A Question of Time.

(Continued from Page 6)

take care of him, and he would try and not be frightened. He dressed hurriedly. He let himself out at the back door, and began to make his way up the grassy slope behind the house; but here the wind caught him, when he had gone a few yards, and nearly blew him away. No, that would not do, he must take the long way round by the road, to the Manor, where he could be more sheltered. He made his way down into the deep lane by the side of the house, and there, comparatively sheltered, he ran along, now stumbling in the deep ruts, now blown against the green banks that rose high on each side. His only fear was in taking a wrong turning and losing his way; at length, however, he found the main road, and then it was a straight walk to the Manor gates. With the dawn the wind abated a little, and the first grey streaks of light showed up a shadowy little form trudging bravely, but wearily, along the deserted highway. At last the Manor gates came in sight, and as he passed up the long avenue, he saw the welcome gleam of lighted windows, long rows of light, for the Community were all astir; it was the hour for holy Mass. It was Brother Stephen, an Englishman, who heard the faint peal of the door bell; he had just served Mass, and he was folding vestments in the sacristy. Now, who could be abroad in such a storm, he wondered, and what could they want at the Manor. He unbarred the heavy door, and a little figure nearly tumbled into his arms as he opened it, for Hubert had crept up close against the friendly portal.

"Bless my soul, it's a little boy," cried the Brother, and he picked him up in one arm and shut the door, then he set him down in a high oak settle, and waited while he recovered breath to speak.

"I want Father Louis," he said at last. "I want him now, this very minute; will you please go and fetch him and tell him father is very ill, and he is asking for him?"

"Who are you, child?"

"I'm Hubert Maitland, of Redland Cottage—oh, there he is," and before the Brother could stop him he darted across the hall, for he had caught sight of Father Louis passing along a corridor beyond, coming from the chapel.

"Oh, Father, I've come to fetch you," he cried, flinging his arms round the priest, "Daddy says he's dying. Oh, do come at once, he wants you!"

"Hubert! you here in this storm? How did you come, child?"

"Oh, I just walked, I had to fetch you if father wanted you; he said it was too late; oh, do come along."

He pulled the priest's gown impatiently, with hot, trembling hands; he was feverish from fatigue and excitement. Father Louis picked him up in his arms and carried him into a room where there was a fire.

"I will come to you directly," he said, "and it won't be too late. Suppose we have some coffee first, I think we should get along much faster, don't you?"

Brother Stephen brought some coffee and bread for the child, and Father Louis left them together while he went to prepare for his journey. By the time Hubert had finished his repast he had rejoined them.

"Will you stay here, Hubert, till I come back?" he asked, examining a small leather case he had in his hand before putting it away carefully in his pocket. He doubted whether the child could walk any further just then; but the boy sprang to his feet, eager to be off, and together they set out for Redland Cottage. Priscilla was upstairs with her master when they arrived, and Father Louis went straight to the sick-room.

"Go and attend to Hubert at once," he said to the woman, as he entered, "he is wet through. I will call you if I want you."

Then he went over to Mr. Maitland, who was lying back, white and faint and only half conscious, on his pillows, and closed strong, warm fingers on the almost pulseless wrist. At the well-known touch the sick man opened his eyes.

"Bad heart attack," said Father Louis, answering his look; "just what I expected. I am going to give you a hypodermic injection, which I think will relieve you; the storm has upset you, I expect; it has been terrific."

As he talked Father Louis was busy with his little leather case, and in a few minutes he had filled a tiny syringe with a clear solution, which he injected into the patient's arm. Then he laid him comfortably down and gently sponged his face and hands, which were clammy with sweat; he gave him a double dose of medicine from a bottle on the table, and then called to Priscilla to get his breakfast ready. Presently Mr. Maitland gave a great sigh of relief and the drawn, suffering look passed from his face; he looked up gratefully at Father Louis and smiled.

"Ah, you're better. That's right."

"I should have died if you had not come. Why are you here? How did you know I wanted you?"

"Hubert came for me at daybreak."

"Hubert? In that storm?"

"Yes, through the storm and darkness. God bless him for a brave, loving little son. He heard you ask for me, and he never hesitated a moment. He said you were afraid I should be too late; too late for what, my friend?"

"To admit me into the company of the sons of God," said the sick man, in slow, solemn voice. "Father, I cannot go forth a feeble, disconnected unit into the vast beyond; by the strong cry of my soul in its anguish I know the truth, that we came from God and return to God; I know there is One above us all, poor sons of men, strong, merciful, good, Who knows all, and fathers all to Himself at last, in peace and security. Father, do not let me die until I have known Him, and called upon His name, until I have made my claim in a share of that universal Fatherhood, and received the adoption of the sons of God, which you have told me I may do, through Christ, my Saviour. I have been abroad on the storm to-night; in spirit, I have been tossed a helpless atom through tempestuous space, a lost, isolated soul," he shuddered, "with consciousness of a calm shelter beyond, which I should never reach. But I shall reach it now. God is my Father and He will pardon and receive me—you who are so good, who have shown me so much goodness; my little son, who has revealed to me such love and devotion in his child's heart, have made me strong and secure in my trust of a Love and Goodness flowing from a Source Divine, so great, so wide, so deep, that it seems to me that as long as life lasts I shall never be able to think of anything besides. Now, Father, what must I do?"

"You must go to sleep;" the priest's eyes were dim, and his voice tremulous. "I will come again soon, but you must rest now; sleep soundly, in all security, for you are better, this was only an attack due to your weakness, and nervous disturbance, and I do not think it will recur; go to sleep with a thankful heart. Say to yourself, in the words of the holy Psalmist, 'I shall not die, but live, and shall declare the works of the Lord.'"

The doctor rode up to the cottage just as Father Louis was leaving it. Priscilla had sent for him as soon as she could find a messenger.

"What's wrong, Father?" he asked, as he dismounted.

"Heart attack," said the priest, "the storm affected him; I have injected strychnine, and he is all right now; he is really much better, on the whole."

"If his nervous system could only be braced up; he has had so much worry all through his illness; he is quite worn out. If he could have three months on the Mediterranean now, with perfect rest"—

"He can have six months there, if you like," said Father Louis, "a friend of mine, who has been ordered to loaf about on his yacht for that period, will be glad to have him as a companion secretary. I was going to suggest the matter to you."

"You mean you were going to pack him off as soon as he was fit to travel, Father; you may as well confess it," laughed the doctor. "Talk about poverty," he said, "I shall begin to look around Redlands for El Dorado, I believe you have found it."

"I found it long ago, Doctor—in the hearts of my friends. God has been good to me, and given me many kind friends—so kind, indeed, that I do not allow them to give me anything unless I ask for it, otherwise I should have to complain of superfluity."

"Ah, well, you're a wonderful man!" and the doctor sighed. "If you can only get Maitland off, as you propose, he will be perfectly well in a few months; you will have saved him then, Father, at least bodily, but"—he shrugged his shoulders.

"Well, we'll see," said the priest, with a quiet smile.

Mr. Maitland was wont afterwards to allude to his attack that night of the storm as the "crisis" of his illness, and he always wondered why Father Louis and the doctor smiled broadly when he made that remark; anyway, from that time his convalescence, if slow, was sure. When the first violets mere opening their dewy eyes to weave their purple embroideries on the robes of returning Spring the invalid exchanged his bedroom for a little sitting-room opening on the garden where the children could run in and out as they pleased, without any bogie masquerading under the name of "germs" to scare them away. And these were happy days, brightened by frequent visits from his new friends, the priest and the doctor. He was out once more upon the green downs, before the daffodils had faded, or the great constellation of the primrose had set amongst the growing verdure of the year. New life had come to him, as well as to the earth, new hopes were springing and blossoming in his heart; his mind set free from the deadening influences, soared into realms of thought, unknown before, where noble and lovely fancies filled him with inspiration and delight; where great ideas, nebulous as yet, and vague, floated before his imagination which he knew he would one day weld and fashion in his mind and give forth to the world. "You can write better stuff than this," Father Louis had said; yes, indeed he could, and he thrilled with the knowledge, and longed for the hour when he might give his soul expression; but work was forbidden him for several months.

One day, just after an early Easter, there was a touching ceremony in the Community chapel at Redland, when Philip Maitland and his three children were received into the One True Fold.

"You are the first fruits of our ministry in exile," said Father Louis as he walked home with them that happy day, "and you will always be dear and precious to us. When you come back again"—

"Ah, when I come back again, Father, we are going to begin to build the church then—you and I."

Father Louis laughed—"Yes, you and I, and the doctor"—

"Oh! Is the doctor going to be a Catholic also, Father?"

"I don't know anything about that," said Father Louis, "but he says he is going to help me build my church, and he is as keen on it as I am myself."

"I hate the thought of going away, Father, and leaving you all—must I go?" said Mr. Maitland.

"Yes, indeed; I was just going to tell you; Lord Hinsley's yacht is at Cowes, and you sail next week."

It was under the blue skies of Italy, on the shining waters of the Mediterranean, that Philip Maitland entered into his literary heritage. The book he published on his return to England was a notable success, and fame was busy with his name before he had well dipped into the pile of manuscript which he put by in the sweet leisure of his summer cruise. But it is as a writer on Nature that he is best known and most loved. In one of the great London dailies there is a now familiar half column written by him, which many of its readers have come to look for with delight. It is headed "The Country Day by Day," and the words would seem to be written by a magic pen, such power they have to conjure up to mind the green, quiet beauty of rural England, with her bewitching variety of wood and stream, hill and dale, soft pasture and breezy downs. He shows their homely flora in its ever changing robe, and he notes the music of their song birds, from the first note of the throstle to the last little lilt of the robin's winter song. They feel the fresh, clear air of the sea blowing in over the land, and they hear the murmur of the waves that break all around her shores. Tired hearts of city toilers feel a refreshing breath from the pure country, and they send a grateful thought to the writer who can thus delight them with the beauty of his imagery and his knowledge of Nature, as she lies about their doors.

He signs these articles, "Louis Redland," which Father Louis says spoils the whole thing!

"I don't think it spoils the whole thing, Father," said Hubert to him one day, as they talked together, "but it sounds rather funny to us. We have asked father ever so many times why he uses that name, and he always answers the same thing, which is not very sensible, I think."

"And what is that, Hubert?"

"Lest we forget."

THE END.

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The Quebec Tercentenary.

In an interesting sketch of the ancient city of Quebec, in the June number of Donahoe's Magazine, Mr. Louis Moreau gives the following account of Bishop Laval, First Bishop of Quebec:

"The coming of Francois de Laval, de Montmorenci, titular Bishop of Petraea, marks another era in the life of Quebec. It was a festive day in Quebec when the Bishop with his accompanying clergy arrived. As they stepped to land on the bank where stood the company's house and store and the mercantile establishments of the five hundred of the little town they were greeted by the Jesuit Fathers, the governor and staff and all the notable inhabitants; we can see them as they went their way on foot up the path which has been widened into the present Mountain street, to the church where they were to thank God for their safe voyage, and can imagine the effect which the glorious scenery, the strange motley crowd of savages, and the complete novelty of the situation must have produced on their minds. To Laval himself it must certainly have seemed that here was a land of unbounded promise, of infinite possibilities for the Church for which he was an instrument; nor was he greatly in error if in prophetic mood he felt assured that with him it rested to give a direction to its growing civilization, a stamp to its moral and intellectual development which ages would not wholly efface.

Two years before the Bishop landed a basilica had been opened for service on the site of the present cathedral, but it was not consecrated until 1660. Entering earnestly on his mission he set about organizing the Church in Canada, establishing parishes, and laying the foundation of the renowned educational institution that more than anything else commemorates his name. To provide instruction also for boys not qualified for the priesthood Bishop Laval later founded the technical school at St. Joachim where an elementary education was given together with instruction in practical and theoretical agriculture and the manual trades. Here he took up his residence in 1691, and here he passed away in 1708, ten years after Frontenac had closed his tempestuous career.

"With the passing of the days of Laval and Frontenac came an era of change for the people of Quebec. Early in the eighteenth century the final conquest of Acadia by the English was accomplished and Canada entered on a long period of peace—a respite that was needed to prepare the country for the war between the French and English nations that culminated on the Plains of Abraham in 1759, when, after an existence of one hundred and fifty years, the city of Champlain passed from the ownership of France.

"Indissolubly connected with the history of Quebec are the names of Montcalm and Wolfe. Admiration for their valor and prowess has so dominated race prejudice that a common monument tells the story of their noble achievements. 'Valor gave them a common death, history a common fame, and posterity a common monument.' Another shaft of stone out on the Plains marks the spot where Wolfe breathed his last. It is not so much of him as of Montcalm that one thinks when wandering through the streets of the city for which the French general fought and died—a hero and a Christian. One seems to see again the excited crowd at St. Louis Gate, gathered to hear the latest news from the field and raising a cry at sight of their chief, streaming with blood, held in his saddle by a soldier on either side. 'It is nothing! It is nothing! Do not distress yourselves for me, my good friends,' murmured the dying man as his black charger slowly bore him to the house of the surgeon. 'How long have I to live?' he asked, and being told that a brief twelve hours remained to him, he said: 'So much the better. I am happy that I shall not live to see the surrender of Quebec.' Then turning to his officers: 'Gentlemen, to your keeping I commend the honor of France. Endeavor to secure the retreat of my army to-night beyond Cap Rouge. As for myself, I shall pass the night with God, and prepare for death.'

"What wonder that the people of Quebec had acquired a distinct national character and that the city remains French to-day! The characteristics of Quebec are still markedly in evidence, and nowhere else on the continent does the influence of the past so persistently exercise its sway.

"An interesting feature of the coming celebration will be the series of historical pageants. Among these is a representation of the arrival of Champlain and his crew—a facsimile of his little ship is now being built, and its arrival in the harbor will be saluted by the men-of-war. On Friday, the 24th of July, a grand historical parade will take place to mark the dedication of the battlefield, and there will be a review of the military and naval forces. On Thanksgiving day, Sunday, July 26th, Mass will be offered up in the open air on the Plains of Abraham, and on Monday evening there will be represented the bombardment of Quebec by the army and fleet under Saunders and Wolfe. On the Plains, too, will be given a series of scenes from Canadian history, on several afternoons, three thousand performers taking part.

"There are many other features, and the event will commemorate not only the tercentenary of the founding of Quebec, but the union as well of the Plains of Abraham where the English defeated the French, and the battlefields of Sillery and St. Foye, where the French defeated the English into a national park which will bear the name of the reigning English King. It is the desire also of the Governor-General, Lord Grey, to symbolize the union of the two races by erecting on the point of Quebec a statue representing the angel of peace. Among the special guests of the occasion will be a representative of the town of Brouage and representatives of the families of Wolfe, Montcalm, Levis, Murray and Guy Carleton—in brief, the celebration is intended to represent three hundred years of history and to recall the lives of the men who made it."

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Mexican Prince Renounces the World.

Prince D. Augustine Iturbide, grand son of the great liberator of Mexico, and heir to the throne, recently renounced the world and joined the Third Order of St. Francis, at the monastery in Brookland, near Washington. He was born in 1863 in mexico, and a year later, Maximilian was called to the throne by the Mexican monarchist party. Shortly before his death Maximilian declared the young boy, Augustine de Iturbide, to be his heir. After the establishment of the republic, the Iturbides came to Washington. The Prince asserts that he has renounced all political ambitions and will never make any attempt to regain his claims in Mexico. He expects to devote his life mainly to writings of a theological character.

Emigration is the Bane of Ireland.

The Royal Commission on the congestion in Ireland has finished its labors, and has issued its final digest of the evidence. According to the Rev. Archdeacon David the population in County Kerry was 293,880 in 1841 and only 165,726 last year.

The decrease is due to emigration to America, which Archdeacon David describes as a great evil, because it is not the weak and infirm that leave the country but the young and strong upon whom the nation should depend for growth and progress. Last year 1971 people emigrated from the country between the ages of fifteen and thirty.

The archdeacon thinks that great efforts should be made to keep the youth in the country. The only remedy seemed to be the growth of Irish industries, and that would take time. One witness, John Downing, stated that eighty per cent. of the holdings on Lord Lansdowne's estate was uneconomic. The people could not maintain themselves were it not for fishing and the money sent by friends in America. There was no means of enlarging the holdings, as Lord Lansdowne had planted all lands that fell into his hands through right of pre-emption. The only remedy would be to grant the estates to commissioners, with compulsory powers of acquisition.

Another witness, H. Doran, stated that according to tradition all the Irish who were not slaughtered by Cromwell went to Connaught, where they had lived in poverty ever since. Most small holders in Connaught were in debt to shopkeepers, but these debts did not deter people from emigrating to America. It was a common things for the shopkeepers to help members of the debtor's family to emigrate in the hope of getting the debts paid from the emigrant's earnings. The witness knew many cases where very poor emigrants sent every shilling they owed to the shopkeepers.

Rev. Canon McDonnell expressed the opinion that if the land were available for young people it would keep them at home instead of going to America. There were districts which suffered greatly owing to the emigration. The peasants imigrated to Montana, where they could earn $1000 a year. They were able to board in Butte City for $10 a week and they got $3.50 a day.

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