She

looked paler and more discouraged

I was hungry and hot and tired my-

self, but how could I think of food or refreshment before these suffering

I find him for you, if he is here at all,"

For nearly two hours I searched the

camp, high and low. I addressed sur-

and considerate in the extreme, a few

without address of street or district.

with appaling volubility. I

and touched me respectfully on the

arm. He was weak and convalescing

"Parson," he said, awkwardly.

"What is his name ?" I asked, start-

I promised Larry Byrne's mother.

the camp.

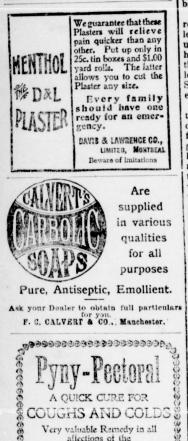
than ever, but I have seen that gentle

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## A MONTAUK INCIDENT. BY HENBIETTA DANA SKINNER.

"Sure your riverence could help I turned to look at the speaker, a

plain, honest Irishwoman of middle knew what the answer must be. age, with a stout, shapeless figure and broad, simple, snub featured counten-ance that one immediately associated with washtubs and mops and brooms. "What can I do for you, my child?" I asked. I was pressed for time, as many sick soldier boys were critically et. with me and have something to eat. You will be faint, standing there since

the heat was intense, and the con fusion still reigning at the newly or ganized hospital camp made it difficult for me to accomplish my visits as rapidly as I could wish.

She curtesied-" If you could find my boy for me, father," she said. "We saw by the paper that he was sick here, and I came up from the city to be with him; but they won't let me go round to look for him." She never was very strong. there was no use in urging her. "What company is he in ?" I in-

quired. "Sure I don't know who his friends

are here," she answered stupidly. "What regiment is he in ?" I ex would she taint. She would simply endure to the end. plained as patiently as I could

What company of what regiment ? "Sure I don't know his regiment father, but his name is Larry Byrne. "But his name is not enough ; you must know the name of his regiment and the number of his company or you will never find him in a military camp," I exclaimed. Stupidity is al ways very irritating to me. I find it easter to love a sinner than a stupid

person. "I have never heard it, father, or else I don't remember it ; but what dif-ference does it make? Everybody knows Larry Byrne, and wasn't his name in the paper this very morning? That is how I came to know he was here at all. Just ask for Larry Byrne father, darlint, and sure they will all be telling you where he is !"

Still it did not warrant the storm of Poor soul ! She had little notion of abuse hurled at me from one young red tape, little idea of the utter hopefellow, a new fledged lieutenant of lessness of finding plain, unvaruished, unnumbered Larry Byrne in that vast volunteers. He drew himself up in the consciousness of his new dignity hospital camp. I questioned her fur-ther and found that she had already and let loose a volley of expletives that I had never heard equalied in the lost two boys on the battlefields about slums of Chicago, where it has been Santiago, and that this was her young my lot to labor for many years past. Outh upon oath rolled off from his est and her only support.

"I didn't want to have him go to tongue the war," she explained, " but he was crazy to enlist. He had been loshing waited quietly for him to finish. "Well," I said at last, "do you feel for a month, and he thought it would better, more like a soldier, more exgive him a little more money, so I let alted, more worthy of your rank, a him go, though it's little good the money'll do him now, poor lad! The better American, a finer officer? D. you feel that the country is honored two big boys died down there in Cuby and the army ennobled by your words where I couldn't be with them ; but Do you think that those of us who have when I heard my little lad was here and ill I had to come. I have never ad to listen to you will respect your wisdom and courage and dignity any been outside the city before, father more for this tirade? If you have any and I couldn't have found my way at all but for this little girl here. such idea, you will find that you have failen just 100 per cent. in the estima-

Aunie is right smart about finding her WAV I noticed for the first time a pale. slender young girl, of fifteen or six-teen years, standing modestly near She looked tired and dispirited. her

"How long have you been here?" evidently. I inquired. "there's a chap a dying in our tent and I guess he belongs to your faith. Since 11 o'clock, your riverence. It was now 2 o'clock-the hottest Would you mind coming to see him a nour of a hot, sultry day. They had minute ?' not found him yet, and it was not likey they would ever find him, for they and no pass or permit of any kind, and

ing at once. "Larry Byrne." could only hang around the outskirts I quickened my steps. It was true that there might be a dozen Larry

yourself.

of the camp appealing to such persons as appeared kindly disposed to help Byrnes in the camp ; it was not an unthem. "I will do the best I can for you, "I said, very

some happy stroke of luck he might have been found. But she was still waiting, standing patiently, her lips moving mechanically as the beads of her rosary slipped through her fing of the rosary slipping through her fia-

gers. She started forward at sight o "No news?" I asked, though I well me, too weary for eagerness or smiles, but with a patient gladness lighting She shook her head sadly : " No, up the plain face. father, no one has found him for us

"I knew you couldn't help but find him, father," was her greeting. "My poor child, you must com "It may be a mistake," I said cauti

ously, "but come with me." I turned to re enter the camp, when an officer blocked my way. There is something Larry away, too, glory be to His holy early morning, and it may be some will. for their old mother up in heaven, and hours yet before we find him." "I couldn't eat, father, dear. It in God's mercy I shan's be long in goabout these young officers of volunteers that arouses all my combativeness ing to them, for me poor heart is broke, me heart is broke, me heart is will be time enough to eat after we have found him. But Annie had though, with the latent sympathy be-tween priest and soldier, I will obey a regular to the dotting of an "i." I broke !"- Catholic World. better have a bite, poor little girl tried to push by him. The girl shook her head and I saw

"No entrance," he said curtly. "And why not?" I asked.

"No civilians allowed in camp at this hour. " By whose orders?" I asked again.

quiet sort before. They are stubborn as mules when they have a fixed idea in their heads. I knew that she would He drew himself up haughtily By mine !" he thundered. not eat nor drink nor rest, but neither

Then I did what I should have don in the first place, if I had not lost my temper. I put my hand in my breast pocket and pulled cut my permit, signed by the commanding officer, and countersigned by the secretary of war, afraid. nearts? I turned once more towards result of excitement, in either check giving me entrance to the camp at all and her eyes shone with an expression times and places. The officer sullenly "This time I will not come back till that was like joy, and her lips were withdrew and I passed in. Mrs parted with a bright smile. Berne was about to follow me. "I'll keep on praying, father, and you'll find him sure."

"You have no permit for the woman," he said, holding her back. Speak ! "Will you tell me where the priest has flown ? " Never, sir."

She stood patiently still. "She goes with me," I said. "Her son is dying and I am taking her to see him. There is not a moment to geons, offi :ials and nurses, many kind den ?" " No, sir. lose

ungracious and abrupt. I could hard-ly blame them for a little impatience. "You may go where you please," he replied, "but you must get a separate permit for her. Women are not al-To ask for Larry Byrne without number of regiment or name of company owed to enter after dark. was like hunting in New York city

"I knew that he was in the right will bind your eyes and leave you here and that there was nothing to be in the forest, and then the wolves shall gained by arguing or pleading. She come by night and the wild birds by must take up her weary waiting once more

"God help you, poor soul !" I said. you "Keep up your courage and trust in

God. "I will, father," she replied Sure, He has never failed me yet, glory be to His holy will."

The tears rushed to my eyes as I turned away. Ah ! how often it is the poor who teach us the gospel, and we, who are sent to preach it to them, may sit at their feet and learn.

I went directly to headquarters, for there is no use applying to subordinates, who often have not the power to help even if they have the will. The pity plead for her at all. commanding officer was the busiest man in the camp, but his time and at-tention were at every one's service and I had no fear of the result. Neverthean aged man, to guard it. "No one knows his hiding place less I must await my turn, and it was striking 9 o'clock before I once more tion of all who have heard you belittle rejoined the patient, waiting figures Just then a young fellow camp up

in the moon-light. exemption from pillage by turning in-We hurried along in silence. Sad scenes passed berore us, heart - breakalways in the church," he said, "aling sounds met our ears, but we passed rapidly by, absorbed in the fear of being too late. I opened the flap of the treasure. the tent. It was dimly lighted, but peering into the farther corner I could see the pinched, waxen face and the fever scorched eyes glaring in the darkness like balls of fire. He was onscious. I drew the mother forward Is it he ?" I asked.

There was silence as she groped her must surely yield. way toward the cot ; then a wild cry Byrnes in the camp, in must not feel too common name, and I must not feel too sure that I was being led to the one I sure that I was being led to the one I husted, wounded animal. But in an husted, wounded animal. But in an instant she recovered herself and drew ceived a fever stricken lad of eighteen near the cot. The nurse moved thoughtfully toward the door and I turned my face away. Such a reun-ion was too sacred for witnesses. But I could hear the mother approach the cot, I felt her bending over the poor living skeleton, and my ears caught the first words she addressed to her dying boy, the last left to her of three. "Larry, dear. have you made your peace with God ?" I went down on my knees then. Oh, woman, great is thy faith ! and surely the Master is not far from thee, who shall declare thy praise before all the Court of heaven. The ghost of a smile crept over the lad's livid features. "Yes, mother," he murmured ; " and now I know that it is really you and not a dream, for that would be the first question you

hope. She turned towards me, her homely face transfigured by a smile growing grim and ghostly in the hope. One thread towards he, but homely face transfigured by a smile of infinite faith and patient trust. No sob escaped her, though the teass poured down her broad cheeks. twilight.

There were men who awoke with a start and a scream in the lawless camp that night ... woke from dreaming of Yes, it's God that knows best, er dear," she said. "I ain't ask child in sore distress through sins of father dear," she said. "I ain't ask-ing any questions, for He has known theirs. Years afterwards there were men who dreamed that dream sleeping and waking, and called on God to for-get and forgive them the sin which st all along. He took them two wild boys where they were scared into say. ing their prayers reg'lar, and His mercy followed them way to Cuby and they could not forget. But that night of fear and remorse

MARCH 17, 1900

or them was bright with joy and peace two foreign priests to anoint them. And now that He sees fit to take my for Marie, the beginning of many nights of joy and peace. Sometimes she had heard the good priest tell that The three boys will be waiting when the martyrs suffered for our Biessed Lord it was not always suffer ing ; that there had been cases known where the fierce fire had lost its sting, the sword had pierced and hurt not

and the rack had been as the bed of softest down. So it was with God's martyr child on that night. If the falling dews were cold and

damp, she did not feel them. If the boughs against which she lay were gnarled and rough, she did not heed A great pine forest, a band of forty it. If the wild bird screamed in the armed soldiers, their leader, the centre tree above her, and the snake hissed of the group, a heavily bearded, dark through the long grass at her feet and the wolf howled in his haunt hard by, browed man, gazing fiercely at a little girl standing quietly before him. She she heard them not at all. For this is did not tremble at all, nor look about what Marie saw, and it charmed all for help, nor seem to be in the least else away : There was a bright spot, the

A cavern under ground, a grav haired priest, an altar formed out of rude stones and clay ; on that altar a holy shrine, where, safe in reverent keeping, the Sacred Heart was beat-

the leader thundered. ing all that night awake with hers. But it was more than this that Marie saw. Forms radiant with a brightness and a beauty far beyond the glory "Or where the Sacrament is hid of the setting sun her eyes had looked on last ; angel faces, harps of gold that rang with the sweetest music, in that music a chant of heavenly glory mingling, raising grand hosannas to the King of Kings. And the door of "I will give you one more chance to obey me," he cried. "If you do not the holy shrine stood open, and within tell me, this shall be your fate : We she saw a Child more fair, more sweet. more radiant to behold than any ange there

> He looked at her, He smiled at her, towards her He held His hands, where plainly she beheld the sacred wounds. That smile ! that look ! - no pen can tell them, no pencil paint them. Watching them, all time was nothing ; no one could think of time, or dream of fear or know aught of pain and trouble while such bliss was present.

"Marie ! Marie ! Marie !" She had not heard the step that came through the forest, crushing the twigs and boughs beneath it ; she did not know that the night had passed away and the morning sun was shining in If beast or bird or creeping her face They had come upon the quiet little thing had touched her once in all that Polish village in the morning, for they cold, drear night, she could never tell, for the face of the Lord of all created things had been before her, and the had heard that the church was a very lovely one, with rich adornings and vestments and only one priest, and he

sight had charmed all else away. But Stanislaus, her only brother and the only relative that Marie had, comunless it be Marie." So said a rough ing home from college for a brief holi day with his little sister and choosing and evil man, buying for himself an the shortest way through the tangled former against a little girl. "She is copse and thicket wood rather than the beaten track, in order that he might ways praying, dusting or sweeping. reach her the sooner-choosing it by My word for it, she knows all about his good angel's guidance-saw a sight that made him doubt at first that what he had seen could not be the truth. He Marie did not deny this statement but to entreaties, threats and promises had reached his little Marie even soon-

she would not make any reply except er than he had planned. constant refusal to berray the trust imposed in her. So they bore her off with them into the gloomy forest and He had started long before the sun was up, so that he might find her in the church at early Mass and kneel with put her to the final test, thinking she her once more before the Lord they loved. Could this be sha? this lonely tightly bound, deathlike creature that

"It is the last time," the leader said. "Not often, child, do I ask a thing lay there stirring not, nor sobbing nor long for you have waite

## MARCH 17, 1900

## OUR NON-CATHOLIC BRETHREN.

Sacred Beart Review.

The following interesting letter, ritten by one of the reverend clergy written of the Hartford diccesan missionary band engaged in the preaching of Catholic truth to non Catholics, elicited, as will be seen from its perusal, by a recent editorial note in Review. Father Flannery writes whereof he knows by experience, and for that reason, as well as for others, his letter is admirably calculated to give a clear and correct comprehension of the important subjects with which it deals. The allusion in it to the "query-box" refers simply to the receptacle in which the Protestants who attend the missions to non Catholics place written inquiries regarding points of Catholic truth and teaching which they wish the missionaries to answer in the course of their sermons

In the last number of the Review reference was made editorially to the cast of the Puritan mind, as viewed from a religions standpoint, and per tinent advice was offered directing how that mind must be approached with Catholic intruction. Being responsible for the paragraph, which gave occasion to your remarks, my experience as & non-Catholic missionary may confirm the sense of your observations. The only suggestion that might be added to what has so well been said would bear upon the Biblical knowledge of our separated brethren. When first one enters upon the effort to reach those outside the fold there comes the temptation to attribute to non-Catholics the possession of a deep science in Sacred Scripture As the Bible is the pedestal upon which tradition makes Protestants stand, we seek to reach a plane of discussion by appealing to the inspired word of Scripture. Arguments drawn from the sacred pages are the only weapons with which to assail scholarly sectar-ianism, no doubt, but for the major portion of an ordinary audience simple texts are practically lost, while flights into realms of higher criticism leave the tardy listeners as vanishing spots

in the purpling distance. We are prone to do overmuch honor to our severed brethren when we en dow them one and all with biblica learning which the few possess. If w address a Catholic congregation our words do not borrow inspiration from the loftiest sources, but are rathe leavened with the less soaring spiri with which the crowd is better ac quainted. And so we begin to dis cover that outsiders differ little from se within the fold, so far as ment training is concerned. As many Catholic must give himself pause b fore answering for the faith that within him, so men who ground relig ious opinion on the Word of God alon are oftentimes at sea when you expe to descry their figure high upon dr When non-Catholics committe land. whole books of Scripture to memory might have served to tie attention the text ; but to-day such a method of debatable advantage. For the gre majority one might just as well quo from the Koran as from St. Paul, who they scarcely remember who the preacher to the Gentiles was, and what right he claims a hearing. Ev professional expounders of the Word God surprise you with their great is of ordinary Scriptural knowledge. minister who heard the text from M thew on the power to remit sin wor not be certain that the words were co

tained in his version, though it v from the King James form we took t When shepherds wander far from the path it seems hopeless call the sheep home by that roadwa To classify most of our non Catho friends under the head of "bapti infidels" might seem unkind, but if questions we are called upon to ans give an index to their inner belief must strain charity to group them w Christians. When a response even the retort, "Whether Christ said se not, that is not common sense," th is little room left for choosing. answer is not always thrown into bald, blunt shape, but the mean cannot be mistaken. Dogma, tho emanating from the soul of Chri accepted just so far as it is pleas When doctrines become burdenso even if Scripture cries out, little tation is found in rejecting. As illustration, the "confession of s has many a time forced questione that the Scripture was t them. "But, then, it is r against them. lant to unmask shrinking weakned a fellow man,"-and that was the of the chapter. We find, therefore, a more effe appeal in treating the non-Cat subject as if he were devoid of su natural reason. In fact, we are ob to be "naturalists" with most ences we address, before we can to move supernatural emotions. choice is given when the first que in the box, which insists on re might be thrown into the lin Omar : "Thou wilt not with Predestination ro Emmesh me, and impute my fall to s The mystery that lowers on foreknowledge of cur doom is a n from which many a projectile is l against the fundamental conce upon which the fabric of reveal ligion is reared. The existence Supreme Being is called into do more Yankees than would wil consent to the psalmist's identifi when he classes their lot with th The hope of personal immorts frequently assailed by self styled ants, while eternal bliss is to mor one previously thought a fleetin o' the wisp after which deladed p wildly chase, only to come up wi illusion when the spirit is pour upon the earth like water the never return.

ters at home who were just Marie's age, and they remembered them and felt sorry for her in their inmost souls but then they were soldiers, wild with the war excitement and the license of the camp. They were too wild to le

day, and none shall be here to defend She made no reply The soldiers gazed at her wondering Would she falter ? How small and frail she looked under those giant trees and how fast the night was com ing! Some of these men had little daugh

" Or the altar vessels ?"

" No. sir."

MARIE

A Tale of the Polish Persecution.

hiladelphia Catholic Standard and Time

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"I have many doubtful of success. imperative sick calls to make, so I cannot stop to search for him myself, but I will try to interest others to look him up." "We will wait here, your riverence.

God be with you and bring you to my

"Look for Larry Needle in Camp Haystack !" laughed the first official to whom I addressed myself. I saw plain. ly enough that there was little encour

agement to be had, but as I passed from one hospital tent to another I per severed in questioning officers and nurses. All shook their heads doubt-

"There might be a dozen Larry Byrnes here, but we could only find them by the number of their company, they explained courteously, though I already knew this well enough. I turned somewhat sharply to reprimand a young volunteer loafing near who seemed inclined to joke at the expense of Larry Byrne's mother.

Boss," he said, sobering down, "I guess you haven't been here long. We've seen mothers' sons dying hereabouts so often that we've lorgottan You'll be indifferent how to care. yourself after a few days." It was true that I had not been there

long. I was temporarily filling the place of a volunteer chaplain, and this him, I said : was only my third day at Montauk Point. I was sick at heart and torn m ther?"

with compassion at the scenes around me till I was almost unnerved by my life. The boys were wild and father duties. Hitherto I hai frequently visited hospital wards and witnessed operations, and attended the injured in accidents-such duties came to me often enough in the exercise of my

vocation, and I had always borne myself with calmness and self possession. But the sight of these suffering, homesick soldier boys was too much for me. The long, hot, weary afternoon brought many distressing cases to administer to ; there were confessions to hear, dying messages to record, lonely hearts to soothe, tired, fever-consumed eyes to close, disheartened sufferers to sustain and cheer. It was fully 6 o'clock before my rounds were over and I could return to the spot where I

or thereabouts lying in the further corner. There were others in the ent, but this one bore the unmistakable stamp of death in his drawn, wasted countenance, his thin lips and gleaming teeth, the ashen hue of brow and cheek, the wild eyes burning like

coals of fire. He was in the last stages of exhaustion, but perfectly conscious. I knelt by his side. I knew God wouldn't let me die

without seeing a priest," he gasped, in hoarse whispers. "I've got too good a mother for Him to let any of her boys die out of His grace. I had two broth-

ers, wild boys at home, that gave her a lot of trouble, but in camp they said their prayers regular night and morning, and when they were dying at San Juan I found them with two Spanish priests attending them, who had come out from the city to annoint the dying on the battlefield. I knew God would

take as good care of me as them, for mother loved me best."

I heard his confession and prepared him for death. He seemed ready to go, for he was too ili to struggle and death appeared to him as a friend, as it does to most of us in our last hour. When I saw that his conscience was at

ease and had done all that I could for "Would you like to see your

"Wouldn't 1?" he exclaimed "Poor mother ! She has had a hard

drank and abused her. She will feel bad to lose me. But she could never get here, poor mother ! She never was out of the city in her life. " But she is here," I said, quietly.

'I have just seen her. He looked incredulous. "It can't be mother," he suid, sighing. "It's

some other Byrne. There's plenty of the name. She never could find her way any too well in the city. We always had to look after her. It's some other poor fellow's mother.

"We shall see," I said. "I will bring her here and we shall see." I threaded my way among tents and

would ask me." "Praise be to God !" she cried, "but He is good to us, Larry boy, to let us

together again." He raised his thin, wasted claw of a hand and laid it over her broad red one, stroking it fondly and saying from time to time, "Poor mother! Poor mother!" He tried to tell her some thing in broken whispers. I guessed from her subdued exclamations that he

spoke of his brothers. The young girl had crept to the other side of the cot and knelt there sobbing quietly. At last he turned

his eyes from his mother and looked at and tor a moment their fever light was subdued by softness. "It's little Annie," he whispered. "She must have brought you, mother, for you could never have got here alone. Annie was always good to you, mother ; she will be good to you when

I'm gone. At last the great change came. It was 10 o'clock when Larry Byrne's mother turned hastily and beckoned me to the bedside, and together we said the prayers for the passing soul. Then she tenderly closed the quenched

eyes and crossed the emaciated hands. The young girl had thrown herself face downwards on the floor, sobbing a I wagons and packing boxes, past convulsively, but the mother stood like I groups of men and animals, to the spot a statue by the bedside. I tried to hoped she might not be there, that by where I had left Mrs. Byrne. The sun murmur a few words of comfort and kening skies above the trees that were

Will you tell me what I ask of you ?

More than those rough men waited for Marie's answer. Angels waited for her lips to open-waited to see the fight between good and evil fought out to its bitter end, that, by God's grace, might prove most sweet.

In the gathering twilight the sol diers could not see any sign of pallor on the face before them, and they heard no faltering word in the voice that sounded clearly over the evening breeze sighing through the pine trees "I cannot tell you, sir."

No more parleying and no more They bound threats ; actions now.

the bare arms tightly and tied the small feet together with a stout, knot She looked straightforward ted cord. at the setting sun, which was visible just at the horizon through the vista

of forest trees. Would she ever see that sun again? She looked up at the blue sky, the verdant glade and the swaying branches; one little squirrel noted lovingly darting up a gnarled and mossy trunk, and yet she felt no heartache. At the rude soldiers she did not glance at all.

They let her look as she pleased for one brief minute, then blinded her brave eyes closely, and suddenly she felt herself lifted and borne onward by stalwart arms.

"We will not leave her where she last saw the light," the leader said. "Oaward, my men, onward !"

Where they went Marie could only guess, but the sound of twigs cracking beneath their feet and of the oughs pushed aside or broken made her think that they were leaving the beaten track and going deeper into the wood. By and by she was let roughly down.

"A good spot," she heard one say. "It looks like the wolf's den and no other. Weil, she might have earned a better fate had she chosen.

Did they dream that their words could make her fear or waver? If they did, their dream was in vain, and

although one and another turned to look at her as they marched away into the gathering night, they only saw the face as calm and sweet and still as the evening star that hung in the dar-

owing any sign of life whatever "Marie ! Marie ! Marie !" He tore away the bandage from the

lear eyes ; slowly she opened them as one dazzled by some great light which she could not see. Her face turned towards him stopped his eager questindeed ioning ; suddenly they were at church hearing Mass, even as he had hoped and planned.

She showed no surprise, no suffering, no joy on account of earthly pains that were past or earthly joys that were present. He knelt down beside her, holding his breath in awe, not daring to speak again and break that holy silence. Presently she sighed, as if with mingled happiness and sorrow. "I have watched all night with the Sacred Heart," she said. " Is it time for morning ?"

In an ancient convent dwelt for many years, from her very childhood to advanced old age, a nun who bore the name of Sister Marie of the Biessed Sacram nt. No one ever saw her smile, but always upon that placid face there was a look that spoke of oys more deep than smiles could tella look that her sister nuns affirmed was sweeter than any smile they ever saw.

THE READY REFORT.

A young man "fresh from school," who plumed himself much upon his learning, had been trying to confound an Irishman with a confused jargon of quotations and references to authors at enmity with the Catholic Church. authors Patrick understood none of these learned quotations, but he put to the young feilow this question : "Why " Wny are you not a Catholic ?" he answered, "I despise Catholicity with all its practices." "Yis, faith, and so does the divil," was Pat's ready retort. The young man had no more to say.

Of all men, scientists should be the most humble, remembering how much is yet to be learned, how many of their accepted theories have proved to be false, how often they have been ob-liged to reverse their most positive assertions,