TWO

## THE WILD BIRDS OF KILLEEVY

## BY ROSA MULHOLLAND (LADY GILBERT)

CHAPTER XII-CONTINUED

This good advice Kevin took to bed with him, and he lay awake a long time wondering at the din of life that lasted so far into the night, and thinking about this wonderful chance for self-education that had come in his way. He was in London, and he must work to live, and he must stay in the great city till his quest for Fan should be happily brought to an end. Meantime he would read. And then his thoughts wandered away through the laby-rinths of the streets, and in dreams continued his search for the missing child.

The next morning Mr. Must kept shop while Kevin was sent some miles out westward to bring home the "goodish lot" of books purchased at a private sale the day before. The day was clear, and all the wonders of the shops were laid before his dazzled eyes. As he passed out of the teeming thorough-fares and into Piccadilly, with its mansions, he began to take in the magnitude and splendour of London -magnificence which is real enough, if prosaic in form, and disappoint. ing in its outward expression to beauty-loving eyes. The sumptuous outlines and jewelled details of the ideal city which his brain had unconsciously pictured to him during the days of his travel melted away and were seen by him no more; but the great world of London became henceforth for him a solid and familiar fact.

As he threaded his way for mile after mile, following the directions he had received, the fear seized on him that two people might seek for each other in and out these mazes of streets for years, and yet never meet. In such walks as his occupation would allow him to take could he hope to be so fortunate as to cross the wandering path of those lonely little feet? The thought struck him like a blow as he stood gazing down one of those myriad streets which the duty of his errand forbade him to explore.

Lost h'anything, young man ?" asked a policeman looking into his

troubled face. "Yes," said Kevin; "how did you know ?" "Kowre the look of it " said the Knows the look of it," said the

policeman; "been brought up to the business. How much was there in the purse?" Kevin stared. "Oh-I wasn't

speaking of money. I am looking for a child.

Lost today or yesterday ?" asked the policeman. "Neither," said Kevin. "It's a

long time ago, now: five or six months, and more like five or six She was stolen by gipsies in vears. Ireland.

"H'lreland! That's a long way off, h'ain't it? What brought you here to look for her ?" I have tracked her to England,

and I have reason to think she has escaped from the gipsies and made the poring so young. her way to London. I am here for the purpose of searching for her. Can you tell me how I ought to proceed

What sort of child is she Little or big, 'andsome or h'ugly ? Gipsies generally picks out the pretty ones.

She is ten years old, strikingly pretty, dark hair, grey eyes, slender limbs, and the most remarkable thing about her is her voice. She sings vonderfully, and the gipsie have taught her to dance." The policeman put his brawny hand on Kevin's shoulder and looked in his face while he said emphatically: "See here, young man; I'll tell you where you'll look for her, if that's the sort she is. A gel like that's worth more than her keep to some people. You go round the singing saloons, and the music halls, and all the low theatyres in London. You won't do it in a day, for there's a deal of such places to be found. If she isn't making money for some such h'establishment, I don't know where you're going to find her. I'll make a note of it myself, and you can give me your h'address and take my number

his simplicity he looked for the name "Fanchea," or "Little Fan," in the lists of the performers, and weekly wages, he should be able to begin his round of all the houses of amusement in London. It was something gained to have marked was out a certain line for his search; and what with the courage this new hope had given him, the excitement of all the novel wonders he had seen, and the illumination from yesterday's reading still lingering about him and showing the way to paths of further enlightenment, he

ooked so radiant entering the dark money ?' little shop on his return that Mr. Must was quite startled at the sight of him. 'Come, now! a walk in London streets has done you good, 'asn't it?"' said the master, looking with involuntary admiration at the young

man's handsome face and well-knit figure. Yes, sir," said Kevin, and fell to he had brought home. It was some time before he had

It is were to take you to the awaitin on you. It is were to take you to the awaitin on you. Fan sat at the fire wondering what is a waitin on you. Fan sat at the fire wondering what is a subscription on the second of the se

more difficult matter to give his going to her own home. She would it was quite dark, and two figures warming sunshing mind to the volume he held in his next write to her friends telling sat at the fire, in the little room, gray, grim world. hand, for Miss Bessie was very fond of conversation, and was jealous of more would it be prudent to do?

well to enable her to give correct change for a sovereign when she uneasy as to the fate of the letter sold a bouquet, and keep her money transactions right with her em-ployer. All learning beyond this she regarded as superfluous, and had a rooted contempt for people who "passed their lives between the covers of a book," as she expressed it.

"It's dreadful to see you taking to it so young," she said to Kevin. "You'll get dried up, and dried up, till your skin will turn like their yellow old pages, and your clothes will hang on you like their leathery old covers with the elbows skuffed! Look at father there. Don't he look as if he had been squeezed up on a bookshelf among them till the dust got into the marrow of his bones? He's a good old dad, I know. Shouldn't I pick anybody's accept her position and start upon

eyes out that said anything else!" added Bessie, turning a sudden gleam of fierceness on her listener. sudden 'I am not going to say it," said Kevin, smiling. "But the poring eats him up," continued Bessie, "'till there's hardly a bit of him left." benefactress at the request, nor the tightened grasp with

property. "Do you never like to read, your-self?" asked Kevin. "A nice novel's all very well, when there's nothing else to do," said Bessie; "but to my taste talk-ing is better than the best of them. And its awful to see you taking to thought Mrs. Wynch, as she walked along the platform, "and the nearest workhouse is such a way

take the creature in for an hour or two. I can watch her all the time, And its awful to see you taking to and never let her out of my sight.

But here the appearance of her father's bald head in the doorway shut up Miss Bessie's pouting lips house i Mrs. Wynch's heart was more tender than she chose to acknowledge to herself, and this question

## THE CATHOLIC RECORD

"Are your parents dead ?" "Yes; all but Kevin's mother. Tis she that will be fretting for me longed for the moment to arrive badly. I lived with them, and they not to holler or when, having touched his first are my own people, ever since the got to be done. angels took my mother." But Fa Mrs. Wynch looked out of the her bath But Fan was quiet and enjoyed

head

Mrs. Wynch looked out of the window. The child's Irish accent and manner of expressing herself jaried upon her prejudice, but the loneliness and simplicity of the little wanderer touched her heart. "What do you intend to do who his back and since they with the top wintend to do who his back and the top with the top What do you intend to do when kissed her. you come to London?" "Earn money," said Fan, "and get back to Killeevy." "What can you do to earn the tangled curls on the wet little

"I can sing, and I can mend stockings and wash cups and

plates "Have you ever thought of writing to your friends to come and when you were a little girl? I want

fetch you ?" "Yes; I wrote, and had the letter posted. I told him we were always going about, and that he always to keep trying to meet with have to keep trying to meet work with a will among the books me." "If a were to take you to the a waitin' on you." Fan sat at the fire wondering what

the day he was buried in a book. In the evenings after supper it was a workhouse with the child before sleep as long as she would. When she opened her eyes again,

hand, for hiss besser the features of the page that abstracted his thoughts from herself. Books were her abhorrence: all dullness, all unsociableness in the world was due to them. She could just read, in more would it be prudent to do i the page that abstracted his thoughts from herself. Books were her abhorrence: all dullness, all unsociableness in the world was due to them. She could just read, in more would it be prudent to do i the page that abstracted his thoughts from herself. Books were her abhorrence: all dullness, all unsociableness in the world was due to them. She could just read, in more; and Mrs. Wynch knew them. She could just read, in more; and Mrs. Wynch knew them. She could just read, in more; and Mrs. Wynch knew them. She could just read, in more; and Mrs. Wynch knew them. She could just read, in more; and Mrs. Wynch knew them. She could just read, in more; and Mrs. Wynch knew them. She could just read, in more; and Mrs. Wynch knew them. She could just read, in more; and Mrs. Wynch knew them. She could just read, in more; and Mrs. Wynch knew them. She could just read, in more; and Mrs. Wynch knew them. She could just read, in more; and Mrs. Wynch knew them. She could just read, in more; and Mrs. Wynch knew them. She could just read, in more; and Mrs. Wynch knew them. She could just read, in more; and Mrs. Wynch knew the full the prosperous residents in more; and Krs. Wynch was say ing the total the prosperous residents in more; and Krs. Wynch was say ing the more is long as that, I may be the prosperous residents in more would it is the prosperous residents in more would it is the prosperous residents in the no more; and Mrs. Wynch knew little of the geography of Ireland. She would have been still more expected to keep her altogether. she intended to write had she say about the workhouse. It's a known that Killeevy was merely the bad place, if better could be had;

and she do talk so much about wanting to work." local name of one of a group of mountains which were known to postal authorities by a different designation When the train stopped, and

Mrs. Wynch prepared to leave the carriage, Fan said nothing, but fixed a pair of earnest questioning eyes upon her. They were not begging eyes, but only seemed to ask eagerly whether she was going to help her further or not? For, once out of her direst difficulty, Fan's spirit of adventure had returned, and she was ready to

her solitary way once more. "You come with me," said Mrs. Wynch; and Fan limped out after her, offering to carry her cloak, and they were alone in the world. not at all understanding the doubtful look that was cast on her by her

which the good woman kept hold of her own 'I do want a cup of tea so badly.

It couldn't do much harm to off!

They got into a cab, and as they travelled through London streets Fan asked timidly, "what is a work-

In spite of such terrifying warnings Kevin pursued his studies with increasing ardour. He bought a lamp, and read in his bedroom half the nights. He began to have the gave her troublesome thoughts. look of a student. Miss Bessie How sad that the little one should of a student. Miss Bessie tossed her head when she saw him produce the inevitable book after supper, and bade him a mocking good-night when she departed for making some calculations. "Well, now, Mary, look here,

she said at length, and with a re-turn of her bright cheerfulness. "You have enough to do something that, I have no doubt, will turn out as well as any Australian venture. I'm going to Dublin to see about a boarding house that I'm in treaty for. It belongs to a cousin of mine who has supported her family by it ever since her husband's death. Her three sons are now in the Excise, and the eldest insists on her going to live with him in County Limerick, and giving up all her other cares. She is letting me have the boarding house as a going concern, at what, I'm told by those 'But I'm not a tramp," said Fan, "not when I can help it. What would you have done if you had who know, is a great bargain. Well, there we are ! You have a girl and there we are ! You have a girl and I have one. What is there to pre-vent the four of us from being able Well, I never !" exclaimed sy. "There now! If we had to do the work ourselves and to make as good a living out of it as you'd look only too good for what's

Mrs. Kelly did? You and I will pay equal parts of the purchase money (which is spread over three years,) and divide the profits in the same proportion. What do you think of it?''

Her brisk hopefulness had some-thing of a magnetic quality in it. Her two hearers were stirred with hope and keen interest in her plan.

It was as if a sudden flood of lifewarming sunshine glorified the It was still light enough to see Mrs. Wynch and another person. While only half awake, Fan heard

that still, here and there, bore marks of the prosperous residents in them before the Union. But even in expected to keep her altogether. Not but what I agree with all you the dusk it took no very sharp eyes to discover signs of decay, too. Mrs. Kelly's house, however, was in the best preserved portion and when the door was opened and the comfortably furnished interior revealed to them, it seemed to Mrs. Curran

and her daughter that the hope of making their home here-was nothing but a fairy dream. It was a solid fact, however, and

efore the week was over they and The other passengers—a crowd of Mrs. Keane and her daughter were card-playing "sports" and "booksettled happily in the big house. The friendship between the mothers returning from the Cork Park races-paid but little heed to the was repeated in the girls, who got on together like sisters. When Kitty had left the old home, and pale woman and the little girl who entered the Dublin-bound train and dejectedly took their seats near the window. Their fresh crepe and the people work diligently and intelli-gently at a business there cannot marks of grief on their faces told be a failure. The boarders, mostly of recent bereavement and they held ach other's hands at they sat, as if "Oh, why did we come away at all, Kitty ?. Sure any struggle we'd

very fair success. have to go through would be better than to be out on the waves of the world like this. We'd have the old neighbors around us at any rate," groaned the woman. And the girl could only try to master her homehome to her mother and sister. For long while Anne Keane resisted the inducements placed before her. She had as good a home as she needed, and, at her time of life, why should she pull up stakes and """. But something tout me that you were alive and in Ireland, and in urgent want of help. I have an abundance of money. I started a little millinery place after coming At the Limerick Junction one passenger entered, a brisk, rosy woman, who at once exclaimed at sight of the two near the window : face a strange country? But she here, a small venture at first, but it was not without her share of strong prospered, and I am sending by "Why, Mary Curran-is it really yourself?" she cried, and with a worldly sense, and she knew that in rejecting this offer she was possibly warm clasp of the hand, she sat down beside the pale woman, who shutting out a prosperous and reach Queenstown on the 20th. happy future for the girl. So she But I am sending the money to you eturned the cordial pressure. They were old friends and schoolyielded. But she was a large-hearted woman, and at the dissolvhearted woman, and at the dissolv-ing of the four years' partnership she did all that lay in her power to leave her friend "strong" enough in means to continue the boarding Processionists was coming down the nates whom circumstances had permitted to meet at long intervals. "You're not—is Maurice ?—" the newcomer was beginning but the other answered the hesitating, unsible. Poor Maurice died in January,

In the years before the famous

And Fan was literally put under the pump in the wash-house, with many exhortations from the char-woman not to holler or struggle, for it had got to be done. And Fan was literally put under the some new country." The other woman looked thought-ful for a while. She seemed to be making some calculations. The other woman looked hought-ful for a while. She seemed to be making some calculations.

fatter, it was still with something of a shock that she read the figures on the auctioneer's check when it reached them. Beyond paying their debts, the amount would leave them with only a shilling or two in hand. And this was the 16thafter tomorrow they would have to

All night the unhappy mother lay awake and watched beside her sleep ing daughter. - Somehow she could not share the girl's feelings that something was sure to turn up, that help would be extended to them. It was a hard world, she thought; God tried people sorely; they worked and strove and yet He turned His face from them. She groaned in her misery. Out of the burst of weeping that

followed, sleep fell upon the over-tired mind, and it was broad day. light when a knocking at the front door awakened her.

All her trouble had come back in moment.

"I suppose 'tis the people to re mind us about tomorrow," she said she said, while she hastily and quietly dressed. "How much afraid they are that we'll be trespassing a day

or two. A real St. Patrick's day shower of sharp sleet was battering on the window, and she shuddered as closed the room door and took her way downstairs to face the hard

messenger of the law. She was a good while away, and then Kitty, who had just awakened, heard a kind of stumbling, flying upstairs, and her mother broke into the room with an open letter and

papers in her hands. "Oh, dear child," she cried, would anyone believe it? A letter

from Ellen!" "Dear Mother," the mother began, "I am breaking the long, began, the set last with a terrible fear that it may be too late. For a ong time now I have understood that it was your love and poor father's that put me off the ill-judged step I wanted to take, and I have been grateful. I had it in my mind when I heard of father's death -a year afterwards, the news reached me-to write to you, but the same person that told me about four painstaking and conscientious gone to Australia. I wrote to our cousins there for tidings of but could learn nothing, and so I've been living with my remorse and clerks in the downtown offices, were made so comfortable that they re-mained on year after year, thus making the two friends' venture a for it was too life-like-I saw At the end of the fourth year a married daughter of Mrs. Keane's wrote from South Africa offering a thought it was your ghosts I saw but something told me that you

this mail a check for £20. I am following fast myself, and I hope to at once so as to lose not a moment, in care of the postmaster at Kilmourne, who, I hope, knows

street, headed by their pipers, play-ing "St. Patrick's Day," in the brightening morning: The keen, all dealers, o sweet air, happy with a hundred Main Drainage scheme was put in operation, Dublin was certain to be recollections, stirred to overflowing the flood of joyful tears within visited more of less frequently by then "Oh, mother," Kitty said, "St. Patrick! And this is his day!"— The Magnificat. one or other very serious epidemics. When the boarders at Mrs. Curran's came back from their several vaca-

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Thank you," said Kevin, eagerly, who had turned pale and red by turns while listening. "Not at all ; it's all in the way of

business. But I think I have put youon thereal track. Spanglesis the word, and spangles isn't just what a mother would choose for her, is it? I've a little girl myself. You're too young to be her father; but there's a 'art 'haching for her some-where U'll be bound " where, I'll be bound.

"What do you mean by span-gles ?" asked Kevin, looking at his

"You go to the theaytres and you'll see," said the policeman, with a grin. "You're a green one, you are; but green's not the worst of colors to begin with, as I ve come to know in the way of busi-ness. H'anything more I can do

for you ?" "No, thank you," said Kevin ; "And "I will follow your advice." And uneasy at having lingered so long, he hurried away on his master's errand, running to make up for the time he had lost. "Yes. The gipsies stole me away, and brought me to this country. Kevin has been looking for me, I am sure; but the gipsies

down each new street he passed, nor hoped to see the child running is why I ran away; and besides, they to meet him at every conner. The bills of the theatres and other places of entertainment pasted on blank walls here and there now re-ceived most of his attention. In

an evening's amusement with her friends. There were frequent little dances, and parties to the play among her acquaintances.

CHAPTER XIII

FAN'S NEW FRIENDS

and then, as she looked at the small, anxious specimen of "people" wanting work, the lines of her mouth relaxed, and she added: I don't mind her going when I know the people she's among," said Mr. Must. "But she's rather fond of gadding, is my Bessie."

"Am I ?" said Fan. "You are

Having yielded to her impulse of compassion, Fan's protectress was seized with a reaction of feeling as

the train steamed along, and gazed in dismay at the forlorn little figure little lying vagrant trying to escape from people who had meant kindly by her? Had she herself not been very foolish in allowing the young were caught by the twinkle of other creature to make this impetuous rush to the great city where every kind of danger must await her? And what if the child were to insist beautiful things glimmering out of several times at she guided the little untidy waif of humanity and what in the time work of hand little untidy waif of humanity made a pretty morning's work of it. She thought of her neat little shop

to which a friend was attending in fast her absence. How could she introduce this small, dishevelled she being into her nice premises? Im-possible. She could not do it.

She looked again at the little fellow-traveller whose eyes were fixed on the flying landscape outside with wide-awake wonder.

"You are not a little English girl, are you ?" "No," said Fan; "I belong to

Killeevy mountain.

"Do they give people work, and pay them for it?" continued Fan. "Not exactly," said Mrs. Wynch;

sick sobs.

finished question.

"But you are coming home with me to have some breakfast first."

good. And then she dropped back into her corner with a sigh of exhaustion and contentment.

The cab stopped at a small bric-abrac shop not more than ten minutes' walk from the street where Mr. Must did his business in old books. A few pieces of old china, brass, jewellery, and bronze' stood in the narrow window, and Fan's eyes

the twilight within the doorway. Mrs. Wynch groaned interiorly

cosy sitting room where the charwoman was preparing her break-

"Mamzelle had to go out, and left me in charge," began the latter. "But, lor! ma'am, wherever did you pick up such a h'object as that ?"

Poor Fan's stockings were splashed with mud, and her worn and broken shoes were hanging off; she had on the old ragged frock which the gipsies made her wear when not dressed up for perform-

ance, and her curly hair was in a wild tangle round her face.

"It's a long story, Betsy; bring the tea," said Mrs. Wynch, querul-ously. "Let her have something to eat first, and then give her a good washing will you?"

washing will you?" " "Not so easy," grumbled Betsy. "They do kick and scratch when they're not used to it." "Please may I have the washing first?" asked Fan, when they had renched the kitchen

Anne she said. "A stroke. so you're a widow like myself ?" There was a pause, and it was Anne who broke it. "Your eldest girl, my god-child,

TO BE CONTINUED

HOW ST. PATRICK

HELPED

Ellen-she'd be twenty-three nowshe's married, I suppose ?

tions that September they were not well pleased to find that diphtheria "Ah, Anne, 'twas the grief about Ellen that sent Maurice into the had already broken out in some of the houses at the back. It was of a lowness of health that ended in the stroke. There was somebody that peculiarly virulent kind, and the wanted to marry her that neither the poor father nor I could countenpapers, recorded many deaths each day. The boarders took their de-parture for new lodgings in the That was three year ago, ance. when she was in the situation in southern district. One alone re-mained—a bedridden, elderly lady Cork, and she got to know this young man, a fellow-clerk of hers. who had a morbid dread of death and of "bacteria," and was con-We got a warning about the kind he was—a drinking and a reckless creature—but Ellen would listen to stantly affirming that the old house itself was "alive with germs." nothing. And when we finally refused our consent-for why should was, no doubt, correct in her opinion we let her plunge into certain misery—she went off and left no trace or tidings of herself. That broke her father's heart. He was about the house, for the day before she typhoid-pneumonia.

doctors whose reputation in fevers never the same after-I was never was highest, and for six weeks these the same myself.

There are things-family tragedies-that no outsider can meddle with in words, and this seemed to be one of them to Anne Keane.

She could only look her silent sympathy.

the old lady boarder had, from "conscientious motives and to pre-"After Maurice's death," re-sumed Mrs. Curran, "there had to vent other people from being put in danger of their lives," made a be a sale. Business wasn't going well with us for some time, and the statement about the house to the health department. This resulted in a visit from officials of the board, and a condemnation of the auction didn't leave us much. But there's enough to take Kitty and myself to my cousins, the Greenes, in Melbourne, and something to help us in making a little start place. The occupants were notified to be ready to leave the house on

the 18th of the month, and this was there

Mrs. Keane regarded the delicate pair with a pitying eye. "But such a distance, and with nothing sure at the end? And foreign cousins are very often poor "St. Patrick's day will be on the

left Kitty

washing will you?" "
"Not so easy," grumbled Betsy.
"They do kick and scratch when
they're not used to it."
"Please may I have the washing
first?" asked Fan, when they had
reached the kitchen.
"Come now, that's not so bad,"
said Betsy; "indeed you shall."
"othing sure at the end? And
foreign cousins are very often poor
"Come now, that's not so bad,"
said Betsy; "indeed you shall."
"othing sure at the end? And
foreign cousins are very often poor
"Come now, that's not so bad,"
"St. Patrick's day will be on the
ver of our leaving. I'm going to
the money wasn't enough to do
anything with in Kilmourne, or
"St. Patrick's day will be on the
ver of our leaving. I'm going to
the money wasn't enough to do
anything with in Kilmourne, or
"St. Patrick's day will be on the
ver of our leaving. I'm going to
words." Do penance for the Kingdom of Heaven is at hand; and
again when condemning the hypocrisy of the Jews who disfigured
their faces, "so as to be seen by
men;" He tells His disciples the

THE MEANING OF LENT

APOSTOLIC ORIGIN

That the institution of Lent dates from the Apostolic times we know on the authority of several of the lady great Fathers of the Church. St. Jerome, St. Leo the Great, St. Cyril Cyril of Alexandria and of St. Isidore of Seville mention it in their works. She Its duration of forty days is not only dictated by the example of was taken with our Lord Himself, but has the authority in numberless instances given us in the Old Law. God in His anger for the sins of men chastised them for forty days and nights with the waters of the The poor mother sought out the were coming to the house. They pulled the patient through. On the day that Kitty was able, leaning on her mother's arm, to tottle down to their sitting room, Deluge. Again for forty years God, in punishment of the ingratitude of the children of Israel, allowed them to wander in the desert. For forty

days, Moses (who typifies the law) and Elias (who is the figure of the prophets) were made to fast before they were allowed to enter into the presence of God, the first on Sinai, and the second on Mount Horeb All these were types, as the Apostle tells us, written for our instruction.

> FASTING The evidence in favor of fasting

in the sacred Scriptures is so over-whelming that it is incredible that any Christian can seek to evade it. Not only did our Lord give us Him-self the example of it, but He

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