, I am not a good boy. I stole a shilling the night I came here. Oh! I was so sick and tired that evening! and the money tempted me! I've been thinking of it ever since, and to-night—but Rody did not finish the sentence; he buried his face in his little wasted hands, and he sobbed aloud.

'Don't cry, my poor little Rody,' whispered the nun, softly. 'You are very sorry for stealing the shilling, and Jesus will forgive you. He knew Himself what it was to be poor and lonely. Rody—pray to Him, and He will comfort you, and He will have mercy on you!'

'Does He know how hard I tried to be honest? How badly I wanted money when I stole?' asked Rody.

'Indeed, He does,' answered Sister Winifred. 'Our good Jesus is always watching over us, and He knows everything.'

'Then I won't find it so hard to ask His pardon,' the child said. 'He'll remember how hungry and sick I was!'

'Poor Rody! Had he been ever so eloquent he could never have described half he went through since his mother's death, and yet he felt very guilty indeed. He had been tempted sorely, but all he seemed to remember was that he had stolen.

By degrees Sister Winifred learned from Rody the story of his life, how happy he had been for those first few years with his idolised mother, then his sorrow and loneliness in the city tenement-house, and lastly his bitter struggle to earn a living in the streets. It was a sad tale, but it is the tale of many of our cities and towns, for, as a rule, there are many dark days and heavy rainfalls in the lives of our city waifs.

'Sister Winifred, I'll never forget to love God again, not even if I live to be ever so old,' the child would cry, with his eyes full of tears and with clasped hands.

'Would you find it very hard to die, Rody?' Sister Winifred asked one day. Rody looked startled.

'To die?' he repeated.

'Yes, Rody.'

The tears trickled down the child's cheeks as he said sobbingly:

'I never thought of dying, Sister,' he said, and turned his face to the wall. An hour later, when Sister Winifred came to her little favorite's cot, he took her hand, and drawing her over to him, he whispered:

'I won't be sorry to die if God wishes it, only I used to think of living and being very good, to pay back the shilling, and to make up for all the time I was bad.'

'I understand, Rody, darling,' the nun answered, as she wiped away her own tears. 'You wish whatever God wishes.'

'Yes, Sister,' the child answered, firmly. 'That is what I mean.'

One bright morning, when the sunbeams fell softly across the neat white cot in the children's ward, Rody received his last Holy Communion. During his lingering illness the kind Sister had prepared him for Confession, and he received his Blessed Lord many times. His Lordship the Bishop, who took a great interest in the child, when he learned his touching story, kindly came and confirmed him. A tender-hearted lady visitor had given him a beautiful picture of the Sacred Heart, which he always kept near him and kissed over and over. Dur-

ing several hours on this morning he lay, with his hands joined and his face lighted up with an undescribable look of peace and happiness. Once, when Sister Winifred bent over his bed, he murmured:

'Jesus will soon come to take me home to Himself in heaven.'

Before the evening shadows fell across his little bed, Rody said:

'Sister, I am going to Jesus now. Don't be long until you come up to me, sure you won't?' The words were followed by a sweet, grateful smile—and all was over. His white child-soul had gone 'home' to God—'The Irish Messenger.'

Catholic World

CANADA.—A Cure.

The 'Ave Maria' learns that the case of Sister Aldegonda, of the Sisters of Mercy, who after a visit to the shrine of Ste. Anne de Beaupre, was instantly cured of an infirmity which had necessitated the use of crutches for 13 years, is still puzzling the physicians who are familiar with it. There is no getting over the fact that whereas for a long time the Sister was a cripple, unable to touch one of her feet to the ground, on returning from Canada she walked as well as any one. Here we have a very striking fact which can not be questioned; a marvel which the unbeliever can never hope to explain, seeing that supernatural cures are quite impossible even though they actually occur.

ENGLAND.—A Jubilarian.

The Very Rev. Canon Keatinge, of St. George's Cathedral, Southwark, celebrated, during the last week in February, the silver jubilee of his ordination to the priesthood.

Death of a Redemptorist.

The death is announced of the Rev. John Gibson, C.S.S.R., one of the best-known English Redemptorist missionaries. He expired at St. Mary's Clapham, on Ash Wednesday, having reached his 80th year.

Getting his Deserts.

Within the past 12 months the ranks of anti-Catholic lecturers in Great Britain have been reduced by four, all of whom are now enjoying the hospitality of his Majesty's prisons. The impostor Widdows has been the latest to receive the attention of the authorities. This fellow, notwithstanding a criminal record of some years, has been lecturing against the Church in England and Ireland for a considerable time past, the violence of his language and recklessness of his statements collecting around him a number of bigots and fanatics, who were ready to shut their eyes to his misdeeds provided his vilification of the Catholic Church was to their taste. He was indicted at the Old Bailey, London, for the commission of an offence against public decency, of which he was found guilty. On the verdict being given, Inspector Kane informed the Court that the prisoner had been born at Norwich and had passed nearly 30 years as an ex-monk, and as such had been going all over the country lecturing against the Catholic Church. He had a large following of persons who believed that he was a persecuted ex-member of the Catholic communion; but, in fact, the prisoner was an arrant impostor. In 1875 he went to America. He was a man of some musical and vocal powers, and got into the choir of a church at Toronto, but was expelled and sent to gaol for misconduct there. He came back to Norwich, and eventually, in 1888, at this court he was sentenced by the late Mr. Justice L. Smith to 10 years' penal servitude in conjunction with a man named Burleigh Hart, sentenced to