

ging forward a white girl a loud cry of savage joy rent the air.

Almost dead with hunger and weariness and anxiety, Vera staggered forward. As the wild mob rushed upon her, she thought her hour had come, and quickly made the Sign of the Cross.

The mob halted, for she was the chief's daughter. Then a tall, powerful warrior, with a sweeping beard and feathers fluttering in the wind, stepped forward. It was Eagle Wing, the head-chief. Fawn Eyes flew to his side and spoke eagerly to him.

"My son has done well. Eagle Wing thanks him for the pretty captive. She shall be a sister to Fawn Eyes, and a daughter to the chief, until some warrior takes her for his wife."

Fawn Eyes took the astonished girl by the hand and led her to the wigwam, while Black Wolf and his companion stared foolishly and irately after them.

Once in the shelter of the lodge, Vera sunk down on a pile of soft skins, utterly exhausted. Two weeks of tramping through the wilderness without proper food or rest, haunted by fear as to her fate, had told upon the girl. She had grown thin and pale, her eyes had a hunted look and her clothes were torn and soiled.

"No fear, you are safe," she said in soft melodious tones. "My father, Eagle Wing, big chief. He adopt you, you are Fawn Eyes sister."

Two months later, on a bright sunny day, Vera and Fawn Eyes were sitting on a fallen log in the forest. They had been gathering berries, but now that their great baskets could hold no more, had sat down to rest for a few minutes.

Shortly after, the Winfields returned to their old home in Maryland, where they were secure from Indian attacks, for Maryland was the only colony that experienced no trouble with the natives.

"White Rose," said Fawn Eyes turning her liquid eyes to Vera. Tell me more about the Saviour who died to save us, who loves all men, whether the color of their skin be white or red.

And in soft, low tones, Vera reverently spoke about Christ and the Blessed Virgin, Fawn Eyes, as usual, was a rapt listener and drank in every word as the parched ground drinks in the rain after a long drought.

"Oh, White Rose, it breaks my heart to think I never knew Him," she said.

"But you know Him now, Fawn Eyes, and you will love Him and serve Him, and Him alone, all the days of your life."

"Come, let me say the prayer which He Himself taught us," said Vera, and kneeling down, she slowly recited the "Our Father," following with the "Hail Mary," the Indian girl repeating them after her, word for word.

Fawn Eyes had long been failing, but so imperceptibly, that no one noticed it. Now, however, her condition suddenly became alarming, she had frequent fainting spells and a slow consuming fever insidiously sapped away her strength.

From then on Vera scarcely left her, almost begrudging the little attention which the chief's mother, an old wrinkled squaw, bestowed upon her grandchild. When they were alone, Vera spoke to Fawn Eyes about Christ and His Blessed Mother and the happiness of Heaven, and the Indian girl would lie still, her eyes fixed upon the speaker's eloquent face, drinking in every word with ineffable pleasure.

One evening in early autumn, as the sun went down in flaming glory, Vera realized that the end was near. The old squaw hurried out to find the chief and Vera was left alone with the dying girl.

"I hear voices, soft as the whispering of the summer wind in the pine-tops," Fawn Eyes murmured.

"Tears blinded Vera's eyes, but she forced them back.

"Fawn Eyes," Vera said, striving to render her voice steady. "You believe in God, in His only Son, our Lord Jesus Christ and the Holy Ghost? You believe in the Holy Catholic Church?"

"Yes, I believe," faintly answered Fawn Eyes.

"You are sorry for all your sins?" continued Vera.

"Oh, so sorry! God forgive the poor Indian girl who did not know Him! Lord Jesus, forgive!"

Then she caught Vera's hand and said earnestly, with the last flickering strength of her fast fading life.

"White Rose, baptize me, so that I shall go to Jesus and His Blessed Mother." She sank back, gasping for breath.

A wooden bowl filled with water stood on the ground nearby. Quickly Vera poured the water on the dying girl's brow, as she said solemnly:

"I baptize thee in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost."

As the last word was pronounced with a gentle sigh the spotless soul of Fawn Eyes flew to God. A moment later the squaw returned with Eagle Wing. Vera had just had time enough to send Fawn Eyes to Heaven.

They buried her with heathen rites, beneath a whispering pine in the woods not far from the village. But Vera stole out in the early evening and concealed a small cross made of twigs under the flowers that covered the grave.

A few weeks later, the Iroquois "buried the hatchet" and made a treaty with the settlers. Many white prisoners were returned to their people.

She laid her hand on Vera's and locked pleadingly into her eyes. And Vera put her arms around her.

"God bless you, Fawn Eyes, my little sister!" she said softly, clasping her in a close embrace.

Two months later, on a bright sunny day, Vera and Fawn Eyes were sitting on a fallen log in the forest. They had been gathering berries, but now that their great baskets could hold no more, had sat down to rest for a few minutes.

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company, imitate and study her example (how she would act on such an occasion), in this way bringing every little happening in our daily life under her direction, and, if we do this, no great temptation will ever surprise us and find us sleeping at the post.

In speaking to our Blessed Mother, can we formulate words to please her better than those taught us by Her Divine Son? The Pater Noster, which covers adoration, thanksgiving and petition of the creature to the Creator of all; then the Ave Maria, the most beautiful words ever addressed to a creature by the great Archangel Gabriel.

How they startled the humble maid of Nazareth, and then, as in all ages since, this salutation has never been in vain next the Doxology added by the Church, such as the Rosary.

Truly, it is a Rose Crown which we lay at the feet of our Queen. As we place fresh flowers on an altar daily, and throughout our homes, can we do less than to place this Rose Crown at the feet of our Blessed Lady every single day, or, at the very least, during this month dedicated to this beautiful devotion? Out of 1,440 minutes can we not spare 10?

Our Holy Mother the Church has dedicated this month of October to Mary by reciting the Rosary daily, and has richly indulged the same. If we cannot recite in common in the Church each morning, let us gather together in our homes just after the evening meal, before visitors arrive, or the young folks fill their engagements, and, as a Vesper Song let our voices unite in twining the Roses of this most beautiful of crowns, the Most Holy Rosary, and rest assured that our time will be well spent, as each and every prayer offered up to our Blessed Mother will be a source of the greatest consolation to us in the hour of our greatest need—the hour of our death.—Daver Register.

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story. Christian artists have felt the inspiration furnished by the thought of Joseph toiling away at his carpenter's craft while the gentle Mary attended to the household duties and the boy Jesus grew in strength and in wisdom.

Only once does the gospel narrative interrupt this picture. That is on the occasion when, at the age of twelve, Jesus is brought to Jerusalem for the feast of the Passover and on the return journey is lost by his parents.

St. Joseph, according to Christian belief, died in the arms of Jesus and Mary. His death must have occurred during the hidden life of Christ and before our Saviour left the family abode for the last time to go forth and preach His gospel.

St. Joseph's death was a death such as we all might wish to die:—in the midst of those he loved the best.

It has been the inspiration of artists of God, from his sorrowing foster-son, Christ Our Lord. It is the ideal death of the father, the head of the family. He had cared for the Blessed Virgin when Christ had been conceived in her womb, he had watched over her on the journey to Bethlehem, he had obtained shelter for her in the crowded village when Christ was born, he had snatched the Child from the fate of all male children ordered to be slain by Herod, he had guarded them in the flight to Egypt and cared for them during their exile, and he had made their home for them in Nazareth. And when he came to die it was in that humble home, in the presence of those for whom he had spent his life.

That home stands today as the example of the Christian home of all time. We call Joseph, the carpenter of Nazareth, St. Joseph, because the Holy Ghost called him a "just man." His justice and sanctity increased at Bethlehem, in Egypt and at Nazareth. It grew because he fulfilled his duties as the head of the family in the way God has ordained. It grew because he lived his life with the Immaculate Virgin, the Mother of God, and with Christ, the Son of God.

St. Joseph is the patron of the Christian family because he protected the Holy Family. His example has been a source of strength and courage to the most God-fearing families throughout the Christian world. And now when the family is openly attacked and in subtle fashion undermined, the head of the Universal Church bids us consider once more St. Joseph, the patron, at the same time, of the Universal Church and the Christian Family. To him must we look for help and inspiration that the sanctity of the family be not destroyed, for if our homes are ruined our hopes are blasted.

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But this is not the notion of the Church which we have received from Christ and the Fathers. A jumble of jarring sects can never make up the One True Church of Christ. How can the Church be the "Pillar and ground of Truth" if the members are allowed to believe opposite and contradictory doctrines?

The conference invites three hundred millions of Catholics and one hundred and twenty millions of Easterns to join with them in this kind of "Unity," which is far from the real unity that Catholics today happily enjoy. Throughout all their discussion they make one great error of supposing that the Catholic Church has lost its unity and they are going to bring it back. As a working basis of discussion as far as Catholics are concerned such a project is unthinkable.

The sanguine hopes of those who thought that some sort of reunion would eventuate from the Lambeth conference have faded. But the conference has at least accomplished some good.

As the London Tablet remarks, "Happily the Lambeth Conference has dealt with a number of social subjects which are problems of the hour, and there is much in what the Bishops have notably as to such evils as Spiritism and the limitation of the family which will claim the cordial assent of all Catholics. We take leave to think that it is by this side of its labors, that the conference will be chiefly remembered. Its vision of the Reunion of Christendom, as far as Catholics are concerned; but the earnest sincerity and good will of its members, so many of whom had come from afar, to do something to better the age in which they live will live to claim respectful recognition by the whole community."—The Pilot.

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Sunlight does it

You who always dread wash day—because of the hours of weary wash-board rubbing, the damp steamy air, with perhaps your skirt and shoes splashed and soaked—just forget all that. Come into the ease and comfort of a Sunlight Wash Day.

Sunlight Soap will do the wash—you can go out calling or shopping. Read the directions.

Insist on getting the Soap you ask for—SUNLIGHT.



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Just what you want a big, complete School Outfit that won't cost you a cent. It contains: 3 Scribblers; 2 50-page memo pads; Fountain Pen, Filler and Clip; 6 pencils with clip; Ink and pencil Rubber; 12-inch ruler; 6 ink tablets; 6 blotter; 2 reservoir pen-nibs and penholders; 14 colored crayons; 6 drawing pins; painting book; 3-piece drawing set; a handsome pencil box; 12 rubber bands; 10 colored transfers; 28 popular songs, words and music; big bang cardboard gun; 7 inch-games; and a big, brass-trimmed fibre school case. 20 different prizes—the whole outfit given for selling only \$5.00 worth of our Magnificent Holy Catholic Pictures. Beautifully illustrated religious subjects, including Guardian Angel, Madonna, Sacred Heart of Mary and many others. Splendidly printed on fine art paper in rich, gorgeous colors. Size 11 x 14 inches at 12c, and 16 x 20 inches at 22c, each. You can sell these beautiful pictures in every good Catholic home. Send