TUNE 17, 1906. CATHOLIC EDU ARCHBISHOP IRELAND MUST BE INGRAINED OF THE PUPIL. A masterly sermon on cation " was preached Ireland at the celebrati

of St. Clara

jubilee of St. Clara nawa, Wis., the moth Dominican Sisters, w some time ago. In it clear and eloquent terri and necessity of Chr He said in part:

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Card Drawing

By GERALD GRIFFIN

"Is this my welcome home?" - Southerne. It is almost impossible to conceive so many shreds and rags could hang together as composed this wo There did not appear to be two dress. square inches about her in one piece, and her whole costume shook in the morning wind like the foliage of a tree, yet she had even a warm and comfort-able look. Duke never saw before such a mountain of rags. How they were all united puzzled him more than the mys tery of the tides of Negropont did the gyrite. Her shoes, or more properly (if they must have a name) her brogues were in pieces, yet her feet were per fectly covered—partly with straw thrust into the fissures made in the straw leather, and in part with the fragments of an old wollen stocking. To find a name for each article of clothing which she wore would have been impossible. She had, to speak truly, neither gown, nor petticoat, nor cloak—yet clad she was from top to toe, and that fully. It seemed as if her dress had been built up about her from the ground of all manner of fragments. Her headdress, as it was simple, was less equi vocal than the rest of her costume. It consisted of a large red and yellow handkerchief, under which her hair rolled up on something similar to what ladies call a Johnny, was fastened so as to present an appearance like that of a very low fete; two corners of the kerchief were tied under her peaked and lengthened chin, while the thers were suffered to flutter in the wind, or hang idly over the back of her Over her right shoulder was thrown a number of hare, kid, and rabbit skins, together with a bundle of unclarified goose quills, both of which she had picked up in her perygrinations for a trifle, to dispose of them at a due fit to the skin and feather merchants of St. John's Gate, in Limerick,-this forming the ostensible calling under cover of which she carried on her more lucrative trade of "card drawing," or telling of fortunes. The features of the Card-drawer were

calculated by their expression to aid her considerably in the efforts which she made to acquire an influence over the weak credulous minds of those who were accustomed to consult her. The small weasel eyes, set at an extraordin ary distance from each other, in which a person of common penetration could have discovered nothing more than the light of that "crooked wisdom," usually denominated cunning, which is so use ful to persons of her profession, seemed er wondering dupes to be full of a piercing sagacity, and a certain mys terious lustre, which made their hearts stir uneasily within them. Her fore head was broad and tanned by continnal exposure to the weather—her nose flat and yet large, presenting, togethe with the disagreeable breadth of space which it formed the centre between the eyes, something of countenance for which that race o Italians are remarkable, who are said to be the direct and lineal descendants of the old Romans. Her mouth appeared to be otherwise occupied than in ing Duke an opportunity of observing its proportions, for it was fast shut upon a pipe, the bowl of which was fastened on the barrel of a quill, that being a more capacious conductor of the comfortable fume, than the narrow earthen tube originally affixed to it.

stretched on his hay couch between the stacks, and gazing steadily on her. "Why, then, heaven bless you, child, but that's a dhroll place for you to be lyen; is it all night you wor out that

way ?"
" Tell me," said Dorgan, rising and indeed without hearing her question, "" who was that young girl, that I heard speaking to you, just now?"
"I'm afear'd," said the Card-drawer,

looking at him askance with one of he you're in a greater hurry to hear that than I am to tell you. Would you make a betrayer o' me?"
"Not I, indeed," said Duke, "nor

wish you to answer the question, if there be any confidence between you and her And turning on his heel, he was

going to jump on the stile, leading to on footpath, when the old woman called to him.
"Easy a while, sailor! Would you

like to have a body tell your forten?
"My fortune?" said Duke, with laugh—" Go, you old rogue, did you think I'm one of your woodcocks? How would a sinner like you (if it isn't judg laughyou — but we're all sinners into the knowledge of heaven'

secrets ? Oyeh, who pretends to any knowledge of 'em? I'm sure I don't. I see nothen—I hear nothen—I know nothen -'Tis all in this pack o' cards, it is. You draw for yourself—all I'll do, is to tell you what it is ; I know no more o self, till you draw,

you, than you do yourself, till you an' then the cards 'll tell tell us Although Dorgan had very little of the superstitious credulity which is common to most sailors, in his composi he was not destitute of a certain portion of youthful curiosity. paused a moment, his hand resting or the stile while he surveyed the old woman with a gaze of mingled condes-cension and smiling incredulity.—" And that must I pay for your nonsense, old

lady May I never die in sin, If I'd ask anythen more genteel and off-hand, than that dollar that's danglen be the ribbon

to the breast o' your coat."
"Dollar!" Dorgan exclaimed with another loud laugh. "You exorbitant Would you have me sell you my ? This is my Trafalgar medal." And he gazed on it with an eye in which fondness and pride were mingled.

The Card-drawer drew back respectfully, and curtsied to the very ground.

"If you were one of Nelson's sailors," -" that great lord, that all the said she world is in mourning for, this way, I'll take nothen from you. Here draw your fate an' welcome.

I will," replied Dorgan—" but not gratis, my good woman. Here," put-

ting a half-crown into her hand, and assuming a more cordial manner (which I request my reader will not attribute the flattering humility of the Card-wer's demeanour)—" put up thisdrawer's demeanour)—" put up this— and let me draw my fate, as you call

"The heavens bless your honour; face the east, sir. Well what have you A scoundrelly, bandy legged knave

o' clubs.' am sorry for you, young man," said the Card drawer, in a tone of deep concern. "Draw again, sir, and hope better luck. Well, what card is that?

"The same squint eved knave, as I'm alive. Is there ill-look in the fellow's phiz?

" You must draw three cards, before can answer any questions. Here ! there is but one other chance between you and a very ill forten. Well, is there any better luck now?"

Dorgan drew a third time, and started when he looked on the card, as if

he had seen a ghost. "I insist." said he vehemently "on seeing the pack—there are none but knaves o' clubs in your hands."

"O shame an' sorrow, asthora ma chree, why should you say such a thing as that?—see, yourself. Isn't that a fair an honest pack o' cards? 'Tisn't to draw the knave o' clubs agin you done, is it ?"

"I ll be hanged if I haven't though," said Duke, troubled and fretted in spite of himself at the singular coincidence-which he perhaps too readily believed to be uncontrived on the part of the old woman.
"You'll be hanged if you have, you

ought to say," she replied, assuming a solemn earnestness of tone and look.
"I will, be hanged then," said the sailor-" for there is the card.

Whoever you are," the Card drawe replied, after shaking her head and looking steadfastly at him for a few moments, "you are a free-handed, spirited boy, an my heart within me is sorry for you. If you left your ship for fear of a sailor's grave, you may return to her again, for your doom is not to be upon the waters. There's a theatnen of a voylent an' a shame death in the card you drew. If you have a spite agin any body, or if it be a thing any body would have the likes again you, tell you, an warn you to beware an look about you. Feel your way before you, for a black doom is waiten for Once more I advise you, look we yourself, an' dale quietly with all people. Good mornen to you, lad, and heaven send you better luck then you're promised—an a rough road, porcopine saddle, an a high-trodden horse to all your innimies." And so saying, the old woman concealed the cards in some part of her dress, and hurried through the haggard, muttering, as soon as she possed out of hearing, "There why the haggard, muttering, as soon as she possed out of hearing, "There why! May be I didn't make you pay for your peepen, for once. He has something to think of now to keep his mind from

harm, any way. Although we have before said that Duke Dorgan was by no means feeble-minded, or idly credulous, it would be claiming for him, perhaps, a vigour of intellect which is but little character istic of the members of his class of so ciety, in any country in the world if we asserted, that he was incapable of being at all influenced by circum stances so impressive as those which he had just undergone. The coincidence in the thrice selected card (in which probably, the more penetrating reade can discover nothing farther than the roguish dexterity of a cunning old bel dame) if it did not appear to him as a really supernatural occurrence, at least made him think very deeply on the

subject, and mingled itself with her explanation and prophecy, to which it imparted a strangely corroborative weight. We might appeal to the ex perience of many of our most philosoph ical and apathetic readers, to say, whether they have not often found trains of thought or feeling which they at first assumed in indifference or in jest, grow and fasten on their atten tion, in a degree which was entirely the reverse of trifling or agreeable. In like manner fared our hero : the longer he dwelt on the Card-drawer and her prophecy, the more ill at ease he grev—until at length he wished, from the

bottom of his heart, that he never ex changed a word with her. He was astonished at the feverish state of mind which very speedily grew upo him—"I don't believe a word of it, he said remonstrating with himself-"as to the old woman herself—of course she is an impostor. I should be worse than an idiot, to be at all in luenced by any thing she could tell m -nor am I-but yet to draw that long osed knave o' clubs three times !-No

natter! time will tell." He sprang lightly over the stile, and, bundle in hand, speedily lost recollec-tion of his morning adventure in the varieties of scenes through which he passed, on his route towards his native village-and the home of his love. The country around him was level, boggy and uncultivated, with but scanty ceptions; and the occasional companious of his journey were the blue stockinged fish-jolters, from the neigh boring villages of Beltard and Querr us for the delicious turbot, which philanthropically incarcerated

selves in the fishing-nets, for the ben-

efit of the gourmands of Clare and Lim

erick.) The rough-looking merchants who dealt in such delicious ware beat on their rough coated asses, as they stag gered under the weight of their wellfurnished cleaves or paniers, and diver sified the monotony of the sweet and wholesome sea air, with what Trinculo would call a "most ancient and fish-like smell." Now and then, too, a pigobber, distinguished by his weather proof air, his ponderous frieze great coat, with standing collar, forming a strong wall of defence up to the very eyes-his wide waste of cape, and hi one spur fastened upon the well-greased brogue, vouchsafed a "save you kindly," as he trotted by; and a carman, seated sidewise on the back of a horse, (whose bony ribs bespoke him

shoulder to hips, a dingy straw hat flung "on three hairs" woollen waistcoat, bundle-cloth heavy woollen waistcoat, nunche-cloth shirt thrown open at the neck, and light streamers of gray ribbon flutter-ing rakishly at the knees of his cor-duroy small clothes,—hospitably in-vited him to take a seat on the corner of his car, loaded as it was with fullbounds of butter, or bags of oats for the inland markets.

Duke was tempted to loiter so much on his way, that the sun was past its meridian height for some time before he entered the village of Carrigaholt, within little more than a mile of which Mr. M'Loughlen, the father of his beloved Penny, resided. He had prev iously come to the determination of his spirits and recover his good looks pefore he should present himself at the farm-house. Though he had but little vanity himself, and had a reasonable of confidence in the affections of his love, he had lived long enough among mankind, to know that even our best and earest friends are seldom so purely disinterested as not to acknowledge an involuntary and tacit subjection to the influence of appearances. Penny, he conjectured (and he did not think the worse of her for the suspicion) would not like him the less in his smart new jacket and trowsers, with a light India silk handkerchief about his neck, and the wearing effects of long travel flung from him by a night's repose. The old gentleman, he was certain, would be gentleman, he was certain, much better pleased to see him in a respectable trim; and he was conscious, moreover, though he did not make this one of his ostensible motives that he would not be the less satisfied with himself for appearing point device.

The village, as he entered it, appeared almost deserted—the masters of the families not being yet returned from their daily toil on the river which flowed near them. The doors of the houses were, for the most part, shut fast and hasped, which circumstance, together with the stillness of the streets, in which he only heard heard the voices of some ragged children at play among the turf kishes, and the occasional inhospitable growling some hairy cur (who was afraid to men ture on a bark of open defiance or hos tility in the absence of its human pro sectors,) gave something of a heliday air to the scene. Between the occa sional breaks in the row of houses on one side, the broad and sheeted river presented itself to his eyes, its surface agreeably diversified by the dark and red-sailed fishing boats, turi-boats, and large merchant vessels which floated on its bosom, and the shadow of a passing

loud on its green and sunny waters.

As he proceeded through the village n search of the house which Kinchela had indicated as a rendezvous, he ob served the sign-boards of two rival public-houses, swinging at either corner of the street, at a spot where i was intersected by two cross-roads.

were distinguished by thos whimsical devices and mottoes, used generally in Ireland for the purpose of sengers-those adepts in the human character, the innkeepers, being made aware by long experience that, next to passionate grief, nothing inclines a man nore strongly to look for good liquor and good company, than a train of good humor once set on fire within his heart. One of those signs presented the ap pearance of a pewter drinking vesse imprisoned with the grating of a strong gaol, under which the following lines were written in a bold, dashing hand:

Ye jovial fellows that pass along. Behold me here, in prison strong, Behold me here, in prison strong For Four pence I in chains do lie Release me quickly, or I shall Die

On the rival sign-board, the Muse o painting had delineated the effigy of a bee-hive, which had likewise its appropriate jingle contributed by her sister deity:

"Within this hive We're all alive;
Good liquor makes us funny—
If you are dry
As you pass by,
Step in and taste our honey."

With the latter invitation our here complied, leaving the liberation of the captive on the other side to the next village Howard who might cast a humane eye in that direction, moved less, however, by the prospect of the promised honey within than the ex

pectation of meeting here his old acquaintance before named. He found the house unoccupied by any but the publican or landlord, who was seated, in a hay-bottomed chair, by the whitening embers of a turf fire, dandling one foot softly in the air, and luxuriating in the delights of a wellfilled pipe, which he interrupted only at intervals for the purpose of givin aome directions to a slatternly girl who was seated on her heels at one end of the room, scouring the pewter glorie of the dresser with a wisp of hay and wet sand. He received Dorgan with the respect and attention peculiarly the right of all naval and nilitary sojourners at places of amuse ment, ushered him into the boarded parlor, and answered readily all the questions which he put respecting the present condition of M'Loughlen, present condition of M'Loughlen, whether he still lived with his daughter, in the same lonely loase which they occupied a great many years before, and many other inquiries more interesting to him, in all proba bility, than they would be to the read

The landlord was at length summoned to attend a customer at the bar, and Duke was left to "discuss" (as the phrase is) his whiskey and-water (or to give it the provincial term his whiskey punch) alone. Although Irishmen have long lain under the imputation of a fondness more intense than is consistent for the excitement of strong liquor, I with the character of a well-deserver believe the affection which rather that which we entertain for a pleasant acquaintance, whom we are happy to meet in mixed company, than that which we feel towards a friend with whom we can consume whole hours in solitary communion (if this expression may escape uncensured by Engingments). Dorgan in particular, English was unprofessionally and unnationally

his friend, to sip the diluted fire which stood before him. He looked around the room for something to amuse his thoughts, which were flowing too rapidly upon him, to suffer that he should re nain still, until Pryce made good his appointment; and after turning over a lew old books of farming, tattered volumes of law, and rudimental works, crap book fell into his hands, in which e found the following verses written (in all probability by way of practice in penmanship). Although the sentiment was expressed in language, perhaps, a little too fine for his sympathy, analogy which it bore to have been his own fate, interested him sufficiently to make him read the stanzas through.

THE JOY OF HONOR.

The tears from these old eyelids crept, When Dermod left his mother land-When Dermod left his mother land— And I was one of those who wept Upon his neck, and press'd his hand. He did not grieve to leave us then H- hop'd to see his home again— With honors twin'd in his bright hair, He could not hope to gather there.

Year after year rolled fleetly on—
Lost in the grave of butled time—
And Dermod's name and praise had won
Their way into his parent-ollime;
But all his youthfut haunts were changed,
Inc wild wood perished where he ranged—
And all his friends died one by one,
Till the last of Dermod's name was gone, 111.

Isat, one eve, in Curra's glade,
And saw an old man iciteting down,
Where the first veit of evening's shade
Had given the heath a deeper brown;
His cheek was pale—his long hair now
Fal, in white fiskes, o'er his eg 2d brow—
But the same young soul was in his eye,
And I know the friend of my infancy.

He gazed upon the silent wood—
the passed his hand across his brow—
The hush of uter solitude
Sep. on each breathless beechen bough—
That lake with flowering islets strewed,
That skirts the lawe and breaks you wood—
I kae win youth a valley green.
The seat of many a merry scene,

The youths that graced the village dance Benesih the turf they trod are sleeping—
The maidens, in whose gentle glance
Their spirits lived, are o'er them weeping—
Sorrow and blight, and age have come—
Where mirth once reigned—and youth—and
bloom—

And the soft charms of Nature's prime Are blasted by the breatn of Time.

And hath the joy that henor gives, No power o'er memories like this A i' witness is the man wno lives I four at fame and spurn at bliss? That hath been mine-this might have Had I but held the humble mean—And passed upon my parent soil A life o' peace and quiet toil.

And is it thus with all who gain The phantom glory of a name?
That ere it grace their brows, the pain
Of their long search hath quench'd

fiame
That young ambition lit—and those
Whose praise they sought, are at repose—
And they stand in a world unknown—
Admired—revered—unloved—alone!

"I want my early playmates back,
My friends long lost—but n'er forgot—
Are these old men who haunt my track,
My school day friends!—I know them not
Alas! I grieve and call in vain—
Their youth will never come again;
But it is sad my heart should feel
Its first affections youthful still."

TO BE CONTINUED.

ONE TOUCH OF NATURE.

The whole country knew that Tha-or was a peculiar village, and that, chiefest among its oddities, could be classed its religion, this latter fact being emphasized by the godlessness of the neighboring hamlets. But its culiarities did not end there, tho But its pe the strange form of worship prevailing in the village would have been enough to make it odd indeed. The Church of the Martyrs had been founded in Thabor and in no other lo cality had flourished so well. Indeed the tenets taught by old Ezra Bonnell were making their last stand and in Thabor were well entrenched for the final conflict. Besides its peculiar creed the village had its culiar name, its peculiar streets and Ezechial Wood bowed with years of service "for the Lord and the Church of Martyrs."

If a stranger were to ask a pious Thaborite why Brother Ezechial Wood had become so renowned in his native village the chances were that a stony stare would inform him, with an elo-quence above expression in words, that Thabor pitied his ignorance, but refused to remedy it. In truth, Brother Ezechial was a born leader. The hopes of the Church of the Martyrs were centered in him. He could pray longer and more fervently than dominie himself. His sermons. when, perchance, the pulpit became vacant through the absence or illness of the only minister of the church, were models of enthusiastic appeals to sinners-though there was not a sinner in Thabor, since every one had already been in "the mercy seat" and confessing to a change of heart, had been made a member of the Church. The old man's religion, too was more practical than usually found, even in Thabor. The poor he knew well: but better still they knew him. They could recognize his halting ster on the threshold, his gray hairs at the on the threshold, his gay make at the door and his rough grasp of hard in theirs when something usually passed from it to relieve the hungry and clothe the naked. But Ezechial Wood was bigoted—logically bigoted, and that means a bigotry of the most unrelenting type. The Church of the Martyrs was a "close The dominie, in some of his flights of oratory, had often praised its splended isolation and so

othing else in the religious line could live in Thabor. Methodists, Baptists, Drunkards, Lutherans, Presbyterians, had from time to time settled in the village, but it was not congenial, and they either left or became working members of the Martyrs. Thabor would have none of their religion and Brother Ezechial it was who kept the people from becoming too liberal. Re-ligiously, socially, politically, commer-cially he dominated Thabor, and that

was the end of all discussion was the end of all discussion.

Thabor was possessed of one line of railroad communicating with the profane world. At the depot the station master united in his position the diginnocent of the luxury of oats) with his feet on the shafts, a cart-whip tied sashwise about his person from tinuing, while he waited the arrival of agent, etc. Thabor could afford but news was of a victory. How slowly

one official there. In point of religion Brother Dodds, the agent, was beyond reproach. It had come to be under Thabor that the station master was by virtue of his office, vicar general of the Church of the Martyrs subject only to the authority Brother Ezechial himself; for for dominie, of course counted naught. It was with some feeling of indigra-

tion that the village learned one morning that death had dared to smite Brother Dodds and the station and vicar-generalship had become vacant together. The indignation was not together. The indignation was not all diminished, only changed as to obect when that very evening, the big form of the new station master was a the desk, and in the frame of the ticket window appeared a broad, cheerfu which answers to questions floated out in a brogue that expert would class as a pure Donegalesque. The new official was Irish. Circumstantial evidence seemed plain, but Thabor did not at once give way. There was a hope that the new res dent would conform to the religious ways of the village. Irish he was, but Brother Wood had worked miracles ef conversion before, and he might do again. Besides, the man might not be a "Papist" after all, to think of that possibility. His ecuduet on the coming Sunday would decide all. In the meantime Brother Ezechial left in no doubt as to the state of the village sentiment, vouchsafing his infor mation by more or less well directed the Irishman cooly nored, for when Sunday came sealed his doom when attired in his best he tramped five miles to the

"Popish Church" at Zelon.

Then the storm broke, and around the stove at Brother Watt's general store the godly gathered to discuss the latest and most terrible happening in village affairs. Brother Watt hinself allowed that Thabor "won't stand no Papist round. We drove off the last Piscopal becus he was too Papish "Yaas!" Brother Thomas thought,

"Thet's what we did. An' we drawed the line on good Meth'dists and ain't a goin to let no Irish in Thabor.' Brother Larrup's opinion was more heerful: "The railway company'll

cheerful: "The railway company'll settle him. We can just as well leave the hull thing to Brother Wood. He'll fix it with the road."

Brother Ezechial did his best. He wrote the president, the vice-president the general manager of the company He interviewed the objectionable station master personally. He held indignation meetings with the section boss He enlisted the aid of and his crew. He enlisted the aid of Brother Mills, the editor compositor, and printer's angel (there were no devils in Thabor except the station angel (there were no master) of the Trumpet, so that week after week from the sanctum of the the press there thundered forth "We et to say. "Popish Aggression."

"The Scarlet woman," etc., which were eagerly read read and discussed till the spark became a flame and all Thabor was in a blaze. But the Irish-

man staved on. had no friends, but happily for him the State law compelled the hotel to take him in so said the landlord-and Thabor telieved and pitied him But to cold looks and even frowns only a smile was returned. A "physical force party" soon sprang up, headed

by Tom Tyler, the nearest approach to a scapegoat that Thabor could supply. The brethren said nothing when Tom expounded the ideas of himself and followers on the best means of getting rid of the "Papist;" but one morning when the doughty leader appeared on the street with a pair of black eyes. and his friends showed several recent ly made cuts and bruises and down at the depot a smile more cheery than ever appeared on the broad face framed in the ticket window, without asking questions, Thabor, knew that

70 dissolved. The Deborah Circle of the Church of the Martyrs had not been inactive. Several resolutions of encouragement for Brother Ezechial in his "fight for the Loid" had been passed. Sister Watt had prayed long and earnestly Sister Strong had given many tracts to the station master. They were accepted with the same smile andever heard of again. Then more prayers were offered—and longer, but Sunday after Sunday a big Irishman turned his back on Thabor and its re-

ligion to tramp his weary way to the

chanel at Zelon. In the heart of the trouble came the rumors of war. Then the outbreak. and Thabor's religious zeal almost re-ceived a setback in the excitement of the hour. Young Hank Wood enlisted at once and left for the front with five more young men of the village. Then followed long days of anxious waiting during which the "War News" bul letins were regularly posted up in the station telegraph office; and Thabor forgot its bigotry long enough to read them. No letter came to Brother Eze chial from Hank. The old man spoke no word to the man who so faithfully prepared them. Months passed. a letter came from Ezechial's son. He had been sick of fever but was bet ter now and was with his regiment in Cuba. He had been nursed back to life by some women whom he had called "angels." He described their trange dresses, their hanging beads their crosses and old grouned for his boy. In a their Ezechia he battle would come, Hank saidand it did.

Brother Ezechial heard the news of the fight at El Caney from Brother Watt. The bulletins were already posted at the depot. Brother Watt re-Watt. marked in an embarrassed way; est couldn't tell him more," to the dominie. Ezechial went to read for himself. Men touched their hats Ezechial went to read to him with unusual respect as he passed along; but he did not notice it for the vision of a blue eyed boy, laughing at his knee, all he had to cheer him since Annie died, was call ing "Hank! Hank!" in his heart as if

There was a crowd at the board, but

he read the headings. He hated to hurry now, and besides his old eyes were dimmer than ever to-day. At last he came to the end where was placed the list of the dead-First in the column he read :

Killed in action, Henry Wood, Co.

Brother Ezechial wondered why he read that line over and over again be fore he broke down. There between him and that fatal sheet rose the vision again. The vision of a blue-boy with a halo of golden hair, blue-eyed hair, who was smiling at him and tossing his curls in the joy of his play. In his earn Brother Ezechial heard "Daddy! Dad dy!" as of yore, and on his old lips he felt the soft press of a child's sweet feit the soft press of a child's sweet caress. He put out his arms, and the golden hair was matted with blood. Brother Ezechial's heart opened in a great sob. Yes! he was a patrick has great sob. Yes! he was a patriot, but,
—he never knew what it meant and—

what it cost. Back of the old man the sob found an echo. Some one else was in sorrow, and Ezechial Wood knew that he had brother in his misery. He turned. Through the ticket window he saw the station master. His cap was thrown aside and his face buried in his hands Brother Ezechial looked around in quiringly till some one pointed to Next to his own boy's name the old man read:

Killed in action Charles O'Brien, Co. K. 4th Inf.

Some one nodded toward the ticket window and said: "His son!"

The station master did not hear the door of his office open, but he did feel a trembling hand laid on his shoulder.

Then the hand dropped into his own, and a hot tear fell upon their clasp. The bigotry of Thabor that day began o die.—Rev. Francis Clement Kelly in Donahoe's Magazine.

A CONVERT TO HIS FORMER BISHOP.

A year ago the Rev. C. H. Schultz, who at the time was Pastor of St. Stephen's Protestant Episcopal Church, Milwaukee, Wis., became a Catholic. Like many another convert who has received the gift of faith, he had to sacrifice much in obeying the dictates his conscience. Only have gone through a similar experience can fully understand the nature of the sacrifice a Protestant has to make upon entering the fold of the Church. The tenderest ties of association that have existed for years are suddenly snapped asunder. The convert to the Catho Church not unfrequently has to face the scowl of disapproval, where before he was met with the smile of riendship. that the keenest pang he was made to feel after his conversion was caused by the return to him of gifts of his to his old parishioners, who, by refusing to these memorials friendship, thereby declared toat he had forever forfeited their friendshir and that for the future there would be an impassable gulf between him and

For Father De Costa and every other convert from Protestantism the pensation must consist in the ineffable peace of mind found in the conscious ress that at last they are in their Father's house. It is to this compensation that the former pastor of the Milwaukee Protestant Episcopal Church referred when he wrote to Bishop Nicholsen of the Episcopal Church, who had notified him of his deposition from the Protestant Ministry. Here is

an extract from letter:
"You will permit me to say at the close of one year within the Catholic Church that I deem the so-called degradation an honor. And in making the statement I do not wish to imply that I believe I am not where God's will requires me to be. For I hold that all which the Catholic Church teaches, including the supremacy of the Holy See, the infallibility of the Pope, and the dogma of the Immaculate Conception of Blessed Mary, Mother of God, to be de fide, and therefore necessary

for the soul's salvation. "Nevertheless, let me assure you that I respect and that I have a strong affection for the Catholic minded of the Anglican communion who are living in good faith. For I hold more strongly than ever that the Catholic school the Anglican Church is a providential preparation for ever-increasing numers of Anglicans to reach home at

ast. "I am thoroughly satisfied with my present state in every temporal and spiritual aspect. My peace and rest are beyond expression. You were kind enough to express a prayerful wish in my behali. In return I give you both prayers and intentions at Mass. Very C. H. SCHULTZ. truly yours,

The writer of the above like thousands of other converts feels like a storm tossed traveler, who has reached a safe harbor after having been threatened with shipwreck. The conviction that he is at last safe at home in that Church founded by Christ makes him and other converts regard whatever sacrifices they have been called upon to make as slight compared with priceless gift of faith.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

Never retort an angry word. It is the second word that makes the quarrel.

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