

GOD'S LOAN.

"I think, Brian," said Anne Fitzgerald, "that you should insist on your younger coming to us for Easter."

The young man reading the newspaper laid it on his knee and gazed thoughtfully at his pretty wife.

"She has never seen Vincent—it is impossible to take him away so far—yes, Brian, you must insist."

And still the young man did not speak, but gazed thoughtfully. "Well?" demanded Anne.

"I was wondering, the very moment you spoke, how I could induce her to come."

"Oh, you were? I thought you were reading."

"Not just then, dear."

Anne spread out her crocheting, looking at it with satisfaction.

"So many things have happened to prevent us from going to her," he continued. "We intended to go, remember, right after we were married—but the firm started that new branch and I couldn't get away. Then the first summer, when your father was so ill and the little fellow last summer. Then it came Christmas—"

"And now Easter—and she has not seen me or the boy," said Anne decisively. "It is about time she did, Brian."

He nodded his head several times. "That is true," he said. "I don't know whether she would come if I actually insisted. It would be against her will at first—but after she got here it would be all right."

"I was wishing that you could see her as I remember her—in her own home—"

He frowned a little. "I'm afraid you won't know what to make of mother, Anne."

"Why, dear?" Anne turned her bright head, glancing at him from under her long lashes—a questioning gaze.

"Because—because—Oh, I don't know. There's no one in the world like her."

There was silence for a few moments. "Is there any one in the world—like one's mother?" she asked, a little unsteadily.

His eyes met hers with a look of perfect sympathy.

"No," he said. He would not dwell on the subject, fearing to unsettle her. "No. But if you could get your first glimpse of her—there. She is so attached to every stick of it. I can see her sitting in the old-fashioned parlor as plainly as if she were here in this room, with the glasses on the end of her nose—"

Anne got up from her chair, and going to him put her arms about him.

"Brian!" she said, tenderly. He held her close to him.

"I am homesick for a sight of her," he confessed. "And when you spoke I was thinking of her—wondering if she had grown much older; if she longed very much to see me, wondering even if I could manage to get leave of absence for a few days—"

"Ah, Brian—and be away over Holy Week! I wouldn't like that, Brian. The boy—"

Something like a quiver of pain shot across the young man's face.

"No, I can not go—it is out of the question, Anne."

"We will write to her," said Anne, after a moment.

Brian rose, and looked about the room—at its luxuriant outfitting; at his wife—dainty and lovely. A smile lighted up his whole face, and stooping, he clasped her in his arms and kissed her.

"Good gracious, wait until mother sees you!" he said. He threw back his head, laughing heartily. "Wait until mother sees you—and this—"

"And the boy," added his wife.

"And the boy," said Brian, with a deeper note in his voice. "And the boy. Let us write to her to-night."

An anxious-eyed, pleasant-faced, white-haired old lady, her arms filled with heavy bundles, had just alighted from the train in the pleasant spring twilight. She followed the crowd of passengers along the platform of the Grand Central Station, her glance moving quickly from one unfamiliar face to another, and her lips twitching nervously. The noise and bustle confused her—she was plainly dazed. Suddenly a big man in a long ulster swooped down on her, and clasped her, bundles and all, in his arms.

"Brian?" she said, with a sob of relief, "it's you!"

"It is, indeed, mother," said Brian Fitzgerald. But where in the world did you get all this stuff? Why didn't you check it through and not carry it? Give it to me—give it

breakfast tea—Brian told me. You must feel altogether comfortable. Not even a grandmother can look at a baby with proper respect when she's tired."

"I'm looking at you," said the mother, promptly. "It's not much more than a baby you are. God bless you, anyhow, but it seems as if you ought to be running about the roads yet, in short skirts with a braid down your back. Did Brian kidnap you?"

"Oh, no." Anne slipped her hand into her husband's. "It's because he is so good to me, mother, that I can't grow one day older. My husband and my boy will keep me young forever, I think."

"God grant it," said Brian's mother. "He was a good boy to me—he'll be good to you always, Anne, I know."

"Tut," said Brian, vexedly. "When one has a saint for a mother and an angel for a wife they can't see his faults. That's what's the matter with the both of you."

It was after all had been accomplished as Anne said that the mother was permitted to see her grandson. He was a lovely child, perfectly formed, with delicate features and skin almost waxlike in its palor.

"His solemn eyes, blue as cornflowers, looked up into the wrinkled face. The old lady held him closely to her bosom, crooning over him in the way that mothers never forget. Anne cried a little, too, and Brian sat at the table and propped his elbows on it, leaning his head upon his hands. After a moment the mother placed the child on her lap, and passed her fingers softly over his little cheek, while Anne sat at her feet, looking up at her. They made a charming picture—a true home picture; the mother old and wrinkled, with her crown of snow-white hair; the fragile baby; and the bright young face and sunny head turned upward toward them both.

"Babies are so wonderful," said the grandmother. "Perhaps we appreciate them most when they are so tiny and so helpless. They bring the Lord and His Mother closer, when we remember that the Son who died for us this blessed week came to us in the shape of a little child."

"Yes," said Anne. "That is true. They are so innocent—they make us sorrowful, as well as glad."

"Yet babies have to grow up, my dear."

"It is almost a pity," said Anne, "when one has such a sweet, good baby as mine is, one would wish him never to grow up. Oh, but I must not say that," she added quickly. "God might take me at my word."

"Good me—and if He did?" asked Brian's mother.

Anne's face grew very white. "Don't speak of it, mother," she said, with trembling lips. "Don't." She knelt up, looking half-fearfully at the lovely baby-face, as if to assure herself of its reality.

"The finest Catholic I ever knew was the mother of a liddle only six years old, and she lost him. It's harder then, Anne, if a mother loses a boy. I saw the poor soul some weeks after."

"God bless you, woman," I said. "But who knows what he'd have turned out to be?"

"Yes," she said. "Yes. Wicked, maybe—very wicked. Or a very good man."

"A very good man," echoed Anne. "Well?"

"I asked no questions, Anne—not then."

"But afterward?"

"Oh, yes—afterward. Georgie, she said, was the only thing she had to look forward to. When he died people said, 'Be comforted—God wants him. Many a mother wishes that her son had died in infancy.' I know that, she said, and I felt it, too. And my Georgie need not have been wicked—he could have been good—a good man. God saved him that—God saved him all the trials and bitterness and suffering that good men meet in this terrible world. The sinner has earthly pleasures—but the good man must suffer. Anne, he must."

"Give me my baby," said Anne in a low tone. Brian, hearing it, rose from the table, and coming over knelt at his mother's side, and put his arms about his wife. He would rather that his mother had not spoken of this yet. But it had come—and soon. He breathed deeply.

"Give me my baby," said Anne. She held the baby close to her heart.

"Sometimes, Anne," said the mother, "God asks a loan of us—and often of the dearest thing we possess. Lend Me that," He says, "Lend it to Me. I will return it." He does, Anne dear, with interest. Do you think that He will love the one who gives to Him cheerfully?"

Anne was silent. She could not speak. The fabric of hope she had

woven so carefully this last few weeks was rent asunder. She knew what the mother meant. As if to convince herself, she looked at her husband. What she read in his face compelled her belief.

She glanced down at the baby then, who had fallen asleep in her arms.

"Lend it to Me!" She glanced about her half-fearfully, almost as if she heard the words. "Lend it to Me. I will repay—with interest."

"Lend it to God!" Surely, surely, safer bank never lived than God. And she would receive him again—her baby, pure and unsullied, happy. She pressed her lips together once more, drawing a deep breath.

"I will lend him," she said, in a full voice. "Yes, if God wants him, I will lend him. He gave him in the first place—and He can have him back again—to—keep for me."

"It may happen that an old woman who has lived a long, long life like mine may be trusted to know something as well as the doctors," said Brian's mother, very cautiously, a week later.

"Yes?" said Anne. Her face was bright and cheerful. She did not do anything by halves, this Anne Fitzgerald—and the peace in her heart was reflected on her forehead. She had made her renunciation once more that day at the Easter Mass—she and Brian—and Brian's mother.

"It can happen," said the mother, nodding her head. "I'll make no promises—not yet. Not for a month. Remember, he's lent to God, dear."

Anne clasped her hands. Her eyes were shining.

"Do you remember how the Lord tried the patriarch—asking him to sacrifice his only son, mother?" she said, very softly. "And then stayed his hand, sending an angel—I made the sacrifice—"

"Good me!" said Brian's mother. "And I'm the angel. God give you sense! But we'll see, Anne. It can happen."—Grace Keon, in Benziger's Magazine.

WEAK LUNGS

Made Sound and Strong by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

If your blood is weak, if it is poor and watery, a touch of cold or influenza will settle in your lungs and the apparently harmless cough of to-day will become the racking consumptive's cough of to-morrow. Weak blood is an open invitation for consumption to lay upon you the hand of death. The only way to avoid consumption and to strengthen and brace the whole system is by enriching your blood and strengthening your lungs with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They make new, rich, warm blood. They add resisting power to the lungs. They have saved scores from a consumptive's grave—most after the lungs were hopelessly diseased, but where taken when the cough first attacks the embowed system. Here is positive proof. Mrs. Harry Stead, St. Catharines, Ont., says: "A few years ago I was attacked with lung trouble, and the doctor, after treating me for a time, thought I was going into consumption. I grew pale and emaciated, had no appetite, was troubled with a hacking cough, and I felt that I was fast going towards the grave. Neither the doctor's medicine nor other medicines that I took seemed to help me. Then a good friend urged me to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. By the time I had used four boxes it was plain that they were helping me. I began to recover my appetite, and in other ways felt better. I took six boxes more, and was as well as ever, and had gained in weight. I believe Dr. Williams' Pink Pills saved me from a consumptive's grave, and I feel very grateful."

Now, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills build up the strength in just one way—they actually make new blood. That is all they do, but they do it well. They don't act on the bowels. They don't bother with mere symptoms. They won't cure any disease that isn't caused by bad blood. But they nearly all common diseases spring from that one cause—anaemia, indigestion, biliousness, headaches, side-aches, backaches, kidney trouble, lumbago, rheumatism, sciatica, neuralgia, nervousness, general weakness and the special secret ailments that growing girls and women do not like to talk about even to their doctors. But you must get the genuine with the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," on the wrapper around each box. If in doubt send the price—50 cents a box or \$2.50 for six boxes, to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., and get the pills by mail postpaid.

A tree with a lofty head has less shade at its feet.—Abbe Roux.

The Expulsion of Dead Nuns.

In a recent letter, writes Mrs. C. E. Jeffery, I directed the attention of the readers of the Catholic Times to a disgraceful event that has lately taken place in Caen. I allude to the exhumation of the bodies of twenty-one Ursuline Nuns, which were expelled from their graves in the cemetery of their suppressed convent by order of the Government liquidator to enable him to sell the confiscated property of the Community. Later accounts have now come to hand, and show that at the eleventh hour the Prefect interfered and forbade the re-interment of the remains with religious honors. The affair has caused

UNPARALLELED EXCITEMENT in the town of Caen, though it has been passed over without mention by the English newspapers in pursuance of that policy which has rightly been stigmatized by a contemporary as a conspiracy of silence. For the benefit of English readers who may be unacquainted with the peculiar methods of the present French Government I propose to give the particulars as related in the French papers. A Caen correspondent writes: "It had been decided in consultation with the Mayor that the transport of the hallowed remains of the Ursuline Nuns should take place on April 6th at 2 p.m., attended by a cross-bearer and priest in surplice."

"THE BISHOP OF BAYEUX had himself invited the clergy and faithful of Caen to join in the ceremony, and had promised to be present at the cemetery to bless the newly made graves. The legal representatives of the families of the deceased religious had taken all the steps necessary for the exhumation of the bodies; letters de faire part, and the ordinary notices to the papers had been sent, and all was prepared. On Wednesday, however, at 4 p.m., the Prefect of Calvados, fearing the profound emotion that would naturally be excited in the people by the sight of the mournful ceremony, called upon the Mayor to forbid the interment. The Mayor refused with dignity, whereupon the Prefect took it upon himself to do so. Thus the bones of the exhumed bodies

"STILL REMAIN WITHOUT SEPULTURE, while the twenty-one coffins are ranged in the refectory of the former convent. The population of the town, exasperated at this ghastly war against corpses—this odious profanation of the dead—assembled in great force. More than two thousand persons flocked to the convent, where M. Legrand, Cure of St. Pierre, delivered an address and invited the crowd to chant with him the 'De Profundis.' During this M. Souron, the liquidator, entered the convent and barred the door behind him, when cries of 'A bas Souron!' and 'Vive la liberte!' were heard." His Lordship the Bishop of Bayeux has addressed the following letter, dated Caen, April 6th, to the Prefect of Calvados:—"M. le Prefet,—It is with profound regret that I have received the news of your order of yesterday

"FORBIDDING THE RELIGIOUS CEREMONY that was to have taken place to-day at the transferring of the remains of the twenty-one Ursuline Nuns exhumed from their private cemetery. As a reason for this interdiction, M. le Prefet, you allege that the letters de faire part inviting friends and relatives to the ceremony constitute a menace to the public peace. Against this allegation I feel it my duty to protest. It was in my name that the clergy and faithful of the town of Caen were invited to follow the funeral cortege of the exhumed Ursuline Nuns. In default of their families, the greater number of whom have disappeared, and of their Community, which has been dissolved, and its members dispersed and exiled, it appertained to me, the Bishop of the diocese, as father and

"PROTECTOR OF THE COMMUNITY, to take care that the remains of these holy women, expelled from the graves in which they had hoped to repose in peace, should not be transported to a new place of sepulture without the religious honors prescribed by the Church. The letters of invitation simply expressed my desire to see the mournful ceremony accomplished with the respect due to the beloved and revered Ursulines of Caen, and as a last mark of sympathy and affection. In it there was nothing that in any way resembled provocation to sedition. The public order was in no way menaced. The arrangements had been made by the Mayor with as much wisdom as benevolence, and the population of Caen has too high a sense of propriety and of respect for the dead



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to give cause for uneasiness. The ceremony would have maintained its character as exclusively funeral and religious. Far from exciting public resentment, it would have allayed it. And now the

TWENTY-ONE COFFINS

of our beloved Ursuline Sisters, placed in a chamber of their deserted convent, await burial.—You do not, I hope, M. le Prefet, desire to inflict upon them the posthumous insult of a civil funeral, or to prevent their venerated remains from receiving the last benediction of the Church before being consigned to their new tomb. Receive, M. le Prefet, the assurance of my high consideration. Leon Adolphe, Bishop of Bayeux." As

A SUGGESTIVE COMMENTARY.

on the tyrannical action of the Prefect of Calvados and his scandalous infringement of Catholic rights come lurid accounts of the late serious riots in Limoges, and especially of the funeral—civil, of course—of the victim of the strike shot down by the military during the emeute. The coffin of the deceased was borne through the streets of the town attended by a tumultuous concourse of over 20,000 strikers and their friends, all the trades unions being represented. Far from the demonstration being discouraged as calculated to disturb the public peace, the Mayor himself headed the cortege, followed by the Socialist deputies who had come from Paris for the purpose. From this it will be seen that though a valiant Prefect may intervene to prohibit a Catholic funeral headed by a cross-bearer and followed by decent mourners, the powers that be think twice about interfering with the proceedings of an incendiary mob flaunting the red flag of anarchy, and bawling such revolutionary songs as the Carmagnole and the International. Only a day or two before he was buried with civic honors under the personal auspices of the Mayor of Limoges, the man had been

HELPING TO SACK FACTORIES

and tear up the paving stones to erect barriers. The military had been called out, when 197 officers and men had been wounded—some severely—by the rioters. Commenting on the incident the Journal des Debats says: "During several years the situation of Limoges has been quasi-revolutionary, and our only wonder is that serious disorders have not taken place before. A long series of weaknesses and of pusillanimous compliance on the part of the Government have led to the inevitable denouement. The authorities have been warned, but have systematically disregarded the warnings. It was necessary to humor the Socialists and allow them full licence, in order to secure their votes in the Chamber. The Government has done all in its power to encourage and develop anarchy, and the infallible result is lawlessness and violence."

WESTERN NEWSPAPER SOLD.

No longer is Canada to have a daily newspaper managed by a woman. Mrs. S. A. McLagan, proprietor and manager of the World, of Vancouver, B.C., has sold her interests to Messrs Victor W. Odium and L. D. Taylor, two young men originally from Ontario, who have had great success in the newspaper world there in the last few years. Mr. Odium will be the editor, and Mr. Taylor the business manager. The price paid is close to \$75,000. The new owners will put in the biggest press in Canada west of Winnipeg, and there will be a complete overhauling of the present plant. In politics the paper will remain Liberal.

The loudest prayers do not always carry the farthest.

1905. SOCIETY—Estab. 1856; incorp. 1840. Meets in 92 St. Alexander Monday of the month meets last Wednesday. Rev. Director, P.P.; President, 1st Vice-President, 2nd Vice, E. W. Durack; Secretary, W. J. Secretary, T. P. A. AND B. SO. the second Sunday in St. Patrick's under street, at a little of Management hall on the very month, at 9 Rev. Jas. Kelly, 13 Valle & B. SOCIETY. Rev. Director, J. F. Quinn, street; treasurer, 18 St. Augustin the second Sunday, in St. Ann's and Ottawa p.m. ADA. BRANCH 4th November, meets at St. 2 St. Alexander Monday of each month meetings for of business are and 4th Mondays 8 p.m. Spiritual Callaghan; Chairman; President, W. Secretary, P. C. Visitation street; J. Jas. J. Cornish street; Treasurer, Medical Adviser, E. J. O'Connell. CULAR! FALLS, N.Y., July 3, Special Act of the Legislature, June 9, 1879, increasing rapidly \$10,000 paid in 1900. December 25th, 1904. tioned by Pope several of whom are: BELANCER, Grand Council, BEST, 402860. AMBAULT, vice of Quebec, DAME STREET, DENISST. BELLS. McShane's, Sole, Single, Baltimore, Md., U.S.A. L COMPANY, Y., and NEW YORK CITY. CHURCH BELLS. S, Etc. VE BRICKS IN DER? WORRY! Stove Lining. KIT. 250 400 ve Cement in the ily guaranteed. EED & CO. S, &c. Street. NTS SECURED. of manufacturers, the the advisability of ess transacted by \$2 free. Charges made 100 pages, sent you New York Life Map, D.C., U.S.A.