A True Morr Walten by the Chaplain of a State Prison THE THE QUIDON MAGAZINE,"

him.

his home in the little sown of Bolton, O., seventeen years ago. His was mourned as dead by the rest of the family she felt that he still lived, and that the prayers which she continually offered to God for him, during all these years would one day be answered. Much as she loved her other children, her love seemed to be centered on this, her first-born. She lored him, wayward and wild as he was, as only a mother can love. One day a letter came to her from Phila-She had no relatives nor friends there, and wondered as she opened the letter, who could have sent it. To her surprise and great joy, it was from John. It was like a message from the grave to that home. How the poor mother's heart rejoiced

and doing well. She immediately wrote to him to return home that she might have the happiness of seeing him before God called her home from earth. When this happy news was received, one of ber sons, named William, happened to be home from college. He was quite young when John left home, but the memory of his elder brother had been kept too vividly before him during these years, by the constant grief of his mother, to ever forget him. He therefore became anxious to know definitely where John was located and what he was doing, as a post-office address was all that was given in the letters.

Answering one of John's requests, he had occasion to send a registered letter. In a few days come the receipt to this letter, and the mystery of John's life was made known to William. All of Jihn's letters had been received by a friend who had been told to call at this post-office and forward them to him.

When this registered letter came, the friend was afraid to sign for it and finally informed the clerk where John was. Immediately the letter was sent to the prison, and John was obliged to disclose to his brother, in his own hand-writing, the secret of his life. What a bitter bumilistions this was to John, and what a sad affliction to William to know that his brother was a criminal!

John then wrote to the boy at home and begged him not to tell his mother where he was, in order to spare her additional sorrow in her old age. He told William the story of his life during these seventeen years since he left home, and a sad story it was. For years the lad kept his secret locked up In his heart and never disclosed it to any of the family. And how bitterly it sorrowed these years! In all his successes at college, in the pursuit of his fondest hope, there stood this skeleton of the family---like an evil genius---to rob him of the happiness of

When John left beene see a tung boy, he journeyed east and found employment in a ship-yard, where he worked for a few years. One day, in a quarrel with his employer, he was discharged, and then he became a wanderer upon earth. In voin he sought for work. At length disheartened and exhausted from weary travel in search of employment, in an evil moment, he fell in with some countfeiters, who helped him and instructed him in the secrets of their profession. It was not long before he became as skilful as his instructors. At last, he was caught passing this counterfest money, and was sent to prison, where he spent dive years. During this term of imprisonment the experienced mements of deep surrow and bitter regret for the past. Many a night he spent in his lonely cell thinking of home and wondering if his mother still lived. How he longed to hear from those he loved, but he dare not write, for he could not tell them he was in prison. He would spare them this disgrace, at least. In the chapel, on Sundays, when he assisted at mass, he listened to the priest preaching to them of God and the necessity of repentance, and every word sank deeply into his heart and made him think of the time when a little boy, he had aften knelt at the altar-rail in the parish church at home and received from the hands of the priest the body and blood of his saviour. How he would then long for those days of his youth and the in-

nocence of his childhood. He often recalled a story he had read in one of his school books. "The New Year's Dream" was the title, wherein an aged man looked back over the years misspent; and receiled the moment of his youth, when his father placed him at the entrance of two roads, one leading into a peaceful sunry land and the other leading into darkness and misery. He remembered how, in the story the seed man went bitterly for having chosen the evil path, and how, with hittenness he oned out, Oh Youth teturn oh rive the hypophosphites is a splenme back my early devel sand his did food tonic.

Youth did return from It was interest and food tonic therein has a leading to the least how he wished that his too seems has a least how he wished that his too seems has a least how he wished that his too seems has a least how he wished that his too seems has a least how he wished that his too seems has a least how he wished that his too seems has a least how he wished that his too placed him at the entrance of two

Zmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm from John Wilson since he left turn to him. West to could never rerepair the past? At times he would answer yes, at other times his better widowed mother had never cessed to nature would assert inself and cry which of her absent boy. Though he out, "No, it is not too late. I will arise, and, like the prodigal, seek, through repentance and earnest effort, to lead a better law and return home." His term of imprisonment came to an end, and again he found himself a free men with life opened out snew to

But where would be go? He had no friends to whom he could appeal for help and whenever he applied for work, he was refused. Not a kindly voice was heard to cheer him, nor a friendly hand was extended to help him. Alas! in his misery, he met with one of his old prison chums. A new field of crime was unfolded to him. He listened to the tempter and fell. For some years thereafter he led a life of dissipation and crime, with never a to learn that her sen was still alive thought of home, except at some rare interval, and then it was soon banished by drink and the excitement of the life he was living. In one of his attempts at safe-blowing, he was arrested and again sent to prison. During this period he became anxious to hear from home. It was then in aswer to one of his letters that his brother discovered his whereabout. In his letter to William, relating the story of his life, he promised him that he would God helping, yet lead an honorable life. When his long term of imprisonment was finished he came forth prepared to carry out his resolve and show William that he was still worthy to be called his brother. Like many a man leaving prison and desirous :to make a new start in life, instead of avoiding his former haunts and companions of crime, he soon drifted back to them and f and bimself carried along by an impulse over which he seemed to have no control. His resolutions were soon forgotten, and again he was in the midst of a life of crime. "What is the use of trying," he would exclaim in his moments of sorrow. "I can never hope now to return home." For years he was again lost to home and family.

One morning, after a week of terrible dissipation, John was passing by a Catholic Church, when he recalled the resolve that he had made a few mights previously, and he determined to put it in execution. He called at the priest's house anpasked to see one of the fathers. Father Edwards soon entered and said to him, "Good morning my friend, what can I do for you?" There was something about the priest that encouraged the poor unfortunate to tell him what he had just passed through.

"Father," said he, "I have come this morning to ask for advice and also, if possible to get work. I have just nursed myself out of the horrors,' and it was the closest call I ever had. I was dying in a hotel here in the city, after a heavy spell of drinking. I know that every man thinks he is dying, but it was not illusion with me that night. I was on the brink of eternity, dying a drunkard's death, with all my sins of years upon me. I crawled out of bed, choking and gasping for breath, and fell on my knees, I said an act of contrition, after leading a bad life for twenty years. I asked God to save me this time, to hear my n. her's prayers, and I promised I would lead a better life. That was my prayer, Father, the second prayer I have said since I left home, and I meant every word I said. I helped to make my poor mother's hair white, and .ch, how I would like

to bring a little sunshine into her declining years." Here the poor fellow was completely overcome, and wept such bitter tears that Father Edwards was deeply mov-

eđ. "To think, Father, that my poor mother has said the ros ry for me every night during all these years, and oh, my God, what a life I have led, and what an ungreteful son I have been. If I could only get something to do, I promise you, Father, that I will lead an honest and respectful life for the future."

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priest was convinced the tman was sincere and promised to help him He advised him what to do in the meanwhile until he could secure em-

ployment for him. After a few days Father Edwards was successful. The work was hard, indeed, and of a nature to severely test perseverages and sincerity. John continued to struggle along with his work and paid frequent visits to Father Edwards. One evening in conversation with him, Father Edwards said, "You have done nobly, so far, John, but if you hope to persevere, you must seek God's grace. It is some years since you have been to the Sacraments, and I would advise you to make your peace with God and be happy once more."

John promised him that he would. The following letter was received by Father Edwards, a few days after this

"Dear Father Edwards: I have just now returned from St. Ignatius Ohurch, and I have made a start after so many years. I knelt in the confessional to-night. God help me. It was terrible .- so very hard after all these twenty years. I heaftated at the last moment, but your kind words of encouragement to me in our pleasant chats, at last won. Yo-night I am so glad, so glad. If William knew I made such an earnest effort to-night, how happy he would be. God help me tonight to forget the past and be another man. Could I but recall the past! How often have I thought, when passing a Catholic Church, of my first communion, and said to myself, Will I ever again receive our Blessed Lord?' and the answer was 'Never.' I can scarcely realize how I started tomight. God belp me, for He knows how deeply contrite I am. And now, Father, I want you to pray for me. The only thing I can say to make you glad is the sincere promise that I will persevere. How happy I am that 1 called on you and followed your advice. I go to communi n in the morm-

Yours respectfully. John Wilson."

Father Edwards read this lester with pleasure and felt that he ought to obtain a better situation for John, especially as he saw now how determined he was to succeed. After some difficulty a place was secured for him in a large factory. He sent for him and made him promise to keep from liquor, to frequent the Sacraments, and to visit him each week in order to report how he was getting along. The watchful care and kindly interest of Father Edwards soon awakened the manly qualities of John's better mature and revealed that back of all that wayward li e and crime there was a noble heart and a generous soul.

As the warm rays of the sun quicken to life and beauty the flowers which the frost in early spring has well nigh ruined, so a kind word had awakened into life a noble nature which the cold world and crime had almost destroyed. Father Edwards wrote home

John's family and told William of his It simply puts the digestive organs, brother's sincere effort and of his successful start in life. In answer to this came the following:---"Dear Fether Edwards: What happy

news your letter gave to us to know that John was at last doing well, and that you have taken such a kind interest in him. I thank you from my heart for the real, genuine, Christian charity which you have done for him. You have no idea how my mother prayed without ceasing for him. I think she loved him far more than she did the rest of us, if that is possible. This news has filled her with great joy and comfort, making amends for the long past. She was a noble, selfsacrificing mother to us. The good God alone knows what she had to suffer in silence all these years. My sister and brother are married and settled comfortably here in the tillage. I have consoled my mother with the hope that one day I will be a priest and it is now only a few years before I will be ordained. But even this hope did not wholly console her for she still grieved for John. Where was he? What was he doing? and so she fruited day after day. At lest 6 i heard her prayers. In her old age, John is to be her comfort. What happiness for her to know he is anchored at list. I write all this dear Father to give you some little reward for the good work you have done for John. Through your interest in him you move prought sunshine into the heart of one of the moblest mothers on earth. She will never forget you in her prayers. With heartfelt thanks,

Yours affectionately in Christ,

W. Wilson." Father Edwards communicated this news to John, who received it with great joy. He encouraged him to persevere that he might return nome on this happy event of his brother's first mass. John commenced to labor more earnestly in view of this event, and, at the suggestion of Father Edwards, laid aside a little money each month in the bank. Letters were frequently exchanged, and the happiness that came over John made him a new men. After two years of a noble fight against temptation he came one day

to Father Edwards and said:--"I feel that I ought to make a little home for myself. I have saved a good sum in the bank since you first suggested the ides, and I think that now is the time for me. You have no idea Father, of the lonely evenings I have spent in my room, with no one to talk "to" and with only the bitter memory of the past before me. I have struggled hard during these two years : I have

become acquainted with a good girl at the place where I work and I have thought about getting married, and would like your advice,"

Father Edwards was pleased to hear this, for he realized the dangers which beset John unless he had a bome of this own.

"By all means, John, get married," he replied, "but don't be too hasty until you know whether this girl will make you a good wife."

Father Edwards made enquiries concerning the young girl, and found that she was as John represented, and that she would make a splendid wife for

In a short time they were married, and Father Edwards on that occasion could not but recall the wonderful change that had been wrought in the happy man before him. Towards the close of the year word came from William that he would soon be ordained a priest and would celebrate his first mass on Christmas day in the parish church of his native town. John made preparations for his visit home. He obtained a leave of absence from his employer, and on the morning of his departure he came with his wife to Father Edwards to bid him good-by, and ask for his blessing on his journey homeward.

What a welcome was given on his arrival home! It was the happiest day of his life, when, after an absence of so many years, he stood once more in the old home clasped in the arms of his mother and surrounded by his sister and brothers. Christmas morning brought additional joy to that home. In the parish church, where William had served as a boy at the altar, he now assisted for the first time, a priest of God.

How happy was that mother on that morning as she sat in the pew with her family. Her hopes and prayers were now all realized, for God had not only permitted her to see her son a priest, but had answered her prayers and restored her absent boy. At communion, when they all knelt at the altar-rail ty receive the body and blood of Christ, the mother felt as if God had given her a foretaste of the happiness of heaven.

If there were tears on the priest's cheeks when he gave to his brother the "Bread of Life," there was that joy in his heart that angels feel when one sinner doth penance. So did this holy Christmas day bring "Glory to God, and peace on earth to men of good will."

The things that people see are inside of them and not outside. No two people see the same thing exactly alike. One woman may look out at a beautiful landscape and see all the beauty and restfulness and grandness that there is in it. Another one will look out at the same scene and see nothing. The man who is perfectly well and vigorous enjoys life to the full. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery makes people well. There isn't anything miraculous about it --- it is the most natural thing in the world. the stomach, the liver, the bowels, in perfect order and thereby makes the blood pure and rich. All diseases live and thrive on impure blood. Keep a stream of pure, rich red blood flowing into a diseased spot, and the disease will not stay. A man lives on rich, pure blood, and disease dies on it.

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St. Ann's Young Men's Society.

Organized 1885.

Ancient Order of Hibernians.

DIVISION No. 2.

Meets in lower vestry of St. Gabriel New Church, corner Centre and Laprairie streets, on the 2nd and 4th Friday of each menth, at 8 r.w. President ANDREW DUNN: Recording Secretary, THOS. N. SMITH, 63 Richmond street, to whom all communications should be addressed. Delegates te St. Patrick's League: A. Dunn, M. Lynch and P. Connaughton.

A.O.H. Division No. 3. Meets the 2nd and 4th Mondays of each month at Hiberna Hall, No. 2042 Notre Dame St. Officers B. Wall, President; P. Carroll, Vice-President; John Hughes. Fin. Secretary; W. M. Rawley, Receivers; W. P. Stanton, Treas; Marshal, John Kennedy; T. Erwine, Chairman of Standing Committee. Hall is open every evening (except regular meeting nights) for members of the Order and their friends, where they will find Irish and other leading newspaperson file

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Total Abstinence Societies.

ST. PATRICK'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY Established 1841.

The hall is open to the members and their friends every Tuesday evening. The society meets for religious instruction in St. Patrick's Church, he second Sunday of each month at 4:30 r.m. The regular monthly meeting is held on the second Tuesday of each month. at 8 r.m., in their hall, 32 St. A. exander St. REV. J. A. McCALLEN. S. S. Rev. President: JOHN WALSH, 1st Vice-President: W. P. DOYLE, Secretary, 254 St. Marrin street, Delegates to St. Patrick's League: Messrs. John Walsh, J. H. Feeley and William Rawley

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C. M. B. A. of Canada.

Young Irishmen's L. & B. Association. | C.M.B.A. of Canada, Branch 74.

Organized March 14, 1888, Branch 74 meets in the basement of St Gabriel's new Church, corner of Centre and Laprairie streets, on the first and third Wednesdays of each month.

Applicants for membership, or any one desirous of information regarding the Branch, may a municate with the following officers:

Rev. Wm O'MRARA, P., Spiritual Advisor, Centre street. Centre street.

CAPT. WM. DEEGAN, President, 15 Fire Station.

MAURICE MURPHY, Financial Secretary, 77 For-

far street.
WM. CULLEN, Treasurer, Bourgeois street.
JAMES TAYLOR, 217 Prince Arthur street.

C.M.B.A. of Canada, Branch 26 (OBGANIZED, 13th November, 1883.)

Branch 26 meets at St. Patrick's Hall. 93 St. Alexander Street, on every Monday of each month. The regular meetings for the transaction of b siness are held on the 2nd and 4th Mondays of each month, at 8 r.m.

Applicants for membership or any one desirous of information regarding the Branch may communicate with the following officers: MARTIN EAGAN, President, 577 Cadioux St. J. H. FEELEY, Treasurer, 719 Sherbrooks St. G. A. GADBOIS, Fin.-Sec., 511 St. Lawrence

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Shamrock Council, No. 320, C.B.L. Meets in St. Ann's Young Men's Hall, 157 Ottawa Street, on the second and fourth Tuesday of each month, at 8 P.M. M. SHEA, President:

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