"We shall live," she said gently. "God is God and He watches over us. Can we not do something?"

There was but one thing I might do, and that I felt would be useless. I might take my horse and ride out once more in search of a water hole or village. But this would necessitate leaving her alone with those two sullen, lowering Kaffirs and the oxen which, though quiet as yet, would soon become fierce and dangerous, I told her so.

"You must go," she said firmly. "I am not afraid to stay here without you. And if I were it would still be your duty to go. You have a few bottles of soda water left. Open them, share them, with your boys, and then go."

"There are but two left," I answered, "and those—"

"Those you wish to keep for the woman with whom you have burdened yourself," she interrupted. "Mr. Errol, do you know me so little? Come at once."

Her tone was imperious, but her eyes were infinitely kind. She hurried me back to the wagon.

One bottle of the precious soda water I gave to the boys, the other Cecile and I shared between us. The liquid was flat and more than luke warm, but to us it was as nectar of the gods. Then I left her.

It was hard to ride away and leave her there alone in that hell of heat and flies, with those despairing men and dying cattle. But it had to be done and I did it. I would have taken her with me had it been possible, but over such ground in that fearful heat my poor horse would have dropped under the double burden.

Again and again I looked back at her and always to meet the same brave smile as she waved one hand to me, while the other grasped the loaded revolver I had laid on her lap. At last a shoulder of the ridge hid her from sight and then I hurried on, not sparing my horse, for I was riding for my life and a life dearer far than my own.

And what a ride it was! Over earth like hot ashes, under a sky of flame, between hills that glowed like furnaces, with the sand-laden air smarting in eyes and nostrils and parching throat and skin. It was like some ghastly nightmare. And my quest was vain. I rode mile after mile and hour after hour without seeing a single green blade or a drop of moisture. At last my horse could go no further and I was compelled to stop. I let him rest for an hour. Then as night was coming on, I gave up the hopeless search and made the best of my way back to the wagon.

Long before I reached it I could hear the bellowing of the oxen, and when I drew nearer I found one of their number lying with its throat cut. I knew then that my boys had deserted me, and that the animal had been slaughtered that they might drink its blood before they went. I sickened as the thought crossed my mind that before many hours I myself might be thankful to swallow a like ghastly draught.

I found Cecile lying in the wagon in a heavy sleep. Her face was white and her lips looked parched and dry. In one hand she grasped the soda water bottle she and I had emptied in the morning. She had evidently been trying to drain a few last drops of moisture from it—she had suffered already then. My throat swelled almost to bursting with the agony this knowledge caused me. For one mad moment I laid my hand upon the revolver beside her, but withdrew it again. I lacked the cowardice to end our sufferings in that fashion.

She slept all night and I sat beside her. Sometimes I would fall into an uneasy doze only to awake again to choking agony, for my throat was like a lime-kiln. It was a horrible vigil. The cattle crowded about the wagon, their crazed, bleeding tongues lolling from their mouths, fighting, butting, goring one another in their agony, then with mad haste licking up the blood that trickled from the wounds their horns had made. I felt that it would be criminal to suffer the poor creatures to linger in torture any longer. As soon as it was day and I could send Cecile out of sight and sound of the slaughter I would shoot them all.

The poor girl's sleep lasted until long after the red-hot sun had risen. For some time after she woke she gazed at me in a dreamy, dazed fashion. Then, recognizing me, she smiled and put her hand into mine. But it was long minutes before she could speak distinctly, so parched and inflamed were her throat and tongue.

I told her what I intended to do and begged her to go away to the other side of the ridge that she might not witness sickening butchery.

"If I could shoot straight I would not leave you to do it all alone," she said. "But I cannot, so I will go."

Usually my aim was sure, but that day my head was dizzy and my hand shook, so that often I was obliged to fire three and even four times before I could put some poor wounded beasts out of its pain. That scene comes before me again as I write—the blood-stained sand, the looming cloud of aasvogels, the bleeding carcasses, the dying beasts licking with their blackened, swollen tongues the blood that welled from their own death wounds. It was ghastly.

It was all over at last. I flung down my smoking rifle and went to seek Cecile. I found her sitting, or rather crouching in the scanty shade of a thorn bush.

At the sound of my footsteps she rose and came to meet me. Then reading I know what of love and pity and agony in my face she put her hand into mine.

"We can die but once," she whispered. "Let us prepare to meet our God."

"And we shall die together," I said, and I stooped and kissed her. And our emotions made us for a space unmindful of our physical sufferings.

It was toward evening, and after we had endured such torments as I cannot bear to dwell upon even yet, that a band of natives, led by my two wagon boys and an elderly white man, came round the shoulder of the ridge toward us. They carried water, milk and melons, and brought us back to life from the very gates of death.

My boys had reached a native village late the night before, and at the first streak of dawn the good priest and his men set out to rescue us.

I should like to describe the little mission station to which they took us, to speak at length of the Father's kindness, to tell how Cecile and I were made man and wife there one day in the presence of the entire tribe, to describe my good mother's astonishment when I returned home a married man, bringing with me a bride from the desert. But all this belongs to another story.—Jessie Humphreys in the Magnificat.

LINGARD THE CATHOLIC HISTORIAN

M. J. Griffin, Parliamentary Librarian, in Montreal Gazette

"When you begin to draw definite lessons and morals from history you at once cease to be searchers after truth."—Bishop Creighton.

History has rarely been written impartially. The trail of the partizan serpent is over it all. When the historians are quoted for any purpose, we have a prima facie right to challenge their authority. So much is generally accepted as a rule of criticism. Another rule is that they may be quoted with confidence at least when their admissions or conclusions tell against themselves. Bearing these rules in mind, the student has a better chance of getting at the truth, by escaping the partizanship which is so apt to lead him astray. But the difficulties of writing, reading and judging history are so many that the jaunty confidence with which reference is made to historical authorities is likely to be assumed; no one ought to be confident there where the chances against accuracy are so many.

Among modern historians few are so little known as Lingard. His volumes are fourteen; his readers, we fear, are few. There have been several editions of his great work which ends with the overthrow of James II., and so far there is testimony to the acceptance of the history. But he neglected the graces of style; he did not devote himself to impressing a philosophy of history on his readers; he made no attempt at producing a form of literature; and he severely set himself to collect and classify facts. He has no purple patches. He did not seek singularity by blackening or whitening characters. He exercised a large measure of economy in controversy. Nevertheless he made perfectly clear the fact that he was writing a history of England from the Roman Catholic point of view. Where history had been notoriously written from other points of view, he made it his object to state the facts from his own.

He had a difficult task to perform. Not only had he to bear up against the current of opinion and tradition that had been running so long and so strongly; but he had to make head against certain obstinate forms of prejudice among his own communion. The long years of persecution from which Roman Catholics had suffered in the three kingdoms had left them more or less timid. It is true that the penal laws which were on the statute-book are so malignant and unreasonable, were not in generally viciously enforced. They were retained, as Mr. Lecky tells us, mainly as a reserve power which might be put into force if needed. They were avoided where danger threatened, by prudence and reticence. Catholic Bishops made no display. Priests did not wear clerical garb. Religious ceremonies were reduced in number and conducted in privacy. The domestic chaplain in the great houses exercised his functions over a wider area than his home.

But all this had the effect of producing a certain degree of timidity. The habit of retirement had become fixed. The capacity for organization and agitation had been lost. The laymen who felt galled under unjust laws and occasional injustice in their application, and who were disposed to combine for defence and to use political means for relief, were apt to be looked on by their bishops as over-zealous and dangerous men. As the penal laws were relaxed, by legislation and practice towards the close of the Eighteenth Century, the laymen became restive and took measures for procuring further freedom. Then there arose a too obvious distinction between the old Catholics and the new. The old Catholics were disposed to let things alone; to trust to wise statesmen and the operation of time. The new men, gaining courage with every favorable circumstance, were disposed to agitate, to form committees, to interview public men, to ask for repeal of unjust legislation. Conflicts of opinion of jurisdiction, of authority constantly arose. Local quarrels were referred to Rome. Rome was worried by references, which the Vatican authorities had not knowledge enough to satisfactorily settle. Long delays were inevitable. Mistakes in matters of administration were occasionally made. The wrong men were sometimes listened to at the court of Rome. Zeal in many instances developed into temper. Suspicions of orthodoxy were occasionally entertained. The Catholics and the Catholicity of the three kingdoms suffered during many years from a state of things sure to arise when pietist politicians, and ecclesiastical attorneys and theological grocers are inspired by the unmistakable notion that they have a mission in life to criticise and instruct their bishops, forgetful of the fact that a high authority has provided a whip for a horse, a bridle for an ass, and a rod for the back of a fool.

In the early days of those young John Lingard (whose life and letters by Martin Haile and Edwin Bonney has recently been published) was born in 1771 in the little village of Claxley in Lincolnshire. His family was respectable; his immediate parents were poor. His father was the village carpenter, occupying in such a neighborhood a position of more security and standing than the average tradesman of the town could enjoy. Exhibiting unmistakable signs of talent, he was sent to Douay to be educated for the priesthood. That once famous home of learning was the refuge of many young students from the three kingdoms. The course of studies was pre-eminently calculated to cultivate taste and develop capacity. Classics, modern languages, theology, logic and as much literature as there was time for, gave the young men access to all that sound literature had provided for their instruction. The intellectual training was thorough; the moral training was constant and severe. There was no place for lounging. Sports were not prominent. It is possible that health was not a primary consideration. The hoodium had not been encouraged to howl at college exercises. Some natural degree of activity was exhibited by vigorous young men of many nations; but the principal object was brain not muscle. Some attention, too, was paid to manners and the students of Douay were acceptable everywhere. All through his life Lingard was distinguished by his manner, in which dignity mingled with humor.

Young Lngard sailed from Margat to Ostend on his way to Douay in 1782, while the war between France, Holland Spain and America on the one side and Great Britain on the other was being waged. He was leaving home at eleven years not to see his people again till his education was completed. It was a penal offence to send boys to Douay; and it was a penal offence to educate them at home. The force of unreason could not further go. Douay was a sixteenth century creation, fully equipped for its purposes. Lingard's studies included not only the customary classic authors, but also Hebrew. In 1799 he entered on his Divinity Course, for the priesthood. In 1791 he was so far accomplished that he was appointed a minor professor. He was not destined to conclude his studies at Douay. The French Revolution did not spare the institutions of education. The college was not to escape. Lingard had a narrow escape from death. Venturing into the town of Douay he encountered a mob of ruffians dragging the Mayor to execution. His college dress attracted attention; the crowd raised a cry against him; and we are told that only his fleetness of foot saved him from destruction.

In 1793, after the execution of the King, the full force of the revolution fell on France. The college was occupied by the revolutionaries. Lingard and two others escaped by letting themselves down from the town walls at night, and after a variety of adventures the little party arrived at the house of Lord Stourton in England. All the colleges were seized and confiscated, and the students who had stayed on were made prisoners. Many escaped. The whole educational system was destroyed. But the act of 1791 in England had made it possible to educate priests once more in England; so the need for Douay no longer existed. The escaped students soon got together in England, and after some experiments settled at Crook Hall, near Durham, where they continued their studies and organized a college, with John Lingard as vice-president. The new institution was, of course, poor. At one time it is said there was only one cassock among the inmates, and the surplices had to go with tail coats, knee breeches and grey stockings.

It is unnecessary and would be tedious to go into all the details of the religious and political controversies of the day. The literary career of Lingard is what is most interesting. His first publication was "The Antiquities of the Anglo-Saxon Church," published in 1806. All who have read it must admire its extraordinary learning and the easy flow of its unadorned style. It is still a textbook for all students of the subject but the editions have not been many and the volumes are getting scarce. The work was enlarged and recast in two volumes in 1858, and this edition is more available, and, indeed, more valuable, inasmuch as new material had been got together on a subject which still admits of discovery and discussion. To have written such a work under discouraging conditions was an evidence of scholarship and industry very nearly approaching genius.

Having undertaken to write a History of England, Lingard retired to a small mission at Hornby, near Lancaster. In 1817 he was able to negotiate for the publication of three volumes, and in 1819 they appeared. He was then forty-eight years old. In 1830 the final volume appeared, making eight in all. The work won attention from the first, and was large in circulation. Its moderate tone, its obvious accuracy, its frank and fearless exposure of errors on the part of other writers attracted attention. Criticism of course there was. It proceeded from two sources. The school of Hume was naturally critical, and the maintenance of the old-time Protestant traditions was rigorously put forth. But the sharpest attacks were made by a small school of Catholics under the lead of Bishop Milner, who wanted more controversy and less restraint, especially less disposition to make historical concessions. In the end Lingard obtained the approbation of Rome and triumphed over his critics.

Some forms of criticism have remained part of our literary traditions. Macaulay, commenting on the final volumes of a new edition, in 1849, said to Longman, "I have looked through the tenth volume of Lingard's History in the new edition. I an not aware that a single error has been pointed out by Lingard in my narrative (of the revolution.) His estimate of men and of institutions naturally differs from mine. There is no direct reference to me, but much pilfering from me, and a little carping at me. I shall take no notice either of the pilfering or the carping." To "carp" at Macaulay was a mortal offence. His first two volumes had been recently issued and he was full of a successful author's pride. Lingard was then seventy-eight years old, very ill and within two years of his end. He had neither health nor spirits, nor disposition to "carp" publicly. In private he was frank enough to his friends. He confesses that in his last edition he had introduced passages designed to refute Macaulay's views apparently contained in the Essays. He refused to review Macaulay for fear of seeming jealous. From his correspondence it seems that he had been careful not to quote Macaulay or to depend on him for a fact. Lingard was one of the earliest historians to make a conscientious duty of consulting original authorities, in all cases where the still existing hostility of foreign and home keepers of records permitted him to do so. In our own time this hostility has not yet wholly disappeared.

He hated exaggerations of every kind; and this occasionally exposed him to the charge of coldness. He disliked controversy, but at various times published controversial pamphlets, historical in character. He seems to have been much consulted and trusted by the Bishops in England during all periods of agitation; but with the Irish Bishops he was no favorite; being of the old English school, and maintaining his disposition to seclusion and silence, he was unequal to the enthusiasm of the Irish prelates living in an atmosphere of a different character. Had the Irish Bishops been less active, less progress would, perhaps, have been made in 1829. Had Lingard and his school been a little more enthusiastic, perhaps more assistance might have been rendered. Temperaments are stubborn things, not to be easily altered. The moderation of the English Catholics secured assistance in Parliament which might have been withheld. The vigorous propagandism of the Irish brought about a crisis which had to be met. To this end all the parties worked together though in apparent disagreement. When Lingard died in 1851 there were no factions among the vast number of people who mourned his departure, and who revere his memory still.

THE NEW ST. MICHAEL'S HOSPITAL ANNEX, TORONTO

OPENED BY GOVERNOR GIBSON ON THE NINETEENTH—SKETCH OF WORK WHICH ALL SHOULD SUPPORT

This institution has made a decided step forward. The architect, Mr. A. Post, describes the annex as follows:

The new wing is situated on the north side of the old building. It is the first unite of a series that will be erected in the near future, and will be the "Medical" wing, a new and complete modern hospital. It is 175 feet long, with an average width of 60 feet, and has a wing 50x60 feet on the north end running east and west, and is so arranged that sunlight enters every room at some time during the day. It is four stories high above the basement, is built of brick, stone, steel and concrete, and is fireproof throughout. The exterior walls are of solid masonry, faced with Don Valley red brick and New Brunswick brown sandstone. The floors and roof are of reinforced concrete, supported on steel columns and girders, while the interior partitions are of hollow terra cotta tile. A wide and well-lighted corridor runs the entire length of the building, through five doors of copper. The basement, which is high, dry, and well-lighted, is taken up with the dining-room for the Sisters, and medical staff and nurses; a nurses' lecture-room, X-ray room, cloak and toilet rooms, fresh air, fan, store and serving room, tradesmen's entrance, and space for the elevator and refrigeration machinery, &c., &c.

On the ground floor are three public wards, two semi-private and four private rooms, lavatories, toilet and bath-rooms, isolation rooms for each ward, diet kitchen, and private rooms for nurses and physicians, besides medicine and linen rooms.

The other stories are similar, except the top one, a portion of which is taken up with the kitchen, pastry store and cold rooms.

There are three electric elevators, one passenger, one freight, and one automatic, the latter for service between the large kitchen, and the diet or serving room on each floor. The passenger elevator runs from the basement to the roof which is flat, has a tile floor, and will be used as a garden, to which patients can be carried without removal from their beds. Besides this outside air space, are broad and spacious fireproof verandahs on each storey and opening directly off the wards.

The interior has been kept very plain, almost severe, to allow of easy cleaning; all corners and angles in rooms, etc., are coved or rounded. The interior finished woodwork of the doors and casings is "rift" sawed oak, perfectly plain, without mould or panel of any kind, and finished in varnish; the concrete floors, of the wards and rooms are covered with hard maple, waxed and polished; those in the corridor, bath and toilet rooms are white marble Terazza carried up ten inches on the side of the walls, forming a base. The staircases are of iron, the landings and treads being "Pink Tennessee" marble; the walls and ceilings are plastered in hard white stucco, while those of the bath and toilet rooms are covered with white enamelled tile; the partition separating the fixtures being Italian marble.

Great care has been given to the sanitary engineering of the building. Each public ward, semi-private and private ward has its own lavatory, toilet and bath room; these have been fitted with the most modern hospital fixtures, such as lavatories, closets, tubs, showers and nurses' sinks, &c., all having hot and cold water connections.

A "Hydro-Therapeutic" room has been arranged with most approved apparatus on t e second floor, for the treatment of nervous diseases.

A complete telephone system gives communication with every department of the various buildings of the hospital. Electricity is used for lighting and also for running the elevators and fans, gas being used only for emergency lighting, and in the gas ranges for cooking. Instead of noisy bells, an electric signal system has been placed in the private and semi private rooms. Steam is used for heating, through a vaccum system, which is perfectly noiseless in operation, and gives an even and ample supply of steam at very low pressure to every radiator throughout the building.

Fresh, pure, air at any desired temperature is delivered into every room and ward by a large electric fan, while two similarly driven ones remove the vitiated air from the rooms and toilet rooms respectively, the inlet and outlet being so proportioned that the air in the wards is changed every fifteen minutes, without drafts or annoyance to the patients.

An up-to date refrigerating plant will supply pure ice from distilled water, besides keeping the store-rooms and diet kitchen refrigerator at any desired temperature.

The cooking apparatus of the kitchen is of the most modern type; it includes gas ranges, steam cookers for cereals, vegetables and soups; potato washer and peelers, dish-washing machine, sinks, steam tables, pot racks, &c., &c. The ward kitchens on each floor are fitted with gas range, steam tables, sinks, specially designed cupboards for trays, china, &c., also with hot water heated dinner wagons for delivering the food hot to the various wards.

A new boiler house with a stack 100 feet high has been built on the Victoria street side of the lane; in this has been placed the 150 horse-power high pressure steam boilers, two hot water cylinders (each 700 gallons capacity,) vacuum and feed pumps. It is connected to the hospital proper by means of a brick and concrete subway, 5 x 6 feet in size. Through this subway the steam mains hot and cold water pipes and electric conduits are run, thus eliminating all dirt and danger from fire, etc., from the other buildings. The steam boilers not only furnish steam heat for heating both the new and old buildings, but also for heating the water used in the hospital, the laundry and the nurses' home, and driving the laundry machinery.

In planning the building special attention has been given for the care of a large number of ward and semi-private patients.

The wing will accommodate (in all) 178 patients, viz.,—134 public wards, 28 semi-private, and 16 private; thus it will be seen that the greater portion of the building has been set apart for ward patients. Instead of a few large wards, several of medium size (the largest being arranged for 14 beds) have been provided, each having its own toilet and bath rooms and wards and isolation room. This arrangement ensures better service and more cozy and homely surroundings for the patients, besides being more convenient for the nurses' and making their work less laborious. In fact, everything throughout the building has been arranged with a view of reducing the hard labor of a hospital to a minimum.

The various works have been most thoroughly and substantially done at an expenditure of $250,000. As soon as finances will permit, the plan for completing the other buildings will be proceeded with. The new buildings yet to be erected comprise an administration building, where the old buildings now

CONTINUED ON PAGE SIX

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