

### Jim's Sister

The doctor had made his last visit for the night and the nurse was left alone with her patient, a typhoid fever patient, muscular and raving. It was a private "contagious" ward—a room that was always like a ship's deck stripped for action, with its metal bed of white enamel, its metal table and its gray-green wall, decorated only with "colored supplement" prints because these could be changed frequently and burned easily. It was a room of a dim light and a tempered shadow—one of those bare hospital rooms where you feel that the flame of life, though it burns low, burns without a flicker, being protected and watched in its feebleness with no sentiment of love, but with the skilled care and the cool eye of unimpassioned science.

The nurse sat at the bedside, her hands folded in her lap. There was something striking in her face, in her placidity beside such suffering, in the almost melancholy sweetness of the face of a woman who had looked many times on death along at midnight and who had lived for a long year now in the constant companionship of pain.

But, indeed, the expression belied her. She was watching her patient for the signs of a hemorrhage, listening intently to his breathing with the subconscious alertness of the engineer, who will sit musing with an eye on the steam gauge and an ear strained for the slightest change of note in the regular swing and cadence of the machinery. The poor fellow in the bed tossed and muffled restlessly. She soothed him with her voice—with a murmur of "Yes, yes. Go to sleep then. Go to sleep," as if she were talking to a child. There was no sign of nervousness or anxiety about her. Only once, when she rose to take his pulse, she stood a moment to smooth down the stiff gleam of her uniform with a slow palm in an endeavor to loosen the starch in it so that it would not rustle. The patient was making a dry clutching in his mouth. She took a piece of ice from a bowl among the medicine bottles and glasses on the table and put it under his tongue. He sighed a breath of grateful weakness.

She stood looking down at him, smiling with a motherly pity. His eyes were closed.

He had been as self-willed in his illness as a spoiled child. He had been almost convalescent when, against all warning—while the day nurse was chatting with the doctor outside the door—he had staggered from his bed to a basket of fruit on the table and eaten two peaches before he was seen. The result was a relapse into a far more critical condition than he had been at first. Here he lay now struggling against

death itself. She wondered whether he had a sister who was fond of him—or a sweetheart—who had been sending him these baskets of fruit.

He was breathing regularly in a fitful doze. She returned to her chair and leaned forward to look at him with her chin in her hand.

Although she was not aware of it, he had changed for her, from being a "case" he had become a human being with a claim of interest on her, and she frowned at his muttering of pain. "Poor fellow! Life must have been so full for him of interest, activities, promises, achievements. To have it all end this way! He had given the college cry once in a delirium and struggled panting through a football game. And once he had been standing on the platform of debate. And another time he had been writing on an examination in law. And still another time she thought that she heard him speak Jim's name in the jumble of delirious mutterings.

Jim was to have been a lawyer. Poor Jim! Her eyes filled at that old, tear-stained memory of Jim and her father drowned together in that horrible accident on the Delaware. Well, she at least had not been a burden on her mother's small income, and soon—as soon as she was graduated from the hospital—she would be not only self-supporting but an aid to the others. . . . There were two long years of hard work before her yet. She bit her lip.

The untiring run and babble of his delirium had been growing louder. She went to him again to calm him with the sound of her voice, and he looked up at her with a smile that seemed almost rational. It was only momentary, he called her "Auntie" and began a childish prattle.

"I'm not sleepy," he said. "I don't want to go to bed, Auntie," and tried to raise his head from the pillow.

She took her cue from him. "Yes, you're," she cooed. "Go sleepy-by. Auntie'll tuck you in." She arranged his blankets about his shoulders, patting and soothing them down.

"Night-night," he said, contentedly. "Kiss me night-night."

She touched his forehead with her finger tips.

"Kiss me," he demanded. "Kiss me a night-night," and struggled to free his arms from the covering.

"Sh!" she said, and bent down to him. The linen screen at the foot of the bed hid her from any one who might pass in the hall. She touched her lips to his forehead. "Night-night," she whispered.

He looked at her with a childish smile, putting his lips. It hardened slowly into a pained mouth of perplexity. "Hello, old man!" he said. "Where—" He closed his eyes on a frown.

She was still blushing hotly when his regular breathing showed her that he had fallen into a quiet slumber.

He was sitting in his armchair taking a sun bath at a window that looked out on the dazzling white of melting snows. His visitors has just

left him, at his doctor's orders. He was waiting for the return of "Nurse Blakely" with an impatience which he might have recognized as longing if his physical weakness had not distinguished affection in him, an irritable lack of what he wished to have. She came in light-footed.

He frowned a frown. "Ah! Did you hear what the doctor said?"

"What did he say?" She arranged his pillows to ease the strain on a weak back. He was grateful for that and his gratitude shone in his smile.

"I'm to be humored, the doctor said; I'm to have my own way in everything."

"Are you?" she said, avoiding his eyes. "You certainly had your own way about the fruit."

He laughed now at the folly that had kept him a happy prisoner in the hospital for the past nine weeks. "That fruit!" he said, "that was the most delicious—the most. Do you know, Nurse Blakely, I thought those peaches would kill me, but I was dying for something to eat—and I just took them!" She did not reply.

"A man's a fool when he has a fever, isn't he?" he added, with apologetic seriousness.

"Only then," she retorted, "with obstinate stupidity."

She was busying herself about the room. He was watching her every movement with an eye of invalid tenderness. "Oh, I say," he protested, "you don't make any allowance for a fellow being ill!"

She affected a professional cheerfulness in the matter.

"Oh, you're well on your way to health," she said. "We'll soon have you back to your friends."

"Nurse," he said, "you're the best friend I ever had—or want to have. Her loneliness rose on her in a surge of bitterness.

"Wait! You've been away from here about a month. One feels very dependent and affectionate when one is ill. It soon wears off."

"That's the way you always talk," he said, moodily. Then, brightening: "I'll report you to the doctor. You're not humoring me."

She smiled, having warded off the danger which his milder manner had warned her of. She seated herself in a chair and took up a book which she had put down on the table when his visitors had entered.

"What's that?" he demanded, peevishly. "What are you reading?"

"Don'ts," she answered, laconically.

"Don'ts?"

"One Hundred Don'ts for Nurses," she read from the cover. "Things we are not to do."

"Well, don't worry. Your sins have been all of omission. It's the things you haven't done—" She smiled serenely at the page.

"You might read it out, at least," he said.

"Let me see." She turned the pages. "I think that is probably included in the prohibitions: Don't let others know the secrets of the profession."

He clutched arms of the chair.

"You're teasing me. Let me read that book or I'll get up."

She laughed and passed it to him. He began to read. "Don't sit in a rocking-chair and rock while resting." "Don't injure the furniture in any way and be careful of all fancy decorations." He looked at him. "The wreckage has been appalling in this palatial apartment." He read again. "Well, great Eh!" he cried, and looked up at her. "Why, it was you!"

"What was?"

"Come here, please."

She went to him. He pointed with a thin finger to an accusing "Don't kiss your patient."

She flushed under her dainty Swiss cap.

"Not even delirious patients?" he inquired.

She turned her back on him from the window.

"Not even those who have an illumination of reason?" he persisted. She could find nothing to say.

"Do you know," he said, "I've been puzzling over it ever since. It was just before I fell asleep and woke up to my senses again. At first I thought: It was my aunt who brought me up, and then suddenly I thought it was an old chum of mine at college. You look very like him. Why, your names are the same. Was Jim Blakely a relative of yours?" He was drowned.

"She turned on him with a cry of 'Jim—Jim was my—my dearest brother!'"

"Good Lord!" he gasped, and tried to rise. He sank weakly in his chair and sat there staring at her. "What a chump I am," he said, at last. "So you're little Marjorie." He remembered Jim's picture of her in his den. "How proud he was of you!" The thought of her position there came to him in shameful contrast. "What a brute I've been," he said, "and what an angel you've been here. To let you wait on me hand and foot like that. What a brute! Jim's sister!"

Her back was to him. She stood looking out of the window. Her hand was within his reach and he took it. "Do you think," he said, "being Jim's chum, you could—" He touched his lips to the palm of her hand. "Forgive me? Could you?" It was his old teasing tone with a new note of seriousness in it.

She tried to free her fingers. "Take care, now," he warned, "the doctor said I was to be humored."

She laughed, and that weakened her defences. He caught her other hand. "You're a brick, Marjorie," he said. "Let me go," she said, sobbing. "I—I want to wipe my eyes, you silly!"

Her tone itself was a surrender. He lay back and smiled with content into her wet eyes.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

**THE COUNTRY PAPER.**

Amid the pile of papers, that swam up my desk each day and drove me weak with clipping and filing staff away, comes once a week—a Thursday—The quaint old four-page sheet that's printed up in Pelham. A drowsy county seat.

You see, 'twas up in Pelham That first I saw the light, And—well, my heart grows softer And I feel my eyes shone bright. Right rovers my touch is, It spreads the columns wide, The local's what I'm seeking— The patented inside.

Ah, here it is, "The County." And "Jottings," "Local News"— You learn who's traded horses And who have rented pews, It tells about the schoolhouse, Where we used to sit and dream A-watching dust specks dancing In the sunlight's shifty beam.

The sturdy names of boyhood Come tumbling through our thought, Of Tom and Brick and Patsy— How we loved and how we fought! The friends when years grew graver, Called now beyond our ken. In the typo-lines of the paper They live and speak again.

Oh, toilers in life's workshops, Are not those dream-misgivers sweet, Which memory casts about us, When past and present meet? And so, I love that paper From the village in the hills For the old life that it wakens, For the weariness it stills.

—Rochester Post

**St. Kevin's Bed**

(Dublin Freeman's Journal.)

A Chancery suit, briefly reported in our issue of Saturday last, has some features of great public interest. It was, in form, an action by which the owner of a hotel and a considerable tract of land at Glendalough sought to restrain another innkeeper from trespass. The plaintiff is the owner of a great portion of the shore of the upper lake, including the rocky cliff on which is the famous cave known as "St. Kevin's Bed." The defendant was in the habit of ferrying across his guests from a point on the lake shore to the bed, and the plaintiff alleged that, both at the point of embarkation and disembarkation, the defendant trespassed on his property. The action was not defended, and the injunction went. Now the point of interest to the public is this. It seems to be established by the suit that the "Bed" is private property. No one suggests that the plaintiff will make an improper use of his rights, but, nevertheless, if the "Bed" is private property, its owner may at any time seal it against public access or destroy it with gunpowder. Already the hands of the private owner have been laid heavily on many objects of national interest or beauty. Perhaps the two wildest and most soothing scenes in the Three Kingdoms were Stonehenge—that noble and stately monument of Celtic Britain—broke the wide horizon of Salisbury Plain, and the cliffs where the North Sea beat against the basalt pillars of the Giant's Causeway. Both are now surrounded with a fence, and only accessible through the pay-stile to the happy possessor of a sixpence. It was only the fortunes of the auction-room which prevented the other day, the Lakes of Killarney from falling into the hands of some curmudgeon who might have closed them against the world, or some speculator who might have associated them with jerry-built villas. Such places ought to be secured for the nation, and this is pre-eminently true of St. Kevin's Bed, one of the most ancient and authentic of the holy places of Ireland.

The story of St. Kevin has been overlaid with legends—some beautiful, many vulgar or grotesque—but his authentic history is well known from writers who wrote at or near his time. Coemgen—better known as Kevin—was an Irish noble whose story belongs to the earlier days of Christianity in Ireland. He was born only a few years after the death of St. Patrick, and at an early age entered on a religious life, and was ordained a priest. Kevin felt in all its intensity that passion for a solitary and contemplative life which filled with the cells of hermits all Christendom from the sands of Syria to the wind-swept islands of Western Ireland. He retired from the world of action to the world of prayer and contemplation. Not alone a monk early and unbroken tradition, but the statements of writers who lived near his time, like Angus the Culdee, establish that he dwelt for years as an anchorite in the little cave now known as his "Bed." It is a matter of grave history that he repulsed foolish girls whose "eyes of mast unholily blue" had roared too fondly on the young saint. On this incident Moore founded that, perhaps, the most graceful and pathetic, ballad which has made the round of the world and has been translated into every language of Christendom. The lanes of Erin spread far and wide, and at length the scales of the selfish and necessary demand of the world were

**THE DANGER OF CONTROVERSY.**

We have noted in a very recent issue of the "Country Letters" in which Catholic challenge certain bigots to debate in public upon the doctrine of the Catholic Church. Several of the letters have demonstrated very clearly how painful and incompetent the challenge is to present the claims of the Catholic Church.

The Ave Maria has noted these facts, and it remarks that in such cases as we speak of the Church needs to be saved from her friends. As our contemporary says, it is better far that our holy faith should be misrepresented by its enemies than that it should suffer from a bungling defense by those who have neither the duty nor the ability to champion its cause. A lumbering, heavy-handed brief will compromise the best case in law, and a dull incompetent apology for the Church is worse than a whole broadside from the agnostic cannons. The glib-tongued infidel makes an impression, it is true, but the earnest seeker after truth, remembering that there are two sides to every question, holds his judgment suspended and thus remains open to conviction. On the other hand, when the position of the Church is feebly stated, in thousands of ignorant minds it is not the individual member, but the whole Church, which has suffered defeat.

Men of marked ability hesitate to engage in controversy with a bigot or an infidel, but those who are not suited to defend the Church hasten to the fray. They are the fools who rush in where disciplined scholars fear to tread. Cardinal Newman remarked once to one who wished to draw him into public argument against religion: "Debate with you? No, but I'll fiddle against you, if you desire." It is related that when this great man felt obliged to write his magnificent "Apologia" he groaned in spirit at the thought of his responsibility, and his friends had to exercise all their influence to induce him to undertake the work.

There is something, too, in considering the character of those who invite controversy. A certain class of professional defamers, utterly without principle, have but one end in view—notoriety. They are impervious to logic or reason, care nothing for facts and will cite pages of "damaging testimony" never written.

The persons who challenge bigots and infidels to debate should realize the position they thus assume. As self-constituted spokesmen of the Catholic Church, what they say is regarded as a correct exposition of Catholic doctrine. If they fall into error their opponents will not concede that fact, but, on the contrary, they will take advantage of it and use it to further misrepresent the Church. Thus it is plainly the duty of Catholics to be wary of falling into traps. If there must be controversy, let only those who are competent speak for the Catholic Church.

# "Glories of the Catholic Church in Art, Architecture and History"

Edited by Maurice Francis Egan, LL.D. With the Imprimatur of His Grace the Archbishop of Chicago. Approved by the Cardinal, Archbishops and Bishops of the United States.

**256 SUPERB VIEWS.**

What Catholic has not seen in dreams the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, the House of Loretto, the Cathedral of St. Peter, its sister the spire-crowned and exquisite great Church of Milan, the Grotto of Lourdes, the Mosque of St. Sophia, the Abbey of Muckross, Notre Dame of Paris, the Tomb of Edward the Confessor? These and a hundred other places are close to the cores of Catholic hearts. These and over 250 other superb photographic views, with graphic commentary, legend and description, by eminent Catholic writers. Courteous prelates and generous priests and kind laymen from nearly every diocese on the continent, have aided in the work. The world has been searched for architectural beauties created for the greater glory of God. From Rome to Lima, from Constantine to Cortez, from Assisi to Notre Dame, from Rheims to New Orleans, these pictures, have come, each the best and the latest.

Letter from Mr. Stoll, formerly Apostolic Delegate. Size of Volume 13 1/2 in. by 11 1/2 in. 3 in. thick.

**APOSTOLIC DELEGATION, UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, WASHINGTON, D.C., Dec. 3, 1895.**

D.H. McBRIDE, Publisher. DEAR SIR,

I have received the copy of "Glories of the Catholic Church in Art, Architecture and History" which you so kindly sent me, and I desire to thank you most heartily for it. I have examined it with care and exceeding pleasure, and must congratulate you on having published one of the most beautiful and interesting as well as instructive works that I have seen in a long while. Your publication itself is a monument of the subject matter of which it treats. I am familiar with the magnificent works published in Europe, and I do not hesitate to say that you have produced a book which need fear no comparison with the best artistic publications of the Old World.

Thanking you again for your kindness, I remain, with sentiments of highest esteem,

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It is any wonder then that strong language is used in expressing the thankfulness of those liberated cap-

## FAMILY OF SEVEN EMBRACE THE FAITH.

New York, March 5.—It was learned yesterday, says The Sun, that the Rev. Rudolf Aitschul, formerly a minister of the Reformed Episcopal Church, was recently received into the Roman Catholic Church with his wife and five children. The ceremony was performed in the Church of St. Paul the Apostle, at Fifty-ninth street and Ninth avenue, on the afternoon of Washington's birthday.

No announcement had been made, and there were few in the church. Mr. Aitschul and his wife are middle-aged. Their children, three girls and two boys, range in age from 22 to 8 years. Mr. Aitschul moved a short time ago to New York from Philadelphia. Since coming here he has devoted his time to lecturing, literary work and preparation for entrance into the Catholic Church. The entire family were instructed at the same time.

Mr. Aitschul and his family are now living at 458 East Eighty-ninth street. Mr. Aitschul is now in the employ of a large Catholic book publishing concern. He said last night that he had studied the question for a number of years before he made up his mind to abandon the Reformed Episcopal Church. Finally, he said, he called upon Archbishop Corrigan, who gave him a letter to the Paulist Fathers. He and his family were under instruction for a number of weeks.

One of his daughters is 22 years old, one 19 and one 11. His boys are 13 and 8 years old respectively. He says he came to this country about twenty-five years ago, but went to London some years later to prepare for the ministry. He was graduated, he says, from the Reformed Episcopal Theological Seminary in London and was ordained by Bishop Richardson. After doing missionary work in the West End he began to travel and lectured, in many parts of Europe.

Speaking of the causes that led him to become a Catholic, he said: "I found indifference in the Protestant Church and a great disregard for the sacred truths of Christianity. I also became satisfied that the Church of Christ can be ruled by only one visible head."

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