TERENCE AND DENIS. BY " SISTER

"No, no, child; I won't hear another word about it for six months at least! I have lived long enough to know that sor-row and loneliness do not necessarily con-stitute a vocation to the religious life, and I will not write you any recommendation to the Sisters of Charity till I see some signs in you of the staff they are made of !"

The speaker was a typical Irish parish priest. Tail, though somewhat bowed with the weight of years, his massive head whitthe weight of years, his massive head whit-ened by the cares and sorrows of the whole parish of Ballyferna, Father Mike Rooney was greeted with joyful reverence where-ever he went except by a few black sheep, and even these only skulked out of sight till a day of grace brought them back to till a day of grace brought them back to the Father's warm heart. He had lost much of the brogue years ago at the Irish College, Rome, but there was still the ghost of it remaining, which came out rolling and sliding with a delightfully musical note of interrogation at the end of each phrase. of each phrase. Now, as he walked down the path that

led to the pre-bytery gate and opened it to let his young companion pass out, there was a twinkle in his eye as well as firmness and compassion on his face. The Kerry hills were bathed in the sun-

shine of a fine spring morning and the emerald hae of trees and fields in their fresh verdure made a striking contrast to the girl by his side, clad in deep mourn-ing. She looked ap imploringly, her deep grey eyes swimming in unshed tears. "But, dear Father, just think ! Why

should is tay here when all my hopes are buried in South Africa? Isn't Terence's death a sure sign that our Lord wants me in a different state to that which we had planned, and calls me from the world He has made a wilderness for me? only happiness I can ever again 1 upon earth will be tending those who are fighting and suffering as Terence has

"Yes, Norrie, and while I would not venture to deubt you would always be the first Sister in the ward at 5 on a cold win-"Now, Father," interrupted Nora Heal-

"Now, rather," interrupted Nora Heal-ey, " you think that because I am not always at early Mass—" " It is not till 7, my dear. But, as I was saying, what if when you got there you found the hero whose weary hours you long to console had a smile like Ter-ence O. Brian and the same abarmics ce O'Brien and the same charming way with him i

"Oh, Father, how can you? I could never care for anyone else. Why, when I only think of him—" And poor Nora's brimming eyes over

howed, while the good priest put his hand on her head in blessing, but con-tinued remorsely: "Yes, I know; and while you 'only think of him ' you will be watering your hero's broth, or the 'dhrop o' the craythur ordered by the dottor with your target form nor doctor, with your tears ! Come now child, begin to get yourself into training by mastering your own sorrow. I want a visitor at the workhouse. To be sure there are only old people there, but by taking your youth into the dullness of taking your youth mite the unless of their old age you can make them feel young again. Then there's Aileen O'Moore, her Denis lies side by side with our Terene and she has taken all the burden of supporting his old father and

young sister on her ownshoulders. Help her along a bit. And Terence's mother --when did you see her last?" 'I can't bring myself to go to her often, Father," answered Nora, hanging down her head rather shyly. "She is so good, and when she says, 'Welcome be the holy will of God !' though I know her

heart is breaking like mine, I seem to rise in rebellion; so it only pains her and makes me worse." "Ah, child, there's the pinch!"

"Ah, child, there's the pinch!" "Bat really now, Father, you shall see me at Mass every day this Lent—" "Stop! stop! I will undertake to go on pilgrimage to St. Patrick's Pargatory if I see you more than three times a week! Go easy, Nora; don't let it be less than three times, and go to the workhouse twice a week and to Mrs. O'Brien every other day till you have learnt the lesson she can teach you, and then I'll hear more of the vocation. Now run away like a good child—you're run away like a good child-vou'v spoilt my morning's work. God bless you !" And Father Mike turned back to you !' And Father Mike turned bees to the presbytery with a smile on his face. "She's a good enough child, but she doesn't know herself yet and has much to overcome. This trouble will be the ending ther places God 1 And many

THE CATHOLIG RECORD

ence's wasted form and hright eyes won won the victory. She brought food and Kaffr beer, and continued to supply them as long as they were there. Sir Alan's story was much like Ter-enc.'s. His regiment had been scattered, and he had lost his way among the mountains and come upon a wounded Boer, with whom he had shared his last morsel, and then he had assisted his "friend the enemy" to a small farm de-serted by all but a woman and her boy. She had sheltered them, and the poor fellow had died of his wounds, but had begged Alan to wear his clothes while in the Empire will be moving us for their own benefit. Are you for a dhrop first ?"

"Denis, you're risking Alleen's happi-ness for naught. I can't move hand or foot. Make your way to the camp and

neignoorhood to make any attempt as flight safe for the present. In another week it was possible for Terence to sit on horseback, and Sir Alan brought a pony from the farm one dark night and the three went into temporary quarters till a start for Delagoa Bay be-came nossible.

Mrs. O'Brien had lived at Shamrock

ipped easily into an engagement which

Some weeks after Nora's interview with

March brought the sweet scent of violets from the garden, and the afternoon sun ponred warmth into the pleasant room. But all was unheeded just then, though

" Would your Honor have the kindness "Would your Honor have the kindness to show me the way?-for 'tisn't meself knows it, nor ever will, till I take yon along wid me! Whisht! And Denis fellon his face immovable. Some Boers came on the ground. One gave Denis a push with his foot as he passed. "All dead here" was what master and man would have heard if

begged Alan to wear his clothes while in the neighborhood, and gave him some clue to the most unfrequented way to the Sir Alan had been out reconnoitering, but found too many of the enemy in the neighborhood to make any attempt at

they could have understood. Denis "resurrected " as soon as they were out of sight. " Bad manners to ye kickin's boy that never harmed you nor was going to begin now! Now, Master Terence, listen here: Whils you were lying widont your sines I wint about and got a mighty quare collection of victuals and dhrink from the day's rations the poor boys had wid them. God forgive me for robbing the dead !--but they'd no me for robbing the dead —but they'd ho further use for it themselves. Thon I found one of those "dug-outs," as they call them, near by and hid my stolen goods, and now, if ye'll drink this "—and the faithful fellow almost poured a glass of liquid down his captain's throat—" and keep quiet a while, this here ambulance party will go into hospital until further orders from Dr. Dinis Managhan !!" These uses a food dose of morphine

There was a good dose of morphine which Denis had found in a portable case,

quarters in a start for Delagon hay be came possible. Before leaving the "dug-ont" Denis took an affecting leave of the friendly Kaffir, but explanations were impossible. "God bless ye, me darlint, an may niver worse luck light on one hair of your head than the best blessings of Dinis Mauaghan! I'm kissing me hand to ye"—and he suited the action to the word—"and 'tis best for ye not to know our initions of shifting quarters, since our intintions of shifting quarters. since ye might be tempted to follow us, and what would Aileen be thinkin' if ye ap-peared alongside of me!" probably dropped by some medical officer in a hurried flight, and he had put it in the draught of cognac taken by Terence. When the latter awoke he found the light of a new day was shining outside the kind of cave in which he lay, stretched on rugs and blankets stripped from the fallen calvary horses. Denis had strapped up the broken bone and Nestling among the Kerry hills, the little village of Ballyferna had been a happy spot till the terrible defeats the British army suffered in Natal brought desolation to three of its families. bandaged the arm and was watching anxiously for his waking to give him a dranght of fresh, cool water from a tiny They were safe for the time, but till the

Cottage ever since her husband's death, twenty years before, when the "Great House," their old home, had been sold to House an old friend, Mr. Healey. The motherless Nora Healy had grown up side by side with Terence O'Brien, and bones were knit Terence must lie motion less. Denis hoarded the provisions and doled ont his own and his master's the end of the month the larder was empty. What was to be done ?

one fine morning, when the world was empty. What was to be done? One fine morning, when the world around them seemed alive under the hand of the Creator, Who was pouring out on her His gifts and sustaining all her children by His Providence, it looked as if Terence and Denis in the "dag-out" more forwatten in the distribution. were forgotten in the distribution. "Sare, though, Himself and His Holy

Mother can't mane us to die of starvatio like rate in a hole," and Denis, with an air of confidence he was far from feeling. "Denis, my boy, leave me and go out

to the camp. You could surely see some thing of our fellows in the neighborhood they could return for me." "Faith, Master Terence," said Denis

with a broad grin on his previously clouded face, "the last I saw of them they seemed to be going for change o air. Maybe their constitutions required sea air and a bathe after this little job of annexing the Boers !"

annexing the boers : Terence groaned. "Anyway, let's take our last bit and sup together first, Master Terence, dear!" And Denis handed half a dry biscuit and a dram of whisky, much diluted, to Ter-there while "Hara's to thim that's near ence, crying, "Here's to thim that's near an' thim that's far away !" as he tossed off adraught of water with the air of one who was imbibing punch, and made much of a mouthful of biscuit reserved for himself.

That day they fasted on "dry water widout any bread," as Danis expressed it, and next morning he sallied out to see if of immortelles hung beneath. In all those four weary months the mother had never looked at it without a prayer for his soul and an act of union with the holy will of

and next morning he sallied out to see if he could find anything to shoot except a Boer. He wandered round the hill, keeping a good lookout, and suddenly came on a Kaffir kraal, out of which stepped a fine young Kaffir woman carry-ing a bundle on her head. Denis made for her, and she fled, her bundle falling to the ground. Denis picked it up and called after her by the most endearing terms he could think of. "Kathleen mavourneen! sure ye'll not lave a poor fellow that's spiling for a word wid ye'l See, honey, I'll not har-r-r-m you, achusale, for all I'm worth !" worth !

All in vain; the woman disappeared, At in van ; the woman disappeared, and, fearing reinforcements, Danis, too, fied in an opposite direction. Arrived at the cave, he threw down his package, which proved to be a supply of mealice, breadsiuff and fruit, probably intended for the market for the market. This lasted some days, and then he

wealth and poverty. We do do not say that these contrasts are altogether absent in Catholic countries, but they are farless frequent there than amongst Protestants because they are entirely opposed to the spirit of the Catholic religion. It is Mr. Frederic Harrison who tells us that in Great Britain 90 per cent of the actual producers of wealth have no home that they can call their own be-yond the end of the week; have no bit of soil or so much as a room that belongs to them; have nothing of value of any kind, except as much old furniture as will go in a cart; have the precarious chance of weekly wages which barely suffice to keep them in health; are housed, for the most part, in places that no man thinks fit for his horse; are separated by so narrow a margin from destitution that sickness or unexpected loss brings them face to face with panperism. And side by side with the evidences of these straitened circumstances are accounts of individuals amassing great sums of money and becoming millionaires. It seems to us that Protestantism, which practically puts hardly any restraint on the exercise of men's natural qualities, good and bad, will never succeed in pro-ducing that, quality of condition, or at least that approach to it which social just-ice demands. It is the aim of the Social-ists to do so. Their schemes are, how-ever, chimerical. A tail figure, thin but bronsed, and vigor-ous as ever, sprang across the lawn and in at the window to his mother's em-brace, while Father Mike came on more slowly, and stopped outside to brush away

Mother and son were locked in each other's arms for an instant, and then the mother drew one arm away to encircle Nora, and of course Terence was not slow in following her example.

in following her example. "Goessy, now, Terry, my boy!" Father Mike called out from the window-sill. "You are after spoiling the best vocation I ever had in my parish. Norrie, I sup-pose I had better write to Nazareth Honse or Carlisle Place this evening, and be packing you off by the morning train— eh?" Terence drew back aghast. "What

does he mean? Nora, my darling, surely you haved't changed your mind, or made any foolish promise?" His face whitener

"Sure 'tis teasing he is! Don't mind him, Terry!" said Nora, bluehing and hanging her pretty head. "You see, it was this way; I thought perhaps if I couldn't do anything more in life for you, mind help arms the army you know! couldn't do anything more in life for you, I might help nurse the army, you know! A shout of laughter from Terence and Father Mike made Nora take refuge in gathering up violets and primroses, tear-ing down crape and immortelles from the portrait, and replacing them with the sweet, fresh flow.rs. "Rather a big order to fill, darling," said Terence. "No; our little Irish dove must stay in the nest, musn't she, mother?" And he followed her with loving, reverent eyes as she moved about in conscious, maidenly shyness under their geze.

ists to do so. Their schemes are, now-ever, chimerical. The true secret of general prosperity lies in the Catholic principle which, whilst encouraging individual efforts, prescribes that so long as people are in want of the necessaries of life no man may epjoy superfluities. Mr. Samuel Smith him-self fails to recognize that the increase of wealth and luxury in England has led to lower standards of life and duty. To

in conscious, matching of the provided states to lower standards of life and duty. To the members of the Christian Endeavor the members of the Christian Endeavor Union he expressed his regret at the dis-appearance of the prophets who struck the keynote of righteousness, and the pain he felt in finding that they have left no successors. They have been followed by mere politicians and computantiate and mere politicians and opportunists, and the dominant note of the publications of the press is favorable to materialism. This is but the natural trend of the Protestant

"Let us all go, mother," said Terence "I long to kneel in the old place and give thanks, and then I want to take you and Nora to Danis, for indeed you owe my life to him. I should have been buried with the others but for his courage and

devotion. He went off straight to Aileen and his old father when we arrived." "Ab, Terrence," whispered Nora "their home must be with us for the res fraits which Mr. Smith assigns to "priests and sacraments." Mr. Smith's of their lives."

And so the three, Father Mike hurrying on, passed down the lane leading to the church, and met Denis and his Aileen

slipped easily into an engagement which promised happiness to the young people and their parents. Thus the same dispatch from the War Office which told the poor mother that her only son lay dead on the battlefield crushed Nora's heart also, and laid a weight of grief on Aileen O'Moore, for it told of Denis Managhan, his faithful ser-vant, being stretched beside him; and her hopes of the double wedding day after the happy homecoming, to which all the vil-lage looked forward, lay buried at fatal Dundee. coming towards them. "Welcome back, Denis, and God's bless-fng be on you and yours for all you have done for me and mine," exclaimed Mrs. Sure, ma'am, an' what else would I Father Mike, Mrs. O'Brien was sitting in her cosy room with the windows opening on the lawn. The fresh spring air which

have done? Would you have had me leave me captain to the crows? Denis is not the boy for such a name thrick, at all, at all! "Nora's little hand freed itself from

Terence's firm grasp and slipped into the hearty grip of Denis. "I can't ever thank you enough, but

I'll count you and Aileen as my best friends all my life, Denis!' Denis was quite overpowered. "Sure an' I'll do as much for you, Miss Nora, if

But all was unheeded just then, though an illumined look of joy, mingled with uncertainty, shone on the widow's face, and her eyes usually calm and resigned, were eparkling with happiness. Her lips trembled with agitation, care-fully controlled lest it should master and disturb the peace of a heart united with the heart of its Sovereign Lord. On the wall facing her hung the por-trait of a young officer in full uniform standing by his horse. How proud she had been of her boy when she had said good-by and blessed him! Now the pic-ture was draped in black, and a wreath of immortelles hung beneath. In all those ever I get the chance, so I will!" "Come on, children," called Father Mike from the church door. "Finish

the compliments after, and come now to to thank the Lord and His Blassed Mother."

the Irish peasantry, rolled from men to women on the opposite sides of the aisle, and when they cameout from the thanks-giving all crowded round to shake hands

A PROTESTANT FABLE.

MAY 25, 1901.

purify our hearts by the light of the Holy Ghost; and the sequence is that exquisite hymn said to have been com. ed by Pope Innocent III., beginning

"Holy Spirit, Lord of Light. From Thy clear, celestial height " Thy pure, beaming radiance give. Come, Thou Father of the poor. Come, with treasures that endure, Come, Thou Light of all that live."

The hymn at Vespers speaks of Him gain as Life and Love, and cries out to Him :-

O, guide our minds with Thy blest light, With love our hearts inflame !!

The thought of the Holy Ghost seems to be, for liturgist and Christian poet both, a subject of special inspiration. King Robert of France begs Him to dispel from the soul the horrid dark. ness that enfolds it, and to so purify the eve of the inward man that be enabled to see the Sovereign Father whom none can see, save them that are clean of heart. Hildebert, Archbishop of Tours, speaks of Him as the Love of the Father and the Son, "their Benig-nity, Sweetness, Joy," Him who gives light and knowledge to His faithful ervants when in doubt ; strengthens them when suddenly surprised by temp tation or trial ; guides them in doing what is right. Adam of St. Victor hails nobly the glad and glorious light. wherewith the heaven-sent fire filled the hearts of Jesus' disciples. He calls Him sweet Fire, living Fire, divine Fire, and yet divine Daw, a heaven. sent Daw, a life giving Stream, whereof the more we drink the more we thirst to drink. "O living Fire! O life. giving Stream !" he cries, "make our hearts clean, and inflame us with the fire of charity. O truth-bearing Light ! grant to us all brightness eter-nal !" And Hildegarde, the holy German abbess, thus speaks to the divine Spirit, whose inspiration, so we are told, she almost uninterruptedly enjoyed : "O sacred Fire ! Thou art the Life of every creature's life. Praise be to Thee, Thou Joy of life, our Hope, our highest Honor, the Giver of the re ward of Light !" An Armenian hymn is very touch.

The extent to which unbelief prevails at the present day is no doubt deplorable, but surely in that matter Protestants are not entitled to cast reproaches at the Catholic Church. Lat him go to Italy or Spain or Ireland and visit some of the churches and then come to England and do likewise, and we venture to predict he will be forced to admit that the Catholic Church here a far better hold of the men ing in its repeated exclamation : all ye spirits, bless the Spirit of God !! And another, from the Liturgy of that same now sfillcted land, exclaims: "Thou that sittest on the swift wings of the fire-darting seraphim, -Thou will be forced to admit that the Catholic Church has a far better hold of the men in the Catholic countries than Protestant-ism has of them in England. If he pre-fers, let him visit the Catholic and Pro-testant churches in Garmany or the United States, and he will, we are perfect-ly confident, return with the same convic-tion. Priests and secaraments are the means which Christ provided for estab-lishing and maintaining His Kingdom on earth, and common sense as well as exthat takest all creatures under the care of Thy providence, -O Holy Spirit, Thou art blessed by Thy crea-tures!" Another is longer and still more beautiful, reaching sublimity in its eloquent word pictures :

"Thou that sittest on the fiery and winged cherubim, didst this day, with ineffable love, descend from heaven earth, and common sense as well as ex-perience teaches us that without such dogmatic instruction as priests give Chris upon a choir of men. Blessed art Thou, O Holy Spirit, our God !

"Thou that are hymned by tongues of fire as the Thrice Holy, descendest this day as a stream of fire from heaven and restest on the lips of men Blessed art Thou, O holy Spirit, our God !

"Thou that art eternally seen, in Thy most effulgent fires, by the sera-phim, art this day poured forth on earth from heaven, - the Chalice whose drink is fire. Blessed art Thou, O Holy Spirit, our God !

An ancient missal of Liege calls Him the never failing Light of the good, and bursts out into an exuberant song which needs to be seen in the origina to be fully appreciated: a hopeless condition if its success depend-

"Qui prout vult, Quando vult, Et ubi vult, Quousque vult, Et quantum vult, Spirat et erudit, Replet et erigit, Ditat et instruit."

That is to say, "Who, as He wills, and when He wills, and where He wills, and as long as He wills, and as much as He wills. - inspires and teaches, fills and exalts, enriches and guides. As we read these things, our Lord's own words reenr to us: send fire on the earth; and what will I but that it be kindled ?" The month of May is passing into the month of the Sacred Heart. It is easy now to understand the flames that burst from that Heart of Jasus Christ.

MAY 25, 1901.

" OURSELVES AS OT

American Catholic Quar

An Irishman writes speaking Catholics States, who are mostly I was not long sinc city, and a priest of and parentage was that seem strangely who think America

means freedom vs. all quite sure we kno are of this present w " American priests said this Canadian

School manager, " a pitying us, who, ala under England, and Orange intolerance. live far away ; the off ; but they live their northern neig home wiser, and For what does a short That in Ontario th them they have not of. The American their flocks paying taxing themselves tarian and therefore ligious schools, and eir own schools. w at not letting the shamed of God and is a greater matter hurch think a Well, under Englan Ontario, as in Irelan tions, as in a limite itself, you give your get government p your own taxes as pay not at all for that in Ireland education is pract tional,' the parish I ger of the school, an with the system. Catholics have not their schools, havin case the conditions from Her Majesty's our American pr a Republic-alas ! cent for their schools cellent in secular in

country that claims Then from equal. ne ocean, from lit fraternity, comes t French parents inc who to save their godly and more via daily withdraw the bers from the non Christian school. the grants, all the t

As he takes up a paper our priest with nunciation of Engli the grant from the successful schools of their books no Board of Education religious emblems ture and statue. w the Brothers have sary to put away all the week. But together with Jes share largely, accu uccess, in the ex

given by the Eng he higher educati But the protect o against the govern intolerance, in o swelled into pr government in An

system of secondar Facts are facts. are; and their c what they will be. quence already b clergy of Irish de more and more b ism. Who will should they wish double taxed for est, naturally, ag

in Manitoba: but

injustice done to

the lost ones a welcome, and the little church was full. The Aves, said with all the fervor of Protestants who would, according to his own standards, find a place within the limits of orthodoxy, he would, we are sure, admit that Christianity would be in and congratulate.

God, but to day she murmured instead: "My boy, my brave boy, come back to your mother! Yet Thy will be done al-ways and in all things, my God!" Ways sau in an things, my God!" On her wahnt writing table lay a morocco case lined with black velvet, and inside it were a signet ring and some dried wild flowers and grasses from the A fricen poldt.

praise be His Holy Name that He has brought me back to my own Kerry hils!" Lieutenant Seagrave had sent them, telling how, when first Terence and then Danis dropped, he had checked his horse and covered them from the tramp of the advancing cavalry, and then had hastily drawn the ving from his final is final in final

gone. The third grand feast of the Christian year is at hand, the feast of the Holy Ghost. We have met Him Wealth and Power Not Tests of Tra

before, for He came upon Mary at the Annunciation, and upon Jesus at His baptism; but in the one case His com ing was in the silence of the midnight and of the lonely room in Nazareth; in

theory of prosperity as it actually works

out. The spread of infidelity is one of the

prejudices have been carrying him away The extent to which unbelief prevails a

tianity goes to the wall. When in the interpretation of Scripture

ed upon Protestantism.-Liverpool Cath-olic Times.

THE SUNDAY OF THE LIVING

Christmas and Easter are come and

If Mr

When in the interpretation of Scripture no authority is recognized save the intel-ligence or whims of the individual, can it be deemed strange that anything like unity of doctrine is impossible, that the Old Testament is subjected to destructive criticism, that "the plainest statements of the four Evancelists are questioned." All the village had turned out to give of the four Evangelists are questioned, and that "multitudes of untrained minds imagine that books like 'Robert Els mere' dispose of all miracle?" If Mr. Smith were able to judge impartially and to discover how small the number of

and congratulate. At last they were left alone, and as they stood on the church steps the san set glorionsly over the peaceful hills and the cattle came along tho lanes to their farms, lowing with contentment. Terence raised his hat reverently. "The heights of the mountains are His,' in South Africa as in Ireland, but

making of her, please God ! And many another young officer will be following her bright eyes when the tears in them for Terence are all shed. God grant the one she weds may be as worthy of her as Terence, poor boy ! She's young yet-we'll see ! we'll see ! So thought the wise pastor of the flock. Four months earlier, Dundee, in Natal

had been evacuated by the British after one of a series of reverses which were all the more humiliating because wholly unexpected.

The woman shock her need, but smiled. Denis was a good-looking young fellow, and she was not averse to his attentions. Things looked promising. Danis pointed to his mouth and held up two fingers to signify that two people required feeding. Suddenly the Kaffir started and looked up to a rock above them, where an un-mistakable Boer was to be seen. Oa the slope of a hill where the battle had raged the fiercest lay heaps of the dead and dying. The evening was draw ing in, but not a breath of fresh air re lieved the sufferers, who had lain fo hours under the scorching heat of the

African enn. A young officer stirred, and the agony of the movement ronsed him from a mer-

of the incovenent roused inth from a mer-ciful uncousciousness. He gave a groan "Wisha, sor, go aisy, for the love God Thim Boers has ventured to appear since our brave fellows wint away and they'll likely be makin' pris'ners of all who can't

fight nor run !" - It was a very dignified account of the To his extreme surprise, the Boer threw down his rifle, burst into a fit of langhter, state of affairs.

"Is that you, Denis ?" The voice was

"Is that you, Denis ?" The voice was sharp with pain. "Tis meaelf, sor. And how's your Honor's self feeling now ?" ts" I can't stir, Denis. My leg is broken and a bullet went through my left arm. Waere were you struck ?" "Nowhere; and sure 'tis a downright how where; and sure 'tis an should be and, taking off his hat, called out: "What in the name of all that's cracked are you up to Denis? Don't you know "May the saints presarve us! if it isn't "May the saints presarve us! if it juing

"May the saints presarve as 1 if it isn't since were you struck?" "Sir, Alan Mackay, sure as I'm a living sinner! Bat how would I know ye wid that desaving hat on your head?" "What on earth are you doing here, Denis? Have you married a Kaffir and settled down?" The story was told in a few words, and 'An' would ye have had me lave ye. shame that my mother's son should be whole and your Honor lying there kilt

"Bat where are the men, and why on earth don't you go on with the fellows?" "An' would ye have had me lave ye, your lone self, Master Terence? No, sez I, Dinis Managhan's not the boy to de-sart his captin, an' I'll bring him back to his mother an' Miss Nora- and so I will, plaze God an' His Biessed Mother! So when you dropped from your horse and Lieutenant Sagrave covered you from the trampe of the horses, I dropped, too, juit to see what I could be doin' when things got more composed like, for there was terrible ructions going on them. Bat not the section and approved by the Kaffre of that dis-trict, Sir Alan got her to come with them we'd to be moving, or those inimies of

drawn the ring from his friend's finger and thrust it in his pocket, with a hand-ful of grasses wet with Terence's blood, and dashed on again to overtake his regiment. His kindly letter telling all this to the poor mother lay open now before her, together with the dispatches tell-ing of the event, and that it had been im-possible to identify the bodies in the hurried burial. went out to look for his friend again. By good luck he met her, but without a bundle this time. He kept a respectful distance, bowed law and began thus, cap

Lieutenant Seagrave had sent them

African veldt.

hurried burial. In her hand there was another letter, received that day from her solicitor in Dablin, inclosing cuttings from a Natal paper which gave a wonderful account of in hand; " If ye'll believe me, my jewei, I'm pining for the light of your eyes an' the taste of your mealies! Only give me a party of officers and privates, missing since the defeat at Dandee, having arrived at Delagoa Bay and being about somethin' to eat, and Denis Managhan will stand your friend for the rest of his ife-he will so, an' that's plain spakin' !" The woman shook her head, but smiled. arrived at Delagoa Bay and being about to sail for England. Among the names were those of Captain Terence O'Brien and his servant, Denis Managhan, with Sir Alan Mackay. "Could it be true?" thought Mrs. O'Brien. "I will start for Dablin to-morrow and make more inquiries, and I might also telegraph to the War Office." Just then Nora's face, much less woe-begone than when she stood at the pree-bytery gate with Father Mike some weeks before, appeared at the window.

"Arrah! bad luck to ye, to be spiling my game this way! Hi, there! Tim! Jerry! Mike!—come on, all o' ye, and Dinis Managhan's the boy that will lead ya!" And graving bics weeks before, appeared at the window. The tonic of mingled banter and good ad-vice administered by the kindly Father had done its work Her mind had reye!" And, waving his arm to to an im yei" And, waving his arm to to an im-aginary regiment round the corner, he charged wildly up the hill, regardless of the fact that his rills was not loaded. "Be off, ye murtherin' villains, afore the royal Irish are up wid ye!" covered its power, and the elasticity of the Irish temperament had helped the

the Irish temperature in an house the cure. She held up a basket full of violets, primroses, and daffodils, which gave an air of spring to her in spite of the heavy crepe she still wore. "Look, mother"—she had taken to this title since her daily visits had knit the two mourners together—"Kitty Man-sghan brought me these from Aileen; she says the woods are full of them. You and I must have a picnic and bring home baskets of them for the old folks at the Union-bat what has happened? You

look quite young again, mammy !" And Nora ran in and caught the hand that was hiding away letter and newspaper. A shower of the fresh flowers fell upon

the ring and withered grasses as Nora struggled to keep the hand she held

prisoner. Mrs. O'Brien laughed almost hysterically. "Why, Nora, you are bringing life to the dead! No, child-let go my hand. It is only some business -

"Bit, mother, I see his name, and why have you got the case open there? Tell me, what is it? I have a right-"

A noise on the path made both turn.

Christianity. Mr. Samuel Smith, M. P., in a noteworthy address which was read at a meeting of the Christian Endeavor Society in Liverpool, recently, spoke of priests and Sacraments as being detrimental to the sense of individual responsibility. This is a trite Protestant argument, and it has been used in every mood and tense. Upon it is founded the contention that Protestantism spells prosperity, which is dinned into the ears of Protestant flocks by so many of their pastors. The subject is ably dealt with by Mgr. John S. Vaughan in the course of a work from his pen just published by Mesers. Barns and Oates. Mor. Vanghan going back to the agricat Mgr. Vanghan, going back to the earliest days of Christianity, asks if we could im-agine or conceive the prosperity argument on the lips of the Apostles. In plain truth, nowhere has God promised any kind of temporal reward to those who follow the teaching and the example of His crucified Son. It is not the rich, but the poor, who are declared blessed. If Job suffered affliction it was because he was pleasing to God, and all his wealth did not secure

tells us : for Dives the happiness in Heaven, won by the outcast Lazarus. The men who appeal to wealth and power as proofs of true Christianity can scarcely be convers-ant with the language of the New Testa-

ment. Bat whilst the piling up of wealth is condemned by the Sacred Writings as likely to lead to perdition, and whilst in that respect pagan nations have reached as high a pinnacle as Christian countries, as high a pinnacle as Christian countries, we willingly grant that even from the re-ligious point of view the provision of the ordinary means and comforts of life for the people is a question of the utmost im-portance. Mgr. Vaughan rightly shows that England's great commercial advance dates from the invention and introduc-tion of machinery and the application of team as a motive power. were revolutionized. The countries which possessed iron and coal were at a very considerable advantage. And England began to play a winning game, not be-cause she rejected the Pope, but because her hands were full of trump cards. As a matter of fact, one of the more striking social phenomena is the fact that where-ever Protestantism prevails to any large extent there are remarkable contrasts of

the other case. He came under the guise of a meek dove at the Jordan. and perhaps none but the Baptist knew what Divine Visitant hovered over the Master there. Oa Pentec there was a sound as of a mighty wind. filling all the house where the disciple were gathered together, and they saw parted tongues, as it were of fire ; and those cloven tongues sat not upon one but all; and all were filled with the

Holy Ghost, and began to speak in various languages "according as the Holy Ghost gave them to speak.

What memories through our souls ! The mind travels far back to the crea tions of the universe. when Scripture "The earth was void and tells us: "Ine earth was vold and empty, and darkness upon the face of of the deep; and the Spirit of God moved over the waters. And God said: "Be light made. And light was made." From the creation onward, has not the Holy Spirit always given light and love? The Church seems to cryYes to this question on Pentecost, so replete are her sacred offices with this

"The Spirit of the Lord," she says in the Introit, "hath filled the whole world. Allelula. Let God arise, and His enamies be dispersed,"-even as darkness files before light. "Send forth Thy Spirit," cries the Introit, "and they shall be created ; and Thou wilt renew the face of the eath. Alle-luia ! Come, O Holy Spirit ! fill the hearts of Thy faithful, and kindle within them the fire of Thy love." In the gospel, our Blessed Lord's promisa is repated: "The Paraclete, the Holy Ghost, He will teach you all things." The collect pray that He Who, by the light of the Holy Ghost, did, on this great feast, instruct the hearts of the faithful, will grant that by that same Spirit we may relish what is right, and evermore rejoice in His consolations. The secret asks that God will

GOLDWIN SMITH VS. TRUTH.

Goldwin Smith, in his review of the religions of the last century, published in the New York Sun, of April 14, has this to say of Cardinal Newman :

Henry Newman was a man of genius, a writer with a most charming and persua-sive style, great personal fascination and ex-traordinary sublicity of mind. What he lacked was the love of truth; system, not truth, was his aspiration; and as a reasoner he was extremely sophistical, however houses he might be as a man.

James Anthony Froude was at one time a disciple of Newman's; but in 1881 he was as lattle in sympathy with the religious ideas of his former master as Prof. Smith is now. Yet this is what he writes in his essay on "The Oxford Counter - Reformation," pub lished in that year :

lished in that year : Newman's whole life has been a struggle for tru-h. He had neglected his own inter-ests; he had never thought of them at all. He had brought to bear a most powerful and subtle intellect to support the convictions of a conscienc, which was superstitiously sen-sitive. His single object had been to dis-cover what were the real relations between man and his Maker, and to shape his own conduct by the conclusions at which he ar-rived. To represent such a person as care-lession trath was neither generous nor even sensible.

Professor Smith, is therefore, judged by Professor Froude, -both agnostics -ungenerous and unreasonable in his estimate of Newman .- Casket Antigonish.

good thought, a good intenion, which is not soon mingled with a little smoke, a little human weakness. But God blows upon it, and it all goes away.-Engene Ds Guerin.

That injustice th American. We m land's influence perial strength men and French and more cheerfu us ask these Catl the persecuted, anti-English it m they thus submit. Take French incident of last ye a religious from an article in La calling upon his observe the grea England-as if ust awakened fr dred and fifty y England fought

-to observe how

menting and to:

Manitoba, and must watch their for the day of ance ; and must of England as Church. And monk, a monit laws worthy of aws have been tion, whence a monks poured o to find there fr monasteries how and to educate out paying for Catholics. Hea Irish Americans your fathers we Protestant mini you could not own old churc drais. That was but what they d lic minister und mended her wa

There does not arise in us a single

ides.

steam as a motive power. By these two discoveries the entire conditions of nations were revolutionized. The countries which