By Christine Faber.

CHAPTER XIX.

Alone in the carriage, with Hardman on the box, and the carriage, bound for the city a good three hours' drive from New Utterton, was a delightful experience to Rachel—the only drawback being that Hardman was on the box where she couldn't talk to him; had she the city a good three hours' her will she would have mounted to the box herself and enjoyed her drive all the more for her elevation and her com-But not having asked Miss panionship. But not having asked Miss Burram whether she might occupy that Burram whether she might occupy that part of the carriage, Rachel did not feel free to change her seat. But she did not think it any breach of obedience to put her head out of the window and call to the coachman a half-dozen times on the road in order to learn something cheet the common that the contractions of the coachman and the coachman as a sea of the coachman as on the road in order to learn sometaing about the country they were pressing: and Hardman did not think it a breach of his duty to Miss Burram to descend at such times, and answer Rachel's questions; and at the same time to self with a sight of the little

girl's sparkling face.

It did him good, he said to himself as he went back to his box; it made the he went back to his box; it made chad day seem as if the sun were shining, whereas it was really a day that was dark and threatening with a suspicion

whereas it was really with a suspicion dark and threatening with a suspicion of snow in the atmosphere.

The frequent stops made it a full hour later than their usual hour of hour later than their usual hour of hour later than their usual hour of arrival in the city, and when Hardman stopped at the hotel where Rachel was to have her lunch it was 1 o'clock.

"Don't take more time than you can help," he whispered, as he gave Rachel, together with Miss Burram's card, in charge of an attendant. ducted to the same private dining-room in which she had lunched with Miss

Burram twice before.

In the midst of her enjoyment of the sumptuous repast—an enjoyment made Miss Burram's absence—the greater by Miss Burram's absences so thought came of the want she was so to face-perhaps again the butterless bread and the tea without milk; stopped short and looked at the house fruit piled before her; what might not that do for the poor girl with the cough? Could she t Would it be right to take it? take it

She turned to the waiter : Is all this fruit for me if I want it?" Certainly, Miss, and anything more

you wish to order."
"Then I want all this fruit to take with me, and just as much more," thinking of the starved looking little first floor with the starved looking baby.

The waiter disappeared, returning in

a few moments to announce that two baskets containing fruit similar to that announce that two baskets containing truit similar to that on the table would be placed in the car-riage, and Rachel saw, as escorted by the manager—who felt such attention to be due Miss Burram's Charge because of Miss Burram's own long and frequent patronage of the house—a waiter, en-deavoring to put into the carriage two deavoring to put into the carriage two
baskets whose contents were covered
with tissue paper, but being utterly
prevented by Hardman, who stood before the carriage door demanding to
know what it was all for.

"I'm only obeying orders," said the
man with a sort of contemptuous disdain of his questioner.

"Well, before you obey your orders,"
said Hardman, "you'll tell me whose

said Hardman, "you'll tell me whose orders they are, and what's in them

It's all right," Jim," said Rachel, running up to him, her face quite scarthe waiter said I could have anything I ordered, and these are just bas kets of fruit for some of these poor

"Oh-o-o," said Hardman, giving way immediately to the waiter and scratching his head in perplexity as to what his duty to his Mistress might be on

That Rachel could have anything she that Raenel could have anything she ordered at the hotel he well knew did not mean that she was to order anything for other people, yet how to interfere in this case, which was so much in accord with his own kindly instincts, he did not know, and he climbed up to the box beside the man whom he had brought from an adjoining stable to take ge of the horses, whistling softly.

than interfere with Rachel's scheme he would bear cheer-Miss Burram's censure when she should know all—as she most assuredly do on the presentation of the bill for

Rachel's dinner.

"Anyhow, she's rich enough to stand it," he said to himself, "and maybe Miss Rachel's charity will touch her

As usual, the arrival of the carriage in the dirty, ill-smelling thoroughfare of Essex Street, was an event that put two or three blocks of the street into a stir, and this time when it was learned that only the little girl had come, seemed more of an event than ever, and it required Hardman's exertions, especially when he took the baskets from the carriage, to make a passage for her to the door of the forbidding looking tenement.

Women and children seemed to swarm out of their homes like rats from their holes, and Rachel shrank, and hesitatd clung to Hardman, as some blear-eyed woman thrust herself

near enough to puff her breath into Rachel's face. But once within the house Hardman awed the crowd back. They waited, however, around the doorway and about the carriage, more than one cut of the whip required to drive the bolder street urchins from the

The starved-looking woman on the first floor shook her head when she opened to Hardman's knock, and she pointed to a cot in the corner where a

"He fell last week," she said with a hard despair in face and voice, that made Rachel think of a stone image speaking, "and he won't be able to work, maybe for three weeks yet; and

Rachel had already discovered the baby in a broken cradle near the stove, its little wizened face as white as the wall behind it. It was lying so still, it

seemed to be dead.

"Give her one of the baskets," also, when she became fully awake, for now she could not say a single word,

removing the paper so that the exquisite fruit was revealed, went over to the only table that the room contained, and placed it where the sick man could see

"It's for you," he said with a kind of touching gentleness, turning to the woman whose wonder at the action was taking out of her face somewhat of its

stony expression.
"Miss Rachel, here," that name com ing much more readily and naturally to him than "Miss Minturn" "got it for

The sick man had raised himself, look of miserable, hungry longing coming into the fever-flushed face, and his wife only then seeming quite to compre-hend what it all meant, darted to the table and took the fruit thence to the Eat. Henry," she said, with a sort

of delirious joy that was almost as piti-ful as her previous stony manner had been, "eat!" and she thrust a great, been, "eat!" and she thrust a great, golden peach into his trembling hands.
"It's what he's been longing for in his fever," she said turning to Rachel and Hardman, "he couldn't eat the food I was able to get, and all day yesterday and to-day he's been calling for fruit.
Oh, God bless you, Miss!" She would Oh, God bless you, Miss!" She would have thrown herself on her knees before the child, only the child herself interposed, and then Hardman put her gently into a chair, where the tears that seemed to have been frozen by her despair came at last. Hardman drew Rachel from the room, closing the door softly behind him.

softly behind him.
Rachel could hardly breathe for the lump in her throat, but as in no case had she any talking to do—Hardman doing it all, and she saw almost as much to laugh at as to weep for, in the antics of the little Bohemian children on the of the little Bohemian children on the fourth floor, and the queer attempts made by the German man who employed the tobacco-strippers, to explain the repairs he wanted, she was comparatively free from emotion by the time they got to the flower-girls' apartment. But Hardman noticed how her hands trembled every time she took the money, and in return drew a receipt from the and in return drew a receipt from the

They could hear the hollow, racking cough of one of the sisters all the time they were ascending the last flight of stairs, and it only ceased an instant be fore Hardman knocked. The door was opened by the girl who had been coughing, and she was still suffering from its effects, her face flushed and her breathing labored; but she smiled when she saw Rachel—a smile of agreeable sur-prise that the little girl was not accom-

panied by Miss Burram.

And Rachel smiled back at her and accepted the invitation to enter, going quite to the middle of the room followed Hardman, and taking the chair the irl placed for her. Directly opposite Rachel was the other sister, bending over what seemed to be yards of mulle her fingers flying in and out so quickly they seemed to the child like flashes of white light. But peculiarly enough head, never ever she never raised he eemed to see the visitors, and all that Rachel could observe of her face was its

thin, white profile.

The other sister appeared to be hesi tating to say something, when Hardman, at a nod from Rachel, put the basket of fruit into her hand.

"It's from Miss Rachel, here," said, "to you and your sister." The girl tore the paper from the bas-ket, and as the fruit appeared, she said in such a tone of high, shrill surprise,

it seemed more like a scream:
"Look, Helen!"

The flower-maker raised her head, showing a face that seemed to be all eyes, they were so big and black, and unnaturally bright, while the other features were small and pinched.

They are for us,' trembling and speaker, her voice trembing and choked, "Miss Rachel brought them." The flower-maker rose, her work still clinging to her fingers, and a flush as deep as blood dying her whole face.

waiting," she said, "I was only waiting," she said, speaking so fast that her words seemed to run together with some indistinct-ness, "for my sister to tell you we had not the rent, when I would have told you to tell Miss Burram to do her worst; for I used the rent to get food for my sister. The dispensary doctor said she was dying for want of nourish-ment—he said she must have milk and eggs and jelly, and I got them—but I ean't feel like giving such a message now, in the face of that!" and she pointed to the fruit. "But we haven't the rent, and we won't have it all this

She sank into her seat again and bent over her work.

'Well, never mind," said Hardman, feeling called upon to say something, both to relieve his own feelings and the eelings of his little companion. Her face was showing intense distress, and he turned to leave the room, Rachel following him; but at the door both were stopped by the sister who had admitted them.

"We didn't thank you," she said huskily, "my sister can't—she's too overcome; but I thank you for us both; thank you, thank you." She closed the door upon them, and as they went silently through the hall they could hear

the sound of sobbing behind them.

As Hardman had to make haste in getting home, there was no time for any conversation, and Rachel had to endure her burning thoughts and the perplexing questions which arose from them, as best she could—and she had many perplexing questions to answer to herself. the most puzzling, how could the rent the woman on the first Burram wouldn't put them out. the milk and eggs and jelly required by the sick girl, Rachel herself on her the sick girl, Rachel herself on her visitation of the next month, could bring her a goodly store of those from the hotel. Thus thinking she became so tired, at length she feel asleep, and so Hardman found her when he drew up before Miss Burram's door and went to assist her from the carriage. He had her from the carriage. He had to call her more than once before he could rouse her, and by that time Sarah came running out of the kitchen very much to his annoyance and to Rachael's

tightly strapped morocco case containing the rents, without a word.

Miss Burram received Rachel in the hall, but beyond extending her hand for the case, and saying that dinner was ready, she gave no sign of welcome betrayed any curiosity as to how Rachel had succeeded; nor did she ask a question relative to the day's journey dinner table, but held her customary silence, and the child, tired, sad, and

silence, and the child, tired, sad, and perplexed, was glad to be let alone. Miss Burram, however, did not let her Charges's face pass without obser-vation; that she studied, unsuspected owner, and from it she divined that the child must have witnessed some of the harrowing sights against which she Miss Burram, had so successfully steeled her own heart, and immediately that dinner was over and she had given the order to Rachel to retire, she opened the morocco case. Every receipt was gone, thus proving that all the rents had been paid, and then she counted the money
—that was correct—one hundred and
thirty dollars. She put the money and case into a drawer with a sigh of satisfaction, and she took from anothe drawer thirteen new, crisp bills to give to her Charge in the morning.

The first opportunity after the visit to the city found Rachel in the carriage-house spreading before Hardman her

house spreading before Hardman her twenty-six crisp, new one-dollar bills.

"I only thought of it when I woke this morning, Jim," she said, her eyes dancing "that my money—the money I get, you know, from Miss Burram for getting her rents, would pay the rent for Mrs. Rendey and those poor flower-girls. I wanted to keep it for Tom, but he won't be back for four years, three months and sixteen days, by six o'clock to night, and by that time I'll have months and sixteen days, by six o'clock to-night, and by that time I'll have more money you know," looking up with such glowing delight into Hardman's face that for an instant he was loath not to gratify her.
"But Miss Burram must know by this

rents—you gave her the morocco case, Miss, didn't you?" "Oh, yes; she was waiting in the hall when I went into the house, as if she was waiting only for that, for she

time that the tenants ain't all paid their

just put her hand out for it."

Hardman nodded; thinking, but not peaking his thoughts, that was just that Miss Burram waited for, and then he resumed, "By this time Miss Bur ne resumed, "By this time Miss Burram must know there are two parties who didn't pay their rent, and she'll send word to her agent and he'll put them out if they don't pay up by the middle of the week—that's the day after to morrow." "But here's the money for that,"

said Rachel impatiently.
"Yes, but how is Miss Burram to get that money without knowing who comes from ?" asked Hardman, enjoythe perplexed look his que

called up to her face. "There is no way of getting it to those people."
"Oh, Jim!" was Rachael's only "Oh, Jim!" was Rachael's only answer, and she looked ready to cry, which brought Jim to a definite state

ment at once.
"It's all paid, Miss Rachel," he said "I couldn't stand it no more'n you could, the sight of those people sufferng so, and I just put the money into that morocco case. You see, Miss Rachel, I ain't got no kin to be savin Rachel, I ain't got no kin to be savin' for, and it's a good deal better for me to be usin' my savin's that way than just hoarding 'em up for myself—and I ain't never had no chance before to do anything like that, because, you see, I never went in with Miss Burram to collect the reats—so you just keep yours for Mr. Tom." for Mr. Tom.'

for Mr. Tom.

Rachel put one of her plump hands into one of Hardman's.

"You're awful good, Jim," she said,

"I guess you're like Tom," as he bent to gather up her bills, and pin them back into the handerchief in which she kept them, a tear rolled down on Hardman's hand; but the next moment she looked up laughing.

The little, pale woman on the first floor, and the flower-girls on the top floor of Miss Burram's Essex Street tenement house, wondered why Miss Burram's agent did not visit them with flower-girls on the top eviction in his wake; nor could they understand it, when on the first of March the little girl accompanied alone by the coachman came again for the rents, and not only made no demand for the unpaid rent of the month before but no reference to it.

s to the fruit which Miss has given, Mrs. Renedy said hasband had seemed to get better ediately, and he had earned enough to make half the rent this month—Hardman quietly paid the other half. As to the flower-girls, Hardman brought for them from the carriage a box of eggs, a half-dozen bottles of milk and a glass of jelly; to be sure Hardman stared a little himself, when he saw these ar-ticles horne to the carriage from the ticles borne to the carriage from the hotel, but he only said in his mind:

"Bless my ribs!" Miss Burram found out all about it when she went to pay in person her bill at the hotel; but as her payment was a semi-annual one, the April visit of her Charge to the tenement was made before the six months had expired, and Rachel had continued to bring, not alone fruit and eggs and jellies for the tenents of the first and sixth floors, but also fruit the six dirty little jabbering Bohemian children on the fourth floor, and a little hunched-back German on the third

"Impossible," said Miss Burram sharply, looking at the amount of the bill presented to her for her Charge; child never ate sixty dollars worth in the three meals she has had here," No, Madam," said the bland head-

"No, Madam," said the bland head-waiter. "the young lady did not eat it herself, but she ordered a great deal and took it away with her. I will get the items for Madam," and before Miss Burram could reply he had disappeared. "Six baskets of fruit, thirty-five dollars" read Miss Burram from the items when they were presented to her. dollars" read Miss Burram from the items when they were presented to her; "twelve glasses of jelly, twelve dollars; six dozen eggs, three dollars; and six bottles of milk, one dollar and a half."

and Hardman even had to slip to her the Miss Burram could hardly speak from

anger. "Miss Minturn took them with her, you say?" she asked shortly, when she had recovered enough from her angry amazement to use her voice.

amazement to use her voice.

"Yes, Madam, in the carriage with her; she asked the first day that she dined here alone, if she could have all the fruit which was then on the table, and as you had left word that your Charge was to be well supplied, the young lady was told she could have

young lady was told she anything she ordered."
"That will do," said Miss Burram, and she paid the bill, saying as she and she paid the carriage, "See to it and sne paid the bill, saying as sale swept out to her carriage, "See to it in future that my Charge takes nothing with her—absolutely nothing."

The head-waiter bowed.

Your orders shall be strictly obeyed,

Madam. What Madam's thoughts were as she drove home in solitary state no one could have told from her face, and Hardman, half expecting, because of her visit to the hotel, to be spoken to in reference to Miss Rachel's conduct, was surprised that; his mistress said nothing to him even when they reached

"She'll speak later," he said to himself, "only I hope she won't speak to Miss Rachel first."

But she did not speak to him later, nor did she say a word to her Charge, and the coachman, though he felt re-lieved, could not understand it. "It can't be," he said to himself,

"that she knows it and is willing for Miss Rachel to act so, for that isn't Miss Burram's way. It isn't that she doesn't know it yet, or maybe it is as I hoped, that she's touched by Miss s charity."
Rachel, the anticipation of the

happiness which she was to bring on the first of the next month to the poor in the tenement, made her unusually happy For Rachel, during the proceeding weeks, and she studied in school with a new zest, and aving so much to interest her thoughts, she hardly minded at all the ostracist of her schoolmates.
Snowstorms had been frequent and

late enough that year to make fairly good sleighing even in March, but beyond that one ride with Miss Burram, the little girl was not again invited, though Miss Burram herself rode often. However, the child had other compen ations; there was a pond on the grounds, and whenever that was frozen she amused herself by sliding upon it. Hard-man had advised her to buy skates since she had money of her own to spend, but she had money of her own to spend, our it would have seemed dreadful to her to touch a cent of that money which she was saving for Tom. Hardman himself would have bought the skates, but he feared the liberty it might seem to Miss Burram. True, she had not reproved him for the boat he had made for Miss Rachel, but, as he argued in his odd way, "A boat at one time might make

no difference, whereas, skates at another might make a heap."

So Rachel had her amusement in sliding on the pond and throwing snowballs imaginary marks, but most of all in scussing with Hardman what she discussing with Hardman what she would get from the hotel next time for Miss Burram's miserable tenants; she thought she ought to take in even the tobacco strippers—they looked wretched tobacco strippers—they looked wretched enough for some fruit to do them good, at which Hardman laughed. He let her talk on, however, feeling happy himself in the enjoyment it gave her.

But on the enjoyment it gave her.
But on the first Saturday of the month succeeding Miss Burram's payment of the bill incurred by her Charge, when the latter gave her order as usual from the paper on which she had written it all out so as not to forget as which is all out so as not to forget anything, the

waiter said with a bow:
"Madam left orders that you not to take anything away with you. You can have all you want yourself, but nothing more.

Rachel's face got suddenly scarlet. "You see," the man continued, "your bill was so high, Miss, Madam could not understand, and they told her that you took away a good deal more than you ate yourself, and she gave strict orders

Rachel got out of the hotel, escorted as usual, by the manager, with a feel-ing of tightness about her heart, and a wild wish to cry; when the carriage door was shut upon her she did let fall a good many big salt drops, and when Hardman got down from the box at 124 Essex street, to let her out, her eyes were red. He, on beholding her come from the hotel, neither preceded nor followed by a waiter, carrying parcels

divined the cause.

"Bless my ribs!" he said to himself,
"but Miss Burram's found out, and
she's gave orders." And so Rachel
told him with faltering voice before she

"But, it wasn't wrong, Jim," she added, "I wasn't disobedient. I don't need to ask her forgiveness"—trying to think what would best please Tom under the circumstances.

said Jim decisively, "you don't need to ask no forgiveness-you didn't go again no orders."

At which Rachel felt relieved; but

At which Kachel left relieved; but as she stepped to the pavement, the same little dirty, ragged crowd sur-rounded her, and one imp of a boy managing to thrust his head quite into the carriage, withdrew it to shout to his companions:
"De kid ain't brought nothin' dis

agility of a monkey, had sprung a half dozen paces away, and stood balancing himself on one foot, and making faces.

Eight of the twenty families were de ficient in their rent—the flower-girls and the Bohemian family entirely deficient-and the other six lacking their respective amounts by two or three dollars. Mrs. Rendey, to Hardman's

dollars. Mrs. Kendey, to Hardman's surprise, paid hers in full.

"You see," she said with a wan smile, "Henry is working, and when he works right along I can manage to have the rent; there's only him and me and the baby to provide for, and the dispensary doctor, says when the warm pensary doctor says when the warm weather comes if I can take the baby somewhere near the water, even if it's only for a day, once in a while, that the What is noticeable in the testimonies of

baby'll pull through. I've heard there's kind ladies that has places near the kind ladies that has places near the water, and that they have mothers with

water, and that they have mothers with sick babies go and spend the day at their places; maybe I could manage to take my baby to the water that way."

And there was a surprising hope and even cheer in her voice. But Rachel had not recovered from her disappointment; she felt that collecting the rents now would be a most dreary task, since now would be a most dreary task, since she could do nothing to relieve the suffering which shocked and pained her, and while it came to her to buy delica cies for the poor people with the money which she earned, the thought of Tom prevented the carrying out of that pro-

Hardman seeing her troubled face she returned to the carriage, and as-cribing it more to the fact of the many delinquencies in the payment of the rent, he whispered as he closed the

"There shan't be no putting out of anybody, Miss Rachel, I've got enough

anybody, Miss Rachel, I've got enough to make up all the rents."

Enough to make up all the rents required twenty dollars of Hardman's own money, but he cheerfully put it into the morocco case, taking out the receipts in turn, and smiling as he thought if he paid twenty dollars every month, in time he would be in need of charity himself.

Miss Burram thought it remarkable that since her Charge had been collect-ing, every dollar of the rents was paid so promptly; she never suspected the truth, and on the following Sunday evening, her satisfaction getting the better of her reticence, she said sudden-ly to Mr. Burleigh:

You have had nothing to do at 124 for some time, Mr. Burleigh?"
"Nothing," he answered hurriedly, and as if he were not sure that he was

and as if he were not sure that he was doing right to answer at all.

Rachel looked up wondering what Miss Burram meant, and never thinking that 124 was the number of the house she visited every month, till Burleigh added, seeing that Miss Burram waited as if for him to go on, "Nothing beyond listening to every one's complaint and demand for repairs: they're plaint and demand for repairs ; they're troublesome lot, from the whining girls on the top floor, to the woman with the baby on the first."

Rachel, comprehending now, leaned forward unconsciously, looking earnest-ly at Burleigh, and wondering what he had to do with the tenement house she

visited.
Toussel having overheard some reference to a "troublesome lot," felt it to be his duty to say something about his favorite panacea for all "troublesome lots," and so he raised his thin, shrill

"Did you ever give them salads, Mr.

Burleigh?"
"No, Mr. Toussel; I have never ried that excellent remedy," said Burleigh with extraordinary sarcastic sharpness, possibly because it was the only outlet for his vexed amazement with Miss Burram—that unaccountable woman who could summon him from the city on a charge of having simply sen of his business connections with spoken of his business connections with her to a business acquaintance, now openly, and without any warning to him, seeming to be about to proclaim the very heart of her private affairs. But Miss Burram quietly ended all dis-cussion by ordering Rachel to retire, and asking Mrs. Toussel what she thought of the spring fashions.

The next day Rachel repeated every

thing to Hardman.
"Bless my ribs!" said that aston-Bless my ribs! said that aston-field man to himself, and then he said aloud, "I shouldn't wonder, Miss Rachel, but he's the agent we hears about, that goes for the rent which the tenants can't pay at first, and if they can't pay it last, the agent as puts them

out."
| "O-o-o-o!" said Rachel, conceiving e instant a violent dislike for Bur-

TO BE CONTINUED. THE COMMUNION OF SAINTS

On November 1 the Church will celebrate the feast of All Saints. It is a holyday of obligation. The faithful, therefore, are bound to assist at the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass unless legiti-

mately provented.

Those who are not of the household of faith have, as a rule, no proper con-ception of the teaching of the Church on the subject of the Communion of Saints. They not unfrequently accuse us of giving to creatures the honor and

glory due to the Creator.

To a Catholic the doctrine of the Communion of Saints is a source of the sweetest consolation. It strengthens,

purifies his love.

On the date of the approaching feast, therefore, well-nigh three hundred mil-lion Catholics will with grateful hearts salute those who now reign with Christ in heaven. In every age of the Christian Church religious honor has been given to the saints. The practice has flourished since the day on which Stephen was murdered by the Jews. In the eighth book of the Apostolic tions, a very ancient production, we read this admonition: "On the day of . Stephen, the protomartyr, let them (the faithful) abstain from servile work and on the other days of the holy martyrs, who died for Christ." found regard in which the saints were "De kid ain't brought nothin' dis time; dere ain't nothin' in de carriage."

The driver from his box, cut at the impudent little urchin with his whip, but with no more success than if he had aimed at the air, for the imp, with the dicated in their honor. These temples were dedicated in their honor of aimed at the air, for the imp, with the saints were did in the many churches erected in their honor. These temples were dedicated in their honor of the many churches erected in their honor. These temples were dedicated in their honor of the many churches erected in their honor. These temples were dedicated in their honor of the saints were the held in primitive times found practical held in primitive times found practical held in primitive times found practical held in primitive times found regard in which the saints were the held in primitive times found practical held in primitive times found practical held in primitive times found regard in which the saints were the held in primitive times found practical held in the held in t The Fathers, those sturdy pillars of the early Church, whose testimony to her teachings and practices is unimpeachable, also furnish interesting testimony to the antiquity of the Catholic doctrine of honoring the saints. St. Augustine who is quite a pet with our separated brethren, wrote against Faustus to the effect that the "Christian people celebrated with religious solemnity the memory of the martyrs." St. Jerome is precise in his statement; he puts the Catholic doctrine in a nutshell. In his letter to Riparius he said: "We honor the servants, that the honor of the servants may redound to the Master."
Testimonies of similar import might be

all early writers is that they in no way referred to the honor given to the saints as an innovation in the Church, but as custom that had come down to there

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a custom that had come down to them from the beginning.

All people, Catholic and Protestant alike, subscribed to the old saw, "honor to whom honor is due." But to whom is honor due? Unquestionably, to persons of exalted virtue, of noble purpose and lofty resolution. noble purpose and lofty resolution. Honor is due to those who lived for the welfare of others, whose times and labors and means were spent in tranquilizing pain and alleviating distress whose hearts were fountains of love for their fellow men. Honor is due to

and dispense happiness; to those whose good example is a light to straywhose good example is a light to stray-ing feet. This is the plain teaching of Holy Writ. "Glory and honor and peace," says St. Paul, "to everyone that worketh good" (Rom. 11, 10), Those who minister to our Lord will be honored by His Father (St. Lobe honored by His Father (St. John xii., 26). The friends of God are exceedingly honorable and their principality strengthened (Ps. 138).

those who banish ignorance, oppose

We feel that we are in excellent co pany when associated with St. Paul, St. James, St. Augustine, St. Irenaeus, St. Jerome and a host of other names that illumine the pages of history. We feel, moreover, that the countless milwho for well nigh twenty centuries have given the saints relig honor, have not been wrong. The Church honors God, glorifies His holy name and pays to Him the tribute of her adoration; and she believes that He is pleased we honor those heroic who lived for the sole purpose of promoting His glory, and of extending His Kingdom. The words of St. Jerome are deeply expressive: "We honor the are deeply expressive : " servants, that the honor of the servants may redound to the Master."

SHACK CHURCHES. Humble Shrines of Piety Dotting the

Catholics who live in large cities, where churches, schools and all things needful are convenient, have little knowledge of the difficulties under which their brethren elsewhere labor. A recent correspondent of the Catholic Universe reveals, in part, how the Church is being builded in the South. He says: Catholics who live in large cities, He says: "The Apostolate of North Carolinais

following a unique and effective plan for the evangelization of that State atholics are exceedingly few in the North State, numbering considerably less than five thousand. The country districts are almost solidly Protestar Despite this fact the missionaries have invited themselves to locate in their midst, choosing for their central point site not far from the capital of the Statue. Here they built a neat frame church, for the sole accommodation of their Protestant neighbors. Services are held every Sunday and are well at are held every sunday and are well at-tended. During the week visits are made to the different homes. The Southern people are proverbially hos-pitable and just as religious as hospit-They talk freely on religion As the discussion frequently lengthers into hours, the missionary is invited to stay for dinner or supper—a phase of his work that must appeal powerfully to the gospeller, when you remember that an appropriation of \$500 constitutes an entire year's salary for the three priests of the band. The visits of the missionaries, besides accomplishing much good in themselves, also to bring Protestants to the Sunday services at the church. Little by little Catholic truth gains upon Protestant error, and conversions follow smoothly and naturally. Where there were few or no Catholics before, a Catholic congregation gradually arises.
" At such time the missionaries be-

"At such time the missionaries begin seeking new fields of conquest.
At a distance not exceeding fifteen miles, one or more little churches and the miles one or more little churches are the miles one or more little churches and the miles one or more little churches are the miles of rected. The missionaries call them shacks." They are erected. They are quite modest in design, though large enough to accom date a good-sized congregation. They stand on ground purchased for the future Catholic parish. As the means of the missionaries are limited, the price of the shack and lot is not allowed to exceed \$150. The old method is employed here: During the week the neighborhood is scoured by the zealous missionary on his lean horse, and on Sundays the congregation gathers at the shack for its first and subsequent lesshack for its first and subsequent lessons in the Catechism. What splendid instructors these missionaries are The Baltimore Catechism is their text book; each lesson is illustrated a homely comparison or apt story; language is plain and simple, si the common country folk will easily understand: a little spice of humor is added now and again to keep hearers good natured. We ar sured by the instructors that there is a good congregation of Protestants at every Sunday service in each of the shacks. When one knows the missionaries personally and has witnessed the enthusiasm with which they throw themselves into their work; knows their sterling piety, disinterestedness, their utter lack of human respect, it would cause surprise if the humble shack, filled with its Protestant listeners, did not in time develop into a respectable church building and a fervent Catholic congregation."

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get a bottle of Holloway's Corn Cure. It has never been known to fail.

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"Heugh! Heugh!" groaned old Pierre, trying to raise himself from the rock on which he rested. Then he looked around and shook tremulous fist as his e forming Then he had occ at the mountain peaks frowning of every side. "So," said he—"so I am at your feet. Once I was your master. Marie, she to h at your feet. Once I was your master.
I have danced upon those beetling
I have danced upon those precipitous
brows and scaled those precipitous
brows and scaled those precipitous
brights like a chamois. Ah, I tell you
heights like a voung then! You could
"So," I was bold and young then! You could not frighten Pierre with your crashing avalanches. Pierre knew your tricks

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OCTOBER 26, 1901.

heart."
Then muttering maledictions on old not specified the of by heart." age, which brought so many infirmities the ot in its train, he took up a small bundle. This w

in its train, he took up a small bundle and pursued his journey to the village beside the lake.

From the path by which Pierre descended immediately below the steep zigzag was a superb view of the azure lake. The limpid waters lapped the later labels of intensely blue. The theree cliffs, blue, so intensely blue. The the rei barks, wing a wing, sped like eagles rang i barks, wing a wing, sped like eagles across the bay. Pierre's old eyes had lost little of their keenness, and they took in this beauty with infinite joy.

"At least I can see," he said proudly, "and perhaps I can use my wits no less than I could forty years ago.

less than I could forty years ago.
Well, now for my affectionate nephews.
Let us recapitulate the lesson. What are the names? Ah, I have it! The gospels backward. First, John. He should be steady, this John, and doubtless well to do. Luke was a fool—yes! I avoid Luke. Mark—what did he say of Mark? Is it possible my memory begins to fail me? But, no! I remember all. He is the rich one, very rich. Mathieu, a generous rattlepate with a wife and six children and little to feed them with. John and Mark, I send you my very good compliments."

to feed them with. John and Mark, 1 send you my very good compliments."

A malicious smile hovered round the aged man's lips as he waved his hand with mock courtesy toward the village, nestling well under shelter of the cliffs nestling well under shelter of the chills down which the zigzag path was lead-ing him. It is possible John and Mark may meet their match in this decrepit figure, for after all it is mind that gov-

figure, for arter and the serns matter.

Perhaps some such thought caused the smile in the keen old eyes as Pierre at last found himself in the village of his street and asked for the house of his nephew, John Desor.

John, a portly, heavy visaged John

stood at his shop door. A cautious man, this John, who did not accept this feeble relative with the manifestation of hospitality.
"I suppose I may sit down?" quavered Pierre.
"You may sit down," said John's deep base. Mrs. John sat behind the counter,

ready for customers. She made signs to her husband. In her eyes it was easy to read that there was no wel-"He had better go to Mark. Mark is so rich, and besides this he has a

is so rich, and besides this he has a room and to spare."
Pierre was still smiling as he turned to leave the shop. John pointed the way with magnificent courtesy.
"The second house on the right.
You do well to go to Mark," he said ap-

provingly,

Mark was a notary. He was busy writing and looked up, frowning flercely at the interruption. "Disgraceful! One of our own blood begging! You always wasted your substance in the past, or you would not be homeless to-day. You can't expect us to support you. We have all we can do to get our own We have all we can do to get our own living. Go back to the that counseled you to take this unwise step. But wait! Let me look up the family record. I don't believe you are our great-uncle after all. Desor is no uncommon name.'

The old man, without a word, walked " Pigs, exasperating

into the street. "Pigs, exasperating pigs of peasants!" he said under his breath. "But now what to do?" At least the bench by the well was common property. He crawled there with his bundle and sat down to rest. crawled there Then, in a dreamy, half drowsy condition, he watched the women come and at last a loud voice and a

boisterous laugh set the echoes calling. "Eh, friends, neighbors! Have you seen an old man go past this noon? A feeble old man with a bundle? I want to find him. He's my great uncle, you must know, homeless and friendless, ac cording to my two most noble brothers What! Here? Poo John and Mark. What! Here? Pool old fellow! Tired out and hungry Why, uncle, how are you? I'm you grandnephew, Mathieu, at your ser

So you are Mathieu?" The old man roused himself with start and smiled back at the cheer

face bent over him.

"Aye, and here you have the wi and young ones! Three here and thrumore at home. Yes, as you see, we a blessed with plenty of mouths to fee and, thanks be to God, a crust for ea one and one over for you if you'll ta As he talked Mathieu lifted the

man in his arms, carried him like a so of corn to the wagon and tumbled h Every one laughed, Pierre louthan all. "This is what I like," said he.

"This is what I like," said he. am cheerful by nature." Then, show that he was not too old to be tertaining, he told fine stories laughed merrily all the way along. But as the rude wagon jolted up mountain side to the tiny chalet wl Mathieu made his poor living, the man became silent, oasting his leyes back and forth with comprehen glances. Ah, Pierre had his wits a him, wits enough to stock Mathieu, wife and six children and leave plover for the elder brothers.

over for the elder brothers.

"So you are very poor, Mathies said he as he took his survey from

chalet door.

Mathieu's rosy face clouded looked within and nodded. Every was clean, for his wife was thrifty poverty was written on every even in the faces of his six chi who needed more plentiful and

nourishing food.
"Mathieu," called the wife, "thou and make the uncle a becates we have sweet hay up here."