

'Clear out!' growled a rough voice from the bed, 'and go to Mass yourself.'

'I'm goin' wiv my Gran.' Baby retreated to the door. 'Bad daddy! Bad, lazy mon,' she scolded, and pattered away again.

'Gran is a good coach,' John admitted. 'Bad daddy! Bad, lazy mon! The kid got that straight. Now for the surprise of their lives. Get up, oo lazy mon.'

At exactly ten minutes of eight John walked up the steps of his parish church. Dan Casey met him at the door. 'I've been looking for you, John,' he said briskly. 'This way.'

'Don't bother about me, Dan: I'll just stay here by the door.'

'My section is up front,' Dan told him, and led the way.

John never forgot that walk up the aisle. There were many men from the works. They knew well what he had been. There was Joe, for instance. John couldn't count the times he had sworn at the clumsy boy. And there was the 'Boss.' He, too, had suffered under John's profane tongue. 'I'm a nice Holy Name man,' John muttered. 'They will think me a sham and a fraud.' For a moment he planned to escape. But he couldn't face down the aisle and Dan had fallen back and was walking abreast of him. A hot impulse of anger against Dan came upon him, and a characteristic expression rose to his lips, but in some inexplicable way changed to 'Bless Dan Casey.'

'I'm not fit to be here, Dan,' he whispered.

'None of us are,' said Dan, and gently pushing John into a pew, he took the outside seat himself.

John Manning had made his last stand against grace. As the sublime Mass went on, his surrender was complete. No more contrite heart received its God that Holy Name Sunday.

At the close of the service the organ intoned the hymn. It was then John saw his son in the sanctuary choir. John Henry Newman was beautiful, with his gleaming yellow hair and radiant face. 'Some angel kid for you to own, John Manning,' the father thought proudly. 'Yes, it's your bad daddy.' The boy was staring at the big, dark man who looked so like his father, but his father never went to Mass.

John winked solemnly at the little chorister, as much as to say, 'It's all right, boy': picked up his hymn card, and the voices of father and son rose, with a thousand more, in 'Holy God, we praise Thy Name.'

In the meantime, there was consternation in the Manning home, when Mrs. Manning discovered her husband's absence. 'Oh, mother!' she cried. 'Where is John?'

'Don't ask me,' retorted Gran. 'I've washed my hands of him. He's a black, wicked mon. He drove that blessed baby out with his rough tongue. Where would he be but with his boon companions—the drunken, profane pack.'

'But his black clothes are gone, mother, and his best shirt: and he was shaved last night, and had his hair cut, and not a drop of drink did he have in him. See, here's his pay untouched! I was hoping—'

There was a rush of feet on the board walk, and the children tumbled into the room, each one striving to be the first to tell the good news.

'Oh, ma, daddy's been to Holy Mass!' cried Margaret Ellen.

'Oh, ma, daddy's been to Holy Communion,' chimed in Janet.

'Me and him sang "Holy God" together,' said John Henry Newman. 'Don't cry, ma, daddy's good now.'

Gran raised her eyes to heaven. 'Holy God, we praise Thy Name,' she said: then, coming back to earth and its affairs, in her old, sharp way, she commanded:

'Set your father's place, Margaret Ellen: and put down four eggs with a slice of bacon. Sinner or saint, John Manning is a rough, hearty mon.'—NORA LYONS, in the *Sacred Heart Review*.

CLARINDA'S DECEPTION

'If I were only rich and had money to spend just as I pleased,' cried Clarinda Uttley, 'and becoming hats and dresses for every possible occasion, I'd be as happy as a queen, and wouldn't care a pin for friend or relation.' And tossing her head, she danced gaily round the room on the tips of her toes.

'You deceive yourself. You have more heart than that,' said a young man who, a cigarette between his lips, stood near the open window watching the girl with amusement and admiration.

'Oh! you think so?' gaily. 'But it's you who deceive yourself. You fancy all kinds of absurd things about me. And just because I'm a little bit prettier than the other girls you know—'

'A little bit! There isn't one in the place fit to hold a candle to you.'

She blushed brightly.

'It's kind of you to say so. But they are all far better, I feel sure. And really, you know, Ernest, I—I am not at all inclined to be a poor man's wife.'

'I'll get on!' he cried eagerly, 'and some day we'll take a pretty cottage, and when we're married you'll be so happy—'

'I'm afraid not!' Clarinda grew grave. 'I want more than that. I must get out of this village, see the world, and get rich.'

'But how! Oh! Clarinda, you're not going to marry old Poselthwaite? He's rolling in money, and would go to the end of the earth if you asked him. But—'

Clarinda laughed merrily.

'The "but" is very big. No, Ernest, I'll never marry Poselthwaite. Don't be alarmed. Poverty may be trying, but Poselthwaite would be—maddening. I must think of a better place than that—only get away I will. My life here is stagnation—pure—with a wave of her arms—' and simple stagnation. 'I'm an ambitious soul, and must see the world.'

Ernest Langton sighed. He loved Clarinda with all the strength of his honest heart and longed for nothing so ardently as to make her his wife. But he was poor, a struggling country solicitor, with little to offer her, and as he watched her glide gracefully round her stepmother's parlor, and listened to her remarks, he knew it was useless to press his suit.

'If she loved me, I might have a chance, for she's not—'

Clarinda threw open the piano, and dashing her fingers over the keys, burst into a lively song. Leaving the window, Ernest approached and stood hanging over the piano, entranced.

A loud brilliant chord brought the song to a close, and the girl started to her feet as though seized with a sudden inspiration.

'You are in wonderful spirits, Clarinda, and in splendid voice.'

'Yes. Isn't it wonderful? Oh! Ernest,' growing suddenly grave, 'if I could but help them all—tears gathered in her eyes—' my poor stepmother and her three little golden-headed darlings. Sometimes I fancy that if I got away, my voice might be a means—but, oh! I've got an idea. You know my mother's aunt, Mrs. Golding?'

'I've heard of her.'

'She's rich. I'll go to her, and then—'

'Will she have you?'

'Tra la! We'll see. I'll write such a sweet letter.'

'But even if she did bid you to come, she would not, perhaps, allow you to help your friends here. And you'd never be happy away from those you love.'

'So you think. But—well, at least, my step-mother would not have to keep me, and I'd have fun and amusement and dress. Oh, I'd get on very well if I never,' with an arch glance and a wave of her hand, 'saw one of you again.'

'I don't believe it.'

'Wait awhile, and then you'll believe. I'm off to write my letter, so good-bye,' and she flashed out of the room, taking all the sunshine with her.

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