

SPANISH JOHN.

BEING A MEMOIR NOW FIRST PUBLISHED IN COMPLETE FORM OF THE EARLY LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF COLONEL JOHN M. DONNELL...

IX.

How Father O'Rourke kept the Black Pass; of the escape of the Prince and my own misadventure that followed...

We felt that Skye was not the safest place for us after my brush with Creach...

We and all felt relieved that the Prince had returned from the Islands...

But such advantage, as he now gained from being amongst his friends...

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It was on the first of September that we got news of a vessel of the coast...

"They called to him to surrender, taking him to be you."

"He is dead!" he cried, with a 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 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."

"They called to him to surrender, taking him to be you."

"Come, Mr. McDonnell!" said the officer. "Give up your sword like a gentleman!"

"And oh! Master John! With his death before him he laughed. And what do you think were the words he said?"

"He ran the officer through as cool as if he was at practice; he put two others down, and we were making grand play, when there was a flash, and down he went, shot like a dog!"

"Neil! Neil!" he shouted, "go for the love of God!"

"Oh, Master John! never, never did 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 scoundrel, Allan Knock, set on by Creach, had been on our track ever since we left Skye...

By the goodness of God, when I knelt beside the man so dear to me, I found him still alive, though wounded so that at the first sight I saw even to raise him meant a quicker death."

"The moment I spoke he opened his eyes. 'Ah, Giovanni, my son,' he said, in a voice surprisingly strong."

Crowlin, for, now the Prince had failed to appear, we held our duty was to my father until another opportunity offered.

"We were quite unable to approach the house in daylight, as it lay in the 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 father's condition."

"It was a kind Providence that led us back, Giovanni," said Father O'Rourke, as we knelt beside the plainly dying man, "for these hours will mean much to him and to you afterwards."

When my father recovered from the shock of seeing us, it was with the greatest thankfulness I saw Father O'Rourke go into him alone, and when he appeared again his face was that of the holy man he was.

"Now, Giovanni," he said, "I am going to your cousin"—this was Dr. McDonnell, of Kyles—"for I have done all that is in my power for your father. He wants you now, my son, and he wants such relief as the Doctor may perhaps give him."

"But, Father," I said, "that is impossible; you do not know the road over the hills well enough, and the country is alive with troops you can 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-break."

Knowing that argument was useless, I sent for Neil, as good and safe a man 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 whiskey, bade them good-speed, and then turned back into the dark house.

The poor little ones, soon to be fatherless for a second time, were sleeping quietly, knowing nothing of the great sorrow creeping over them, and I passed on into the chamber of death, sending old Christie, the servant, to keep her lonely watch in the kitchen.

That last night alone with my father 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 into day, I closed his eyes and prayed over his remains in peace.

When I could, I rose, and calling Christie, opened the door softly and stole into the cool, clearing morning air. It was so still that a great peep seemed over everything, and only the chirp of distant birds came to me; but soon I made out a moving figure on the hill-side, and remembering Father O'Rourke with a start, I set off and hurried to meet him. But as I drew nearer I could make out that it was Neil alone, and hurried forward much alarmed, and as I saw him better, my fears grew.

He was running at his best, without plaid or bonnet, and when we met all he could gasp out was, "Oh! the Soldier Priest! the Soldier Priest!"

"Stop, man!" I said, sternly. "Neil! Neil! What new trouble do you bring?"

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after a moment. "It was a pretty fight until they put an end to it with their shooting. But, poor creature, I drove them to it. They couldn't get in at me in any other way."

"Oh, Father," I cried, "why didn't you tell them who you were?"

"I've been borrowing names all along," he said, drowsily; "tell Lynch I knock, and I didn't make a bad use of my name either," he said very slowly, and seemed to doze.

We raised his head more and covered him with the plaids.

In a little while he woke up quite clear. "Giovanni, lad, what of things at home?"

"I told him, and he muttered a short prayer to himself, and then went on: 'I am thankful I have neither kith nor kin, and not a soul to give a thought to my going to-night save yourself. But that is much—'is dear to me. What 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 way my end has come: it was as much God's will to bar the door by my sword, and keep the father in peace with the son, as to stand beside His Altar."

And then the drowsiness began to steal on him again, but he roused himself to say, as if in answer to my sorrow: "Courage, lad, courage: the sun has not gone because a rushlight is snuffed out."

It was a long time before he spoke again, and then it was in the same quiet voice.

"That's a strange pass to come to a 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 the soldier in me. Many a time have my fingers itched for a sword-hilt when 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' (Lorum certavi certavi)—and these were the last words that brave heart said on earth."

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 on both alike.

Broken as I was in every way, I had to think and act, for the same necessities were before me. So after seeing my uncle, Allan and Alexander, the nearest relations left to the children, and making some provision for their safety, I returned again to the coast near Loch Carron, for I could now move with greater freedom until such time as the real facts of my supposed death at the Black Pass might be discovered.

Not more than ten days went by before I had news of two ships hanging off the land, and I arranged to board them should they come close enough to signal. This they did, and I found them to be the Princesse de Conti and L'Heroux from St. Maloes, under command of Colonel Warren, of Dillon's Regiment, expressly come and determined to carry the Prince back with him at all hazards.

Told him of our disappointment of the Altire, and in accordance with the instructions from Glengalade, we stood south for Arisoid, and I was put on shore near Loch-na-Neugh. I found Glengalade without difficulty, but to our uneasiness there was still the same uncertainty about the Prince; and at first the search brought no result, but by chance he got the information necessary, and the joyful news of the vessels' arrival was carried in all haste to the "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. He was accompanied by Lochiel, now nearly recovered, his brother the Doctor, and others; but my heart was sore when I heard of the condition he was in, although far better than what he had known for months. However, Glengalade said he was in grand health 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 Glengalade 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 sat I could see the lighted windows in the house darkened as figures crossed them. I could even catch faint snatches of song, and with some envy, but not without some satisfaction, I held myself just when I thought I was lost. And I held there while they crawled to the edge and threw a torch down—making sure I had gone with the stones that rolled till they struck the black water below—and until I heard them gather up their wounded and tramp. Then I climbed to the top again, and left him only when I found he was still breathing, and remembered he meant I was to carry his message to you.

"Oh, Master John! never, never did 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 scoundrel, Allan Knock, set on by Creach, had been on our track ever since we left Skye, and knowing of our return from the ship through his spy, had thought to have taken me, or both of us, at Crowlin; the rest was plain from Neil's story, and it saw only through the mistake of the English captain that my father had closed his eyes in my arms.

Those were the blackest hours that ever had come to me, and I would not wish my worst enemy to pass through 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 bare-headed, 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 gallantry, all the fortitude, all the sensibility with which God Almighty ever dowered human creature had been shown forth by him from the hour his misfortune came upon him, in a measure that redeemed his former faults, and should blot out all that followed the day he sailed from Loch-na-Neugh.

Barheaded, he stood and watched L'Heroux and the two Princes de Conti gear under weigh, until I could not bear to look at them longer and threw myself 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 and 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. McDonnell, of Kyles.

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 apprehension of suspected Jacobites.

To attempt to escape was only to invite pursuit and ensure capture, so we put a bold face on the matter, and the Doctor, without hesitating, stood up and signalled to her with his hat.

Ferguson will not molest me, if he has any bowsels at all, for I did him no good turn this summer when I set his gun for him in Knoirdart," 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 word of English. I'll tell Ferguson I am short of lemons and sugar, and appeal 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, for he is not such a monster as they report. In any case, we can do nothing else."

A PATHETIC PICTURE.

WHY A CONFIRMED DRUNKARD BECAME A SOBER MAN.

There was not a more hopeless, helpless drunkard in town than old Sol Russell. Everybody had quite given him up in despair; in fact, he had quite given himself up.

"No use to try. I can't help it," 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 the matter.

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, and the sun's bright rays had indelibly imprinted upon the glass the saddest, most pathetic little picture one could see in real life.

Leaning against the fence just across the street was old Sol, helplessly drunk as usual, and wavering perilously when 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 garments and begging pitifully in a voice broken with sobs:

"Please come home, father. Oh! please do try to come home before the boys find you."

Her tearful entreaties did not seem to penetrate the stupid 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 beside him, holding his arm up as if she 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 notice her bright eyes and the long golden hair that fell in a tangled mass 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 from the cold.

"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 totter to the top 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!" Sue answered sadly.

"I'll lend you a hand then," and giving 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 sick wife was anxiously awaiting him.

his eyes and rolled down his cheeks 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 sorrowful picture. He looked at the bloated, stupid face of the drunkard with a shudder of disgust. So that was how he looked when he had been drinking! No wonder people did not want to have anything to do with him work.

Yet he had not always been a drunkard. He could look back and remember when he had a comfortable home with a happy wife and rosy cheeked child a child who might have it now it had not battered away his manhood for the vile liquor which had dragged him down so low. Could he win all these things back again? There must have been a faint spark of manhood hidden away somewhere in that wretched drunkard's heart, for, springing 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 they saw that he was trying to free himself from his degrading habit, and he never forgot to entreat Divine help in conquering his enemy. He went to Confession and Communion for the first time in years, and with the grace of the Sacraments, he fought against the craving for alcohol.

He won at last; and now all that would remind you of old times in the neat comfortable home, where smiling Sue always greets her father with a loving welcome, is a picture of a drunkard and his child—the picture which made old Sol see himself as others saw him.—Catholic Youth.

MONTH OF MARY.

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

Who would wish February, March or April to be the month of Mary, considering that it is the time of Lent and penance? Who again, would chose to have the Advent season—a time of hope, indeed, because Christmas is coming, but a time of fasting, too? Christmas itself does not last for a month; and January has indeed the joyful 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 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 Ascension of Our Lord into heaven is always in May, except once or twice in forty years. Pentecost, called also Whit-Sunday, the Feast of the Holy Ghost, is commonly in May, and the Feasts of the Holy Trinity and Corpus Christi are in May not infrequently. May, therefore, is the time in which there are such frequent Alleluias, because Christ has risen from the grave. Christ has ascended on high, and God the Holy Ghost has come down to take His place.

Here, then, we have a reason why May is dedicated to the Blessed Mary. She is the first of creatures, the most acceptable child of God, the dearest and nearest to Him. It is fitting, then, that this month should be hers, in which we especially glory and rejoice in His great Providence to us, in our redemption and sanctification in God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost.

But Mary is not only the acceptable handmaid of the Lord. She is also the Mother of His Son, and Queen of all Saints, and in this month the Church has placed the feasts of some of the greatest of them, as 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 feasts 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., are also of the greatest doctors. St. Athanasius and St. Gregory Nazianzen; two holy Virgins especially favored by God, St. Catherine of Siena (as her feast is kept in England), and St. Mary Magdalen of Pazzi; and one holy woman most memorable 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.

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A few days later, in one of his rarely sober moods, Sol started out to look for work, and Alfred's mother, anxious to encourage him in his spasmodic industry, 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 mischievous little breeze caught up an unmounted photograph that was lying there, and dropped it right at Sol's feet. He took it up, and looked at it curiously, not recognizing it at first.

"Poor little girl!" he soliloquized; then he looked at the stupid face of the drunken father, and with sudden recognition saw it was himself and little Sue. Great tears, not of maudlin emotion but of real penitence and remorse, filled

patients not in conformity with any Methodist plan of nursing, but in any way which will help to restore health to them as speedily as possible. The religious views of the nurses have nothing to do with their duties to the sick in their charge. The only question should be, are they competent to perform the work expected of them.

Of the competency of Catholic Sisters there is no room to doubt. Non-Catholics repeatedly have borne testimony to the spirit of charity and self-sacrifice these noble heroines are constantly displaying. Those whose memories go back to the Civil War will recall the tributes of admiration bestowed by the whole country upon the Sisters of Charity for the magnificent and unselfish services they rendered on many a battlefield and in many a military hospital.

The sorely wounded soldier, who was nursed back to life 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 matters.

In time of peace these nurses, who Dr. Buckley says will never set foot across the threshold of Soney Hospital as long as he is its president, were no less courageous than in time of war. Yellow fever and other contagious diseases possessed no terrors for them, New Orleans and Memphis knew how 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 in serving the sick they are serving Christ Himself.

Such are the women whom anti-Catholic bigotry would bar from performing their ministrations of mercy at the bedside of the sick in the hospital order which the Rev. Dr. Buckley presides. —N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

IN CATHOLIC IRELAND.

THE SIMPLE AND UNADORNED FIFTY OF THE PEOPLE.

The readers of the Glasgow Observer are being favored now by a noteworthy series of articles bearing the general title "A Convert's First Impressions." More interesting and readable matter than is furnished by this particular convert's experiences on joining the Church we have not met with in a long while. In the latest issue of the Observer the writer discusses the spontaneity and naturalness of Catholic piety. It illustrates his point by many a graphic picture, among 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 and naturally the people practice religion. There is an easy, unconventional style about the whole thing 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 faithful to Mass and Holy Communion—after an ample breakfast of ham and eggs (according to the principle of that typical Presbyterian, Dr. Guthrie—'porridge first and then prayers'), but with an unbroken fast, at 4 or 5 or 6 a. m. when Protestants are snoring in their beds. Cheerfully the people respond, and Scotch folk would be astounded if they beheld the numbers who, morning after morning, without any obligation, but purely out of devotion, begin the day with Jesus Christ in the Blessed Sacrament. At midday the Angelus bell peals forth through the street and hills and valleys. In the afternoon there is a constant stream of visitors to the Blessed Sacrament, some remaining for long periods of time, so sweet they find it to be in the presence of their Saviour."

"At the close of almost every street a little shrine is fixed, from which some holy face looks down upon you as you pass; on the country roads you suddenly find yourself kneeling beside a wayside Crucifix on a shrine of Our Blessed Lady; in the fields and on the 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 pleasure or a rosary in a way that is not to be resisted."

"These are but samples to show how natural and simple and unshowed Catholics are in practicing their religion. I am not copying this from a guidebook, but writing what I know and have seen myself. They do not put on long faces and a special black suit and look paternally solemn on Sunday out of seven. They live in the constant remembrance of their religion; and by ever recurring fast and festival, by rosaries, scapulars, crucifixes, 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 unbelief for a brief period they would love their religion more than they do, and more faithful in practicing it. We hope that "A Convert's First Impressions" 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 Lent, why not keep it all the year round?

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An admirable food, with all its natural qualities intact, fitted to build up and maintain robust health, and to resist winter's extreme cold. It is a valuable diet for children.

COCOA

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JEUIT FATHER TEARS OF FROM MRS. EDDY

In an article in the November, of the so-called "writing," says in part: Statistics prove that religion and social reform are unreal as not draw to itself a number. There are still, they say, fourishes in Southern C. Brook farms are organized time by promoters and anti-ures. Messiahs and diviners only to appear to be, and multitudes of men and women accept them on their own. To-day, as easily as a persons could be found into the hands of an at too, would proliferate nameless, undisciplined Southern seers. We do not believe in the Christian Science, the man's disordered imagination accepted by many, in three years, as the true world is waiting, the physical and moral life.

For this reason it is look into it and see why it is. Why it is called a Science. Perhaps for discover. That which leads to that to which in balance views, to call them. They must have some of their occupations, a dignified themselves. They appropriateness of General. Reverend would not, but Herr and Signor seem to exclusively to the operations. It is sometimes a priesting ring. The men on terms of close than ordinary people and other beasts of prey. Professor is at respectable, and, to some extent, vague, the they become. Yet not professors.

And so, too, Faith-Higencies may have taken the name, is not a knowledge of things more general causes; knowledge of particular reasons why, up to the general causes of effects. Thus, the laws of storms, derive observations, but also as found in aerostatics, mechanics, the motions and so forth, is scientific alone be the term of science is speculative, is acquired to be app as at the affairs of life comes practical.

It is perfectly clear, and whatever else it is, it is a kind of revelation. Its inventor election. Revelation science, though when it is treated scientifically, case with our Christian is the matter of the so. But no such treatment exposition of the reve. Eker Glover, after Glover had claims in the year 1860. E found, indeed, and others and strange Scripture, as well as unproved or supported wonderfully illogical.

Take, for instance, of pretended reason pain in truth, and not a kind of less than matter in mind and to matter in life and considering only the could argue in the are no pods in peas a no stables in horse stables; no trees on trees; no ovens in ovens? Move into the terms of a noted. The objection support the fundar. Christian Science, a body with all its reality is the soul.

The argument does not enter into of truth, which the T stands for the T is not a true thing. One could prove it finite being, not ev real; for there is enters into the def. This transcends all and categories just all in its extension, according to each of Faith-Healing, th Neither is it Christ the Christian disc Trinity, of the crea of the redemption, of the body, of death, of merit, of the wicked in ward of the just for seems to be call day, make it C low, with the and professes a H teachings of a stran One of the stran times is the ease can take the nam cannot make hin Merely by putting weeds and intru "by Jove" and fully into his disc sible to become speaking with a cent and acquiri riage and gestur. Rage will not pr

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