

# OUR LADY'S LITTLE KNIGHT.

Written for the "True Witness," by MISS MARGARET LILLIS HART, of Toronto.

Whir-r-r-r went the electric bell attached to the little door of the little presbytery of Our Lady's, situated about twenty miles from our beautiful Queen City, Toronto.

Everything about this parish was small, not only the bell, the door and the presbytery, but the church itself and the pastor were all on the same diminutive scale, at least externally. Their proportions influentially on the surrounding country were, however, in the inverse ratio of their size, for St. Mary's was the leading church of the district spiritually, and its pastor was undoubtedly the leader of his people.

The last reverberation of the bell had but slightly rested on the midnight air, when the door was opened widely from within, and the face of the pastor peered through the murky night.

"What is the matter?" he asked of the man, who closely muffled about the throat and lower part of the face, answered in a somewhat smothered voice: "You are wanted at the Don Flats, Maurice Mahoney is dying, he's called for you all night."

"Where does he live?" asked the priest.

"It's a goodish distance from here; nine miles at least. You know Burns' Mills?"

"Yes," assented the priest. "Well, when you get to the Mills, turn to your right and you'll find a row of shanties; the second of these is where you will find him."

Apparently thinking all the information necessary had been given, the man started off on his wheel and left the priest to follow.

Five minutes had not elapsed before St. Mary's little pastor had also mounted his wheel and, following the road indicated, soon overtook and passed his somewhat gruff messenger.

Under his skillful management, his "silent steed" seemed scarcely to touch the ground, and the miles were rapidly left behind; presently a large dark object loomed up in the distance and our traveller recognized the mill. Following the directions given, he turned to the right, and soon discovered the row of huts in the second of which a light was seen dimly through an upper window. Father Clare, for so the pastor of St. Mary's was named, speedily found the door, which easily yielded to his touch, and pushing it briskly from him found himself in a narrow and dark hall. After groping about for some time he gained a stair which cracked and groaned beneath his steps. Mounting some distance in the dark, a glimpse of light from a landing above encouraged him, and guided by its rays he found himself at another door, which at his gentle knock was quickly opened from within.

An old woman in most tattered apparel, bade him enter. He was about to enquire for the sick man, when a slight groan proceeding from the farthest corner of the room, struck his ear and he at once went to the spot from which the sound came. The sick man lay before him; and by the feeble light which came but dimly from the little oil lamp, the priest at once knew that this was Maurice who was dying and who had called for him "the whole night through."

Evidently the messenger had been too long in his coming, for already apparently the pallor of death had overspread the face upon the pillow and naught save the breathing of the sleeper gave evidence of life. The eyes were heavily closed and all efforts to arouse the prostrate man were unavailing.

The fact that the man had been so anxious for his presence seemed all the proof needed of his good intentions. So provisional absolution was given and the Holy Oils touched the pallid features, while fervent prayers for the soul about to depart were breathed forth by the kindly heart and lips of the priest.

While leaning over his patient, or penitent, which you will, Father Clare was struck by the unusual beauty and regularity of the face before him. The forehead low and broad, was white and smooth as polished marble; the brows parted on either side in a slight but perfect arch were black as midnight; the lips were well shaped, though partaking in the general pallor, the eyelids falling heavily over the eyes were finished with a fringe of inky blackness, the nose was beautiful in its curves and outline, while the head itself might have been that of one of the old Greek Gods, so perfect was its cast, and so curling and silky the dark hair which covered it.

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A linen bandage tied diagonally across the brow and partially covering one well formed ear, seemed to indicate that a concealed wound was the cause of the suffering.

Having finished his ministrations during which the sufferer had continued in a perfectly passive condition Father Clare prepared to depart.

Turning to the old woman, who, hitherto, had remained in the farthest corner of the dark and shabby room, Father Clare said, "Send me word at once should he recover consciousness." The woman muttered something which might be taken as assent, and the priest took his departure.

It was now about three o'clock in the early November morning, for it was the feast of All Souls, and as he rode home more leisurely than when coming, Father Clare went over in his mind the events of the preceding day.

From the great Feast of All Saints in the year 1896, to the same day twenty-five years before, was for him an easy and most natural transition, for on that day his mother who lay with the hands of life quickly passing from her grasp, had called him to her and with her feeble hands had placed round his neck a medal of the Immaculate Conception. While doing so she seemed to gain strength as for a final effort, and in a clear distinct voice said: "Remember Willie, and never forget it; remember you belong to the Blessed Virgin!"

At that time he was but nine years old, and had never before heard of the Blessed Virgin; but he soon afterwards learned that his mother had been a Catholic, but, that on her marriage with his father a stern Protestant, she had after one or two feeble attempts to continue the practice of her religion, finally succumbed, and the children left to the will of the father were brought up in his belief. Surely, though at first imperceptibly, the Catholic spirit of the mother though stagnant for a while had roused itself and made itself felt, so that when some weeks before her death she became reconciled to the church, her children soon began to marvel, and ask themselves questions about the wonderful religion in which their mother had to die in order to obtain peace and rest. Willie was the first to work out the problem for himself, and having come to the conclusion that his mother's religion was the true one, he lost no time, but began at once to prepare himself for that high office, in which he could daily offer the true sacrifice in expiation for the weakness of his early beloved mother, who had sinned not through malice but through weakness.

From the time of his entrance into the Church, he had evinced the most intense love for the Blessed Virgin, and in so many ways did this appear, that in a spirit half of rapture, half of tribute to his great devotion, he had been called "the Little Knight of Our Lady."

You may ask, why he was called little? Not that he was below the ordinary stature, and his frame though not indicative of great strength, had at the same time nothing delicate about it; his shoulders were somewhat broad and his physique on the whole was well proportioned and well knit, but looking at him as he ascended the pulpit to address his congregation, or as he stood at the bedside of the dying, one almost instinctively said, "poor little Father Clare."

He was so youthful, so boyish in appearance.

His head beautifully formed and balanced, seemed at the same time that of a well-grown boy rather than that of a man. His wide open dark blue eyes, always looked at one with the innocent surprise of a child who had not yet got over the effect of finding itself in a strange and unknown world, while his curved red lips often took a childish droop as when a sensitive little one is hurt by the jeers of his more robust companions. About the large round forehead, free from furrows as that of the veriest innocent, the brown silky hair fell in one or two damp curls, thus completing the childish effect.

And yet this infantile exterior altogether belied the character within. Father Clare had decided opinions on many points.

This the parishioners found out, when some four years before he had taken possession of St. Mary's burdened with a debt of some \$6,000, a large sum for a small parish.

This debt, he had announced in his first address to his people, should be paid by direct subscriptions, and no bazaar, concert, social, etc., should be held for the purpose. He added

that the early Christians did not resort to such methods, and that he, rather than do so would step down and someone else would take his place.

This announcement was received with good natured intolerance by all, some few thinking that this was just what it ought to be, while others longing for the "flesh pots of Egypt" in the shape of garden parties and picnics, prophesied utter lack of funds, unless they were indulged in.

Meanwhile, nothing further was said of the debt. The pastor waited, at first confident that the people would do their duty and contribute liberally, and the people on their side hearing nothing more about the matter concluded that things must be going famously. It was even said that out of the ordinary revenue the church burden was dwindling beautifully. What was "everybody's business was nobody's business," and so each concluded that the other must be giving more than generously for their pastor was "banking money" and the debt melting away like snow beneath a July sun.

So said report. What was the surprise of the congregation, therefore, when just two weeks before our story opens, Father Clare had for the second time broached the financial aspect of affairs. He told them he had laid his plans before them on his first coming amongst them, trusting to their sense of right to aid him. He had evidently miscalculated, however; for to-day the debt had not decreased by one cent, and only by strenuous efforts had the interest being paid. He was forced to conclude that his plan had been a failure, and as he had before told them when this happened, "he would step down and someone else would take his place." He was now going to petition the bishop to bring this about.

Perhaps the boyish look on their pastor, his earnest voice in which the pious note trembled together with the childish droop of the sensitive lip, touched the hearts of his careless though not ill-meaning congregation, for at the door after Mass, Michael Burns the owner of the mills, stood and stopping thirty or more of the men of the place, asked them to come over to the school-house as he had something important to say to them.

The men in accepting the invitation had more than a vague idea of its purport, and were not at all surprised when Mr. Burns, the self-constituted chairman addressed them in the following terms:—

"You probably have already guessed why I asked you here. After listening to Father Clare this morning, I think you will agree with me that we should have hearts like stone, did we not do something to help him out of the difficulty which is causing him so much trouble. After all the debt is ours, not his, and why should he be worried about it? The truth is that he is too patient with us, and has too

much confidence in our sense of duty. Because he lets us alone, and does not badger us every Sunday of our existence we forget all about the matter. Now, for my part, I do not intend that we lose one who has done so much for us, one ready at our call night or day, and who has received nothing in return but what looks like black ingratitude and wanton carelessness. To start the ball rolling, here's my cheque for a thousand dollars.

"Right you are, Michael Burns, and though I can't give a thousand dollars, I can give a thousand cents, and here it is. I never put my name to paper with greater pleasure than I do now, for I would not have a cent at all to-day, if it were not for the same little man that spoke to us this morning."

"How is that Pat?" asked a big black whiskered man that stood near.

"Well, that is easily told," answered Pat. "When the little man first came here, I had made such a beast of myself by drinking, that no one would any longer give me work, and Nora and the children were starving. His reverence happened along and he would not leave the house, till I got down on my knees and took the pledge, and I've kept it to this day, and with God's help I'll keep it forever. But this wasn't enough. He never stopped till he went with me to the works across, and there I've been ever since, and Nora and the children are different creatures now, to what they were when his reverence first set eyes on them. That few dollars I had laid aside to help to visit the Old Sod with some day, but now they are going in a better cause, and there's more where they came from, and I'll see the Old Sod yet, and with a lighter heart than if I had refused my mite at the present."

"Aye, and I can tell you a story even better nor that about his reverence," said an old man, with a long white beard, who leaned heavily on his stick while speaking. "Do you remember the year dear Father Clare came to us, how the smallpox broke out amongst the men working at the docks? Well, one of the first to take it was Jack, and while he lay there in the height of the sickness, wee Thadey our little grandson, took it from his father. My wife herself was down with rheumatism, and I was the only one left to hand them a drink, or do anything else for the creatures. The neighbors were afraid to come near us, and when the light of our eyes went from us, when wee Thadey, with his golden curls and eyes that used to laugh, lay quiet and dumb before us, who was it that with his own hands helped me place him in his coffin? Who was it carried the bit of the box out? Who was it went with it to the churchyard itself, and there left it with the blessing of God upon it? I say who did this, but his reverence, and he himself looking not much more than a boy. But I tell you there's the heart of a man and the soul of an angel wrapped up in that bit of a body of his. And this is the man we'd let from us? Not if I can help it."

Saying which he placed his bill on the desk before the chairman, and then seated himself panting after his unusual effort. His speech was received with cheers, after which all pushed eagerly forward, each putting his name for what he could afford. Besides this it was agreed that a

committee should stand at the church door on the following Sunday to take the names and money from all who would contribute. So fully aroused were they and so full of penitence for their former slackness and seeming indifference towards him who had done such heroic work amongst them, that by the Feast of All Saints, the sum of three thousand seven hundred dollars had been collected, and after the Mass on that day, a deputation had waited on Father Clare in the vestry, and had proudly offered him, this the first instalment in payment of the debt, with promises of more in the near future.

He, for his part, was amazed, delighted and easily gave the promise exacted of him, that no further effort should be made for the purpose of leaving his people, whom he had really learned to love, in spite of the drawbacks.

So when Father Clare rode home after visiting Maurice, it was with a feeling security and pleasure that he thought of the money safely housed away in a receptacle, better and safer than any bank, at least it seemed to him, and next day he would go in to the city to pay the amount and get it off his mind entirely. Besides the money there was in this receptacle, built into the wall just behind the tabernacle, a set of the most beautiful gold vessels, sent some two months ago, by an old college companion in Genoa. This fellow-priest, knowing the love of his old schoolmate for all things beautiful in the service of the altar, had, when coming into a small fortune left him lately by an almost entirely forgotten aunt, invested part of his riches in a chalice, patens, ciborium and censers of the most elegant design and workmanship, and had sent them to his old friend.

Father Clare was entranced at the loveliness of the gifts, and for their safe keeping had the vault before referred to, placed behind the altar, with which it communicated by means of an electric wire, which was then transmitted to the room of the priest himself, so that any attempt to meddle with it would be at once made known by means of an alarm placed there.

It was therefore in a frame of mind far different to what it would have been two months previous, that Father Clare pursued his way. He thought over the wonderful designs of Providence, and of the goodness of his dear Lady who had never failed him, and through whom he knew that all these blessings had come. And with this came another thought, which acted like a shock; and left him unmoved and listless in the early morning air. He remembered that on the day previous when speaking of the joy in heaven, on this the gala day of the year, when the millions of saints from the days of Adam and Noah to the present, mingled with the Dominations and Thrones, with the Cherubim and Seraphim, all ministering to their Creator, and all with joy striking the harp and lyre, while with exultation grand, their voices rang out, "Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God of Sabbath," and He upon the White Throne had smiled sweetly upon all partaking in their happiness; while telling all this Father Clare remembered with something akin to horror, that he had made no mention of Heaven's Queen, of her who is the

joy of the angels and saints, of Mary the Mother of Him whose joy is never complete unless shared in by this loved Mother, whom He has made the dispenser of His gifts, and through whom so many had gained admittance to that Heavenly Court, whose Jasper walls shone, with the many tinted radiance of the setting sun, whose thrones differed from one another only "as star differeth from star in glory."

All this Father Clare told his people, but the name of Mary had never once been mentioned. Never before had he preached a sermon however short, or on any subject, without speaking praise of her, and now on this great feast he had forgotten her.

Our Lady's little Knight felt sorely distressed, and so disturbed was he at his remissness, that it was with a heavy heart and a feeling of coming calamity for what in the first flush of remorse he considered gross ingratitude, that he dismounted from his wheel and prepared for his early Mass. He could not shake off the feeling of oppression; even the gray dawn of the coming day seemed charged with dire happenings and forebodings.

And something did happen.—  
(To be Continued.)

Sweet, refreshing sleep is given by Hood's Sarsaparilla, which feeds the nerves, tones the stomach and cures all dyspeptic symptoms.

Dr. Adams' Toothache Gum is sold by all druggists; 10 cts. a bottle.

## Society Meetings.

### Young Men's Societies.

#### Young Irishmen's L. & B. Association.

Organized April 1874. Incorporated Dec. 1875. Regular monthly meeting held in its hall, 18 Dufferin Street, first Wednesday of every month at 8 o'clock, P.M. Committee of Management: Messrs. J. J. O'Connell, President; J. J. O'Connell, Secretary; J. J. O'Connell, Treasurer; J. J. O'Connell, Delegates to St. Patrick's League; W. J. Hinchey, D. Gallery, Jas. McMahon.

#### St. Ann's Young Men's Society

Organized 1885. Meets in its hall, 157 Ottawa Street, on the first Sunday of each month, at 8:30 P.M. Spiritual Adviser, REV. J. J. O'NEILL, C.S.C. Committee of Management: JOHN WHITTY, Secretary; D. J. O'NEILL, Delegates to St. Patrick's League; J. Whitty, D. J. O'Neill and M. Casey.

#### Ancient Order of Hibernians.

##### DIVISION No. 2.

Meets in lower vestry of St. Gabriel New Church, corner Centre and Laurier streets, on the 2nd and 4th Friday of each month, at 8 P.M. President, ANDREW DUNN; Recording Secretary, THOS. A. SMITH, 65 Richmond Street; to whom all communications should be addressed. Delegates to St. Patrick's League: A. Dunn, M. Lynch and D. Connaughton.

##### A.O.H.—Division No. 3.

Meets the 2nd and 4th Mondays of each month, at Hibernia Hall, No. 202 Notre Dame St. Officers: W. Wall, President; P. Carroll, Vice-President; John Hughes, Fin. Secretary; Wm. Rawley, Rec. Secretary; W. P. Stanton, Treas.; Marshal, John Kennedy; T. Ervine, Chairman of Standing Committee. Hall is open every evening (except on regular meeting nights) for members of the Order and their friends, where they will find Irish and other leading newspapers on file.

##### A.O.H.—Division No. 4.

President, H. T. Kearns, No. 32 Delorimier Ave. Vice President, J. P. O'Hara; Recording Secretary, P. J. Finn, 16 Kent Street; Financial Secretary, P. J. Tooley; Treasurer, John Traynor; Sergeant-at-Arms, D. Mathewson, Sentinel, D. White; Marshal, F. Goshan; Delegates to St. Patrick's League, T. J. Donovan, J. P. O'Hara, F. Goshan, Chairman of Standing Committee. Costello, A.O.H. Division No. 4, meets every 2nd and 4th Monday of each month, at 1113 Notre Dame Street.

#### C.M.B.A. of Canada, Branch 26

(Organized, 13th November, 1883.)

Branch 26 meets at St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander Street, on every Monday of each month. The regular meetings for the transaction of business are held on the 2nd and 4th Mondays of each month, at 8 P.M. Applicants for membership or any one desiring information regarding the Branch may communicate with the following officers: D. J. McGillis, President, 156 Mance Street; John M. Kennedy, Treasurer, 32 St. Philip Street; Robert White, Recording Secretary, 22 Brunswick Street; P. J. McGonagh, Recording Secretary, 82 Visitation Street.

#### Catholic Order of Foresters

##### St. Gabriel's Court, 185.

Meets every alternate Monday, commencing Jan. 31, in St. Gabriel's Hall, cor. Centre and Laurier streets.

M. P. McGOLDRICK, Chief Ranger.  
M. J. HEALEY, Rec.-Sec'y, 48 Laurier St.

##### St. Patrick's Court, No. 95, C.O.F.

Meets in St. Ann's Hall, 157 Ottawa Street, every first and third Monday, at 8 P.M. Chief Ranger, JAMES F. FOSBER, Recording Secretary, ALEX. PATTERSON, 197 Ottawa Street.

#### Catholic Benevolent League

##### Shamrock Council, No. 320, C.B.L.

Meets in St. Ann's Young Men's Hall, 157 Ottawa Street, on the second and fourth Tuesday of each month, at 8 P.M. M. SHERA, President  
E. W. LESAGE, Secretary, 447 Berri Street.

#### Total Abstinence Societies.

##### ST. PATRICK'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY.

ESTABLISHED 1841.

Meets on the second Sunday of every month in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander Street, immediately after Vespers. Committee of Management meets in same hall the first Tuesday of every month at 8 P.M. REV. J. A. McALEER, Rev. President; JOHN WALSH, 1st Vice-President; W. P. DOYLE, Secretary, 24 St. Martin Street. Delegates to St. Patrick's League: Messrs. J. Walsh, M. Sharkey, J. H. Kelly.

##### St. Ann's T. A. & B. Society.

ESTABLISHED 1863.

Rev. Director, REV. FATHER FLYNN, President, JOHN KILPATRICK, Secretary, JAS. BRADY, 185 Chateaugay Street. Meets on the second Sunday of every month, in St. Ann's Hall, corner Young and Ottawa streets, at 8:30 P.M. Delegates to St. Patrick's League: Messrs. J. Kilpatrick, J. Rogers and Andrew Quinn.

# MRS. J. H. WOOD.

She Was Sick 18 Years, and at Last Was Confined to Her Bed—Doctors Could Do Nothing to Help Her—She Tells How She Got Well and Strong Again.

Here is a short story written by a woman. It is a truthful story, and is addressed to other women. Between the lines you can read many words that are not written. You can imagine the prolonged suffering that was endured for eighteen years. You can understand how happy, how thankful, how joyous the writer must feel now that perfect health is restored to her.

Mrs. J. H. Wood, of St. Paul, Minn., writes as follows: "I strongly believe in Dr. Coderre's Red Pills. I was sick eighteen years with womb trouble, caused by the birth of a child, at which time there was great loss of blood. I tried several doctors; sometimes they helped me a little. Last winter the doctors failed to help me any more. I had to go to bed; I could not stand the least exposure to cold weather. In February, I wrote a description of my case to the specialist of the Franco-American Chemical Co., who answered me at length, and gave me full advice free of charge. I strictly followed his advice, and today I am perfectly well. My husband is a shoemaker, and is very grateful for what Dr. Coderre's Red Pills and the specialists have done for me. Today I am strong and healthy, have a good complexion, and, of course, am very happy."

(Signed.) Mrs. J. H. Wood, 174 Thomas St., St. Paul, Minn. When Mrs. Wood speaks of "womb trouble" there are a dozen other things that go with it. There are leucorrhoea, nervousness, loss of appetite, headache, backache, sideache, cold hands and feet, loss of flesh, bad complexion, stomach



disorders, melancholy, the blues, general weakness, irregularity in the menses. All these disorders come from womb trouble. All of them are cured by Dr. Coderre's Red Pills for Pale and Weak Women. There is no chance about these pills. They do not cure a case here and there, and fail in other cases. They cure all women. They go straight to the seat of disease. They reach the distinctly feminine organs. They heal ulcerations and inflammation, thus stopping leucorrhoea. They restore tone to the organs and thus soothe the nerves and induce rest-

ful sleep. They whet up the appetite, and thus cause the patient to gain in flesh and strength. There is no disorder of girl, wife, mother or grandmother that these Red Pills will not cure.

Mrs. Wood wrote our celebrated French specialist for advice, and it was given free. All women should do that. No local physician has such a wide experience as our specialist, and for that reason cannot give such valuable advice. At our dispensary, 274 St. Denis Street, Montreal, women can come for personal treatment and consultation if they prefer.

There is only one kind of Dr. Coderre's Red Pills for Pale and Weak Women. They are always sold in boxes containing fifty Red Pills for 50 cents, or six boxes for \$2.50—never by the dozen or by the hundred or in 25-cent boxes. There are many imitations. Beware of them. If you value your life, if you want to regain your strength, health and beauty, like Mrs. Wood, ask for and insist that the druggist supply you with Dr. Coderre's Red Pills for Pale and Weak Women. They are the kind that cure. If he will not give you what you ask for, go to another store, or send the price to us in stamps, or by registered letter, money or express order. We mail them all over the world, and there is no duty to pay. Send us your name and address on a postal card, and get a free copy of our valuable book, entitled "Pale and Weak Women." Address all letters to the Franco-American Chemical Co., Medical Dept., Montreal, Canada.