## A VICTIM TO THE SEAL OF Jardinier, and the clergyman at Ste. "Yes, sir, and the bad people say he has done something very dreadful, and they have taken him to prison, and poor grand mother too. And it is all a lie; my uncle is a priest, and a very holy man." CONFESSION.

presents !"

"Yes, grandmother brought a lot of

The constable had learnt enough

ing out a pencil, he wrote on a slip of paper the words: "I have got every-thing out of the child;" then he said:

Well you are a very intelligent little

table to come in, closed the door, and

arrested !

the suspicions of the magistrate.

A TRUE STORY BY THE REV. JOSEPH SPILLMAN, S. J. CHAPTER XIII.

2

IN THE RUE DE LA COLOMBE.

When Mrs. Montmoulin, who had been carried out of the market place into a neighboring house, recovered consciousness, she was almost beside a number of beautiful pictures with gold and lace edges." "There now, see what a kind uncle consciousness, she was almost beside herself with grief. Some compassionate persons tried to comfort her, others contented themselves with staring at her; to all attempts at consolation she could only reply: "My son handcuffed ! you have. Did he not give your grand-mother any money yesterday ?" money home yesterday that she had got from Uncle. A good pious lady gave it to him: we all said our beads for her last night." in custody of the police ! and he a priest !" And she covered her face with her wrinkled hands in shame and sorrow, while her grand daughter stood by sobbing pitcously.

"Look there now, what pious people you all are ! Cannot you tell me how much money your grandmother brought " Poor woman !" said one neighbor "they are honest folk too; never a word has been said against them home yesterday?" "I do not know how much, but it word ha hitherto. was a great deal. Grandmother said she had not had so much in the house

' She must have brought up her son rather strangely, if he could commit such a foul crime," said another.

"You are right there," a third re arked ; " like father, like child." marked

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"Bless me! And what did she do " Now do be a little more charitable Mr. Levy and paid him what she owed him. I do not know what else she did with it." in your jadgment," replied the first apeaker; " remember nothing is proved from the unthinking child to confirm

against the man yet." "It is, take my word for it, other-wise they would not have put the hand-cuffs on his wrists."

"She doesn't seem to feel it so very mach, after all," said another. "She does not even ery, the child has for more fooling."

has far more feeling." "Well, if my boy did a thing like that, I think I should throw myself into girl. There is somebody in there with your mother, but we will see if you can go to her. He then knocked at the door of the parlour, his superio

the river !" Come grandmother, let us go home. opened it, and he handed him the slip of paper. The detective glanced at it, and said: "One moment. I shall have said the girl, trying to rouse the old lady, who seemed quite prostrated by the blow she had received. In fact, when she made an attempt to stand up, the old she fell back on to her chair helplessly

and hopelessly. A cab now stopped at the door, and a who sat opposite to him, pale bat com policeman who had been standing out-side all the time, entered the house, tacts any longer, my good woman Your little girl has told us everything. saying : " She does not seem well able walk, so I have got a conveyance for her.

"It really is not necessary. She lives only a few steps off, in the next was the answer.

"We know that. But she is not gocould be substantiated. At the same time he told the woman she must come ing home just yet, the Superintendent of Police has a few questions to put to her with him. "Indeed, it is a misunderstanding," first," the man replied. "Oh, she is to be arrested ! she is

an accomplice in her son's crime !" the bystanders ejaculated, as they fell she cried. " For God's sake do no put me back in consternation.

othing like as large as you imagine When Mrs. Montmoulin understoo Mother brought at most about twenty pounds with her, and it is quite true what was going on, fresh energy seemed to come into her. " If my son is said to be guilty, no wonder that people that for years we had not had so much should have a poor opinion of me," she said. " Are you going to handcuff me she n the house. "Why did you not mention this to ne, while I was questioning you about 100 1

That will not be necessary at present," the constable replied, as he assisted the old lady to get into the cab. Turning to Julia, who hung on to her dress, she said : "Go home, child, and tell your mother either I shall soon be back, or she will have to come bring a large sum of money back with her when she came home yesterday, and I answered that was quite true that in the handbag you spoke of there was nothing but my brother's linen, to me in prison. Who knows but they will end by taking you and poor little Charles up too." So saying Mrs. Montmoulin entered the cab, the which wanted repairing. In fact I do not know why I should be called to account in this manner at all," she added indignantly, "we are honest people and have never defrauded any Montmoulin entered the cap, the policeman took his seat opposite to her, closed the door and they drove off. The child stood crying and looking after the vehicle, until one of the neighbors took her by the hand and led "Pray do not excite yourself," re-joined her interrogator. "I never accused you of theft. But Mrs. Blan-

chard's money must have been dis-posed of somehow, and your mother is her home. Round the door of the house a goodly nder suspicion of having brought in number of people had assembled, curi-ous to see what would happen next. here from Ste. Victoire." "Mrs. Blanchard's money !" cried For to the surprise of the wnole the Commissionor of Police had gone into the house, leaving two of his men the woman aghast.' from a Mrs. Blanchard that my brother

way with me, she will not be gone very Mrs. Jardinier made an effort to comhirs. Jardinier made an effort 50 com-mand herself. "Yes Julia, mind you are a good girl till I come back. Where have you left your grandmother, and where is the market basket?"

and where is the market basket ?" "It was not my fault, Mother," she said. Then she told in a few sentences No doubt it is all a lie, I think so what had occurred on the market place, how the police had driven of with her grandmother in a cab, and how in contoo. I dare say he often gave you nice Yes, he gave me a prayer book and

grandmother in a cab, and how in con-sequence her basket was lost. "Never mind dear, we shall find it again. Now do not cry, this gentleman is going to take me to grandmother and I hope we shall soon come back. No, you must not come too, when Charles comes home, get the dinner ready for him, and do not forget to say grand a you always do." grace as you always do." Then she kissed the child, and turned

quickly to the door, to hide the tears that started to her eyes. "I am read,  $D \otimes v_i$ " she said to the Pclice agent, of whom what she had said, and her whole "I am ready manner had not failed to make a good impression. Before the child realized impression. Denote the chine teams what was happening, her mother was gone. She wanted to run after her, but the man who was still pacing up and down before the door, would not let her, and looking through the shop-methy. 'She went in the afternoon to old Not her, and housing just see her mother and the police agent disappear round the corner of the street. At that moment a sound from the kitchen warned her that the soup was

beginning to boil over, so wiping away her tears, she hastened thither just in time to prevent the catastrophe. A lew minutes later Charles came from school. The house door, from which the crowd of curious on lookers had gradually dispersed, stood open, and when the boy entered the shop, to his astonishment he found two police agents who were opening drawers, ram-sacking cupboards and emptying shelves, and reducieg every place to a dire state of confusion. "Hello !" exclaimed the boy, " what

done directly." So saying he made a sign to the conre you up to? Mother will be nice and angry when she sees what you are doing. She is awfully strict about ddressing the mother of the children keeping her place in order; she rows Julia and me if we do but put a hank posed, he said : " It is no use denying of wool out of its place.

"Are you Mrs. Jardinier's son ?" in What has she told you ?" inquired "Are you Mrs. Jardinler's son ? In quired one of the agents. "I dare say you can help us. Do you know where the travelling bag is that your grand-mother brought home with her yester-"What has she told you?" Indulred Mrs. Jardinier. The police agent then repeated all that the child had divulged. His superior instantly ordered him to go to lay?" Jew Lovy, to see if the statemen

Uncle's bag do you mean? It is hanging up in the passage; Grand mother mended it last night." Were you by when she unpacked

it? " "No, she unpacked it in her own to the disgrace of being ! The sum in question was room, I carried it upstairs for her.

"It was heavy was it not?" "Pretty well, I could carry it easily." "Was there not a good deal of money

In the bag? I do not know. Grandmother said it was Uncle's linen. But she did bring home a lot of money that Uncle gave her; he had it from a kind

old lady. We were to pray for her." "Where did she put the morey? If you can tell me that, I will give you

Before the lad could reply, the door of the parlour opened and Julia called to her brother: " Don't stand talking to those people, Charles! They want to question everything out of us. asked me ever so many questions, then they took Mother away. But what a ness you are in ! Your sleeve is al over mud and there is a button torn off your jacket. Come here and let rush you; you must have been fight

brush you; you must have been light ing with your schoolfellows." So saying, Julia drew her brother in to the inner room and shut the door. Then she went on, lowering her voice: Oh Charles, whatever is to become of us! They have taken Uncle away to prison, and they say he has committed dreadful crime, and they have some

Julia laid the table and served the soup and she and her brother ate their with a good appetite. Only Charles complained that Julia cut the meat too complained that Julia cut the meat too thin, and this gave rise to one of the slight skirmishes, which were almost of daily occurrence between the brother and sister. But Julia deftly changed the conversation, and turned the boy's attention in another direction, by tell-ing him how she had heard the Police agent, and the people in the street say that she and Charles would probably here to go to the workhouse. At this have to go to the workhouse. At this unexpected intelligence the little fellow let his knife and fork fall, and ed: "What? we go to the work exclain

house? Never, never!" "But if they take us there by force, what can we do?" objected his sister.

"I will do: I will go to Marseilles and be cabin boy on a great ship that is going out to sea. And when we get to the island where there are savages and misionaries, I will leave the vessel and

be a missioner." "You know you are a great deal too young for that. Besides, even you could get employment on board a ship, what is to become of me?"

ans "You could go to a convent, wered the boy in a very decided manner. A pause ensued, during which he again applied himself to the which he again applied nimself to the contents of his plate. When he had anished, he communicated the result of his reflections to his sister. "Look here, Julia," he said, "had we not better run away at once, before anyone proposes that we should go to the orkhouse?

Julia negatived this proposal, saying they must wait to see whether their mother came home. Then Charles thought of another alternative; he would go to his friend the baker, tell him what trouble they were in, and ask him for some money for their journey. This was no sooner said than done.

As soon as they had returned thanks, the boy took his hat and ran off to the kind bearted baker, whom he found ensconsced in a comfortable arm-chair, ensconsect in a comfortable articlar, smoking his pipe with a cup of coffee by his side. His wife, a good natured little woman, sat opposite to him; of course the event of the day had been and duly discussed between them, and both husband and wife were equally o opinion that the priest was innocent of the crime laid to his charge. The only point on which they were not agreed, was whether the police authoragre ities acted in good faith in arresting the clergyman and treating him as a criminal, or whether the whole affair vas not a move on the part of the anti clerical party, as the oman, who could think no good of her political adversaries, firmly maintained. They were eager to hear all that the boy, who was a favorite with most of them had to tell, and listened to his stor with much interest. Mr. Lenoir had not heard of the

children's grandmother and mother being arrested, and he inquired all particulars. He shook his head gravely when the boy spoke of the "lot

of money" his grandmother had brought home with her, and a shade of suspicion as to the priest's innocence for the stat the urst time crossed his mind However the worthy man took care to conceal his misgivings, for would certainly have scolded him soundly had she known of them. As it was, on hearing that the two women, om she considered to be god-fearing and upright persons, were taken into custody, she burst out into loud vectives against the police. And when Charles confided to him his apprehenion in regard to the workhouse, she exclaimed : "No indeed, they shall not take you there and perhaps make you lose your religion. Nothing of the ort. Andrew, let us take the children to be with us, and I will be a mother t them, as long as the authorities -(worse luck to them)-who let rogues o free and put honest folks into prison-keep the mother in detention. Put on your hat at once and give notice will take charge of the poor that we children ; God has not blessed us with a family of our own, and we want for nothing, let us at least prevent them from being corrupted in the workhouse. Yon will consent, will you not ?'

DENNY.

( A TRUE STORY ) (A TRUE STORY) Stoically uncomplaining, yet suffer-ing, injured internally through having been crushed by a falling wall, Denny Carter lay upon his bed in the accident ward of a London hospital and stared about its white walls with sullen eyes. A trim, white canned nurse named about its white walls with sullen eyes. A trim, white-capped nurse passed down the row, from one patient to another, speaking a pleasant word here, giving a potion there and defily set-tling into a more comfortable position the poor Piedmontese, whose wounds, received in a brawl, had thrown him into a favor. into a fever.

into a fever. When she came to Denny, however, he looked away. "He did not care to be encouraged to get well," he said to himself. He only wanted to forget his pain, to for get the memories which he found still harder to and the arder to endure.

The bright conversation of the young The bright conversation of the young fellow next to him, who had been hurt in the docks, but was getting well "through sheer grit," the doctors de-clared, bored D any almost as much as the ravings of the Piedmontese. There was nothing left to be desired in this world, he thought but absence of fealvorld, he thought but absence of ing, physical and mental, and solitude They were presently his, for the anodyne which represented his share of the nurse's attention took affect, and

he slept. When Denny again opened his eyes, when Denny again opened his syss, it was at the sound of a new voice in the room, a blithe, rich, musical voice with a ring of hope and gladness in it that awoke in his heart, despite his listlessness, an answering thrill. Turning his head upon his pillow, he saw at the bedside of his neighbor, the rave fellow of the dock accident, a tall young man of splendid physique, who laughed and chatted with the pawho laughed and chatted with the pa-tient in a breezy way and like an old acquaintance. Interested, notwithstanding his oft-

repeated protestations that he desired no callers, Denny watched the stranger, whose face when not lit up by sunny smile, wore a serious expression for one evidently still in his twenties -not the gravity of care, but o thought and a high purpose in life. The clerical cut of his clothes also

The clerical cut of settled his status in Denny's mind. settied his status in Denny's mind. "Humph! A soggarth aroon. No one else could be so pleasant yet so earnest," he soliloquized. "I'm sorry but don't want to make his acquaint-

The visitor did not, however, stand

"May I shake hands with you, "May I shake hands with you, Denny?" he asked, as he reached the end of the row. "They tell me you are the hero of the ward, that if you are the hero of the ward, that if you had not gone back to save another workman you would have escaped the falling wall."

Surprised that he should be already known Denny involuntarily stretched out a toil-roughened hand.

The stranger grasped it as a brother would have done, and for a moment the two young men stared frankly at each other.

They were about the same age, but while "he who runs might read" writen on the handsome features of the first the story of an upright life, mod eled after that of the Examplar "who was not of this world," the counterance of the other bore as plain a record of a career of dissipation and wasted energies. Yet as Denny's restless glance met

the steadiast gaze of the clear gray eyes that even then compelled him t look upward with a twinge of the remorse he had been endeavoring to lull to sleep, he realized that had he not cast away his birthright, his own life might have presented a page almost as fair as that which now confronted him with its silent reproach.

His new friend, for Denny felt that, without seeking, he had found a friend, drew up a chair beside the bed and him with such touching

vocation, he was eager to pour out all the sympathy of a kind heart upon suffering humanity. Before many days he came again, therefore.

SEPTEMBER 1, 1906.

Denny's condition was worse, the doctors told him. "Had the patient led a temperate life, there might have been a chance for his recovery. As it was..." They shrugged their should-ors. "His constitution was weakened by intemperance and exposure to all kinds of severe weather in the wander-ing existence which had been his. Yes, he had worked for a contractor at the time of the accident, but that was only temporary employment. The nurse was sure he had been brought n brought up to something better-but nurses vere frequently romantic."

Again Denny's new acquaintance stood beside his bed and chatted with

him. "My dear fellow," he said at last, as the conversation took a serious turn, "you know the One Friend who never fails us desires with all the love of His teart to bear your company? May I not tell the kind old priest who comes here that you wish to receive the sacraments? You have declined to see him, I am aware, but that makes no difference now." For a few moments Denny lay silent.

For a few moments being as y steat. A great struggle was going on in his breast. At last, however, the old memories, the old faith and hope and penitence won. He ywas himself once more a boy in Ireland, knowing almost as little of evil as his twin sister, who may be the unstituted homogree of here gave him the unstinted homage of her naive admiration -a boy care-free as the lark, on Sundays serving the soggarth aroon at the altar in the Catholic chapel of his native town; on we days studying or roaming the field gers. So he grew to manhood. And then came the breaking of the old the going to London, and, gradually the dissipation that had wre his life.

The restlessness which was the he ginning of the end was already upon him : that confused realization of being on the point of setting out upon a journey which haunts the dreams of those about t of Shadows. about to embark upon the Shir It would be a long jour ney back to that time of guiltlessness. journey across a surging ocean ; yet ne must ; yes, at last, he wished to

take it. He turned to the friend who stood beside him in all the vigor and joyousness and virtue of his young manhood, world, and said kept unsullied from the with the simplicity of the days of his

own boyhood : "The kind old priest ? But-but-I would rather go to confession to you,

The young man drew back quickly. A wave of color passed over his fine face and left it pale. Unconsciously he struck his hands together in a ges-

ture of surprise, almost of dismay. For now, for the first time, he was brought face to face with the actual duties, the sacred dignity of his future mission.

He had, of course, known all this be fore; had looked forward to it for years with humility, and yet with the confidence of one who follows the Voice that calls. But that was differwho follows the ent from being suddenly confronted thus with the sublimity of the relation in which he was to stand between hu anity and God.

manity and God. The thought of it fairly made him dizzy and filled him with a great fear. Would he ever be worthy? For its sublimist mysteries only the gi High Priest Himself was worthy, knew. But for the rest-the sacrifice of self, the taking to his own heart the orrows of others, the duty of uplifting, helping, encouraging those who in their misery have wandered far afield ! Yet, since the Voice indeed called him, need he be troubled ? How moving it was, too, that this poor fellow, with but a short time to live, should turn to

believing him " the Lord's

she offers many penances (poor girl, she whose soul is as white as the vel

she wore when I last saw her), many

acts of mercy for her wayward brother. Sorrow enough I brought her. Our

people were well to do. I was reared in comfort, was entered in college and

every advantage was given me. But I tell into wild ways, and after the death of our parents I took myself off.

might un thing wh possible 1 But the and sweet bit of Iris from the were the breathed get well-a family advance anew, an when he would con Mr. Da to the ho Denny sage, how Yet sw ocean, the of the c reached ] is such a not possi Howev later, so from Mr that far exceedin that her answered so dear t wild way FATHE The I the famo cluded h Sins of S is not o preacher holding but a scant lei A. M. H

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outside. Tidings of the whole allair soon got abroad, and almost all were inclined to believe the worst, only a few said it could not be true.

"There is a nice story for you The priests can take that as the text for their sermons !" exclaimed one of the lowest of the people. "And th old woman there who goes every morn-ing to Mass and prays to the saints, is said to have hidden away the money, £4,000."

Four thousand pounds ! Nay, that would tempt many a poor man. But how badly they managed it, to be caught redhanded," said an old

No doubt they thought no one would dream of accusing a priest of such an act, and traded upon that," observed another. "And, you see, they will do nothing to him, whereas one of us poor devils would have to put our necks under the knife for it !"

So he will have to, as sure as I stand here !' the other rejoined. <sup>44</sup> This is a free country, and justice will be done, were he ten times a priest.

Look, here comes the old lady's granddaughter," exclaimed a hearted neighbor. "What is "What is to be come of those children if first their grandmother and then their mother in put into prison l'

They must go to the almshouse, cr they will be placed in an orphanage like my children," said another of the bystanders. "They are better of re than here.

Let the child pass," the former speaker rejoined. Julia, if they take your mother away, you and Charles shall come to my place. One or two more do not make much difference." The child, passing much difference. The child, passing through the little shop, where children's underclothing, besides knitted jerseys, vests and stockings were exposed for sale, was about to enter the small parlor behind, where her mother was usually at work at a sewing or a knitting machine, a pane of glass in the do usbling her to see when she was wanted in the shop. But instead of her mother Julia found to her terror, an agent of police seated in the shop, who stopped

Montmoulin's granddaughter? "Yes, sir, but my mother's name is Jardinier. Please let me pass, I have something to tell my mother." "Wait a moment. So you are Miss

received the twenty was a present from her, Mother said. "Hear that! a present of twenty Only yesterday, the very day pounds

Mrs. Blanchard was murdered Presbytery at Ste. Victoire." " Murdered in the Presbytery

"You asked me if my mother did no

o of a penny."

cried Mrs. Jardinier, springing to her feet. "By whom? My God, what a calamity !

"By whom ? Do you mean to say you do not know by whom ?" "Merciful Heavens! It cannot be

that my brother is suspected-' " You have soon hit upon the right answered the detective person.' coldly regarding the unhappy woman

who wrung her hands in grief and

True, it was

horror. As soon as the first outburst of sorrow was over, and she had re-sumed her seat, her tears still flowing, he continued: "Now my good lady, I outbe believe there was no complicity quite believe there was no complicity on your part in this deed, and that you did not even know how your mother had come by the money she brought from Ste. Victoire yesterday. But I

require you to inform me at once what has become of the remainder of sum. If you do this, I will not be hard on you; if you do this, I will not be hard obliged to have you taken to the Police station. I give you two minutes for reflection."

"I want no time for reflection," sobbed the poor woman. "It is all a terrible mistake! The mere idea that ny brother could be guilty of such a crime, and that my mother would lend herself to such deceit, is outrageous ! one who knew them would ever

believe it of them." "I shall only be too glad, if you and your relatives succeed in clearing yourselves. Meanwhile I regret to say that I am compelled to take you into

"Whatever will become of my poor children ?"

"Have you no relatives who would take them in for a time? No? Then the parish must provide for them. Do not be anxious on that score, the chil-dren will do well enough for a few days. I will look after them. And now I am sure you will come with me quietly without making any resistance." He then opened the door and called the little girl in. "Now," he said, "kiss your mother, and stop quietly at He the

home like a good child, till I come back. Your mother is coming a little

carried off Grandmotner and Mother too, I think they have put them in prison as well, though Mother said she was only going a little way and would be back soon. I believe she only said carried it that I might not be vexed, else she would not have given me the key of the cupboard.

Charles looked very much discon-certed, and while his sister was brush ing the mud off his jacket, he said: "As I was coming home two of the boys cailed after me that Uncle Francis had stabbed a lady, and said I was the murderer's nephew, and everybody looked at me. But it is all a lie, is it not? Incle would never do such a wicked thing.

"Of course it is all untrue," his sister replied.

" Of course; so I said, and I told the boys they were liars. Then one of them boxed my ears, but I got hold of him, and punched him hard, only the other came up, and it was he who tore the button off my coat. Please sew an-other on for me, there are two in Mother's work basket. I wish I could

Mother's work basket. I wish I could pay that fellow out, some time!" "Poor Uncle," said Julia, beginning to cry afresh. "I saw him; look, they had fastened his hands together like this, and his cassock was all muddy, and he was sitting in a cart beside policeman. The people said he would be executed.

No, Julia, I do not think so ; don't ery. I remember reading a story about a miller, it was called 'Martin the Innocent.' He was but in prison because he was accused of murder, and was going to be hanged, although he was quite innocent, and his children went on a pilgrimage and prayed for him, and his innocence was made clear. And he was let out of prison and had all sorts of honors paid him, and the judge who had condemned him wrongly gave him a present. Depend upon it, it will be just the same with Uncle, he will be proved innocent and go back to Ste. Victoire with great honour. No body shall dare to call me a murderer's

nephew again. "How was was the miller's innocence

proved? "asked Julia. "If only I could remember! Stop,

Uncle is innocent. " This set the children's minds at rest. for his colony.

The same idea struck Mr. Lenoir, at last in regard to his little friend, Charles, so when his good wife made the suggestion, and at the close went through the formality of asking whether he was of the same mind as herself, he good naturedly intimated his assent, adding, "that is if the children like to come."

Charles, young as he was, had the sense to see how much more de-sirable the proposal of the kind baker's wife was than the adventurous project he had formed for himself; he there fore hastened to accept it ; and after tore hastened to accept it; and after partaking of a cup of coffee and a spongecake, he set off in high glee to fetch his sister. Mr. Lenoir also got up from his armchair and repaired, at

tired in his best coat and hat, to the police station. The superintenden was very willing to give the children The superintendent into his charge; but he considered it his duty to inform Mr. Lenoir that not only did the priest lay under the heaviest suspicion, on account of the strong circumstantial evidence against him, but his mother and sister were proved to have been receivers of the stolen property. "I tell you this," he concluded, "in case you may not wish to be mixed up with

people of this class. The worthy baker did in fact feel almost inclined to invoke his decision but he said to himself, the children had done no wrong, and nobody could blame him for an act of charity. So he kept to his determination, and that same evening both the children were received under his hospitable roof.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Having in view the Catholic coloni-zation of Wyoming, Right Rev. Bishop proved? "asked Julia. "If only I could remember! Stop, Now I know. Somebody went to the judge and swore a great oath that the miller was not guilty. That is what I will do; for I am perfectly certain that lumber in uncert " find no difficulty in getting members

When, after perhaps a quarter of an hour, he rose to go, however, he said : "My dear fellow, you say you have no visitors; tell me where your people are and I will write to them. It must be that they do not know you are in the hospital. Denny's laugh had a note of reckless

"I have no one belonging to me,"

" I have no one binging to me, he answered bitterly. "Oh, come now, you are too young a man to have outlived all your family connections," argued the other. "You are from Ireland, is it not so?"

Denny sought a diversion. "Saure, isn't it strange that you

should know ?" he remarked musingly should know 'ne remarked missingly. 'Once in Canada when I tried to speak French a man said to me, '' The Eng-lish speech comes easier to your tongue, mon ami.' And then, when I tongue, in the added 'Ab I percaire took his hint, he added, 'Ah, I percaive you are an Irishman.' Isn't it droll, now, my French makes me out to be English and my English proves me to e Irish ?"

' If you are not so fortunate as to have a father and a mother living, there must be a brother or sister, or some one of your own kin who wish to come and see you, or at least to hear of you," persisted his visitor. An expression of sorrow flitted across the face of the hero of the ward, he who was wont to bear physical pain the without a moan.

"No; they are all gone," he mur-

mured hoarsely. "At least you have friends, acquain-tances? It is not fair to our friends to wrap ourselves in our pride and draw away from them when we are in trouble. They may seem careless to us at times, engrossed with their own affairs; but let us give them another abance Denny." chance, Denny. Denny smiled wanly.

"There is nobody in all the world who cares whether I live or die," he said. " But the man in whose employ

said. "But the man in whose employ ment I was hurt pays something for me here, and he has promised that, when the end comes, I shall not rest in the Potter's Field."

"For a long time my sister's heart followed me, in letters overflowing with affection. How could I reply to them when I had nothing to tell her but what would grieve her? So left them nanewared and now she does not The visitor departed with a sigh. These calls at the hospital, the sight of so much misery which he could do so little to alleviate, always saddened him; yet with the impetuosity of nanswered, and now she does not youth, as well as the ardor of a special know whether I am living or dead. I

rabid a the prin means ? illnesshim with such touching connected. As young men they had talked to-gether, and even bandied pleasant jests, yet now Denny, with the trust-fulness of a faith mercifully never lost, hanged King's This witticis anointed, cellor, was ready to pour out to him, without now inv attempt at palliation or reservation, the tragic story of an ill spent life. While to Cæ the tragic story of an ill spent life. The visitor's voice broke, but his heart beat high with a new and joy ful courage as, after this abrupt pause, crown a if he l at Can the answered : "I thank you, Denny, for your con-fidence in me. I shall never forget it. other swered have But you have made a mistake. I am the pre At t But you have made a mistake. I am not a priest-yet. I hope to be or-dained at Pentecost; but Pentecost is some weeks off, and I am still only John Dalton. So may I not tell Father above r vulgar as in E Sonn Datton. So may not ten Patton Xavier that you want to see him?" Denny hesitatingly nodded assent. A few days later, when John Dalton came, the hero of the ward, motioning to him to bend down closer, whispered that he had made his peace with God. The old hardness in his manner, the society "He ioned | guests. the cha How sa The old hardness in his manner, the recklessness of his tone were gone, and who we themse the new gentleness made him far more heaven prepossessing in appearance. "There is something else I wish to floor t names say," he continued, clasping Dalton's guests "Man " Mr. Dalton, you have been so kind sums o to me I feel that I ought to tell you; yet while I live no one else here must introd tain se know, because it is entirely my own affair. I declared to you once that I had no one in the world belonging to Calt w introdu Fath me. It was not true. In a convent in Ireland lives a holy nun who loves me. brothe She is my sister. She has heard noth-ing of me for years. But I know well that every day she prays earnestly for me in that little convent chapel; that selves Cathol Rev.

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