ed turn away from his way "Turn ye, turn ye, from ways, and why will you ouse of Israel?

o the Mission, all you who tracted habits of intemperimpurity, of gambling, of religious duty, or of e unbecoming good Chris-reak the bond that binds any the enemy of your souls. no time to be lost, coming with steady step to for h of us as its victim. Woe if we are not ready when nons comes. Preparations y made beforehand for the rmance of important works. this letter to exhort you pare for the great Mission to begin on the last Sunext month. We earnestly he members of the differring to the Mission relariends or neighbors whose We especialthe priests of each church

ternities to use their influnot edifying. heir people, and urge them tolic zeal to hearken of God calling them to re-and change of life. And as efforts in the great work anctification and salvation s unavailing without the of God's grace, we ask s of all the good Catholics y for the success of the ssion.

**** ERSEVERANCE

IN PRAYER

•••••••••• e year 1894, a wealthy can gentleman who was g a tour through the cities of the Old World, ed one day from his hotel into a poor part of the As he passed along the narrow lanes he open door of a Catholic ne glimmering sanctuary turning in he paid a visit ssed Sacrament

after there entered a poor n. She passed up the , and turning to the right gingly at the altar and our Lady. Before she knelt it a candle and placed it beside the shrine, and in ttracted the attention of an gentlemen. He prayed. ger, then rose, and quietg up to the poor woman, r gently on the shoulder.
ou be so good," said he, me why you lit that can-

r the Holy Mother of et an answer to my praye simple reply.

eman knelt down and prayers to Our Lady, but nis prayer was ended he watching the deep fervor old woman, till his cuin led him to approach

think your prayer will be nk my prayer will be m sure of it! I always

ask from the Blessed Viror was deeply struck by

nd retiring, sat and a-ned her as she knelt in yer, till a third time he her:

woman," he said, "I on't be offended if I ask stion, but really I should the favor you are ask-Blessed Lady?" son," she answered, "as as a mother could wish

t many years ago he his fortune in America. lost sight of him, and lost sight of me; but I my boy only knew the of his dear old mother, me and help me. So I e Blessed Virgin to tell nd how poor I am. That nt my prayer I am sure, se it will be in her own

t is the name of your

nim, and full of surprise,

our son! He is my dearfriend. He is now n, and before I left Amged me to spare no exnything of his dear old

he church, and before needs were supplied. id the gentleman, my hotel to-night, to your son and say I is dear old mother, and

i Virgin cannot neglect of faith and constancy. ain from God all that Anthony's Messenger.

WO young men were crawling with slow panting of reath like animals near otheir end through the thick furze of the long moor which outer slope of the

SATURDAY, SEPT. 27, 1902.

skirted hills whose friendly reach they were so anxious gain. They were worn to and yeary, and the face of one showed that some great trouble had left a mark which had triumphed over the naturally careless brightness of his countenance. There was something almost boyish in his look, but, as he now turned to the older man and spoke gaspingly, the quick deference of the latter betrayed their relative standing.
"It is no use, Dick, I cannot get

on. If I had the art of crawling on my stomach, its emptiness would de-feat me. I am sure I would give my kingdom—" he laughed, a genuine laugh of amusement which suddenly changed into a bitter sob.

"Nay, say not so, dear King," said the other, rising from the stooping position with difficulty, and rubbing his knees. "The way will There lighten for us after a while. cannot be continuance of this ill-fortune."

The youth shook his head.

"I am chilled through by the dews, and the raw flesh is cut by the ground. Do, dear Pendrell, say that ou believe we can now gather some of this stuff and light a fire. We are many miles from Worcester that it must be safe enough."

"God knows that if I could warm thee, my King, I would gladly do it at expense of my life. But we cannot count on the distance. The whole country has been alarmed and there is not one of these long-faced scoundrels who would not sell his mother to curry favor with old No11 "

Very well. Charles Stuart has borne so much that he can well summon endurance to bear more. But Dick, thou dost not know how the thought of that great-nosed rascal in my poor father's place, the teling that all is over for me, has the chill of death my struck heart. My poor mother! What high hopes were hers, what plans of vengeance had she made! And now she must resign herself to live on the grudged charity that is doled out by France. Oh, I am not going to be a woman after this''-the tears were streaming down his cheeks, "Dear Dick, grudge me not this moment of

The elder man said nothing but pressed his lips firmly together, and rising as if the tumult of emotion was too great to hold him to his caution, he strode up and down the narrow path they had made, impatiently slashing at the furze with his sword.

Charles Stuart sat on the ground and watched him. He felt like a child who had resigned himself to the guidance of another, and has no chance to use his own judg-To his sense of reliance on the good-will of the other was added as much of affection as could flourish the disappointed heart of a king already bitterly famifiar with the contempt that common mortals feel for royalty without power.

It was good to know here was one on whom he could depend, who would not sell him like his Scottish subjects, and whose deeds were more significant to his devotion than his

It was long enough after the terrible rout of Worcester for Charles to have taken measure of his changed circumstances and to understand the pity and loyalty of others for the means of escape from the land that would have him not. He had lost his pride, had lost all but the desire to live, to evade the clutches of that merciless arm which grasped and crushed the weaklings it seized, as if they were made of paper. That he might one day be able to return to his own had even left his hope. His whole desire was to find a place

of safety. For a while Pendrell raged back and forth, then he turned abruptly to the king:

"We have been three days without food. It would be dangerous to try to kill any game even if there were any for us to kill. We shall have to risk throwing ourselves on the mer-cy of some of the neighboring farm-

"Rather try the gentry," quickly rejoined Charles, "I have found the farmers far more in love with Cromwell than with myself."

is not a matter of choice. Pendrell, with a half smile." But if we come where there are pretty maidens it may be their hearts will not be so hard to the sight of one of their own age in distress."

Charles looked reefully at his garb. It was a singular compound. There was little of royalty in that strange mixture of dejection, dirt. and fatigue that made up the king. He was clad in a long green con-

that might have served for a peas ant of twice his proportions, and his shapely limbs were concealed in breeches of the coarsest and most primitive country make, while the huge boots in which his small feet wandered had so cut him at every step that his feet were glued to them by his own blood. His curls were gathered up under a short and unkempt wig, and only the small, well-formed restless hands, the eyes with their look of reliant individuality and the melancholy sweetness that were the great charm of the Stuart's glance betrayed there behind the uncouth exterior more than common.

Dandy to the heart, he felt almost a thrill of pain at the suggestion that any maiden of high or low degree should see him thus. He said, petulantly:

"We need not expect any mercy from the louts hereabouts. Let us tighten our belts and push on."

"As you say," responded Pendrell, briefly. "There is some support in the embrace of leather."

The two plodded on, but at each step Charles faltered and only by resolution could he repress the cry of agony that came to his lips as his tortured feet stumbled in vain endeavor to keep up with his companion's stride.

At last he said, pantingly:

"Dear Dick, thou wert right and I am wrong, as it seems to be my fate. Let us stop, if only to lie in the bush. I cannot go a step farther in these boots."

Even as he spoke Pendrell with a quick movement dragged him down to the ground and placed his hand over his lips.

A shiver went through Charles The love of life sprang into being, and quivering with fear, all thought of his sufferings forgotten, he hugged the earth while his companion sat by his side with eager strain of every nerve. His quicker ear had caught the sound of voices not far below them.

The two remained motionless for what seemed to the king an eternity of suspense, then Pendrell with gesture that he should remain where he was, arose, and creeping to the top of the slope looked over.

There was no attempt on the part of those who had set up their encampment below to conceal themselves. They were talking loudly and busily gathering brush to make . The cry of a child attracted attention to the great wagon which stood at one side. The horses to which the covetous eve of Pendrell instantly went were tethered near by, a strong pair of draught animals, and just then feeding them from a dish of oats was a young woman of comely presence whose face he eagerly scanned to see if there was aught of her disposition read. But as far as Pendrell could ee it was heavy and coarse, and there was little chance, that the coquetry of her sex would aid Charles. He nearly laughed, forlorn as was their plight, at thought of the appearance of the latter and the small chance there was of his being able to play the gallant.

On the ground at a short space from the wagon were many bags, and these and the dusty frock of a man who came from the back of the wagon, bearing in his arms the crying child, told him it was a miller who was carrying grain from some distance to his mill. The company had evidently withdrawn from the road for greater safety and were pre paring to pass the night here.

Pendrell thought rapidly. Neither four persons who now stood around distance. It might be safe for them to throw themselves on their mercy to the extent of begging a part of the meal whose preparation arready made his mouth water.

He went back to Charles and briefly related what he had seen, concluding by saving:

'It is the horses that we want and to go a good distance toward safe-

But Charles shook his head.

"The sight of the little money that we have with us would at once betray us for no matter how ignorant these louts they know enough to sys- he took on himself to answer quickly pect the possessors of French coin. we could not travel on Charles. horseback. Our only safety is in

said Pendrell, mortified that he of provisions and we ask you for the should seem to Charles to have overhelp of food to give us strength for looked the great fact that the safety of the king should be the first "Faith if your tongue can move so

as these

thyself with having forgotten an honest workingman speak as you the heat, fatigue, and the generous that I may have thought of me. I am ever first in thy heart and there could be none room for you here. Nay." answer- asleep. Pendrell was between two morning's work."

THE MERGY OF A MAIDEN.

who could do more than thou hast ing the light that came into Pendone for me."

Pendrell took the hand which he extended to him, and kissed it, then helped him to arise. Charles bravely smothered the groan that wanted utterance, and said:

'Dick, we shall go to them for I swear there is such enticement it would make me almost an Esau. We shall have to trust to their compassion as a pair of footsore beggars."

"And to my sword," said Pendrell grimly.

"Beggars do not usually carry swords with diamond studded hilts, said Charles, touching that of Pendrell, and smiling slightly.

"I must conceal it, but how?" Charles laughed.

"Easily enough can I do that to mine, thanks to the cunning of the French artificer who made me a present of it, and wished it to bring me good luck. It hath failed in that, but, who knows?"

As he spoke he took his sword and with a wrench detached the hilt and the blade and shoved the latter up into the former till it seemed as if he carried a short club. Pendrell looked half enviously as he lovingly handled his own, then, taking off his cloak, he wrapped the sword in it and bound it about as well as could with a piece of cord, and slung it over his shoulder.

"Forward," said Charles, with a lightening of his heart and some of the merry curiosity of youth. His volatile disposition was already aiding him to forget his misery. There was more in action than in passive endurance, and no matter how their adventure turned out it might be great relief from the pressure of maddening thought.

They did not descend the abrupt hill down which they looked into the little dell, but cautiously skirted it and came out for a moment on the highway. Pendrell glancing about him with more anxiety than Charles, so completely had the latter yielded to the anticipation of some good from the miller's party. They soon plunged into the little clearing and as they made their way it came suddenly to Pendrell that no one who was not familiar with the region could have selected the spot. It was a most cunningly contrived hid ing place, for the ordinary traveller would never have dreamed there was aught but tangled underbrush beyond the formidable hedge of briars. As they pressed forward the whispered a few words of rapid caution to the king, and then they were in the midst of the clearing.

Near the fire stood a tall, strong yoman of the early evening of life She was busy adding to the savory compound which had so tickled their nostrils and the younger woman was hushing one child to sleep by a tender crooning while a boy of ten stood at her side, gazing at the miller. The latter was sharpening long poles which he had cut down among he saplings and so intent on his task that it was only the sharp exclamation of the child that made him raise his head. He paused and that he was absolutely dependent on the garb nor the movements of the straighthened up while he eyed the intruders with frowning suspicion.

The slight figure of Charles was a huge travelling van, the quantity of little in advance, and the king tried grain, showed they had come from a to put as engaging and supplicating a smile on his face as he could muster, but the effect on his begrimed and briar-torn visage caused the boy to set up a howl of terror.

"What brings ye here, ye rogues?" roared the miller, lifting his voice to give himself the more courage. What do ye mean to intrude on honest people who are journeying to if we can get them we can manage their homes? Get ye gone at once or I will bore a hole through ye!"

Considering that he was less his speech savored more of intent than ability and Pendrell smiled grimly, almost unconsciously fondling his concealed sword. for he feared the quick pride of

"Sir, we are honest men, in search crawling like insects in such places of work. We have had the misfortume to fall in with some thieves "Curse it, thou speakest truth," who despoiled us of our little store help of food to give us strength for

thought. With the keeness of mind glib, your legs ought to follow that seemed to give him insight to suit," said the miller, abruptly and the thoughts of others, the king said with a keen look at the speaker. "I am not much of a meddler with oth-

drell's eyes, "do not reckon on being two to one for my nephews who delayed a little will soon be with us.

"We cannot go on," said Charles, breaking silence for the first time, and instinctively turning his eyes to the younger woman. "We are the smell of that roasting meat that starving. If for nothing but the are sake of the child you have in your him a kindness-"

"What, you young limb of Satan," roared the miller, "do you mean to hint that a son of mine will ever be travelling the foad? Get out of

coolly, "had you as many nephews as there are devils in Hell we must have food."

The younger woman, who had not spoken, now interposed:

"It is easy enough to give them something," she said in a conciliatory tone, "and let them go."

"No," thundered the miller, don't work to feed lazy vagabonds or maybe worse; maybe they are some of the band of the Stuart who tried to bring his accursed followers to eat of the substance of the land.' He suddenly seized Charles by the arm and drew him into the circle of the fire for the light of day was wan-

The king made no resistance, and Pendrell, who had been about to spring on the miller, held back.

As the two women saw the utter weariness and emaciation of the boyish figure, they both sprang forward one impulse and took him from the hold of the miller.

"Stay, father," said the younger one, using the same term that he children gave to her husband. "He do be ready to drop with hunger, and he's naught but a lad. you might say. What matter be they vagabonds? A little of our plenty won't hurt us to lose. Lie down, lad," indicating a couch that had been made of hay and empty bags, "I'll tell ye now that his bark is worse than his bite."

"I thank you," said Charles, faintly, for the revulsion had almost deprived him of voice, "you will not

regret-" The miller had turned to his poles again after listening to the gentle words of the elder woman who moioned Pendrell to a seat. The latter curtly expressed his thanks and sank down on the spot she indicated, though his eyes and heart were with king, whom the two women seemed to have suddenly received into their very hearts.

"Peace," said the younger of the two, in a half whisper as she turned to leave Charles. "I was a kitchen maid at Sir Peter Ken's and I never saw such hands as yours except on a gentleman. It don't matter to me what you've done. You need something and you shall have it. But my nephews who are soon to be here are mad to be with Cromwell, and 'tis best for ye to and then pretend to be asleep. I'll manage them."

"God bless you," said the hunted one, his heart more touched with her pity than he had expected ever to be moved, so lost was his faith in human kindness am only

"God bless ve. lad. you are only a little while out of the nurse's

The elder woman said nothing but ooked at him with such attention that Charles felt the pallor that overspread his face must betray him. But she ended her scrutiny by say-

ing:-"Have patience. Hold your own or a time, a weary and a long wait, nd the sun will shine for you yet.' "Mother do be able to see things," said the daughter in a whisper.

"Here Tibbie what are you wasting time with that good-for-naught or?" said the miller "here's your husband and your children a-wantng their supper sore." Tibbie hastened away and soon

dished out in big wooden bowls most generous portions of the meat vegetables and the two wayfarers fell to with ravenous haste. that never had they had such good cheer, and they took quite a differ ent view of their chances for life when they had caerefully scraped the last from the trenchers and returned them. Charles took a deep draught. from the gourd of water which Tibgently:

"Nay, dear Dick, do not reproach er folks' business, but I never heard bie handed kim, then overcome by

minds as to following his example. Toughened by long exposure and greater age he had more reserve to draw upon, but even his iron will could hardly fight off the deman of the flesh. Yet the thought that asleep they would be utterly fenseless served to give him resolution and he lay down by the side of his companion with his hand grasping the sword in his bundle,

The miller had relaxed something of his severity as the meal warmed him up, but he was far from having faith in his companions, rose and securely fastened the horses and at the same time tightened the belt which held his store of money

He looked down at the pair a moment, marked the evidence of travel on their garb and boots, and tried to see something of their faces, but Pendrell had pushed Charles' batterarms, that in time some one may do ed hat well forward, and his own was partly over his eyes. Those eyes, keen and alert, were watching man above him, and at first sign of hostility to his king, he was ready to spring upon the miller.

here at once, do ye hear?"

But the latter walked away, and
"That we will not," said Charles, lighting his pipe, prepared to enjoy But the latter walked away, and, the rare enough treat of the American weed.

> "Tibbie." he said, as his wife joined him after the older woman and two children had gone to sleep the caravan, "I don't know as I ought to go to sleep till the come. These two might steal the horses and we a good forty mile from my father's yet."

"Oh, Nicholas, they won't. They be nought of that sort. I believe I wouldn't be afraid to trust them. Let us thank the Lord that softened your father's heart and made him leave ye the mill if ye did marry

"My girl." said the miller "there's nothing I ever did or can do that was so good as marrying ve. There's not your like anywhere But that doesn't mean we're to have no common sense and protection of our own. I've a mind to bind the arms of these two whilst they sleep and then I can shut my eyes.'

"'Deed I wouldn't," said Tibbie "I'm no fool and I know they are too tired to move. Besides, the boys will soon be here. Hark! There be they."

The miller started up, taking fagot from the fire, and waving it above his head as he started for the path

"Maybe 'tis highwaymen," said Tibbie, apprehnsively," 'tis strange he thought not of that and he so suspiciouss of the lad and his com panion. Ah, 'tisn't. 'Tis Nick and Will at last. Now I hope they'll

leave the two wanderers alone." She turned to the pot and scatter ed the fire so that the heart of the burning wood might heat the stew more quickly, and wheeling about gave a hearty greeting to the tall, spare and determined-looking men of nearly thirty who came for ward with a haste that showed their appetite had been whetted by the savory odor

"Aunt Tibbie, ye have ever ready something the like of is not to be had in all the inns of the road." said the younger and more looking as he took his heaped-un portion. "I only wish I could fine some maiden that would make half so good a wife as my aunt.

"Ye haven't searched hard enough," she said, blithely. "Here Nick, ye'll have a good race Will to see which ends quickest. But Nick had now espied the two prostrate figures and, with his eyes

on them, demanded, gruffly: "Who are tney. Where did ye

find them " gold "T didn't uncle, "they came to us and asked for something to eat. They're a pair of ne'er-do-wells, going from one town to another, I suppose."

"These are no times for taking things by supposes" said Will, rising and laying down his dish, "I'll look at them and see if they aren't a pair of Cavaliers-"

'First." said Tibbie, sharply, "as asleep, ye'll eat your tion and let me clean up my dishes for to-morrow. There's time enough for minding other people's business when I've finished mine."

The miller laughed as Will rather sullenly took his seat, and his brother said jokingly:

take things or " Will don't chances. He thinks there may something in this which will be the means of raising him in the world." "Not so, judge me not by the carnal instincts of your nature." the other, hastily. "T feel that it may be I am the instrument selected by the Lord to bring the guilty and the bloody to justice, and I ought not to refuse the oall."

"It is often that I meet a kind of conceit that is as bad as anything the Cavaliers ever done," said Tibble aloud. "I shink myself that t is your duty now to finish eating that I may have the dishes out o the way and the pot ready for

"Aye," said her husband, heart-

"I am going to see who these are, though," said Will, determinedly.

"There's nothing wrong about that, surely," said the miller. "Come on" said Nick,

Tibbie said nothing. She was sorry that her mother had retired, but she dared not further interpose, and besides what cause was this of hers? The two might be thieves, might be only what they seemed, although her swift woman's instinct told her oth-

erwise. Nick and Will strode over to the prostrate figures and Will rudely passed the light of the flaming fagot he bore over the eyes of both, several times. There was not a of disturbance from Charles who was so sound asleep that nothing but the crack of doom could have wakened him, and Pendrell had schooled himself to stand the ordeal.

After a long scrutiny, a careful dwelling on every bit of their garb and a lifting of the hats which shad-

ed their faces, the two turned away. 'I don't know, "" muttered | Will, but by morning light I can judge better. They may be naught but some of less degree whose pulling would do us no good. Be that as it nay when day comes we will them to Sir Ralph Peyton who will put them through and find out if

they are of the unsanctified." "Yes, that will be best," said Tibbie, readily.

After a little more talk the two younger men threw themselves the bed they quickly made, and Tibbie and her husband retired to the caravan. Soon the snores of the miller announced that he had fallen

readily into the arms of sleep. Pendrell could no more have yielded to the fatigue that tortured each nerve of his body than he could have betrayed his precious charge. It seemed that every minute he remained inactive he was wasting time that could not be valued, but he was an experienced enough campaigner to understand that it was well to err on the side of safety.

And how to wake the king? He knew that to rise in those boots was a process of agony that drew from Charles groans he could not stifle.

While he was deliberating a hand touched him and he sprang up with fierce resolve to murder. It was

Tibbie who stood by his side.
"Hush!" she said. "God forgive me, but I can't see ye given over to the butcher. Ye must go at By taking the second road to the right, straight across through forest, and then one turn to the right again ye will come to the grounds of Sir Paulet Stevens. He would give his life for the King, and ne has protection because his nephew is one of the greatest of Noll's friends and wants to stand in good favor to get the store of gold that Sir Paulet has hid somewhere. They do say that he has often harbored priests. He was an old friend of my naster's. Now, sir, do ye and the lad get up and make for your life, for Will has his suspicions.

"Thank you, thank you," breathed Pendrell, "you do not know what ervice you are doing."

'Maybe it is better I don't." "But I cannot raise the - my friend. He is like a log, and his

feet are so cut with the boots-ah, the poor lad-that he is sure to groan and thus arouse the others." Tibbie thought a moment. "I see she said. "I'm syxteen a way," stone and he's not much for my back. I'll just lift him and carry for some distance along the road you ought to take. Do you lift up that bundle. There is a bit to Without more ado, she put her arms about the neck and feet of the king and lifting him in her arms as if he were her child, she started off as light as a feather, with , Pendrell at her back. He marvelled at the ease with which she bore her den, and he wondered why Charles made no outcry though he was so near that he could easily have stifled it with his hand. But the young king lay in her arms in the deep ex haustion of futigue and it was not till they had gone far that who trod the narrow path with the experienced alertness of one to whom t was familiar, placed him down

and shook him gently. He woke with a start, crying out: "Ha! Dick! where are you? Are we caught?"

"No, no," said Pendrell, gently. Be still. There is need of the greatest caution. The good woman who so kindly fed us has brought you from the camp. There are mies there. Now cant't you walk?' "Curse these boots," said Charles, He strove to move his feet and after a moment of anguish found that he could endure the pain. He

turned to Tibbie. and earnestness of the king, "I owe you my life. I shall never forget it. God will reward you for this

(Continued on Page Twelve.)