limbs again writhed in agony before her eyes; shudder after shudder shook the poor girl's frame, till she was at length awakened to a sense of her own

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Mauper saw all that had happened He thought he might turn the sad scene in favor of a is own dark -asigus. A peer, harmless youn z girl, doo ned to borrible treatment; a new case of the dreaded plague while the remem brance of its late ravages was still fresh. An heroic act to achieve ; a

great danger to brave. But if she should go alone? She dare not ! then some une e may aid her in the risk. Tomorrow there will be a festival kept in the monastery; the office, music. Let a child go through the crowd, throw hersel! at the feet of the queen; the queen is touched with pity, overcome; queen is concled with pity, overcome; the devil will do the rest. Such were the thoughts that passed through Mauper's mind; they were too valu-able for such a generous soul as Maup-able for such a generous soul as Maup-

er to keep them long shut up within himselt. The crowd had closed in Julie with

her dead mother, and then moved away hurriedly from the spot. All were afraid to go back to their own houses. Some were appalled at the thought of Some wore appalled at the thought of the poor orphan burled alive; the greater part strove to eacape the in fection by using strong perfumes, and by barning scented fagrots before their houses. When Mauper, who had kept aloof from the crowd, thought the street was abandoned, he went into it, and descried a little girl sobbing in the doorway of Julie's dismal prison.

"Who are you?" asked Mauper. "The friend of Julie, whom they are

killing." "You love her very much?" "I do."

"Why ?"

"Because she loves me." "And would you save her?" "Look," said the girl; "see my ngers bleeding. I have broken my

ingers nails trying to tear down the stones and the mortar." "That is not the way to save Julie."

"What way, then ?" "Do you know the queen?" "The queen ! no," replied the

child. "Would you have the courage to

speak to her ?' "Is it I ? Never !"

"Even to save Julie from dying of hunger and the plague?" 'Ob, for her-

"You would dare anything?"

"I will try. What is to be done?" "Do you know the church of the monks ?"

They have often given me alms at

the monastery." "Well, go there to-morrow morning; "wait in the archway."

"I will." "The bells will ring, and the priests will leave the sacristy to begin the ceremonies. A lady, richly dressed, with sweet eyes, and bounteous hand, will pass along the line of poor people. You will say nothing, you will ask nothing; watch everything. When the ceremonies are over, when this lady leaves the church, throw yourself lady leaves the church, throw yourself at her feet, join your hands, and say to her, 'Justice and mercy.'"

to her, 'Justice and mercy.'' "Justice and mercy.'' repeated the child. "The Queen will as'r for whom, and yon will tell her how they closed in Julie with the corpse of her mother; and that, if she does not die of the plague, abe will surely die of hunger and "You will dine with us, that is well," hair and downcast lids; then it passed on to the empty chair by the window. Without uttering any word of greeting or apology he went forward and The company looked at one another. Mr. Mortimer cleared his throat "You will dine with us, that is well," hair and downcast lids; then it passed on to the empty chair by the window. Without uttering any word of greeting the volume of the plague, and the will surely die of hunger and the said. He lifted a warm plate and

"And will the queen save her?" "The queen is an angel."

"I will go then." "You will forget nothing?"

"Nothing." Mauper, giving a piece of money to the little girl, left her. Instead of going home, he returned to Hatto, and toid him all he had witnessed and all he had done. The night was not yet so far advanced that the favorite might

cabinet.

aid. The engineer began to tell it. His

has nothing to do with the story. The party consisted of Mr. Morti mer, an English gentleman: his two elder daughters, Evaogolice and Doris, and two younger children, Grace and 'arold; the young girl who was affinced to his son Arnold, expected that evening, and two young men who were friends of Arnold's-Michael Bream, a sculptor, and Alex Ross, an and ano; he struck out and opened hard, bony hands. These hands seemed to mesmerize the stranger; he could not take his glance from them. "Thus he sought for, and never

engineer. "It is snowing now," said Harold. The blinds were not drawn and they could see the white flakes as they pressed against the panes, slide down Scotsman. and fall.

"Wise Arnold !" said Evangeline. "Wise Arnold !" echoed the brideelect.

Mr. Mortimer was glad that they had taken Arnold's wisdom for granted. He was as at xious now that his son should He was as at xious now that his soft should not have set out as he had formerly been anxious that he had. But now, as formerly, he allowed none of his anxiety to be seen. "Why there are two vacant places at table?" said the bride-elect, sud-

denly. She looked at the place at her side, then at a vacant place at her other side of the table, between Grace

and Harold. Both children colored. "That is Grace's and Harold's affair," said Mr. Mortimer, smiling. "Since they were tiny children they have observed the old custom and kept a place for the Christ-Child—or any He might send." of rats.

All turned toward the empty place by the window. Unconsciously they

bowed. "We told the landlord and he did not mind," whispered Grace to the bride-elect.

bride-elect. The young girl smiled; her eyes were very bright. All were served and they began to talk. Michael Bream, urged by gentle glances, related that legend which had inspired him to attempt his statue of the repentant Magdalene. The work had made him famous, but of that the young man said nothing. When his voice ceased the company heard for a few moments no sound but the thud-thad of the snow on the windows and the dripping of the Magdalene's tears. see?" The men growled something, the reply was unintelligible. "You seek some one?" said Mr. Mor-timer. His voice was suddenly cold, it sounded parsh, arbitrary. His brows

the dripping of the Magdalene's tears. "The gentleman has arrived sir," said the landlord's triumphant voice.

He shut the door, sniling, and withdrew. For a moment the stranger did not

For a moment the stranger did not advance into the room. He stood ir-resolute by the dark portiore curtains. His head was bent, his face in the shadow, the light fell upon his young, slim form. His hand, which hung by his side, was long and delicate. After a moment he advanced further, still with based barriers. "Your spirits are in your head, land-"Your spirits are in your head, land-lord, that you espouse so bad a cause. Would you have men murder any who displease them? Bah!"

"With his head hanging. "Why, it is not Arnold at all !" cried Grace. She began to laugh at

the mistake. The face of the bride-elect was full

The face of the bride-elect was full of disappointment. "Whoever you are, you are very welcome, sir," said Mr. Mortimer. The young man looked round the table. His eye fell upon the two vacant places. He glanced at that by the side of the bride elect, for a moment his eyes rested on her bright hair and downcast lids; then it passed on to the empty chair by the window.

he said. He lifted a warm plate and began to fill it. The stranger merely bowed his head in response. With a feeling of gentle The stranger merely bowed his head in response. With a feeling of gentle delicacy, the little company kept their glances from his face for some moments. They need not have feared to cause him embarrassment. When they looked at last, they found a young, still face, with stiff lips and dropped eye, that seemed as if it had been carved from stone. The young man's straight,

he had done. The night was not yet so far advanced that the favorite might not yet find a pretext for asking speech with the king. Having heard Mauper to the end, Hatto could not hide his is are to fall into disgrace with the king." "Before an hour_I shall have every-thing ready." "Before an hour_I shall have every-thing ready." "Betone with the king?"

THE CATHOLIC RECORD. am not cold. Presently I shall be out to meet him." She went on with varmer. Let us have the story," he the tale.

When it was finished, and the table was clear, the landlord threw a fresh load of fuel upon the fire, and red The engineer began to tell it. This voice, with its sweet Scottish cadences, could rise to passion and sink to harsh despair. His strong face burned with the fire of the story he told, it paled with the direness of the tragedy. Ever sparks flew out in a fume. "He has chosen a good night to

make his escape, poor lad," said he. "There are none know these parts well enough to follow-on such a night." W hen he reached the door, the kindly

fellow turned. "Pray God, he don't lie dead in the snow," he said. "And yet that might be the better fate. If he be caught, there be scant justice in these parts." found, forgetfulness," concluded the "Pray God he isn't caught," said

"He was a weakling," cried the stranger. His face flashed with sudden fire; he half rose in his seat. Then he sank back. "He had committed a Evangeline. And her lips did not twist over the trangeness of the prayer. When the sound of the landlord's while they looked at him a knock

steps had faded the stranger arose. "Not yet," said the host. His face was oddly agitated, oddly pitiful. came again to the door. "A knock at the end of the first

The boy-for he was little more-stiffened his back. "Yes, I must go story, a knock at the end of the sec ond !' cried Harold. "Perhaps it is Arnold !' He clapped his hands. The landlord stood again in the door

now," he said. They pressed a flask and food upon him; the sculptor would not have his cost returned to him; the girls were way. There were signs of perturba-tion on his face, mingled with a fine pale faced; the children wept. "What can we give you?" they pleaded. There was awe, fear and mis

contempt. Moving said, he made way for the two men who stood behind him. They faced the company within the room with blinking eyes. The snow lay thick upon their coats. Their eyes ran round the room with a duil disapgiving in the tone. He was young and desperate; his life was in his hands, and he must go alone. But he would only take a lantern. pointment, as sharp and close as those

They give it to him, a swinging lantern with a sheltered light. He took it in "There, what did I tell you ?" cried his hand.

the landlord. "You see he is not here -your criminal. There they all are, "Good-by," he said. They gathered round him; then quickly, abruptly, to hide their tears, as I told you-Mr. Mortimer and the two young ladies, his son and his son's

they turned away. They did not hear him descend the fancee, the two young gentlemen friends, and the children. Have I told you anything other than what you stairs and go from the house, but pres ently, as they stood looking from the windows, they saw a dancing moth upon

the snow My lantern, which is his now,'

"It moved onward, the snowflakes hid twisted as he faced the men. They reflected how he was "like all

those English," jealous of his privacy, impatient of intrusion. it, it vanished from sight. They were very quiet when it was "We seek a criminal, sir," said one gone. When the sparks lew out from the

"A murderer," said the other. "A murderer," said the other. "A poor lad who killed the fiend who tormented him!" cried the landlord, hotly; "that is to say, they say he has fireplace it showed faces that changed often to thoughtfulness. And anon a head turned and locked at the window and watched the snow.

When Arnold as pared, late that might, they had given up worrying over him, and were full of wonder and dis killed him. Shut two men up there alone on the bills, and what will you expect to happen, all the more so when may that he had attempted the journey one has the temper and the viciousness of a fiend from hell ?" The men shrugged their shoulders. after all.

"I was lost in the wood, and wan "I was lost in the wood, and wan dered there for hours," he said. "I had given up all ides of seeing you sgain, any of you, when I spied some tellow with a lantern, and, following him, got upon the high road." "But I never caught him up," he added. "I don't know who he was." "The Christmas Guest!" breathed Hardid to Grange They twined their

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⁴ I never saw the lad—but I have heard of him—and of his partner," said the landlord. "But that is not here nor there. Are you satisfied that you have seen all to be as I said?" "We are satisfied," said one. He looked again round the table sound the Harold to Grace. They twined their arms about each other's necks, and

looked again round the table, round the ooked toward the chair that again was And the others turned, and with

"The devil of a night to be out?" tender eyes looked there, too.-Agnes Crozier Herbertson, in Black and said the other, watching the snow upon White.

the panes. "Loes it still snow?" asked Michael Bream. "I think not." He went to the window and looked out. "I can see nothing." He drew the lamp a little aside on the table and looked NO "CONVERSIONS" FROM EITHER SIDE.

What he considered to be a singular again. "Yes, it falls," he said ; "br.t not so fast." fact or aspect of the situation as to conversions and perversions among Catholics and Protestants in Ireland The stranger's face was now in the The stranger's face was now in the shadow. His hand was upon his glass; it lay about it like stone. The men at the door turned, half hesitated. "You have none here was noted by Chief Secretary Birrell in a speech recently at Belfast. Talk-ing of "religious difficulties and dising of "religious difficulties and dis-putes" between Irishmen, which, he said, were at one time more flerce than said, were at one time more heree than they are now, he remarked, that they are being diminished and show symp-toms of disappearing al ocether, and he expressed the belief that the Catholic

hesitated. "You have hole here but your family and your guests, sir?" Mr. Mortimer pushed back his chair. "That is all," he said, quietly, "my family—and my guests." "Then we must fare further," said

tamity—and my guests. "Then we must fare further," said the man. They turned away. Then the other man spoke, quickly, sharply. "Therer is a vacant place at the table," he said. The Scotsman lifted the decanter and the protestants of the North every the protestant protestants of the North every the protestant protestant protestant the the protestant protestan



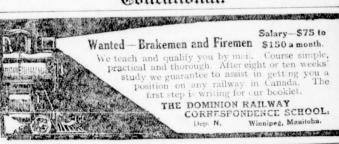
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beth had in founding Trinity College in Dablin, after robbing the Catholics of their colleges, and thus planting in of their colleges, and thus planting in Ireland the seed of the trouble Mr. Birrell now has in hand in the settle-ment of the Irish University question? It is gratifying to know that Mr. Bir rell has this question in hand and that he promises by a bill in the next ses-sion of Parliament to settle it to the satisfaction of the Irish people.—N. Y. satisfaction of the Irish people .- N. Y. Freenan's Journal.

An Edifying Custom.

They have an edifying custom in Canadian Catholic chu ches which might well be adopted in this hurry up land. After Mass is finished and the blessing has been given, the congrega-tion arises and remains standing until the priest has left the sanctuary, then the priest has left the sanctuary, then the people kneel, make the sign of the cross and disperse, but not a person leaves a pew until all this has been ob-ser od. Here, before the priest has time to say the fnal "Amen," there is a wild scramble for the doors. It is a deplorable habit and one that should be done away with -Cabholic Union done away with .- Catholic Union and Times.

A PROCESSION WITHOUT A PRIEST.

It is not often that a procession of the Blessed Sacrament takes place with out the assistance of a priest. A short



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villager, known for his virtuous life and piety was chosen. A large piece of pure white linen was put into his hands, and he made his way amid the falling and he made his way amid the failing stone and mortar, to the cancel; opened the Tabernac'e, wrapped his hands in the licen and took forth the pyx, and folding it in the linen, brought it safely out of the church. The whole building collapsed a short time afterwards. A collapsed a short time atterwards. A procession was then organized, and the faithful laymen carried the Blessed Sacrament to the Mairie, where the great Salle was used as a chapel of re-pose, until a priest could be found to remove it to a neighboring church.

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as followed by that stunned deaf to her doom with a The corpse of and of the dark reminded her and mother's leks rang again vulsed, swollen

"But the king?" he whispered. "I am commanded to see him in his

he whispered. The stranger's eyelids flicker...d. For a moment he raised them; the boy had a glimpse of eyes that he never forgot. His face turned pale under the stress of that glance. The agony of it reached to his soul and touched it. With a trembling lip the child crept into his east. "Then let the saints guard the "Then let the sants guard the queen," said Mauper, smiling; and he went from Hatto's room, leaving to his patron the care of completing what seemed to him so cleverly planned.

TO BE CONTINUED.

"The snow is melting on your coat, aren't you wet' Christmas Guest?" asked Grace.

THE CHRISTMAS GUEST.

asked Grace. He turned at the fantastic childish question. The tired lids raised them-seives again, the pale lips almost smiled. Then the man looked at his coat in wonder, as if surprised to find it sparkling with shining drops. "Oh, it snowed !" he said, wonder-ing. Lifting knife and fork stiffly, he becan to eat. The landlord had served the dinner, The landlord has served the difference and from various points of the room they drew together toward the table. "Arnold is not coming to-night. We have waited nearly an hour for him;"

he cannot be coming to-night," said "He has seen that there is snow in the sky, he is sensible ; he will not at-

began to eat. The sculptor rose silently, went to his room, and returned with a dry It was of a dark color, and the

the sky, he is sensible; he will here a tempt a strange journey under such conditions,' said Evangeline. The bride elect sighed. "I should have thought that Arnold stranger's face, rising from it, appeared paler than before. There were a few moments of deep

would come: in any case, as soon as he knew that we were here," said little Grace, Arnola's sister, ponting. A glance from her father arrested her. She colored and hung her head. The bride alout sighed again. silence. Suddenly the guest turned. " You were telling a story," he said to Michael Bream, "when I came in. Won't you go on? I am tired of silence-ob, so tired !"

The bride-elect sighed again. " Arnold is too wise to attempt a difficult, perhaps a dangerous journey, Infinite weariness was in his voice ; more especially when he is on the eve

of taking great responsibilities upon himself," said the host, with a glance at the bright haired girl who was to be his daughter. "Come, let us sit down." They seated themselves, and a more cheerful atmosphere pervaded the table, the blaze of the logs, the steat-fast glow of the lamp-all these com-bined with Mr. Mortimer's sensible words to raise the spirits of the party. Their faces cleared. How they came to be stranded there in a wayside linn, in a strange country, on Christmas Eve, matters nothing. The explanation is very simple ; but it

tone was full of a tolerant tenderness. With a half smile he began to tell the tale of the Christmas Guest.

the tale of the Christmas Guest. His tale was so obviously true that the men listened. Their hard faces softened; they, too, had half a smile for the "Christmas Guest." But Harold and Gracie sat with hot cheeks and hotter hearts. The Christ was Guest had come. Why did father speak as if he were not there, why did he look at them as if they must not soeak?

speak ? " The story is true, little one ?" "The story is true, little one?" The question was put to Harold. He looked away from the stranger, and tears were not far from his eyes. "Yee, it is true." he said. "We have waited for him every year." "M...y he come some day," said the officer, quietly, almost with reverence. The men withdrew. The landlord closed the door. "I have a story to tell," said the bride-elect. "It is the legend of the Rependent Prodigal. But this legend

Repentant Prodigal. But this legend She began to tell the tale, softly,

She began to tell the tab, boty gently, her volce shaken with tender-ness, her eyes fixed upon the great fern upon the table. They all listened, and without the snow still fell.

And while the sweet voice went on, they heard the two officers mount their horses and ride away through the night. "They have gone back," said Michael Broam, and the story teller paused for

"'Yes, they have gone back," said Mr. Mortimer. "They have gone back," said Evan-

geline. "They are afraid," said the stranger, "to take the journey through the

Incland. Incland. In these words reference is made to the professed fear of Protestants that under Home Rule they would be per secuted or unjustly treated by the majority in the Irish Parliament, which would naturally be Catholic, as are three-fourths of the population of the country. Mr. Birreil has no such idea. He believes that there would be no in-justice whatever by Catholic to Prot-estant and he has another interesting

justice whatever by Oanole to Prot-estant and he has another interesting belief which perhaps was not very pleas-ing to some if not many among his Bel-fast audience. "You will never in this The stadience. "You will never in this country (said he) turn many Protest-ants into Catholics or many Catholics into Protestants. Nothing amazes me more as an Englishman that has always been accustomed to regard these differ-ences as what you may call intellectual differences—differences of temperament, differences of study and the like— nothing amazes me more that the relig-ious difficulties that prevail so largely in this country. I have known in my

in this country. 1 have known in my day (Mr. Birrell continued) many o day (Mr. Birrell continued) many o' my Protestant friends who have become Catholics, and I have known one or two Catholics, then I admit it is rare, to cease their Consolitier and become Protestants. These things in England are regarded as matters for intellectual discussion and religions consideration. But here in Iroland 1 find your differ-ences are regarded very much as if

ences are regarded very much as if they were differences between different they were differences between different natural beings. No Catholic ever dreams of becoming a Protestant; no Protestant ever dreams of becoming a Catholic. The idea of conversion from

Catholic. The idea of conformation inclu-one side to the other seems entirely to have been overlooked here." Hardly "overlooked," for has there not been an "Irish Church Mission" Institution for generations in Ireland After a moment. "They do not know the silences, as I," he said. His eyes dropped again, again his face paled. "He went home," pursued the bride-"He went home," is father main object the pervert Queen Eliza.

out the assistance of a priest. A short time ago, at the little village of Felines, in a remote and mountainous district of France, a landsllp carried away several woods, fields, and dwellings, and a con-siderable portion of the parish church. The part of the church which was left standing, was already tottering to its fall, and the villagers crathered around it in great auxiety. as tottering to its fail, and the villagers gathered around it in great avciety, as the Blessed Sacrament was still in the Tabernacle, and likely to be buried in the runs. There was no priest to re-move it, as the Care had been called away to Lyons for the thirteen days' service. It was only at the peril of life that the sanctuary could be approached, and every one, moreover, felt a relig ions diffidence at presuming to touch the Blessed Sacrament. Finally, a

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Sam Lover in one of his novels tells the story of an apostate whose soul was vexed because his father's tombstone, bearing the inscription "Pray for the soul of Dennis Sweeney," was in full view from the road along which the had to pass every day. He ex-pressed a willingness to give £5 to any one who would remove the Popery from the tombstone. A waggish fellow went to the graveyard out in who hitter the single word

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A Boston schoolboy was tall, weak and sickly.

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