

turn away from his way
"Turn ye, turn ye, from
ways, and why will you
house of Israel?"
to the Mission, all you who
traced habits of intemper-
impurity, of gambling, of
religious duty, or of any
unbecoming good Chris-
break the bond that binds
the enemy of your souls,
no time to be lost, for
coming with steady step to
h of us as its victim. Woe
if we are not ready when
mons come. Preparations
ly made beforehand for the
rmance of important works,
this letter to exhort you
pare for the great Mission
to begin on the last Sun-
ext month. We earnestly
the members of the differ-
ternities to use their influ-
ing to the Mission rela-
friends or neighbors whose
not edifying. We especial-
the priests of each church
their people, and urge them
to lead to heaven to
of God calling them to re-
and change of life. And as
efforts in the great work
sanctification and salvation
is unavailing without the
of God's grace, we ask
y of all the good Catholics
y for the success of the
ssion.

PERSEVERANCE
IN
PRAYER.

year 1894, a wealthy
gentleman who was
g a tour through the
ities of the Old World,
ed one day from his hotel
into a poor part of the
As he passed along the
narrow lanes, he saw
open door of a Catholic
the glimmering sanctuary
turning in he paid a visit
ssed Sacrament.
after there entered a poor
n. She passed up the
b, and turning to the right
glingly at the altar and
our Lady. Before she knelt
it a candle and placed it
beside the shrine, and in-
tracted the attention of
an gentleman. He prayed
ger, then rose, and quiet-
y up to the poor woman,
g 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 pray-
e simple reply.
eman knelt down and
prayers to Our Lady, but
his prayer was ended he
watching the deep fervor
old woman, till his cu-
in led him to approach
think your prayer will be
nk my prayer will be
m sure of it! I always
ask from the Blessed Vir-
or was deeply struck by
and retiring, sat and a-
red her as she knelt in
ver, till a third time he
her:
woman," he said, "I
n't be offended if I ask
stition, but really I should
w the favor you are ask-
Blessed Lady?"
son," she answered, "as
as a mother could wish
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,
ome and help me. So I
e Blessed Virgin to tell
and how poor I am. That
nt my prayer I am sure,
se it will be in her own
t is the name of your
aim, and full of surprise,
our son! He is my dear-
friend. He is now a
a, and before I left Am-
g me to spare no ex-
w any means of finding
anything of his dear old
the church, and before
needs were supplied.
ed the gentleman, "be-
my hotel to-night, I
to your son and say I
his dear old mother, and
you are."
Virgin cannot neglect
of faith and constancy,
ain from God all that
Anthony's Messenger.

WO young men were crawl-
ing with slow panting of
breath like animals near to
their end through the thick
furze of the longmoor which
skirted the outer slope of
the hills whose friendly reach
they were so anxious to
gain. They were worn and
weary, 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
and concern 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
lighten for us after a while. There
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
you believe we can now gather some
of this stuff and light a fire. We are
so many miles from Worcester that
it must be safe enough."
"God knows that if I could warm
these, 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
Noll."
"Very well. Charles Stuart has
borne so much that he can well sum-
mon endurance to bear more. But,
oh, Dick, thou dost not know how
the thought of that great-nosed ras-
cal in my poor father's place, the
feeling that all is over for me, has
struck the chill of death to my
heart. My poor mother! What high
hopes were hers, what plans of ven-
geance had she made! And now she
must resign herself to live on the
grudging 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
weakness."
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 who
has no chance to use his own judg-
ment. To his sense of reliance on
the good-will of the other was added
as much of affection as could flourish
in the disappointed heart of a king
already bitterly familiar 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
words.
It was long enough after the terri-
ble rout of Worcester for Charles to
have taken measure of his changed
circumstances and to understand
that he was absolutely dependent on
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 de-
sire 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-
ers."
"Rather try the gentry," quickly
rejoined Charles, "I have found the
farmers far more in love with Crom-
well than with myself."
"It is not a matter of choice,"
said 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 ruefully 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 coat

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 individual-
ity and the melancholy sweetness
that were the great charm of the
Stuart's glance betrayed there was
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 de-
gree 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 their
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 far-
ther 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 hug-
ged 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 a
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 en-
campment below to conceal them-
selves. They were talking loudly,
and busily gathering brush to make
a fire. The cry of a child attracted
attention to the great wagon which
stood at one side. The horses to
which the covetous eye of Pendrell
instantly went were tethered near-
by, a strong pair of draught ani-
mals, and just then feeding them
from a dish of oats was a young wo-
man of comely presence, whose face
he eagerly scanned to see if there
was aught of her disposition to be
read. But as far as Pendrell could
see 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 cry-
ing 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
the garb nor the movements of the
four persons who now stood around
the fire were that of the region. The
huge travelling van, the quantity of
grain, showed they had come from a
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 already
made his mouth water.
He went back to Charles and brief-
ly related what he had seen, con-
cluding by saying:
"It is the horses that we want and
if we can get them we can manage
to go a good distance toward safety."
But Charles shook his head.
"The sight of the little money that
we have with us would at once be-
tray us for no matter how ignorant
these louts they know enough to sus-
pect the possessors of French coin.
Besides, we could not travel on
horseback. Our only safety is in
crawling like insects in such places
as these."
"Curse it, thou speakest truth,"
said Pendrell, mortified that he
should seem to Charles to have over-
looked the great fact that the safety
of the king should be the first
thought. With the keenness of mind
that seemed to give him insight to
the thoughts of others, the king said
gently:
"Nay, dear Dick, do not reproach
thyself with having forgotten
thoughts of me. I am ever first in
thy heart and there could be none

who could do more than thou hast
done 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 in
the smell of that roasting meat that
it would make me almost an Esau.
We shall have to trust to their com-
passion as a pair of footsore beg-
gars."
"And to my sword," said Pendrell
grimly.
"Beggars do not usually carry
swords with diamond studded hilts,"
said Charles, touching that of Pend-
rell, 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 pre-
sent 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 he
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 aid-
ing 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 a
great relief from the pressure of mad-
dening 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 did
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 re-
gion could have selected the spot. It
was a most cunningly contrived hid-
ding place, for the ordinary traveller
would never have dreamed there was
aught but tangled underbrush be-
yond the formidable hedge of briars.
As they pressed forward the whis-
per of 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
woman 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 ten-
der crooning while a boy of ten
stood at her side, gazing at the mil-
ler. The latter was sharpening long
poles which he had cut down among
the saplings and so intent on his
task that it was only the sharp ex-
clamation of the child that made
him raise his head. He paused and
straightened up while he eyed the
intruders with frowning suspicion.
The slight figure of Charles was a
little in advance, and the king tried
to put as engaging and supplicating
a smile on his face as he could must-
er, 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
their homes? Get ye gone at once
or I will bore a hole through ye!"
Considering that he was weapon-
less his speech savored more of in-
tent than ability and Pendrell smil-
ed grimly, almost unconsciously
fondling his concealed sword. But
he took on himself to answer quickly
for he feared the quick pride of
Charles.
"Sir, we are honest men, in search
of work. We have had the misfor-
tune to fall in with some thieves
who despoiled us of our little store
of provisions and we ask you for the
help of food to give us strength for
our journey."
"Faith if your tongue can move so
glib, your legs ought to follow
suit," said the miller, abruptly and
with a keen look at the speaker. "I
am not much of a meddler with oth-
er folks' business, but I never heard
an honest workingman speak as you
do. Get ye gone. There is no
room for you here. Nay," answer-

THE MERCY OF A MAIDEN.

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 demands
of the flesh. Yet the thought that
asleep they would be utterly de-
fenseless served to give him resolu-
tion and he lay down by the side of
his companion with his hand grasp-
ing 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, and he a-
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 mo-
ment, marked the evidence of travel
on their garb and boots, and tried
to see something of their faces, but
Pendrell had pushed Charles' bat-
tered hat well forward, and his own
was partly over his eyes. Those eyes,
keen and alert, were watching the
man above him, and at first sign of
hostility to his king, he was ready
to spring upon the miller.
But the latter walked away, and,
lighting his pipe, prepared to enjoy
the rare enough treat of the Ameri-
can weed.
"Tibbie," he said, as his wife joined
him after the older woman and
two children had gone to sleep in
the caravan, "I don't know as I
ought to go to sleep till the boys
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
me."
"My girl," said the miller,
"there's nothing I ever did or can
do that was so good as marrying
ye. 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 a
fagot from the fire, and waving it
above his head as he started for the
path.
"Maybe 'tis highwaymen," said
Tibbie, apprehensively. 'Tis strange
he thought not of that and he so
suspicious 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 two
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 genial-
looking as he took his heaped-up
portion. "I only wish I could find
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 with
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 they. Where did ye
find them, uncle?"
"I didn't find them," said the
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, ris-
ing 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
they're asleep, ye'll eat your por-
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 bro-
ther said jokingly:
"Will don't take things on
chances. He thinks there may be
something in this which will be the
means of raising him in the world."
"Not so, judge me not by the car-
nal instincts of your nature," said
the other, hastily. "I 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 call."
"It is often that I meet a kind
of conceit that is as bad as any-
thing the Cavaliers ever done," said
Tibbie aloud. "I think myself that
it is your duty now to finish eating
that I may have the dishes out of
the way and the pot ready for the
morning's work."

(Continued on Page Twelve.)