#### THE PRELATE'S HAND.

### A Story of The Peninsular War.

### BY EDWARD LEAMY.

Dr. Brisson was the last man in the world you would suspect of credence in superstitions. As a student in arts his life had been a wild one, and be fore he had well crossed the threshold the Convent of St. Francis, in Saramanhood he was a pronounced A daring thinker, he had gossa. "I was in the trenches, 'twixt sleep sceptic. questioned every creed, and found it wanting Life to bim was an inscrut-able riddle, because he had persuaded himself that death was its end. The immortality of the soul he regarded as an old wife's fable, unworthy the cred ence of a man of robust intellect, and he might fairly claim to be classed in that category. His fame had passed beyond Paris-beyond France. He had published works on his art which had been adopted as text books in all the medical schools of Europe, and when I made his acquaintance, in the forties, he was almost as full of honors as of years

I was a student then, living in an attic of one of the dingy streets that destroyed. Subterranean cellars, in clustered round the Sorbonne. My which whole families had found refuge, neighbor on the opposite side of the landing on the fifth story was a vet-eran who had seen service in the Peninsular wars, and who had taken part under Baron Lo Jeune in the assault on Saragossa, where he had left a leg and from which he had carried many rible, reeking like shambles with the scars, as evidence of his devotion to his The doctor had taken an interflag. est in him because it happened that he, as one of the French army surgeons had attended poor old Jacques in his hour of need, and had won his gratiby his attention and kindness and he had met him years afterwards Paris in an unexpected manner, when the one legged Jacques flung himself in front of the runaway horse of the carriage in which the doctor and his wife were seated as they were driving along the Rue de Rivoli. Jacques succeeded in stopping the runaways, but not without some serious injuries to himself. The doctor would gladly have recompensed Jacques by a gift of money, but the old soldier was at once

proud and grateful. "You saved my life, doctor, when it was ebbing," said Jacques, "and why shouldn't I offer it to you and madame

cloister had been wrenched up. The side chapels and the confessionals had when my turn came?" And Jacques refused all offers of been wrecked, and the bodies of monks, torn from what had been regarded as money, but the doctor and his wife did their last resting place, had been flung not forget him, and many a time I on to the surface. The habits in which they had been buried, some of them heard the rustle of silken skirts creep ing up the stairs when the doctor and madame came to visit Jacques, bringcenturies before, were still undecayed, ing little luxuries, which were given shrivelled, but sometimes only grinwith such unaffected courtesy that it was impossible for him in spite of his pride-the heritage of the old revolutionary days, when every one in France addressed each other as Citizen -to refuse. But, despite these attentions, poor Jacques was always glocmy and despondent, and again and again I heard him wich that he had fallen in the assault on the Convent of St. Francie, at Saragossa, where some of the most desperate fighting had taken place.

One night he was seized with sudden illness. It chanced that I was about entering my room, and I heard a cry of anguish from my neighbor's room

"What is the matter, Jacques?" I ing the enemy into the tower, fighting asked.

He answered hearsely: "He is with the dead and the dying. here! He is here! Save me! Save His door was only on the latchfellow, he had little reason to bolt it, for there was nothing in it to tempt the burglar or the thief. When I pushed it open I, by the aid of a flickering candle, saw him half raised from his bed, or substitute for a bed, with his right hand stretched out. The shirt had opened at the neck and displayed the shrunken breast and the lauk arm, and the thin fingers were sorry witnesses of the inevitable decay of age. "This is the way he held out his hand !" he cried -- " this is the way he held cut his hand !" Poor fellow ! He was, I believed, delirious, and I thought it best to humor him. 'Yes, that is the way," I said. "Yes, that is the way, "But lie down and try to go to sleep " But lie down and try to go to sleep !" he "Go to sleep ! Go to sleep !" shricked, and a horrible semblance of laughter that made my blood curdle, escaped his lips. "He went asleep. escaped his lips. He had been asleep for a hundred years when we woke him-ay, we cke him, and he held out his hand this way- do you see- this way.'

under what circumstances I had proregiment was ordered from Paris-but her words wore in my mind long after cured it. I had left her Years had passed since "Ia "'Ie the wars, darling,' I answered, I had said good-by to her, and I had seen much service, and, perhaps, there

ing and waking, when the came to me,

and she bent down, and kissed my lips,

In the act her wonderful hair, black

of our courtship ?-fell round my face

were to be called to our work

" Half the convent had been already

had become their tombs. Hundreds of

the Grenadiers in the defence had been

shattered bodies and limbs that the ter

take a step without trampling on

bodies still quivering in death's agonies,

or torn limbs or severed hands, black

to be digging your heels into the bodies of the dead and dying, as you

attempted to reach the combatants

making their last stand against the

high altar of the doomed church of the

convent, was horrible beyond telling

The pavement of the nave and of the

grave to rebuke and to threaten.

ning skulls.

away, and I

with powder, and still palpitating. "Oh, war!" cried the old sold

of the neighboring houses were

your troth ?'

and now remember your promise." "Ah, that was the happiest hour in my life, monsteur,' said the old soldier, sadly, and his thin hand slightly pressed mine, 'and the last happy were other eyes that seemed as bright to me as hers and other lips as sweet, ed mine, 'and the last happy I put the ring on her finger at and maybe I did not think of her as often as she thought of me. But I saw hour. her request, and we were to be marher once-or thought I saw her-'twas ried two days later. the night before our final assault on the "The next day I had an appoint-

ment with her in the gardens of the Palais Royal. I was resolved to be there before the hour that I might not keep her waiting. I was turning up from the Rue de Rivoli when 1 noticed a crowd. I pushed my way into it. I saw the form of a woman lying prone on the roadway. The soft silk-en mass of kair so like Sucette's alas night, and flowing when loosened, almost to her ankles-ah! did I not often tangleit in sport in the happy days most took the sight from my eyes. and I felt her breath as she whispered: sprang forward to lift the woman up. Dearest, when will you bring the ring to her to whom you have plighted The head fell from the shoulders, rolled a few feet, and rested on the poll, exhibiting the ghastly, mutila ed face of the woman I loved, and who " I started up ; but could see noth ing save the mist slowly lifting from the sodden ground. The morning was was to be my bride. It was the face I had seen in the convent at Saragossa ! "I was mad, I believe, for months breaking, and in a few hours we knew

after this, and they kept me in an asylum for the insane. It was long after I learned how the poor girl had met her fate. She was passing a build ing in course of construction, when ar workmen who had come to the aid of iron beam that was being put in the place intended for it fell out on the buried beneath the ruins. The roofs street, and striking her on the neck, severed her head from her body. They buried her in a common grave, so that I was denied the poor consolation rible explosion which wrecked the con of being able to stand on the very spot vent had flung everywhere ; but when which inclosed her remains. we made a rush into the convent it was worse than hell. We couldn't

"I have seen her often in my dreams, and always she seemed to be and eavoring to pull the ring from her finger, as I had endeavored to pull it from the finger of the long dead pre "On, war!" cried the old soldler, interrupting his story, "Is a fine thing for those who were never in it or who have only seen battle from afar, and a late, and, tailing in her task, she seemed to cast on me a reproachful as if the ring had been the glance, cause of her tragic end. But she has not visited me for years, and I would charge up a slope with guns belching at you is right enough in its way, but

fain hope that her poor troubled spirit has long since found rest. "But another phantom haunts me now - the phantom of the Bishop. Look ! look ! D) you see him there - there !-- there !" Look ! look !

The old soldier was pointing to a corner of the room. I fear I was a little tainted with scepticism, and I believed poor Jacques was raving ; yet a queer feeling crept through me, as if there was some invisible and supernatural presence in the room.

"Do you not see him? Do you not see him?" cried Jacques, with startling energy

"Calm yourself, Jacques," I replied, and in many cases the faces dried and gently. "You have excited yourself by talking too much. There is no one in the room besides myself and your From one of the old broken coffice

protruded the livid, shrivelled features self. "What! you don't see him with his of a bishop, still wrapped in his sacred livid face and outstretched hand and the finger bitten off? He wants the otal robes. His dried and bony right arm was extended, as if pointing at us, ring, I tell you, he wants the ring ! and his dark eyes set in their deep sockets, and his mouth, with its terrible and Jacques, after this burst, fell back on the bed, gasping.

expression, combined to give the ap-pearance of a phantom called from the Fortunately the conclerge, who was aware of poor Jacques condition, had sent a messenger to Dr. Brisson, in " On one of the shrunken fingers accordance with the instructions which was a jewelled ring that sparkled and he had received from the kind hearted shone as no other ring had sparkled or

doctor to notify him if anything went shone before. The chapel was just wrong with the cld soldier. cleared of Spaniards when I saw him The doctor just arrived at this crit al moment. He gave the patient a and it, and my comrades were follow ical moment.

cooling drink, and his very presence had a southing effect on old Jacques, who fell into a light slumber. "I endeavored to snatch the ring who fell into a light slumber. from the figger, but it was imbedded The doctor and I sat by his bed for

# THE CATHOLIC RECORD

were sliding down his wan cheeks. things of God and his salvation, and place his whole hope in God ! No man is worthy of heavenly com Dr. Brisson was seated, his elbow rested on a little table at the head of the fort, who hath not diligently exercised bed, and his head was supported by

himself in holy computction. If then wouldst find computction in his hand. He seemed buried in profound thy heart, retire into thy chamber and After a few minutes he thought. shut out the tumults of the world, as it pulled himself together, and this scep tte-this avowed atheist - hent over the is written : Have compunction in your dying man-for it was evident that the chambers. (Ps. iv 5) hours of Jacques were numbered. THOUGHTS ON THE SACRED

"Mon pauvre jarcon," said the doctor. in a broken voice, "would you like to have a priest with you before you go?

Three days later the doctor and I stood by an open grave, and while the burial service was being read I the doctor repeating it in a whisper. When we turned away after the earth had closed over poor Jacques, the doctor rested his arm in mine.

are those who visit Him often and love " My boy," said he, as we moved to keep Him company in the church slowly to where our carriage waited for us, "I'm an old man now, and in a few months, or years at most I must where He dwells in His Sacrament ! follow poor old Jacques ; but, thank God ! I have lived long enough to be convinced that death is not the end of life, and that there is a future beyond the grave. Let us hope that we may make ourselves worthy of it."-Irish Weekly Independent.

Note .--- The description of the scene in the chapel is that of an eye witness, Baron Le Jeune, who took part in the attack, and the incidents of the girl's hair and of the Bishop's hand protruding from the coffin are found in it.

### THE SOULS IN PURGATORY.

pel all to join the League. This devo If a soul is delivered by prayer from Purgatory I accept it as if I had My tion has been shown by the experience self been delivered from captivity, and of the past to be the easiest, simplest I will assuredly reward it according to the abundance of My mercy .-- Our Lord to St Gertrude.

St. Gertrude, who whilst in the flesh, was very much devoted to the souls in Pargatory, beheid, we are told in her "Life and Revelations," many souls meeting before her to testify their gratitude for their deliverance from of the coming day. Purgatory, through the prayers which had been offered for her, and which she had not needed.

No consolation, however great, that can be given to the afflicted of this world is comparable with that which is brought by cur prayers to those poor souls who have such bitter need of them-the souls in Purgatory.

How consoling is it to the Catholic to think that in praying for his departed friends his prayers are not in vicla tion of, but in accordance with, the voice of the Church ; and that, as, like St. Augustine, he watches at the pillow of a dying mother, so, like Augustine, he can continue the same office of piety for her soul after she is dead, by how how little we are missed. praying for her .-- Cardinal Gibbons

Ah, it is this thought-that we, by our prayers and good works can assist those friends and relatives-that robs death of its sting and makes our separation endurable.

### IMITATION OF CHRIST.

Love of Solitude and Silence.

Seek a proper time to retire into thy elf, and often think of the benefits of God. Leave curiosities alone.

may give us proofs of Read such matters as may rather move these to computetion than give reasons for hope of mercy. thee occupation. If thou wilt withdraw thyself from

### "Every Man is the

HEART.

Good intentions are so pleasing to

the Heart of Jesus that they have the

power of introducing us into His Heart.

Jesus Christ lavished upon Mary all

the glory which His Heart measures

How pleasing to the Heart of Jesus

What a happiness if some day on oming from Holy Communion I should

my breast and in its place established

the precious Heart of my God .- St.

Peace ! That priceless gift beside

fact that our Divine Lord Himself gave

it among His last bequests to His dis-ciples: "Peace I leave with you. My

The abundance of graces and bless-

ings promised by our Lord to those who estnestly and faithfully practice

devotion to the Sacred Heart should im-

and most effective of all devotions.

is suited to all classes ; to the busy man

of the world, to the laboring man, as

Francis de Sales.

peace I give unto you."

only by Its power. - St. Bernard.

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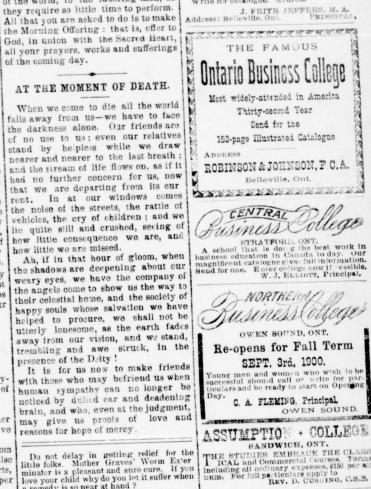
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I had bent over Jacques, trying to southe him, and hisfeeble hand touched my face.

"And there was a ring on his finger," he continued, "and a jewel in the ring and there was a demon in the Oh, yes, there was a demon in ! Whisper; come close to me." And the weak hand strove to bring iewel. it!

me down almost to his lips.

"Lock, it burned into my flesh !" and he showed me a finger with a deep, circular marks that went almost to the bone. "There it was," he moaned. "I wore it until the touch and the sight of it made me mad. But the jewel-oh! the jewel. I tell you 'twas alive! Alive, I say. It changed twas alive: Alive, reay. It changed its color every hour, every minute. Oh! a brave jewel it was. It had all the thousand hues of the summer day. Would it not have been a pity to bury it again in the coffin-in the grave, and he was dead, you know, dead one hundred years or more? But I would not have taken it except for her. 'I'll marry you,' she said, 'when you come back from the wars with a jewelled ring for my finger.' She said it in

I dare say, for we were looking in minute-where did you get it ?' Jacques. He was lying on his back, e windows of a jeweller's near the minute-where did you get it ?' Jacques. He was lying on his back, a Royal, a few nights before my '' Somehow I did not like to tell his hands were clasped, and the tears Palais Royal, a few nights before my

in the dried flesh. I seized the finger, buried my teeth in it below the ring, and bit so much of it off, and then, dragging the ring still with my teeth over the severed fragment, I flung the broken finger into the coffin and put

was for a moment alone

the ring into my pocket. "I soon gathered from the shouting and the cheers that the convent was ours, and in a few minutes many of the French returned to the chapel, bringing with them scores of win skins which they had discovered and which were full of wine. Our throats were dry with the powder smoke, and we drank without stint, and when the

wine skins were empty we fastened them up and made footballs of them, and we played a merry game among the corpass—ay ! a merry game, I tell you. And there were some who, snatching the vestments and habits

from the dead, dressed themselves in them, and we laughed and shouted and swore, and I was foremost among the revellers until my foot tripped over a broken coffin and I fell head long. Trying to save myself I flung my hands before me, and they clasped a head that felt like her head ! Yes, like her head, for thick and black and glossy was the hair, and silken soft to the touch as Susette's was. I dragged myself up and lifted the head. was enough. It was her face, broken and mutilated beyond recognition ! but it was hers. It dropped from my hands

and I became unconscious. "When I recovered I was in hospi

What had passed seemed only tal. like the faint recollection of a fevered dream, and by the time I was able to be invalided home I had fully per-susded myself that the incident of the head was a figment of the imagination : and so when the time came that I found myself in Paris once more I sought out Susette. She was looking lovelier than ever, and once more I

asked her to become my wife. "'Have you the ring, Jacques?' she asked, as she shot a merry giance into

my eyes "See,' I said, and I produced it. " Oh, it is beautiful !' she exclaim

ed, 'and lock, Jacques, look ; does it jest, I dare say, for we were looking in not seem alive, it changes color every

half an hour. "He is all right for to night, poor thetic tone. "I shall come again in A

And as he rose to take his leave I was looking full in his face while he was speaking. Suidenly I saw his color changing. He was then an old man and there was only little left-in his cheeks, but these became ash gray as I gazed at him. His eyes, that still retained all their youthful lustre, were fixed, as I thought, on vacancy His whole form was rigid as marble.

"What's the matter, doctor ?" cried, while a current of ice seemed to

run through my veins. He found speech through my fright-

ened eyes. "Look there! there! Do you not see him ?" he shouted.

Although unnerved from the giuesome story I had heard from the lips of Jacques, I was an easy prey to the fears aroused in me by the doctor's startled expression and fearsome question. I looked toward the quarter indicated, and there, as clearly -more clearly than I see the words am setting down here I s the vision of the dead Bishop here - I saw the vision red Jacques had described him. The It shrivelled face, the shruaken eyes, the The came away with me. I turned it skinny arm-all were there, and the round to look at the face. One glance poor figure looked more terrible because of the faded finery of the episcopal garments in which it was clothed, but the greater horror was occasioned

by the mutilated finger. "Do you see it ?" cried the doctor to me, again in tones that indicated a strange change that was working over him-this sceptic who believed that death was the end of life. His shrill Oftentimes they who were better in question aroused old Jacques.

" Oa God, he is there ! he is there ! Doctor, doctor, tell me what to do to great confidence. get rid of it. It's driving me mad.' I could not take my eyes from the figure. Suddenly I saw the firm lips

"If you would be rid of me, pent," came from the dead Bishop's mouth, and as a light smoke vanishes the phantom disappeared.

It seemed as if a cold hand clutching my heart had loosened its grasp, and I himself with the world ! felt my vigor returning. I looked at Jacques. He was lying on his back,

superfluous talk and idle visits, as also from giving ear to news and reports, thou wilt find time sufficient and proper to enjoy thyself in good meditations The greatest Saints avoided the com-

pany of men as much as they could, and choose to live to God in secret. As often as I have been amongst men, said one, I have returned less a

This we often experience when man. we talk long. It is easier to keep altogether silent

than not to exceed in words It is easier to keep retired at home, than to be able to be sufficiently upon

one's guard abroad. Whoseever, therefore, striveth to arrive at internal and spiritual things, must, with Jesue, go aside from the

crowd. No man is secure in appearing abroad, but he who would willingly lie hid at home.

No man securely speaketh, but he who loveth to hold his peace.

No man securely governeth, but he who would willingly live in subjection. No man securely commandeth, but he who hath learned well to obey.

No man securely rejoiceth, unless he hath within him the testimony of a good conscience.

Yet the security of the Saints was always full of the fear of God.

Neither were they less careful or humble in themselves, because they were shining with great virtues and graces.

But the security of the wicked arises from pride and presumption, and in the end turns to their own deception Never promise thyself security in this life, through thou seemest to be a the judgment of men have been in greater danger by reason of their too

So that it is better for many not to be altogether free from temptations, but to be often assulted, that they may not be too secure; lest perhaps they be lifted up with pride, or take more ltberty to go aside after exterior comforts. Oh, how good a conscience would that man preserve, who would never seek after transitory joy, nor ever busy

Oh, how great peace and tranquility would he possess, who would cut off all vain solicitude, and think only of the

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them. Call on your druggist and get a bottle at cnce.
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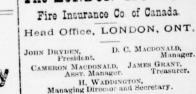
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