BEING A MEMOIR NOW FIRST PUBLISHED IT COMPLETE FORM OF THE RARLY LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF COLONEL SOILS, WOONSELL KNOWN AS SPANISH JOHN WHEN JAMES F THE REGIMENT IRLANDIA, IN SERVICE OF THE REGIMENT IRLANDIA, IN THE RING OF SPAIN OFERATING IN TAILY.

BY WILLIAM M'LENNAN.

VIII.

How I fixed in my attempt to recover the tolen money, and how Fither O'Rourke and I came face to face with unlooked for company in the lon at Portree.

We, in company with my pushed our way rapidly towards Knoi-dart. Although it had been perfectly plain to us both—for Father's O'Rourke had picked up no mean bit of soldiering in his campaigning—that any success ful stand was out of the question—fo the cordon was every day tightening round Lochiel, and, worse than this, some of the principals, like Lovat, were disheartened, and only anxious to make their peace on any terms—Murray, who was to some extent the representative of the Prince, was badly frightened, and moss of the Highlanders were wearying to return home. This was all patent to us, and yet we could not help feeling a sense of dejection with the most of whom knew no reason whatever for anything they did, beyond that they were ordered to it by their

will cheer a lagging spirit, and for the first twelve hours we had enough of it and to spare. But though at times and to spare. But though at times nearly surrounded, being able to scatter on any approach, we had an advantage over what troops we met, and were not slow to avail ourselves of our oppor-tunities. "Faith, I've not done mush running away since I was at school!"

Father O'Rourke declared; and, indeed, to see him one would swear he had the heart of a school boy in him

However, we were soon beyond actual danger, and now made our way openly enough, until one evening we stood on the highway, and before us I pointed out to Father O'Rourke the chimnies of Crowlin, my father's house, which d left as a boy of twelve, six years

Eighteen may not seem a great age to my reader, and does not to me to-day, when, I can cap it with fifty years and more, but on that June day in the when I stood and knocked the year '46, when I stood and knocked the dust of the road off my shoes, I felt like a man who had spent a lifetime away from all he had known as a boy, and my heart grew so big within me that I could say the words, "There! that

Aye, Giovannini, and the man is blessed that has a Crowlin to come back

blessed that has a Crownin to come back to," Father O'Roucke said, laying his hand on my shoulder. "Oh, I don't mean that, Father; 'tis a poor place enough," I answered, for fear he should think I was vaunting it. And I didn't mean that either, vannini," he said, smiling. "But Giovannini,'

let us be going." So on we went, each familiar object breaking down the first feeling of separ ation until the years between vanished ation until the years between vanished before a voice within, saying, "I saw you yesterday!" as we passed the big rock by the bend of the road, and followed the little path with the same turns across the elds and over the brook, with the same brown water slipping between the same stepping-stones. "You crossed o'er stepping-stones. "You crossed o'e yesterday! You crosssed o'er yester day!" it seemed to say; and so on, until the dogs rushed out barking at us

from the house itself.

"Go in first, lad—go in. I'll stay
and make friends with the collies,"
said Father O'Rourke, seating himself, and I left him.

found my father sadly changed much more so than I had gathered from the news I had received; indeed, it was easy to see that his disease was fas nearing its end. He was greatly brightened by my return, and heartily wel-comed Father O'Rourke, the more so when he learned his true character. and they took to each other at once

When I saw the great, bare house all the more forlorn for the lot of rantipole boys and girls, children of my poor Uncle Scottos-wanting the feeling of a home, that somehow seems absent thout a wonan about-for my sister Margaret was the same as adopted by Lady Jane Drummond-and my poor alone, year in year out, I first realized something of what my absence had something of what my absence had meant to him, and of the effort it had cost him to send me away.

It was decided we should remain where we were for the present, until something definite was heard from the Prince, which might lead to further As it would only have courted danger, which I hold am an has no right to do, we put off our uniforms and soon were transformed by the Highland

To me it was nothing, this change to a kilt and my own short hair, replacing the bag wig with a blue bonnet, but Father O'Rourke would fain have returned to the cassock he had left behind him on head the still result of the cassock he had left behind him on head the still result of the cassock he had left behind him on head the still result of hind him on board the Swallow, and was most uncomfortable for many days he learned to manage the kilt three hundred? with decency, if not with grace," as he said himself. Oh, Isaiah, Isaiah (" he groaned;

"Hittle did I dream you were preaching at me when you commanded, 'Uncover thy locks, make bare the leg' (Discooperi humerum, revelacrura)," and he would pretend to cover up his great knees with his short kilt, to the delight he children, who were hail fellowwell-met with him from the hour of his

Many was the pleasant talk he had with my father, who was full of his re-membrances of Rome and the College he so loved in the via delle Quattro With him he stopped all his tomfooleries, and I was surprised to see what excellent reason he would dis Sat it must not be taken he only amused imself and my father, for more than weary journey did he make into the to minister to some wounded unthere in hiding, sore meeding piritual consolation he alone could

(the Soldier Priest) he was soon known and demanded far and near, and no re-quest ever met with a refusal, no matter what danger might offer.

I may mention it was now the com mon people began to speak of me as "Spanish John," a name that has stuck fast to the present; indeed, such names serve a purpose useful enough where a whole country side may have but one family name, and I can assure you, McDonells never wanted for Johns.
There were Red Johns, and Black Johns, and Fair Johns, and Big Johns, and Johns of every size and colour and deformity. Had they known a little more geographically, they might have come nearer the mark; but it is not for me to quarrel with the name they saw fit to fasten upon me, as most of them knew as little difference between Spain and Italy as between Mesopotamia and

The English were about at times and more than once we had to take to the heather, and lie skulking for days together in the hills; but no harm came to Crowlin. Indeed, I thought but little of the ravages committed, though they have been made much of since, for waste many a mile of country had helped to lay, and that a country like to the Garden of Eden compared with this tangle of heath and hill. It was only the fortune of war; and, after all, there was many a one who lived or without being disturbed, always ready to lend a hand to those less fortunate

Early in June we heard the news of the capture of old Lord Lovat, in Loch Morar and before the end of the month that Mr. Secretary Murray had also fallen into the hands of the Govern ment. About this time too we heard some ugly reports of one Allan Mc-Donald Knock, of Sleat, in the Isle of Skye, and though a cousin of our own it was said he was the head of the in formers and spies, and from the de-scription we suspected that Creach was his coadiutor.

As soon as our country began to get more settled, I resolved to go North and see if I could come on any chance of recovering the stolen money; for now the Prince would need it more than ever, as the last news we had of him was in South Uist, in great straits for every necessity. Accordingly set out alone, and on arriving in the McKenzie country, I put up for a night with a Mr. McKenzie, of Torridon, who had been out as a Lieutenant-Colone in my cousin Coli Barisdale's regiment. I made some inquiries, and found old Colin Dearg was still in the country, but was careful not to disclose the object of my visit, which was an easy enough matter, as our talk ran on the troubles of our friends and the Prince.

The next morning, while the lady of the house was ordering breakfast, I went for a solitary stroll, to turn over my plans and decide how I might best approach the matter. I had not gone far before I met a well-dressed man, also in Highland clothes, taking the morning air, and with him, after civil salutations, I fell into discourse about former happenings in the country.

What was my astonishment to hear

him of his own accord begin the story of the French officers who came to Loch Broom, and how the thousand guineas had been cut out of their portmanteau by Colin Dearg and the others, Major William McKenzie of Killcoy, and Lieutenant Murdock McKenzie, from Dingwall, both officers of Lord Cromarty's regiment.

spised through all the country for their behaviour; but had they only their pretty mess they made of the advice there would never have been word about it."

"Indeed!" said I, astonished beyond measure. "And pray, sir, what did

you advise?"
"Och, I would have cut off both their heads and made a sure thing of it, and there never would have been an-

other word about the matter.' curiosity, for I can assure you it gives a man a strange feeling to hear his taking off talked over to his face as a

matter of course. "Who were they," I asked, "and from what country? The oldest, and a stout like man,

was Irish. The youngest, and very strong-like, was a McDonell, of the family of Glengarry, he answered. "How did they know the money there? Did these officers speak of it? I asked, thinking I might as well get

at the whole story.
"No," said he, "but another officer who had been with old Cotin since the battle, went on board their ship when

they lauded and told him the youngest one was sure to have money."
"Was his name Creach or Graeme," I went on. "I don't just remember, but his face

was as white as a sick woman's," was the answer, which fixed my man for me And what was done with the

money?"
"Colin Dearg got three hundred guineas, William Killcoy three hundred, and Lieut nant Murdock McKenzie

" And what of the other hundred?" "Two men who stood behind the Irish Captain with drawn dirks, ready him had he observed Colin to kill Dearg cutting open the portmanteau, got twenty five guineas each, and I and another man, prepared to do the like to the young Captain McDonell, he answered, very cool got the same. as if it were a piece of business he did

every day. 'Now, are you telling the truth?"

I asked, sternly.

"As sure as I shall answer for it on the Last Day," he said, warmly.
"And do you know to whom you are

speaking? "To a friend, I suppose, and ne of

my own name. No, you damned rascal !" I roared. and caught him by the throat with my left hand, twitching out my dirk in my right, and throwing him on his back. "I am that very McDonell you stood ready to murder!" And I was within iritual consolation he alone could an ace of running him through the As the "Sagairt aut Saighdeir" heart, when I suddenly reflected that I

was quite alone, in a place where I was was quite aione, in a place where I was in a manner a stranger, and among people whom I had every reason to dis-trust. I got up, thrust my dirk into its sheath, and walked off without a word, leaving the fellow lying where I had thrown him.

I met Mr. McKenzie in the entry, who asked me where I had been. "Taking a turn," said I. "Have you met with anything to

vex you?"
"No," said I, smiling.
"Sir," said he, "I ask your pardon, but you went out with an innocent and harmless countenance, and you come in with a complexion fierce beyond de-

"Come, come, Mr. McKenzie," said I, laughing, "none of your scratinizing remarks; let us have our morning." "With all my heart," said he, pour-

ing out the whiskey.

I made some cautious inquiries about the man of my morning adventure, to which Torridon replied he was a stranger to the place, but he believed him to be probably a soldier in Lord

regiment.
as I could decently do so, I took leave of my host and hastened to put into execution a plan I had formed. TO BE CONTINUED.

ON EASTER EVE.

THE PRAYER THAT LISTENING ANGELS By Thos. D'Arcy McGee.

It was the evening before Easter and the air was quite chilly. In his one room, bachelor apartment, before a grate fire, old Patrick McNevin sat alone and gazed into the flames. The fire-light shone upon his grizzled visage, worn and wrinkled, and re-vealed an expression of intense sad-ness depicted there. A closer inspection would have discovered that tears stood in his deep sunken eyes.

The room in which he sat was bare and cheerless, and the simple furnishings were shabby, old and worn. A few chairs, a low bed in one corner in the opposite a deal table with a rud cupboard, were the principal article of furniture. There was a tattered rag carpet on the floor, and a portrait, family group in a black-stained, oldframe hung over the fashioned place; while on the opposite wall close together, overlooking the bed, were two old, dim, but once tawdry pictures—one, of the Blessed Mother, and the other of her Son. It was the season of great happi-

ness in the Christian world, and every one was filled with the joy that great feast ever brings with it. But Patrick McNevin was thinking now of his wife, long deceased, and his child who had been borne to the grave since last Easter and laid beside her mother. She was a daughter, the joy of his heart, and the comfort of his old age. All the rest of his children had left the parental nest but her, the youngest of seven, with her dead mother eyes, her voice, her hair; a duplicate in fine was this girl of the white complexioned pretty lass who five and forty years ago had yielded her heart rough, yet tender affections of Patrick McNevin.

He had but to look at this child, but hear her voice, and he was trans ported to that unforgettable scene, the happiest hour of his life, when he led his darling Mary to the altar. This daughter, in her eighteenth year, had been snatched away. That fearful spectre, consumption, had laid its gaunt hand on the tender flower, and rithered it; had carried her off and had broken an old man's heart.

And as he gazed into the fire his thoughts went back across the dead years. He seemed to stand beneath years. He seemed to brighter sky; the birds were singing; his senses were filled with the sweets of a bright May morning. An Irish landscape lay around him; the scent of Irish fields was in the air; quiet hills, the velvet vales and the shaggy glens of his native country I looked at him with a good deal of rose to view. He saw his grey haired sire, and his old mother, standing, tearful, in the cottage door, waving adieus to him, their eldest son, bound for America, the Eldorado of the emigrant. He heard the piercing wail of the younger children that went up from that simple home he had turned his back on forever. He felt some elation of heart that filled him fifty years ago as he strode forth to win a home in "the land of the free," for himself, for his father and mother. land taxed and persecuted into prema ture old age. Alas! how long that old father and mother had waited! How their hopes rose and fell alternately for weeks, for months, for years! they slept side by side in an Irish churchyard, and the one dream of their

poor, simple lives was never realized.

And now the scene was changed.

His wife, his patient, long-suffering helpmeet; his children, rosy happy, were gathered round that And, as he looked about him, on that bright array of happy faces, he felt nothing was lacking to make his joy complete. His heart expanded with feeling of pride—the pride of a hushand, of a father. But even as he looked, one by one they faded away, gazing wistfully and sorrowfully at him from the darkness, and he was alone. A great sense of loneline came over him, his heart throbbe with grief. Oh! why was he left, when all that he loved and held most dear in life had gone before!

These and many more things he saw in the fire. His whole life passed in review before him. A life of toil, silent suffering and sacrifice. His days had been spent; his fifty years of working life in the mines, those darkcaverns, where the sunshin never penetrates. And for what? Cui Bono?" for the right to live, to And for what? breathe, to eat and drink like the animal

whose life his resembled, the mole. The bells toiled midnight. He awoke from his reverie to the cold realism of his surroundings. A blank future lay before him, a dark past stretched behind. He stirred the dying fire.

pictures of the Blessed Mother and her Son and prayed; and that prayer, uttered in the fullness of his heart, knocked loudly at the door of heaven. He prayed for his dead wife and chil-dren; he prayed for his enemies; he humbly heaved for his enemies; he humbly begged forgiveness for his transgressions, but most of all for his ingratitude, and sent up thanks to God for the many blessings that had been showered on him, a sinful, wayward, rebellious child. And the angels turned their eyes from the golden streets and the glories of a rejoicing Paradise and leaned over the balus trades of heaven to look down on this trades of heaven to look down on this afflicted man of earth, kneeling in heartfelt prayer. And the Master's all-seeing Eye was averted from many a proud altar of worship to that simple. bare room, adorned with the stained pictures of the Blessed Mother and her Son, and the uplifed blunt hands, and the upturned face, glorified with resignation; turned lovingly to that poor man wrestling with adversity-nay, triumphant over adversity and all the sorrows of his life!

For hours the old man knelt and prayed. And he was comforted. His chalice passed away from him. Gethsemane was accomplished, and his Easter day dawned.

THE VITAL SPARK

REV. C. COPPENS, S. J.

The whole universe is full of action all heavy bodies act upon each other by mutual attraction, or gravitation; the ether carries light and heat to all portions of the world : all around us upon earth action assumes thousands of varieties of forms. We notice two gen eral classes of action to which all species may be reduced, namely, "living" and "non living "action. We are now to study living action. What is life? study living action.
Whence does it come? Whence does it come? These are the questions we are here to consider.

What is life? It is the power thing to perfect itself. It may do so in various ways; plants draw their nourishment from the soil and the air, and turn it into their own substance evolving themselves according to their species, and reproducing the same species in new plants or seeds; animals assimilate food for their growth, support and reproduction; the mind per-fects itself by appropriating truth, the will by embracing what is good. God has in Him the highest life; has He then the power of perfecting Himself? Not in the sense in which we have such power, but in a higher sense. By the one infinite act which is His very being, He is all-perfect. This statemen may be too abstract for many readers we do not need to dwell on it or ex plain it further, since we are talking here of created life, and in particular of plant and animal life.

Non-living things also act, but they act on other things, not on themselves thus moisture corrupts dead wood, the air corrodes iron, simple substances combine with each other to form nev kinds of matter. In this then co the exact difference between living things and those which have no life, that living substances can produce effect on themselves, while the others

cannot do so.

To exercise this power of self evolu tion, the matter constituting the plant or animal needs a peculiar arrangement of its parts, an organization, which is different for every species. Theref of each species is only an outcome of the special organization; for instance, that one tree bears apples, another cherries simply because the fibres, roots, branches, etc., are differently built in the apple and cherry tree. But why are they differently built, except be-cause the life principle which built them was itself different? From the same soil different seeds will draw different organisms, each according to its own kind of life. The various organisms are the results, not the causes, of the vital principles that con-

Whence comes the life principle of any plant or animal? The question regards facts, not mere speculations or theories. Now it is a well known fact, universally acknowledged, that every plant and animal which comes into existence day after day all over the earth receives its life from a plant or animal of the same species as itself. All lilies grow from bulbons roots produced by other lilies, all corn grows from seeds produced by a corn stalk, all sparrows come from sparrows, eagles from eagles, etc., no exception ever happened in our days.

We will not discuss at present the Darwinian theory, which supposes that the species of plants and animals now existing have originated from other less perfect species by gradual trans-formations and the survival of the fittest organisms. We mean to go further back than the whole series of transformations, if there ever has been such a series; we mean to examine whence came the first living organisms, which ever communicated life to others. Could they have origin-ated from non-living matter? There was a time, not so long ago, when it was generally supposed that magots owed their lives to dead meat or cheese. If this can happen in one species of living things, it might, for all we know, occur in other species. But does it happen in any species? It does Italian poet and scientist, Francesco Redi, in the latter half of the seventeenth century (he died in 1698), showed that meat surrounded with very fine gauze so that insects grubs, but that grubs originated from the eggs deposited by insects. Thus he upset the theory of abiogenesis, or

spontaneous generation. But in the eighteenth century the use of the miscroscope discovered a great variety of minute organisms which seemed to get their life from dead matter. Steep some hay in water, and in a few days the water will swarm with countless animalcules swimming in all directions. The naturalists Need hem in England, and Buffon in France (died 1788), maintained that this was a

then arose. The Italian, (1739-1799), showed that no animalcules arose when the water was first boiled and then enclosed in a vessel made airand that these and then enclosed in a vessel made at tight. But he was answered that the precautions might prevent spontaneous generation by removing some of its necessary conditions, but did not prove its impossibility. Gradually, as the controve sy proceeded, it became more and more clear that generation never took place in the water that had been heated to 212 degrees, and was then took place in the water that has been the test of the series and was their cut off from the air, even if this were done merely by a ball of cotton woo inserted in the neck of the jar. If no wool was inserted you had plenty of living forms. The conclusion was that living forms. The conclusion was that the infusoria were developed from minute spores of plants or eggs of insects constantly floating in the air; these were killed by the great heat to which the water was raised, and new germs were kept suspended in the wool and could not reach the liquid. But on the other hand, if boiled milk was used instead of water, the infusorial processed. So separateous generation appeared. So spontaneous generation

vas not disproved. In the latter part of the nineteenth century the great and good Dr. Pasteur, the Catholic chemist, who has probably e more for genuine science than Haxley, Darwin, Spencer and a whole host of agnostic scientists have accom-plished, undertook to fathom the matter by the most convincing experiments He soon found that milk needs only to be raised ten degrees higher in temperature to kill the germs it may contain. The ingenious experiment which de cided the entire controversy was made as follows: Pasteur said to himself, it the germs floating produce the animalcules in the water or milk when they can get to it, and re main suspended in the cotton when thi is inserted in the neck of the jar, ther I may be able to catch those germs in the cotton. To trap this germ dust, as we may call it, he put some gun cotton into a glass tube which he fixed in the window of his room. By an aspirator the external air to pass for hours through the tube, so that any floating germs might be trapped in the cotton. Now gun cotton is soluble in alcoho and ether; and when the ball had been thus dissolved, a fine dust settled at the bottom of the mixture. In this dust the microscope discerned an immense num ber of spores of fungi. He had suc

in entrapping the germs of in fusorial life. The scientist went further. He put another ball of such dust laden cotton into a boiled infusion which had been kept away from the air and had been for eighteen months without signs of life, and in twenty-four hours he found the sterlized liquid full of living organisms. We can do no better than to give the value of these observations in the words of Huxley himself, who in his "Origin of Species" (page 78) gives this reluctant testimony. He says: "The results of M. Pasteur's experiments proved, therefore, in the most conclusive manner, that all the appearances of spontaneous generation arose from nothing more than the deposition of the germs of organisms which were constantly floating in the air* so that M. Pasteur arrived at last at the clear and definite result that all these appearances are like the case of the worms in the piece of meat, which was refuted by Redi. * * * The doctrine of spontaneous generation has received a final coup de grace." This

theory, like so many others, is now dead and buried. If then the first living organisms cannot arise, as nature is now, from non-living matter, where did they come from? Revelation answers distinctly that God created them. Science can-not prove that He did not. But if, for the present, we ignore all revealed doctrine and appeal to human reason alone, what does it tell us about the beginning or cause of organic life? Various sciences combine their positive testimony to assure us that this planet which we inhabit has been gradually cooling and that there certainly was a time when, as Tyndal express it, "the earth was a red-hot molten globe on which no life could exist." Some original thinkers have suggested that the first organisms may have been brought here on metoric stones from another star. But whence did they come to the metoric other star? For all heavenly bodies either are still, or at least were before, too hot for animals and plants to live on. Shall we say that the natural laws have undergone a change, and have lost the power of generation which they orly possessed? He would be rash man who would assert such a change in nature's laws. All the physical sciences base their teachings on the uniformity of the laws of matter. That the earth has lost much heat by radiation is certain, but no other loss of energy is claimed by any scien-tists; and a higher temperature than the present might account for the extinction but not for the generation of organic life. The verdict of all the physical

sciences regarding the origin of organic life is clear and emphatic; it says: There is no natural cause that either now or ever before could have pro duced it. Now the mental science of philosophy, which goes further than the physical sciences, steps forward and announces the axiomatic truth which all rational beings must admit, namely, that there must be a cause for the beginning of everything. If then there is a cause for the beginning of organic life, and that cause is not in the compass of nature, then it is above nature supernatural. And thus we conclude with Sir William Thomp son, or Lord Kelvin, the greatest scientist of this age, that science teaches the existence of the Creator This truth he declared emphatically as early as 1871 in his presidential ad dress to the British association. He repeated the same statement in the Nineteenth Century and After, fo June, 1963, in which he wrote "Science positively affirms creating and directive power." The occasion on which those words were written is memorable in the history of with grief—

He knelt down before the stained life. A lively, spirited controversy science that had poisoned the fountain

of philosophic thought during the latter half of the uineteenth century on the ene hand, and the deeper and more thorough study of nature which character zes the writings of the leading scientists of the present day. Of the former, the inddel school of science, the great Academic lan Brunetiere had just then said in his learned Revue des Deux Mondes that science was bankrupt. About May 1, 1903, Lord Kelvin, speaking before a 1903, Lord Kelvin, speaking before a meeting of the most prominent scientists in University College, openly and emphatically proclaimed that science clearly proves the existence of the Creator. He was attacked in the Times newspaper, and he answered his critics in the same residated. Then Mr. Knowles that periodical. Then Mr. Knowles, the edi-tor of The Nineteenth Century and After, requested the venerable leader of scientific thought to write for his magnizine a clear statement of his thesis.
The paper written in answer to this request leaves nothing to desired. It is the deliberate and mature conviction of the highest authority in science on this most important of all philosophic questions. He writes: "I cannot admit that, with regard to the origin of life, science neither affirms nor denies Creative Power. Science positively affirms Creative Power. It is not in dead matter that we live, and move and have our being, but in the creating and directing Power which science compels we cannot escape from the conclusion when we study the physics and dynam-ics of living and dead matter all around. * * * We only know God in His works, but we are absolutely forced by science to believe with perfect confidence in a Directive Power—in an influence other than physical, or dynamical or electrical forces. * * * There is nothing between absolute scientific belief in a Creative Power; and the acceptance of the theory of a fortuitions concourse of atoms. * * * Forty years ago I asked Liebig, walking somewhere in the country, if he believed that the grass and flowers that we saw around us grew by mere chemical forces. He

STRICKEN WITH DREAD LEPROSY.

ing them could grow by mere chemical

believe that a book of Botany

'No, no more than I could

PLUCKY YOUNG BROTHER CONTRACTS TERRIBLE DISEASE IN MOLOKAI

COLONY. In a letter received in New York recently came the announcement that Brother Seraphin Van Koop, member of a wealthy Belgian family, who two years ago went to the Hawaiian Islands to take up the work begun by Father Damien in the leper colony of Molokai, has himself fallen a victim to the dis-

The letter came from the young missionary himself to Rev. John J. Dunn, head of the Bureau for the Propaga-tion of the Faith, the Catholic Missionary Bureau. Its text was as fol-

ows:
"I have at last summoned sufficient courage to write you a few words. For the last six months I have lived through days of such anxiety and melancholy that I had not the courage to talk with you. You will pardon me for not replying more promptly to your well wishes for a happy New Year. I feel it necessary at last to break the silence and let you know of my condi-tion. You will kindly break the news to my brothers and sisters, because I

cannot tell them myself.

"A little while after your last letter came I discovered that I had no feeling in my elbow. I remarked the Father Maxime, who commended me to go to our physician. After he had examined me he declared the want of feeling appeared to him to be a symp-tom of leprosy, but to make sure he took from my elbow some pieces of flesh for microscopic examination.

" After a few days he came to see m and informed me that very probably it would prove to be a case of leprosy. He did not care to decide definitely, however, as all cases of the kind are left to the doctors to Honolulu, to whom he suggested that I should go. Our Very Reverend Provincial had been stopping with us for a fortnight, and on his return to Honolulu I accompanied him. When we arrived there I was examined by Dr. Herbert, who also took a piece of flesh from my elbow, causing me quite a little pain. The

operation, however, brought no result. Two days later there was a similar operation with similar uncertainty. he following day I was examined another doctor in the hospital, brought in consultation a doctor of the board of health. This time a small piece of skin was taken from a red patch had appeared on my cheek, well as a piece from my forehead. both of these cultures they found microbes of leprosy. There is no doubt of it, I am a leper. These experiments were made on the 11th of the month. That very night I left the 11th Honolulu to return to Molokia, where I will be compelled to remain for

the rest of my days. "You may be sure that this last trip was not exactly a very pleasant one. Just as soon as I arrived at the Lazaratto House my first care was to turn over all my affairs of the house to Father Maxime, with whom I had lived up to that time. I then took up my residence in a little hut, where I must live alone. It is certainly a very great

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trial for me, will not forsa The letter for prayers. Koop is twe thirty-first b is death, as one in a lit He can hav those simila thing of com he may neve ent through ally he will some courag only speak a the end of then only b to him.

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