TWO

## GERALD DE LACEYS DAUGHTER

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE OF COLONIAL DAYS

> BY ANNA T. SADLIER BOOK II CHAPTER II

A WELCOME VISITOR One evening the twilight was cast-

ing weird shadows over the quaint village where long since the first ettler, who had landed from "The found an asylum fro Mayflower," the storms of persecution, no less than from the ocean waves. For her father's sake Evelyn had been making a determined effort to seem erful, but, when he had returned to his books after their early supper Evelyn went out for a solitary wearing sad-colored mantle and walk over the grey gown and kerchief of a Puritan maid. She was recalling to herself the various features of Manhattan : the Fort where the sunset would but have sounded ; the gun Stadt Huys looking out over the river, grim and tall as a sentinel; river, grim and tall as a sentinel; the Maid's Path, where lovers walked; the North and East Rivers, with the broad sweep of their waters mingling with the Bay as they hastened down ward to the ocean. She longed for one breath of fresh salt air, one glimpse of the familiar streets. Her was in a tumult of old memories, hopes and regrets, through which, like a golden thread, ran the thought of Captain Ferrers. All at once, as though the intensity of her thoughts had invoked a phantom she saw some one standing near her in the garb of a Puritan, with long coat and high pointed hat. The man was regarding her intently, and, was startled for though instant, the heart cannot long be deceived

'Egbert," she cried, in her excite ment using the Christian name as she had never done before. She could scarcely hear when he spoke, such was the tremor in his voice the passionate tenderness with which he addressed her. In her simple dress, which heightened her charm and accentuated her distinction, Evelyn seemed to Ferrers far more captivating than formerly her finery of silk and jewels. He could only pour out broken words of love and of joy at seeing her again words left her thrilling with happiness and a fervor of devotion of which she could not have believed herself capable. Her emotion trans figured her face. It was as though an exquisite statue had come to life. which that instant Ferrers knew was given to him without possi-

bility of revoke. "My heart has been aching for a sight of you," Captain Ferrers cried when his first emotion had some-what subsided. "I could bear the pain no longer. I felt that, even at the cost of my life, I must see you."

"It is new life to me," Evelyn responded simply. "And, although it is unspeakably rash for you to have come hither, perchance it is better to die of sheer happiness than to perish of inanition.

She had spoken such words as she never meant to speak. They were wrung from her heart by the unexsight of him there before her, whom she had believed to be long leagues away. Then you will be my wife," cried

Egbert Ferrers, and with a joyful movement he drew near to her to take her in his arms. But in that instant the girl re-

membered. vexatious fines, and perhaps to even 'I cannot take back the words graver dangers in view of the actual state of public affairs both in Eng-I have already spoken," she said. "and it is useless to deny that I land and in the colonies. Soberly and quietly the lovers, when Mr. de Lacey left them together, spoke of love you more than I can ever express. But our love is hopeless;

"I swear," he cried, "that I will take the means to acquaint myself with all that concerns the Catholic faith, so that at the fitting moment I may enter that ancient Church. For the very ferocity and intolerance of our Protestant champing have of our Protestant champions have at the Fort in New York, forever turned my mind from the fessor and guide, who had religion they profess. Then," said Evelyn, holding out Catholic priest since their arrival

her hands to him with an exquisite from the friend in Maryland w had given Mr. de Lacey the house. gesture of surrender, "if that be so I am yours from this moment and Father Harvey glanced about him forever. With an impetuous movement

Egbert Ferrers gathered her into his arms for one instant of joy unutter-able and a kiss of betrothal that each rightly interpreting the glance, said one felt to be as sacred as a conse cration. Then quietly releasing her-

self, Evelyn said: "For the present we can only wait. To me at least the years will seem asto have She stopped abruptly, for a man

and woman were coming along that forest road where people passed so seldom. With wonderful presence of mind, Evelyn made a prim, little curtsey to her companion, which he and inexpressibly charming, as she said compass you. I bid you good evening, sir, and

should your business bring you hither again from the town of Lynn, I trust that you will visit my father at the wooden house near the Boston turnpike road, at the first turning beyond the hill."

acter you will."

tribes.

The

travelled hither without adventure

priest remained with the de

kind hosts on his portable

altar, and the father and daughter

were enabled to receive, to their

and the Eucharist. All the time the

ocked on the inside. One afternoon,

ugh pitying her terror, thought i

great joy, the Sacraments of Penance

Having thus adroitly given him her address she left him and saluted in passing the two who had approached, and who chanced to be no other than Ebenezer Cocke, a shop Wil keeper of the town, and Goody king the mother of her servant. Joy. Both looked inquisitively from to the stranger with whom she had been in conversation, and Goodman Cooke did not fail to note for future reference that the beautiful witch. as he called Evelyn, had a mass visitor who hailed from Lynn, Massachusetts. As Evelyn walked home wards with her firm, rapid step, a new hope and joy filled all her being, transfigured that landscape, and lightened the Calvinistic gloom of a

town darkened by the blood of inno cent people. When an hour later Cantain Ferrers greeted her in her own dwelling, he whispered fervently : " If I had not lost my heart before to the fine lady, I should have lost it

irrevocably to the Puritan maiden. Mh, you are charming in that disguise, and have made me more hopeessly your slave than ever." And yet," said Evelyn, whimsi-

cally and half wistfully, " I miss my lutestring." 'Aye, your lutestring," cried the

lover. "It was in that I saw you first, and I have kept the picture in my heart ever since. She had added indeed to her toilet

that evening some little coquettish touches which she could not resist, and love and happiness had added were necessary, leaving the two men in pleasant converse together. other touches which to Ferrers were more irresistible than all. That wa Laceys for about two weeks, slipping an occasion long to be remembered. out from time to time in the early mornings for a day's ministration to and which ever afterwards glorified Salem. Even to Mr. de Lacey it was the nearest tribes, before Joy had an oasis in the desert to have congenial companionship once more, if only for a short time, and to find gone. He said Mass more than once for his kind hosts on his portable

that the young man's devotion to Evelyn had not in the slightest degree wavered. Captain Ferrers gladdened his heart by telling him of the decision which he had reached of making every effort to study Cath-olic doctrine and to have himself received, as soon as that were possi ble, into the Catholic Church And such a resolve was the more impressive from the fact that it would imperil his liberty and expose him to

"Amen!" said the priest half audibly, and that word apparently broke the spell which had held the one? I am sure he has." (irl as if chained to the floor. "May He help us in all our needs!"

she groaned, as she swiftly retreated towards the stairs, looking back over her shoulder at the horrifying apparfessor and guide, who had suddenly ition." "From the power of the Evil One deliver us!" appeared where they had not seen

He had heard of their presence there who again

The stairs being reached by this to-day. time by the so badly named maid-of-all-work, she tumbled down at the all work, she tumbled down at the imminent risk of life and limb. She with some anxiety at the mention of his name aloud. But Mr. de Lacey, burst into Evelyn's room, trembling in every limb and her teeth chatter-" Here in this house after nightfall. when our handmaiden retires, there

are but our two selves, my daughter and I. Come hither, Evelyn, that I may make you acquainted with the

in every limb and her teeth chatter-ing audibly. "I saw Satan himself," she cried. "I saw the Evil One." to reverence him and to feel an in-tense curiosity as to the real life hid-den by the sordidness of his poverty and humble work. After a moment he said : "When I first noticed Mr. Kennedy, laugh or to be alarmed, for she feared lest the girl had suddenly gone demented. He was yeary deyout best friend it has been given a man " After which." added the priest. ' Mistress Evelyn will look for what demented.

is not to be found in a weary and Why, where is he, and what is he travel-worn old priest, and," he conlike ?"

like ?" she inquired. "Fire and brimstone are coming out of his mouth and nose," declared tinued more gravely, "one whose presence here may add to the perils which, as I understand, already en-

"The additional peril is too slight for mention," said Mr. de Lacey gaily.

"You are safer with us than you could be elsewhere hereabouts. Some caution will be necessary on the

"He said 'Amen,'" declared the children love him and people girl in a whisper that was still more him 'to ask for his prayers. morrow, when our Abigail comes to do her work. But no one else is sepulchral and in a voice still more theard more than one do that; I-I've quavering than before, as though that done so myself, more than once, likely to enter our dwelling, and you can contrive to keep out of her sight were the most terrible thing that he when I was in trouble.' altogether, or to assume what charcould have said. " He said 'Amen.' '

Be still now, Joy," said Evelyn thingly. "You have affrighted The first alternative may persoothingly. "You have affrighted yourself about nothing." "He was all in black," went on the chance be safer," answered Father Harvey, " though, as a hawker, I have

in unheeding the admonition. "And But a quarter of an hour later he moved not so much as a finger to when Mr. Powell had gone home am on my way to minister to the tibes. One of these bags, which, brush away the herbs." "Herbs? What herbs?" asked

owing to their weight, are a sore burden to the flesh, contains my altar-stone, vestments, holy water for Evelyn, impatient because of her corner of one of the last pews, his dread of the girl's supposed insanity. baptisms and the rest. The other is full of knick knacks, which I have "The herbs of grace—no, rather I hands tightly clasped, he was im-mean the herbs and thyme for the pressed by the intensity of his devo pottage.

displayed at various stages of my journey, and which in the end will be Evelyn. "Where were those herbs?" she there was not somethin ary about the old man. ed for gifts to my Indian converts.

He surveyed the bags whimsically. "As a hawker," sald, "I have been somewhat over-successful, since demanded. They were in the attic, and I,

"They were in the attic, and I, having the work to do that the Lord book which he had found of absorbthe good wives along the way have some for the soup, when—O great At last he closed the volume and for purchased my wares, whether I would no. I dared not refuse to sell, and so my Indians will be the poorer." Jehovah!

The priest then suggested that they might give him some place of The girl pronounced the sacred name without the least suspicion of irreverence, and Evelyn perceived that, by some deplorable mischance, concealment where he could rest for

attic. "Now listen to me, Joy," said Evelyn sternly, "I forbid you hence-even interest. "Now thout curiosity or by. even interest. "Now the formation of the state of t attic, which was both large and com Evelyn sternly, "I forbid you hence-forth on any pretext to go into the modious, and where there was already a settle bed of goodly proportions, forth The hiding-place agreed upon, Evelyn attic."

And I will obey," chimed in the instantly. "The Lord knoweth flew to the kitchen to prepare such a girl instantly. "The Lord knoweth that I will go no more into strange eal as her glad heart dictated for this welcome guest, and to make such other arrangements for his comfort as places, nor wander in pastures.

'Do not mind about the pastures." interrupted Evelyn, " but attend to my words and go no more into the unearthly sweetness running through attic, where, it being dark, you have needlessly affrighted yourself by a them. shadow

"It said 'Amen,'" declared the girl, returning at evening after she had in the same sepulchral voice, as choir.

TO BE CONTINUED

FORGIVEN

vistor's presence was unknown to the maid of all work, whose business Seeing that Father McClean was orking among the forlorn flowers in the house but rarely led her to the which October had left in his garden. attic, and for greater safety Father Mr. Powell put aside his book and crossed the street. Because they Harvey was enjoined to keep the door never agreed upon any subject-per however, as the early darkness of the haps, too, because he was tired autumn day was falling, Joy suddenly bethought herself of some herbs being fawned upon-the gentle old aristocrat found interesting as well which she had put to dry in the attic, as edifying the simple, big-hearted, and, as ill-luck would have it, Father rather brusque priest with his childoils ?" Father McClean asked, won-Harvey, having grown a trifle care-

"Yes, I know ; I meant what is he? Hosts ! Not one remained in the Do you know his story ? Has he ciborium !"

"Story ?" Father McClean echoed and laughed a little. "Mr. Powell Mr. Powell, you seem to think that he is unusual, but we priests know many like him : old men who have served God all the days of their simple, monotonous, hardworking lives. Heaven will be hardworking lives. Amen !" murmured the priest crowded with such as he. There are score like him in the parish But Mr. Powell was not satisfied.

own luxurious days; he had grown to reverence him and to feel an in-

almost as lame. He was very devout even then, and even then lonely. (You have noticed, haven't you, that

he is always alone ?) For many a day he was the standing joke of the Joy. Evelyn, regarding her uneasily, in-quired again rather to gain time than from any curiosity. "Did your devil speak? What said he?" children love him and people stop

view. many others in every parish in town. I didn't know, Mr. Powell, that you

Father McClean passed through the church, and seeing Mr. Kennedy in a eyes fixed on the tabernacle and his hands tightly clasped, he was im-A light suddenly broke upon words he did not feel so certain that there was not something extraordinfollowed him to his study and in-

> some minutes gave himself up to recalling all he had ever heard or observed regarding Mr. Kennedy. The result was meagre enough. The man had been a feature of the parish

even interest. Throughout that evening, however the thought of Mr. Kennedy haunted Father McClean; and the old man's face as it had looked when he smiled at him and Mr. Powell as they stood together at the gate had a place in the dreams that visited his first sleep, vivid dreams with a strange

It could not have been long past midnight when Father McClean was roused by the ringing of the door-bell. Throwing on his clothes, he went downstairs thinking how very tired and sleepy he was. On opening the door he found a man standing on the step, a little old man whom even in the dim light he instantly recognized. It was Mr. Kenfor many and many a nedy, year had not knocked at the door of the presbytery. His ordinarily sad face was radiant, his long bent figure as erect as a soldier's, and though he spoke quickly he seemed to be extra-

ordinarily calm. "Will you please come with me at once, Father ?" he said.

an accident? Shall I need the holy

Father McClean uttered an exnation of horror and shrank back ittle. "You had dropped them in a little. the street to be trampled in the " he cried.

Yes, Father. An hour or two later-soon after daybreak-I crept back and looked for them; but it was raining and there had been a fire in the neighborhood, so, early as it was, crowds had passed that way, and I could not find them. Hard ened in sin though I was, I dared no sell the ciborium. For weeks l lived in torture ; my life was a hell At last I could stand it no longer. I returned the ciborium to Father Prendergast, who was pastor here in those days, and I went to confession. Ever since, in reparation, I have walked at least four times a day over the way I ran that night, all the time saying little ejaculatory prayers to the Blessed Sacrament. This has

This has been a long, tiresome story, Father, but-O Father, Father the end is wonderful !" Father McClean had begun to be impatient for him to reach the point

which would explain his mission there that night. "Yes, Mr. Kennedy and you came to ask me to go some Yes, Mr. Kennedy, where with you—at this hour of the night !" he prompted. Yes, yes, Father. You will under-

stand in a moment. "You see, I often come back to the church during the night. You can easily imagin why I long to pray there then. O course the doors are locked, but I Father McClean clung to his own lew. "He is a pious old man, like came, I saw-Father, I saw some thing white on the pavement near my house-something small and round and white; and farther on, another; and about a square from here, the third; and I came to you, Father. Of course I cannot touch them." He spoke very simply, not seeming to the

seeming to be conscious strangeness of what he said. Father McClean was dumbfounded You say-you say that you sawhe stammered.

Yes, Father, I saw the three Hosts The thought I lost that night. God is good, so good ! Please come with me at once. Not many people are on the street at this hour, but it took me a long time to explain. Please come quickly." Father McClean looked pityingly

at the old man. At first he thought he had been awed, almost whelmed : now he understood that Mr. Kennedy's mind was unbalanced. a few days and keep away from the eyes of the Abigail. Both father and daughter bethought them of the attic. a few days and he had indeed made her way to the day and he had accepted him as such for his hat which was hanging near-

> Wouldn't it be well to take a pyx with you ?" Mr. Kennedy suggested in a quiet, matter of fact way that sent a tremor of fear through the priest ; and in spite of his belief that Mr. Kennedy was demented his hands shook uncontrollably as he slipped the pyx into an inner pocket. Mr. Kennedy then led the way swiftly and in silence and Father McClean noted, as he had often done before, that he walked as if every step gave him intense pain. Down the deserted street they passed turned northward at the first corner and an instant afterward Mr. Ken nedy fell to his knees on the pave ment in a spot almost directly an electric light. Convinced that he would see nothing, but trembling from head to foot nevertheless, Father McClean reached Mr. Ken nedy's side. Before them on the asphalt pavement lay a Host. Father McClean dropped to his knees and covering his face with his hands adored it for a few moments before he reverently placed it in his pyx.

Without a word Mr. Kennedy rose and once more led the way, Father "Who is ill? Or has there been McClean following more closely than before. Strangely, perhaps, priest's nervousness was gone. He

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## THE CATHOLIC RECORD

the obstacles between us are too great.

'Time may wear away those obstacles which it is your obstacles which it is your will to erect between us. Once Lord Bello-mont's term of office has expired, he may return to England or be recalled the Home Government. With him will go Prosser Williams, and the charges against you will fall to the ground. I shall be free then, and my movements will be of little importance. We can, if need be, leave these colonies, and seek some place of abode secure from alarms." Evelyn only shook her head mourn.

fully. "Even were all things to fall out

as you anticipate-and of that can we be sure ?---there would still remain between us the greatest barrier of all, the difference of our religious beliefs.'

'Oh, my best beloved." cried Ferrers, with a kind of despair, will you then let that question of our different creeds stand between and our happiness ? For see you not that my mother was of your faith. and my heart is nearer to that than to any other." Evelyn smiled at him with that

smile of hers which, as he had seen it bestowed upon others, had driven Prosser Williams nearly to distract That smile, sweet and melancholy, was now full of dissent.

"It is not enough," she said. "For, in the love that I am offering you, it is your soul that I love no less than your body, a soul with which I hope mine may be eternally united.

There was a strange solemnity in her words-the solemnity that exists only in moments of passionate emotion. The young man, whose knowl-edge of Evelyn had hitherto been edge of Evelyn had hitherto been confined chiefly to the lighter and gayer side of her character, was gayer side of her character, was deeply impressed by her grave seriousness, and dominated as by a new and inexplicable influence. Her de lage in Local to carrie in the analysis of the series of the

their approaching separation, which they felt might be for long, since the risk involved by the visits of Captain Ferrers would preclude any speedy repetition of his daring attempt to see Evelyn and her father. He placed upon Evelyn's finger a ring of betrothal of great value and ancient workmanship, which had belonged to his mother. This was the outward sign and symbol of that union of hearts which each felt would be for ever. despite every difficulty and obstacle that the future might hold. But they could not have foreseen the new trials which were in store for Evelyn before their next meeting.

CHAPTER III FATHER HARVEY

It was again in the middle of a mellow October evening that the ponderous knocker on the door of

the de Laceys' dwelling was sounded It was soon after the Abigail had de-parted, and Evelyn herself opened the door. She saw before her an ab solute stranger, tall and spare of frame, with iron grey hair and eyes of steel-blue that had in their depths

an expression of humor. His dress was that of the ordinary New Englander, but Evelyn knew instinctive inarticulate sounds. Father Harvey ly that here was no Puritan. 'He inquired for Mr. de Lacey, without giving his own name. With a courtbest to preserve an absolute immobil ity, lest any movement might still further betray him. So he sat motioneous gesture, Evelyn invited him to enter the little room which her father had converted into a study. less, though the shaking hand of the girl, which already had grasped the bunch of herbs from a line above his girl, Mr. de Lacey stood up at his en-trance, glanced inquiringly in his direction, and then, with almost a cry of joy, exclaimed : "My dear Father Harvey, by all that's wonderful and iorful." head, sent down upon him a shower of the thyme which had been in-

tended for the soup. that's wonderful and joyful! the pan," said the priest afterwards.

all over the figure, which still re-mained silent and motionless, seemed the capacious bags which he carried

nd a zeal that ess through familiarity, had omitted vas never conscious of weariness, of obstacles, happy under the circumstances. to lock the door. Up went the maid, nor even of rebuffs. Father Byrne, "No one is ill Father, and no one the day of his first Mass and then in the former pastor of St. Peter's, had has been hurt, but I beg you to come a degree less piercingly sweet. Soon who was intent on making a pot of savory soup, to get the necessary herbs. And so swift was her ascent that by the time the priest realized that some one was coming, it was too

late for any attempt at concealment. At first he had a vague hope that it might be Evelyn who had come up

with a message from her father. When he saw instead the sturdy, Father McClean saw Mr. Powell oming across the street and smiling of His forgiving love! Forty five coming across the street and smiling a hearty welcome he went to meet thick set girl, with her clumsy shoes and working-girl's attire, he could him. It was a beautiful evening, scarcely helpsmiling, though he knew warm and clear and still, so they did that his discovery might have serious consequences for himself. He trusted not go into the house but stood beside the gate, talking pleasantly and at first to the growing darkness that

laughing together over Father Mc-Clean's inimitably told stories. Preshe might not be espied, and so sat per-fectly still at the table where he had ently a man passed them, bound for the church, as they well knew; an been writing. The Abigail came on gaily, singing a verse of a hymn with old man, shabbily dressed, thin, bent, a peculiarly nasal sound, which was who walked as if every step gave him the nearest approach to worldly dis-sipation permitted her. Then all at

pain. He turned to speak to them, showing a heavily lined face, stern once, as she was reaching for the in repose but almost beautiful when herbs, she became aware of the motionless figure and the face which he smiled. Instinctively silent for the moment, they watched him limp by. After he had passed into the looked white in the gathering gloom. The words of the hymn ended in a church Mr. Powell, forgetting the hoarse croak in her throat, and she subject they had been discussing, began to quake with a dread that for a moment or two found expression in said, slowly and thoughtfully

"I am certain that in forty years he has not missed hearing Mass every morning or failed to come to church at this time in the evening to remain until your crabbed old Pat drives him out so that he may lock the door. Cold or heat, snow, rainnothing keeps him away. From my window I have seen him come through the worst storms we have

ever had. Who is he?" "Why his name is Kennedy-Tom 'I felt like a duckling prepared for Kennedy every one calls him. He's a shoe maker and lives a mile or more But the sight of the herbs falling from here in one of those very old, dilapidated houses on Arsenal street. He uses the front room for a shop and keeps house—after a forlorn fashion -behind it.'

was happy, ecstatically happy, in a way he had known before only on

"No one is ill Father, and no one the day of his first Mass and then in been shy with him, awed by his wealth and distinguished lineage, but after slipping into the hall he went walking by, Mr. Kennedy stood still. A man was apparently Father McClean had never heard of either. Yet his manner lacked none of the quiet deference heard of either. I will be as brief as I can but stand. I will be as brief as I can but apparently Father McClean had never heard of either. Yet his manner minute to be lost, but I must explain time. A few minutes later Father time. A few minutes later Father McClean had placed another Host beside the one already in his pyx and stand. I will be as brief as I can but side the one already in the the story is long and—and very won. Mr. Kennedy was again derful, for it is a story of God's love, swiftly ahead of him. It

derful, for it is a story of God's love, switty ateau of him. It was due to be stopped for gears ago, Father, when I was the last time at the very edge of the twenty-two or twenty-three years old I fell into bad company. I went far Once more Father McClean overtook him headt at his cide and placed a I fell into bad company. I went far wrong but I did not loss the faith. I could not. God forgive me, I would have been glad if I had! The in-An automobile was coming down

and all the Holy Communions of my boyhood had made that impossible. and swiftly began to retrace his And—and I went down from bad to steps. Mr. Kennedy followed with worse until I broke my old mother's heart, and she died. I was full of remorse, then, but only for a little came conscious that his companion needed money, needed it sorely, and more slowly. They reached the needed money, needed it sorely, and I-I-Father, one night, broke into church in half an hour or the church and forced open the tab. Father McClean opened one of the ernacle and laid hands upon the doors with a key he always carried. ciborium. I litted the cover, intend-ing to leave upon the altar whatever locked the tabernacle and placed the ing to leave upon the altar whatever sacred particles it contained. There sacred particles within it. After

were but three in it; I saw that, but before I could take them out I heard ments he turned to Mr. Kennedy. 'You are worn out," he said kindly some one coming and ran as fast as I could, down the aisle and through the vestibule to the door which I "You must go no farther; spend the remainder of the night in my house." ad forced when I entered. "Thank you, Father, but may I "Keeping in the shadow of the spend it here instead ?" the old man had forced when I entered.

asked.

trees as much as possible I made my way home, running when I dared, "But you are very tired," Father and all the time trying to hold the McClean objected.

and all the time trying to hold the michemic before the shall soon forget that. Please, it contained consecrated Hosts and filled with terror at the thought. All the way I trembled from head to All the way I trembled from head to the trying to hold the michemic field. Not another word passed between the michemic field and soon.

filled with terror at the thought. Father acclean yielded. All the way I trembled from head to foot, far more through fear of God's them. The night grew old and soon, auger than because I dreaded to be caught. When I reached home I found that in running I had lost the McClean rose from his knees then



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