

"KATHLEEN" IT BE A CROSS.

BY K. I. W.

CHAPTER VII.—Continued.

But Evelyn said nothing to her sister of what had passed, and Kathleen, accustomed to her wild outbursts of passion, had no suspicion. As usual, when the storm had spent itself she laid the poor, aching head on her breast, and sang to her softly, as a mother might have done, a lullaby that had once been sung to her.

The next day, and during many days that followed, there was no repetition of the violent scenes that lately seemed to have become more frequent. Wrapt in impenetrable gloom, Evelyn sat the weary hours through or wandered from room to room, aimless and almost as motionless as a statue.

One day when she had done some little work for her, she ventured to stoop down and kiss the pale cheek. Evelyn drew herself away from the caress, not roughly nor angrily, but simply and calmly, as if she were not feeling.

"No, what do you mean when you said Kathleen gave up everything for me?" she asked, her eyes fixed on Evelyn.

"Oh, my darling, I did not mean to make you angry," she said.

"No, no," she said, "I only want to know what you mean. Tell me."

"You are tired of doing nothing," she said to her.

"I am so tired of doing nothing," she said to her.

"I am so tired of doing nothing," she said to her.

"I am so tired of doing nothing," she said to her.

side her sister's chair, resting her hand on the young girl's shoulder. Evelyn drew down the hand and clasped it in her own.

"Oh, Kathleen, she said a little nervously, almost timidly, Kathleen knelt beside her. "I was out for a drive to-day. While you and the girls were firing the Orb in the church, I went to see Miss Lister."

"Yes, dear, she said. "Kathleen—Herbert—I thought, Kathleen, do you love Herbert?"

"There was no answer. Kathleen's head was bowed on her sister's shoulder, and for once, she failed to see the traces of inward struggle on the beloved face, whose every expression she had learned to read."

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her whole soul bowed down in humblest adoration of God's all-wise and wonderful Providence.

"Oh, Doctor," she said once to her husband's father, as they stood together, watching Evelyn and her little cousin coming towards them through the sunlight.

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CHAPTER IX.

More than fifteen years had passed since Evelyn Desmond had been married by the hand of God in the freer of her first despair prayer for death to set her free.

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had had it not been for McNamee's thoughtfulness in having himself insured Mary Ann and her little ones would have gone hungry and cold many times.

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THE BLESSED PALM.

Leaves From the Letters of a Missionary in China.

The following extracts are from the letters of Father Gaudesard, S. J., one of the missionaries to China who were driven from the city of Tsin-tsin and obliged to flee in disguise. They occupied themselves as well during their weeks of exile as they could, and every one believed them dead, and news of the massacre was sent to the Society of the Propagation of the Faith. Father Gaudesard's story, therefore, is like a voice from the dead.

"After my departure from Hong-fong, June 26, in the evening, several men presented themselves at our dwelling and addressing my catechist ordered him to take down the cross from the door of entrance.

"Upon the refusal of the catechist, they declared that it was the formal order of the mandarin. 'For,' added they, 'the sight of the cross exasperates the people and it is the cause of the trouble.'

"Two men went on top of the roof and tore down the august sign of the Redemption.

"The mandarin followed in person, commanded all the doors to be opened and made an inventory of what he found in the room and in the chapel.

"Three days afterwards, the prefect and the sub-prefect came to our house and, followed by their satellites, laid hands on everything within their reach: clothing, furniture, ornaments, etc.

"What they did not want the mob seized; even the doors and the windows were taken; a bonfire was made of our books and the pictures that ornamented the chapel.

"The catechist, the porter, the cook, a poor lame orphan found in school, and another pupil of the city were left before the tribunal of the sub-prefect. He commenced by questioning the catechist:

"Where is the money?"

"There is none. The 'great man' looked for it himself a few minutes ago, and he declared that there was nothing in the pockets or in the money chest."

LOURDES IN 1901.

Chauncey M. Depew's Testimony.

Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times. The Trained Nurse and Hospital Review, N. Y., recently published an article slurring Catholic faith in Lourdes. Other articles of like import are being published from time to time in various parts of the country.

The profound peace of the little town of Lourdes presents a sharp contrast to the storm of discussion and contention which the mere mention of the place is liable to call forth.

This serene atmosphere, so marked as to impress even a casual visitor, is largely due to the earnest faith and religious fervor of the crowds who kneel in silent prayer about the grotto. Rich and poor, noble and peasant, the cultured and the ignorant are grouped together, each one oblivious of the other and intent only on his own devotion.

The excited spirit of a "revival" was utterly foreign to the pilgrims I saw at Lourdes. There were ten thousand of them there during my two weeks' stay, and at each visit to the shrine, I was struck anew by their calmness and recollection. The sick, of whom there were about twenty, were brought every day in little invalid carriages, which were placed near the grotto, and Mr. Zola, the contrary notwithstanding, I saw nothing in the least repulsive or heartrending amongst them.

A SPECIMEN SLANDER. Apropos of Zola and Lourdes, the following remarkable statement appeared recently in the Trained Nurse and Hospital Review:

"Thirty thousand patients are sometimes gathered together in one week. They are herded like cattle on the railroad at Lourdes. They lie mostly on the hospital floor, and no medical treatment is allowed them, for they are not to be cured by a miracle. They are left unwashed, unattended and uncared for, save for the spasmodic voluntary service of a sort of untrained 'hospitaliers' who are called, men and women of a trades and callings, who accompany the pilgrims as a penance for their sins. Many Catholic Sistershoods are represented in the traveling cortege. Few are trained and their ministrations to these, the worst cases the Europe can show, are kind, but amateurish."

In answer to this extract I would say first that there is in Lourdes a finely equipped modern hospital, where not only are the sick carefully nursed by the experienced Sisters in charge, but where expert physicians are in constant attendance. A patient seriously ill is not even allowed to be taken to the grotto without permission of the doctor attending him. By the "hospitaliers" I presume the writers mean to allude to the "brancardiers" who are not in charge of the sick, all except to wheel them to and from the grotto. These "brancardiers" are recruited from the gentlemen who desire to perform some works of charity while there. Priests and noblemen are frequently found in the ranks, where service is, of course, purely voluntary.

WHEN LOURDES IS CROWDED. The only time in the year when there is a vast crowd at Lourdes is the occasion of the national pilgrimage which comes from Paris just before the 15th of August, that being on the principal feast of Our Lady. Fifty thousand people sometimes assemble, but only a small proportion of these are sick persons. A special train for the Infirm is provided to accompany them to Lourdes. It is incredible that so many sick should be found in a pilgrimage of fifty thousand which I saw at Lourdes a few weeks before the arrival of the national pilgrimage. Express trains now run from Paris to Lourdes in eight hours, and too many travelers, their way there for such exaggeration to pass unnoticed. There is no overcrowding of hotels and hospitals during the few days' stay of this national pilgrimage, but such unavoidable inconveniences do not represent the ordinary state of affairs and should not be dwelt upon unduly.

"THE CURES." There is a prevalent idea "cures" are reported by the authorities at Lourdes on very slight grounds and that temporary relief from brought about by hysterical excitement is put down as a miracle. observant visitor will see on his