

MR. T. J. COLLINS,

DENTAL SURGEON,

(Ten Years' London experience.)

82 PRINCES STREET, DUNEDIN.

(3 doors above G. & T. Young, Jewellers.)

In about a quarter of an hour Jobinard began to feel distinctly uncomfortable. "The moulds seem getting terribly heavy," he said to one of his assistants who kept him company. "They seem on fire, and I can't move."

At that moment the procession, headed by Daburon, filed once more into the courtyard.

"It's getting painful, gentlemen," said Jobinard. "I feel as though I were being turned to stone."

"Try and bear it bravely. Nothing is attained in this world, dear monsieur, without a certain amount of physical suffering. It will be set as hard as marble in a few minutes. We will obtain the necessary appliances for your release at once Jobinard. Remain perfectly quiet till our return," said Daburon, rather suavely.

And then we each of us kissed our finger tips solemnly to poor Jobinard, and we filed out once more. It was the last day of the term at the Art school, and we were all off for our holidays.

For two hours Jobinard waited for us in an agony of fear; then he sent for a stonemason, who dug him out. They had to get the plaster off with a hammer. We had, by the direction of the demon Daburon, omitted to oil the shapely limbs of our victim.

Poor Jobinard.

LINES FOR LITTLE FOLK.

JOSEPH F—, aged 10, was a very pious, good boy, one of the cleverest of his class at the College of St Aloysius, near a principal city of Spain. He had a great love for reading lives of saints, and was particularly devoted to St Alexis. Conscientious in learning his lessons, he was greatly liked by his masters, and his amiability and gentleness endeared him to his companions. Accordingly, there was much astonishment in the college when one day the rumour spread that little Joseph had run away.

The prefect of the third division reported to the rector that he was out with the boys in the country for their usual walk when Joseph asked leave to absent himself for a while. Seeing nothing strange in the request, the prefect gave the desired permission, and shortly after was surprised to see his young friend take to his heels and run until well out of sight. Being alone, the prefect did not think it advisable to leave his 99 lambs in the desert and go after the one that had strayed, but returned home with his division and gave information as quickly as possible to the superiors.

Joseph ran until he was out of breath, and then, not seeing any prefect or division in the rear, he settled down to a walk. At last he was free—free to follow the life to which he felt called by divine inspiration. Coming near a farm he threw away his cap. It was not required for this sort of life, and some poor person might pick it up and find it useful. A little further on a thought occurred to him: All the saints had got rid of their respective coats in favour of some beggar. Seeing a little shepherdess in a field with her flock of sheep, he crossed over to her and said, "Wouldn't you like to have a pretty jacket like mine?" "Oh, yes!" said the little shepherdess. "Here you are then," said Joseph, "take it, it is yours." Behold him then journeying joyously in his shirt sleeves. A little more, and his necktie seemed to him to favour too much of the world, so off it went, and his vest as well. Throwing over a cargo lightens a vessel considerably; and Joseph's little heart felt proportionately lighter now that he had got rid of these extras. "The heaven is the prize—the prize my soul shall strive to gain." But what is this on the horizon? A village, and it will be necessary to pass through it. He will meet people there. But to be poor for the love of Jesus Christ and to have pretty shoes—this is too bad! The shoes and the stockings are left on the side of the road. Walking barefoot on hard stones is no joke, and Joseph's pretty little Aragonese feet are tender. But no matter, one must suffer something for our Lord.

Entering the village, he asked a man who was occupied in cutting grass which was the way to the parish priest's house. The man pointed out the sexton, who happened to be passing, and who now conducted Joseph to the priest's residence. Joseph kept up with some difficulty, as the stones had developed a lump in him. "Father, here is a little boy who wants to see you."

"What do you want, my child?"

"Father, I want to go to Confession in preparation for Communion to-morrow."

"Communion? Have you made your first Communion?"

"Oh, yes, Father! a long time ago. I go to Communion every Sunday."

"But who are you?"

"I am a poor little beggar who happens to be passing by here."

"And where do you come from?"

"From Castle . . ." mentioning the place where he lived.

"And what do you do?"

"I go about from village to village to sanctify myself, because God wishes me to do it."

"But you are not poor, my child; you have a good shirt, well ironed."

"Oh! that was given to me in the city."

"They made you a nice present, my son. But have you a father and mother?"

"Yes!"

"Are they rich?"

"My father has some vines."

"Then you have run away from your father?"

"No!"

"Well, then, you must have run away from some college."

The poor little fellow thought that when one acted in obedience to a divine inspiration it could not be called running away.

"What do you want to do, my child?"

"I want to imitate the saints. God inspires me with a vocation to live poor."

"But, my son, you can sanctify yourself in every position—in riches as well as poverty."

"Yes, but my vocation is to live as a beggar so as to conquer nature more."

"Your inspiration does not come from God, because you are violating the fourth Commandment in disobeying your parents."

"But St Alexis and the other saints lived like that."

"No, no; You are obeying a suggestion of the evil spirit."

"What is a suggestion of the evil spirit, father?"

What more was said I do not know. The good old housekeeper, whose heart was melted by the innocent face, scanty clothes, and bruised feet of the little fellow, got him some supper, and put him to bed. He fell sound asleep in a few minutes.

Meanwhile, there was great commotion at the college. Messengers were sent in hot haste after Joseph, and they arrived at the priest's house during the night. The priest was very glad to see them, and his little charge was awakened. But Joseph was too sleepy to realise the turn events had taken. He could not keep his eyes open and had to be carried to the conveyance kept in waiting at the door. His return to the college was effected very quietly, and next morning he found himself installed in the infirmary near the altar of the Blessed Virgin, and this gave him great pleasure.

But, alas! great troubles are in store for Joseph. The informations have been drawn up against him, and the Rector, on account of being his uncle, is determined to make an example of his nephew so as to prevent the other boys from aspiring to imitate his example. During the morning he was sent for by the Rector, who put questions to him very sternly. Joseph answered them all with great simplicity, but felt very much hurt, and answered firmly, "No," when the Rector said it was to get a good supper and sleep in a fine bed that he went to the priest's house. Then came the ultimatum—he was to be expelled from the college as being guilty of a grave breach of discipline, and the Rector had written so to his parents. Here poor Joseph broke down completely. He had never looked at the matter in this light. He spent a miserable night, and, as he told one of the Fathers afterwards, he cried so much when he thought of the disgrace of being expelled that he fell out of bed and lay on the floor crying and praying to our Lord.

Fortunately, the next day the Father Provincial called at the college, and, on hearing the circumstances, interceded for Joseph, as he felt sure none of the other boys would imitate his conduct. The sentence of expulsion was rescinded, and Joseph regained his usual cheerful demeanour. The other boys, with great thoughtfulness, said nothing to him about his escapade.

As one bears and reads so much of boys running away to sea, to be bushrangers, etc., a story of real life like the above comes as a refreshing contrast.—H.E.C. in the *Australian Messenger*.