SPANISH JOHN.

SEING A MEMOIR NOW FIRST PUBLISHED IN COMPLETE FORM OF THE RARLY LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF COLONEL JOHN M DONELL KNOWN AS "SPANISH JOHN," WHEN A LIEUTENANT IN THE COMPANY OF ST. JAMES OF THE REGIMENT HIRADIA. IN THE BERVICE OF THE KING OF SPAIN OFERAT ING IN THAN ING IN ITALY.

offered.

shock of

never pass."

break.'

kitchen.

ears grew.

may perhaps give him." "But, Father," I said, "that is im

Knowing that argument was useless

sent for Neil, as good and safe a man

The poor little ones, soon to b

death, sending old Christie, the ser

vant, to keep her lonely watch in th

That last night alone with my father

BY WILLIAM M LENNAN. IX.

How Father O'Rourke kept the Black Pass; of the escape of the Prince and my own michance that followed, but of how the Day of Reckoning between me and Creach came at last.

We felt that Skye was not the safesi place for us alter my brush with Creach, for, with such a creature in leash with Allan Knock, no decent man's liberty was worth a rush in days when a whisper was sufficient to secure

when a whisper was sufficient to secure his arrest, so we made our trip a short one and returned to the main-land. We and all felt relieved that the Prince had returned from the Islands, Prince had returned from the Islands, whither he had gone much against the wishes of his best friends, and his es-cape might have been effected long since had he not taken wrong advice from those who knew nothing of the country. And if I may criticize, with-out blame, however, His Royal High-ness, perhaps from too great an open-ness in his own temper, was not a dis-cerning judge of those about him, many of whom were men of no character of whom were men of no character whatever, and to-day I can see the truth of Father O'Rourke's words truth of Father O'Rourke's words which I had resented so heartily in Rome. But

such advantage, as he now gained from being amongst his friends was in a measure balanced by the nearness of his enemies, and he was obliged to lie exceeding close, and at times ran narrow chances of capture. This was the more evident as but few now his whereabouts, and while on the Islands his movements were known so wide that at times I have been tempted to think it was possible the English were not in truth over anxious his capture. Indeed, I cannot k what they would have done with him had he fallen into their hands. To execute him would be an impossibility, for we felt such a murder as that of King Charles was something the civilized world would never see again, and the horrid crimes of the French in these last days were as then undreamed of; and to imprison him would have been to place him on the highest possible pinnacle of martyrdom, the last thing

g his enemies could desire. this as it may, we found the ity of the troops had been greatly activity of the troops increased, and it was only with the greatest caution we could visit Crow-lin; so we kept moving about the country, seldom passing two nights in the same place, keeping as near the coast as possible to be on the lookout for friendly ships. We soon had evidence, too, that

We soon had evidence, oo, that Creach was at work, for even before we left Skye it was clear we were spied upon, and now it was only the scarcity of troops that prevented him and Allan Knock from carrying out their private revenge. We were dogged night and day, and knew an attempt would be made upon us the moment the neces sary men could be spared for such

you bring ?" "He is dead !" he cried, with It was on the first of Santamber that It was on the first of September that we got news of a vessel off the coast, near Loch Carron, where we were then hiding on a property which belonged to our family, and we forthwith sent word groan. "No, not dead, God forgive me! but dying there alone, and him the finest swordsman I ever stood beside. "Come!" I said, and he turned with me, and as we went he gave out his to Glenaladale-Alexander McDonald -who had just left the Prince in charge of Cluny Macpherson among the story in gasps : "The Doctor was not at home. Skulking in the hills again. We left our message and started back. Just at the top of the Black Pass they met us, hills, that all was ready. We made a night visit to Crowlin and bade good bye to my father, whom I never ex pected to see again on earth, while over the sleeping children Father and he never thinking of them at all An officer and six men. We were too over the sleeping culturen radius O'Rourke said a prayer in Irish, and quick for them, though, and had our left his blessing on the house. We slipped out into the night again and words out and our backs to the hill side before they could stop us. made our way to the coast to find that the vessel had gone out to sea, but had signalled she would stand in again 'They called to him to surrender taking him to be you. "'Come, come, Mr. McDonell!' says the officer. 'Give up your sword This was spent most anxiously among the hills. We knew we were gentleman!' And oh ! Master John ! With his death before him he laughed. And what do you think were the words he said? 'Sir,' says he, 'I never knew a McDonell yet who could give up his sword like a gentleman!' watched in every movement and an at-tempt would be made to prevent our embarking, if possible ; and to add to our anxiety, word was brought from Glenaladale saying he had no knowledge of "And then he warned the officer to be off and leave such work to the likes where the Prince was, as Cluny had moved away from the hiding-place he of Allan Knock and Creach, and the last knew, but that we were all to not words flew back and forth between aboard and lie to until the last pos sible hour in the morning, and then, if he did not appear with the Prince, to sail without him, instructing any till we were all at it together. He ran the officer through as cool as if he was at practice ; he put two thers down, and we were making grand other vessel spoken, to stand in farther to the south near Arisoig, so he might play, when there was a flash, and down e went, shot like a dog! "''Neil! Neil!' he shouted, 'go prepare and get word into the hills in time for the love of God !' and I broke through and rolled over the side of the Shortly before midnight we saw the signal of a red light low on the water shown twice for a moment, and made our way to the beach, where the boats cliffs; but by God's help I carcht and held myself just when I thought J was lost. And I held there while they met us, and we embarked without molestation. We found her to be the Alerte privateer, and her Captain fully crawled to the edge and threw a torch down-making sure I had gone with the stones that rolled till they struck the prepared to run any reasonable risk to bring off the Prince. We met with a numerous company of gentlemen and black water below-and until I heard them gather up their wounded and tramp. Then I climbed to the top some ladies on board, who had been again, and left him only when I found he was still breathing, and remembered picked up at different points along the coast, and together we watched in the greatest anxiety for some signal from he meant I was to carry his message to shore ; but our hopes vanished as you. "Oh, Master John ! never, never did the dawn grew stronger in the east. until we could not justify a longer delay, and made ready to return in our boat, which we had kept alongside. man fight better, and you may comfort your heart with the name he made for you this night. I could see it all clearly : that scounwas their devotion that some when they heard of our resolution, were only deterred from joining us by drel, Allan Knock, set on by Creach, had been on our track ever since we my assurance that I was charged with a special commission by the Duke, and their presence would only endanger left Skye, and, knowing of our return from the ship through his spies, had thought to have taken me, or both o the safety of the Prince as well as our own; on this they allowed us to de us, at Crowlin; the rest was plain from Neil's story, and it saw only through part, with many a prayer both in Gaelic and English. With dull anger the mistake of the English captain that my father had closed his eyes in my in our hearts we climbed the hills, eyearms. ing all the cover whence we knew false eyes were following us ; but not a By the goodness of God, when I knelt bush moved, nor was there a sound, as eside the man so dear to me. I found we lay on the open hill top and from our old hiding place saw the the sun him still alive, though wounded so that at the first sight I saw even to raise redden the sails of the privateer as she im meant a quicker death. stood on her way towards France and The moment I spoke he opened hi "Ah, Giovannini, my son," he safety.

THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

after a moment, "It was a pretty fight until they put an end to it with their shooting. But, poor creatures, I drove them to it. They couldn't get in at Crowlin, for, now the Prince had failed o appear, we held our duty was to my ather until another opportunity We were quite unable to approach the house in daylight, as it lay in th

me in any other way." "Oh, Father," I cried, "why didn't you tell them who you were?" hollow well open to observation; and when we at last made our way down and entered, we were shocked at the change that had taken place in my taken? "I've been borrowing names all ong," he said, drowsily; " tell Lynch

long,' kept his. I didn't make a bad use of wours either," he said very slowly, and seemed to doze. We raised his head more and covered father's condition. "It was a kind Providence that led

us back, Giovannin," said Father O'Rourke, as we knelt beside the plainly dying man, "for these hours will mean nuch to him and to you afterwards." him with the plaids. In a little while he woke up quite

clear. "Giovannini, lad, what of things When my father recovered from the

I told him, and he muttered a short prayer to himself, and then went on: I am thankful I have neither kith nor shock of seeing us, it was with the greatest thankfulness I saw Father PRourke go into him alone, and when he appeared again his face was that kin, and not a soul to give a thought to my going to night save yourself. that is much-is dear to me. But of the holy man he was. "Now, Giovanniai," he said, "I am going to your cousin "--this was Dr. McDonald, of Kylles-" for I have claim has a wandering priest save on his God, and your being with me is the excess of His goodness. "Now don't be fretting about the

done all that is in my power for your father. He wants you now, my son, and he wants such relief as the Doctor way my end has come: it was as much God's work to bar the door by my word, and keep the father in pe with the son, as to stand beside Altar.'

possible; you do not know the road over the hills well enough, and the country is alive with troops you can And then the drowsiness began to steal on him again, but he roused himself to say, as if in answer to my sorrow never pass." "Nonsense," he said, with a short laugh, "I can pass anything on a night such as this. Let me take Neil with me, and we will be back before day-"Courage, lad, courage : the sun has not gone because a rushlight is snuffed out.

It was a long time before he spoke gain, and then it was in the same

uiet voice. "'Tis a strange pass to come to man who a few years ago thought of nothing more dangerous than the sunny side of a street! But, do you know, I always believed I had a bit of as there was in the country, and who spoke English perfectly, gave him his directions to go by the Ghalach Dubh -the Black Pass-saw they both were well armed and supplied with cakes and the soldier in me. Many a time have my fingers itched for a sword-hilt when whiskey, bade them god-speed, and then turned back into the dark house. I thought I might have done more than praying, and now it has been given to me, and i have done it well. I can say with St. Paul, 'I have fought a good fight' (Bonum certamen certare)' fatherless for a second time, were sleeping quietly, knowing nothing of fight' (Bonum certamen certavi)"-and these were the last words that the great sorrow creeping over them, and I passed on into the chamber of

we bore him home to Crowlin on our shoulders, and laid him and my father side by side in the one grave, where my tears and those of the children fell of oth alike.

is as distinct to me to day as if it were but just passed ; it is full of things that are sacred-too sacred to be written about-and at the change of the night Broken as I was in every way, I had to think and act, for the same necessi-ties were before me. So after seeing into day, I closed his eyes and prayed my uncles, Allan and Alexander, the nearest relations left to the children, over his remains in peace. When I could, I rose, and calling Christie, opened the door softly and stole out into the cool, clearing morning and making some provision for their safety, I returned again to the coast near Loch Carron, for I could now move air. It was so still that a great peace seemed over everything, and only the chirp of distant birds came to me; but with greater freedom until such time as the real facts of my supposed death at the Black Pass might be discovered. soon I made out a moving figure on the

hill side, and remembering Father O'Rourke with a start, I set off and Not more than ten days went by be fore I had news of two ships hanging of hurried to meet him. But as I drew nearer I could make out that it was the land, and I arranged to board them should they come close enough to signal. This they did, and I found them to be veil alone, and hurried forward much the Princesse de Conti and L'Hereux from St. Maloes, under command of Colonel Warren, of Dillon's Regiment alarmed, and as I saw him better, my expressly come and determined to carr, the Prince back with him at all haz He was running at his best, without plaid or bonnet, and when we met all ards

he could gasp out was, "Oh! the Soldier Priest! the Soldier Priest!" "Stop, man!" I said, sternly. "Neil, Neil! What new trouble do you below 2" I told him of our disappointment of the Alerte, and, in accordance with the told him of our disappointment of instructions from Glenaladale, we stood south for Arisoig, and I was put on shore near Loch-na-Neugh. I found Glenaladale without difficulty, but to our uneasiness there was still the same uncertainty about the Prince ; and a the search brought no result, bu by chance he got the information neces ary, and the joyful news of the vessels arrival was carried in all haste to th Wanderer.

> It was late at night-the night of the nineteenth of September — when we came to Borodale, where a numerous company had gathered awaiting him. ments and He was accompanied by Lochiel, nov nearly recovered, his brother the Doc tor, and others ; but my heart was sore when I heard of the condition he was in, although far better than what he Her tearful entreaties did not seen had known for months. However Glenaladale said he was in grand h alt and spirits, and clean linen, a tailor, and a barber, would soon change him into as gallant a looking gentleman as ever stepped in the Three Kingdoms. I could not go near the house, and begged Glenaladale not to mention my name to the Prince until they sailed, and then only that the Duke might know I had at least kept my promise not to leave Scotland while the Prince was in danger. My trouble was too heavy upon me for the drinking of healths, and I had no heart for the framing of encouragements. From where I sate I could see the lighted windows in the house darken as from the cold. figures crossed them. I could even catch faint snatches of song, and with some envy in my heart for those who could so rejoice, when behind them was ruin and before only the uncertain safety of the two ships I could faintly make out against the dark waters of the Loch. As for me, the whole world seemed closing down in the darkness and I could see no cheer and no light beyond. My thoughts were the form less thoughts of a hopeless man, and they were my only companions till the dawn broke and the embarkation began Then my broken thoughts took shape What place had I among these men They had fought, and, if they had lost had lost gallantly, without reproach and were still about their leader, while had never even drawn my sword for the Cause I loved as truly as any o sick wife all, and my efforts had only ended in failure in every particular. I was a broken man, and the best friend I had in the world was lying, murdered for my sake, in his unconsecrated grave at Crowlin.

bility with which God Almighty ever dowered human creature had been shewn forth by him from the hour his misfortune came upon him, in a meas-ure that redeemed his former faults, and should blot out all that followe the day he sailed from Loch na-Neugh. Bareheaded I stood and watched L'Hereux and the Princesse de Conti get under weigh, until I could not bear to look at them longer and threw my self face downwards amid the heather

At length sleep came to me, and when I awoke the quiet of the night was again about me, and I rose took my way alone.

I now settled myself at Loch Carron and was visited by such as knew of my whereabouts, who did what they could to raise my spirits, and, amongst others, by Dr. McDonald, of Kylles. One afternoon, when out fishing with him at the entrance of the Loch, we

were surprised by the appearance round a headland of a sloop of war, which we at once recognized as the *Porcupine*, Captain Ferguson, well known on the coast for his activity in the apprehen-sion of suspected Jacobites.

To attempt to escape was only to in-vite pursuit and ensure censure certain capture, so we put a bold face on the matter, and the Doctor, without hesi-tation, stood up and signalled to her with his bet with his hat. " Ferguson will not molest me, if he

has any bowels at all, for I did him a good turn this summer when I set his arm for him in Knoidart," said the Doctor.

"That is all very well, but what of me?" I asked. "I am in no state to go on board. I am dressed like a ploughman." "Well! what better would you

wish? You have nothing to do but hold your tongue, for you don't know a a word of English. I'll tell Ferguson I am short of lemons and sugar, and ap-peal to him not to drive me to drinking my whiskey pure. I know the idea of a rebel coming on board a King's ship on such an errand will tickle his fancy for he is not such a monster as they re-port. In any case, we can do nothing else.

TO BE CONTINUED.

A PATHETIC PICTURE.

There was not a more hopeless, help less drunkard in town than old Sol Rus sell. Everybody had quite given him up in dispair; in fact, he had quite given

he would say when people urged him to give up the drink which had brought not only Sol, but all his family, down to the lowest depths of misery and poverty. And, to do him justice, he thought that he was quite helpless in

Alfred Pierson was out in the garden one day, photographing the house from various points with the camera that had been his choicest Christmas gift. He had become quite an expert amateur photographer by this time, and was always on the lookout for good subjects for pictures.

Suddenly his lip pursed up, and he gave a low whistle. He put his camera in a good position; in another moment the sun's bright rays had indelibly imprinted upon the glass the saddest nost pathetle little picture one could e in real life.

Leaning against the fence just across the street was old Sol, helplessly drunk as usual, and wavering periously when ever he let go of the friendly fence. Clinging to one of his arms, and trying with all her childish strength to support and guide her drunken father, was poor little Sue, shivering with the cold wind that penetrated her tattered garbegging pitifully in a voice

broken with sobs: "Please come home, father. Oh ! please do try to come home before the

patients not in conformity with any Methodist plan of nursing, but in a way which will help to restore health to them as speedily as possible. The religious views of the nurses have not. his eyes and rolled down his checks as he looked at the sad picture. And that poor, miserable drunkard was himself; that tearful, ragged child his little Sue, the daughter he had been so proud of ! It was his work, this religious views of the nurses have noth-ing to do with their duties to the sick in their charge. The only question should be, are they competent to persorrowful picture. He looked at the bloated, stupid face of the drunkard should be, are they competent to per-form the work expected of them. Of the competency of Catholic Sisters there is no room to doubt. Non-Cath-olics repeatedly have borne testimony to the spirit of charity and self-sacrides there no he bergines are constantly diwith a shudder of disgust. So that was how he looked when he had been drink-ing ! No wonder people did not want to have anything to do with him and and would not give him work. Yet he had not always been a drunk these noble heroines are constantly dis

playing. Those whose memories go back to the Civil War will recall the tributes of admiration bestowed by the whole country upon the Sisters of Char-ity for the magnificent and unselias ard. He could look back and remember when he had a comfortable home with happy wife and rosy cheeked nearly ciad children. He might have it nor above the share rosy checked heats of the state of the st services they rendered on many a battle field and in many a military hospital must have been a faint spark of man nursed back to file by the tender and devoted care of Catholic Sisters did not fail to appreciate this service because it was rendered by nurses who did not believe as he did in religious hood hidden away somewhere in that wretched drunkard's heart, for, spring-

wretched drunkard's heart, for, spring-ing to his feet, he cried out with sudden determination: "God helping me, I will!" It was a hard battle that Sol had to win, but he fought it nobly. Friends came to give him a strong helping hand when ther cam the hear the strong helping hand matters. Dr. Buckley says will never set foot across the threshold of Seney Hospital so long as he is its president, were no less courageous than in time of war, when they saw that he was trying to free himself from his degrading habit Yellow fever and other contagious dis and he never forgot to entreat Divine help in conquering his enemy. He went to Confession and Communion for eases possessed no terrors for New Orleans and Memphis kno the first time in years, and with the grace of the Sacraments. he fought they stood at their posts of danger, when others fled in mortal fear. Their efficiency as nurses has ever been mainly due to their profound conviction that against the craving for alcohol.

He won at last; and now all that would remind you of old times in the in serving the sick they are serving Christ Himself. Such are the women whom anti-Cath. neat confortable home, where smiling Sue always greets her father with a olic bigotry would bar from performing their ministrations of mercy at the bed loving welcome, is a picture of a drunk-ard and his child—the picture which made old Sol see himself as others saw side of the sick in the hospital over which the Rev. Dr. Buckley presides. him .- Catholic Youth.

MONTH OF MARY.

May, the month of Mary, is at hand. The question may be asked : Why May called the month of Mary ? Why was main reason is that the Church's year, the ecclesiastical year, is at its most joyous and festive period in Ma Among the writings of Cardinal Ne May. man is this :

Impressions." More interesting and readable matter than is furnished by Who would wish February, March or April to be the month of Mary, con-sidering that it is the time of Lent and this particular convert's experiences penance? Who again, would chose December, the Advent season--a time issue of the Observer the writer disof hope, indeed, because Christmas is coming, but a time of fasting, too? of Catholic piety, illustrates his point by many a graphic picture, among Christmas itself does not last for a month; and January has indeed the joyfal Epiphany, with its Sundays in succession; but these in most years are cut short by the urgent coming of

Septuagesima. May, on the contrary, belongs to the and naturally the people practice re ligion. There is an easy, unconven-tional style about the whole thing May, on the contrary, belongs to the Easter season, which lasts fifty days, and in that season the whole of May commonly falls, and the first half always. The great Feast of the Ascen-sion of Our Lord into heaven is always which is truly edifying. Not one morning, but seven mornings in the week whether in crowded cities or quiet villages, the church bells summon the in May, except once or twice in for years. Pentecost, called also Wh faithful to Mass and Holy Communionnot after an ample breakfast of ham and eggs (according to the principle of that Sunday, the Feast of the Holy Ghost, is commonly in May, and the Feasts of the Holy Trinity and Corpus Christi typical Presbyterian, Dr. Guthrie-'porride first and then prayers'), but are in May not unfrequently. May, therefore, is the time in which there are with an unbroken fast, at 4 or 5 or a. m. when Protestants are snoring in their beds. Cheerfully the people re-spond, and Scotch folk would be assuch frequent Alleluias, because Christ has risen from the grave, Christ has ascended on high, and God the Holy tounded if they beheld the numbers who morning after morning, without Ghost has come down to take His

any obligation, but purely out of devo-tion, begin the day with Jesus Christ in the Blessed Sacrament. At midday Here, then, we have a reason why May is dedicated to the Blessed Mary. She is the first of creatures, the most the Angelus bell peals forth through the street and hills and valleys. In acceptable child of God, the dearest and nearest to Him. It is fitting, the the afternoon there is a constant stream that this month should be hers, in which we especially glory and rejice in His great Providence to us, in our some remaining for long periods of time, so sweet they find it to be in the presredemption and sanctification in God the Father, God the Son, and God the ence of their Saviour. "At the corner of almost every street

Holy Ghost. But Mary is not only the acceptable hand maid of the Lord. She is also the Mother of His Son, and Queen of all Saints, and in this month the Church a little shrine is fixed, from which some holy face looks down upon you as you pass : on the country roads you sud-denly find yourself kneeling beside a wayside Crucifix on a shrine of Oar aced the feasts of some of the as p

MAY 6, 1905.

"CHRISTIAN SCIE

JEFUIT FATHER TEARS FROM MRS. EDDY In an article in the

MAY 6, 1905.

unselfish

The sorely wounded soldier, who was

In time of peace these nurses, Who

-N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

IN CATHOLIC IRELAND.

THE SIMPLE AND UNAFFECTED PIETY OF

THE PEOPLE.

The readers of the Glasgow Observer

are being favored nowadays with a noteworthy series of articles bearing the general title "A Convert's First

joining the Church we have not met with in a long while. In the latest

cussing the spontaneity and naturalness

others the following : "Go to Ireland (and a more Catholic

nation does not exist on the face of the

earth), and there you see how simple

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them.

know how

November, Rev. Henry writing on the so called writing on the so carried ence,' says in part: Statistics prove that religion and social refo ally unreal as not dreamily unreal as not draw to i*self a number There are still, they say Joanne Southcott. The fourishes in Southern Ca Brook farms are organiz time by promoters untar Messiahs and div ures. Messians and even only to appear to be so multitudes of men and w accept them on their ow To-day, as easily as a persons could be found w into the hands of an adv into the hands of an addition would promise to hands of the second southern seas. And the we blush at it, we do no Christian Science, the second insertion is a second southern seas. man's disordered imagin

accepted by many, in thirty years, as the true world is waiting, the physical and moral ill. APPROPRIATING For this reason it is ook into it and see what s. Why it is called Se

discover. Perhaps for to that which leads horses, or go up in balk from place to place sh con views, to call them They must have som They must have som their occupations, a di-not themselves. They propriateness of Gen-Reverend would not b Herr and Signor seem exclusively to the open though the latter, in Monsieur, is sometime equestrian ring. The been appropriated by h men on terms of close than ordinary people and other beasts of pre hand, Professor is at respectable, and, to th they become. Yet ce

not professors. ot professors. NO SCIENCE And so, too, Faith-I exigencies may have take the name, is not a is a knowledge of thin more general causes knowledge of particula reasons why, up to the general causes of wh effects. Thus the l laws of storms, derive observations, but also as found in aerosti mechanics, the motion and so forth, is scienti alone be the term of science is speculative is acquired to be ap assist the affairs of li comes practical. NOT A REVELAT

It is perfectly clear ence, whatever else latively, much less whatever else i tific. Its inventor cl elation. Revelation science, though when be treated scientific with our Christia is the matter of the s But no such treatme exposition of the reve Baker Glover, after Glover Eddy, claims in the year 1866. H tound, indeed, and sions and strange Scripture, as well as unproved or support wonderfully illogical UTTERLY I

Take, for instance, of pretended reason pain in truth, and no nerve in mind and n matter in mind and to matter in life and

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THE ARGUME!

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himself up. "No use to try. I can't help it,

WHY A CONFIRMED DRUNKARD BECAM A SOBER MAN.

Our first thought was to get back to

Contraction of the second

said, in a voice surprisingly strong, "it was a grand fight!" And then, lantry, all the fortitude, all the sensi-

Those were the blackest hours that ever had come to me, and I would not my worst enemy to pass through wish the like.

I counted over one hundred who passed to the ships until the Prince, Lochiel, and their immediate following appeared. Then I rose and stood bar eaded, and I remember it was in the Gaelic my mother had taught me that

the words came when I prayed aloud for his safety. Poor, ill fated, Bonnie, Bonnie Prince Charlie! All the galrunken father, and with

to penetrate the stupified intelligence of the drunkard, and he held firmly to the fence without making any effort to go home. So at last little Sue gave up her efforts in despair, and stood quietly side him, holding his arm up as if sh could keep him from falling. She might have been a pretty little

girl if she had been the child of loving, careful parents; but now she was so sadly neglected that you forgot to tice the soft blue eyes and the long golden hair that fell in a tangled mass long over her shoulders, in your sympathy for the distress that had stained her face with tears and the ragged, dirty garments that so poorly protected her

" Poor little Sue !" thought Alfred. as the child stood beside her father in touching helplessness. He knew what would happen next as well as Sue. Presently old Sol would lose his hold of the fence, and would fall in the snow and mud to become the helpless victim of any mischievous boys who might

come that way. "I say, Sue, what's the matter Can't you get him home?" he called. "No; he won't go for me, and I'm so afraid the boys will get after him," Sus answered sadly.

"I'll lend you a hand then"; and giv-ing the stupid man a rough shake, and holding him firmly on one side while little Sue clung to his other arm, Alfred helped the drunken man to reel unsteadily home to the hovel where the was anxiously awaiting him. A few days later, in one of his rarely sober moods. Sol started out to look for vork; and Alfred's mother, anxious to encourage him in his spasmotic indus-try, gave him some wood to cut. Sol try, gave him some wood to cut. Sol worked steadily for a time, then, with a sigh of weariness, sat down on the porch to rest. Alfred's window, just above his head, was open, and a mis-

chievous little breeze caught up an unmounted photograph that was lying there, and dropped it right at Sol's ieet. He took it up, and looked at it curiously, not recognizing it at first.
"Poor little gal !" he soliloquized ; then he looked at the stupid face of the sudden recognition saw it was himself and little Sue.

greatest of them, as if to bear her company. First, however, there is the Feast of the Holy Cross, on the 3rd of May, when we venerate that Precious Blood in which the Cross was bedewed at the time of Our Lord's Passion. The Archangel St. Michael, and three Apostles have feast days in this month: St. John, the beloved disciple. St. Philip, and St. James. Seven Popes, two of them especially famous, St. Gregory VII. and St. Pius V.; also two of the greatest doctors, St. Athanasius and St Gregory Nazianzen; two holy Virgins especially favored by God, St, Catharine of Sienna (as her feast is kept in England), and St Mary Magdalen of Pazzi; and one holy woman most memor-able in the annals of the Church, St. Monica, the Mother of St. Augustine. These are some of the choicest fruits of God's manifold grace, and they form the court of their glorious Queen

BOYCOTTING CATHOLIC NURSES.

That religious bigotry dies hard is hown by the discussion that took place a few days ago at the New York, East, Methodist Conference. A proposition to permit Catholic Sisters to become nurses in Seney Hospital aroused the old-time Methodist anti Catholic prejudice. The Rev. Dr. Buckley, editor of the Christian Advocate, speaking as president of the hospital, declared that "so long as he was president of the hospital, no Catholic girl would be ad mitted as a nurse." This general boy. cott upon Catholic nurses, even though they do not happen to be members of a religious order, seemed to some of the members of the conference to be an altogether too bigoted a proceeding. To their remonstrances the Rev. Editor o the Christian Advocate made this reply "Many Catholics are admitted as patients and that is a broad enough spirit. To take in Catholic nurses would be as consistent as putting Cath olic priests into Methodist colleges.' It is hard to understand how Dr Buckley sees any parity between Cath-olic priests teaching in Methodist colleges and Catholic nurses attending the sick in a Methodist hospital. In the one case the priest teachers would be supposed to teach in conformity with Great tears, not of maudlin emotion but of real penitence and remorse, filled nurses are supposed to tend upon

hillsides you hear the pious workers singing their sweet and simple hymns to Mary, and even the little children run up and take your hand and beg a holy picture or a rosary in a way that is not to be resisted. "These are but samples to show how

visitors to the Blessed Sacrament,

natural and simple and unaffected Catholics are in practicing their religioa. I m not copying this from a guidebook, but writing what I know and have seen myshef. They do not put on long faces and a special black suit and look paternally solemn on one day out of seven. They live in con-stant remembrance of their religion; and by ever recurring fast and festival, by rosaries, scapulars, crucifixer, medals and the Agnus Dei, it is kept before their minds and eyes." If the best of Catholics to the manner

born were to be thrust into the darkness and barrenness of Protestantism or and barrenness of Protestantism of an belief for a brief period they would love their religion more than they do, be more faithful in practicising it and more zealous for its propagation. We hope that "A Convert's First Impres-cises" will be nearbliched in book sions " will be republished in book form for the good that they are calculated to do among Protestants, as well as Catholics, for whose benefit they were primarily intended.—Ave Maria.

If the total abstinence pledge has been a good thing during Le not keep it all the year round? Lent, why



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