

CHAPTER VIII

One day as I was wandering in perfect solitude over the heath, with my soul open to the poetic impresses of nature, a storm arose in the west.

It is a wonderful, a fearful thing, to find one's self on a hot summer's day on an open plain, when lurid, lightning-laden vapours are slowly gathering into thunder-clouds in the limitless heaven. One would think that nature had been suddenly smitten with a mortal agony; the sun pales, and emits feeble rays; the air grows sultry; the birds fly home—and every animal skulks away with terror; the bees shoot like arrows through the air to reach their hives; every leaf is at rest, and the wind holds its breath for a time; the little herbs close their leaves and blossoms, and all Nature waits in still anticipation of some awful event. An indescribable feeling of mingled wonder, pain, and reverence, weighs upon the poet's heart; and, in the midst of the universal fear, his soul alone exults because it is given to him to behold this terrible wonder of nature in its full majesty.

But soon the clouds rush confusedly together; what has lain for hours calmly in the sky now gathers in wild career, and bursts into a storm. The hurricane rages and roars as if lashed into fury by the hand of the Almighty; it tears from the fir-woods a low howl of agony; whirls aloft clouds of sand and leaves, and breaks to pieces or uproots the solitary and unsheltered trees. Then comes the thunder and drowns every other sound with its mighty voice; through the spacious air the lightning shoots its flaming arrows; the heath seems to be on fire with the fiery serpents which are sweeping over its breast; torrents of water pour down upon the earth, and, in the intervals of the thunder's roar, the monotonous dull plash of the falling rain is heard.

On this day my soul was stirred to poetic contemplations; I had beheld with more than ordinary pleasure the grand spectacle of this fever of nature, till the frequent flashes of lightning reminded me that I must do what every living creature had already done—seek shelter, and hide my head in humility before the wonders of the Creator. Not far from the spot where I was, stood a farm-house, alone upon the heath, like an oasis in the desert surrounded by green fields and fresh woods.

Scarcely had the rain begun to pour down like another deluge, when I entered the door of the farm-house and asked permission to shelter myself under its roof. I found the inhabitants kneeling in prayer surrounded by the deepest silence. The farmer was the only one whom my entrance disturbed, and, as soon as he had pointed to a chair with a friendly smile, with bended and folded hands he resumed his prayer. I know not how it was, but though the storm, as being a useful natural phenomenon, did not affect me with that mysterious terror which made these people tremble, it yet seemed to me so beautiful, so touching, and so heavenly—this calm family devotion, that an irresistible feeling constrained me to unite with these simple peasants in adoration of that God whose voice, high above us, resounded through the sky. I uncovered, and, with folded hands, I likewise knelt and prayed. It did my soul good to find once more this pure emotion of my childhood, as if the withering breath of the disenchanting world had never touched my heart.

After a time, the storm began to pass away. The inhabitants of the cottage, however, did not cease to pray, and thus left me time to look at them all attentively, as an

observer of human nature, and above all an author, loves to do.

There was an aged grandfather who might have reached his ninety-year or more, for his head and hands trembled continually as if he had an ague-fever. Beside him were two women, also advanced in years; further off, a powerful-looking man, who had lost his right eye, which rolled like a white ball under his black eyebrow, while the left sparkled with a genial kindness and vivacity. By his side sat a young woman with a child on her lap, and at her feet a little boy and girl of seven or eight years; and at the extreme end of the table, a fine-looking young man, with blooming countenance and bright-blue eyes.

On a signal given by the one-eyed man, all rose. The grandfather went with tottering steps to the corner of the hearth and sat down, while the others directed their attention to me, requesting me to use their house as shelter while the storm lasted—for it still rained heavily. In a short time, I was on quite intimate terms with these people, and chatted with them like a long-known friend. In the afternoon, I shared with them the nutritious rye-bread, and drank the coffee of welcome. And as I had nothing better to do at that time than to listen to the pleasant stories which the man with the one eye and his wife told me, I did not leave the farm-house till the following morning.

What I have related to you in this history, dear readers, I heard that night in that lonely farm-house, which formerly consisted of two mud-huts, but has now become a fine homestead, with four cows and two horses. John Braems and Trien, his noble-hearted wife, work for each other as they had vowed to do. And God has blessed their love; three children play around them, and lighten their daily toil with their affectionate caresses.

All are still alive; the grandfather, though with one foot in the grave, still smokes his little pipe by the fireside; both mothers are happy in the happiness of their children, and are still active in looking after the cattle and helping in the housework. Pawken, a fine-looking youth, now takes care of the horses and plough, and works for his brother; but next Easter he is to marry the younger sister of the wooden shoemaker's Kate.

Every evening the whole family prays for the old doctor; for it was he who restored John's sight, and it was he who, by his benevolent aid, converted the mud-huts into a substantial farm-house.

May God grant to the Generous and the Grateful a long and happy life here below.

THE END.

Wit and Humor

SOME REFRESHMENT.

Old McGregor was entertaining a boyhood friend one evening at his Manly cottage. After a couple of hours of dry talk, the old fellow said genially:

"Would you like some refreshment—a cooling draught, eh, George?"

"Why, yes, I don't care if I do," said George, and he passed his hand across his mouth and brightened up wonderfully.

"Good!" said old McGregor. "I'll just open this window, there's a fine sea breeze blowing."

NOT MUCH DEPRIVATION.

"Please, sir, give me a dime," whined the beggar. "I haven't tasted food for a month."

"You're not missing much," said Mr. Grouché-peevishly; "it's just the same old taste."

Fifteen Years Ago

From No. 24 of St. Peters Bote

Rosthern reports that after four weeks of dry weather they've had abundant rains at last. — Wednesday, July 22nd, Baron Huysman de Deflal died at his home after two weeks of illness, well fortified with the Sacraments of the Church. He had been born in Belgium, and was one of the first settlers in Rosthern. The burial took place in Prince Albert.

A Leofeld correspondent writes on the 25th of July that Father Meinrad, O.S.B. went to Saskatoon to see about his Bell and a Statue of St. Boniface that are held at the Custom's Office there. The Rev. Father's arm has healed sufficiently to permit him to read Holy Mass again. — Although they had a fine rain on the 15th, everything is quite dry again. Leofeld has obtained a good blacksmith in the person of Mr. Bocklage. — Father Prior Alfred, Father Benedict, and Mr. Albert Nenzel were the guests of the Rev. Pastor last Friday night. — The young men had an interesting ball game yesterday afternoon.

U. S. Newspaper Resents Statement of British General

The "Chicago Tribune" says the following regarding Sir Douglas Haig's recent announcement that the British Empire has won the Great World's War:

"Field Marshal Sir Douglas Haig admits again that the British empire won the world war. He had admitted this before, but he seems to be afraid he wasn't taken seriously. Recently his report of the operations of the British army were published and throughout that document, though there were rather necessary references to the fact that the French also had an army in the field, there was not one single word to indicate that American soldiers were fighting with the British or elsewhere on the war fronts.

We do not forget the bragging we have done in regard to our part in Europe, but there is no one of Sir Douglas' rank in our army or government who has taken his tone and attitude—nor in the French high command or government either, so far as we know. When the British commander-in-chief says: "We talk a great deal about our allies." (Certainly Sir Douglas hasn't lost his voice talking on that topic.) "It was necessary and right that we should do so to buck them up all we could while the fighting was going on," we get a pretty characteristic piece of a certain type of British consciousness. It doesn't sound Scotch, but whatever it is, it is about as useful to the cause of Anglo-American co-operation as a typhoid germ is to drinking water. The picture of the British bucking up the French army with praise may be accurate, but it is one-sided. We wonder who did the bucking up March 21 to 25, 1918?

We have no disposition to withhold praise from the British army, navy, or empire. But they did not win the war. Neither did the French. Neither did the Americans. The war was not won till all three joined. A debate which of four quarts makes a gallon would be as sensible as a debate about which of the several forces joined against the central powers won a victory against them. Sir Douglas' bragging, against the background of French valor, sacrifice, and military genius, to say nothing of the aid brought by America when the Allies were virtually whipped in 1918 (and knew it), makes him ridiculous and does his country and countrymen anything but good in the eyes of the world."

READY CUT Houses & Barns

SHIPPED FROM VANCOUVER Save You Money!

All Material Cut In Our Mill READY TO ERECT

Write for Catalogue showing 50 designs and plans of houses and barns.

The Vallance Co., Saskatoon.

Z. VON RAJCS, AUDITOR.

Municipal, Commercial, etc. Books Balanced and Audited

Did you make out your Income Tax Declaration? If not, see me about it.

P.O. Box 264 Humboldt, Sask. Phone 62

Subscribe to St. Peters Bote!

Humboldt's Electrical Shop Light and Power Wiring Contractors.

Farm Wiring for 32 and 110 Volt a Specialty.

Our wiring is suitable for any system of Lighting Plants, so when you build that new house let us do the light and power installation.

We charge \$3.00 per outlet for 32 Volt Installations.

LARGE FARMS CHEAPER. Let us figure on your job. And after you have installed the wiring, buy

"NORTHERN LIGHT AND POWER" THE PLANT WORTH BUYING.

Write us for full information and illustrations.

Humboldt's Electrical Shop — Opposite Arlington Hotel — Humboldt, Sask.

We Print Envelopes, Letterheads, Noteheads, Posters, Circulars, etc. St. PETERS BOTE, MÜNSTER, SASK.

SUMMER TOURIST FARES Canadian National Railways

PACIFIC COAST

First-Class Round Trip Tickets

Vancouver, Victoria, Seattle, Tacoma, Portland, San Francisco, Los Angeles, San Diego.

NOW ON SALE

And up to Sept. 30. Return Limit Oct. 31, 1919

SEE JASPER AND MT. ROBSON PARKS

EASTERN CANADA

All Rail and Lake and Rail

Toronto, Hamilton, Ottawa, Montreal, Quebec, Halifax, and other Eastern Canada Points.

SIX DAYS A WEEK SERVICE

Enquire about choice of routes.

STANDARD EQUIPMENT

ON YOUR TRIP EAST HAVE YOUR TRAVEL PLANS INCLUDE A FEW DAYS AT MINAKI SUMMER RESORT — 115 MILES EAST OF WINNIPEG

For full information as to Stopovers, Train Service, Fares from this District, apply Local Agent or write

OSBORNE SCOTT, G. P. A. W. STAPLETON, D. P. A. J. MADILL, D. P. A.

Winnipeg, Man. Saskatoon, Sask. Edmonton, Alta.

CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAYS

"A NATIONAL LINE UNDER NATIONAL MANAGEMENT"



We can convert your car into a truck at a reasonable cost

Call and see us or phone Garage 17 Residence 70



Satisfaction You will like your Gray-Dort for its eagerness to do things your way—for its power—flexibility—simplicity. You will like it for its reasonable first and after cost—good appearance, thorough comfort and reliable performance—for the full value it delivers. Own a Gray-Dort and cut down unproductive time—keep healthy—bright—lively—efficient—the times demand your best. Your inspection of a Gray-Dort is requested—make it to-day. KELLY BROS., HUMBOLDT We have been successful in securing an up-to-date AUTO PAINTER. GET YOUR CAR MADE LIKE NEW while there is an opportunity. Prices reasonable. At Your Service Day or Night WE GUARANTEE OUR GOODS

Agents For Dominion Life Insurance.