

storm that came from the sea and the boy that was a babe in a man; he must come soon!

"We must wait in patience, my child, and some day he will come back for you."

"For me!" she cried in an ecstasy of delight—"come back for me? It is true!—le pere has said it. He will come back for me; and as swiftly as she had come she disappeared."

"Lord, give her peace," murmured le Pere Philippe; "she has been faithful for twenty years."

Slowly the sun set, throwing dark shadows to meet the solitary man on his homeward way. It was wonderfully tranquil in the usually noisy street; the mingled sounds from the households were blended and softened ere they reached the ear.

"Here comes le Pere!" cried a girl's shrill voice, as he reached his own enclosure, and a score of black-eyed, copper-skinned children sprang up to greet him. Then began the little evening ceremony which had done more to soften and civilize these wild young natures than many years of patient endeavor.

With twenty pairs of eyes fastened on his face, and twenty pairs of eager feet stayed to his slow tread, they moved about the little garden which was not his but theirs.

"Another bud on your rose-tree, Marie; ah! but that is good indeed; and your corn, John, who ever saw better grow corn so early?"

And Nicholas's potatoes without a weed among them, that is like my patient Nicholas; and the blue eyes already bloomed for the feast day. But how came this destruction?" he asked sternly, looking from a trampled garden to the circle of children.

No one spoke, but a dozen accusing eyes glanced stealthily at the culprit, who stood silent and stolid.

"How did this happen?" repeated le Pere; "can there be anger and strife among you? Marie, I trust you will tell me." "O mon Pere!" answered the girl, "it was not Jean's fault; but because of his brother, who has quarreled with Peter's brother about—about Myrtle's necklace."

"That will do," interrupted le Pere sadly; and now we will have the story.

"Ah!" exclaimed the children in gratified chorus, throwing themselves with native grace on the grass at his feet.

"Let me see," mused le Pere Philippe, "of what was the story last night?" "Of the ass of Balaam, the prophet," cried the children together.

"Good! and to night it will be of the faithful white-winged dove that flew back to the good Noe over the flood." And in the hush of the coming twilight the beautiful story was told.

A sighing breath from the children ended the little sermon, and with one accord they rose and went quietly homeward. Not so le Pere Philippe, who had heard enough to make him anxious.

"They are but children, passionate, untamed children—a curious mixture of wisdom and ignorance; ah, me! I fear we may Christianize but not civilize them," he mused, and walking swiftly he noticed that the groups about each doorway seemed strangely excited.

As he approached a constrained silence fell on the people—such silence as falls on children caught in some act of mischief.

Straight to John Atteau's house and through the low, dark doorway went le Pere Philippe, into the common living room, which reeked with fumes of tobacco and cookery, the odor of tanning furs, with here and there a suggestion of sweet grass and herbs and onions.

On an old lounge lay the lord of the manor silent and taciturn, while his over-worked, serawny wife glanced anxiously from the recumbent form to the girl who sat staring angrily into the fire.

"I have come," said le Pere quietly, smiling as he accepted the proffered seat.

"It is well," grunted the smoker, pipe in mouth, with an expressive glance at his daughter.

"It has been a long drought; when will the rain come?" inquired the visitor after a strained silence, skillfully appealing to the pride of his weather-wise host.

"Before the moon is full." "So soon?" John Atteau told me only yesterday not until the wane.

"John Atteau will never see the wane," muttered the Indian.

"Indeed! And why?" "Has mon pere not heard?" "I have heard nothing," answered le Pere Philippe; which was indeed, true enough.

"Go away!" commanded the master to the women, who slowly slunk out of the room.

"There has been death to day in the village. John Atteau killed Peter's son because of my girl. John Atteau has run away, but there are those who will track him through the forest;" and the Indian grimly returned to his pipe. Knowing the Indian character as he did, le Pere Philippe asked no more, but rose and left the house. Next morning he left the village.

conversation of his fellow-traveler, or a settler gave a night's shelter, feeling amply repaid by the wealth of forest lore he received; again, an Indian shared his canoe with the revered black robe, going many miles out of his way with dignified courtesy; and so at last le Pere Philippe reached the city.

Then for a moment his heart sank. Was this huge settlement, that surrounded a very Babel, the little town he had left but a score of years before? Could he have come a hundred weary miles in vain? "This is the Inn," announced his last conductor with abashed air, noting the consternation of his companion.

"My good, innocent children," murmured le Pere Philippe, passing the crowded bar on his way to the office. "I have but little, little"—he had almost forgotten the word—"I have but little money," he said to the innkeeper, placing his solitary gold piece on the counter; and ere that astonished individual could collect himself he continued, "Have you heard aught of John Atteau? I have come to find him."

"I know no such man," answered the innkeeper, pocketing the money; "but you can have a bed."

And so le Pere Philippe was domiciled and the search began. Instinctively he kept to the lower portions of the town, and many a revel was suddenly broken by the silent appearance of le Pere Philippe. This failing, he turned to the residential quarter, and day and night the search went on, for the thought of the fatherless village left small desire for rest.

One stormy night, in the midst of wind and rain, le Pere Philippe went slowly through the dismal streets, peering eagerly into the down-bent faces of the passers, and so intent that he paid no heed to a rapidly-driven carriage which drew up to the curb, and as the door was flung back he reeled under the stunning blow. Out sprang a man who, as he supported the tottering figure, offered his apologies for the careless haste which had caused the mishap.

"Alec," exclaimed a sweet, clear voice as a lady emerged from the carriage—"Alec, will you not ask the gentleman?"

"Alec," murmured the dazed man, as he looked at the handsome face bent anxiously above him.

"I fear, sir, you are severely hurt. Will you not come into our house for a short rest? My name is De Launverdy."

"Mon Dieu, it is impossible!" cried le Pere Philippe in a harsh, strained voice—"Alec de Launverdy?"

By this the trio stood in the entrance hall looking fixedly at one another, and then the wife, with delicate kindness, stole softly away, leaving the brothers alone; for with instinct of a loving heart she divined the meaning of the mystery, and felt that their joy would be mingled with pain.

Late into the night she sat in her darkened room listening to the soft murmur of their voices, broken sometimes by the dual tread. Toward morning her husband came to her, his handsome face grave and pale.

"My love," he whispered, bending to kiss her tenderly, "he is Philippe, of whom I have told you; but so changed, so old. Will you come down to him?"

"O Alec! I am so glad for him and for you," she answered as together they descended the staircase.

"And this is my dear brother's wife," said le Pere Philippe softly as he looked into the sweet, upturned face; "you forgive my abruptness of last night," he added with gentle courtesy; "when I am gone Alec will tell you all."

"O mon Pere Philippe!" began the little wife; but he softly interrupted:

"Nay, say no more: Alec will tell you all. I have been more blessed than I deserve, and I must return to my good children in the settlement, for they have missed me. Alec has promised to do my task here."

"Can we not keep him, Alec?" whispered the wife.

"It is impossible, dear heart; I have argued half the night. His very soul is bound up in a parcel of savages," he answered bitterly; and then aloud:

"Will you give us some coffee, Marie?"

It was a sad and silent meal, yet over all too soon. "Good-bye, my dear sister," murmured le Pere Philippe.

"Alec—good-bye!" only a long, strong hand-clasp, but the two men looked steadily into each other's eyes and the bitter past was forgotten. Then le Pere Philippe, with stumbling steps and down-bent head, went swiftly from the room.

"O Alec!" sobbed the little wife as she watched him from the window. "his heart is broken in going back."

"Such a night to send for you, mon pere, and you just home; and for what? Not a reasonable Christian, but a woman crazy for twenty years," grumbled the old housekeeper as she delivered Jean's message.

"Not a word," said le Pere sternly, and in five minutes he stood in the sick room. On a low bed, little more than a pallet of straw, lay the dying woman seemingly in a troubled sleep, moving restlessly at times as she moaned and murmured. The superstitious Indians had fled at the approach of death, and only one woman sat by the bedside, while an old squaw cowered muttering in a corner.

"O Alec!" sobbed the little wife as she watched him from the window. "his heart is broken in going back."

"Shall I go away, mon pere?" she asked meekly. "Remain my child. I am glad to find you here; it is good to serve the dying."

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"Merci, mon pere," she answered, and for a long time no more was said, while the old squaw ceased her muttering and the young girl rendered many womanly offices to the unconscious woman. Would she awake in the last dread hour, or drift out and over the dark river with mind still clouded and reason gone? This was the thought uppermost in the minds of the watchers, when quietly the sleeper waked and looked about her with dim uncertain eyes.

"Do you know me?" asked le Pere Philippe, bending toward her, but she did not hear.

"It is very dark," she murmured, trying to push an imaginary veil from her face, while Myrtle placed an oil-lamp close to the bed; but still the querulous voice continued.

"Hush, hush!" whispered the girl; "it is not dark and we are all here—le Pere, and Marie, and I." Gradually the sobbing ceased and the dying woman lay quite still for a moment, and then—

"What is that?" she cried, sitting up with sudden strength; "hush, what is that? Oh! I hear the whispering of the river, and the swish, swish of the paddle, and a canoe of the bark of the birch tree flies over the waves?" and as she spoke her voice rose to a pitch of piercing sweetness, her eyes lit up and her trembling arms were extended in an ecstasy of impatient delight. "and—oh, my husband! my husband! he is coming for me; it has been so long; the babe in my arms is a man, and he has come for me. At last! at last! at last!"

The glad cry ended in a faint whisper as she fell back on her pillow.

"She is dead," whispered le Pere Philippe to the terror-stricken girl; "le bon Dieu has been very good."

A death in the settlement usually furnished topics of conversation for a fortnight; not so Peona Salta's. No one save the watchers knew of the last weird scene, and with the rising of another sun her tragic life was all forgotten and the settlement was in a ferment of excitement. Men in their eagerness forgot to relight their everlasting pipes, and discussed the news in the village street.

Women were seized with an uncontrollable desire to borrow or lend, assist or ask advice—out of their own cabins; and all because the rumor crept about that John Atteau was returning. No authority could be discovered, and while the braves grew heated in argument to prove the tale a fable, the women pointed with knowing air to Myrtle's happy face; and so it came to pass that when the girl crept down to the river's brink at nightfall, half the village followed stealthily to see the meeting of the lovers.

"Le bon Dieu vous ben!" murmured le Pere Philippe as he passed them in the moonlight by the river.

Summarily Turned Out.

There is an air of mystery and suppression in the controversy between Bishop Paret, of the Protestant Episcopal diocese of Maryland, and the members of the order of the Holy Cross. This is an extremely High Church order, with headquarters at Westminster, and among its members Ritualism is carried almost to its highest point.

They live in celibacy, and practice auricular confession, and believe in the Real Presence, and conduct a celebration that closely imitates the Mass. Bishop Paret has just refused a license to members of the order to exercise their ministry in his diocese.

Why he has done so is not at all clear, except it is stated that the Bishop, "while not objecting to the order as High Church, does object to it because he thinks it has unwisely pressed certain doctrines and because canon law does not provide for relation of a religious order to the Bishop."

This rather inspires that satisfies curiosity, and it is surprising that the order and its friends did not insist upon something more explicit. Meanwhile the members have had to cancel all their engagements in Maryland and are practically expelled from the diocese.—Baltimore Mirror.

The Treating Practice.

The baneful effects of intemperance which to day are rife all through the land, steal upon its victims more insidiously, perhaps, through the prevalent practice of treating than through any other channel. To invite a man to take a drink at one's expense is the order of the day; to put him thereby under the implicit obligation of returning the same, or of making him feel uncomfortable until he has balanced in some way the kindness which he thinks he has received, is an essential consequence which to him is very dishonorable to neglect or shirk.

This custom and its consequences wrap society in a cloud. In it men move, and through it the chief work of harm and of the disintegration of character is accomplished. In the lower state of society it saturates the very language that is spoken; it pervades the very air that is breathed, it shapes the sentiment most frequently formed at home and abroad. Multitudes of children daily grow accustomed to it, and youths are fast falling victims to its snares.

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A GREAT IRISH WIT.

His surroundings as an ecclesiastic, doubtless, prevented the late Rev. Father James Healy, parish priest of Little Bray, from becoming as celebrated a wit as John Polpot Curran or Richard Brinsley Sheridan. Innumerable anecdotes are told concerning him, and all illustrate the rich gifts bestowed upon him by nature as well as by education. The late Father Tom Burke was a humorist, of the O'Connell type, pungent and racy of the soil, but even he did not equal the epigrammatic genius of Father Healy. Lord Ashburton, in a recent utterance, says of the deceased clergyman:

"I knew him for a quarter of a century; but he had many older and nearer friends, and I hope that one of them will write reminiscences of this brilliant, attractive and genuine Irishman. I have dined with him on several occasions at his house at Little Bray and I can never forget the wonderful and hospitable entertainments. The number varied—sometimes eight, ten, twelve, or even fourteen. The most varied guests met at his table. I have sat there at the same time with Prince Edward, of Saxo-Weimar, Mr. Perce, Archbishop Walsh, Lord Morris, Chief Barron Palles, Dr. Nedley, and others. His guests were always delighted to be there and he was delighted to have them. One servant cooked the dinner and brought it to the table, and no one could tell how it happened—the attendance did for itself some way or other. His dear and life-long friend, Dr. Nedley, was nearly always present. Once I remember when some officer of the Guard was dining with the padre (as he was called) he looked around for a servant to take his coat and hat when he entered the house, and the host came forward, smiling, saying, 'You know those footmen all gave me notice and left on the spot when they heard that you were coming.' He was brilliant, quick as lightning in conversation, and never hesitated for a second to come out with a sparkling, genial motto."

"Sir Redvers Buller dined with him on one occasion when the other guests were Archbishop Walsh and eleven priests. Sir Redvers made a slight start when he saw he was the only layman. 'Never mind,' said Father Healy, 'the soubane is not worse than the Soudan.' Lord Plunket, the Protestant Archbishop, lived during the summer at his residence, Od Connaught, in Little Bray, and someone asked the padre how he got on with him. 'Very well,' he said, 'we are the best of friends. He is a good parishioner but a little backward in his dues.' During one of his visits to Od Connaught, Lord Plunket, I am told, asked how he should take priests who came to join his church, and the prompt answer came, 'The best thing your Grace could do to boys of that kind would be to give them the pledge at once.'

"All Dubliners know Dalkley church—the Protestant one—built on an eminence, the greater part of which, immediately joining the church is quarried away. Some people were chattering over the neighborhood and its beauties one day, and the site of the church was praised. A Protestant gentleman turned, smiling, to Father James and said: 'It is a church founded on a rock.' Like lightning came the genial assent, 'Yes a blasted rock.' The owner of the great oyster establishment in Dublin was one day telling him of the musical accomplishments of his daughter, when the padre, with hearty sympathy, said, 'She would be a regular oyster Patti.' He never talked politics but he answered all questions with genial rapidity. When being asked what would Mr. Healy be when Home Rule came, he said at once, 'An old man.' I said to him when living during the summer in his parish, 'I think I met your curate just now—rather stout.' He replied, 'That's he; I send him out as a sample and kept the thin one at home.'

"Once a busybody asked him whether a friend of his was a good Catholic, and he got the answer, 'No better man, but a child could beat him at fasting.' He was once at Monte Carlo on a visit and a friend tried to get him to enter the great room for play. 'Is it not like a cathedral?' 'Ah!' said he, 'there is all the difference. In a cathedral they pray for a man, here they prey on him.' His friends comprised all classes, rich and poor, old and young, Protestant and Catholic. He was a priest devoted to his Church and his flock; but his heart was big enough to include kind and loving feelings for all."

False Teaching.

The Episcopalian denomination seems to be leavened with false teaching. Recently its Bishops had to issue a pastoral to vindicate the divinity of Christ and His virgin birth from the attacks within it. Now one of its preachers in this city, the Rev. Dr. Heber Newton, denies that the risen body of Christ was "the very body of flesh and bones which was laid away there after the crucifixion." Substantially it was that very body, but endowed with the excellent qualities that shall mark the resurrected corpses of all the blessed dead. But this the doctor denies. According to him, in the new life beyond the grave, "the spiritual body is the only body" and "the physical nature of the organization of the risen Jesus" was only apparent, like the visible and tangible forms in which spirits have sometimes manifested themselves. Dr. Newton is a heretic. His doctrine is not Christian doctrine. His stay in an Episcopalian pulpit ought to be brief—Catholic Review.

Last of May.

REV. FATHER RYAN.

To the Children of Mary of the Cathedral of Mobile:

In the mystical dim of the temple, In the room haunted dim of the day, The Sunlight spoke soft to the Shadows, And said: "With my gold and your gray, Let us meet at the shrine of the Virgin, And ere her fair feast pass away, Let us weave there a mantle of glory, To deck the last evening of May."

The tapers were lit on the altar, With garlands of lilies between; And the steps leading up to the statue Flashed bright with the roses' red sheen; The Sunbeams came down from the heavens Like angels, to hallow the scene, And they seemed to kneel down with the Shadows That crept to the shrine of the Queen.

The singers, their hearts in their voices, Had chanted the anthems of old, And the last trembling wave of the Vespers On the far shores of silence had rolled, And there—at the Queen's Virgin's altar— The sun wove the mantle of gold, While the hands of the twilight were weaving A fringe for the flash of each fold.

And wavelessly, in the deep silence, Three banners hung peaceful and low— They bore the bright blue of the heavens, They wore the pure white of the snow— And beneath them fair children were kneeling, Whose faces, with graces aglow, Seemed sinless, in land that is sinful, And voiceless, in life full of woe.

Their heads wore the veil of the lily, Their brows wore the wreath of the rose, And their hearts, like their flutterless banners, Were stilled in a holy repose. Their shadowless eyes were uplifted, Whose glad gaze would never disclose That from eyes that are most like the heavens The dark rain of tears soonest flows.

The banners were borne to the railing, Beneath them, a group from each band, And they bent their bright folds for the blessing— That fell from the priest's lifted hand, And he crossed the three fair, silken stand-ards, With a sign never for could withstand. What stirred them? The breeze of the evening? Or a breath from the far angel land?

Then came, two by two, to the altar, The young, and the pure, and the fair, The bright mirror of heaven, Their hands folded meekly in prayer, They came for a simple blue ribbon, For love of Christ's Mother to wear; And I believe, with the Children of Mary, The Angels of Mary were there.

Ah! faith! simple faith of the children! You still shame the faith of the old! Ah! love! simple love of the little, You still warm the love of the cold! And the beautiful God who is wandering Far out in the world's dreary wild, Finds a home in the hearts of the children And a rest with the lambs of the fold.

Sweet a voice; was it wafted from heaven? Heard you ever the sea when it sings, Where it sleeps in the shore in the night-time? Heard you ever the hymns the breeze brings From the hearts of a thousand bright summers? Heard you ever the bird, when she springs To the clouds, till she seems to be only A song of a shadow on wings?

Came a voice; and an "Ave Maria" Rose out of a heart rapture thrilled; And in the embrace of its music, A voice of a thousand lay stilled.

A voice with the tones of an angel, Never flower such a sweetness distilled; It faded away—but the temple With its perfume of worship was filled.

Then back to the Queen-Virgin's altar A mantle of grace and of glory For the last, lovely evening of May.

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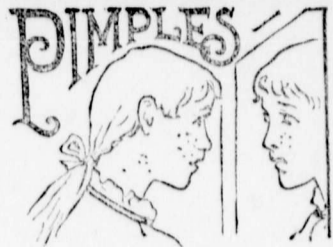
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