

FOOTSTEPS IN THE WARD.

A True Story. (FROM THE MONTH.)

Some fifteen or twenty years ago I was working as a trained nurse in one of our large hospitals, and had charge of the men's ward there. Not very long before I left a strange thing happened to me—a thing that I have never forgotten, but which, great as was the impression it made on my mind, I had no clue to the meaning of until later on, when I was received into the Catholic Church and instructed in her doctrine. Then I felt, rather than understood, something of what may perhaps have been the cause of all that occurred that night, though a complete explanation I must not expect on this side of the grave.

Though so long a time has elapsed since the incident I am about to relate to you, yet every detail of it is as clear and distinct in my mind as if it had happened yesterday. As I have said, I was not a Catholic, nor had I at that time any intention of entering the Church; some of my best friends, however, were Catholics, people whom I knew to be thoroughly good and sincere, and in consequence, I had ever felt a great respect for their faith, and on entering the hospital, had always done what I could to assist those patients whom I knew to be Catholics by seeing that they had all the consolations of their religion whenever it was possible. Many a time have I quietly let the priest who visited the hospital know that such or such a patient who had just come in was "a Roman," and often have I put the screen up when he was sitting by a bed and I saw that some poor fellow shrank from the gaze of curious eyes upon him, even though I knew quite well that the other patients were all really out of earshot. Father James and I were good friends, and though I never said much I knew very well the difference there was between his ministrations at a sick-bed and those of the Protestant parsons who were often about the place, and I should not more have thought of sending and asking for one of the latter when a man was dying, than I should have sent for—well, one of the gentlemen on the hospital committee!

But now for my story. Late one evening a man was brought in who had been terribly hurt by a fall from some scaffolding. It was a fearful case; his head and face had been badly cut, and though no bones were broken, there were some dreadful internal injuries, and the poor fellow was not expected to live through the night. As it happened, it was not my turn for the night nursing, but the nurse who should have been on duty had been taken ill the day before, and another had been appointed in her place. I myself had been up the greater part of the previous night, attending a very bad case, and had been hoping all the evening to get off to bed early and have a good sleep, for I was thoroughly tired out. But when I stood by that poor man's side after we had settled him, whilst the doctors were talking together at a little distance, and saw what a sad state of suffering he was in, and how indeed he looked as if he could not live many hours, my heart misgave me at the thought of leaving him to the temporary nurse, who was young and inexperienced. I watched him for a few moments, turning over in my mind what would be best to do, and just then Dr. M., the head surgeon, came up.

"Sister," he said, in his grave, courteous way (we nurses were always called "Sisters") "Sister, I hardly like to ask you, for I know you were up all last night, and have had a hard day's work to-day—but that man ought not to be left, and he wants some one who knows what she is about to be with him. Sister Maria there, you know, is new to the work and scarcely up to such a case as this; I fear I must ask you to undertake it."

I was glad enough to do so, for though the man—was a mason—was a perfect stranger, whom I had never even seen before, an odd feeling had suddenly come over me that I must stay and nurse him myself. I therefore made no difficulty, and the doctor promised to call in early the next morning. "Though," he added, "I really don't expect to find him alive."

He went away, and I called the second nurse, and we did what we could to make our patient comfortable. He was an oldish man, and, to judge from his appearance, was in pretty respectable circumstances, but there was a restless, hungry look in his eyes that was very distressing to see, as he fixed them first on my companion and then on myself, turning them all round the room and then as if looking for something. He did not speak, but I could not be sure whether that was from physical inability or because he did not choose to do so. The look on his face worried me, and I tried to help him by asking one or two questions—whether he had a wife or children, and if he wanted them—but he shook his head to everything, and presently lay still and closed his eyes in a sort of weary, disappointed way that was sad to behold. Of course his name and everything about him was on the card over his bed, but somehow or other, stupidly enough, in all the hurry and bustle of bringing him in, I had forgotten to look at it, and even now I never thought about doing so, though as a rule I always examined the cards carefully. But on this occasion the doctor's orders had been given verbally, so I suppose that had put it out of my head.

It was nearly 11 o'clock before all

the arrangements for the night were finished and the day-nurses had gone to bed, and I was alone with my patient. I say "alone," and practically I was so, for though the ward was a large one and nearly full, its inmates were all asleep or dozing, and the place was so quiet you might have heard a pin drop. Here and there a low moan or a restless sigh and movement would come from one of the beds, but there was no speaking, and the sufferer would soon subside into quiet again. I said my night prayers and then sat down to watch by the sick-bed.

I am neither a nervous nor an imaginative person, and am moreover possessed of what my friends call "the enviable faculty" of concentrating my whole mind on the work of the present moment, so that on occasions such as I am now describing I was too much absorbed in thinking about my patient and in watching to see whether I could relieve him in any way, to have time for fancies or nervous imaginations, which might perhaps have attacked persons of a more sensitive temperament during the long hours of lonely watch in that silent ward. But there was little that I could do; the poor fellow was fast getting beyond all human help, and I could only strive now and then to soothe his restlessness by a quiet touch, or moisten his parched lips at intervals with a few drops of cooling drink. He groaned and muttered a good deal, but I could not catch any coherent words; nevertheless, I had a strong conviction that he was all the time perfectly conscious, and that he wanted something, and that, moreover, he knew what he wanted, but either could not, or would not say what it was. Sometimes, when I was giving him a drink, he would open his eyes wide—and gaze at me with that same sad, questioning expression I had before observed, and which, without my quite knowing why, made me feel thoroughly unhappy. I suppose if I had been a Catholic, or had known more about the sacraments than I did then, I should have guessed at once what was the matter, but as it was, I did not know what to do to help him, so I said nothing and seemed to take no notice.

So the night wore on; midnight passed; 1 o'clock, then half-past 1 struck, the chimes of the big clock in the tower close by booming out with what seemed unusual loudness in the silence of the night. The sick man was growing weaker, but still he seemed likely to last some hours longer, and as he was then lying quiet and in less pain, I thought I would take the opportunity of going to my own room and getting some tea, which was always left in readiness for the nurse on night duty. My patient, however, could not be left unwatched, so I roused up the inmate of the next bed, a man whom I knew well, for he had been long in the hospital, and was in fact convalescent and expecting his discharge in a day or two. He was very good-natured and had often done little things of this kind for me before, so that I knew I could trust him. He was soon dressed and ready to take my place for ten minutes or so by the dying man.

"Don't hurry, Sister," he whispered, "I'll look after him, and, if anything's the matter I'll fetch you directly."

I nodded and went off to my room, not sorry to get a warm by the fire and a cup of hot tea.

TO BE CONTINUED.

A PROTESTANT MINISTER Declares the So-Called Protestant Superiority in Ireland a Fraud.

Rev. Mr. Wark, a prominent minister of Memphis, Tenn., recently delivered a lecture on Ireland which is being widely published, owing to the truthfulness of the matter contained therein. The minister introduced his speech by remarking: "Long live old Ireland! Green be her fields, bright be her skies, and happiness be the portion of her sons and daughters." In his allusions to Catholic and Protestant Ireland, he said: "My business is to state facts not to make them. Of course I had ever been taught—in fact, I had read it in the Sunday school books—that the north of Ireland, which is supposed to be Protestant, is greatly superior to the south of Ireland, which is supposed to be Catholic. Now I have been through Ireland from the extreme south to the north, and I aver upon the honor of a gentleman and a Christian, that a greater fraud than the assumed superiority of the Protestant over the Catholic population of Ireland was never palmed off upon an innocent and unsuspecting public. It is pitiful when men attempt to coin religious capital out of such material. On the other hand, I saw more squalor, more abject misery, more poverty and wretchedness in Glasgow and Edinburgh than in the whole of Ireland put together. Scotland is Protestant, Ireland is Catholic. I say it is my duty to state facts as I see them, and not allow religious prejudice to blind my eyes to the truth. The sun of heaven shines on no fairer spot than the South of Ireland. From Malloy, on the Blackwater, to Cork, on the Lee, it was pure and beautiful as the dream in the heart of a senses maiden. I saw just two cities in Europe that I should care to live in. One of these is Dundee, in Scotland, the other, Cork, in Ireland—with a decided preference for Cork. Everywhere in Ireland I was treated like a gentleman. Never for an instant was I mistreated by a human being."

What do you take medicine for? Because you are sick and want to get well, of course. Then remember, Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures.

FIFTY YEARS AGO TO-DAY

The Celebrated Dr. Brownson Became a Catholic Convert.

Fifty years ago to-day, here in Boston, there was received into the fold and membership of the Catholic Church an individual who is considered even to the present day by many to have been the brainiest convert that ever entered its pale in this country from another religious denomination. The ceremony of his reception took place at the old cathedral in Franklin street, and his abjuration of his former errors and his profession of Catholicity were received by Right Rev. John B. Fitzpatrick, then about six months consecrated.

Orestes A. Brownson, for such was the name of the convert in question, had just passed his forty-first birthday when he had the happiness of embracing the faith of which he became subsequently so stalwart an upholder. He was born September 16, 1803, at Stockbridge, Vt., both of his parents being native Americans, and the family, up to a short time before their distinguished son's birth, had been comparatively well-to-do, though his father lost nearly all of his property, about the beginning of the century, by business reverses. The elder Brownson did not long survive his financial misfortunes, and his death did not, of course, improve the condition of the family. In consequence of their straightened circumstances, Orestes, at the age of six, was confided to the care of some distant relatives, an aged couple, who kindly offered to relieve his mother of his support, and who did the best they could for him. Their best, however, was but little, and at the time when the ordinary child is found at school or play, young Brownson had to toil as well as he could on the farm whereupon his relatives had mainly to depend for a livelihood. He got very little schooling, in consequence; but he had an insatiable thirst for knowledge and managed to pick up a vast amount of information for one so young. He was an assiduous frequenter of the meeting houses,

WHERE HE SHOWED HIMSELF an attentive listener to the preachers who visited the place. He does not seem to have professed any particular creed though, and it was not until a number of years afterwards that mention is made of the fact that he joined the Presbyterians. At the age of fourteen he quit the roof that had sheltered his boyhood and went out into the world to make his own way in it. The next we hear of him he is studying at Ballston, N. Y., and supporting himself by his own hands, while prosecuting his studies, as best he could in his spare hours. His education, however, was gained in the most primitive of schools, a fact which he himself admitted some years afterwards, when, delivering an address before the students of Dartmouth College, he said: "The recollections and associations which make this a great day to you, a day long to be remembered and looked back upon as marking an important epoch of your life, form, I regret to say, no part of my experience. I have no recollections or associations connected with college or halls or academic bowers." The character of his mental training did not, though, prevent Dr. Brownson from becoming, largely through his own unaided efforts, one of the most accomplished of scholars and one of the more vigorous and profound thinkers and writers. The pages of his famous Review bear ample testimony to the breadth and depth of his learning; and he was proficient in many of the ancient languages and in other modern tongues than his own.

The Presbyterian creed which he adopted at the outset of his career soon proved wholly inadequate for such a religious mind as Dr. Brownson possessed, and he abandoned it for Universalist teachings. He even became in 1825, being then in his twenty-second year, a preacher of Universalism; but before long he recognized that he was still away from the truth, and for a while he wandered in the mazes of doubt and unbelief, and advocated various sorts of reform, political, moral and social. In 1832, after having read considerable of Dr. Channing's works, he drifted into Unitarianism, of which creed he became a minister; and, later on, he edited a publication which he called the Democratic Review. It is worthy to note that, after he had become a Catholic, he admitted that the nearer he came in his previous gropings after truth to the principles of sound philosophy, the closer he found himself to the Catholic Church. His actual conversion to Catholic truth took place, as already stated, here in Boston in October, 1844, when he took the final step in the old cathedral. "Seldom," says one of his eulogists, "is it given to a man to make as great a sacrifice as he did by that one act. He sacrificed the wealth he could have attained in the Protestant ministry, the highest honors which were within his grasp in politics, and the love of hundreds who, in like labors and pursuits, had been linked to him in the tenderest bonds of friendship." These things he counted as naught, however, with Dr. Brownson, who, throughout his whole career, never flinched from making any sacrifice that the cause of truth might demand from him.

His conversion effected, Dr. Brownson devoted his splendid abilities and wonderful energies to the championship of his new-found faith. At the request of the American hierarchy, he made his Review an organ of Catholicism, changing its name somewhat; and for the following twenty years its pages teemed with brilliant papers, exposing the errors and sophistries of Protestantism, and replying with res-

sistless logic to the calumnies and misrepresentations that its enemies levelled against the Catholic Church. His virile mind grew stronger under Catholic influences, his insight into truth clearer, and even his style took on a new force. In alluding to the work he did in those days for the Catholic cause,

THAT OTHER GREAT CHAMPION of the faith, the still deeply-lamented Monsignor Corcoran, said: "He stood out certainly unsurpassed, perhaps unequalled, in his masterly handling of the mother tongue. But the beautiful workmanship is as nothing compared to the glorious material which it adorned. It is like the mantle of gold that enveloped the matchless Olympian love of Phidias," and a writer in the Catholic World declared, years ago, on the same subject, that "the terse logic of Tertullian, the polemic crash of St. Jerome, the sublime eloquence of Bossuet are all to be found in his writings in combination or alteration, with many sweet strains of tenderness and playful flashes of humor." In addition to his editorial work the doctor found time to write not a few volumes, the most noted of which are "The Convert; or, Leaves from My Experience," a work that has often been compared to Cardinal Newman's famous "Apologia"; "Liberalism and the Church," and "The American Republic," generally considered the best of all his books, which appeared in 1865.

Dr. Brownson's Review fell into disfavor, however, after it had upheld the Catholic cause for about twenty years, and complaints of the tone of its articles began to multiply. These complaints, some of which found their way to Rome, led to such a falling off of the magazine's patronage that it had to be abandoned in 1864 from lack of support. Its editor was too dogmatic in his manner to suit the times, and it must be acknowledged that in more than one instance he showed himself lacking in tact. His great abilities and profound learning were beyond question, however, and after the suspension of his Review his pen frequently pressed into service by other Catholic publications that were eager, as far as their limited means would allow, to secure his contributions. In 1875 the Review was again resumed.

PRINCIPALLY FOR THE PURPOSE of removing the suspicions that had attached to the doctor's loyalty to the Church; and in the introduction to the first volume of the new series, its editor said: "It was almost the last wish expressed to me by my late wife, whose judgment I never found at fault, that I should revive my Review, if only for a single year, and prove to the world that my faith has never wavered; that I am still an humble and devoted son of the Church; and that I am, as I always professed to be, an uncompromising Catholic." The resurrected Review was not destined to enjoy a long existence, though, as, in fact, could not be expected, considering the advanced age of its editor. It continued to make its quarterly appearances for the space of two years, and then it ceased; but not before the doctor had cleared away all the misgivings that had existed in his regard with certain individuals, and had effectively answered all the allegations that had been directed against him on the score of his faith. His vigorous defence of Catholic doctrines delighted his many admirers. His own position in resuming the publication of his quarterly was thus defined by himself: "I have no palinode to sing; I enter on no explanations of the causes of the opposition I encountered from some of my own brethren; such explanations would be mistimed and misplaced, and could edify nobody. I willingly admit that I made many mistakes; but I regard as the greatest of all the mistakes into which I fell during the last three or four years that I published the Review, that of holding back the stronger points of the Catholic faith, on which I had previously insisted; of laboring to present Catholicity in a form as little repulsive to my non-Catholic countrymen as possible; and of insisting on only the minimum of Catholicity, or what had been expressly defined by the Holy See or a general council." Continuing, he asserts that he is

NOT LIKELY TO FALL into that error again and disavows all desire to be taken for a liberal Catholic, adding that there was no element of liberal Catholicity in his nature or convictions.

Dr. Brownson's wife, to whom he was devotedly attached and to whose judgment he publicly paid the tribute of declaring that he never found it at fault, died at the family's place of residence, Elizabeth, N. J., in 1872. Some time subsequently the doctor went to live with his son, Henry L., at Detroit; and there the final summons came for him on April 17, 1876. He died, consequently, covered a period of nearly seventy-three years, and almost all of that space of time found him actively employed in some pursuit or another. For thirty-two of his years he was a member of the Catholic Church, whose obligations to him for the services he rendered it were many and manifold. His memory is still treasured by American Catholics, as his writings are prized by them, and more than one of our Catholic laymen have been named in his honor, as have several of our Catholic Reading Circles. His works have been republished in some twenty volumes, and these contain a wealth of information, much of which would be vainly sought elsewhere. These volumes bear the title "The Works of Orestes A. Brownson; Collected and Arranged by Henry

L. Brownson;" they were published at Detroit in 1883, and they bear evidence to the wonderful fertility of the doctor's mind, his wide, profound and varied knowledge and his marvellous mastery of the English language. Fifty years ago he embraced the faith he so valiantly upheld by his pen, and as his conversion occurred here in Boston, it seems but fitting that his memory should be recalled to the reader in this the month that saw his entrance into the Catholic fold.—Boston Republic, Oct. 20.

A Sharp Reply.

During the summer, at one of the German watering-places, the table d'hôte had just commenced. Amongst the assembled guests were seen two Catholic ecclesiastics, apparently secular priests, and said their grace. Several young fellows who were present began to laugh and make fun of the two priests in a very offensive manner. The priests quietly finished their grace and thereupon the elder of the two, tapping upon his glass to secure attention, turned to the company and addressed them in polite terms. "I am," he said, "a Catholic priest and Cardinal Prince-Archbishop of Vienna; my companion is Canon N. We were both taught by our mothers, as children to say grace before meals, and according to the precepts of our mother the Church, we are accustomed to sign ourselves at our prayers with the sign of the Cross. I observe, however, that this does not find favor with several of the distinguished company present. Should the majority of the guests agree that our grace and the sign of the Cross are unsuitable in our places at another table." Nearly all present protested loud and energetically against the conduct of the young men, and "Out with them!" was the unanimous verdict.

Life's Contrast as Seen in a Street Car.

There was hardly standing room the other evening when a N. Y. Herald reporter entered a Broadway cable car and clung to a strap in front of the only woman passenger. The conversation all related to money. The commercial columns of the morning papers were being glanced at among crowding elbows; from pockets protruding bundles of business looking documents and strips of green and yellow paper that told of the Stock Exchange.

All thoughts appeared to be on one subject; all minds occupied by a single idea—all but one. What a contrast!

The thoughts of the one woman were at the antipodes of those of her fellow-passengers. She was a Sister of Mercy. Her face was nearly covered by white bands and the usual dark, projecting bonnet.

Her indoor clothing was hidden by a long black cloak, whose edges were sufficiently apart for one to see her white hands as they rested in her lap. Her lips were gently and silently moving, as though her thoughts were on the border of words, and between her fingers was slowly passing a rosary. She was telling her beads.

WHAT DO YOU take medicine for? Because you want to get well, or keep well, of course. Remember Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures.

The superiority of Mother Graves' Worm Extremities is now by its good effects on the children. Purchase a bottle and give it a trial. Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

TESTIMONIALS published in behalf of Hood's Sarsaparilla are as reliable and worthy of confidence as if from your most trusted neighbor.

Corns cause intolerable pain. Holloway's Corn Cure removes the trouble. Try it, and see what an amount of pain it saves.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

Hood's Cured

After Others Failed

Scrofula in the Neck—Bunches All Gone Now.



Blanche Atwood, Bangorville, Maine.

"Gentlemen—I feel that I cannot say enough in favor of Hood's Sarsaparilla. For five years I have been troubled with scrofula in my neck and throat. Several kinds of medicines which I tried did not do me any good, and when I commenced to take Hood's Sarsaparilla, these were large bunches on my neck so sore that I could not bear the slightest touch. When I had taken one bottle of this medicine, the sores had gone, and before I had finished the second the bunches had entirely disappeared." BLANCHE ATWOOD, Bangorville, Maine.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

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N. B. If you decide to take Hood's Sarsaparilla do not be induced to buy any other.

Hood's Pills cure constipation by restoring the peristaltic action of the alimentary canal.

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