### REN THO IT BE A CROSS."

MY K. L. W.

CHAPTER VIL-COSTISTED.

But Evelyn said nothing to her sister of what had passed, and, Kathleen, accustomed to her wild outbursts of passion, had no enspirion. As usual, when the storm had spent itself, she laid the poor, on her breast, and sang to acting bearing as a mother might have billed to sleep a child that had cried itself weary. For, of all the spells that had weary. For, of all the spells that had held her heart in the past the music of Kathleen's voice alone remained to com-

pert day, and during many days 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 eat the weary hours through or wandered from room to room, similess and silent as some magnist ghost. Marrelling at the change, Kathleen hong over her with, if possible citode, and the nurse looked on, not during to explain, and trembling with apprehension for the result of her interference. See longed to speak to Evelyn, to tell her of her remorae, to lavish upon her all the overflowing tender-ness of her heart, but this dumb deepsir, infinitely more pathetic than any out-burst, grieved and frightened her. She

One day when she had done some little service for her, she ventured to stoop down and kies the pale cheek. Evelyn drew herself away from the caress, not roughly nor angrily, but simply as though she would not be disturbed. Evidently she was thinking, for when Mrs. Mason came into the room again, she said ab-

ropaly.

Nome, what did you mean when you arrestlying for said Kathleen gave up everything for

Ob, my darling, I did not mean to make you sagry. I only—"
"No, no?" the girl said impatiently,
"Never mind, that, I only want to know

what you mesait. fell me."
So she told her of the night that had followed her father's funeral, of the vigil she had kept with Kathleen, and of the struggle she had witnessed. She did not feel that she was betraying confidence. It seemed to her right that Evelyn should rnow and she told her. It was not often days that snything had power to arrest the blind girl's interest, but she listened with breathless attention to Mrs.

Mason's story
"But, nurse," she said, "What was it that Kathleen gave up for me?" "I couldn't ever quite tell that, Miss Evelyn. But, whatever it was, I know that it cost her dear, though she never spoke of again, and she wouldn't have spoken nen but she wasn't quite herself with

Evelyn became preoccupied again, and Mrs. Mason resumed her work. She said

every selfish interest for the promotion of another's welfare, and through all these years of sacrifice to cling, unswerving, to her purpose, comparing her sister's vol-untary yielding up of life's fairest hopes with her own unholy resistance when they were wrested from her, trying to place. calculate the probable outcome of night's struggle had she been in I that night's stroggle had she been in Kath-leen's place; and, incidentally, picturing to herself Kathleen under her affliction, stricken blind and helpless. Then her stricken blind and helpless. Then her norse's words would come back to her— "If she lost her eyesight now, she would

reflections arose, naturally. a sense of the atter selfishness and in-gratitude of the part she herself had And, as one learned to recognize her own short-comings, and to appreciate, at their real value, the blessings, of which, hitherto, she had taken no account, a shrinking fear that her unnatural con-duct had cost her Kathleen's love took root in her heart, and as the weeks went grew and deepened till it absorbed every other consideration, and, strange as it may seem, there was a keener anguish it now than in the thought that she Kathleen had loved her with all a mother's self-forgetting love. The solicitude and patience that had striven against her waywardness and sought to draw her theart, to God; the generous pride that had rejoiced in her success and encouraged her ever to nobler efforts; the care that had followed her always, withfall or falter-these were not merely the fulfilment of a sacred duty; they were, above all, the expression of a deep and engressing affection. That Kathleen engrossing affection. That Kathleen would be faithful to her and stand by her would be faithful to her and stand by her through weal or wee on to the end, she never for a moment doubted. But, her excited fancy, it did not seem possible that a love, even so disinterested and but the trial that impure, could have withstood the test to pure, could have withstood the test to pure. The trial that impound that impound the trial that impound the trial

per one earthly care?

to tell her trouble to Kathleen and ask from her what comfort she had to give. Perhaps it was a shrinking from having her fears confirmed; perhaps it was a remnant of her old, sullen reticence that withheld her, but, time after time, when she would have spoken, the words died on her lips. At length, however, when the suspense became intolerable, they

broke from her impetnously.

broke from her impetnously.

"Kathleen, why are you so good to me? You cannot care for now."

The evening lampe had just been lighted, and before taking up her work, Kaihleen was bending over her sister's chair, arranging the cushions and trying to make her comfortable. At the words, freighted, not with bitterness or reproach but unspeakable sadness, she started and a look of pain came into her face. Throw-ing her arms about Evelyn, she said al-

most passionately.
"Oh, Erslyn, don't! How can you— But it. blind girl drew away from her embrace s interrupted her.

Wait! I allow what you would say. But do not understand. So long I have been thinking of it all, and now you must answer me. Don't think it will be kind to soure me. You are good and patient and bear with me always because you are corry for me," a painful flush over-spread her face. "You would pity any spread net have. Too would ply any one so miserable. You used to love me, I know, though I didn't deserve it, even then. But, now, after all the surrow and trouble I've brought you, after all the croel things I have said and done, after it all-Kathleen tell me, do you care for me a little yet?"

Tears streamed over Kathleen's face, and she was trembling. But her votce wes very calm and deep, with the ring of a great tenderness in it, as she answered.

Never so well, my darling? And Evelyn, the last vestige of her old pride and retitence slipping from her, wept out all her grief and removes on the strong, true heart, that had loved her so faithfully and well. ly and well

After that she clung to Kathleen with a yearning affection she was at no paint to conceal. The hours when her sister was obliged to be absent were inexpressibly long to ber. The longing for solitude, which had grown upon her since her mismed enddealy to have left her She talked freely, and sometimes even cheerfully, to her old nurse, mostly of

"I am so tired of doing nothing," she said to her once. "I wish you would start some work for me. You taught me to knit long ago when I was little, and I think I could do it now. Any way, I'd

little to try So, with her time occupied, the days passed more swiftly. In the evenings she listened while Kathleen read or sang to her, her heart full of a new gratitude to God for the one great treasure spared her from the wreck of her life's freignt. But her own glorious voice, that had been her hope and bride, was always ellent now, and sadly Kathleen missed its most, but she never spoke her looging, fearful al-ways of touching the ever-open wound. Also for her singuing, bird whose heanti-

"Oh, how good the fire is! Do you know, I think that is what makes the city so dreary. One shivers the whole winter through. More than half the comfort of the fire is in seeing it sparkle and shine like this. There they they-"
Kataleen's voice broke in, while she

only regret it for your sake." It was true, for what was the use of all Kath-leen's talents, the object of all her toil, but the well-being of tals sister, who was laid her hand warmingly over the speak-er's lips. "We had a splendid practice to-night. Father Vincent heard ne reto-night. hearsing, and he says St. Cecilia's Angels must come down to-morrow to listen. While Evelyn and Helen were singing my fingers wanted to rest on the notes heard some one saying that large numbers are coming in to-morrow to hear our singing-birds."

As she spoke she loosened Evelyn's wrappings, and drew her gently towards the heat. For Kathleen's ever watchful eyes had seen her sister's lips quiver and the quick tears gather and fall at the thoughtless words. But they were quiet tears, only a passing shower that left no gloom behind

Long after they were left alone, Evelyn still impered, dreaming by the fire. She had been very still all the evening, and now, to any one looking into the pale face, with its working features and contracted brow, it must have been evident that very unusual emotions were at strife in her heart. That night she had prayed, it seemed to her almost for the first time in her life; prayed in the consuming hunger of her soul for help and guidance. And her prayer was not in vain. in the strength only God can give, she was ready now to meet the trial that im-

side her sister's chair, resting her hand her whole soul bowed down in humblest on the young girl's shoulder. Erelyn advantion of God's all-wise and wonderful hers.

"On, Ductor," she said once to her

hers. "Kuthleen," she said a little nervotsly, almost timidly, Kathleen knelt beside her. "I was out for a drive to-day. While you and the girls were fixing the Crib in the church, Herbert called for me when he was going to see Minnie Lister. He thinks she is sinking fast. It is very lonely down there, and she takes so much pleasure in seeing any one that I promised you and I would go down with Herbert to-morrow afternoon." Yes, dear, we shall go.

"Kathleen-Herbert-I thought, Kath-leen, do you love Herbert !"
There was no answer. Kathleen's head was bowed on her sister's shoulder, head was bowed on her maker's shoulder, and for once, she failed to see the tocents of inward struggle on the beloved face, whose every expression she had learned to read. It was bott for a moment, the hast battle with self was frought and woo, the hast sacrifice was made. The next minute Evelyn spoke almost merrily.

"Ab, I know! I shall have a Christmas-box for Herbert. Well, I shall be glad to have a brother." Then, after a long, dreamful pante, "And this is abother sacrifice you would have made for me! Ob, my sister!"

In the summer when the sir was the fragrance of flowers and the June sun-light flooded the world in glory, Kathleen Desmond was married to Doctor Herbert Moriey. The old priest's eyes were dim as he looked from the bride to the blind girl beside her.

And truly, through soffering and sacri-

fice, some wondrons power had been at work in Evelyn's darkened life. She was changed almost beyond recognition. In the pale features there was little trace left of the fire, and passion, and pride that had lighted them of old. But her fare was beautiful, with the passing beauty of a heart at rest. If there was a lorking sadness in its expression now, as she knelt before the altar to witness the con-summation of her life's most chastening sacrifice, it did not mar its perfect peace

were cruel fiames that had seared But, in spite of her mad resistance, quenched by her bitter tears, they had accomplished their mission; they had burned away the dross and cleansed the gold for God. Tensciously she had dung to her earth blos, but they had crumbled in her grasp. Long and fiercely she had wreetied with her fate, and closed her heart against God's grace that would have found an entrance there. But the have found an entrance there. But confect was unequal, and she was w ed in the strife. The bitterness of death was passed when she berself had risided to another the first place in the love she coveted undivided. The conflict was over then, the surrender was complete; and the proud heart, crushed and quiver-ing, lay at the Master's feet. The passing years trailed their

the church. According to their custom the whole party accompanied their young organist and her sister, home.

Coming in out of the chill evening air, they crowded about the fire that snapped and crackled in the old-fashioned fire-place. afflicted and the erring gathered new hope and courage to face the fature. To them she was not a pitying angel, looking on human woe and weakness, which she herself could never know, but a fellow-pilgrim through this vale of tears, im-

and sadness they could scartely under-stand. And she spoke to them as even she had never spoken before, of the bright nome beyond, where they must meet her Mary Josephine a theological reputation! He had been saked three questions, and had not only failed, but given year to rank herexhansted, and for a little space she lay, white and still, seeming scarcely to

"Now Sister Emphrasia asked him who was the trushle bend of the Church was, an be want to be here, Evelyn," Kathleen said, as her husband knell by her side. "Herbert, you will pray for me always, won't you? You have been so good to me. You and Kathleen must teach the little ones to pray for me, too. Do not let this ones to pray for me, too. Do not let this ones to pray for me, too. Do not let this ones to pray for me, too. Do not let this ones to pray for me, too. Do not let this ones to pray for me, too. Do not let this ones to pray for me, too. Do not let this ones to pray for me, too. Do not let this ones to pray for me, too. Do not let this ones to pray for me, too. Do not let this ones to pray for me, too. Do not let this ones to pray for me, too. Do not let this ones to pray for me, too. Do not let this ones to pray for me, too. Do not let the third one let this ones to pray for me, too. Do not let this ones to pray for me, too. Do not let this ones to pray for me, too. Do not let the third one?" said the widow. "Who was the only person that ever came in the tribution of the Blessed Virgin was." There was a long pune. Many Josephine was "There was a long pune. Many Josephine and the third one?" said the widow. "Who was the only person that ever came the pray to the said the pray for me always, and the third the third one?" said the widow. "Who was the only person that ever came the pray to the third one?" said the widow. "Who was the only person that ever came the pray to the third one?" said the widow. "Who was the only person that ever came the pray to the third one?" said the widow. "Who was the only person that ever came the pray to the third one?" said the widow. "Who was the only person that ever came the pray that the third one?" said the widow. kind, I know, to all these poor little chil-

dren that I loved."
Then, as she feebly pressed the band that held hers, she marmared dreamily, "My sister, so good, so patient, so true." She was passing swiftly, but as she felt Kathleen's tears on her hand, she roused beneil's little. "Kathleen," she said, "do not cry for me. Only pray that God will forgive me. It won't be long, Kathleen. Just a little while and you and Herbert and the children will come too. Kiss me, dear, and sing again the hymn

you sang that day so long ago."
It required all the strength Kathleen could command to steady her votes. Every breath was husbed as the sweet notes trembled on the silence-

ne yearest to each was eviceus true has peen ent occupation, and the peculiar-looking baid spots on the heads of several boys play-ing in the alley. There was a sticky spot on either side of his mouth, where the project-ing points of the crescent bites touched his cheeks. After each bite he held the slice of bread some distance from him, syeing it in a contemplative way, as if to ascertain whetbrean some distance from him, eyeing it in a contemplative way, as if to ascertain whet-her it was suffering any diminution in size. He bit of all the uneven places, with a mathe-matical precision born of long practice, and having fashioned the piece of bread to suit his artistic eye, he again bit into the centre.

on homan we and weakness, which she half the herself could never know, but a fellow-pilgrim through this vale of tears, imparting what she might of the bleesed lessons she herself had learned to young in the school of sorrow.

But it was the children, those little twin-spirits of the angels, who were her dearest care, and they, with childhood's hood's unerring instinct, clong to her and loved her as only children can. She is singing the notes lat large who hear is their childish wose. In sickness her voice had a magic power to still their was their childish wose. In sickness her voice had a magic power to still their was their childish wose in sickness her voice had a magic power to still their was their little, clingting hands that led inversed about her; they listened, unwastedly to her gentle teachings, and it was their little, clingting hands that led inly and the long handled spoon plunged into the strangers there were who came from long distances to the pretty church at voice, whose fame, as time went on, had gone out far beyond the little circle that was the singer's world. And they spoke of her she wondrous seraph voice, whose fame, as time went on, had gone out far beyond the little circle that was the singer's world. And they spoke of her she wondrous seraph voice, whose afterwards as "the Blind Singer," maries and contract the case of the law was sold the fame and fortune. Thus, the principal contract the case of the circle that was the singer's world. And they spoke of her she wondrous seraph voice, whose afterwards as "the Blind Singer," maries and contract the case of the contract the contract to hide away in seclusion such noble gifts, that in the great world must have brought her fame and fortune. Thus, the principal contract the case of the contract the case of the contract the contract the state of the was assisted in bring and the little circle that was the singer's world. And they spoke of her should be content to hide away in seclusion such noble gifts, that in the great world mast have bro

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

"On, Doctor," she said once to her husband's fasher, as they shood together, watching Evelyn and her little court counting towards them through the sandjut.

"How short of eight and small of faith we are! Do you remember the time you came to the dily to see as after the trouble? When you were going away you told me to be trustful, that all would come right yet. You never greened how croel the words seemed to me. They string like a bittler transfer every time! I thought of them, for, I could see no hope of reither of us errospt in death. It did not seem possible to me then that light could ever break out of that terrible claritones."

"God is very, very good," the old man said reverently.

More than fifteen years had passed finos Evelyn Diemond, stricken down by the hand of God, in the freezy of her first detapant prayed for death to set her freezy dipon.

"Kathleen," she had eadd, "Don't keep any of the children away. Let them all come in and stary with me, for I need their prayers so much."

So the children away. Let them all come in and stary with me, for I need their prayers so much."

So the children away. Let them all come in and stary with me, for I need their prayers so much.

So the children away. Let them all come in and gathered round her bed, their merry voices bushed to silected, their merry voices bushed to silected, their merry voices bushed to silected, their merry voices bushed to silected a their mile beart foll of an away and their hind beart foll of an away and their hind beart foll of an away was a become of him, priest or man, if a make the first had the first despite to them as even alto had never spoken before, of the bright and brought the climat. Thomas was prepared to the man metal to the first had been man and gathered round her had not been the mile to come the man was a considered the influence of the man as even and the hind to come the man way and the climate the mile to come the man way a was iruning, with the awful news. Thomas had diagraced the family and biasted forever

ery in addition.

What were the questions," saked the mother husbily.

Now Sater Euphrasia asked him who "Now Sater Euphrasia asked him who "Now Sater as an be

sin?" recited Mary Josephine.
Share he knew that anny way. What
tid he say?"
"Be said George Washington."
"On the herein! the infine!" the widow

"Oh the heretic! the infine!" the widow cried, "wait till I lay hands on him!" The heretic was present at dinner, but re-The heretic was present at dinner, but received no sign of recognition from his
mother. Mary Josephine made gestures
across the table suggressive of the judgment
to be visited upon him hate. Thomas did
not seem greatly affected, however, with remore of conscience, and appeared at his accustomed hour for the usual slice of oread
and molasses,—and received it. This time
he seemed to feel his mother's silence and
stood in the kitchen doorway watching her
at the incuming board, seeking to find some
sign of releating. Receiving no ecocuragement he finally withdrew to the front of the
house.

It want to the widow's heart to treat him
so, but it was time for stringent measures.

It is fargree and troubs.

The proposed precent with a common prec

nd door you herver get no oreast an mlasses when yer hongry?" inquired Thomas after a pause. Jimmie hung his head and said nothing. Here was a pozzle for Thomas. A boy who didn't have to go to catechism was certainly to be envied, boy who didn't get bread and molasses bis motion; get oreas and minasees from his motioner, when he was hungry, was cer-tainly to be pitted. Ferhape he was hungry now. He turned his head to see if he was observed. No one was in sight. He never dreamed of his mother. He slowly stretched out the piece of bread until it was within reach of the other, and then turned away. Jimmie looked at the bread as if to refuse. limmie looked at the bread as if to ref but the temptation was too strong. it with a muttered thanks and stampered down the street. Thomas looking after him, heard a step behind him, and turned to find his mother's gaze full on him. He hung

and his mother's gaze full on him. He hung his head guiltily for a moment, and then raised it dediantly. "Well." he whispered, "he wur hungry, an' his mother's drunk." She caught him to her breast and kissed him through her tears. "God bless ye." She left him there on the porch and want back to the ironing. Mary Josephine, the his, the lighting twins, the bot kitchen, the spotted collar, and the catechism lesson were all forgotten. She was happy for she remembered Thomas, Jr.

## A Big Quarter's Worth.

is always found in a bottle of Polson's Ner It cures rheumatism, neuralgia, toothache headache, sick stomach, in fact is good fo everything a liniment ought to be good for.
Mothers find it the safest thing to rub on
their children for sore throat, cold on the
cheet, sprains and bruises. Never be with
out Polson's Nerviline, It - ill cure the pains
and acket of the active families and acket. and aches of the entire family and relieve rast amount of suffering every year.

vast amount or sunering every year.

Free and easy expectoration immediately relieves and frees the throat and lungs from viscid phlegm, and a medicine that promotes this is the best medicine to use for coughs, colds, inflammation of the lungs and all affections of the throat and chest. This is precisely what Bickle's Anti Consumptive Syrup is a specific for, and wherever used it has given unbounded satisfaction. Children like it because it is pleasant adults like it. like it because it is pleasant, adults like because it relieves and cures the disease.

WHEN YOU are feeling tired and out of sorts you will find Hood's Sarsaparilla will do you wooderful good. Be sure to GET

## THE BLESSED PALM

Leaves From the Lenters of a Mission.

The following extracts are from the etters of Pather Gandissand, S. J., one of the missionaries to China who were driven from the city of Tai-ming-ion and obliged to fiee in disguise. concealed themselves so well curing four weeks that every one believed them dead, and news of the massacre was sent to the Society of the Propaga. tion of the Paith. Pather Gaudissard's story, therefore, is like a voice from the dead :

fou, June 26, in the evening several men presented themselves at our dwelling and addressing my catechia ordered him to take down the cross from the door of entrance.

Upon the refusal of the catechia they declared that it was the formal order of the mandarin, 'for,' added the sight of the cross example. ates the people and it is the table of the drought

"Two men went on top of the roof and tore down the angust 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 bands on everything within their reach ; clothing, furniture, crnaments, What they did not want the mob seized; even the doors and the windows were taken ; a boufire was made of our books and the pictures that ornsmented the chapel.

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

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 closets or in the money chest 'But there is some money deposited in a bank in the city.

'You are Christian?'

Yes; there is no wrong in that. "It is no longer permitted: you must change your religion: blasphene God and the Blessed Virgin.

That is impossible. " 'Ta!' (Strike him.)

Then the cathechist was thrown to the ground and covered with blows. Half dead, he was carried into the neighboring prison where a chain was out about his neck : the next day, to be rid of him, the mandarin sent him back. In consequence of the wounds. the heroic confessor hung between life and death for a month, and he is not yet altogether out of danger.

The porter, an honest man, who had never wronged any one in his life, was treated in the same way and manifested the same courage.

The cook and the pupil of our city school, both catechumens, found rela tions or friends who went security for them. They were released.

When it came to the orphan's turn, the poor child could answer in no way but crying. Persuaded by the mandarian to apostatize, he said : Teannot; since my infancy I have been cared for by the Fathers."

"Speak no more of them, answered the mandarin: 'there are none left; they have been driven away.

As the child continued to cry without replying, the mandarin commanded that he should be led to the same prison as the catechist. The next day, he was set free.

One of my Christians died a glorious death confessing the faith. The acis of this martyr have an official the history of this persecution. "The facts are these:
"On Wenn Yinn was tifang

(mayor) of the Christian part of his village, and when the pagans came to demolish the church, he opposed them. Denounced before the mandarin, he was brought to judgment. Knowing that he could not escape with his life, he threw himself on his knees before his aged mother to bid her farewell This heroic woman said to him:
"'If you die for the faith, God will

take care of us; do not be concerned about me or your children. If you apostatize, I shall disown you as my son.'
" 'Mother,' he replied, 'be assured

With the grace of God, I shall not apostatize. 'You are Christian?' the sub-pre-

fect asked him. 'That is no longer permitted; you must change your 'I cannot.

" 'Ta !' (Strike

"The executioners inflicted the punishment of bastinade on the confessor until he lost consciousness. When he recovered his senses, the mandarin again proposed that he should apoststize; upon his refusing, he was beaten second time, with no different result Then he was suspended in the cage of wood. The martyr said to him:

" When on account of my suffer ing, I shall no longer be able to speak and you see me move my lips, I shall not be uttering words of apostasy but of prayer.

At the end of a few moments of the torture of the cage, the execution. ers hastened to take him down, judging by the change of his features that he was going to die. They were too late; On Wenn Yinn had gathered the palm of the eternal victors

"The following is another sublime instance which occurred at Tsing ho A Christian of Si Kao Chang, who had made a brave defense against the

Large Knives when they attempted to burn the church of his village, was taken by them. "'You are Christians?' they asked

him. " 'If you apostatize, we will have

compassion on you.'
"I will not apostatize; you can not only cut off my head, but you can cut my body into two or three pieces;

cut my body into two or three pieces; and each piece, if you question it, will reply that 4t is Christian.

After this proud profession of faith, he was put to death.

"It is sometimes said that the time for martyrs is over. This account proves the contrary and we ourselves may still cherish the hope of gather. ing the blessed palm."

# LOURDES IN 1901.

Chauncey M. Depew's Testimony.

Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times. The Trained Nurse and Hospital Re view, 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. In view of these and similar misrepresenta-tions the International Catholic Truth Society takes pleasure in placing be fore the readers of the Catholic Stand-ard and Times the following letter from one of its members who recently

risited Lourdes : 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

This serene atmosphere, so marked as to impress even a casual visitor, is argely 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 cul and the ignorant are grouped together, each one oblivious of the other and intent only on his own de-The excited spirit of a "revival

was utterly foreign to the pilgrims is saw at Lourdes. There were ten thou sand 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 in valid carriages, which were placed near the grotto, and, Mr. Zola to the notwithstanding, I saw noth ing in the least repulsive or heartrend

ing amongst them.
A SPECIMEN SLANDER. Apropos of Zola and Lourdes, th following remarkable statement appeared recently in the Trained Nurs and Hospital Review :"

Thirty thousand patients are some times gathered together in one week They are herded like cattle on th railroad at Lourdes. They lie mostle on the hospital floor, and no medical treatment is allowed them, for hav they not come to be cured by a mi They are left unwashed, una tended and uncared for, save for th spasmodic voluntary service of a sorts of untrained 'hospitallers' they are called, men and women of s trades and callings, who accompan the pilgrims as a penance for the sins. Many Catholic Sisterhoods a represented in the traveling corteg Few are trained and their ministr tions to these, the worst cases th Europe can show, are kind, but ame

In answer to this extract I would so first that there is in Lourdes a finel equipped modern hospital, where n only are the sick carefully nursed the experienced Sisters in charge, b where expert physicians are in co stant attendance. A patient serious ill is not even allowed to be taken the grotto without permission of t doctor attending him. By "the h I presume the writ pitallers " means to allude to the "brancardier who are not in charge of the sick all except to wheel them to and from the grotto. These "brancardier are recruited from the gentlemen come as pilgrims to Lourdes and w desire to perform some works of chity whilst there. Priests and not men are frequently found in th ranks, where service is, of cour

WHEN LOURDES IS CROWDED

The only time in the year w

purely voluntary.

there is a vast crowd at Lourdes is the occasion of the national pilgri age which comes from Paris just bef the 15th of August, that being on the principal feasts of Oar La Fifty thousand people sometimes semble, but only a small proportion these are sick persons. A spe train for the infirm is provided members of a religious order acc pany them to act as nurses on the jo It is incredible that so man thirty thousand sick could ever found in a pilgrimage of fifty th sand, when not more than fifty told accompanied a pilgrimage of thousand which I saw at Lourdes a weeks before the arrival of the nat al pilgrimage. Express trains no from Paris to Lourdes in eigh hours, and too many travelers their way there for such exaggers to pass unnoticed. There is no d vercrowding of hotels and hosp during the few days' stay of this g national pilgrimage, but such una able inconveniences do not repre the ordinary state of affairs and sh not be dwelt upon unduly.

THE "CURES"

There is a prevalent idea "cures" are reported by the aut ties at Lourdes on very slight gro and that temporary relief from brought about by hysterical ex ment is put down as a miracle. observant visitor will see on his