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of the giraffe enough as I so I decided ad a clump of

wo lions came l roared, but danger and ne giraffe, so night's vigil.

ALS.

I decided, however, to sit up the next night also. What happened i will just copy from my diary which I wrote up the next day.

JAN, 31st, THURSDAY SIXTEENTH DAY OUT FROM NALVASHA.

the next day.

AN. 31st., THURBDAY SIXTEENTH DAY OUT FROM NAIVASHA.

About 6 a. m. I took Jammar, my second Somali gun-bearer and a few men and started out down the valley after giraffe again. I saw no signs of giraffe until I had crossed over into the next valley, where I sighted three, two old ones and a young one, about three quarters grown. They were feeding on some trees at the edge of an open plain about half a mile away. I was obliged to wait patiently about half an hour until the giraffe had passed into the bush and down a declivity and then started out after them. I succeeded in getting within 400 yards when I was confronted with an open space of 150 yards on which I came under the inil view of the giraffe, which I could see feeding. I succeeded, however, in safely negotiating this by a painful serpent-like crawl on my hands and knees, thereby reaching the cover of some thin bushes, from which latter point of vantage I successfully stalked them to within a hundred yards, when a careful examination with the glasses led to the disclosure that they were all females; very much to my disappointment. I had now been walking about five hours so decided to stop and have a bite to cat and a drink; then returned to camp; reaching it about \$30 p. m. After some dinner, I then, with Oswar, my head Shikari, took up my position beside the kill. I was very tired after nearly twelve hours walking during the day and was soon fast asleep; leaving Oswan to keep watch. Evidently he followed suit later on, for about 1 a. m. I was suddenly awakened by the most fearing of had fired at the first lion. Three different times he ran away and returned, by which time, being satisfied, he settled down to a good feed. The clouds had cleared somewhat by this time and as I looked out I could distinctly see his form and the outline of his foreleg. As before I very cauticusty got the rifle into position and again did I strain my eves for all they were worth. to keep watch. Evidently he followed suit later on, for about 1 a. m. I was suddenly awakened by the most fearful crunching noise and the tearing of partially dried flesh, followed by a peculiar noise. I shall never forget how the lion mouthed and masticated the great chunk it had signed off. My

how the lion mouthed and masterated the great chunk it had ripped off. My heart commenced thumping like a steam hammer for there was no mistaking the sound. No other animal could rip, tear and crush flesh with such power.

There succeeded this first noise of the cating quistness and a patter it was not dead. He then threw a stick at it but no movement did the lion make, a second stick receiving a similar reception; he then cautiously There succeeded this first noise of flesh cating, quietness and a patter of padded feet, which told me that the lion or whatever it was, had cleared, and my hopes dropped to zero. Slowly, however, and with great caution I emerged from my blankets and got into position so that I could see out of the small peep hole in the brashes for similar reception; he then cautiously advanced and gave its tail a pull. This proverbial twist, not eliciting even a roar, we concluded that it must indeed be dead and going up close I into position so that I could see out of the small peep hole in the bushes for that purpose, a sort of small port hole, and taking my double barrelled 450 cordite rifle across my knees awaited further developments. There was a moon but it was obscured somewhat by clouds which made sight very difficult.

clouds which made sight very difficult.

A few minutes passed and then two
lions were suddenly heard at the carcass; one at each end of it. A crunch, a tear and then both of them scampered of again to return once more after a short interval. This time they were apparently satisfied that there was no apparently satisfied that there was no danger for they commenced ripping and tearing away at a great rate. By straining my eyes I could just dimly make out a moving form as it worked away at its midnight meal. As I continued to attain my eyes the four tinued to strain my eyes the form be-came clearer and I could see the lion ake a bite and while chewing it turn its head and stare right into my face, not 10 feet away. It evidently im-agined it could see something but was not certain. The next problem was to get the rifle into position and an at tempt, or a guess at the sighting, without the least bit of noise, for that meant good-bye to the lions forever, if without the least bit of inoise, for that meant good-bye to the lions forever, if the slightest sound was made. Inch by inch, between bites, I advanced the muzzle of the rifle; the lion each time turning its head and looking at me, until finally the rifle was in position to fire. The next few minutes were ones of great tension as I strained my eyes to their utmost to try and see the sights and get them lined on a point which I thought would be the centre of its shoulder but it was no use and I had simply to guess my best. The result I must leave to Allah and yet I felt that the dream of my existence depended upon the line that rifle was pointing in, as I pulled the trigger and let loose, a 450 soft nosed messenger of death. Then a report like a clap of thunder boomed out on the stillness of the night to be immediately followed by an almost equally loud roar from the throats of two lions simultaneously and I could see dimly two objects leap past my vision and then black despair settled down on me at the thoughts of having missed the only chance I might possibly ever have of bagging a lion. My feelings of disappointment at that moment were indescribable. I remained thus in the same position as when I had fired with the barrel of the rifle still half way through the "Port Hole" and the butt at my shoulder; just how long I could

anger, surprise and anguish. Oswan touched me on the shoulder and whis pered in my ear in a tone of subdued excitement: he dies: he dies: he is I thought so too, but my experi-I thought so too, but my experience of lions being for the most part
limited to zoos and circuses,
I could only hope that it was
true. Nevertheless not being able
to see or verify the fact I was tormented by doubts and fears which only
the advent of daylight could solve and

through the "Port Hole" and the butt at my shoulder; just how long I could

not say (as I seemed to be in a sort of

stupor of misery) when I was suddenly electrified to life again by a roar which seemed to come from the bush, a short distance in front and to one side of me,

this noise was followed just afterwards

sound, but in which appeared to be mixed a mass of pent up feelings of

of Rome, that the evil spirits have direct powers in this world and that these manifestations are a proof of diabolical power, in spite of the growing disbelief in a personal devil that characterizes so much of modern thought.—

Catholic Union and Times.

angelic virtue of purity. Catholic purity is as high raised above the purity of the non-Catholic world as the purity of the latter is above the abominations of paganism. But that virtue is concealed. That virtue the world does not see. But it is a virtue that the breaking of a twig informed me that Mr. Leo was returning for another

helping and in a moment or two he was

ripping away at the same point where I had fired at the first lion. Three differ-

roars subsided to moans and then all was quietness again. I now knew for certain that I had killed a lion and

beheld an extremely handsome lioness with a coat in the very primest of con-

DR. LAPPONI ON HYPNOTISM.

The physician whom Leo XIII.selected to be his medical attendant and who was for so many years the daily visitant to that greatest of modern pontiffs, wrote not long before his death

neighborhood of the Pope himself.

#### AMERICANS WANT RESULTS.

THY INFLUENCE OF THE CHURCH IN THIS COUNTRY IS NOT GREATER—
THE WORLD'S PLATFORM—CATHOLIC LAITY MUST SHOW SUPERIORITY OF THEIR RELIGION BY THEIR PRACTICE

-- A STRONG SERMON ON THE RESPON SIBILITY OF LAYMEN.

The Rev. D. S. Phelan, of St. Louis, editor of the Western Watchman, preached a very timely and suggestive sermon recently on "The Apostleship of the Laity." This is a subject on which many discourses have been made in recent years, but it has seldom have treated more nithily and practirifle into position and again did I strain my eyes for all they were worth. This time I thought I could just faintly see the foresight and then I got a line on his forearm and slowly following this upward, pulled, as I thought the centre of his shoulder was reached. The boom of the rifle was answered by a mighty roar of rage as I saw an object leap 6 feet into the air and tumble down behind the body of the girafle on the opposite side of us. A succession of deep roars followed, during which I quickly reloaded and prepared for a possible spring from the lion at us in case he was not too badly wounded to do so. However in a few minutes the roars subsided to moans and then all been treated more pithily and practi-cally than by Father Phelan, whose weekly sermons are marked by a directness and force that always hit the

Speaking of the preaching of the Word of God in regard to its influence on those outside the Church, Father Phelan declared that it is so often inmark. effective because "it has become the fashion to preach a gospel that will not

offend."
"Now, I do not like controversy," was questiess again. The varieties a last accomplished a long cherished wish, I again rolled myself up in my blankets, and with Oswan to keep watch until daylight, in five minutes I was sound asleep. I was awakened by Oswan at dawn and we pulled the branches away from one side of our hiding place and cautiously emerged with rifles at full cock. Going a little to one side I could see the tail and hind quarters of the second lion sticking out behind the body of the girsfie. I at once started to walk up to it when the Somali caught me by the shoulder, and pulled me back saying he thought it was not dead. He then threw a he said, "especially when my antagon-ist does not know what he is talking about; and controversy between priests and non Catholic laymen, and between educated Catholics and uneducated non-Catholics, is very barren of results non-Catholice, is very barren or results simply because our adversaries do not know anything. But we make a great mistake when we think we will bring people into the Church by minimizing the Church's doctrines; by assuming a compromising attitude with those outside her pale. We owe it to God; we owe it to Jesus Christ; we owe it to mankind, to state the truth plainly.

THE BEST SERMON EVER PREACHED.

"The best sermon the Christian
world ever read was the sermon
preached by St. Peter in Jerusalem to preached by St. Peter in Jerusalem to the Jews, the week after Pentecost. That was the best sermon ever preach ed by priest or prelate. It was the best sermon ever preached on this earth by a minister of Christ. It was a model sermon. Now what did St. Peter say in that sermon in Jerusalem? He told the Jews that they had killed the Author of Life; that they had murwith a coat in the very primest of condition.

Now, as to the first lion, I had fired at. About 20 feet a way from the giraffe I spotted blood from spoor which we followed cautiously, not knowing from which bit of brush we might expect a spring. However after following the blood 50 yards the Somali's eagle eyes spotted the lion stretched out stone dead 50 yards further ahead. A lioness also with a likewise perfect skin shot clean through the centre of the body about 12 inches behind the shoulder blade. The second lion was shot through the heart, the bullet also going right through the body, even the first lion had a hole through her that you could pass a walking stick through and yet she had gone exactly 100 yards from the point where she was shot; far enough to charge and kill a man. It illustrates the wonderful vitality of these brutes. In nine cases out of ten it is always the lioness which charges and the male follows.

I think that day was the happiest I dered the Son of God; that they freed Barrabbas, the murderer, and con-demned the Messiah to death. That was an awful announcement. He was speaking in Jerusalem; he was speaking to Jews; he was speaking to people who a few days before saw Jesus Christ crucified. There could be nother ing added to make the language of ing added to make the language of Peter more exasperating to Jewish the ended by saying: 'You did it through ignorance, and you did not know what you did, and your rulers did not know what they did.'

"Now here we have a model Catholic sermon. Tell the truth to those outside the Catholic Church. Tell them they are considering Jewis Christian.

outside the Catholic Church. Tell them they are crucifying Jesus Christ again. That in assaulting the Catholic Church they are attacking Jesus Christ Himself. Tell them that in dismembering the kingdom of God, they are simply dividing His garments among themselves, as did the soldiers on Good Friday. Tell them that what they say against the Catholic Church is said against Jesus Christ. Tell them that anything they do against the Catholic I think that day was the happiest I have ever spent. I felt so good that I wouldn't go out after the girafie as arranged, wouldn't go out at all except to go and shoot a couple of Brant's gazelle on a plain a few hundred yards areay from the spot. anything they do against the Catholic Church is done against Jesus Christ. Tell them that; but also add that in United States. away from the spot.

When the men or boys as we call them out here, came to visit the camp in the morning and saw the two lions, they simply went mad and then collected and executed a war dance about doing so they may be acting in invin-

cible ignorance. " WE WANT RESULTS."

But it is not those who preach the word but those supposed to exemplify it, Father Phelan went on, who are most responsible for its fruitfulness or unfruitfulness. "If this great American nation is to be brought back to the Catholic Church, it will not be through the priests, but through the Catholic lits" We have good priests:

"And that is why those outside of "And that is wh Catholic laity. We have good priests; they are working hard. But we are making no impression upon the great non-Catholic public. They say: Those priests are educated men; those priests visitant to that greatest of modern pontifs, wrote not long before his death a book on hypnotism and spiritism, and certain allied subjects. As might be expected from a man who had been so closely in touch withithe great head of the Church, this book is an eminently practical exposition of many of the features of an interesting subject, and especially points out the abuses that are likely to creep into various practices allied to hypnotism and certain of its relations in the supposedly scientific world, spiritism, occultism and the like. Surprise has been expressed that a papal physician should discuss such subjects at all. The danger of saying something unorthodox would be supposed to be enough to keep him from it. Such a thought, however, can only exist in the minds of those who know nothing of the absolute freedom of discussion which exists at Rome in all circles with regard to all subjects that priests are educated men; those priests are good men; those priests are hard working men. But that is their business; that is their profession. Other men work just as hard and as faithfully in their several professions. We priests make no impression upon the great American people. The American people are very practical. They say: If the Catholic Church is the best Church, then it ought to produce the best the Catholic Church is the best Church, then it ought to produce the best people. They say: If the Catholic religion is the best religion, then Catholics ought to be better than other people. They say: If those who go to the Catholic Church on Sunday morning and assist at Catholic services on holydays are following the voice of God, and are receiving special aids from on high, then they should show it in their lives; they should not only be as good, but they ought to be better than other by a curious mixture of roars, growls cussion which exists at Rome in all and groans indescribable in their circles with regard to all subjects that are not directly related to matters of faith and morals and, therefore, have not been the subject of Church de cisions. Nowhere in the world is dis-cussion more free than in the immediate

lives; they should not only be as good, but they ought to be better than other people. They say: We want results. And in this they are standing upon an honest and fair platform.

"And that is where they have us stumped. We haven't the goods to deliver. We are not prepared to point to our Catholic people and say, they cussion more free that the most interest in the considers that there are associated with hypnotism, and especially points out that neurotic patients may be made to have even less control over themselves than before as the result of experiments in hypnotism made on them, and that they may thus eventually lose much of their character. He considers that occasionally hypnotism should be employed, but ally hypnotism should be employed, but there is an impression abroad, that there is an impression abroad, that

priests know and recognize.

THE RESPONSIBILITY OF CATHOLICS.

But we must meet the world on its own platform. We must show our superior religion by results. We must show that we are the true and only followers of Jesus Christ, by results that appear to men and that can be seen and felt. We must meet the world on this ground if we would be true to Christ. I tell you plainly, you are not recognizing your responsibi-lity. You do not care whether non-Catholies are edified or scandalized by your conduct; and it is shameful to think that Catholies are so indifferent to the interests of God and Mis

Every Catholic is burdened with the responsibility of bearing that sacred name and honor. And if every Cath-olic in this country to-day were really worth of that name, there would be very few Protestants in the United States. But because Catholics do not care; because they are perfectly in-different to the fate of non-Catholics; because they are always ready to say that these non-Catholics can die and go to hell as far as they are concerned, the Church is making very little or no

progress here.
"The priests are doing their duty they are building churches and work ing and trying to collect money to pay for them: but there is not a country in the world to-day where Catholics are such strangers to the missionary spirit of Catholicity as in the United States of America. Last week I saw in the morning paper the result of the missionary work of the women of one Protestant church in St. Louis for the year 1906. The women of that one Protestant church, and it is not the strongest Protestant church in the city either, raised more money for home and foreign missions than was raised by all the Catholics of the Archdiocese of St. Louis put together. These women of one Protestant church of one of the middle class Protestant churches of St. Louis, raised more money to spend the curse and con-tagion of Protestantism than all the Catholics of the Archdiocese of St. Louis to spread the gospel of Jesus

Christ. EMPTY BOASTING.
"Now think of that, we who are boasting of our achievements. We are priding ourselves on doing great things and being a great Catholic people; but is it not an empty boast?
"We have in the Catholic Church
to-day in America the pick of all the
national churches in the world. We have in the American Catholic Church to-day the choicest members of the Catholic churches of Ireland, England, France, Spain, Italy and But if as we are the premier nation of the world to day, why is it that the Catholic Church of Auerica is not the premier Church of the world? We are as numerous as the Catholics of Ger-

many. But how poor and contemptible we are in comparison.
"Why do I say that American Cath olics have no love for their religion Because they do not want very much of it. The less of it they get, the better they like. We are getting down now to the bare essentials. We ask: What is the least we must do to be saved? There is no place in the world to day

"Now, is it not true that what we love, we like to talk about? What we love we like to hear about? What we love we like to read about? Catholics

"And that is why those outside of the Church do not come in. St. Chry-sostom, away back in the very morning of Christianity, declared that the preaching of the word of God was the true ministry of God. He declared that the priest or Bishop who could not preach should never have been ordained. " And that is why those outsi He may have every other qualification, but if he cannot preach he should never be ordained. And it is a fact that the be ordained. And it is a face that the halvon days of the Church have always been those when people loved to hear sermons. We brick and mortar clergy of America will soon disappear, and the sooner the better, to give place to a

sooner the better, to give place to greate to greate to greate and until the priests begin again to preach, and until the people hunger and thirst for sermons again, we cannot expect to do much in the way of converting

America.

"The American people want a religion that will make them happy. That is the one end of true religion. If they should be a religion on their their controllers are hard in their see that Catholics are happy in their religion they will join them. Now are we happy in our religion? Is it not a heavy burden for most of us? Is not attendance at church and the reception. tion of the sacraments an irkson duty? Does our religion make us grow in love? What secret agencies were at work in those heroic days of grow in love? What secret agencies united supplication of the Church milwere at work in those heroic days of
Christianity when whole nations entered
the fold en masse? We do not hear of
what the priests did or said: but the

of taking heaven by storm.

heathens say: 'How these Christians love one another.' God, send us back those blessed days when we shall be interested in our religion and be happy in its practice .- Catholic Universe.

#### THE MOMENT OF THE CONSECRA-TION.

No wonder that the golden-tongued No wonder that the golden-tongued doctor of the ancient Eastern Church, St. Chrysostom, wrote in his treatise on the priesthood: "During that time angels stand by the priest, the whole order of heavenly powers fervently pray, the sanctuary is full of choirs of angels come to honor Him Who is offered up in sacrifice. All this may be most easily credited, even from the very nature of the sacrifice which is celebrated. But I have been told by a certain person who had it from an aged and wonderfully vener-able man, to whom God was wont to reveal His secrets, that a clear vis-ion had once been granted to him by God of what went on at Mass. He then teheld during that time a multitude of angels come down on a sudden upon the sanctuary bearing a human appearance, clothed in bright raiment and surrounding the altar.
Then they reverently bowed down
their heads, like courtly soldiers
standing in the presence of their King.
And all this I most easily believe."

The lives of many saints marrate similar apparitions. Frequently they were favored with the vision of Christ Himself, whether under the form of a lovely Infant resting on the uplifted hat do of the priest, or smiling upon him from the corporal on which it lay; or under the aspect, at other times, of the crucified Redeemer hanging on the cross. Thus Bollandus the historian, relates of St. Colleta that one day when she was assisting at a Mass said by her confessor, she suddenly exclaimed at the elevation (My God! O Jesus! O ye angels and (My God! O Jesus! O ye angels and saints! O ye men and sinners! Behold the great marvels!) She saw our Lord as if hanging on the cross, shedding His sacred blood and imploring His Heavenly Father, saying: "I beseech Thee, My Father, to spare poor sinners

and to forgive them for My sake."
In 1258 in the "Saints Chapelle" in
Paris, close to the palace of St. Louis, at the elevation of a Mass, a beautiful child was seen in the hands of the priest by those present. The appari-tion lasted some time. But St. Louis refused to go and see it saying: "Let them go who do not believe that our Lord is in the Sacred Host, my faith enables me to see Him in it every day." It is the first thought uttered by Christ: "Blessed are they that have not seen and have believed."

Various and authenticate I facts are on record by which Jesus glerified the celebrant of the Mass Himself, who as explained above, is merged in Christ during the consecration. Thus St. Philip Neri was several times seen by Pallip Neri was several times seen by the faithful present raised above the ground waile he said Mass, at other times with rays of glory around his head. The priest is a son of the people as is our ruling Pontifi; but at the altar he is vicar of Christ, performing in the person of Christ the mystery of propitiation.

REV. CHARLES COPPENS, S. J.

## INGRAINED PREJUDICE

The author of a "Modern Pilgrim's Progress" tells an amusing story con cerning her first encounter with Catholic nuns, which, besides being amus-ing serves to show what absurd no-tions are engendered in the minds of even the best intentioned people

outside the Church. The lady in question, who is a well educated English woman wanted to acquire the continental pronunciation of Latin, learned that Catholics used this pronunciation and that she could probably take lessons from the Dominican nuns of a neighboring convent. In

her own words:
"I answered that I should not dream going to such people. At la of going to such people. At last, however, my desire to learn the correct pronunciation of Latin, my curiosity to see what a nunnery was, overcame my dread, and I drove to the convent. Before entering I placed a note in the cabman's hands saying: 'Wait a quarter of an hour; if I do not return, ring; and then if within five minutes I do not make my annearance, drive quicknot make my appearance, drive quickly to my brother and give him this.'
The note ran as follows: 'I am in the Dominican convent, and can't get out. Come and help me.' How often since then I have laughed with the nuns over that note as indeed I did that very day. Finding them charming, gentle, and refined, I was soon at my ease, and when the ring came ventured to tell what I had done. Why I should have thought that English gentle-women who devoted themselves to the service of God and the poor became dishonorable in consequence, or what good I could have derived from my detention I cannot tell ; I suppose popular delusions acting on ingrained prejudices had overcome whatever common sense I possessed." — The True Voice.

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 75

true. Nevertheless not being able to see or verify the fact I was tormented by doubts and fears which only the advent of daylight could solve and this I must wait with what patience I could muster for the occasion. At one minute, I was absolutely certain that I had hit fatally, but the next minute, when I considered all the conditions, not seeing the rife sights, a very hazy object to fire at, and the general excitement of the moment, I realized how easy it would be to miss. I lay down in my blankteds again and the conditions, it would not see the daylight, when we might go out to search for the wounded it was.

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