HONOUR WITHOUT RENOWN

in the wood.

TWO

BY MRS. INNES-BROWN

Author of "Three Daughters of the United Kingdom CHAPTER III-CONTINUED

Sister Marguerite stumbled across the uneven ground, searching in vain for the logs of wood ; all that came to enough strength to resume it. view were some old and frozen cabbage stalks, a scanty scrub or two, various pieces of iron, and saveral broken utensils which lay scattered around. At last, towards the centre of the desolats garden, descried a stout block of wood, and lying near it, partly hidden by long weeds and rubbish, the trunk of a small tree, evidently the remainder of that from which old Plarra had cut the logs.

long over her work. And here is the saw," smiled the nun, as she stooped to raise it, all wet and rusty as it was. She shock it playfully for a few seconds, then the hand which held it fell listlessly to her side, and for some momente she stood like a carved and beautiful statue, the only visible living thing listening; and as she listened her Ere all her kind ministrations of thoughts wandered. For who can charity were completed the honest control the heart of man? His in all that dreary waste. She was ance and bade the Sister burry. are as free as the wild winds of heaven, which search alike was late, she said ; the snow was thoughts the most silent, hidden nooks in the falling heavily, and it was a dreary dreary waste, and the night outside. ocean's crowded alleys in our busiest cities. With that ease, tuo, he can recall to the vision of his mind loved forms of the past, and oblivious of time and countless faithful souls, all united in passing events, can conjure up dear faces, here once more sweet low toned voices that for long years have lain hushed and silent in the tomb. Nay, he can almost feel the warm situated in the very midst of that pressure of strong or tiny hands terror stricken and beleaguered city, which once he called his own. Sister knelt this young nun. Her head was Margarst heeded not the pure snow. bowed low, her hands were tightly flakes as they fall upon her white clasped together, and her beautiful cornette and feathered her blue grey eyes were closed. Gone was the habit. There she stood, in the weariness which had almost over-centre of that scene of desglation, powered her during the day. She in an attitude of listening thought.

Over away to the south she could of the temples, caused by overwork distinctly hear the heavy report and want of food ; even the troubleof the Prassian guns, answered by some cough had for the time being forts. ceased, for the soul of Sister Mar will it all end? Will you resist was absorbed in prayer. Time was will it all end? until all your brave inhabitants fleeting, the time that of all was most starve or perish ? Or will the dis precious to her, in which no duty content which smoulders in the hearss of so many of your children burst forth into fismes, and destroy Without disorder, upon the ksen you with a destruction more cruel ? ah me ! I fear things will be worse she loved so well. Har poor, her ere they end." Then amidet the sick, her suffering once-and confused sounds of war and devasta- were of all nations, of all creeds-the tion came the peaceful sound of a dear home friends, the departed, for convent bell tolling the Vesper hour. each and all she must offer special "And this is Caristmas Eve," thought prayer. How distinctly she could the Sister. Then away once more see the dear old school friend, Marie, flew her thoughts to that Christmas as at this very, moment she was Eve, when her dear old friend, Marie kneeling beside her husband, her Blake, had first visited her at Baron pretty face buried in her hande, Court. She pondered in loving praying in the beautiful chapel at memory each word and act of the Baron Court. She could not feel her sweet Itish girl, as she strove so presence bodily, nor was it given to patiently to win back to God her her to catch the exultant tones of own proud, stubborn heart. When thet Gloria which she herself had she recalled to her mind how wilfully she had resisted all their efforts Eve so many years ago ; but so well and striven to stifle the voice of did she know and understand the God calling to her to resign hereoit heart and mind of Marie that the to Him-when she remembered all could this, the warm blood rose to her words of prayer as they fell from her cheek and she humbly bowed her lips: "O God, bless, protect, and head, asking forgiveness for the reward my darling Sister Margaerite." head, asking forgiveness for the weakness and faults of her girlhood. She thought, too, of dear old Madge, the brave Scotch girl; of the time Hasven from the heart of the nun. when they all three wers thoughtless

THE CATHOLIC RECORD

rounded by a powerful and persistent of Socialists, Democrats, and Free found and the saw was soon buried, army, haracsed by want and hunger, she had courageously held her own, even like that in the picture, deeply presenting a bold front to her stern

She was becoming an adept at the and dauntless focs. But the pitcous process now, and the saw was already half way through a second time cries for food from the mouths of her helpless ones had wrung the hearts when she was compelled to pause. The unwonted exertion had brought of her generals, and gay Paris, bleed-ing and battered, had bent her proud a high color to her cheek, and a troublesome fit of coughing interknee and sued for a cessation of hostilities. rupted her work. It was some time The strong March winds had blown before she recovered

more flercely than usual, or the long-tried constitutions felt their piercing sufficient For half an hour longer she worked edge more keenly; certain it was and coughed, coughed and worked, that the first gentle breeze of April until quite a little heap of logs rewas doubly welcome, for it wafted warded her exertions. Then flushed dreams of rest and peace to many worn and sickly bearts. Lucky birds and elated at her success, Sister-Marguerite collected together her spoil, and placing it tenderly in her that had survived the late season of coarse apron, carried it in triumph into the cottage, and deposited it For near the little stove to dry. a wonder Madame Corbette abstained was it to them if human blood had the moment of danger and doubt. from abusing her for tarrying too Perhaps she was touched by the delicate expression on the sweet young face ; and a pang of remorse may have shot through her as she noticed the snow doing, fill their tiny throats and sing all-it was the white cornette of a failing and listened to the hacking

cough which so frequently shook the for merry Sister's frame as she gently helped the old woman to her couch. Maker. Sweet birds, that breathe the spirit

of song, And surround Heaven's gate in melodious throng, You remind us that we should raise

The voice of devotion and song and praise ; There's something about you that In the stillness of that Christman points on high, Ye beautiful tenants of earth and morn, before so many altars of God,

sky." Little recked they, poor birdies, that ere the fresh green leaves had fully developed, shading with Providential care their little nests-ere their tender broods were capable of of fire, lit by the malice of men, would burst from the palatial and courtesy, raised her bright face, buildings around, and destroy every green and beautiful thing within their reach. Who in these hours of wild fronzy and excitement would spars one thought for the beautiful remembered no more the aching of her limbs, heeded not the throbbing songster or care one jot for the fallen | dain. sparrow ? Only He to whom they warble and sing. His will alone, then, was their law, and with no thought for the morrow, they worked and sang so sweetly that the gardens were alive with their merry twitter. And now, when Paris might once which had smouldered in the hearts of the most depraved of her children and sped cheerfally along on her burst forth into flames, dealing indisvision of her mind arose those forme criminately death and destruction

around. It was surely bitter enough to lia bleeding at the fast of a foreign enemy! But far more bitter was it to stagger and faint through pain caused by the cruel sword thrusts dealt by ungrateful children. Yet, to the honor of France be it recorded that, though wearied and heart. broken by all she had endured, she remained still dignified and determined ; with one accord the better part of her arose to revenge and punish these rebellious children. Thus we find her one bright day in sung on that memorable Christmas the very early April of 1871 ringing with disorder and confusion.

So long as the siege continued and the gates of Paris were strictly closed, Harold Manfred had chated almost catch the hurning at the enforced imprisonment, had paced the boulevards cursing fate and his ill-luck. But now that he What wonder then if warm responcould escape if he would, he still lingered, curious to see the end, and, to if possible, carn for his name some

Close beside her in heart, though renown or glory. He had made no friends ; he had when they all three wers thoughtless schoolgirls together, of the heavy trials which Madge endured so patiently, and she blassed God for O'Hagan - Madge. The clear eyes trials which Madge endured so o'Hagan - Madge. The clear eyes that other loved one, Margaret the clear eyes to acquaintances whom he met

thinkers-enemies to religion, order, his pocket. "Thermometer," he said. " Let and morality-was growing a grave question. Already rumors were gaining credence that an immense me see. were The priest held it between his lips. Presently Cyprian took it out. body of troops was collecting at Ver-enilles; and the Communists knew "Um . . . Father, you had better come with me to my house. that to retain possession of Paris they must fight hard, and that the Rest today or you may be very ill blow for liberty must be struck boldly and at once if they would tomorrow-Sick call !" said Father Henry,

shaking the slip of paper. but . ensure a permanent effect. Utterly regardless of the taunting jeers and "Um . . yes . . but "What's the temperature ?" significant grimaces of the mob, Manfred stalked proudly on. He "Oh, now . . . the temp ture is not so had. If you rest scorned foreigners, as in daty bound, and would neither trouble Come, Arthur. . their language nor conform to their Well . . . a hundred and Was not every English manners. Was not every Er man worth three foreigners? That four.' terror and strife awoke to life and at least was the creed in which he So ! I'd best be starting !" "Please . . . I beg of you! My Josefina will be most happy . ." hope, and twittered joyously in the had been reared, and he longed to gardens of the Tuileries. Why show some of these low rebels what should they mourn indeed? What a cool headed Britisher could do in Arthur, good friend, I know. if I were sick down there, and you been shed profueely, the lives of Now he moved to one side as two brave men sacrificed freely? They Sisters of Charity glided hurrledly were sick up here, I'd come . . Cyprian, humbly. had no time to weep for foolish by. Now, if there was one form of human beings, they must work to religious dress that Manfred loathed The priest wet his handkerchief build their little nests, and whilst so more than mother-he disliked them and tied it tightly around his throb-

very joy the praises of their Sister of Charity. The sight of it bing forebead. "You can't do it — you can't," murmured Cyprian. never failed to recall to his mind how, on board a steamer crossing the Channel, he had been ignomin-' I will." said the priest. ionsly and publicly snubbed on its account by a young and beautiful English girl. The Sisters moved nothing happens." quickly. One was apparently some And the priest started. years the senior of her companion ;

little Filipino horse picked his way carefully. Fortunately, they were this was Sceur Angela, who being the Superiorees was more generally known as "Ma Scar." Over her going down the mountain-it would not be so hard, and there was no pleasant face there hung an exprestime to rest-not a minute. The sun sion of grave anxiety ; and so enross high ; its rays poured upon grossed was the in serious thought, him. The handkerchief was dry that it was rarely she raised her and his head ached so ! Oh, if he head to note what was passing could stop, if he dared stop. around. Not so the younger Sister, He would not. who, seeing that the stranger stepped schoolmaster ! A sensation of relief came over him. The school house marked the halt of his journey. and recognised at a glance the presence of a fellow-countryman. But the glad light died from her eyes, Wilson. "Go inside, Future to rest. Walt for me-we'll cat to and she drew herself together with gether." dignity, as she met his look of dis-Where on earth had she seen through Father Henry's bcdy. Focd ? tumbled off his horse and into of the man? She thought so ; but Wilson's hut, where he lay, exthis was no time in which to trouble herself about a passing likeness hausted. when so many weightier matters more have raised her head and laid claim to all her strength and breathed in peace, the flerce passions skill. So Sister Marguerite dianounced, gleefully. meal, out of cans - and no buge; missed the subject from her mind,

nary a one. errand of mercy. As for Harold and watch me-" Just water," Faid Father Henry, Manfred, no sooner had he caught eight of the Sisters' faces than the at him

expression of his own changed to one of astonishment. He stood and stared as their receding forms until arse . . . what's the matter let's see." And the silver Of course a turn in the street hid them from tube went between the priest's lips view. once more.

Surely he had seen that elder grave face before ! And how like demanded Father Henry. "One hundred and four and a were the eyes of the younger Sister to those beautiful proud ones that half," said Wilson, slowly. " Better ce flashed so scornfully upon him as he stood upon the white deck of stay here." Englieh steamer ! Wheeling an again, with a note of finality in his hastily around, he resumed his walk voice. I'll rest an hour. at even a more rapid pace than before, and laughing satirically

called himself a fool for endeavoring to trace a connection between the Raglish girl of bitter yet glorious memory and a common Sister of The bare idea was mon-Charity. strous ! Nay, it was desecration to the very memory of that girl, and he dismissed the thought indignantly. TO BE CONTINUED

SICK CALL!

Cyprian took a slender object from thanksgiving. All withdrew, leaving them. And they waited the men aside and began to chatten excitedly. When he heard what Pedro had to say, he entered the hut. Frazer was dead. Father Henry was still on his knees. As they lifted him he smiled, his eyes half shut, his lips parted.

. if I fell on the way.

Sick call !" he said. But it was many weeks before Father Henry rose from his bed of pain and fever the temperato take the mountain trail once more in search of souls .- Grace Keon, in the Good Work.

Ten

## THE INQUIRING REPORTER

But So, Ray Morrissey was a Capuchin Brother. Here was his letter telling me that today was the day of his

VOWR. But I don't understand it-at all at all," said Rosecrans perplexedly, setting the cosl scuttle down at the right of the fire place and then shifting it to the left, so as not to disturb the rectory cat, "him, as was always a chattering, now keeping silence, and was always a using a If you become weak, he will see that pencil, now using a spade. He was "I'll send Pedro after you on foot. a newspaper man, he was ; a reporter, right from his kickerbockers." God bless you, Arthur. Good by.

Rosecrane' memory was long. The hardy particularly on the reporting part It went back to the very first of Ray's school days, when as a wes midget he sat in Brother Xavier's classroom, and between and during lessons indited the local happeninge. Under Rev had a knack for news. his deft fingers especially as he was both chief editor and artist, the paper grew wondrously with many

illustrations of diverse and sundry A voice hailed him. It was the personages, including Brother Xavier who always appeared with dignity and Rosscrans, who always appeared without it-in some sort of sexton I shall come directly," called duty and with an imp of an Indian Go inside, Father and squaw at his heels. Rosecrans onca made the remark that Pocahontas

was in the line of his grandmothers. A feeling of nausea shuddered "Everybody said Ray was cut out for a newspaper job." He shufiled oh over to the door and threw it wide He open to the frosty morning. A splash of light, the color of spring butter. cops, fell at his fest. He could too." He half write that fine, Wilson came in ten minutes later. equinted at a little fledgling where it We'll have a spread," he an noced, gleefully. "A real decent fluttared through the porch's balus trade. The rectory cat for a brief moment rubbed itself fickle . . . You lie there, affection at Rosecrans' heels, and then stole into the sunshine. But

weakly. The astonished man looked Rosecrans' vision took in none of that; his eyes were held by other Why . . . you're ill Father ? pictures. "Sure his 'Inquiring Reporter, sent up the 'Tribune's ' subscription two thousand. It also sent up his

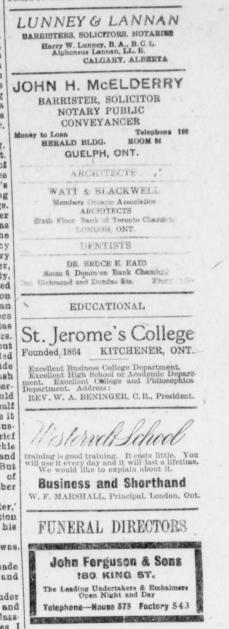
pay He shook his head again. It was What's the temperature now ?" a mystery beyond his reckoning.

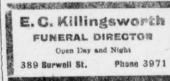
"I always thought the Lord made him for the newspaper world, and not for a monastery.

He would question and wonder 'Sick call !" said Father Henry over that with every rosebud and every pea blossom on his glass-roofed shelves, a hundred times I There's a man behind me and I think now-I'd better wait for him. He'll ese fels sure, bafore nightfall. And they me down to Sagan. One bundred in flower fashion would mutely nod and four and a half-and Sagan six replies. We all thought the same thing,"

He lay quietly. It was 2 o'clock We all thought the same thing," When Pedro reached the hut and egain the pricet started. That was a contrary." All this newspaper work "that is, until God manifested the contrary." All this newspaper work journey. They stopped at every was an occasion that God was pre-stream, where Pedro molstened the paring for and using as a gateway to handkerchief and the priest bathed greater things."

There was no doubt about it. his face. It was a long journey, a queer journey. Of course he was anxious to reach Sagan and Frazer, yet it came about so quietly, in God's own unostentatious way. hus why





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the peace and happiness which she now enjoyed. But the little bell had the loved name of Sister Marguerite and the snow was falling lingers upon her lips until her fearceased, and the snow was failing ingers upon her ingers that here in a site Frenching in which he had even faster than before, when Sister less eyes grow dim with teers. Into and the manner in which he had doled out his payments for the neces. Marguerite suddenly roused herself and collected her roving thoughts. 'Time is fleeting swittly and I

have not yet out one single log. of her youth. Is not little Sister have not yet out one single log. Marguerite in the midst of terror and herself as, stooping, she raised one disorder ! Heaven shield and proend of the small trunk and looked at | tect her. it seriously. Then she cast an

anxious look at the large rusty saw. It is bitterly cold, too, and old St. Benedict's - those guides and

has no fire tomorrow," said the distracted Sister. "How can I manage to cut this wood ? It is quite useless as it is, being so long." Then a thought struck her; for a tin; picture of the interior of the Holy High.

House of Nazareth rose before her vision, wherein the Divine Infant was assisting His great foster father Mother sat near them silently watch. ing, listening, and pondering.

Now dear old St. Joseph," said Sister Marguerits, playfully but rever ently, "do please come to the assis-tance of your stupid little apprentice, across the block until one end of it projected a little over the side ; "then one of your knees was on the wood so, and your saw was buried half way through the plank ; but, however did you manage to get it there, I wonder? I have seen men in the woods at home working the saw up and down; it did seem so very easy ; I will try is too.'

1.

Poor Sister ! She did try, and for some time with little or no success; the saw sprang from its place, jagging the other little hand

steals a dread lest some unknown saries of life had caused him to be evil should bafall the dear companion looked upon with suspicion ; in no of her youth. Is not little Sister sonse did be correspond with the ideal of an English milord. His Marguerite in the midet of terror and object, after all, in remaining where

Grouped more closely still around the alter kneel the dear inmates of

sive supplications streamed

Madame Corbette will die if she friends of their happy girlhood, has no fire tomorrow," said the dis whilst the earnest prayers and peti-"How can I manage tions of their old children seem gathered and collected by the virgin band, and, united with their own, to ascend to the throne of the Most

Her brother Percy, too, now a priest of God, she felt sure he was even at this very moment offering was assisting His great foster father even at the very since for her sepecially in his workshop, whilst His Holy the Holy Sacrifice for her sepecially the holy sacrifice in the sepecial state of the set of the sepecial set of the s of her father ? - whom once she had almost dared to love too well; and

the poor repentant mother, whose death, though sad, had been so hopeful? The chair of dear "Aunty' Blake, also, was vacant, and, fellow tance of your studied little apprentice, and teach me a little of your trade. See, this is the way you had the wood in your picture." And raising the fallen trenk she drew it partly wash of her never the side and from those loved ones were still within reach of her prayerful aid, and from the depths of her heart arose the cry, "Requiem acternam dona eis, Domine ; et lux perpetus luceat eis!" How swiftly the time had flown ! Silently the Sisters had risen from their knses, and had left the chapel. The lights upon the altar were all extinguished, leaving but the dim light of the sanctuary lamp, when Ma Sour arose, and walking towards

the still kneeling figure of Sister Marguerite, touched her gently, bid. ding her rise and go in search of the

har work. But she was determined. One more earnest petition to St. Joseph for help—for love of the Divine Infant who assisted him—e few more yigorous thrusts of the clumsy saw, then, lo, a soft spot was clumsy saw, then, lo, a soft spot was dregs were still to follow. Sur- posed as it was, in a great measure,

erals.

are raised in petition and trust, and were of a gambling type. His morose manner bad kept the more scciable Frenchmen at arm's length, tasting, ill smelling. A slip of yellow paper fell to the floor, and he stooped for it. Its con-floor, and he stooped for it. Gome tasting, ill-smelling. . and the manner in which he had

tents he knew by heart. back. Frazer dying. Wants you." Frazer ! Poor, good-natured, careless Frazer, who was always " going to," and never did. Frazer, who had

he was was mainly to gain time, and been such a friend to him-who had for the present to be forgotten. His shared his meals and his luck, always exchequer had run low-very low indeed. His estate was burdened indeed. His cetate was burdened joking, heppy. . . . And now with heavy charger, and without Frazer was dying ! And he, the only drawing upon his investments he

not possibly reach him before nighthad not the wherewithal to meet them. No, he would allow things to | fall. No wonder he could not cat! Oh,

take their course. Fate, the love of adventure, an unconquerable crav-ing for renown, had driven him thigher; he must make such means as he had go as far as they would. He had left no address, and creditors Christmas is coming." long tale-you see, there's trouble at the back of it-and enmity-and a

were not likely to search for him in Paris. Had it not been for the ill. list of things . . . I'd have to luck which had discovered to him think them all out. the contents of that chamber in the time . . . yes. I luck which had discovered to him think them all out. . . . Some the contents of that chamber in the time . . . yes. I promise you loage of Baron Court, he would have I'd not die without sending for you. Now let me alone." played his cards so wisely and so

Ha had to be content then. There well that even now he could have been vegetating at that luxurious

are times when the most zeal-ous priest has to shut his mouth tightly. This was one of the times. And Frazer, whom he had left, healthy and strong, the previous day, English home. So he thought, as he strode moodily along the Rue de Paradis, past the And ison St. Lazare, casting every now had summoned him! Ugh! What and then scornful glances upon the could not happen in twelve hours. ill conditioned and discontented-The landsman, Arthur Cyprian, looking battalions of National called to him, asking permission to enter. A good-tempered, fairly well-Guarde from Montmartre and Belle ville, as they paced the streets gee ticulating and boasting wildly of the sducated cold blooded manner in which they manner. educated negro, with a pleasant

"Ob, yer, come !" said Father Henry. Cyprian, standing before him, noticed his untasted rice. had despatched their luckless gen-So far the Communists had ro-You are not eating, Father ?" he

frained from deeds of outrage upon peaceable citizens, and it is a ground said respectfully. "No, Arthur. I have bad news. for congratulation to the inhabitants

poor, old, careless Frazi Father Henry turned from the morning meal. At least the water was good. Warm-but not the ill-heard her call him. "Harry, Harry!" she said. She was the only one ever used that name-she and Lucy, the little dead sister. Lucy and his of the "Inquiring Reporter," just as mother were together now. Ob, that, surely! They had been angels both of them. He groaned. Lights danced before

his eyes.

boy, anxiously. "Sick call !" said Father Henry, quite distinctly. And then he so the very next day. It was all laughed. It was a relief to hear his featured in the evening's paper, and own voice. It sounded good.

Harry - that was a baby name. mother . . . and and Lucy. Only And they're . . . dead." "No, no," said Pedro, who had caught only the last word. " You'll

be in time !" "Of course !" said Father Henry, and again he laughed.

They were on the outskirts of Now they were in the Sagan. Two men came hurrying village.

oward him. "Frozer ?" he ejaculated. " Still living. Can't last much longer."

well Ab Father Henry reeled a little. Then he braced himself. He had not come all this way to fail at the crisis. "Let me lean on you," he said to the nearest man. "I'm sick. Get

me to Frazer." They brought him to the hut. "Henry! Ob, thank God! Ob, God has been good to ma! It's my fault-

"I said I'd come-" began Father Henry, steadily, gently. "And friend, . . . let us hasten." "And now, friend, . . .

The confession was heard; the anointing was finished. Out from the cherished pyx came the Con-secrated Host, to be laid upon the I must go back to Sagan at once.

" Father, there Well

The boy had remarkable success in newspaper work. In fact, it had always been his ambition and every month he was at it brought him further advancement. This echeme Rosecrans said, was the flying lesp. The plan had come to him from s picture in a wood cut copy of the Ancient Mariner." Why not rig himsel up in odd costume, and stand

le groaned. Ingute was thick. syss. His tongue was thick. 'What, Padre?' asked the Filipino and ask a question? There is nothing like human cariosity. So he did Habit Materials and Vellings see, Pedro, no one ever called me that pedestrians began to look for him, and were eager to buy up BLACK, WHITE, AND COLOURED unique answers. The demand had SERGES and CLOTHS, VEILINGS been crosted.

And then, the first week in Lent, after my Ash Wednesday sermon, at the instigation, I learned afterwards, of one of my ushers, he swcoped Gordon Mille, STAFFORD, ENGLAND Telegrams-Luisandi, Stafford. 'Phone No. 184

down on the corner with one of my rhetorical questions, "What is time good for?" And in the wager he was also to ask that question of

I was on a sick call that morning carrying the Bleased Sacrament, when, touching his hat, he accested

> What is time good for ?" I thought of my dying parishioner. To help souls pass into starnity. have just so many minutes until

Death opens the door." I laid my hand over my heart.

"I am carrying Jesus Christ, who as the Good Shepherd, will lead that soul over the threshold. He bowed his head. I had started

on. May I accompany you, Father, at

hay I action part of the way, in reversace to my Lord?" "Yes." I thought a moment. "All the way." For Patrick Mullaney, I was convinced, was a saint, and the passing of a saint means so

tongue of a man who had not, much in the lives of us all, attended his duty in twenty five We went our way in sile We went cur way in silence. The Then Father Henry knelt city, like so many of our modern beside him, to help him make his citics, in the compass of a few blocks

