Written for CATHOLIC RECORD CATHOLICS OF SCOTLAND

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CHAPTER X.

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CHAPTER XI.

One morning—it was about the middle of March, and Lent time, Easter falling late—the Raffertys were startled at an early hour by the appearance of Fanny Browne, who entered the room hastily, with every appearance of great agitation.

"Oh, aunt, aunt!" she cried, as soon as she could find breath to speak, "I've come to tell yon—your Jim has been taken up for stealing—he was in the lock up last night!"

Poor Mrs. Refferty sank down on the

Coor Mrs. Refferty sank down on the

nearest chair, white and trembling. "Tell me all about it," she faintly mut-

Fanny proceeded to explain. Her hus-

Fanny proceeded to explain. Her husband, with Jim and two or three others, had been drinking at a public house near. "He had never taken too much since we were married," she cried, "until last night, and then he did. Yes, they were all half tipsy, and don't know much what they were at; but they went into a shop (Will says for gingerbeer or something), and Jim took up a piece of bacon. I'm sure he did not mean to take it, only for 'a lark,' but the shopman rushed at him, and the police came in and laid hold of him; and then because he wasn't sober, you know, he because he wasn't sober, you know, he fought them, and knocked one of them

fought them, and knocked one of them down, and they had awful work to get him to the station-house. So there he is now, and Will says he'll be sure to get convicted for having fought the policeman, if for nothing else."

Poor Mrs. Rafferty was quite beside herself with grief. She turned on Fanny, and vowed it was Will Browne's bad example which had brought her boy to ruin; showered reproaches and bitter wallings on the girl for not having warned her in time, or somehow prevented the whole time, or somehow prevented the whole affair; taiked incoherently of going herself affair; talked incoherently of going herself before the magistrate to "get him off," and was just hurrying on her bonnet and shawl, with some such wild project, when her husband came to dinner and heard the whole story. Before this was finished, Will Browne appeared on the scene, looking very penitent and ashamed of himself, with the news that he had just been to the police caurt, sen "the case" come to the police court, seen "the case" come on, and had to tell them that Jim was condemned to a month's imprisonment, with hard labor; not for stealing the bacon, on which count he was found "Not guilty,"

in which they lived did not happen to contain a single other Catholic family, and they were thus unvisited by, because unknown to, either parish priest or Catholic visitor. In fact, they lived in London as in some vast wilderness, neither knowing of nor caring for anything beyond the little every-day cares which came, all too heavily, with each day's waking. The children went to the nearest school, a Protestant one, and only Jim among them all had made his First Communion.

munion.

But when they moved into this new parish, everything was different. Mrs. Rafferty had hardly been settled down for a week in the dingy little back room of No. 2 Augel Court, when, much to her surprise, she received a visit from the priest, who heard that a new family had sentered his region, and sentered his region, and sentered his region, and sentered his region. priest, who heard that a new family had entered his parish, and came to see what children were to be sent to school or to evening classes, or to be preparad for their First Communion. Also, he told Mrs. Rafferty a "mission" was being held in the church, in preparation for Easter, and he urged upon her the importance of attending it. Lizzie, of course, was not at home when the priest came, having, as usual, started on her sounds of match and violet selling; but she was quite excited when, on her return home, Mrs. Rafferty told her what had occurred, and how they had been invited to attend the services.

"May I really go, mother?" she cried,

had been invited to attend the services.

"May I really go, mother?" she cried, her eyes sparkling with pleasure; "and will it be anything like that beautiful place I went to before? Oh, I've never forgotten it. I've dreamed of it over and over again, and it seems to me like the place Tommy heard about at school, where the bright spirits are. But it was such a long way off I could not find it again when once I tried before we left Rose court."

So, on the following evening, which was Friday, Lizzie came home somewhat earlier than usual, weahed her face and tided her dress with great care, and sallied forth to the church where the mission was she drew near the building, which she knew well enough by sight, having often

knew well enough by sight, having often passed it in her rounds, and involuntarily she paused on the threshold.

From behind the heavy closed doors, which swung to and fro as one after another the worshippers passed in, there head as he laid the stated out a sweet scund of many voices then passed on.

rising and falling in the endences of a bymn. The child steed still and listened, fearing to enter, and strove to eatch the words they easy. At first, all seemed an unintelligible babel of sound; but pres-ently she found that the same words were repeated again and again, and pushing the door a little open, she caught, from a group of children kneeling mear the door, the ending:

happier one.
"And now," the preacher continued, as "And now," the preacher continued, as his hearers knilt on, "I am going to give you all something which may remind you of this night's promise. Let every head of a family, father or mother, come forward, and I will give them one of these crosses"—he held up as he spoke a plain black wooden cross about two feet in height—"which they must have any in a convenience are of about two feet in height—"which they must hang up in a conspicuous part of their houses or rooms. Let this cross remind you, whenever you see it, that you have made a solemn promise to God to night never to drink to excess, never to allow any member of your family to do so, and, as far as in you lies, to fight against it in others. Come, now, and take your crosses, and may they ever remind you that you are pledged to temperance and to the service of Him who died thereon."

He paused, and with one accord fathers and mothers, old and young, arose and

Ho paused, and with one accord fathers and mothers, old and young, arose and passed up the narrow aisle to the altar rails, where each received his cross. None of the Raffertys were there, and with a sudden impulse, Lizzie jumped up and joined in the stream with beating heart, smeeling for the first time at the altar rails, behind which the white robed priest passed slowly along, distributing crosses to each. He paused as he came to her, and altoped down to whisper a question:

each. He paused as he came to her, and stooped down to whisper a question:

'My child, who are you? Where are your parents? Surely you are not alone!"

"Please, sir, I live with the Raffertys, and I'm alone in the world. My mother used to drink, and I want a cross to help me not to be like her."

"Poor child!" replied the priest; "where do you live?"

"We've just come to 2 Angel Court,

"Where do you live?"

"We've just come to 2 Angel Court, sir," she replied.

"Ah, then I will come and see you," he whispered. "Take this cross, child, and may it bring you many blessings! God bless you."

He made the sign of the cross over head as he had the gross to he had a set and head as he laid the cross in her hands, and

The girl rose, classing her cross tightly to her, and moved away with the rest. She hardly knew what the cross meant, nor why it was so eagred; but, looking upwards as she passed back to her corner, she new another and larger cross suspended to one of the pillars, on which a Figure hung, thorn-crowned, nail-pierced and bloeding. It was rudely colored, but seemed all too lifelike to the untutored mind; and, with a start, she looked down at her own cross. There was no figure there. "What does it all mean?" she thought again. "Is it He who will help me not to drink? I must take it home and ask."

whether Methodist or Mormal. For think what an effect the detection of such a lapse from virtue must exercise on the ungodly! Newspaper editors are often very wicked, and sometimes tell lies, but they never tell useless lies, and they take the precautions against being found out. What good can it do Methodism or Christianity to say that the Pope boomed successfully the late Franco-Prussiau war? He didn't; and the bishop knew he didn't. What kind of a bishop must this be who fancies that the events of the most important campaign since the times of the first Napoleon, and which happened less than a score of years ago, are known to none except himself and his co-religionists! It gives one a low idea of the intelligence of the numerous and influential body of which he is one of the leaders. We refrain from noticing the shocking wire-pulling which characterized the election of the Methodist bishops the other day. It would have bishops the other day. It would have disgraced a primary election. Such epi-sodes help to make Ingersollism popular.

The Boundary Line

Batween comfort and discomfort is often very slight. Have you rheumatism or neuralgia? or are you a sufferer from obscure nervous pains? Why suffer longer? You can purchase for 10 cents a bottle of that king of pain—Polson's Nerviline—or you can get a large bottle for 25 cents. It cures promptly. It is sure, pleasant to take, and never fails to cure all kinds of pain. Don't wait an hour, but send to any drug store and get a trial bottle. Nerviline, the sure pain cure.

A Good Offer Between comfort and disc

A Good Offer is made by the proprietors of Hagyard's Yellow Oil, who have long offered to refund every cent expended for that remedy if it fails to give satisfaction on fair trial for Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sore Throat and all painful complaints for which it is recommended.

Occasional Doses of a good cathartic like Burdock Pills are necessary to keep the clood pure and the body healthy.

THERE ARE MANY INDICATIONS OF WORMS but Dr. Low's Worm Syrup meets them

TOROR TO WHOM HONOR IS DUE. Sie

Under these circumstances the surgeons and hospital military officers, the soldiers and army cificers along with the private soldiers, looked to the Sisters as their chief reliance.

The superior of the Sisters, Sister Mary Frances Bridgeman, by her admirable system, her practical tact, and her untiring viglance and constant laboriousness, for extra toff self and personal exposure and fatigue, won the confidence and esteem of all. The efficers in charge of the hospital stores promptly answered every requisition she made upon them, so far as the lamentable confusion and lack of some of the most necessary supplies permitted them to do so. Every suggestion she made was respectfully listened to and attended to as far as, under the circumstances, was possible. tances, was possible.
The North-British Review, of February,

1862, says:
"It has been remarked that while in the Crimes our hired nurses disgraced them selves by incompetency and disobedience, and many of our volunteer ladies were and many or the volunteer ladies were obliged to return home ill or worn out. The Sisters of Mercy held on with unflagging spirit and energy—never surprised, never put out, ready in resources, meeting all difficulties with a cheerful spirit, a superiority owing to their previous training and experience.

and dimensions with a cheeriui spirit, a superiority owing to their previous training and experience."

Lord Napier frequently bore like testimony. He relates that one occasion he called on the mother superior and asked for two Sisters to minister to two hundred refugee Jews who were "cold and without food and indescribably filthy."

"She ordered," he goes on to say, two Sisters from her presence to follow me. They ware ladies of refinement and Intellect. I was a Protestant, and I invoked their assistance for the benefit of the Jews. Yet these two women made up their bundles and followed me through the rain without a look, a whisper, a sign of hesitation. From that moment my refugees were saved. No one saw the labor of those Sisters but myself, for two months, and though religion was the motive of all their actions, they never endeavored to make a single convert."

One of the stipulations of the British

Sisters was, that they should not endeavor to make any procelytes.

"But," says Lord Napier, "they made one convert—they converted me, not to believe in the Catholic faith, but in the Sisters of Mercy."

Mies Taylor, a lady volunteer from England, speaks in equally high terms of the Sisters and of their superior. She says that Miss Stanley (who had been sent out to easist Miss Nightingale and supply her deficiencies of temper and administrative ability), and Miss Hutton (who was sent out to fill Miss Nightingale's place on her return to England):

"Left the whole direction of the Sisters of Mercy, under whose administration it became the admiration of all who visited it, the pride of the ladies and nurses who worked in it, and the model hospital of the East."

Thus we might quote from other testiments who was the table to the ladies and nurses who

worked in it, and the model hospital of the East."

Thus we might quote from other testimonials, but the limits of space forbid.

Among these are letters to Mother Mary Frances from Sir John Hall, "Instructor-General of Hospitals," and from Sir William Codrington, "General Commander," and from Lord Pannure, requesting that the Sisters "be informed of their entire satisfaction at the work which they had performed with so much seal and devotion."

How the soldiers felt may be inferred from the fact that when at the close of the war the Sisters left for England there was a universal lamentation, and a comflict among the army officers to obtain furloughs to go on the same vessel with them.

The "Grand Turk" sent a gift of £280 to be distributed to the different convents from which the Sisters went to from the East. But the British never made any substantial acknowledgement of the services of the Sisters, and the credit and praise that were due them were given to Miss Nightingale.

But the Sisters labor not to receive the praise of men. They look for their reward, not here, but hereafter.—Philadelphia Standard.

THE SIGN OF THE CROSS.

AN INCIDENT WHICH BEFELL TWO ARMY

From the "Lamp."

Once, not many years ago, two officers of the army were travelling through the beautiful valley of the Colville river, among the Spokana and Cour d'Alenea, some two days journey from the mission of St. Ignatius.

One of these officers was a Protestant and a Freemason, the other a Catholic. The ties of common profession and service had long since, despite the diversity of faith, made them friends, and often the Protestant had dwelt upon the beauties of masonry, the great social power of the order and the usefulness of being able in any moment of danger to call, by an unseen sign, a friend to your aid.

One day after travelling till nearly the day's journey was completed, it was dis-

One day after travelling till nearly the day's journey was completed, it was discovered by the Protestant officer that he had left his coat behind at the house at which they had stopped the night before, and his loss anabyed him greatly. Particularly did he inveigh against the wild and uncivilized country through which they were passing, where no man could be found who could understand Euglish, and by whom a message could be sent back for the lost garment.

At this juncture our Catholic friend remarked that any ladian they might meet would do, as they were mostly Caristians. But, though the Mason laid but little stress upon their Caristianity, his puzzle was how to know the Christian from pagan.

To this the Catholic replied, that if the Mason had a grip and pass word so

the Mason had a grip and pass word so did he, the Catholic, have an infallible sign by which even in this wild land, he could detect the Christian, and in fine he would take upon himself the task of

recovering the coat,
In a short time there came to the stream where the party were resting three or four mounted Indians, who, with the stolidity of their character, surveyed them without emotion.
Our Catholic friend at length, in a loud tone, called one of the Indians to him,

tone, called one of the Indians to him, who approached slowly and with apparent reluctance. Asking his friend to watch the countence of the Indian, the Catholic made the sign of the cross upon his forehead and breast. At once the impassibility of the Indian vanished and, with a cry of surprise to his companions, he advanced rapidly, signing himself with the sign of the Crucified One.

with the sign of the Crucified One.

Extending his hand, he assumed a seat by the side of the friends, and then, opening, his buckskin shirt, exposed the scapular and miraculous medal he wore. Our Catholic did the same, and, without knowing a word of each other's language, these two Catholics were able, by signs and the universal brotherhood of the Church, to know and feel each other friends. To write a note to the man at whose

To write a note to the man at whose house the traveller had stopped the night before was short work. To explain by signs what was wanted was not so easy, but finally the Indian understood and accepted the errand.

It was then past noon and the distance thirty miles, yet this Catholic Indian resched again the party before setting out the next morning, and with the cost.

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in a postal card on which to send your address to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, will, by return mail, bring you free, particulars about work that both sexes, of all ages, can do, and live at home, wherever you are located, earning thereby from \$5 to \$25 per day. and upwards. Some have earned over \$50 in a single day. Capital not required; you are started free.

The Deaf Hear.

After eight years of suffering from Deafness, so bad that I was unable to attend to my business, I was cured by the use of Hagyard's Yellow Oil. With gratitude I make this known for the benefit of others afflicted. Harry Ricardo, Toronto,

and though religion was the motive of all their actions, they never endeavored to make a single convert."

One of the atipulations of the British when it accepted the services of the

PART II. FROM THE EXTINCTION OF THE HIERARCH IN 1603, TILL THE APPOINTMENT OF BIBHOPS, VICARS APOSTOLIC IN 1694. The King having overcome the popul tumult and returned to his capital, we now all-powerful, and prepared to infli a new mortification on the refracto Kirk. This was nothing less than

reconcile to it the Catholic Earls, who lives the ministers sought, in punishme of their "idolatry." The Earls were willing to be politically reconciled; and they we so. The story of their conforming to t Kirk so completely as to sign the Confe sion of Faith and take what the ministe were pleased to call the sacrament, has all t were pleased to tail as section, asserting appearance of being apocry phal. If, i deed, they eigned, it was under coered and in obedience to irresistible politic emergency. The king had addresse very peremptory letter to Huntley in mating to him that "the time was convened to his honors and estates, or lehis country forever, if his conscience we to tender as to refuse these conditions which case he must never look to be scotchman again." The letter thus of cludes: "Deceive not yourself to think to by lingering of time your wife or y allies shall ever get you better of ditions. I must love myself and own estate better than all the world; think not that I will suffer any profess a contrary religion, to dwell in this land James must have had a very kittle oscience himself, since, being a deed Episcopalian, and besides, a really g philosopher, whose wisdom commant the admiration of Europe, he could demuch for Preebyterianism. But, ther was a believer in political exigencies; in this he required his Oatholic Baron he like himself. Why should not Calleism, as well as Episcopalianism, fratise with their antipodes, the Preebyte system? If the Barons did so frater to the extent of signing the absurd fession of Faith, they could not but das many a Kirk probationerer has stree, "with a smile or a sigh."

King James was now, 1597, too with the trial of witches to grieve his recent troubles. The border dis required also to be pacified; and the speedily effected by dealing more sev than he was wont with offenders, and teen of them were taken and has while thirty-six of the primcipal Baby whom the robbers had been emaged, were edzed and conveyed pristo the English Crown; the vecanism of exciting Poland and Denmark a her, and fostering rebellion in Ireland of all, he was offended by the at recently made in the English Palito defeat his title to the throne of the special poland and Denmark a her, and fostering rebellion in Ireland of all, he was offended by the at recently made in the English Palito defeat his title to the thro

controversy with the ministers, we tended that the project with its luevils, the dangers which it carried its bowels, would be as fatal as wooden horse to the unwary Trojan fifty Bishops were appointed with a Parliament. The politic monarfar from foreseeing the bitter conte bloody struggles "Prelacy" was destoccasion in the days of his successo the meantime, it diverted, so fattention of the Kirk from its cru of persecuting Catholics.

attention of the KIRK from its cruof persecuting Catholics.

A circumstance occurred this
1599, which greatly raised the ho
the Catholics. The king wrote
This was the calebrated Basilicar
which excited the admiration Europe, and was highly esteemed Pope. The Holy Father pronou author the most learned Princt time, and he also expressed that, as he had written so much philosophy and so much truth, hinally embrace the whole trut Catholics of Scotland also enter this hope and were jubilant or Royal learning. One of the Kir retaries, who had been employed the book, imprudently showed minister, Andrew Melville, who copies of certain passages, laid before the Presbytery of St. A and accused the author, whose did not reveal, of having bitting famed the Kirk. The passagented were probably those what tained an attack upon the Presform of Church government, and Prince of Wales, for whose tead work was written, was instructed hone for his friends but such been faithful to the late Queen It was clear, the ministers arguno person entertaining such as were expressed in the boardure for any length of time tary discipline of the Kirk; and severe and sweeping censure prupon the Scottich reformation off spring of popular tumult and lion, very plainly indicated the leaning to "Prelacy" and "What could be expected, said writer who described the leader glorious work as "fiery and spirits," who delighted to rule a plobie;" and, having found the government sweet, had brought weakened and distructions of the structure of the country? What was to be better those men, who had been