

A DAUGHTER OF NEW FRANCE.

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY. CHAPTER XXIX.

A ROMANCE TO THE END.

Thus it came about that Barbe and I were married at Beauport one golden day of October, as I set down in the parish register. Thus it was that I, who had thought never to be wedded, took back a bride with me to Fort Pontchartrain, through the heart of the Indian summer; and no fairer bride will the blue waters of La Detroit ever look upon.

Monsieur de Cadillac received us royally. "You went out of my jurisdiction and therefore eluded the requirement to ask my consent, as Commandant and Seigneur, to your marriage," he said jocularly. "Still, I forgive you. Also, Miladi," he went on, turning to my wife; "albeit I might not have quite pardoned the tampering with my gaudier and thus compassed the escape of the Mademoiselle, I have only good will for Madame Barbe Guyon. You have foregone a proud title and a distinguished rank, Miladi, to marry a simple gentleman, but I know that you account yourself still a gaudier thereby. Moreover, Normand," he said to me, "do not take a wife until he has a house, and a fire burning. Here upon Le Detroit are the lands I granted him long since, but which he has never redeemed from the wilderness. Now he shall put them under cultivation and build a commodious mansion thereon. Until it is ready for you, Madame Cadillac and I claim you, Miladi, and your gallant husband as our guests. Now, no protests, my proudest secretary."

Therese added her plea most strongly, for she was overjoyed to have the companionship of my dear Barbe once more. Through the winter we remained at the manor, but when the May-time came again we were domiciled in our own home. Then followed three tranquil happy years.

We were not rich, yet we had enough to live upon. Barbe would still have drawn a handsome annuity from the seignoury on the St. Lawrence, but at our marriage I persuaded her to relinquish it. She had been chatelaine by courtesy, the title having passed at the death of Chateauguay, to his young brother, Jacques, and thence in turn to Antoine, with whom we had to do in the south later.

My uncle Guyon, moreover, made her a handsome allowance, and with the moneys which came to me in the end from my father's property, the sum I had saved from my salary as secretary to our Sieur, and the profits from the lands I now cultivated, we had comfort and content. It is strange that in these days, as often since, though I had ever been moderate in the spending of moneys, Barbe was continually chiding me for my extravagance; since, by every convey from Montreal, I ordered new silken gowns for her, until she declared I would thus waste all my substance. But a lover's purse is tied with cobwebs, and it gave me great satisfaction that, with a lover's pride in her beauty, as her husband I might deck it as richly as I chose.

These years, so peaceful for us, were more troubled for Monsieur de Cadillac. The King refused him the marquise upon which he had set his heart, and the malevolent Red Indians, who had beaten upon the strand in the moonlight seemed ever to dog his footsteps. The sale of brandy to the Indians even in small quantities brought them down upon the colony more than once like packs of maddened wolves, and in the harassments which came to him from the very tribes he had enticed away from Michilimackinac, it often seemed to me that the high-bred Dr. Carheil was avenged.

At length, however, there was another turn in the tide of our Sieur's fortunes: he was appointed Royal Governor of the vast province of Louisiana. All the properties of Fort Pontchartrain were the personal possessions of De la Mothe; but although this was acknowledged, he was forbidden to take anything away with him; neither would the government permit him to sell even the cattle he had brought from Montreal, nor his horse Colin, the only one in the settlement, the plea being that the new Commandant, Monsieur de Foret, needed these properties, yet had not the moneys to buy them.

Before the setting in of the winter Therese and her children, Barbe and myself, with the little son and daughter who had come to us, left Le Detroit for Quebec, there to await "mon chevalier," who had gone to France. He arrived in the spring with a shipload of girls, sent out to become the wives of settlers in the new province; and we sailed with him for Dauphine Island, the seat of government of Louisiana, where, on the 17th of May, he was installed as representative of his Majesty in a territory many times greater in extent than the kingdom of the Sun King.

But how sadly disillusioned was my brother in this wild province! The settlers were for the most part lawless vagabonds, though some bore the names of families distinguished in our Canadian annals. His governorship was fruitful in naught but vexations, and he was not regretful, I trow, when after a few years he was relieved of it and called to Paris.

Fain would I have gone with "mon chevalier," but he bade me remain here in the western world, saying thus I could best serve his interests. A summer passed, and then the winter, and spring came again. One day I sat upon the gallery of my house on Dauphine Island, which commands a view of the bay of St. Louis de Mobile, a bay that is lost afar off in the wide expanse of the Gulf of Mexico.

It was the month of May, yet the patch of grass I had sown early in the season was already parched; the sandy soil thirsted for rain. Looking backward across the estuary that separates

the land from the shore, I beheld an almost unbroken line of oak, bald and black cypress, and the long-leaved yellow pine, and I knew those primeval trees were hung with curtains of the mist like gray moss which deepens the shade of these dark woods of the south. The scene, although lonely, was not unlovely; the blackness of the forest contrasted with the blue of the sky and the sparkling waters of the bay; the silvery moss which I had brought from the gallery, together with the vines I had planted, made a pleasant screen against the sunlight.

"Almost a year has passed since our Sieur sailed away," I soliloquized, and thereat fell into a reverie wherein there arose before me an air castle that far eclipsed the glories of the ancient Chateau of St. Louis, within whose shadow I first encountered the dashing Chevalier de la Mothe. I saw my brother returning to us rich, powerful, the lord of all New France!

Under the spell of the fancy and of the balmy air of the forenoon, and lulled no doubt by the buzzing of the honey-bees about the vines, I must have fallen asleep. How long I slept I cannot tell, but when I awoke I thought I must be dreaming still. I rubbed my eyes and looked again. Yes, assuredly, upon the horizon was a fair frigate with her sails set making for the harbor, with the sun shining full upon her white plumes, and turning her mast and rigging to ropes and a fire of gold.

"A ship from France!" I cried, starting to my feet, "a ship from France, and she was not due for ten days!" At this moment a cannon-shot from the fort announced that the vessel was sighted. An answering boom came to us across the waters—a greeting from the old World to the New.

"A ship, ma mie, I am off to the quay," I called to Barbe, who sat within doors, in the salon, teaching some intricate stitch of needlework to our oldest daughter, Therese. "The sun is hot, mon ami, and may give you a giddiness in the brain," protested my wife.

"My faith, I would risk being stricken down rather than be absent from the coming in of a ship!" I rejoined with enthusiasm; and clapping my chapeau upon my head, I sallied down to the Esplanade. When I again turned my steps homeward, it was long past the hour of the usual light mid-day meal and I had broken my fast in the morning only with a small bit of galette au beurre and a dish of late strawberries.

Nevertheless it was not the need of food which had rendered me dazed and ill, nor yet the rays of the sun. When I reached the gallery once more, I sank down upon the bench in my favorite corner, and flung my hat upon the ground with a murmur of deep despondency.

Barbe, who must have felt rather than heard or seen my return, came hurrying from the other end of the house, crying joyfully,—"You have missed from France, of course. How fares the Sieur de Cadillac, and to what good post has the Regent appointed him?"

"But, Normand," she continued, catching sight of my face,—"I had been mopping my brow with my handkerchief under pretence of the heat,—Normand, what ails you, what aches have you?"

"Therese is well, at least as to bodily health," I responded quickly. "And Monsieur de la Mothe—he is not dead?"

"He is worse than dead," I made answer in desperation; "he is a prisoner in the Bastille!"

"A prisoner—the Bastille!" my wife repeated with a gasp of horror. Then, recovering herself, she laid a caressing arm about my shoulders, as if her love would ward off from me all sorrow.

"Think of it, Barbe!" I exclaimed. "My dear chevalier is shut up in the tomb, where so many political prisoners are buried, lost to their families and friends forever!"

"But of what offence is he accused?" "He understands not. Mayhap some spite of his enemies here in the province."

"Our poor Therese, may God comfort her!" said Barbe, softly. "What will you do, Normand?"

"Do?" I broke out, starting up. "I will gather together whatever moneys I possess; I will go to France, and by my voice, my gold, my sword, if it can help, I will struggle for the release of my brother Le Mothe. I will lay my life for him, if need be, but he shall be freed from that awful prison, whose only echoes, I am told, are clanging chains and human sighs."

ter for having been reared with simple tastes. Moreover, I cannot feel that I did them injustice, since there is left for them the fine tract of land upon Le Detroit which my brother de la Mothe gave me, free of the right of homage, and for which I have the written concessions, duly signed and witnessed.

Now, too, our fortunes are much improved by reason of the fact that the rich lands near Lake Pontchartrain wherewith Governor Bienville requited my services are close to the sight whereto he has founded the city to be named La Nouvelle Orleans, in compliment to the Regent of France; for ended are the glories days of the Sun King.

On this plantation we now live. For a time I could not cultivate it, owing to a lack of laborers; but the company having brought over a cargo of blacks, I bought a score of them, and since then have given attention to such crops as the government will permit to raise—namely, rice, indigo, tobacco and cotton.

Thus in this southern country we prospered. Our home faces the river; never, I think, would I be happy in a habitation whence I could not look out upon a stretch of beautiful water. All through the summer night the mocking-bird sings entrancingly among the magnolia and orange trees that surround the dwelling,—a long, low structure of timber and adobe, or sun-dried brick, with a roof of grasses, wherein are interwoven the tendrils of many blossoming plants so that often it is all abloom, like a parterre.

Around the cypress pillars of the gallery twine luxuriant climbing roses, in Barbe's garden, and in sweet with a tropical profusion; and even as I write, there comes to me on the breeze the intoxicating fragrance of the white jasmine. The palisade, also of stout cypress wood, is overshadowed here and there by the dark plumes of the palm-tree, and the gray tinted foliage of the banana-tree, and in the near-by orchard grow fine pomegranates, peaches, figs, and pears, while around about, almost as far as the eye can reach, extends my rich farm.

Within, the house is brightened by the happy faces of young people—a half-dozen, ranging in age from our eldest son, who reached his majority last year, to the little Babette, who is like to Barbe in her childhood as in a sweet spray of arbutus like to another.

As the years pass, however, it seems to me that ever my Barbe grows more beautiful, and so I tell her. Therese she laughs, and shows me how the elves of time have stolen the gold from her hair, leaving in its place a sheen of silver; and how the first silken gowns I bought her will not now meet by a good two inches around her ample waist, the fabrics of Atlas which, by my order, were sent down for her from Quebec to Le Detroit, and which, woman-like, she has treasured to this day.

But what though 'tis as she says! If her soft hair wants something of its olden brightness and luxuriance, and her whilom youthful grace is merged in matronly comeliness, still to-day she is far handsomer than she has ever been.

For with the coming of every little child to our home there has come to her face an added loveliness of expression, and to her heart a deeper tenderness; so that even to my fond remembrance the charms of our violet-eyed demoiselle, the belle of New France, pale before the beauty of Madame Barbe Guyon, my wife and the mother of my children.

Some years since, Barbe and I made a voyage unusual in extent, even for us, as often as adventurous as the men. It came about that I must go north, and she sailed with me. We went to Acadia and to the English province of Massachusetts Bay, to the town of Truro, or Boston, and to Orange. For it had ever been in my heart to take my wife to see the land of her birth, and albeit she had never spoken the wish, I knew that she hoped sometime to obtain a clue to her true name and parentage.

A child carried off by the Indians! Alas! it was too common a story to be remembered all these years, if, indeed, it could ever have been traced at all! The search was nothing, and save for her disappointment, I am as well content. My aunt Guyon ever maintained that the parents of our English demoiselle were gentlefolk, and I believe she was right.

Yet, whatever their station, I know for certain that my dear wife belongs to the "noble" class, which numbers those virtuous thoughts and noble, graceful manners, and unselfish, loving hearts. Moreover, such beauty as is hers blooms not from any wayside weed.

We went to Quebec, and Beauport, too; but when I fain would have Barbe continue on with me to Le Detroit, she said:—"No, no, Normand, I cannot go back to the Colony on the Strait where we were so ideally happy. I cannot go back to miss Therese from my heart; to see another in the place of the Chevalier de la Mothe. I should regret the old days too keenly."

Therefore I proceeded alone to Fort Pontchartrain. But all my efforts to secure for "mon chevalier" the price agreed for a small part of his lands were unsuccessful. Of his vast property upon the majestic river there remains to his children not the value of a sou.

The revenge of the Red Dwarf, the prediction of the witch of the Castle of St. Louis, the warning of the mission of even for "mon chevalier" in all points save one: the English have not obtained possession of the Gateway of the Lakes, nor will they ever, I ween. Neither will I believe that the fleur-de-lis will be torn down, or that another standard than the banner of the Bourbons will ever float over Le Detroit.

And how fared it with our Sieur Cadillac during his period? After a time the king's ministers, perchance in reparation for his unjust imprisonment,

gave him the governorship of Castel-Sarrain; but being deposed ere long in favor of a native of the town, he took up his abode in a grim old chateau on the Garonne, whence, alas! his eventual life came to a close some five years since, and where my sister, Madame Cadillac, still resides with her children.

In his day, my dear chevalier was a gallant figure of New France. He had the courage of a great leader, and was ever honorable, honest, and loyal to the service of the King. Passing over my own allegiance and affection, which he held from my youth, I will only say that, notwithstanding his faults, he was of a noble nature, as is proved by the devoted respect and affection which his wife, my sweet sister Therese, ever gave him.

Of her, in turn, were his parting words to me when in the home of his youth I took leave of him—a last adieu, although we knew it not.

"Normand," he said, "I returned to the Old World poor as when I first left it. Life has given me honors, fortune, power, yet only to speedily snatch them away. Nevertheless my repining is checked, for Providence has spared to me that which so greatly weighs down the balance—the love and companionship of my dear Therese. I have been both a cavalier and a sailor, a free lance, a royal governor, and then, again, a wanderer. I thought to make Ambition my guide, but the just torment enough for an esumy. My life has been a romance, abounding in the perils and adventures of a soldier of fortune, and the romance of a soldier of fortune. And numbering from the chapter whereto is set down my first visit to Beauport, from every page thereafter smiles forth upon me the fair face of my wife, Therese Guyon—Therese, who in loving duty has followed me through many rough ways, even as when, indifferent to hardship, she came across three hundred leagues of wilderness to make for me the first white man's home upon the banks of the beautiful Detroit."

THE END.

THE CURING OF FRANK STOCKLEY.

By Rev. J. E. COPUS, S. J.

Farmer Pearson considered himself a lucky man. Of all the men he had ever hired to work his five hundred-acre Kentucky farm, he had never found such a treasure as an obliging, hard working, cheerful "help" as Frank Stockey, whom he had picked up by chance.

Stockley was of medium height, well-built, and as strong and active as an athlete. Nothing he put his hand to ever came amiss to him. He could mend a broken tug, or tire a wheel, more expeditiously than any farmer Pearson had ever known. His merry laugh or cheerful whistle sounded around the barns or out in the field like the happy song of the birds, and his pleasant ways and obliging manners in and around the house made him a favorite, not only with all the domestic staff, but especially with himself and her only son.

When this son, Tom, arrived home from college, for his mid-summer vacation, Frank Stockley had been working for Mr. Pearson for two months. Tom was a sensible boy of seventeen, and going to college had by no means spoiled him, so on the following day after his arrival he surprised his mother and sisters by appearing at breakfast dressed in a pair of blue jeans and a light cotton shirt.

"Oh, Tom—are you not going to drive me over to Aunt Kate's to-day?" said his sister Maggie, with some disappointment in the tone of her voice.

"I'm not on exhibition any more, Miss," replied the irreverent just yet, "Don't be so nasty, Tom; and, Tom, don't you promise Aggie and Bridget to bring you over just as soon as you come home."

"Extremely sorry to disappoint you, Mademoiselle, but if my lovely cousins want to see me so very much, you just drive over there and tell them I shall be on exhibition from 7 till 9 every evening at the Pearson mansion, admission free."

"Oh! dear me!" exclaimed Maggie, laughing in spite of herself, but half inclined to pout. "Then you won't come?"

"Nope." "What are you going to do, Tom?" asked his father, with some curiosity.

"I ain't haying now, sir?" "Yes, but you needn't go to work like a farm hand. Don't you want to rest for a little while?"

"No, sir," said Tom, decidedly, "and I'm not soft, either—while I play baseball and football as I do."

"But there's no necessity, my boy. You needn't do it unless you wish. I didn't you say last night, father, that you were quite unable to get enough hands for the haying and harvesting?"

could hold out for a whole day. With good natured malice—if such a term be allowed—he himself worked harder than usual in order to "down" his companion, and make him acknowledge that he was tired out, and that a college man was not much good at pitching hay. But Tom's nerve was steady, and his muscles firm and hard, and by reason of the tacit challenge, and because he was on the first day of an intimacy between these two which was destined to be extremely beneficial to one of them.

Frank Stockley came from the hilly part of Kentucky, where the habits and customs were less refined, and less choice than in the well settled and well cultivated portion of the state in which the English Catholic Pearsons resided. Through habit, therefore, Stockley used a great deal of profane language. Every expression of surprise or wonder or satisfaction was rounded off by a number of smooth-sounding curses, or fluent swearing.

Tom Pearson was shocked to hear the Sodalite of the Blessed Virgin, he felt it his duty to try to put a stop to it. But he did not know how or when to begin. Stockley would stand with one mouthed wonder and delight as Tom related some wonderful achievement of himself or his college friends on the diamond or on the gridiron. In his turn he was interested and often absorbed in the stories of wild cat hunting, or of a famous raid in which Stockley had assisted on some mountain moonshiners; but in all these recitals because of the profanity mixed with them, there was for Tom a grating sense that annoyed and offended him.

After much thought, Tom Pearson decided to wait till the next day before he spoke to his co-laborer about his bad habit. That night he watched Stockley closely in the house at supper and afterward, and found that no such thing as a bad word of any kind passed his lips while in the presence of the women of the house. The next day as they were working in the field, Tom said:

"I like you Frank." "I like you, too, Tom, for you're the best boss I ever knew." "Well, look here, Frank, I'm going to pull you up suddenly."

"What's up?" "That horrible cursing and swearing of yours. Why do you do it?" "Oh! that's a habit," laughed the hired man, uneasily, "and I can't help it now."

"Yet I noticed last night that in the house, although you talked a great deal, you swore not once." "Swear in the house! Good gracious no!" And Frank seemed surprised at the very notion.

"Why not? It's just as good, or bad, rather, there as here. Just the same sin before men as before women." "But it would not be good manners to swear before ladies."

"Nor good manners, or morals— which, in one sense, is about the same thing—to swear before God." This being said, Frank Stockley came surprised at this new view of the case. It was new to him. Evidently it had never been put to him in that light before. He thought for a moment.

"I wish, Tom, I could get rid of it." "Do you, really?" "Sure, I do." "Well, then, I can cure you if you will agree."

"You'll cure me! Oh, you're galling." "No, I'm not joking, I'll cure you of the habit if you'll promise to do as I propose."

"I'll promise. There's nothing I wouldn't do to get rid of that habit. I know it ain't pretty manners," he added, naively.

"Whoa!" shouted Tom, and Stockley was much surprised to see his companion suddenly jump out of the wagon and go to a corn bin close by and take out a good-sized ear of corn, which he began vigorously to shell.

"What's that for?" asked the surprised Stockley. "Now, see here. You promise to do what I say. Very well. Here's a handful of grains of corn, and put them into my left side pocket, and every time I hear you swear I am going to take one out of that pocket and put it into the right hand pocket, and to-night you pay me 5 cents for every kernel of corn in my right hand side pocket."

"Why, I'll pay you 25 cents for each one." "No, you won't," said Tom, laughing. "I don't want to bankrupt you."

Stockley agreed, and the usual lively conversation was kept up during the rest of the day, and Tom had the satisfaction of seeing that his plan had already had considerable influence on Stockley's language. He was making an effort to overcome himself. Once or twice he broke off in the middle of some swearing and at those times he begged off the fine, which, of course, Tom good-naturedly allowed.

That evening Tom and Frank sat together in the corner of the common living room earnestly talking together. Maggie, and his parents as well, were curious to know what such an earnest conversation was all about. Tom was counting up his corn grains.

cents against you, you bet I'm going to collect both." During the day Tom had seen the brown scapular around the neck of the farm laborer, so he was sure he was a Catholic. Gaining courage from his assurance, and laying his hands on Stockley's shoulder he said in a manly way, but gently:

"Frank, you can't cure yourself, nor I can't cure you of this sin of swearing, unless you ask God to help you do it. Ask the Blessed Mother—I see you wear her scapular—to help you, and then there will be a chance of breaking the habit completely. Without God's help the habit will return."

For the second time within two days the young mountaineer was deeply moved. Tom's kindly advice had been given in a simple natural, manly way—just the way to suit a manly man. Frank Stockley's better nature was stirred, and he promised to pray for help.

The next day, to Tom's joy, and to the surprise and satisfaction of Stockley, the latter found himself in debt to the amount of only 25 cents; and in less than a week the habit was broken.

The next Saturday night Stockley went off down the road. "Tom saw him go, and awaited his return." "Where have you been, Frank?" "Down to the old manny you spoke about, paying off my corn debts, and my I'm glad I went. She's terribly bad off."

All this happened several years ago, and since then Tom Pearson has become a priest and is laboring zealously up in the Kentucky mountain country among the poorer class of people in that state. Among his parishioners there is no stancher or more practical Catholic than Frank Stockley, and he dates his conversion from the day when Tom Pearson proposed to tax him for every bad word, and spoke to him in a manly way of the duty of prayer, and now Stockley often says to Father Pearson:

"It was the cheapest corn I ever bought."

THE MEDIAEVAL MONK AND EFFEMINACY. The Middle Ages have suffered a great deal of reproach, but the monks came always in for the major part of the abuse. It is much to be regretted that there are comparatively few authentic records of that period.

There were at the time no newspapers, no periodicals, no printed books, or royal commissions to record the current events. Men worked and argued, fought and taught, prayed, fasted and died, leaving no other record but a tombstone. This being really the case, the large part of the criticism of the middle ages is too often mere generalization and random or guess work.

To arrive at an accurate knowledge of the social and mental conditions of peoples or classes that existed centuries ago and lived under quite different conditions from those of the present day is a difficult even for the present day. A skilled committee of learned men often draw different conclusions from precisely the same evidence as to the same facts, though contemporaneous with them. With all the telegraphic news and profusion of current literature how many Canadians are sufficiently qualified to pass a reliable judgment on the present social condition of Russia?

Man's judgment is easily biased by prejudice, especially when personal predilections come in play. The Middle Ages had their short-comings and all the mediaeval monks are not found on the catalogue of saints. Then, as to-day, the weakness of human nature and the malice of the enemies of our race were always ready where in evil is more conspicuous than good, and that one criminal attracts more attention than thousands of men living virtuous lives.

Among all the epithets fastened upon the monks of those past ages "effeminate" is one of the clumsiest travesties. To our great surprise we learned through our local newspapers that a Rev. speaker before the Y. M. C. A. of Victoria preferred such a charge, and fired his stigma to the unrolled brows of the monks to whom England owes so much. There was no provocation for the utterance. Still some speakers love to unearth from under the roots of a decayed old tree, would be secrets which modern and candid have long since discarded as unworthy of historical record. If the monks of old were "effeminate" what shall we say of those Churches that disregard asceticism, abstinence, fasting and other austere mortifications which the monks, as a rule, rigorously practiced? Basilicas does not build universal monuments of strong faith—as the mediaeval monks did. Effeminacy does not create a scholastic theology and philosophy as those much slandered monks did; learned and standard works of profundity, inexhaustible storehouses of thought for the secular and ecclesiastical student of which the Summa is a masterly codification.

In corroboration of what has been said, we will subjoin a short extract from the learned work, "The Ruined Abbeys of Great Britain," by Ralph Adams Cram, a member of the Anglican Church:

"After all these centuries and in spite of the misrepresentations of certain historians we have good ground for holding that the reports of the contemporary historians of monasteries appointed by Henry VIII. are little more than malignant lies, or at least scurrilous stories gathered from poet's house and novel, and as Green admits in his, 'History of the English People.' It is an grossly exaggerated at that. Every actual matter of fact that every indictment against the monks and nuns of the period rests on the sole and totally unsubstantiated word of London, Leigh, Layton and Rice, and no man would condemn a dog to day on the oath of any of these worthies."

Well, if the Londons, Leighs, Laytons and Rices are not all dead yet, we hope kindly light will induce them to love truth and speak the truth and nothing but the truth.—B. C. Orphans Friend.

TO A CHURCH INTERESTING LITURGIC—EXPLAINING THE FOLLOWING ONE OF THE LOCAL PARISHIONER WHO FOR SEVERAL YEARS HEALTH, FULLY EXPLAINED READERS ON ACCOUNT "Lay argument" the Christian explanation of My Dear Father Enclosed you letter I wrote friend of mine, perhaps, do not the University, peculiarly interesting fall under the ing Christian has a large circle whom it might our faith. You is a lot of fun to the social the United States thing in the this to my friend of the laity, ence.

You know, lay person I people, more the pulpits, people think it were, as I know what, I know so. In England, ested the laity are on the subject of his Gladstone very much interested in it? Are ferent in the sure we our faith. whom I sent in the Catholic an evil hour, and I ain't never come bad. "

All I want more coal, burn a state St. Peter give I shall wish in and warm in whisper back want below The chapel most of the prayers myself to "In nomine been known as "Introit" which I sent in the Catholic an evil hour, and I ain't never come bad. "

I pray for at one with ill of the "straid I beaker" fess here Lent. The and sweets

"Dear M I suppose rible inun wharves a were under notice it "Be in, force of the river the river, many things of and I tiddy breakfast R. I. P. You won't ing up sight I many little ships and some of battle-fie flying their them the to me course, picture. For our proud a time of to day you are so the contented. And your let know you in me all don't k you say take ad healing world access of all brought and be Christ from the end the apostle bequea You as somewhat