

THE WAYS OF GRACE.

A Conversion of More than Common Interest.

The Story of Paul Feval—How Faith Conquered in a Gravel Struggle with Sensationalism.

[The Month.]

When we hear the word "conversion," one of two things immediately occurs to our minds. Either we suppose it to refer to a turning from Protestantism to the Church, or we read it with a smile as being phrasology appertaining to those semi-hysterical scenes among a crowd of Salvationist or Baptist agitators, who have abetted or wailed themselves into a blank of fictitious repentance.

A CONVERSION OF MORE THAN COMMON INTEREST.

So, too, we have perhaps been sometimes puzzled by the expression fratres conversi as describing one portion of the inmates of a monastery, simply because of this change in the meaning of the word that modern heresy has brought in. We find it hard to realize that this name is given to those who have entered on the higher life at a comparatively late period of their lives instead of being brought up to it from their childhood.

A PARISIEN OF LETTERS IN HIS HOME.

A man in the prime of life, full of youth and vigor, and with the somewhat pensive studies at his feet, the successful journalist and author, sat leaning his head on his hands and reading a well-worn, scuffed cover with books and papers in his comfortable study, quiet and alone.

FACING FINANCIAL RUIN.

Finding that he did not appear, the mother, who was a sweet, gentle woman, left the room, and went to her husband's study. "Are you not well dear?" was her first question; then, as he did not answer, she sat down and looked him in the face. "It is true, then?" she concluded, softly.

THE GRACE OF CONVERSION COMES TO HIM AT LAST.

The memory of his childhood's home and, above all, of his first communion, were things so cherished by him that he never bore an allusion to them. All the first fervor of those wondrous days when he had for the first time knelt before the altar, all the tender piety of sisters and mother, the manly anxiety of his devoted elder brother, about whose name many teaching memories clustered, which we cannot enter upon here; all this explained to those who knew the fact, that when this recent friend, belonging to this new modern, middle-aged Parisian life, suddenly uttered names from the dead past, the armor of reserve in which Feval had so rigorously clothed himself was broken through, and when the priest spoke of one who had left them to enter the religious life, "her name is Mother St. Charles, but in the world she was called Mlle. Clemence Lohier."

THE FINANCIAL RUIN WAS COMPLETE.

Bye-and-bye his wife returned to him, and sitting by his side began to question him. "Have you any work to do?" "He shook his head sadly. "Shall I ever work again?" "Then if it does not vex you, dear, tell me a little more. How much have we left—at least, about how much?" "Nothing—absolutely nothing."

Nothing left! They could scarcely realize the fact. Let any of my readers picture it to themselves. A well furnished house, a staff of servants, a family of children, everything which is embraced in the term "current expenses," the more easy the circumstances, the greater the blow, all this, in the very course of a few days, was to be sold, perhaps in years to come he might regain some few thousands by unrelenting toil, but in the meanwhile—what? And here his wife's soft whisper fell upon his ear. "There is a God who sees the wound of thy heart." But that wound was as yet too recent, the blank too dark, to accept of such consoling words. As he afterwards said of himself, in words which every one of us may well ponder: "I was living, according to the law of God, living; that is, a blameless life as the world would reckon it, yet without pre-occupying myself about God."

cause it is not open to remorse. I was quite at ease there, outside God, nothing tempted me to enter in; and this peaceable indifference is like an unbroken sleep—the last hour may awaken it, in truth, but who can answer for this last hour? Indifference, itself, may be, and often is, the most certain of damnations!"

At last, when his fevered brain, which seemed as if it could not feel the want of God, yet could not rest without Him, waiting all day, had unavailingly reviewed and rejected every project of hope, the words escaped him, "What would you do in my place?" She answered swiftly and decidedly, "In your place I should go to confession!"

A NEW STRUGGLE OF FAITH WITH SENSATIONALISM.

It was not a new thought this, that the wretched wife thus counseled. He knew that she had long been preying that he might make a good confession, and even, fearing the effect of too much urgency, her confessor had advised her not to mention the subject without grave necessity. But he was as yet reluctant to take this decided step, which meant taking a stand on God's side. He had come from Breton home, and from parents who were not only pious but saintly in their lives; and the home of childhood was filled with such an atmosphere of holiness that once, when he was in trouble, he acknowledged that he dared not go there, knowing that he should hear only of God. And he had left that home as a youth, without fame or fortune, thrown himself into the great vortex of Parisian life, and won gold and renown by years of hard work and unremitting devotion to a literary career.

THE BEGINNING OF A NEW LIFE.

And what of the new life which dawned on that eventful afternoon, when the ray of grace so effectually touched his heart? From the successful novelist and courted dramatist, Paul Feval became the night errand and chosen champion of Catholicity for the next ten years, developing new fire and eloquence in the defense of the Jesuits, the priesthood, the various topics and difficulties of the day, and above all, of his beloved devotion to the "Sacred Heart." He revised and republished his former works, destroying as far as possible the old editions lest they should do harm, and that he might gain nothing himself by process, he refused to benefit by the sale of the loose sheets, which were sold as usual to tobacconists and other shops for wrappers, but gave every sou to the poor. Indeed, he gave the first fruits of every payment in charity, and the whole proceeds of one of the most successful of his pamphlets to the building fund for the great National Church of the Sacred Heart at Montmartre.

THE MEMORY OF HIS CHILDHOOD'S HOME.

At length, in an undecided and fluctuating state of mind, he went off to talk to the good Jesuit who was one of the heads of the school where his boys were being taught, and confessor to his wife; and to tell him the painful news of their ruined fortunes. They talked, and the priest knew instinctively that the hour of grace was come. "Tell me the story of your first communion," he said to him; you have often promised to do so.

HOW HE HEARS OF LOURDES AND LA SALLETT.

Yes, it was a half-hearted conversion, this of the eager and enthusiastic novelist. He accepted smilingly, even joyfully, the many slight and sneers which as a matter of course greeted his changed life, and seemed almost to invite comment and condemnation from his former associates. One day, meeting one of these, he told them that he had now become a practical Catholic.

REMOVING TO MONTMARTRE.

From this time until the day of his death, the Church of the Van National was his joy and his devotion. He made offering after offering to its building fund, wrote eloquent appeals on its behalf, and left the house in which they had installed themselves on their reverse of fortune to take up his abode nearer the shrine of his devotion, at the foot of the hill, that he might give himself the "mortification" of a daily ascent, and not too near, because "he was not holy enough" for a closer approach. Here he penned the articles and pamphlets which vied with Louis Veuillot's stirring diatribes from week to week, he received the little coterie of friends, Chichelle, Bene, Veullot, Benet, who still remained to him, and here, while at work on the last of his books, a grand design, entitled "Les Peres de la Patrie," in which he proposed to sketch the lives and work of all the great founders of Christianity in France, a sudden stroke of apoplexy crippled him.

A FEW EARLY FAILURES.

OSHAWA, Ont., October 17.—Mayor Robert McGee, engaged in the real estate, loan and investment business, has failed. Already on March 8, 1887,

wife's arms and whispered in her ear, "It is done! I love God. I belong to God!" One is reluctant to break the spell of that first cry of supernatural gladness which blurted these two hearts still more closely in love, to each other, and to the Infinite Heart of Love. But his own words flow on irresistibly, thought upon thought coming swiftly and sweetly still.

"What a contrast between the night and the preceding one! I had Jesus reemerged at my bedside, and I confided to Him, with serene faith, the future of our children. . . . I cannot call myself resigned, for resignation pre-supposes a struggle, nothing but a supernatural calm."

Then came his confession and communion, the second communion of his life; and after that, taking yet unfinished novel from his desk, he wrote upon the half-filled page these words: "This unfinished page is written by my other self, it seems to be a hundred years ago. . . . I cannot finish it."

WIDOWS WHO ENTER CONVENTS.

From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. In the last two weeks the attention of the public has been attracted to the number of ladies who have announced their intention of forsaking the world by entering the convent doors thrown wide to receive them. It is somewhat strange that among these are two widows, past middle age, who have spent their lives in the midst of the gay world, who are now within the cloister walls. One will take the black veil at the end of her probation, and the other has entered to live among the gentle nuns, and discover whether her vocation lies in that direction.

WHIMS OF FASHION.

French Nonesmaid—"An' now-ak are ye gittin' ak along now, Mary, me jawl-ak'k?" "Mary—"Sare o'm doin' foim. But phat for language is that y'r upakin'!" "It's Roshan, Mary. Roshan nunsmaid is in fashion now, an' y'r practicin' it on a new place of am. French maids is out sv' theoy!"

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MERE LUCK.

Mr. Blinks (suddenly)—"Mr. Jinks began life as poor as you did, and now he's rich enough to buy you out a dozen times over." Mr. Blinks (calmly)—"Yes; Jinks is a lucky fellow." "Huh! Luck! I don't believe luck had anything to do with it." "Oh, yes; he told me himself that he owed everything to his luck in getting an economical wife."

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SHORT AND SWEET.

She—"Did your uncle leave you anything?" Henri?—"He did." She—"Henri, I am yours." He—"He left me his blessing." She—"Henri, I am not yours."—Boston Courier.

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THE WRONG PASSENGER.

Mrs. Society—"I wish you'd run down to the drug store and see if they won't cash a check for you so we can go to the opera." Husband—"Wait a little. I'm very tired; stood up in the street car all the way home."

DETECTIVES.

We want a man in every county in the State, experienced in the detection of crime. U. S. DETECTIVE BUREAU, Kansas City, Kan. 76

ADVICE TO AUTHORS.

Whatever you have to say, my friend, Whether witty, or grave, or gay, Condense as much as ever you can, And say it in the readiest way. And whether you write on rural affairs, Or particular things in town, Just a word of friendly advice—boil it down.

When writing an article for the press, Whether prose or verse, just try To utter your thoughts in the fewest words, And let it be crisp and dry; And when it is finished, and you suppose It is done exactly brown, Just look it over again, and then—boil it down.

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Mrs. T. C. Mitchell, one of the above mentioned ladies, is the widow of Mr. Ned Mitchell, and has one child, Miss Mary Mitchell, who was educated in the Sacred Heart Convent at Nashville, and who became so enamored of the life of a religious that three years ago she joined their order, and is now known as Mm. Mitchell. Last October Miss Mitchell took the black veil. Mrs. Mitchell was Miss Cromwell, of Baltimore, and has two sisters, Mrs. General Barney and Mrs. Halliburton. She does not come empty-handed to the home of her choice, as she has a comfortable estate left by her husband, which will all probably be donated to the Sacred Heart. While in the world she led so saintly and beautiful a life that she was called "Saint Theresa" by those most intimate with her, and her sudden determination to leave them was a painful blow to those who loved her best. Mrs. Mitchell is a fine-looking woman, over 50 years of age, with hair as white as snow, and a lovely, placid countenance. The pathos of the situation lies in the fact that at any time her beloved daughter may be separated from her by an order to join some branch house. Often when the Superior-General of the order is visiting a convent of the order, as she is standing at the door at the departure, bidding good-bye to those about her, she will turn to one of the nuns and say, "Mother, take off your apron and come with me." The servant of the Church obediently complies, and the old home again.

CARGO OF WHITE SLAVES.

Terrible sufferings of laborers in the West Indies. New York, Oct. 17.—The steamer Athos, from the West Indies, arrived to-day and brings further news of the Navassa riot. The Athos stopped at Navassa on the 8th. All the negroes who were on the island are prisoners on the United States ship Galena and the brig Romance and Alice, which have been chartered, and they are now on their way to this port, where the prisoners will be arraigned before a United States commissioner. The number of prisoners is placed at 136. The families of most of the men reside in Baltimore.

The Athos brought as passengers from Port Simon twenty-one victims of "Liverpool Jack." About two years ago they were snipped from the city by Fitzpatrick, and now come back penniless after intense suffering and hardships. Christian Zeller, one of Liverpool Jack's victims, who boarded the Athos at Port Simon, died on board and was buried at sea. Albert Orger, still another, was carried to the Castle Garden hospital upon the arrival of the vessel. His constitution has been completely undermined through lack of nourishment. The men state that there are still 200 of Fitzpatrick's victims at Port Simon and in the vicinity, and that many others died from hardship and exposure.

CANADIANS IN CAVALIER COUNTY, DAKOTA.

The thriving town of Langdon, county seat of Cavalier County, Dakota, is surrounded by thousands of acres of choice government land. Country settled chiefly from Ontario. Secure a farm from the government land. For further information, maps, rates, &c., apply to F. I. Whitney, G. P. & T. A., St. Paul, Minn.

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there is \$30,000 liabilities known and it is estimated that there is \$20,000 given or estimated. As far as can be estimated the nominal assets are \$7,000. The debts of the insolvent are principally due to farmers in amounts from \$1 to \$8,000, but residents of Whitby, Oshawa and Toronto are also creditors of the estate. Several widows are left penniless by the failure. The heaviest individual is Principal Kirkland, of the Normal school, Toronto. McGee was solicitor for the Dominion bank, but it is not known how the bank is affected. Mayor McGee's conduct is just as much of a puzzle as the disappearance of the funds. He says nothing and gives no information.

Misery in Labrador.

QUEBEC, October 17.—Captain Lemay, of Pointe-à-la-Croix, has arrived in town on the steamer Oshawa. He is sent by M. de la Roche, Bishop of Labrador, to represent to the local Government and His Eminence Cardinal Taschereau the state of misery in which the Labradorians are. Usually about twenty-seven schooners return every season to Pointe-à-la-Croix with loads of fish, which enable the Labradorians to live to comparative abundance, but this year only four returned and out of these two were only a quarter loaded, so that the greatest misery prevails on the Labrador coast and the population is doomed to certain death if no help is brought them. Hon. George Dubsall, who has visited that quarter this summer, will take the necessary steps to help in some way the hungry beleaguered Labradorians, and His Eminence will, no doubt, recommend his diocese to subscribe to the funds.

Plenary Indulgences for Servite Churches.

It is not generally known that the privilege of a Plenary Indulgence similar to that of the Portiuncula has recently been granted to the Churches of the Servite Order. By a Rescript of the Sacred Congregation of Indulgences, dated January 27, 1889, at the request of His Holiness Leo XIII., granted to all the Churches attached to the Monasteries or Convents of the Order, or belonging to the Third Order, or in which the Confraternity of the Seven Dolours is canonically erected, a Plenary Indulgence is to be gained by the faithful of either sex as many times as they shall visit any of the above Churches or Chapels, on the third Sunday of September, and shall therein pray according to the Sovereign Pontiff. The Indulgence is applicable to the Holy Souls in Purgatory, and, of course, the usual conditions of Confession and Communion are indispensable. The time for gaining it begins at the First Vespers and ends at sunset on the Feast itself.

Why Will You?

Why will you keep caring for what the world says? Try, oh, try to be no longer a slave to it! You can have little idea of the comfort of freedom from it—it is bliss! All this caring for what people will say is a life of slavery. Let your life and soul be free. In an infinitely short space of time all secrets will be divulged. Therefore if you are unjudged, why trouble to put yourself right? You have no idea what a great deal of trouble it will save you. Roll your burden on Him, and He will make straight your mistakes. He will set you right with those with whom you have set yourself wrong. Here am I, a lump of clay; thou art the potter. Mold me as thou in thy wisdom wilt. Never mind any cross. Cut my life off—so be it; prolong it—so be it. Just as thou wilt; but I rely on thy unchanging guidance during the trial. Oh, the comfort that comes from this!—Gen. Gordon.

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EVERYBODY

Should keep a box of McALL'S PILLS in the house. They are carefully prepared from the Sutterland, and contain nothing injurious. As an Anti-Bilious Pill, they cannot be equalled. FOR SALE EVERYWHERE—25 cents per box.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, DISTRICT OF MONTREAL, SUPERIOR COURT.

No. 804. MARGUERITE CHARTRAND, file majeure et tante de ses droits, of the Village of Coteau St. Louis, in the District of Montreal, Plaintiff;

vs. JOSEPH BRUNET, formerly of the Village of Coteau St. Louis, District of Montreal, Plaintiff, and now of Detroit, in the State of Michigan, one of the United States of America, Defendant.

The Defendant is ordered to appear within two months.

Montreal, 11th October, 1889.

GEO. H. KERNICK, Deputy P.S.O.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, DISTRICT OF MONTREAL, SUPERIOR COURT.

No. 1574. DAME MARIE-EUDOXIE OHOQUET, Plaintiff,

vs. JOSEPH EPHEM JACQUES, Defendant.

An action for separation as to property has been instituted.

Montreal, 10th October, 1889.

ETHEL & PELLETIER, Advocates for Plaintiff.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, DISTRICT OF MONTREAL, SUPERIOR COURT.

No. 1574. DAME ELIZABETH GERMAIN, Plaintiff, vs. MME. KAYER MARTIN, carrier, of the Village of Cote St. Louis, District of Montreal, Defendant. An action in separation as to property has been instituted by the Plaintiff.

MONTREAL, SEPT. 10th, 1889.

MERCIER, BRASSOLINI, CHOQUET & MARTIN, Attorneys for Plaintiff.

DROPSY. Treated Free. Positively Cured with the only Vegetable Remedy. For a full description of the disease, and how to cure it, send for a FREE BOOK of testimonials. Write to the Proprietor, Dr. J. C. GARDNER & SON, ATLANTA, GA.

DRUNKARDS. Pfiel's Antidote for Alcoholism. Ordinary one bottle is sufficient to enact a positive cure in from three to five days, and as the comparatively trifling cost of \$1 per bottle, no one thus afflicted should hesitate to try it. We guarantee the result. For sale by all druggists. On receipt of \$5 we will forward a half dozen to any part of the United States and Canada. Charges prepaid. Send for circular.

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to canvass for the sale of Nursery Stock. Steady employment guaranteed. SALARY AND EXPENSES PAID. Apply at once, stating age. (Refer to this paper.) Chase Brothers Co., Colborne, Ont. 1-13

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EPPS'S COCOA. BREAKFAST. "By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatality by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—Pure Service Gazette. Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in Packets, by Grocers, labelled thus: JAMES EPPS & CO., Homoeopathic Chemist, LONDON, ENGLAND.

WANTED.

An intelligent, middle aged person, as working house keeper, in a private's house. Good reference required. Address, "Housekeeper," office of TRUE WITNESS.

CINCINNATI BELL FOUNDRY. Bells of Pure Copper and Tin for Churches, Schools, Fire Alarms, Farms, etc. FULLY WARRANTED. Catalogue sent Free. VANDUNEN & TIFF, Cincinnati, O.

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TO PARENTS! Never neglect the health of your children during the Summer season. If they suffer from Colic, Diarrhoea or Teething Fains, use Dr. COBURN'S INFANTS' SYRUP, and you will give them immediate relief.