SAINT BRONACH'S BELL.

Rosalie, open the window quickly, my darling. It won't hurt me. Nothing can hurt me now."

Rosalie knew that well. But the tears sprang to her eyes as she obeyed, and let the fresh evening breeze into the room where her mother lay dying of slow decline.

All was very still that evening. Not a leaf stirred among the trees. The birds had nestled down in silence. The day's toll was over, and as far as Rosalie could see there was no sign of life visible. She was turning back from the window, when her mother spake again:

"Hush, darling," she said, "hush for a moment."

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"Hush, darling," she said, "hush for a moment."

And, in the pause that followed, the clear silvery notes of a bell floated into the room.

"It never sounded like this, mother," whispered Rosalie.

"Never," answered Mrs. Royamount. "It is as Joyful as if it were welcoming some one home. Saint Bronach's heart is specially glad this evening, I think. Perhaps some sinner is coming back to God. Are there lights in the chapel, Rosie?"

"Yes," said Rosalie. "But the confessions have not begun, if that is what you mean, mother. The May devotions come first. I am watching the hour for them."

"What hymn to-night?" asked Mrs. Royamount.

Royamount. "I'll sing it for you." And Rosalie

And at the last word the strange, mystic sounding bell pealed out again, as if echoing the prayer.

"Something tells me my fancy is true," said Mrs. Royamount. "May the Star guide the wand'ring soul home."

A long, soft tone of melody from the bell seemed to answer "Amen."

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By this time, many of our readers are asking impatiently: "Who was Saint Bronach, and what was the mystery of her bell?" 'Upwards of fourteen hundred years have gone by since the people living near the now far famed Rostrevor began to give the name of "Saint," to a beautiful Irish girl whose days were spent in prayer and in kindly deeds to all who needed pity or help. It was a time when many noble maidens—noble by birth and noble by nature—filled the plains and hillsides of Ireland with the odor of sanctity. Great praise is often given to the Irish nuns, heartfelt praise, indeed, but they, looking through the mists of ages into the grand years when the torch of faith first burned and shone magnificently in fire, say, from their very hearts: "What are we compared to those who first knelt before Saint Patrick to receive the virgin's snowy veil?"

The white ranks were soon throng-

their very hearts: "What are we compared to those who first knelt before Saint Patrick to receive the virgin's snowy veil?"

The white ranks were soon thronged with Ireland's sweetest daughters—beginning, as some say, with the twin sister princesses Ethna and Fedleina. Stories manifold, partly historical, partly legendary, are twined round the names of the first Irish nuns. Such holy memories! Such lovely legends! However, in this sketch we can only record too briefly the presence on earth of one who blest the vale of Kilbroney—its beloved patroness, Saint Bronach.

There must have been something specially winning in the saint, for a crowd of companions bent, like herself on dedicating themselves to the service of the King of Virgins, gathered round her. The months glided away so happily that frosts and storms almost unperceived, they brought round the sharp winter and though the air is comparatively mild in the shelter of the Mourne mountains, the inhabitants of Rostreve determined to build a suitable home for those who had forsaken their own well-cared dwellings for the love of Christ.

Pre-eminent among them for her tender readiness to enter with a mother's love into the joys and sorrows of those who turned to find their truest friends, was the gentle star of the future Kilbroney—Saint Bronach. For many years her words were in the poetic language of the peasantry—"God's holy music in the valley." They often told her so, and Saint Bronach, smilling in her humility, answered: "I cannot hear that music, but I am glad you do." Old age dealt lightly with her. She was bright and beautiful and comforting to the last. Just as she was called back by hearing some solbing voices outside her little cell.

"Will she never speak to us again? Shall we never hear her voice again?

will she never speak to us again? Shall we never hear her voice again? Is its music silenced for ever?" cried the mourners.

The pitying heart was moved. The Saint lifted up her eyes to heaven for a moment, and then, in a voice that God strengthened wondrously, she said aloud:

that God strengthened wondrously, she said aloud:

"Tell them, whenever the bell rings from our convent church, to remember it would be my joy to see them hurrying to find comfort from Him who hade the 'weary and the heavily burdened' come to Him for rest. Tell them to prize the music of the bell that calls them to Him."

These were her last words. They were so dearly treasured that, going down from father to son, they were still repeated when, in the evil days of persecution and spollation, Saint Bronach's Convent was wrecked and left in ruins. One evening, soon after the destruction was complete, an old woman who was sitting at her cottage door, praying aloud to the Patroness of the valley to look down on her "name place." Kilbroney, thought she heard a whisper beside her. "Listen, listen."

She stopped her prayers. And, that

spread everywhere that Saint Bronach would never let the persecutors silence her bell. They searched for it in vain—not a trace of it could be found, though certain it was that, over and over, when some great sorrow, or some unexpected happiness had fallen to the lot of those who lived near, the unseen bell suddenly, pealed—sometimes plaintively, sometimes as though able to enter into the brief gleams of sunshine which were vouchagted to suffering Ireland, in her struggles for the faith which was trodden down by the powers of the world, and rose up living still. And now we come back to our story.

Traveling rapidly, as we must do, in story-telling on a limited scale, we open the door of "Glenview," while the August sun of the year 1821 is glistening on the thousand charms of Kilbroney, and we are met by a tiny child of five, who asks did we hear the bell. Yes, the bell has rung sadly and solemnly, and Rosalie Royamount is fatherless.

A strangely wise, loving little creature was Rosalie.

"She will comfort you, as no one else can, Marcia," had been Francis Royamount's farewell, as he watched Rosalie clasping her mother's hand tightly in her own.

Mgrcia's cheeks blowed with pain, for not even the mother's love could be first in her heart when death was breaking the close tie of the "two in one."

"God has been so good to us. Tell Him we thank Him," continued

be first in her heart when death was breaking the close tie of the "two in one."

"God has been so good to us. Tell Him we thank Him," continued Francis.

"My life might so easily have been cut short without these hours together. And even if I could take you with me, we would not leave the little ones alone. I pray that you may be spared to them till Rosalie can be a mother to Fergus."

Rosalie, with a dim idea that she was meant to attend Fergus, stole away. As she passed up the stairs she heard the doctor's voice:

"I came with all speed, nurse, but I know I can do nothing. Mr. Royamount's heart has been treacherous since he was a boy. He has looked death calmly in the face for years. Nor can it be a shock to Mrs. Royamount. She was in his confidence."

In the warmth of the setting sun, air was admitted freely into Glenview, and so there was not one in the house except baby Fergus, who did not shudder as the breeze that had sprung up bore what they called "the death knell" to Francis Royamount's bedside. For him, indeed, fears and hopes had ended. He welcomed Saint Brongch's bell for the last time with a happy smile.

"Marcia," he whispered, "Was there ever a kinder pledge of heavenly love?"

"It must be real," she said. "It cannot be a delusion."

"How could it?" he answered. "At

enty love."
"It must be real," she said. "It cannot be a delusion."
"How could it?" he answered. "At least it has led our thoughts to heaven, and I feel that it is leading me there now."

The priest and doctor entered the room together, but the latter drew back hastily, saying:
"There is no time to be lost."
Father Archer raised his hand quickly. A ray of bright sunlight streamed in, but Francis Royamount's eyes were opened to the light above.
"Believe me," said the priest. "He was judged with a smile."

room together, but the latter drew back hastily, saying:

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The life that had just closed had been an uneventful one—and equally uneventful were the first years of Marcia Royamount's widowhood. She was not rich. Far from it However there was no strain on thousehold, nestling so quietly in its seclusion. Rosalie was nearly eighteen when the shadow—a scarcely noticeable shadow—hovered about Glenview. She had been 'true to trust'—her mother's comforter—her young brother's anxious friend—anxious often, and often sore at heart, though Fergus was not yet quite fit teen.

The boy was wilful and weak from his babyhood, though no one seemed to notice the weakness except Rosalie. He was capable of daring acts, but he would never willingly face the consequences. Like many another sister, Rosalie shielded him continually, partly for his own sake, partly for their mother's.

"Fergus, dear boy," she said at last, "you must remember that I am shrinking from saying this to you. Until now I could give you a little help for your amusements, but my last penny is gone. I can flo no more."

The boy's cheeks burned hotty.

"You don't wish to do it. Rosalie widentify and put on the wash to do it. Rosalie and Rosalie to know that I mother and Rosalie to know that I

help for your amusements, but my last penny is gone. I can do no more."

The boy's cheeks burned hotly.

"You don't wish to do it, Rosalle.

"I hardly know," said Rosalle.

"The was when I was delighted to feel that I had my little store for you to spend in making yourself happy. Fergus, I wish you would tell me why. You can't tell mother."

"No—not for the world," he cried. "By the bye," he added, "there is a boy who was in great need of a couple of shillings the other day. I lent him what I had. He promised to pay me him."

"Not to-night," pleaded Rosalle. "There will be a storm. Look at the fiaming sky."

Fergus raised the window. A gust of wind swept through the trees, and with it came a long, mournful peal of St. Bronach's bell.

"I hate this life," exclaimed Fergus. "I must get away into the world, Rosalie. It is the weariness and dullness of this place that is driving me to what I want to hide from you and mother."

"It is not hidden from me," said Rosalie, nerving herself to speak quietly. "You have gambled, Fergus."

"On a few miserable pence," he muttered. "I hadn't much at my dis-

gus."

On a few miserable pence." he muttered "I hadn't much at my disposal."

No, indeed," she answered, gently, for it was her own scanty pocket money that had been his supply. "It sounds," said Rosalie, "as if the money that had been his supply. "It was her own scanty pocket money that had been his supply. "It was her own scanty pocket money that had been his supply. "It was all you had, Fergus. And you fretted eyer your losses then— she hesitated.

All joined the others in a drink."

When daylight shone again eyer a peaceful, smiling scene, a grand old tree, the pride of Kilbroney, was ly-

deadly whiteness, while Fergus quivering with the struggle, hurried away from her into his mother's room.

Marcia Royamount idollized her son, and when he threw himself on his knees beside her, and asked: "Will you be proud of me, mother, when I grow to be a man?" she pressed him passionately in her arms, whispering: "Always, Fergus, my own beautiful boy, I am proud of you now."

He sprang up, smiling, looked at her with eyes that were shining with tears, and playfully calling: "To our next meeting, mother!" Fergus, Royamount left his home without venturing to say "good-by."

Next morning a letter from him hastened his mother's steps to "the gates of the grave."

"Rosalie can tell you all, dearest, dearest mother." wrote Fergus. "You may believe everything. Life seemed hard for me. It may be harder still. At all events, my choice is made, and the wide world will be my home for some years. Penniless and friendless as I am, I see only one course open to me. There are plenty of vessels outward bound that will not refuse the services of a tall, strong Irish boy. Mother, what shall I be like when we meet again? Think of me whenever you hear Saint Bronach's bell—I can't write more—Fergus."

Think of him? Marcia's thoughts, by night and day, seemed fixed in the one intense supplication to the only Friend who could follow her friendless child. For weeks and months she was the Irish "Monica" of the valley, for, as truly as it was written of the mother of St. Augustine, we might write of Marcia Royamount that: "tears daily marked the place in the church where she knelt to pray for her erring boy."

He had no difficulty in carrying out his plan. A ship sailing to the West Indies had been disappointed of two of its cabin boys at the last minute. Fergus offered to do double work in his eagerness to be accepted, so his message to Glenview was half-hauoyant, half-regretful, and brimful of love for his mother and Rosalle, whom, he owned, he had learned to "prize too late." How much heartsickness, how much intense yearning for

last words, no one but the wilful boy could know. He was suffering al-ready, and keener suffering awaited

him.

After some days a hasty line was

After some days a hasty line was written:

"On the high seas." No more tilt we reach our destination. Mother — Rosalie—pity me."
"Perhaps," she said to Rosalie, "God wishes to prove once more that the child of a mother's tears cannot be lost. He may intend to bring Fergus home before I die."
Yet, when Saint Bronach's bell rang, on the evening when our story opens, neither mother nor daughter thought that their own wanderer might be the straying sheep who was too far away, too bound to his new masters, to shake off the chains he had put on.
We left Rosalie ready to answer the other bell, that announced the

old priest who had baptized Fergus was coming to him with his last Communion.

"You need not try to speak, dear boy," he said. "Let it comfort your mother and Rosalie to know that I blest our Star of the Sea a thousand times for the confession you made last evening."

Half an hour later. Fergus Royamount's brief struggle was ended in eternal peace.

Whatever was the cause, St. Bronach's bell was never long silent during the following autumn. Every rising of the autumn winds wakened that hidden voice which lay in some inysterious depths of the ruined Sanctuary.

A change had come gradually over Catholic Ireland. The prayers of its saints, the blood of its martyrs, had wrestled with the powers of darkness. The great triumph of faith was heralded on the day that saw the first gleam of spiritual brightness, when the Te Deum was chanted from end to end of the country. as it halled its holiest victory—Catholic emancipation.

"I wonder," said Rosalie to her mother, "why Saint Bronach does not ring her bell for the general rejoicing."

She was soon answered. The night

She was soon answered. The night set in, lowering and tempestuous. The winds rose and raged. Suddenly, clear and loud, above the storm. St. Bromach's bell toiled as none had ever heard it toll.

"It sounds," said Rosalie, "as if it had been imprisoned until now, and that it had been set free at

Brothers of the Christian Schools have the care of a trade school for Catholic colored boys among the hills of Powhatan County, Virginia—St. Emma's Industrial school. Bishop Van de Vyver of Richmond recently visited the school and a few days later there was another distinguished visitor, Archbishop Ryan of Philadelphia, The institution was founded by Mrs. L. D. Morrell of Philadelphia, and was formally opened by the Brothers in January, 1895. The site is a beautiful one, on the historic James river, and is about 40 miles from Richmond. This was the Belmead homestead and plantation, formerly owned by Gen. Philip Gooke, who figured among the Southern patriots during the Civilwar. There are at present, about 60 boys in the school. Connected with the school is the Belmead waggon factory, where about 40 boys learn to make waggons, carriages, and other vehicles. Blacksmithing, carpentry, shoemaking, and tailoring are also taught at the school. There is a brass band, composed of pupils, and the residents of Belmead and vicinity are entertained by the hand several times a week. — Home Journal and News.

In an article on this subject in the American "Inventor," Washington, D.C., writes Mr. George T. Angeli, in Our Dumb Animals, we find reprinted the letter of an undertaker that thousands of persons have been killed in the process of embalming, and in regard to our proposition to provide buildings where the bodies of all supposedly dead persons can be retained until decomposition, the writer suggests that all large citles should have mortuary buildings and that there is a chance in this for somebody to make his name famous as a benefactor to humanity.

We have recently read of a petition presented many years ago to the Paris Senate for regulations to prevent burying alive. Cardinal Donnet, Archbishop of Bordeaux, gave an account of various cases within his knowledge in which persons had narrowly escaped being buried alive, and closed with his own experience, as follows:

In the summer of 1826, on a close and sultry day, in a church which was excessively crowded, a young priest who was in the act of preaching was suddenly seized with giddiness in the pulpit. The words he was uttering became indistinct; he soon lost the power of speech, and sank down on the floor. He was taken out of the church and carried home. All was thought to be over. Some hours after, the funeral bell was tolled and the usual preparation made for interment. His eyesight was gone. But if he could see not say that what reached his ears was not calculated to reassure him. The doctor came, examined him, and pronounced him dead; and after the usual inquiries as to his age and the place of his birth, etc., gave permission for his interment next morning. The venerable bishop, in whose cathedral the young priest was preaching when he was seized with the fit, came to his bedside to recite the "De Profundis." The body was measured for the coffin. Night came on, and you will easily feel how inexpressible was the anguish of the living being in such a situation. At last amid the voices murmuring around him, he distinguished that of one whom he had known

tunes.

The recital of the Cardinal of what occurred to himself produced a profound sensation.

IN AN ALCOHOLIC WARD.

The hot weather gave the hospitals much additional work, made an increase in the ambulance service necessary, and caused the establishment of temporary 'heat wards,' 'ays the 'Tribune,' of New York. 'Although people drink to excess in warm weather,' said Dr. Walker,

Association of Our Lady of Pity.

"Are we not blest, mother?" whi pered Rosalie. "Not one left to trivel along the path of loneliness." And Marcia's thanksgiving wa finished in the sight of Him wheald: "Leave thy fatherless chidren to Me, and I will protecthem"—Sister M. Gertrude, in the Messenger of the Sadred Heart.

BROTHERS OF THE CHRISTIAN SCHOOLS.

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of Bellevue Hospital, "our alcoholic

ward was not more crowded.

The place set aside at Bellevue for people suffering from alcoholism is not a ward, as its name would indicate. A small building beyond the insane pavilion is the place where men are treated, and in another building a short distance away is the place for "Indy drunks," as the female inebiates are sometimes called building a short distance away is the place for "Indy drunks," as the female inebiates are sometimes called by the hospital people. The men's alcoholic ward is one large room, with accommodations for twenty-cight patients. Until a short time rego there was a room for each patient, but this arrangement required much help, and men mad with delirium were likely to hurt themselves if left alone. The "alcoholics" are now all placed in the large ward, where one physician and two nurses have the supervision. In the building where the women are confined the single room system still prevails, and each "lady" has a little room furnished with a cot and chair. Between five thousand and six thousand mer and women are treated in these wards every year, and according to the reports of the physicians in charge, they come from all parts of the city and from every branch of the community. "The strangest hing about the alcoholic ward," said Dr. Walker, "is that more than one-half of the patients are of the 'voluntary' class. Men come here who can hardly navigate and ask to be admitted. They have just enough sense left to know that they are too far gone to take care of themselves, and they all in here and ask to be taken care of the woluntary wall gate and ask to be taken care of the woluntary wall gate and sak to be taken care of the woluntary wall gate and sak to be taken care of the woluntary wall gate and sak to be taken care of the woluntary wall gate and sak to be taken care of the woluntary wall gate of the woluntary wall to have a man bring his wife or a wife her wall and their cabs, but he average term in the beds. There is no part of the four wall wall to the woluntary was a power of

T. PATRICK'S HOULETY.—Established March 6th, 1856, incorporated 1868, revised 1864. Meets in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, Arst Monday of the month Committee meets last Wednesday, Officers: Rev. Director, Rev. J. Quinlivan, P.P. President, Rev. J. Quinlivan, P.P. President, Rev. J. Quinlivan, P.P. Casey, Treasurer, John O'Leary; Corresponding Secretary, F. J. Curran, B.G.L.; Recording-Secretary, T. P. Tansey.

LADIES' AUXILIARY to the An-LADIES' AUXILIARY to the Ancient Order of Hibernians, Division No. 1. The above Livision meets in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, on the first Sunday at 4.80 p. m. and third Thursday, at 8 p.m., of every month. President, Mrs. Sarah Allen; Vice-President, Miss Annie Douovan; Financial Secretary, Miss Emma Loyle; Treasurer, Mrs. Mary O'Brien; Recording Secretary Nora Kavanaugh, 155 Inspector street. Division Physician, Dr. Thomas J. Curran, 2076. St. Catherine St. Application forms can be procured from the members, or at the hall before meetings.

A.O.H.—DIVISION NO. 2.— Meets in lower vestry of St. Gabriel New Church corner Centre and Laprairie streets, on the 2nd and 4th Friday of each month, at 8 p.m. President, John Cavanagh, 885 St. Catherine street; Medical Adviser, Dr. Hugh Lennon, 255 Centre street, telephone Main 2239. Recording-Secretary, Thomas Donohue, 312 Hibernia street,—to whom all communications should be addressed; Peter Doyle, Financial Secretary; E. J. Coller, Treasurer. Delegates to St. Patrick's Leegue:—J. J. Cavanagh, D. S. McCarthy and J. Cavanagh.

A O.H., DIVISION NO. 3, meets an the first and third Wednesday of each month, at 1863 Notre Dame street, near McGill. Officers: Alderman D. Gallery, M.P., President; M. McCarthy, Vice-President; Fred. J. Devlin. Rec.-Sccretary, 1528F Ontario street. L. Brophy Treesurer; John Hughes, Financial Secretary, 65 Young street; M. Fennel, Chairman Standing Committee; John O'Donnell, Marshal.

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Society Directory.

Boys EARNS A for the enterta Bessie and Ka ive places awai ter, was in reabel; we must is the two girls stage Alast Be known part. SI turned toward denly a faint we ear, she know correct, what we moment she was evident that the not in the mor recalled. So poconfusion, rush The play went, there was mugirls, Nell, Kat to the recreation corner, they of course, Nell declared she was guilty. A annoyed and ass publicly. Receivent so far as her private room

and composed s was nervous an questioned her swer beyond 'I ther, and in fa help suspecting party, for certaily one near the the answer came were forbidden to the answer came were forbidden to dent. It seemed to settle down to was there and de fainted and was mary. On comit sick and continuited the doctor made and the doctor made and the doctor made and the doctor made and the girls but her cheris poor Nell's dangall the girls but her. Hose was a great dislike for dom spoke to an but she had neve ate with them stice it. Mother da moment, was ther. But no, Ro and besides she stage, so the thor. How there about to send fo girls were having sat in a corner absorbed in, wha Regina the onloo per. Quietly apputer asked what shly Rose pocketed answered, "Not! reading." But whing?" No answer that paper." Ro to her and then hands. At one ginzed Bessie's nar asking Rose how possession, she The question was reply. Sister Regit a cacompany her The girl reductant tring sine scream will not tell." her impudence son room to reman Meanwhile Nell has so and awoke wited. The first thin wanted Rose, they haste. At first R. Nell. but after a

Nell, but after a she yielded. Nell leave the room. Withem no one knew out a changed girl went to Mother a truth. She said ti there had always like for Nell. Bess chose that night a tunity to wrong t into the left wing. Nell was, snatched her, telling her if see that she was well knew not, what four times she was but knowing Rose word, was afraid, were to learn the sent home. Nell, we resume her studies farewell to her co home.

It was a bright, ing, the sun was sate hospital windowere falling on was lying a young her with spoon and was a nurse.

"Hush, Neil dear said the nurse." I "Yes, but I must thing to all you." thing to tel