### HEART AND SOUL

BY HENRIETTA DANA SKINNER, AUTHOR OF

CHAPTER XI.

A walk of twenty minutes on the Brunnen road brought me to the field at the same moment with my opponent and the seconds. I thought that with restored sobriety the young would probably take a sensible his last night's misconduct the young baron nsible view o ready to apologize, but it soon became apparent that he meant fight. I had apparent that he meant fight. I had always looked upon fencing simply as a manly, graceful contest of skill, and had never exercised myself in it with o duelling or self-defence, began to wonder how I and now I and now I began to worker than I, but thick-stagonist was shorter than I, but thick-set and muscular, while his face was marked by sundry sears which proved his Heidelberg training, and that he was no new hand at this sort of encoun-I was nervously anxious to begin that I might know the worst I had to fear. There was some difficulty be-tween the seconds in settling the preliminaries, as they were of different nationalities and customs; but at length I was informed that the first one to be disarmed was to apologize to the other. We were given the signal, and other. We were given the signal, and I stood somewhat cautiously on the defensive. I soon found that we had been schooled in far different methods and the second of the s were slow to understand each other My opponent relied on his and endurance, and see anxious to draw blood, but was not quick in his movements. I was more agile, more skilled in certain tactics of the art, but was neither so strong nor so determined as he, and it seemed to me best to act on the seemed to me best to act on the defensive until he was off his guard and then disarm him with a sudden movement. It was a strange thing to find myself fighting a duel, and I felt like one in a dream; yet in a certain way my brain was wonderfully clear, and all the fine points that I had ever practised seemed return to me with great distinctness I made one foolish little slip, however by which the German's foil was able to by which the German's foll was able to scratch my cheek, but almost in the same breath I got in a clever twist that sent it spinning out of his hand. I drew a sigh of relief, for I had obtained the victory much more easily than I ex-pected, and I registered a mental vow henceforth Nita's own brothers might do all the fighting there was to done, that the Church was right in condemning duels, and that nothing should ever drag me into an-

other as long as I lived. There seemed to be some sharp disagreement between the seconds, and at last de Morog came up and explained the matter to me as the surgeon was

They claim that I did not understand their imperfect French—that what they said was 'disabled,' not 'disarmed,'" he said. "However, Woellwart is satisfied to have drawn blood, and is willing to compromise. If you will acknowledge him as victor in the duel, he will write an apology to the young lady's parents for his condi tion last evening.

I lost my temper then. "Tell him I demand an unconditional apology, no 'ifs' or 'ands' about it! If there has been any misunderstanding, I am perfectly ready to continue the fight on his own terms. one or the other is dis-

Till one or the other is dis-

The short rest had done me good; I had acquired confidence in myself, for I saw that, though my antagonist was strong and tireless, he was slow as compared to me, and that if I took the offensive and pressed him with great vigor and agility it would give me a de-cided advantage, provided I could keep it up long enough. My spirit was thorthly roused, my change of tactics took him completely by surprise, and he was at his heavy wits' end to defend Yet when I could twice have wounded him I let the chance go, for it seemed a nasty thing to do to bury one's sword in human flesh for no sufficient reason. Of course it was tir-ing myself to no purpose to fight in this way, and the advantage would soon have been on the side of his superior strength and endurance if his hand had not suddenly fallen by his side, and, with a groan of pain, he dropped his sword, while I had much ado to hold back from running him through. The seconds called a halt. He had wrenched his right shoulder, and his sword-arm was practically useless.

'We still have our left hands, gentle men," I said, loftily, transferring my sword to the other side. "I am at Baron Woellwart's service, if he wishes

to continue."
"The baron cannot fence with his

left hand," was the answer.

Neither could I, but wild horse would not have dragged the admission . I looked politely surprised from me. I looked porterly approximate and gave a little shrug of regret, while the seconds declared the fight over, pronounced my opponent fairly disabled, and a note of apology due from him to the young lady's parents. The cut on my cheek was a slight affair, which a couple of stitches and a bit of plaster served to put to rights, and after we had shaken hands rather sullenly, and exchanged some hypocritical compliments, I left my opponent in the surgeon's hands and mounted the hills

quickly to the pension Miramar.

Morning coffee was being served in the Chaberts' sitting room, and the sixth place at the little round table was vacant, waiting for me. I greeted them all, and slipped into my seat non-

I see you did not lose any of your beauty sleep last night," I remarked to Etienette. "One long, uninterrupted dream of triumphs till the sun was high,

I contrived, under cover of the table

eloth, to slip Baron Woellwart's note into Dr. Chabert's hands, unobserved. "It is you who have been losing your beauty, she retorted. "What on earth have you done to your face?"

ter," I said, crossly. "There was a he look, and none would have believed make up every year." "I told you I might die in the gut-

"Roof?" asked Mrs. Chabert, with "What were you doing on

curiosity. Remy, who was already a bit of a Remy, who was already a bit of a surgeon, had been studying my cheek attentively. I tried to kick him under the table, but he burst out: "By George! that's a sword-out! I say, Rory Macarty has been fighting! I know now why he wanted to practice with the foils last night, and why he mysteriously disappeared from our room this merning. Got over the roof, did this morning. Got over the roof, he? And Etienette knew of a pretty scandal!

"It is you who are giving all the candal," I grumbled. "I was lying was lying away swimmingly till you put in your

At the mention of fighting, Mrs. Chabert had screamed and grown hysterical. Nita gasped and turned white, but was speechless; and when Nita became speechless I knew that she was taking things very seriously Roderic been fighting?" exclaimed

the doctor, bastily ripping open the note. "What does this mean? An apology? Some one drunk and annoy-ing my daughter? So you made him apologize, did you? Good for you! Heaven help me!—I mean, you grand-formathing. What would your grandfather say to that? Fighting duels at your time of life! You ought to be soundly thrashed and sent to bed! Don't you know that the Church forbids duelling, and that if you had been killed you would have gone straight to hell? Besides, the idea of your risking your precious life over a twopenny-ha penny tipsy beggar baron who deserved nothing better than a horse-whipping!
How did you do it, Rory, you rasca!?
Can't you talk and tell us all about it, Oh, why isn't your grandfather man?

I started in reluctantly to give an expurgated edition of the affair, but Mrs. Chabert became faint and had to be taken to her room, and required salts and stimulants and the presence of whole family about her. A little later, when in the dim passage-way that led from the main hall to our apartments, I was met by Nita, who sudde caught my arm, and, leaning her fore-head against my coat-sleeve, began to

"Don't cry, dear," I said, soothing ly, patting her hair, tenderly. "It's your own Rory Macarty, who will fight your battles for you all his life, if you'll say the word. I knew you cared for me, my darling, but I didn't know you

cared so much as this."
"I don't!" she exclaimed, indignantly, jerking herself away. "I'm not crying because I care for you; I would crying because I care for you; I would ery just the same if I hated you, or if you were an utter stranger. It is just because I cannot bear to think that anybody—anybody—even the most insignificant person, should risk his life for me."

But you were ready to risk your life for me once," I said.

She looked up quickly through her tears. "So this was the way you took to pay off an old score!" she exclaimed.

Do you think I like duels, or that I go into them for fun?" I asked, in high ill-humor. "I can tell you they are no ill-humor. "I can tell you they are no joke, and I don't intend to fight again for a snip of a girl who does not care then for the most

any more for me than for the most insignificant stranger. You can find mebody else to do your duelling here-I retired to my room in a huff.

think she tried to call after me, but d d not stop to listen. I was thankful t) Providence that I had no sister of my own, if other fellows' sisters were so contrary and unreasonable.

contrary and unreasonable.

My temper underwent no improvement all day. I avoided Nita as much as possible. When we were obliged to be together I neglected her, and talked with forced gayety to the others. In the evening the young people danced in the lower hall of the pension, but I turned my back on them and wandered up to my room. As I sat at the window, gazing at the moon in melancholy mood, I heard a sweet voice singing an old French chanson at a neighboring

The time is come when all the lovers and together at the ball.

Fly, my heart, fly, the moon is risen!
Fly, my heart, fly, the moon is waning!
My lover is not there, of that I am sure, the has gone from the dance, I know where!
Fly, my heart, fly, the moon is risen!
Fly, my heart, fly, the moon is waning! window:

What would you give to have him brought buck?'
Quebs I would give, and Sorel, and St. Denis,
And the beautiful fount in my pretty garden!
Fly. my heart, fly, the moon is risen!
Fly, my heart, fly, the moon is waning!

The sweet voice ceased singing, but I made no sound. Then it called softly and hesitatingly, "Eric!"

I made no reply.
"Eric!" it called, "are we good

friends again?"

Brute that I was, I made no answer, but sat there in obstinate silence. Then came a little sound like a sigh, or a stifled sob. My heart was not proof against that, and in a moment I had

thrust my head out.
"Etienette!" I called—" Etienette!" But I was too late. She had closed

## CHAITER XII.

In the spring of 1861, after making the tour of Europe—not in the usual tourist's route, but wandering from the beaten track to visit the great engineering works of modern civilization, from the Eddystone Light-house to the gigantic enterprise recently projected and now well under way, the Suez Canal—I sailed for New York, where, having attained my majority, I was to meet my grandfather and Mr. Arthur and enter into possession of my fortune, or what remained of it. The Chevalier met me at the Cunard wharf, and right proud was I to introduce "my grandfather" to some of my fellow-passengers and see the admiration with which they and see the admiration with which they glanced at his tall, erect figure, spare and soldierly, his stately bearing, his clear-cut, aquiline features and keen eyes, his aureole of silvery hair softening the somewhat stern outlines of his countonance. Not a day over sixty did countenance. Not a day over sixty did

confounded bit of tin on the edge of the that he bore on his square shoulders

year that this country achieved her independence, and the same month that the treaty of peace with Great Britain was signed, seventy-eight years ago next September. Well, the Americans did what they could; their spirit was good, but they never could have suc-ceeded without the French. My father fought for them under Rochambeau and Mad Anthony Wayne, and I fought for them under the gallant Hamtramck, and later, in 1812, under Arthur St. Clair. And now it seems, by the news we get from the South, as if you were going to have a chance to fight for them ing to have a sing to have a support spend an unnecessary by. Don't spend an unnecessary by. this infernal bedlam here at truck a bargain the wharf. I have struck a bargain with an extortionate hack-driver, who will take us and your baggage to the Astor House for a trifle my fortune, and we must install ourelves in his vehicle before some one

else offers him double. While we were rattling over the pav-ng-blocks and cobblestones he endeav-red to ask me some questions.

ored to ask me some questions.

"Well, you have got your growth now, and you are not as tall as I by a couple of inches, I'll lay you a wager. What is your height, my boy?"

"Five feet ten and a half inches," I

I knew it," he said triumphantly. "My father stood just six feet in his stockings, and I was half an inch taller There are many that look up to me yet in the younger generation But my good friend the doctor! Is he ether a Frenchman now

altogether a Frenchman now?"
"I think he is homesick for America,"
I said, "but his wife keeps him over
there. He has a fine practice among
the American colony in Paris, and is
making money faster than he could in
Hambragel." Ay, ay! I don't doubt, but I am

glad he has sent his boys home to make Americans of them. And how is the descendant of the dukes of Brittany, and your little sweetheart, Miss Etienhe added, with a sly glance at "Does she still vow she will marry none but you when she grows up, eh?"
"Oh, Pepe you forget!" I said, with
a conscious blush; "she was only a child

She is sixteen now, and a grown young lady. She has been presented at court, goes to all the balls and levees, and her mother wishes her to make a and her mother "
me match over there."
me match ever there."
echoed the Chev-

"A fine match!" echoed the Chevalier, crossly. "The day was when the Marquis de Macarty, the general of Louis XVI. of blessed memory, would have scorned to marry a Bretagne of Quebec. The airs these people put on owadays are insufferable.
"I have her likeness," I said, blush-

ing again. "You will see from this how and I drew from my vest she is grown,' pocket a small photograph of a fashion able young damsel in huge crinoline flounces, Zouave jacket with full lace undersleeves, and a waterfall of curls. The Chevalier scanned it closely. It doesn't do her justice," he grumbled. These new-fangled pro-cesses never do, the lines are so hard. cesses never do, the lines are so hard.
You cannot improve on daguerreotypes, for they preserve all the softness of the skin and the delicacy of the outlines. What is that thing at the back of her

A waterfall, Pepe," I exclaimed. "That is the newest thing in hair-dressing. The Empress were hers so at the

late levee. But I saw that the mention of the Empress's name had thrown him into a bad humor, and I hastened to give him some messages from his Legitimist friends, and to tell him of an audience that we had had with the Count of hambord, in the home of his exile in By the time we reached the Astor House his tranquility was

Later, however, when Mr. Arthur was announced, his humor changed again. He was very short and distant with my trustee, who, on his part, was with my trustee, who, on his part, was all suavity and good-will. There were a number of papers to go through, of whose contents I understood little, but a number of papers to go through, of the contents I understood little, but a number of papers to go through, of the contents I understood little, but a number of papers and pap whose contents I understood little, but I gathered a general impression that my affairs had met with an extraordinary run of ill-luck, against which my trustee had been powerless to struggle.

"You had five hundred shares in the Forest Lake Copper-Mining Company," he explained. "I thought so well of it that I invested heavily for myself lso. Unfortunately a great deal of coney was required for expensive and money was required for expensive and elaborate machinery. There is a large bonded indebtedness of which we have the interest to meet half-yearly. There is absolutely no market for the shares, so we stockholders have had to bond ourselves still further, and for two ourselves still further, and for two years past there has been a heavy deficit. I have had to go into my own principal, and it has taken every cent your income from all sources combined to meet your share.'

"Then what money have I been liv-

ing on?" I asked, hastily.
"Your grandfather has kept you in funds for the last two years," said Mr. Arthur, with an apologetic glance towards the wrathy-looking old gentleman. "But we have extricated you from the concern now in a most fortun-ate manner. You have surrendered the whole of your stock to the company, and in return they have released you from your share of the bonded indebt-

"And what do they give me for the And what do eney give me for the stock?" I asked.
"Give you?" queried my trustee, staring politely. "I thought I explained that the stock is valueless."

'And \$50,000 gone for nothing!" I exclaimed. "A little more than that," corrected

Mr. Arthur. "As I told you, we had to increase our holdings and put more money into machinery and enlarge our Your total holdings amounted plant. 863 000."

"And all gone for nothing!" I gasped. "You may consider yourself fortunate be out of it. You have never had any income from the investment, so you will hardly feel the loss, while you are the gainer by not having a deficit to

that he bore on his square shoulders the weight of seventy-seven years.

"Nearly seventy-eight, Roderic," he corrected. "I was born in 1783, the year that this country achieved here."

"Hold on!" I cried, with a sudden flash of recollection. "Your nephew, Montgomerie Moir, had \$10,000 in this mine when we were first this country achieved. dark I cannot distinguish it. It has as he considered it shaky, and threat ened to show up the whole affair if he was not permitted to withdraw without loss; and you persuaded the stock-holders to pay him dollar for dollar on his stock and let him go."

"That was another enterprise," said

Mt. Arthur, easily, though I could vow I had seen him wince for an instant. I can prove to you that my nephew is still a stockholder in this company for

I did not feel convinced. "If it is advisable for you to stay in, why is it not advisable for me? I would rather hold on. "It was a question of whether you

to hold on. I have con sidered the matter carefully from the point of view of your interests, and the de Macarty fully concurs Chevalier with me in the present arrangement. My grandfather nodded curtly. "You see, Michigan is slow in developing. There is no demand for copper; the expenses of machinery and transportation are enormous, and it is hard to convince Eastern capitalists of the wealth of Michigan's natural resources. In dition comes this scare of civil war from the South. We hope the trouble will be over in a few weeks, but if it should be prolonged the development of Michigan may be delayed many years more. I think I have said enough to make you see plainly how impossible it for any but a wealthy capitalist to rotect his investments there."

It certainly was a discouraging out-ook, and I had nothing more to say. My Cuban estate, heavily mortgoged, ad just been sold under a foreclosure to a Boston firm, and my own source income seemed to be some shares in the Freight-Barge Construction Company. Mr. Arthur entered into an elaborate xplanation why, under the reorganization laws of this company, I only h half the number of shares that he had originally bought for me, but it was me to understand these difficult for matters. The ways of corporations and boards of management seemed to be strangely devious and complicated, nd I was utterly unable to follow them. There was one thing clear, however. Now that the copper-mine no longer swallowed up my dividends, I had from the source above mentioned a net income of \$920 and was the possessor of somo tracts of timber-land which might ome day be valuable if roads and mills should ever be built in that part of the State. I could live frugally on this ncome; I might hope to add to it by my profession, and my grandfather would be relieved of the burden of my support. Mr. Arthur seemed to think that I had much to be thankful for, while he himself was overjoyed to feel that he had extricated me so succe rom a state of affairs that had caused him many years of grave anxiety on my account. As we left him I noticed that my grandfather bowed to him with tately gravity, but without accepting his outstretched hand.

his outstretched hand.

It seemed to me somewhat strange that my fortune should be so reduced by these investments, while my trustee who was an investor in the same concerns, appeared to continue in them with ever-increasing prosperity. I surprise to the old we were speeding on to expressed my surprise Detroit over the new Great Western Railway, but he refused to talk on the

bject.
"I have murder in my heart,
"I am subject. Roderic," he said, gloomily. "I am glad to have escaped from New York before I stained my soul with crime. We will talk this over another time. Let us change the subject and be cheer-

ful as long as we may."

Full of tender, romantic devotion to the home of my childhood, I longed to rush out to Hamtramck as soon as arrived in Detroit, but to my astonishent my grandfather seemed to be in o haste. He wished me to call with no haste. He wished me to call with him on old friends in the city, to visit Tribune, with the latest news from the seat of rebellion in the South. It was long after dark when we finally started on our drive out to Hamtramek and so stormy and cloudy that I could hardly recognize the various landmarks as we passed them, but I greeted them all eagerly, "It was here that the

banished Acadians settled in 1755, when the English drove them from Nova Scotia. They were on their way to La Belle Riviere, but some of them concluded that le Detroit was quite as beautiful as anything they could hope to find on the Ohio. I wonder if Gabriel Lajeunesse was of that party? How wish some of the old French homestead nch homestead were still standing! I should like to were still standing: I should have see just how our pioneer families lived, the Cuilleriers de Beaubien, the Barthes the Pelletiers, the Chapotoons, Campeaus, Chesnes, Navarres, Cicottes, Casse dit St. Aubin, and many other historic names of the early French period. Would not Count Pontchar-train be surprised if he could now see the little colony that Cadillac wrote him about in 1704 in such glowing terms! The colonial minister of Louis XIV. would never recognize the little stockaded Fort Pontchartrain in this fine city. Imagine his surprise upon seeing the steamboats that pass on the seeing the steampoats that pass on the river nowadays. He would be as startled as were the Indians at their first view of the 'Walk-in-the-Water.' Now we come to where Meloche's house stood, where Pontiac held the gallant Colonel Campbell confined till the Chippewas killed the prisoner and ate Chippewas killed the prisoner and the his heart. Now we are following the route of Dalyell's sortie from Fort Pontchartrain, when he thought to crush Pontiac. The Indians waited erush Pontiac. The Indians waited until he got by, and then seized all the houses and orchards lining the road from the fort, and so cut off his retreat after the attack of Parent's Creek. Here stood the Campeau homestead, where the retreating British fortified themselves, after Dalyell had been slain and smeared with his own heart's blood. I suppose we are coming to Parent's Creek now, but it is so

been well named 'Bloody Run,' for out of two hundred and fifty British that set out to conquer the Indians less than a hundred returned, and in full retreat. Father Burke, the great Irish Domin-

How pretty and quiet the ravine is now! It seems all the prettier because bit of rolling ground strict. We are almost it is the only in this flat district. We are almost Hamtramek now. I wish I could better. How pitchy dark it is! I could be the could be the country of the not distinguish the river at all. Pepe, to think of your really having known Colonal Hamtramek himself! Hav you always lived here so near his old

"Not till long after his death. He home ?' died in 1803, fitty-eight years ago," re plied the old Chevalier. "I did no marry till after the War of 1812, and it was not till my marriage that I bought the farm and settled down near the home of my beloved commander."

"And I am so glad you bought it," I chatted on, merrily. "I could not bear to live in the city, or anywhere that we could not see the water. now, though I have seen many histori-cal rivers in Europe none had for me the romantic charm of this one. I can never look at it or think of it without seeing in imagination the swarms Indians paddling their canoes in its waters. I see the coursurs des bois, the explorers, the missionaries, the French soldiers and fur-traders, and all that wonderful band of men—Marquette and Joliet and Du Lhut, La Salle, Henne-pin, Charlevoix, Tonty, Cadillac—how their very names send the blood cours-ing through one's veins! I see the stately forests cleared for the palisades of Fort Pontchartrain and for the farms of the French settlers from Wyandotte to l'Anse Creuse. It is all alive with history and adventure, with legends and narvels and romance, with zeal and endurance and untiring energy and devotion. Oh, Pepe, it has seemed sometimes as if my heart would burst if I could not catch one glimpse from our porch of the blue waters of le Detroit!'

But my grandfather answered me not. was sunk on his breast in moody silence. Heavy sighs then burst from him. No doubt his mind had wandered back to the past, with memories both joyous and sombre. nearly missed the gate of our farm the darkness, but soon we had driven up to the door, and Kate, our faithful old half-breed cook, and Barnabe, the French man-of-all-work about the house were giving me an enthusiastic welcome home. Old Kate had prepared all my favorite dishes for the evening meal, and I had to eat far more than was good for me to save her from disappintment. The Chevalier seemed have no appetite. After supper he sank back in an arm chair, shading his eyes with his hard, and not replying a word to my eager exclamations as I loved about the rooms in joyous recognition of familiar objects.
"Hurrah!" I shouted, suddenly.

storm is over. It is clearing now, the moon is struggling out from behind the clouds, and we shall soon have a glorious view of the water. I must rush across the orehard and down to the boat-house, for old times' sake." I flung open the door and sprang out

ipon the veranda. There I hesitated a moment, with a strange uncertain feeling. The moon was fairly clear, yet I did not see the river. Something seemed to intervene, some dark, shapeless, indistinguishable mass, that oppressed me and made me heavily. I strained my eyes; I passed my hand across them to clear

'What nonsense!" I said, with a sharp laugh. "Coming out so suddenly from the bright light makes everything look dark and queer. My eyes will get used to it in a moment, but I can't see the orchard or the river just now, and it looks as if there were something standing there."
Something was standing there! It

grew clearer and clearer, and took shape before me—the unmistakable shape of a huge brick-walled factory building, its tall chimney belching forth clouds of

black smoke. "Why! why!" I exclaimed, breath-

"My God, it cannot be! I won't have it!" I mound through set testing I heard an answering moan behind me, and, turning unwillingly, slowly, saw the Chevalier standing in way, aged and haggard, his proud head drooped, his trembling hands held

out supplicatingly toward me.

"Forgive me! Oh, Roderic, my child, forgive me, forgive me! I did not dream you cared so much. God knows I tried to save your inheritance, but there was a curse on it, the fateful curse of the Nain Rouge, which no man can resist.

TO BE CONTINUED.

## The Rosary.

"It is quite habitual," says the Catholic Standard and Times, concerning the Rosary, "for superficial critics of Catholicism to sneer at this Catholic practice as indicative of a low level of intelligence and a form of religion which seems to them purely mechanical. Such criticism denotes either an un-Christian spirit or an inability to appreciate the Catholic view of the sublime mysteries of the Ator and the means by which, in the divine mercy, it was brought about. All the principal truths of revelation are condensed and have their culmina-tion in the events which are immortalized in the prayers of the Rosary; and if our separated brethren could only realize its beauties and its efficacy, they

surely would hesitate before they would describe its devotees as ignorant or unintellectual.' Revolution in Newfoundland.

Sincs the introduction into Newfoundland of the new Inhaler Remedy, "Cstarrhozme," the treatment of catarrhal diseases has been entirely revolutionized. The old-time snuff and internal medicine has been cast aside and everyone is inhaling Catarrhozone; it clears the head and throat in two minutes, and is very agreeable and leasant to use. Catarrhozone is a wonderful cure for Couchs. Colds. Catarrh. Asthma. Brouchtist. Lung Troubles and Drafness. It relieves quickly and cures permanently. We advise our readers to try Catarrhozone process and Colds. Price \$1.00. trial size 25c. Druggists, or Polson & Co., Kingston, Ont.

DR. Hamilton's Mandrake and Futter. Revolution in Newfoundland.

#### A LOVER OF THE ROSARY.

ican, said of the "Summa" of St. Thomas Aquinas, which he knew with an, said of the an intimate knowledge, that, when reading it, "one's faith seems lost in vision, so clearly does every point stand out." It may be added, not unfittingly, that Cardinal Wiseman said of Father Burke, when, as a young man, he was studying in Rome, that he pos-sessed "a wondrous power of inspiring love," and that he would be "a great priest some day." His own idea of a crue priest we may give in his own glowing words as follows: "We must practice what we preach. All the preaching that ever yet was spoker never convinced a single man, never converted a single soul, never made one Christian, unless the man who spo was a living illustrator of the The priest champion and defender, her true knight, her faithful and loving spouse. No man is so consecrated to his fellow men as the priest, because he comes to them with a conse-cration from God. There is no man upon whom the people can rely as they can upon the priest, for no matter what pestilence may hover in the midst of them, though every man may priest alone must not, dare not, can not fly, because he is sold to God and to his neighber. His life is a God-like life; his profession is an angelic profession In this month of the Rosary, it is appre priate to recall this great love of the rosary, which was always at his side by day and worn round his neck at night. "There goes Father Burke with his stick and his rosary," cried his novices. "I could sleep," he said his novices. "I could sleep," he without the least fear on the of Vesuvius, if I had our Lady's rosary in my hands." The climax of of one of his sermons on the Immaculate

Conception we might use with advantage before offering our beads to our Blessed Mother during this month Biessed Mother during this month of intercession: "O Mother mine! O Mother of the Church of God! O Mother of all nations! O Mother who kept the faith in Ireland, that through emptation and suffering never er love for thee! I hail thee, thou art in heaven to-night, eld with the sun of divine justice, with the moon reflecting on earthly beneath Thy feet, upon Thy crown of twelve stars, God's brighest gift, I hail thee, O Mother!" It is aid of this brilliant speaker that three preparation for his sermons; and that used, on his way to the pulpit, beg for a few Hail Marys that "he might not make a foo himself." His dear old mother Galway, "the best of mothers," called her daily when he was at zenith of his fame said her beads for him for the very beautiful intention he might not be injured by success, but retain humility;' the papers praising him were read her, she would exclaim: "Never min them, Nicholas my son! They say the same of any blackguard that came round." He needed the prayers and the admonitions, for the tic gift of oratory was his. In America. for instance, during his eighteen months visit, he gave 400 lectures besides per forming his visitation duties as Dominican, he spoke to audiences 5000 people, and once, in Boston, to 40,000, and in New Orleans had to address the crowds from the cathedral steps in the open air. It may be easily believed now, as one reads his life, that suffering and prayers wrought their work and transformed any latent pride into purest love of God's glory and the good of souls. Almost at the last, when racked with the agonizing pain that made his closing years a torture, — "suffering in every nerve and fibre except his eyebrows," as he once expressed a phase of appeal came to him to prea cause of 5,000 starving Donegal. He thought it imposs but a voice seemed to say to him What is one life compared so that of 5000 ?" and he preached the last of his great sermons as it were from his death-bed, from the summit of his cross. And

# Unseeing Eyes.

so he went to meet his God.

And yet how little we value it, this tender, all prevading love! How little we consider it as we take our "unremembering way" along the paths He has made beautiful for us—beautiful because other feet have trod them, other hands have reached upward for the ripening fruit, other eyes have feasted on the glory of the radiant landscape. Others, too, have sorrowed on this same path, and the very stones are hallowed by the tears of weary pilgrims. Yet we go onward with dull unseeing eyes, unmindful of the whis-pering voices which tell us of God's love in all that lies around us—of His love which made the earth beautiful that we might rejoice and be glad.

## To St. Anthony's Clients.

Whenever you receive an envelope marked in one corner with the mystic letters, "S. A. G." and when, upon letters, opening the letter, you find a reque which happens to be within your pow to grant, don't you grant it with the feeling that you are privileged to be one of the agents of St. Anthony?

Prayer and its answer! Unheard of mortal ear, unseen of mortal eye, millions of supplications rise to the foot of the Great White Throne between the sundown and the dawning. It is so easy to ask! Nothing of the supernatural in the cry of the human for help or for hindrance. But the answer ing?—oh, that is what is terrifying in its very blessedness! What immense sky-piercing influences are at work when the humble appeal of faith through aints is approved in the communion of saints is an act of the Mightiest! auricular, but the answer can be nothing less heavenly than a flash of light carrying with it the odors of Paradise.

A soul can do nothing more pleasing

to God than receive Him frequently in the Sacrament of the altar. — M.

White as the snow, White as the show.
That falls below
To earth on Christmas
Thy pure face shone
On every one;
For Christ's sweet grace
To make thy birth land

OCTOBER 4, 19

ST. BRII

BY FATHER

A cloud hangs o'er Actor of the control of the control

Thou art in light—
They are in light—
Thou hast a crown—th
The very sod,
Made theirs by God.
Is still by tyrants' footst
They pray—but all in a Thou! near Christ's thr Dost hear the moan Of all their hearts tha Ah! yirgin sweets. Kneel at His feet, Where angels' hymns than And pray for them the

THE CONFESSION There is a period

every physician who the mystery of di time he feels so he nature's forces tha No phys stricken or blasphe that he can always every physician, so with ca able to diagnose should be treated. the life of a physic man he will succum man he will fight it there is a mighty that man's mind, as rests his whole fut I say this mental life of every phys

the allegation ma medical profession manner. If you and say that, while are still notable en will, for the sake the amendment. ous, though, when not more than or every thousand p which must appealaity, is my chief ing upon record things that carefully guarded consultation room er. Men who enter of medicine are vocation for this sions. Is it rea

> their life work motives. Heaver attracted by the fitting their fello by the alluremen to the student of like the dignity : separable from finally, most of cellent way of m I have said, the finally reach a p der if they are re I fervently ho will be the first

mean by the ques

fore a student of It should be a m sideration. I ca uld be someth mind demanded archy before the mit an applica divinity studies.
I can begin m that I never at fond desire of n one day attach

I interposed no my authority to of a very smalarge seal. I ha in a group with us attired in go board hats.
After that so we were turned ad a long and They wouldn't sional etiquet for them. One against me w on, satisfied t

When my profes

this fault. My to satisfy the ized that the t ousiness metho My first ste my ne nsinuate my " But you I asked, in a bri

"Oh, yes; " Well," h man's laugh, ' "What do perplexed at l "I mean," that none o come here.

"Well," I "Oh, yes, rejoinder;" come to me." There is dialogue fur him for an ho to pay me 23 amount recei to pay him 2