

hot drinks as she thought might be useful. The man was too far gone, however, and the only consciousness he recovered and the only words he spoke, was the consciousness he woke to in Rachel's presence, and the words he spoke to Rachel herself.

Rachel, upon that cruel night, a night stamped upon her memory with ineffable grief and horror, held her heart as if it were, that it might give neither sign nor sound of its breaking. She heard those about her say he was dead—"Tom, her boy," who had come to her, true to his promise, and whose head, now to the very end, was holding close to the dead weight, she felt Miss Berran tug her arm and she heard her say, "Come, Rachel!" She heard Mr. Notner say also softly, "Come, my poor little girl!" She heard even Hardman say in a husky voice, "Poor Miss Rachel!"

She heard them all with a strange distinctness, but she did not seem to be able to heed them; and it was cruel to ask her to heed them; to ask her to heed anything in the world when Tom, lying dead before her—Tom, for whose sake alone she had seemed to live during the five years of their separation, and in a strange, dream-like way, every incident connected with him was coming to her mind, even to the last—she had heard him say—"No, no, she had no power to move—no tears even to shed—she could only be still and think—think of the days, and days and days, that would never bring him now—think of her breaking heart that nothing could comfort. How could she bear it? How could she exist, with never a hope of seeing him more? And the voices, again asking her to leave him, sounded this time from the basket, as if those who had been going as if those who had been leaving her alone from her—going and leaving her alone about his neck, and lower her face dropped to his, as if in this moment of her supreme anguish he must give some answering sign. But some one came to her side, some one who unfolded her arms and lifted her to her feet; she could not tell who it was, for there was a strange blur before her eyes, and the resistance she tried to make counted for nothing against the strong but gentle clasp in which she was held and also urged forward, she wondered in a vague way whether, for everything had so changed she could not seem to remember anything but that Tom, her Tom, was dead, and then she felt her feet falling, falling in the snare that had killed "her boy," and after that she knew no more—merciful unconsciousness had given her a respite.

TO BE CONTINUED.

STORY OF A CONVERSION.

"Well, Mary, I'm not satisfied," said a respectable-looking young tradesman to his wife, as he was walking home one Sunday evening from the Episcopal Church, where they had been together.

"I don't see how there can be two faiths and two Churches, when the Apostle tells us there is but one faith, one hope and one baptism, and that our Lord Himself said He had founded His Church on a rock, and the gates of hell should not prevail against it."

"But, Ralph," replied Mary gently, "don't you recollect Mr. Andrews telling us that though all this was very true, we might be quite content, because we were a branch of this one true Church?"

"That's all very fine talking, my dear," answered her husband, "but if it be a branch, why are we not allowed to go to the parent tree? Whereas you know he lectured us all in the pulpit last week for going to see that procession of the Blessed Sacrament in St. Peter's Catholic Church, and said it was being 'unfaithful to our own dear church and all the rest of it.'"

"But Mr. Lewis told me the other day, Ralph, that when he was traveling in England with his master, Mr. Andrews said he might go to the Catholic Church as much as ever he pleased and so he did."

"Yes," replied Ralph, "he was telling me all about it the other day; and he agreed there was no sense at all in Mr. Andrews saying that. It's making the truth just a matter of geography! Why, if it's wrong in the States, it ought to be just as wrong in France or Italy. Don't you see that, too?"

"Well, yes, I couldn't make it out," answered Mary; "but, then, Mrs. Willis tried to explain it to me by saying that here the Episcopal Church was a deadly sin to leave it; but that Catholicism was the rightful church, except where the Greek or old Catholic churches prevailed."

"But if that is true," observed Ralph, "we are all in heresy and schism, because the Episcopal Church is a daughter of the Established Church of England, which became Protestant when Parker was advanced to the see of Canterbury, he being the first English prelate who was ordained with the Protestant ceremony of our Book of Common Prayer. Everybody who stuck to the old church and wouldn't become Protestant was put to death. Give me the old church again, I say, and not the imitation of it!"

Mary walked on, looking rather sad and grave. She felt, it is true, much in the same way as her husband; but she was of a timid, shrinking nature, and she dreaded very much the idea of taking any step which would separate them from their old friends, and from the clergyman whom they loved, and probably injure their business besides. So unconsciously, perhaps, she always tried to shut her eyes to the truth, and to put the subject from her.

The following evening she seemed to be fated not to be left in peace; for, on reaching home they found an old friend who had come from the country to see her husband; and this man was himself of a faithful Catholic family. He had taken a great interest in the young couple, and had shown them substantial kindness in many ways; so that his arrival was hailed with pleasure by both husband and wife.

LAST MOMENTS OF A CONVERT BISHOP.

Scene at the Death-bed of the Late Dr. Brownlow, of Clifton.—By W. L. Williams.

Much interesting and edifying matter relating to the life and death of the late Dr. Brownlow, Bishop of Clifton, England, is finding its way into print. The following description of the last moments of the Bishop's life is by one of the priests who were present:

The scene—almost the closing scene in the dying prelate's room is, indeed, worthy of record. After a devout and worthy preparation for receiving Holy Viaticum, in which His Lordship was assisted by Father Mather, who read the preparatory prayers, all necessary arrangements were made for the administration of the last solemn rites. Father Trovate approached the bedside to assist the Bishop in vesting his coat, mozzetta and stole. The remark made by His Lordship—his apology for giving his clergy trouble—was characteristic indeed of the patience and thought for others shown by him during his tedious confinement. Mr. Russell, V. G., the Pro-Cathedral administrator, having then entered the room with the Blessed Sacrament, attended by Father Williams and Father Trovate, the solemn profession of faith, in accordance with the customary use, was read to the Bishop. At its close, having assented to all therein contained on the book of the Gospels, His Lordship for the last time addressed his Cathedral clergy together. Rousing himself with remarkable effort, he said on the 16th of November, thirty-eight years ago, he for the first time made that profession of faith and declared his belief therein on being received into the Catholic Church. Ever since that time he had led to each and every article with unswerving fidelity. Although difficulties had risen before his mind, but only difficulties attributable, undoubtedly, to having been matured in heresy, never failed a doubt, but in all things had ever submitted to the unerring judgment of Christ's Church, and of His Vicar. He now reasserted his belief therein and firmly renewed his loyalty to the Holy Father Leo XIII. The Bishop then reviewed with edifying brevity what he felt had been his shortcomings in the exercise of his sacerdotal office. He asked pardon of all those to whom he might at any time have appeared wanting in charity, repudiating earnestly any words or actions by which he might have been judged guilty of such. His clergy there present he thanked most sincerely for their attention to him at that moment, begging of them that they would, he would pray for him before the terrible judgment seat of his God and Creator. He asked that all throughout his diocese, both priests and people, might be moved to pray for him also. Then with his wonted devotion he received the Holy Viaticum, which was followed by the administration of Extreme Unction and the blessing in *extrema unctione*. Before his death he left him, anticipating their wishes, said that he desired to give them his blessing. This His Lordship did when still vested in the robes of office and with a fulness of soul felt in the heart of each there present. Throughout that evening repeated heart attacks were manifested in the course of the day the patient was visited by Dr. Markham Skerritt. In the intervals, however, the Bishop appeared well, in spite of weakness, and recited his office, closing the breviary for the last time only after saying Compline for that day.

An anxious night followed. In the morning attacks were frequent, although, nevertheless the Bishop discussed with his vicar-general various diocesan matters. Shortly after 3 o'clock, however, just after the arrival of the Papal blessing from Rome, another attack ensued whilst Mr. Russell, who gave him the final absolution, and Dr. Skerritt, were both present. Restoratives were applied and the patient rallied, but before complete recovery another attack followed. A repetition of medical treatment was resorted to, and precisely at 3.25 p. m. whilst prayers in his behalf were being recited by friends in the cathedral, the soul of the fourth Bishop of Clifton passed away.

The following passage from the sermon delivered at the funeral by Bishop Heddy, of Newport, is worthy of preservation:

"When the late Bishop made up his mind to become a Catholic he was an Anglican clergyman, and as far as this world went, he was a good man. He had recorded the history of his conversion in a letter published in *Advent*, 1863, a week or two after his reception into the Church. One day in the autumn of 1855 he was praying for greater faith in our Lord's presence and desiring to follow Him when in a moment the Church of Rome was presented to his mind. While thus he seemed to ask himself, 'What thought never left his mind? Was there one who could never have sinned against the light. His writings showed that he had read and prayed and practiced. Wilberforce's books on the Incarnation, on Holy Baptism and the Blessed Eucharist had informed his mind. When at last the light of faith came, in his own words 'He found himself in the possession of faith, in the array of the living Church, with the way of justice open, with the disposition of grace around him, and there was given to him a response to his self-sacrifice. Too and strength to his faith. His Catholic brethren failed to realize many benefits of his inheritance. A man of heroic mind and mobile sympathies of hereditary culture, who was brought into that great inheritance in mature life was naturally more deeply impressed, and when William Robert Brownlow, in exactly thirty-eight years, he was in the Church of the Oratory at Birmingham and made the Oratory his home. His profession of faith in the hands of John Henry Newman, he rose up to a blissful and divinely guided life, in comparison with which all his former years had been darkness.'"

IMITATION OF CHRIST.

The King's Highway of the Holy Cross.

And how dost thou pretend to seek another way than this royal way, which is the way of the Holy Cross?

The whole life of Christ was a cross and a martyrdom; and dost thou seek rest and joy?

Thou earnest, thou earnest, if thou seekest any other thing than to suffer tribulations; for this whole mortal life is full of miseries and beset on all sides with crosses.

And the higher a person is advanced in spirit, the heavier crosses will be often met with; because the pain of his banishment increases in proportion to his love.

Yet the man, thus many ways afflicted, is not without some alloy of comfort because he is sensible of the great profit which he reapeth by bearing the cross.

For whilst he willingly resigneth himself to it, all the burden of tribulation is converted into an assured hope of comfort from God.

And the more the flesh is brought down by affliction, the more the spirit is strengthened by inward grace.

OUR DEAD.

How little do we think of the dead! Their bodies lie entombed in all our towns, and villages, and neighborhoods. The lands they have cultivated, the houses they have built, the works of their hands are always before our eyes. We travel the same road, walk the same path, sit at the same firesides, sleep in the same rooms, rise in the same carriages, and dine at the same tables, and seldom remember that those who once occupied these places are now gone—alas! forever. Strange that the fleeting cares of life should so soon rush in and fill the breast, to the exclusion of those so near!

Our dead! Our beloved dead! Loved even more strongly because they are near to God. How comforting the thought that assures us we can pray for them. Are they in suffering? We know not; but love bids us pray for them, and pray for them ever, that the hand of the Lord be not heavily upon them. Pray for your dead! Never forget your dead. They love you, and they plead for your prayers. Pray for the dead, that their perpetual rest may come to them, and that perpetual light may shine upon them.

A PROTESTANT VIEW.

The Rev. Dr. McKenzie, who recently assumed the rectorship of St. Peter's Episcopal Church, Redwood City, Cal., took occasion in a late sermon to do a fine review of Catholicism. Among other things he said:

"There have been faults in the Church of Rome and there are like defects in all religions, but the fact that the mother Church has lived and prospered through so many centuries is an evidence that Christ is in it, otherwise it would have perished from the earth. Its monasteries were the seats of learning during the dark, middle ages, and its nurseries were the homes of virtue during that period."

After discoursing at length on the history of the Church and the causes which led to the first great schism the speaker came down to the present day. He said that the Catholic Church was true to her children, even to those who were aimed to elevate the marriage tie and by its emblems and pictures has sought to keep constantly in mind the passion and death of the Redeemer of mankind, while other Christian churches too frequently allude to the Son of God.—Catholic Telegraph.

ATHEISM AND FRAUD.

The philosopher that asserted that any human being could advocate a new doctrine, or school of thought, and, in the course of time, find many believers, no matter how ridiculous his system, seems not so far wrong in the light of recent discoveries made by the Washington postoffice authorities. The action of the government in opening the mail belonging to the 'Mental Science' lies with Mrs. Helen Post, alias Wilman, of Soa Breeze, Fla., who proclaimed herself able to perform success upon all

Where Medical Science Falls  
to cure rheumatism and all the things you suffer from, why don't you use a bottle of Pain-Killer and try that? Rub it into your stiff joints, your aching muscles, your sore throat, wherever the pain is, and you will be surprised to find it will cure you. It is an ungodly strong disinfectant that cleanses the system and cures the most obstinate ailments known. 25 cents.

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Dyspepsia

From foreign words meaning bad cook, has come rather to signify bad stomach; for the most common cause of the disease is a profligating want of vigor and tone in that organ.

No disease makes life more miserable. Its sufferers certainly do not live to eat; they sometimes wonder if not they would be better dead.

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