

shot o' me," he said, childishly, with a glance toward the light streaming across the fields from his brother's cozy kitchen. "But Jason loved himself that I alays paid my way full in helpin' round. Not but I was alays glad to be doin' somethin'. Jason he was pretty much surprised when I spunked up an' come away; he's mighty high-handed, Jason is. I may be sort o' furlgital, as he says, but I guess I know them lines. I took 'em up thrashin' time, an' I never had no call to use 'em sense. If I had I'd a' got 'em. They wa' wot'm much; but his jus' a claimin' 'em riled me."

In the morning Leph started for the village as soon as his early chores were done. He waited some time for the horses to finish their breakfast after he had dispatched his own. As he drove along the road which led past his brother's house, he saw the kitchen door open, and down the worn walk, with its borders of well-trimmed currant bushes, came Mary Martin. The wind wrapped her skirts about her supple limbs, and fluttered the blue gingham apron on which she was wiping her strong hands as she came along. Leph would gladly have avoided her had such a thing suggested itself as possible. His sister-in-law was a person whom he regarded with much awe; her quick energy always made him appear more dull and shy. He did not look toward her as he drew near, and made no effort to stop the team until she was almost under the horses' heads as she stepped into the road.

"I think you'd be ashamed o' yourself, Leph," she called, not knowing just how to address him in his present humor, and stumbling, as the best-intentioned people so often do, on the wrong way.

"I ain't no more call to be 'ashamed than some others I might tell on," said Leph, sullenly, and not looking toward her, even when she went on: "You know Jason has always been good to you, Leph."

This was not at all what she had meant to say. How few of us ever do say the things we mean to!

"I ain't beholden to him for anything as I know on," returned Leph, slowly, and with an increasing sense of injury and wrong.

"An' you don't mean to say he's ever wronged you, Leph Martin?" said Mary, with a hot flash coming over her smooth face. She had never expected to feel for Leph anything stronger than a dutiful compassion; now she was almost angry.

"Twan't me as stopped you to say nothin'," Leph went on, miserably, in his emotionless tones: "all I ask o' anybody is jus' to be let alone."

There was no mistaking now the flash in Mary's clear eyes. "An' you'll be let alone fur all o' me, from this on, I can tell you that," and not waiting for him in his slow way to comprehend her words she marched rapidly back to the house.

Leph looked after her with something like fear in his pale eyes as he realized the wrath he had dared invoke. He did not drive on for a moment after she had closed the kitchen door. The memory of the savory meals he had taken from her hands smote him; he felt a lump in his throat. He waited, hoping she would come back, and yet realizing in a vague way that nothing would tempt him to call her.

With a wild look around the horizon, as if vainly for help, he sighed, shook the lines over the horses, and the wagon moved uncomplainingly on. Mary, watching from the window, turned to her work with a ashamed face. "I believe the poor feller's feelin' right bad," she said; "maybe it's jus' his way to be sort o' aggravatin'."

I'm alays snappin' folks heads off 'r nothin';" and she carried the dish pan from the stove, where she had placed it before she went out that the water might not cool, to the table with a meek, almost an apologetic, manner.

Leph spent the day in the village. There was nothing to call him home, and the sunny porches of the low stores are dear to the rural heart. It was late in the afternoon when he sat in the wagon while the social storekeeper finished stowing his purchases under the seat and then leaned against one of the two by six supports of the store porch to watch his departure.

"Looks like it might rain to night," he said, as Leph adjusted his lines; "rather help you fellers in seedin' if it did, wouldn't it?"

"Yes," said Leph, turning to look toward the line of cloud in the west, "if we don't git too much; jus' 'nough to meller up the ground. I'm 'most through seedin' tho'." And with a half-nod toward the storekeeper, he shook the lines over his team.

The rain did come that night. The lightning was darting through the west when Leph was yet several miles from home. Jason noticed that the "medder house" was still dark when he and his family were safe within their warm shelter. He went several times out into the porch to listen for the wagon. The thunder must have drowned its noise when it did pass, for at last when he went again to listen, he saw a light shining from Leph's low home.

"Well, he got in at last," called Jason to Mary, within; and then, with the reaction that always follows relief from anxiety, he added: "I s'pose he was loafin' at the store 'stead o' gettin' home."

Mary was relieved, too, and her mind turned to other things. "Go shet that cave door while you're out, Jason; I plumb forgot it. I had it open this afternoon when the boys were sortin' them 'taters."

Jason went around the house, the storm pelting him with some large,

is or the barn 'ud go too, for all it's so fur 'way," said a hushed voice, in the outskirts of the crowd. Some turned to glance toward the long barn at quite a distance from the crowd. The light shone full on the warped boards and curled shingles, along the shed roof with its whitened poles holding down the bleached straw. Just then from out the barn door came a form that crouded a mighty shout to rise from the crowd when it came into full view; for it was no other than Leph himself, dozed, and stupidly rubbing his eyes with the sleeve of his denim blouse.

The fire smoldered down unnoticed as every one crowded about Leph. Jason shook hands with him, and said: "By Jerry, Leph!" in eloquent, choking tones. Mary put her hand on his arm and, laying her face on it, began to cry, while Leph looked toward the fire as if he thought to be burned up might not be the hardest thing in the world, after all.

"Shoo!" he said, nervously; "if I'd a' knowed how bad it 'ud made y'u feel to a' see me, I wouldn't a' come out." Then every one laughed and began to enjoy the fire again.

"How happened y'u wa'n't in it?" asked Jason as they all turned at last toward his home, and Mary hurried on, remorsefully remembering the sleeping boys.

"Well," said Leph, slowly, "I see it was pickin' up for a considerable o' a rain, an' I hurried along, so when I got in the team was pretty well warmed up. I jus' let 'em cool off, with some hay to pick at while I went in the house and put up the things an' lit a lamp." Leph stopped to wipe his feet with a carefulness that Mary noticed, as she stirred the fire and set chairs for the neighbors who were waiting to hear again Leph's story. The lines still lay on the floor; Jason rolled them up awkwardly, and thrust them through a door into the darkness, while all were too interested in Leph to notice it.

"Well," resumed Leph, "when I was up feedin' the horses a little later it began to rain pretty lively, and after I'd give 'em a good feed I jus' set down in the hay to wait a little for the shower to sort o' let up. It's always a quietin' kind o' sound to hear, horses a-nosin' round in a good feed, you know, an' I guess I dozed off."

"I guess you did," said Jason, with his loud laugh. "You slept middlin' sound not to hear all that racket at the fire."

"Yes," said Leph, laughing too, but mildly; "I'm a to'ble good sleeper; but you did wake me, or I wouldn't a' come out till mornin'."

After the neighbors had all gone Leph turned to Mary: "I'll have to say with you an' Jason after this, Mary, I ain't no place else."

"An' you don't need no place else," she said heartily, and they understood each other.

Jason went through the door and brought in the tangled length of the lines. "I can't take these, Leph," he said, looking at them very soberly, and scratching his head; "I can't take 'em, Leph."

"You must, Jason," answered Leph, beseechingly; "I can't stay here 'thout y'u do. I ain't any hand to make speeches; but I'm much obliged for your tryin' to git me out o' the fire, even if I wa'n't in. I'm muca obliged, Jason, to you an' Mary both."

"That wa'n't nothin'," insisted Jason, with tears in his honest eyes—"that wa'n't nothin'; but I'm free to say it's goin' to be a pretty hard job if I really take these here lines."

And then they all shook hands.—Laura Updegraff in the Independent.

**A VICARIATE FOR WALES.**

**First Step Toward Restoring the Land its Former Hierarchy.**

When the complete history of the present pontificate shall be written—and all Christendom trusts that the time for doing that may be delayed as long as possible—it will be found that among the most notable achievements of Leo XIII. were the number of hierarchies which he restored to countries wherein such orders did not exist at the time of his ascension of the Papal throne. In the very first year of his illustrious reign, it will be readily remembered, he gave back to Scotland the Bishopric of whom its Catholic people had long desired; among the other lands that he had similarly enriched may be mentioned Sweden, Norway and Japan, and now it is announced that he will, as soon as the Bishops submit a Vicar-Apostolic for Wales, in which principle a Bull to that effect having lately been promulgated from the Vatican.

At the present time, and since the suppression of the Welsh bishoprics by the so-called Reformation, the Catholics of the newly-erected Vicariate, where, in all the Welsh counties, one alone excepted, are included, have formed portions of the English episcopates that adjoin Wales. South Wales, for instance, including the counties of Brecknockshire, Glamorganshire, Carmarthenshire, Glamorganshire, Pembrokeshire and Radnorshire, had been subject to the jurisdiction of the Bishop of Hereford, and the ordinary of Shrewsbury appointed the administration of the Churches in North Wales, or in the counties of Anglesea, Carnarvonshire, Denbighshire, Flintshire, Merionethshire and Montgomeryshire. Owing to the fact that no separate statistics appear in the accounts given in our directories of the English Church regarding these Welsh counties, no figures of the standing of the Welsh Catholics are obtainable.

**THE AGGREGATE CATHOLIC POPULATION.**

however, has been deemed large enough by Rome for the appointment of a Vicar-Apostolic, who will, of course, rank as a Bishop, and who, in all probability, will, before many years, be named the incumbent of a Welsh See.

Christianity was probably introduced into Wales about the beginning of the fifth century, and one of the earliest preachers of the faith in the principality would seem to have been St. Dubricius, of whom it is recorded that he found two great schools of sacred literature in South Wales, on the banks of the Wye river, which waters the counties of Brecknockshire and Radnorshire. To these schools flocked students from all parts of the adjoining country, who were trained in virtue and learning by St. Dubricius, and some of whom were subsequently elevated by them to Welsh Sees. St. Dubricius himself was consecrated the first prelate of Llandaff about 447 by St. Germanus, the Bishop of Auxerre, who was then in the country, and who also ordained at the same time for another Welsh See, St. Illtud. Bishop Dubricius was afterwards transferred to the Archbishopric of Caerleon, and he held that for upwards of fifty years, when he resigned it to St. David and retired to a solitary island, where he died. After his death his remains were brought to the cathedral at Llandaff, and at least one Welsh church of the present day, that at Treofort, in Glamorganshire, perpetuates his memory.

The great saint of Wales, though, and the patron of the country still, as he has been even during the time when Catholicity was proscribed in the principality by British tyranny, was St. David, himself a Welshman of noble birth and a disciple of St. Germanus of Auxerre. Ordained to the priesthood, he became

**A FAMOUS PREACHER**

in Wales, and was especially successful in refuting the arguments of heresiarchs. When Pelagianism, early in the sixth century, began to appear for the second time in Great Britain, the Bishops of that country convoked a council at a place called Brevy, in Cardiganshire; and so great was St. David's reputation for eloquence and scholarship at the time, they invited him to appear at the council and preach a vindication of the true faith.

The erudite Welshman complied with the request, and made such a profound impression upon his hearers that then and there St. Dubricius, then the Archbishop of Caerleon, resigned his See in his favor. St. David sought in every possible way to escape the burden of the episcopate; but the prelates of the council, believing with St. Dubricius that so learned and pious a preacher could do better work were he invested with episcopal authority, commanded him to accept, and Rome's command was subsequently added to theirs. When he found that there was no escape for him from that office, whose burdens he dreaded, St. David begged and obtained the favor of having his See transferred from Caerleon to St. David's, a retired place, so that he might live in solitude when not engaged in the active discharge of his duties. St. David, according to one account of his life, continued in his See many years; and having founded several monasteries and been the spiritual Father of many saints, both British and Irish, died about the year 544, at a very advanced age. He was buried in his Church of St. Andrew, which afterwards took his name, as did the town and the whole diocese. Near St. David's church stood several chapels in former times, which were resorted to with great devotion.

**THE PRINCIPAL ONE**

was that of St. Nunn, mother of St. David, near which was a beautiful well, still frequented by pilgrims. Another chapel was sacred to St. Lily, surnamed Gwas Dewy, that is, St. David's man, for he was his beloved disciple and companion in retirement. St. David was honored there on March 3, and St. Nunn on the preceding day. The three first days of March were formerly holidays in South Wales in honor of St. David; but at present only March 1 is kept in his memory.

In addition to the two Bishoprics already mentioned, Llandaff and Caerleon, the latter subsequently becoming St. David's, Wales, in the earlier years of her Christianity, had other Sees. For instance, there was the See of St. Asaph, in Flintshire, founded by the saint whose name it bore, who was consecrated there by St. Kentigern, the Bishop of Glasgow, during the time when, driven from his Scottish See, he resided in North Wales. Another See was erected at a very early date at Bangor, in Caernarvon; and the number of monasteries, convents and colleges established by the early Welsh monks, largely Benedictines and Cistercians, was very great.

Of all the Welsh Sees that founded by St. David, or rather the one which was established when he secured the transfer of his seat from Caerleon to St. David's, naturally ranked as the leading bishopric. It was for this See that Gerald de Barri, or, as he is best known, Giraldus Cambrensis, showed himself in the twelfth century so persistent a seeker. Born about 1146, in South Wales, Gerald's education was supervised by his uncle, who was then the Archbishop of St. David's, and in his twentieth year he entered the University of Paris, whence, after a brilliant career, he returned to Wales, was ordained and kept by his uncle at the cathedral, of which he soon

**BECAME THE ARCHDEACON.**

Zealous in the discharge of his duties, he was, on the death of his uncle, chosen by the chapter to succeed him

in the See. But the King, Henry II., who had declared, it seems, that he would appoint no Welshman Archbishop of St. David's, refused to sanction his election, and ordered the chapter to ballot again. This they did, but the result was the same, their choice falling for the second time on the Archdeacon. The King again declining to sanction his appointment, another prelate was eventually appointed in the person of Peter de Leia, whose administration was anything but satisfactory. Giraldus had in the meantime gone back to his alma mater, the Paris University, where he spent a period in study; but on his return to Wales he was appointed by the Archbishop of Canterbury the administrator of St. David's, the direction of affairs being taken out of Bishop de Leia's hands. He held the administration until a new prelate was named, and then having been appointed a royal chaplain, he travelled with Prince John through Ireland and wrote that descriptive account of that country which subjected him, justly, to the centuries which Irish critics have pronounced in all ages on his work. He subsequently made a tour of Cambria, as Wales was often called, with the Archbishop of Canterbury; and still later on, another vacancy occurring in St. David's, he sought the appointment, secured it again from the chapter, but failed for the second time to secure the place, albeit he made several journeys to Rome to plead his cause, because of the objections of the Canterbury prelate. For the third time St. David's became vacant, and then it was offered to him under certain conditions. He declined to accept it, though, and died at St. David's at the age of 74, in 1220. His works are not without some merits; but because of their historical inaccuracies have been savagely

**PILLORED BY THE CRITICS.**

One of the earliest places in Wales for the Catholic faith to re-assert itself, after the suppression of the monasteries and educational institutions by the "Reformation," was at Holywell, in Flintshire, where is located St. Winifred's Well, through the waters of which a miraculous cure was quite recently effected of such striking character that the press of Great Britain commented thereupon. There is a church at this place dedicated to St. Winifred, whose erection dates back to 1833, according to the directory; though the intention may be to signify that in that year Catholic priests were permitted to return to the ancient chapel. The church is a richly indulged one, and is served by the Jesuits, who have a famous college near by at St. Asaph, Bangor in Carnarvonshire, St. David's in Glamorganshire and Pembroke Dock in Pembrokeshire, and other places where Catholicity erected places of worship fully half a century ago, after having been suppressed for so many years. It is noticeable that not a few of the Welsh churches are dedicated to St. Patrick, the reason therefor probably being that the Welsh claim that the great apostle of Ireland was born in their country, in that part of it called in olden times Caerleon, which means the City of the Legions, reference being made to the encampment there of the Roman Army. The appointment of a Vicar-Apostolic for Wales should, and probably will, lead to a new Catholic growth in the principality, where so many things speak of the faith that St. Dubricius, David, Asaph and a host of other saintly men and women formerly taught the people, illustrating its truth and divinity by the witness of their own beautiful lives.—Boston Re-

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