

FROM THE ASHES OF HOPE.

(Continued from Page Eleven.)

"Where is the nearest priest to be found?" cried Mark, springing to his feet, with a bloodless face.

"There's one at Maurice Station. That's ten miles off, and then he may not be at home," said one of the bystanders.

"We'll take our chance," replied the minister.

"And there's nothing to ride, except one of the mules," volunteered another.

"There's Madden's broncho," said the minister, picking up his hat.

"Nobody can ride him but Madden, and he's sick," informed another.

"I'll ride him!" said the minister.

"He's killed a boy!" "He threw Johnston and broke his collarbone!" "He kicked Madden and almost killed him!" Thus a chorus of voices called out. Mark Andrews gave no heed to the words, but said to Houlihan:

"I'm going to Maurice for the priest. If he's there, you'll have him within an hour and a half. If you live, I will bring you a priest, if I have to go to San Francisco for him!"

He ran from the spot to the stable where Madden's fierce pony was hitched. As he never had travelled since the day he first felt the bit in his mouth, the broncho sped over the rough path that led to Maurice Station. At the time he said, Mark Andrews brought the priest to Houlihan's side. With the others, he withdrew, while the dying man made his confession. From his place he watched the scene—the prostrate form, the kneeling priest, the solemnly uplifted hand, the administration of the Viaticum, the anointing the concluding supplication. Then, he saw the priest motioning to him.

"He wishes to see you, Reverend Andrews," said the priest.

As Mark bowed over the dying man, he marvelled at the change that had been wrought; great peace was on the face, happiness in the eyes, and gratitude in the voice, as he said, between gasps:

"I'm thankful to you, Mr. Andrews, for this and all that you've done for me! You were the only friend old Houlihan had in camp. You proved it twice, sir. God will bless you for it! Never fear!"

Then Houlihan died.

"Never fear!" Houlihan's last words sounded like a mockery on the ears of Mark Andrews. Fear held his soul even as the icy hand of death held the prone figure at his feet, and if the premonition it was sounding should come true, he knew that his past life, with its heroic labors and immolation of self, was as a rope of sand. He was turning away, when his glance fell on the white-haired priest, and the instincts of the gentleman made themselves felt above the dread emotion that was surging over his being. As they walked toward the rude shanty the minister called home, the priest said:

"I have heard, my brother, of your work in this region, but I had no idea how far-reaching it was until to-day. That poor man would very likely have died in some drunken brawl, a murderer, possibly, if it had not been for your noble exertions on his behalf."

Yesterday, those words of appreciation would have gladdened his heart; to-day, they were like dagger thrusts. He murmured his acknowledgment of the compliment in a strained voice; then, fearful that the priest might misinterpret his reception of it, he asked, abruptly, but courteously:

"If Houlihan could be helped by me in life, why could he not be helped by me in death?"

The priest never forgot the scene: the rude mining camp, in the midst of magnificent mountain country, basking under the radiance of a California sun; the men, fling past with the corpse; the ashen, beautiful face of the questioner. He looked from earth to sky. It was an embarrassing question to answer truthfully; and those eyes demanded the truth, as he held it.

"He was a Catholic," then said the priest, slowly.

"Well?" the voice was incisive.

"A Catholic believes that Jesus Christ instituted penance as one of the sacraments of His Church, and that He gave to His disciples, and their successors the power to forgive sins: 'Whose sins you shall forgive, they are forgiven them and whose sins you shall retain, they are retained.' Believing this, he is bound to confess his sins to one having the authority to absolve him."

For a long moment the minister gazed on the speaker's face; then, he led the way to his cabin. It was late the next day when the priest turned his face toward Maurice Station, and as his eyes fell on the new made

grave, under a solitary cedar, he murmured.

"How wonderful are Thy ways, O Lord!"

That week a letter came to Mark Andrews from a clerical friend, telling him that the rumor of the erection of a Western bishopric was being confirmed, and it was confidently expected that the Church would reward his good work in the West by calling him to fill that office.

Other letters of similar import followed; then, came one from his faithful old aunt which blinded his eyes with tears. He had been to his desert and now was missing his temper. He was shown honor, position, men's reverence and the world's best gifts, if he would strangle conscience; if not, there was only the dreary future, aimless, profitless. He saw himself thrown upon the high stony cliff of life's disrupted purposes, of no more benefit to the Church he had joined than to the one he had left. Why not let the project of promotion proceed quietly and trust to time to smooth out the spiritual difficulties which Houlihan's death had caused? If those difficulties strengthened, then, the prominence of his position would secure for him some place, in the new religious field, for the exertion of his activities. So from temple height to mountain top his soul was carried; and in the end, he repeated his Master's words: "Begone, Satan!" But no angels came to minister to him.

He sent in his resignation to his Bishop, with the reason for the act; then, after a stay with the priest in Maurice, previous to his reception into the Catholic Church, he started for Kentucky. The train, which dropped him at Glen Mary, left him three miles from home. As he followed the white road over the gently sloping hills and along the quiet valleys, the joy which the thought of home had awakened, began to fade, and the old dejection resumed its sway over his heart. He did not regret that he had been brought to the knowledge of his error; but spiritual peace cannot always still the human emotions of the heart. There burned the belief that his dreams of boyhood, realized in manhood's noble work, were done with forever. His house had been built upon the sand. There stung the thought of the disappointment and sorrow his action had brought to those who loved him and whom he loved. But bitter as was all this pain, gave the deadly wound. His life was of no further help to men; there was not a human being to whom it was necessary.

He had now reached the brow of a hill. Below him, in the valley were the clear, broad stream and the grey mill; beyond, the orchards, among which the old home was nestling; over all, was summer's rich verdure. There was no change. It was the green world of that other June day, save that the boy no longer stood by the old rail fence, weaving out his high future in the flute's music; and the girl's place, on the granary floor, was vacant. He went forward with slackened step. As he passed the mill, he paused. The water fell over the dam, with its old, familiar dash, but the big wheels were motionless. Like his own, the mill's days of usefulness were over. He thought of his first ministerial work in Latonia, and of the girl he had tried to bring back to the fold. How his failure had grieved him! Now he questioned was it failure? He remembered others whom he had rescued and the holy joy his success had brought him. Now he asked was it success? His head went lower until his chin rested on his breast. Thus he stood until the sound of footsteps on the road aroused him. He started forward and as he lifted his eyes, he saw a white-robed woman approaching. A broad hat, with pink roses lying on the brim, crowned her head, and she wore a pink ribbon about her waist and another at her throat. Doubtless this was one of the school children to whom he had said goodbye when starting for college, fourteen years ago. He would find some changes after all. As they drew nearer to each other, he noted that, although her step was light, it was firm instead of buoyant and he knew that one never gains that characteristic in traveling Youth's showery path. We take it on during our journey along Time's hard highway. He was puzzled, for, to his recollection, none, except very young maidens, dressed so airily in the Glen. Yet he felt intuitively that this girl was not inappropriate for her; he felt that when he should meet her, a face kept, or made fair and eternally young by right living would gladden his eyes, and that a pure soul would pour its benediction upon him, in passing. When near enough to recognize each other's features, she uttered an exclamation, partly surprise, wholly joy.

"Mark!" she cried. "Mark!"

He caught her extended hand and

gazed on her face, eagerly, earnestly. "It is Hester!" he said. "Yet not Hester!"

"The hot blood surged over cheeks and brow, but not disconcerted by it, she said, with a smile that made her face unfamiliar, the smile that the victorious may wear:

"Yes, it is Hester! I came back about four years ago. Welcome home again!"

Before he could reply she passed on. He found a reception, at the old home, different from what he had anticipated. It was a matter of indifference to his aunt whether her nephew were a Methodist minister or a Catholic layman; the one important thing, for her, was that he was home and was mentally and physically overwrought. She petted him and feasted him, as if he were a boy back from school; and the man, who had so long lived without womanly ministrations and care, yielded himself to her motherly affections. She had much to tell him, and he was surprised that he should find it all so interesting. One name she avoided—Hester Lanton's. It was of her he was most anxious to hear, but something, he could not have said what, kept him silent. At length, after a week's waiting, he remarked that he had met Hester on his way home.

"Yes, she was here that morning," said his aunt, adding, "and she has not been here since."

"Does she come often?" he questioned.

"Every day," she replied.

"Aunt Sarah," he began, "when I was in Latonia I met Hester. She was then with Mrs. Summers."

"I know all about it, Mark," she interrupted, "more, I'll warrant, than you do!"

"Tell me all that you know about Hester," said the man.

But Miss Sarah, who had her own ideas on subjects, merely said:

"Four years ago, last November, Hester came home. She found her uncle dead, her aunt an invalid, and the four oldest children living out with farmers. She had some money. With it, she bought one hundred acres of land adjoining the mill, improved the old place and brought the children home. She placed the boys in charge of the farm and sent the girls to school in Glen Mary. They are teachers now and hold good positions. She secured proper medical treatment for her aunt, who is now well enough to manage the household affairs. The boys are industrious young fellows and are doing well. When Hester had her uncle's family on its feet, she began to devote her time to helping their neighbors. She teaches the district school and her salary goes to buy books, clothing, and when necessary, food for poor children. If there is any one sick, you will find Hester at the bedside; if any one is in trouble, Hester befriends him, and to the old and lonely—she is an angel!"

The aged eyes were dim and the thin voice quivering as the last words were uttered. These signs of emotion were lost upon her listener. Over his face was "that light that never was on land or sea" while his heart sang psalms of joy and thanksgiving. Presently, he left the house. He strolled across the fields, and when he came to the rail fence that ran across the brow of the hill, he paused in recollection of the day he had stood there, playing his flute, the day of Hester's mysterious disappearance. He thought of her childish nature, full of whims and impossible longings for wealth and pleasure, so at variance with his own, which the spiritual ever had ruled. A vision of her, as he had seen and known her in Latonia, when the desires of the child's heart were more than fulfilled, followed. There the stream that had separated them had widened into an impassable river. Now they were standing on his side together. Had she crossed those raging waters at his call, or another's? If at his, were his years of work vain years? Had she come for her soul's sake—or because she loved him? Then, whether his was the voice she had obeyed, or another's, that past which had made it possible for him to help her soul to high and perfect living, was a worthy past, one to be held sacredly. But whether he, or that past, had influenced her, if she loved him as he now loved her, he realized that supreme happiness was waiting for him in that darkly veiled future.

When he called at the house he was told that Hester had gone to Glen Mary. He walked on to meet her. As he was passing the mill, he caught a glimpse of a white dress in the shadowy light of the old granary. Had she seen him and gone there to avoid him?

"Hester!" he called, softly.

But she would not stir from her place under the high, narrow window nor loosen her locked hands from the edge of the empty bin. He crossed to where she stood, and lay-

ing his hand lightly, but tearfully, on hers, asked:

"Hester, why have you not been over to see Aunt Sarah?" As she remained silent, he continued, "Is it because I am there?"

A subtle consciousness told him of an inward assent, and he said:

"Why do you avoid me, Hester?" "I thought you might care to see me," she replied faintly.

"Why?" he questioned, smiling on her in the gloom.

"I gave you so much trouble in Latonia, when you were trying to help me to be good."

She knew, as did all in the Glen, that he was no longer a minister; knew, furthermore, that even if he were, his was not the spiritual authority that she should obey; but he was yet, and would ever be to her, her one guide and teacher.

"And I wanted to do as you told me," she continued, quickly, tremulously, "but my wicked pride would not let me. When you were gone, I was sorry, oh! so sorry! I didn't go to New Orleans with the others. I was so unhappy. I would not go back to the Methodist Church, because of what the minister had said about us; so I began to go to the Catholic Church. I wanted to be as good as you are. Afterwards, I went to see the priest, and then—and then—I came to know that you were not right, and—it almost broke my heart! I began to pray to God to spare you that knowledge. I promised Him that I would go home and spend my life for others, if He would never let you know. And I kept my promise, although it was hard to give up that pleasant life, which I liked so well, hard to part from Mrs. Summers, who had been so good and kind to me. Maybe it was all wrong, that praying for you to never know; but I was afraid—afraid!"

Her voice sank until it was lost in a whisper.

"I understand," he said, slowly, and he thought of his hour of temptation. To have lost all here and possibly hereafter.

"And I knew," she began, "that even if you would be strong enough to overcome all things, you must suffer. Maybe it was wrong for me, and that is why my prayers and work are in vain!"

"Yes, Hester, I did suffer! But isn't it worth while suffering to gain Truth? Ans is your work vain when you brought those who had been unkind to you from poverty and humiliation to prosperity and happiness? Is it vain to spend your days instructing little children? Is it vain, when you spread brightness and joy over the lives of the miserable, the old and the lonely? Are they vain, prayers and work, when they brought you from a life of selfish pleasure to this one, full of benefit to yourself and others?"

A silence followed his questions. Then, he lifted the hands over which his had closed, and pressed them against his breast, as he said, tenderly:

"Though we followed false lights for a while, were our steps altogether vain, if they brought us, at length, to the path which leads to the world of Truth? Hester, in this new, beautiful world, shall we not also find love—a love which we otherwise should have missed?"

She spoke no word, but when her head dropped, until it rested where her hands lay, he received his answer.—Anna C. Minogue, in Donahoe's Magazine.

The Chicago Housewife Association has appointed a standing arbitration committee to which is to be submitted all questions of dispute between mistresses and servants.

A pure hard Soap.

# SURPRISE SOAP

MAKES CHILD'S PLAY OF WASH DAY

Household Notes.

SOME HEALTH NOTES.—Said a well-known physician in a chat not long ago: "The growing tendency to keep well instead of being cured is fast relegating medicine to the dead arts."

"We must keep up with the procession, even if it robs us of occupation, and I'll assure you, if every man understood giving himself massage he might practically be his own doctor. For instance, half the world either has, or claims to have, liver troubles. A spare five minutes can be turned to excellent account by giving your liver a lift. Place one hand heavily on the right side at the lower border of the ribs and rub it down slowly four or five inches. Do this a dozen times, and you will empty the overful liver of its superabundant contents. This cures heartburn and remedies cramps by removing the acidity from the stomach as well as relieving the liver.

"The food of a dyspeptic remains too long in his stomach, fermenting and causing inflammation. Try helping the stomach get rid of its contents. Place one hand at the extreme edge of the left side immediately under the ribs and slightly overlapping them. Then work it round to the right by pressing the fingers in as hard as you can, drawing the hand across to the right with the other hand, at the same time swinging the body to the right, then to the left. Practice this daily before meals and reasonable food will never 'set like lead' on your stomach.

"Here is a good suggestion for a plethoric, or full-blooded, man. When waiting for the fellow that doesn't keep his appointment, place your hand at the back of your neck where the hair joins it and rub downward. You will thus empty the glands and prevent their turning into boils. Or put your fingers on the neck at the angle of the jaw and draw them firmly downward over the course of the jugular vein. This will remove the used-up blood from the brain and make that organ feel light and clear, helping you to feel from getting 'hot under your six collars,' like Kipling's engine.

"If you have a tendency to varicose veins, when you sit down elevate your feet. The blood will flow out of the turgid veins and give you great relief. By deep friction from the heel upward you can encourage the return of the blood to the heart as well as give tone to the feeble veins.

"If you have a red nose it is because the blood enters the superficial vessels of the skin and does not return from it. If you would remedy this condition perform regularly this little feat: Grasp the tip of the nose between the thumb and fingers and massage upward to the root. This method empties the vessels of used-up blood, and allows fresh blood to flow. Besides, you are not half as likely to be afflicted with cold in the head.

"One exercise especially designed to prevent a 'bay window' below the ribs is this: Lie flat on your back, raise one foot and leg to its full height without bending the knee, then the other, alternating the motions, or vary the exercise by putting the toes under the bed clothes, raising the body to the sitting posture several times. This exercises the muscles of the abdomen and prevents the accumulation of fat.

"Cold feet, so often found among brain workers, can be obviated by promoting a vigorous circulation. Immediate relief can be had by standing in about one inch of cold water in a bathtub. Stand on one foot and rub it with the other, alternately, a number of times for not more than three or four minutes. Follow this up by vigorous rubbing with a crash towel, and the good effects are almost equal to walking in dew, recommended by Father Kneipp.

"A fit of blues is a habit that grows upon one so rapidly that in a short time it becomes a disease. Whenever I feel an attack coming on I put on stout walking boots and tramp till I can go no farther. This effectually dispels melancholia.

"An Oriental philosopher says fast, breathe and exercise and you will never be ill, so we might as well accept the situation that doctors are no longer needed."

AMERICAN SHOE TRADE.

The shoe factories of the United States turn out an annual product valued at more than \$261,000,000, and employ nearly 150,000 men, women and children. Convicts make \$10,000,000 worth of shoes a year.

**SUPERIOR COURT.**

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, District of Montreal, No. 2455, Dame Marie-Antoinette Proulx, of the Town of St. Louis, in the District of Montreal, wife common as to property of Joseph D. de Lamirande, of the same place, plaintiff, and the said Joseph D. de Lamirande, defendant. The plaintiff has, this day, sued her husband for separation of property. Montreal, 27th May, 1902. Beaudin, Cardinal, Loranger and St. Germain, attorneys for plaintiff.

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