CARDOME

A ROMANCE OF KENTUCKY

BY ANNA C. MINOGUE CHAPTER XIV

As soon as his retirement from the aditorship of the Frankfort Herald became known, Phil McDowell was offered a similar position on one of the Lexington journals; and on the day of Lincoln's inauguration he fought on paper his first fight for the South. Though for the war which followed men were arming themselves, Phil clung to his et of duty until the Union sup porters destroyed the paper, as they would have sent the dauntless editor to herd with the criminals in the Ohio penitentiary had he not been saved by his friends; for Kentucky's

neutrality was respected neither within nor without.

When the "Resolution Legislature," as the assembly of the representatives of Kentucky was aptly called, passed, over the Governor's veto, a resolution commanding the withdrawal of the Confederate forces from Kentucky, though for weeks the morning and evening guns of the Federal camp had been filling with dismay the hearts of the people, s of members resign seats and came out openly for which-ever cause they espoused—the only course left for honorable men. Among them was Clay Powell.

As he was nearing the outskirts of Lexington toward the close of the September day when he had bidden farewell to the legislative halls, he was joined by a gentleman whose plain citizen's clothes could not constant in military hearing, nor the ceal his military bearing, nor the assumed indifference of face and tones hide a soul born to command. The face was eminently handsome. The figure, now mounted, was superb It showed grace, strength and activ ity, as the small eyes, of grayish-blue lor, evinced thought and keenness Scarcely had the first words been exchanged when Powell realized that ne was in the presence of one o those remarkable men who, appear ing at remarkable periods, wield an influence that is felt and remembered. The adroitness of the stranger's con versation did not escape him, and though it was a time when free were beginning to grow guarded in their speech, he replied to his companion's remarks with frankness and confidence. In answer to his strong declaration against the latest action of the Legislature, the stranger laughed sofsly, and then said: "Not all in the town toward which we are travelling would agree with you in that opinion. Do you not know that, in accordance with that resolution, the Lexington State Guards are to be disarmed and their guns turned over to the service of the Federal govern Where is Captain Morgan at this

hour?" asked Powell, quickly.
"Oh, in Lexington," replied his companion, whereat the rare smile crossed his listener's handsome face. The stranger caught that smile and,

So you think if Morgan is there, the Unionists should look well to the guns? Do you know him?"

Not personally, but my father fought with him in Mexico. Captain Captain Morgan, as perhaps you know, was scarcely nineteen years of age then. The record he made for himself during the war, and the information I have received of his devetion to the Confederacy, convince me that not until the guns of his 'Lexingto Rifles' are in the arsenal and guarded by a regiment, should the Unionist feel secure."

toward him and extending his hand, said, in a peculiarly winning voice: "Though your name is unknown to me, the son of a former comrade-

in arms can never be a stranger to John Morgan.

Clay Powell clasped the hand in glad surprise, and when he mentioned own name he felt the fingers close over his in a quick, warm grasp

Your father was a brave soldier and a noble gentleman. I have followed your own career, brief as it has been, in the Legislature, and your voice heard in the cause of jus-tice assured me that you are a worthy bearer of his name." He paused for a moment, then with a smile coming over his face, added: "Nor are you mistaken in your estimate of John Morgan. This very night," lowering I am going to secure my guns, and take my gallant boys join the force at Green River. They ave waited five months for me to lead them, but—I was detained;" there was something like a break in his voice, for his wife was but a few

The September afternoon waning as they passed down the broad streets of Lexington. Unrest and alarm were everywhere visible and groups of men stood on every corner discussing the great question of the day. Before the court house was a body of home guards, and as the two horsemen passed, one said,

with a laugh: "It will go sadly against John Morgan's grain to lose his company's

"Morgan ought to be ashamed of himself!" declared another patriot. "He could take the 'Lexington Rifles' to the Union if he wanted to do so. But he and they can go to 'Secesh' and be d—d, but they won't carry those arms with them!"

"I am net so sure of that," said the first speaker. "John was only a boy when he went to Mexico, but they sent him home an officer. He indifference of face and manner which

kasn't forgotten his military training, and if my advice is followed, the

We are going to take them to-They may not be there to morrow

Nonsense! The order for their removal just came to day, and only a few Unionists know anything about it. Besides, he's afraid to attempt to get them off, with the Federals camped on the fair-ground and the

te filled with soldiers." "If my memory serves me right," remarked the other, "those who came back from Mexico said John Morgan was afraid of nothing under God's heavens."

Further down the street a Union rather down the street a Union sympathizer, but a fast friend of Captain Morgan, seeing him, called out.
"The order has come for your guns, Captain!" and he laughed good.

Yes, they intend to remove them to morrow," replied Morgan; then he added; "but we will fight you with those guns yet," and with his guest he rode on to the stately house which from earliest childhood he had called his home. As Clay Powell crossed its wide doorway and noted the elegance of its appointments, its comfort and wealth, and knew that in a few hoursits owner would voluntarily leave it to the rapacity of those who sought, by confiscating "Rebel" prop-erty for their own benefit, to prove their loyalty to the Union, he received his first illustration of the devotion

of the sons of the South.
Scarcely were they seated in the spacious library when Phil McDowell was announced. "I just received your message

Captain," he said.
"You have heard, of course," said
Morgan, "that the Legislature has
ordered the State Guards to be disarmed? This tyrannical order will be carried out here to morrow. I

am going to save my guns."
"Then we start to night?" asked
Phil, and Powell noticed that a sudden paleness came over his face.

"Yes, to night," said Captain Moran. "At nine o'clock two wagons will be at the armory for the guns. I wish you to take command of the escort. You are to follow the Ver-sailles road out of Lexington. After that, the country is clear. I, with the rest of the company, will overtake you before you reach Bards town. This is a short notice. Mr McDowell," he added, "but the exigencies of the time make it neces

sary."
"I am ready, sir," replied Phil Then he turned to Powell, and asked: Are you going to become one of Morgan's men?

"I am," replied he, without a moment's hesitation. Captain Mor gan had turned away to light a cigar, and in the moment's silence that hung between the two men Phil MeDowell made the supreme sacrifice of his life. It yet wanted six hours of the one set for his departure. The fleet footed Ladybird could easily carry him to Cardome and back again; but if the time had been shorter, he would still have taken his chance before neglecting to say fare-well to Virginia. He would send that farewell instead!

"I have one regret," he said, no emotion showing on his face or in his voice, "that this order has come so unexpectedly. I shall not be permitted to say farewell to my friends

Will you accord me the high privilege of bearing it for you?" Clay Powell aided quickly. "It will also give me an opportunity to say good-

The closing words were spoken, and the dark eyes that went out the window and across the wide street over which the long September shad ows lay, had in them an expression eloquent of the sadness of retrospec tion which touched the heart of the watcher. Could he but say to this man: "Thrust your pride away! Give her, at least, the sad comfort of missing you, the right to mourn for you, if you fall!" But the love, that at its own sacrifice offered him the opportunity, could do no more.

"I need not repeat to you," said McDowell, "what is in my heart, what I would say to those friend were the sorrowful happiness allowed me. You know what friend feels for friend in such an hour: say it for me If the Judge should blame me, tell him to remember how, in my boy-hood, he ever impressed on me the truth that it is better that all the world should think us wrong, than that we should appear such before our own conscience. In doing what I am to night, I am living up to what he inculcated. But say that my only sorrow is that upon this action of mine I can not ask his blessing."

CHAPTER XV

The night came in, with the golden harvest moon shedding her light over the rich city whose streets presented pictures of the life and enjoyment of a Southern community. Beautiful women in open carriages went past on their way to social gatherings; on the wide lawns, nurses in neat attire walked with children; on the broad piazzas family groups were seated, their subdued voices and laughter coming pleasantly to the ear, while frequently from the many lighted windows would fleat the sound of music, the trip of dancing feet. In the main thoroughfare men were talking earnestly, while often among hem would be seen the rich unifor of a Union officer or the blue coat of a private, who had come in from the camp pitched at the city's edge.

had been so apparent in the afternoon had entirely disappeared, and in its stead was the military bearing of a chieftain. He gazed over the scene familiar from childhood, on the friends and acquaintances of years; but if there were any sadness in his heart as he realized that he had come to the "naving of the ways"—that o the "parting of the ways"—that in another hour, he who now walked he streets of his native town had revered for his

and revered for his loyal citizenship, his generous, straightforward life, would be regarded by many as a traitor—no sign of emotion showed on his stern features. He looked the man that he was, one who knew that he was doing the control of the co what was right, and who would dis aside from the undertaking. Many noticed the direction he took, and some smiled, remembering how soon the Captain's occupation would be gone, while others grieved. The memberr of the home guard laughed and chafed him as he passed, but un-heeding, if indeed he heard them,

John Morgan went straight on over the familiar way which led to the armory. It was now five years since he had organized that company, which represented the flower of Lex-ington youth, and never had men a more efficient captain nor captain more efficient captain nor captair more devoted, loyal men.

his eyes to the motto, which their profound love and admiration for him had made them adopt—" Our Laws the Command of Our Captain," and as he saw the men awaiting him he knew that now, when that motto was to be not to the test they would not to be put to the test, they would not be found wanting. They were formed in line to receive him, but after the salute their enthusiasm broke into wild cheers; then the stern lines re-laxed on the Captain's face and he smiled on his men with affection. They did not know why they had been so hastily called together, but the motto of the "Rifles" was obeyed to the letter. When they were given the reason another cheef, wilder clearer, stronger, again awoke the echoes of the old armory, nor was there shrinking on one face. Thise there shrinking on one face. These felly realized the dangers surround. ing the undertaking; knew that with the Federal efficers, home guards, spies and Union patriots all around them, their chance of escape with two heavy wagons of arms was but one in a hundred; and examples were not wanting of the fate reserved for the "Rebel;" but if an army had been at the door and Morgan had pade them to go out with the guns

bey would have obeyed. number selected as guard for the arms was not large. As the names were called the response was quick and ready. At 9 o'clock the two wagons, standing in the shadow of the armory, were loaded. Then mounting his horse, Captain Morgan, with Phil McDowell by his side, started with his guns, while in the streets below Union officers and pri vates, loyalists and home guards chuckled over the advances that the Legislature was making in "educating the people" into Union principles
Tramp! tramp! tramp! came from

the armory. A Union officer paused and listened attentively, and he thought that he caught, amid the sound of many feet, the heavy roll of wagons. He questioned a loyal cit-izen, who laughed and said, sneeringly: "That's Cap' Morgan drilling his men. They will drill without arms to morrow night!" Both laughed, while the tramping at the armory went on, and, shielded by the sound of his men drilling, thei captain carried his arms out of the city. When all danger of discovery was passed he placed the guard in charge of Phil and turned back to Lexington, for the men he left would ed their leader on the morrow The precession headed by Phil went on unmolested over the quiet road. Only once did his eyes leave the straight way Morgan had bidden him collow. Reaching the brow of a slight eminence, somewhat in a of his company, he drew in his horse, and turning his head looked across the long, fertile fields to where he knew Cardome lay, wrapped in moon-light silence. He could see in im-agination the white "quarters," the lark red house, the tall, sobbing pine trees; then, with a throb of pain, the southern verandah flooded with

moonlight. Farewell, Virginia! farewell!" he said, and passed across the hill, down into the deep shadows cast by the rees.

TO BE CONTINUED

'FATHER, PRAY FOR MY SON'

The tempting music of the fine orchestra was making graceful dancers feel every note and every suggestion of the rhythm. Those of us who were looking on likewise felt the lilt and catchiness of the dance music. We watched the graceful music. We watched the graceful steps of the young people on the polished floor. The fascination was strong and conversation ceased for the moment. The dance ended and the breathless dancers stood on the floor demanding an encore. But they had had two repetitions and the music leader shook his head. For a few minutes then we could talk, without the fever of the music divert-

ing our minds.

George McCann was standing beside me. Strong of face, sturdy of body, clean of complexion and in the prime of life, he is one of the standbys of the Catholic summer school, at whose annual reunion in the brilliant Waldorf-Astoria hotel we were gathered. He shook his head, as I offered him a bigar.

"Singular, isn't it," he said, "how nat music goes into one." "Yes," I answered, "but I heard some music earlier in the evening

that made me feel very different."
"What was it," he asked.
"Well," said I slowly, "just when I was getting ready to come here and was dressing, the strains of 'Lead, Kindly Light,' floated into my mind, and I sang the beautiful hymn in a low tone, as I was coming down the stairs. Then a curious feeling came over me. I felt that I had to play the piece. So, instead of hastening to this place, where many were as the piece. So, instead of hastening to this place, where many were expecting me, I stepped into the parlor and softly played the hymn that is associated with the name of Newman. I played it over two or three times, singing it very softly. And then I put on my hat and coat and started for the door. Just as I opened the door a breathless old woman was about to ring the bell."

woman was about to ring the bell." "Well," said I, "what do you want?"
"Oh, come sir, please," she gasped;
there's a woman sick on the next

"How long?" I asked, and when she told me that the patient had been sick for a week and was not sending for a doctor until 9.30 at night, I felt annoyed, as most stors do, under such circum-

But I went along to make the call. I found an old woman, up three flights in a tenement, sur-rounded by several other old women. All of them looked poor and miser-able. The sick woman was breath-

ing heavily."
"An examination showed her to be suffering from pneumonia and swelling of the lungs. She was deomed to die. A few questions showed that there had been no physician, although she was ill for more than a week. The reason was plain, lack of

I inquired if she had had the priest. Very often that query starts a fear in the minds of the sick, but, usually, the fear is but temporary. The visit of the priest is always calmative and beneficial."

"In this case, all of the old women one question in their faces. That was, "Is she going to die?" The patient herself asked the ques-

"I told her that it was very prob able and that no time was to be lost. I hastily wrote a note and dispatched it to the rector, reciting urgency and adding the word 'Omnes.' priest knows that means all the Sacraments that the sick man can re-

"I knew as I left the house that the woman's hours were few, and that she would be dead before morning. And I knew and realized fully that had I not stopped to play 'Lead Kindly Light,' and to sing it over a few times, I would have been gone before the sick call came. I would have been here, in this ballroom, chatting and exchanging talk and reminiscence, and that woman, block away from my house, would have died without the priest, for I was the only doctor to be had at that time of the evening. The messenger had tried three others and all were out, not to return for the night. was in, just about to go out.] would not return for several hours. Bat I was there when the call came. The 'Kindly Light' had led the mes senger to me just in time to secure

George McCann leoked at me strangely. His face was pale and his manner very earnest.
"What wonderful things happen in

life," he said. "A tiny incident, a spoken word, a whisper sometimes, and a fate is revealed or sealed Lat me tell you of my dead brother.' "I was born in Ireland," said "and one of my brothers loved the sea. Nothing could keep him from it. And like those who love the sea, he followed his mis tress. He was not a bad boy, but the sailor life, you know, has many temptations, and is a rough one, a best. My mother always worried about him. But Danny always wrote to her. No matter in what part of the world he was, he would write letter to mother. And always told

her he was well and happy.

"Motherlike, she worried about him. She feared he would be drowned. She feared he would get into evil ways. She loved her absent boy. We men did not worry about him. Mothers and men are different. From Australia, one day, came to my mether's house, in Bos ion, a note from Danny. It said he was leaving Australia on the ship, Adelaide, for San Francisco, and when the voyage was ended, he was coming home to mother.

" Of course, she cried for joy. And she watched the papers and mail for news of the Adelaide. At length came a letter from San Francisco The Adelaide was there, with Danny as cheerful as ever, and her sailing day for Liverpool was named in the letter. 'When next you hear from me,' wrote Danny, 'I'll be homeme,' wrote Danny, 'I'll be ward bound from Liverpool.'

"But the Adelaids never reached that port. Four months after she sailed from San Francisco, her shat tered hull was seen in the South Atlantic, 200 miles from Rio Janeiro. Two of her boats were picked up empty. The Adelaide had been wrecked and her crew was lost.

My mother cried and cried, when she learned the news. She went to church every day and prayed for Danny's soul. She asked that Masses be offered up for him. She was reconciled to his death, but she feared for his soul.

"One day she went to confession to a Mariet Father in Boston. When confession was ended, she asked the priest for a favor. -

" ' What is it ?" he kindly said.

Why, what's wrong with him

asked the priest.

"And then she told the story of the son who died at sea. The priest seemed interested. 'What was the name of the ship,' he inquired.

"The Adelaide, bound from San Francisco to Liverpool,' she an-

swered.
"The priest stirred hastily. The priest surred hastily. The Adelaide, he said, 'and where did she come from to San Francisco?' 'She came from Australia, Father,' answered the penitent. " 'Aud what is your name Madam?' asked the priest eagerly.

My name is Mary McCann and "'Your son's name was Daniel McCann, wasn't it?' said the priest. Why, yes, Father," was her sur

prised reply.
"' Well, Madam,' said the priest "Well, Madam, said the priest; 'rest easy. I gave a mission in San Francisco the very week the Adelaide sailed from that port. Your boy came to me in that mission and made his confession. He told me he was to give up the sea at the end of the voyage he was to make. I gave him Holy Communion, myself, and hissed him easily as he left, the him Holy Communion, myself, and blessed him again as he left the

church.'
"'Thank God,' was all Danny's
mother could say."
The very same priest who knew
Danny McCaun and gave him Holy
Communion 3,000 miles away was the one to whom Mrs. McCann knelt on that day in Boston to ask him to pray for her sailor son.—Dr. S. McColl.

CAUSES OF BIGOTRY AGAINST THE CHURCH

Unfounded beliefs that Catholic are to turn over the government to the Pope : that the Church favors : closed Bible;" that Catholics intend lestroying Protestantism and to abol-ish Public schools, were given by Dr. John G. Coyle as the causes of anti-Catholic bigotry in the United States, in an address at St. Gabriel's church, Brooklyn. The address was the feature of the quarterly meeting of the diocesan branch of the American Federation of Catholic Societies.

After having reviewed the various outborses of bigotry in this country in 1775, 1834, in 1852 (Know Noth ngism), 1887 (the A. P. A.) and the Guardians of Liberty, Knights of Luther, etc., of our day, Dr. Coyle made his analysis of the various points taken by the forces of bigotry, and answered them in turn.

Dr. Coyle said in part : The Catholic is charged with wish ng to turn over the country to the rule of the Pope, although the Catho-lic American has shown in wars against Mexico and Spain, that he is a true American, and although the Pepe cannot even control the Govern ments of Catholic Bavaria, Bohemia Spain, Portugal, France and Belgium The Catholic is charged with wish ing to bave a "closed Bible," although the Catholic Church was the custod

ian of the New Testament. Catho lic priests and religious preserve the Bible from destruction when ba barian hordes overran Europe and plundered and burned cities, churche and monasteries. Catholics issued over 800 editions of the Bible Luther made his revolt. The first closing of the Bible in the Englishspeaking world was by Henry VIII.
of England when he had abjured
Catholicity. Catholics are urged by
their Supreme Pontiffs to read the Bible daily and promised spiritual The Catholic believes in a supremi

court on the meaning of the Bible. Every new Christian creed has been based upon some man's interpreta tion of the Bible and his fellowing out of his interpretation. As indi viduals in states must take their in terpretation of the laws and com andments of the state from on authorized body, the courts, and mus obey the decision of the courts as to the meaning of the laws, so the Cath olic takes the meaning of the Bible as given by his court, the teaching ody of the Catholic Church that ex tends in upbroken line back to the Apostles themselves who heard Christ

give His teachings. The men who were charged to "go serth, teaching all nations," are the first supreme court on the Bible, and the court has never been without its full quot of members since that day. The Catholic is charged with in

tending to destroy Protestantism Unless the teaching of his own cree and its legitimate extension by mis sionary work will destrey Protest antism, the charge is absurdly untrue Without meaning to be offensive, the Catholic responds that he need not make an effort to destroy Protests ism, for the indifference of Protest ants is doing that. Empty churches great appeals for an occasional "g te church Sunday," exchange of pu pits, sensational sermons on various matters other than the Word of God testify to the decay of Protestantiem The Catholic is charged with a de sire to abolish the Public school

Catholics themselves were among which grew up around the monaster ies. The Cashalic religious estab lished most of the great universitie of Europe, including those now under Protestant control.

The Catholic American does not wish to destroy the Public school.
He does protest and rightfully, that
Public schools, paid for by all denominations, should not be conducted so as to offer insult to the religious beliefs of any of the denomin-

ations whose children attend. A Public school curriculum or practice which teaches history or uses reading matter that directly insults and offends the religious sensi bilities of any citizen is, in itself, contrary to the freedom of worship and the equality before the law expressed or implied in our statutes and constitutions. The Jew lifts up his voice to protest when his faith is inulted or belittled in the Public schools, and rightfully. Both the Catholic and the Jewfind it necessary to supplement the Public school education. Both have the unques-tioned right to suggest alteration in its teachings, to demand alteration when the Public school teaching violates freedom of worship or re-ligious equality, or decent observance of neighborly consideration of feel

The Catholic American has justi fled his share in the American liber ties by offering to his country all that men can give. He has shed his blood, he has given his treasure, he has given labor, effort and sacrifice for the upbuilding and preservation of the country. Catholic soldiers of the country. Catholic soldiers have defended on the field of honor the liberties of the land. Catholic women and children have suffered and have labored with others for the mestic peace and for the preservation of home. Catholic priests and religious have given instruction to the immigrant, care to the infirm, shelter to the destitute, relief to the aged, comfort to the sick, alms to the poor, protection to the orphans, burial to the dead.

The Catholic American is a mem-ber of a faith which numbers over 16,000,000 people, who go to church every Sunday. In their great act of worship, the Mass, the priest and the people pray for the preservation of authority, the continuance of the rulers. No faith in the country can match that spectacle of 16,000,000 people on their kness in prayer for the safety of the country. No faith in the country can duplicate the unchanging devotion of the Catholic faith to the protection of the mar-

The Catholic American asks only freedom for his faith, justice from his neighbor and for all Americans to join with him to make this land one of mutual toleration and mutual respect of mutual sacrifice and effort, that all may share in a common destiny of glery for a free United States of America. — Provi-

A MONK'S STORY FROM THE BATTLEFRONT

A Benedictive monk of Farnbor ough Abbey, who is at the French front in his capacity of quarter mas-ter sergeant, writes to the London

Tablet as follows:

Recently there has been incessant activity here. There are frequent alarms, for our aeroplanes again and again signal concentrations of enemy's troops at this or that point. All this exacts a constant surveillance all along our line, and frequent moving of men to menaced

At the beginning of May, one bright Sunday evening, the Boches opened a terrific bombardment of our line It lasted for four hours, and we had to sustain it without moving an inch. Every sort of gun was turned on us, from the 77 to the huge "marmite," as we call it here. The most terrible of the projectiles is the famous "minenwerfer," which we have imi-tated, equalled and now surpassed by our flying torpedoes. When one a ruined trench, the head sp of these terrible machines falls, the ground trembles for the radius of a kilometre. Anything near is blown was caim again. I went round to see the dead and dying, to say my De Profundis over the one, and offer my priestly ministrations to the other. What dreadful sights were to be seen! The first body I came across had the head blown clean away, the uniform being died purple with the blood. A second had the right arm torn away, the breast in shreds, and the lower part of the body all man-gled A third had the skull split open..... Over them all I said the De Profundis, and in some cases gave absolution. At midnight, under the stars, I still prayed in the now silent trenches for all those heroes I have already told you that the

"Euvre de N.-D. du Salut" presented me with a portable altar. My three priest companions having received the same present, we have organized a regular service of Masses for each Sunday in our regiment There are two Masses for each battalion of us, I suppose, will ever forget these Masses said at a distance of only a few yards from the trenches. On Whit Sunday I had to celebrate twice, and the second Mass was said in a deep hole, well covered in, only ten yards from the line of trenches. During the month of May a Trap pist of Woos barton, near Plymouth Dom Paul Debierre, joined us as a

corporal. We natura ly bacame close friends. Many a long evening cid we pass together in the treuches, talking of monastic life, of our hopes. our regrets, our confidence in regard to the future.

FIFTY HOURS' BOMBARDMENT

On June 6th, while our regiment was in reserve, we were called to support an attack made by the Zouaves against the German trenches of le Plateau de Quennevières. My company did not actually join in the attack. We had however to remain close at hand in a deep burrow for seventy-two hours without moving,

and subjected to the most dreadful bombardment imaginable during fifty hours. Thanks to the strength of our protecting works, we suffered but little. But on leaving the trenches after such a cannonade, you can easily understand that men are no longer in their normal state; they are shaken both in nerve and body. and their movements are performed automatically. For myself, although my head was clear so as to be ready for any orders, I felt a sort of emptiness in my mind, an impossibility to think, and a loss of memory. During think, and a loss of memory. Puring this attack the Zouaves behaved splendidly, carrying three lines of trenches at the point of the bayonet. The terrain had been well prepared had by our artillery Every yard had been ploughed by our huge shells, and all that remained of the wonderful German works was a long, irregular, shapeless pit.
The Boches launched their counter

attack on the 14th, in the evening. From then till the 17th the battle aged, ending finally in a victory for us. The cannonade began at 5 p. m. on the 14th. My regiment at once received orders to support the first line. We cross the ruins of the now famous Tr. le M. and enter the underine. The noise is deafening, and as lighted up by the bursting of shells. After picking our way among the debris with which the trenches are encumbered (some of them are four or five yards deep), we reach at 2 a. m. a shallow trench giving access to those captured from the Germans. It affords but poor shelter from the shells which are falling thick and fast. Crowded together, almost on op of each other, we press ourselves against the protecting wall of the trench. In that position I passed what I hope is one of the most tragic nights of my life I said my rosary, then, sitting on my heels, and resting my forehead against the walls of the trench, I fell asleep. A little later, a new advance, and we stream into a trench just taken. It is clear now, we are to make a bayonet charge. I recommend my soul to God and wait. Some Moroccan troops join us, and scatter themselves along our line. They suddenly leap onto the parapet of the trench and rush towards th enemy Without waiting for oreers, the whole line is up and away. Scarcely are we on the parapet when we see the pointed helmets of the enemy rising from the grass, and they are in full flight to their next line. We jump into the captured trenches for shelter from the machine guns, and then as fast as we can we transfer all the defence works from south to north, and prepare for a counter-attack. FELL IN BAYONET CHARGE

It would require the pen of a Loti or a Huysmans to describe the state of the trenches. I will say simply that the Germans complicated defence was pulverized; there re-mained only a shapeless pit, twist ng and turning, with deep boles here heaps of sandbags there, and blocks of cement and trunks of trees scattered in every direction. We lie there choked with dust, suffering a cruel thirst, under a hot sun, till 11.80 a

m. My sergeant major and myself excavated for a shelter for our cap tain. There we lie down to rest. But I am summoned almost immedi ately to help a dying officer. Having remained with him till he died, wanter round the trenches and through the deeply dug communicat-ing passages to look for the dying, and am then told that my Tra friend fell during the bayonet charge. After a long search I find his body in I recommend the soul of this son of St. Bernard to God, and then kneeling by the body I open the letter he had left me, tel ing 'me his last wishes. The little objects on his person I shall send to his parents.

I go bak to my company. On eaching the spot where I had been lying with my sergeant major and other sergeants, I find only a heap of earth, from which protrudes a head covered with blood, and with the left temple pierced. It is all that remains of my sergeant-major. Of the others there is scarcely a trace. Here and there is a bone, a pece of a skell, some clothing. I cannot but see here a mark of Divine protection. Had I not been called away on priestly duties, my body would now be lving buried with seven others in a trench captured from the Germans on the plateau of Quenney ères, the 15th of June, 1915, at 11 80 a. m.

The writer of the letter has since been ment oped in despatches (to use the corresponding English expression), in the following words:
"N, caporal fourrier, X Cie. s'est

prodigué sous un feu très violent pour assurer la communication des ordres, traversant sans hésitation les endroits les plus battus."

PIUS THE LOVABLE

Writing of the late Pope Pius X., William P. H. Kitchen in the Catholic World says: "Unspeiled by power, unchanged by elevation, he ever remained a true and tenderhearted pastor. Fond of children and of the poor, enjoying a chat and an amus-ing story, deeply attached to his old sisters, amidst all the glories of the Vatican, his heart and life were those of a holy old country curé. And what could be more pathetic and self-sacrificing than his refusal to provide for those sisters he loved so well? He would not lay anything aside for them, but he besought his successor to grant them a small