

CHARLIE-A FAILURE

Mrs. Brady sat solitary in the room behind the shop—a small apartment where odors of green grocery entered into a powerful alliance with the more domesticated fragrance of cooking gas... "Want anything, Charlie?" he asked, perfunctorily.

From such thoughts chasing each other through his mind, like so many waves created with the motion, "What a life to live for?" was born a ghastly resolve. There was a clattering of feet on the staircase, and presently Pat, his young brother, entered eating bread and treacle. "Put my razor where I can reach it. Don't come upstairs again. Shut the door. I am going to sleep."

The priest turned round at once and began to ascend. "There may be a possibility of saving your life," continued the doctor, "if you are willing to undergo an operation." "My gracious!" cried the priest, hurrying back to the office and quickly getting rid of his clothes and hat and calling on Henri, his adopted son, who was waiting on him night and day in an adjoining room.

The little priest was soon at hand. He remained a long time closeted in Dupuytren's room. What they said to each other no living mortal knows, but when the abbé left the room of the dying man, though his eyes were moist, his face glowed with quiet ecstasy. "The patient accepted it most gratefully, and was not long in reaching the great hospital. Almost the whole community at once followed the little priest. The patient accepted it most gratefully, and was not long in reaching the great hospital."

Next morning, February 8, 1835, Dupuytren summoned the Archbishop of Paris to his bedside. The evening papers of the same date announced the death of the great surgeon. On the day of the funeral heavy piled gray clouds darkened the sky. A thin, persistent rain accompanied with snow, chilled the inmates and silent crowd that made almost impassable the vast passages surrounding the Church of St. Germain l'Auxerrois and extending along the boulevards of the city.

THE FAMOUS WELLS OF ST. BRIGID. Second in the love of the Irish people comes St. Brigid, the "Mary of Ireland," the "Mother of the Churches," the "Glorious of the Gael." She founded many churches, and close to all we find the holy well bearing her name. Perhaps the most famous of these is Tober Doonee, about seven miles from Athlone. It is still a place of pilgrimage and great crowds perform the station there on her feast, February 1st. At Kibridee, Roscommon, there is another which had such a widespread reputation that it gave its name to a whole townland, Holy Well.

DECLINE OF RELIGION IN ENGLAND. An unexpected amount of opposition developed in Great Britain against the Government Bill for the amendment of the Royal Declaration. The least important element in this hostile movement was an aggressive and vocal minority of anti-Catholic bigots. The fact that this group has succeeded in carrying the bill to a vote in the House of Commons is a matter of no importance. The bill is a step toward a Catholic, and the bill is a step toward a Catholic, and the bill is a step toward a Catholic.

membership. The organization is composed largely in the past of the "B'nai B'rith" work—its philanthropic work—is supported by benevolent people... But there are signs of the downward grade. It is an organization and bandages and is not its philanthropic work. But there are signs of the downward grade. It is an organization and bandages and is not its philanthropic work.

THE GREAT DOCTOR AND THE LITTLE PRIEST

Translated from the French of Nadar for The Catholic Record and Times by E. B. In 1809, Dupuytren, a famous French doctor in the latter years of Napoleon's reign, was for a long time surgeon-in-chief at the Hotel Dieu, the principal hospital in Paris, probably in the world, where every morning in the year a free consultation of the most eminent surgeons in existence is still open and free to all, rich or poor, black or white, French or foreigner.

The priest looked at the cloth that he had laid on the chair and wrapped them quietly round his neck without saying a word. Dupuytren eyed him sharply the while. "What is that?" he asked, replaced and the knot carefully tied. The little priest took out of his pocket a five-franc piece wrapped in paper and laid it on the chimney. "It is for the chimney," he said with a timid smile, "and my poor people are very poor indeed. Excuse me then if I cannot pay much better for a consultation with the celebrated Doctor Dupuytren. I am, however, very glad to have come to see you, and more ready than ever for what awaits me. Only," he added in tones extremely sweet and gentle, "you could have given me this important information without the slightest precaution. I am sixty-five and at such an age we can estimate the full value of life. But, doctor, your announcement has surprised me the least bit. I expected it long ago, and was getting ready. Good bye, doctor; I am going home now to die quietly."

Saluting, he disappeared, and his shadow and difficulty made his way down the stairs. Dupuytren remained standing in the room, motionless, but full of thought. His iron soul was melting like brittle glass before the simple words of the poor, old, miserable and dying man whose head he had just now been holding in his large and powerful hands. In that weak little body he had recognized a heart stronger than his own, a will more energetic than his own, a soul of higher order than his own, and he found a being stronger than himself. He started quickly for the stairway; perhaps he was unwilling to acknowledge himself defeated, but he soon reached the little priest, who was slowly moving down, carefully clutching the banisters. "Monsieur l'Abbe," he cried, "won't you please come back?"

ABOUT HOLY WELLS. Every little townland of Ireland has its special font of water dedicated to Our Lady. In the parish of St. Columba, the holy well of Kilmaduaigh, the ruins of the great university founded by St. Columba, the hermit of Barron. All through the district followed by his foot-steps, we find wells consecrated to his memory, at Oranmore, at Molloughy, at Oughanna, and in the valley in the possession of Bartley Knocknally Hill, on the shores of Lough Erne, there is a well consecrated to St. Ninimh of Inismacmish. It is surrounded by a double wall of stone, the outer one measuring 5 feet 7 inches by 6 feet 1 inch. O'Donovan, writing in 1834, speaks of it: "The handle of his bell is yet in the possession of Bartley Drum of Shanvay, whose family has possessed it from a very remote period. There is a holy well in the parish called 'Tober Ninimh.'"

MEMORIES OF THE EARLY DAYS OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN IRELAND. On July 25 there is a patron feast of St. Latorien's Well in Kullin, in Limerick there is a well near Kilmallock consecrated to St. Molin. In September there are three stations held at wells. These dissenting bodies that publish statistics show a steady decrease of membership.

A TALK TO CONSCIENCE. ADDRESS DELIVERED BY JAMES M. GRAHAM, OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS, BEFORE THE MEETING OF THE CONVERT LEAGUE IN LONDON. In the West where I were a Catholic schoolmaster, the early days even in which I lived I was surrounded by persons who were Catholics. Some former Catholics. Some former Catholics. Some former Catholics.

There are a few facts evident. The chief fact, eternity. You all believe in the length of time, with little time with lifetime, our present suffering breathing spell, opportunity eternal. Believing in all, we know that the living God, came on earth and lived among us. We believe in the Person of the Blessed Virgin, who revealed that when He came to earth, He established a means of children of men could. The divine promise was Church would continue. There is a great struggle. He established himself through all time as telling all men how to live. It is the standard of the Church as its standard, which you are told, because you are told, because you are told, because you are told.