RY A. CONAN DOYLE.

When Jack Conolly, the Rory of the Hills Inner Circle, was incontinently shot by Sergeant Murdoch, of the con-stabulary, his twin brother Dennis, joined the British Army. The country-side had become too hot for him; and, as the seventy five shillings were wanting which might have carried him to America, he took the only way handy of getting himself out of the way. Seldom has Her Majesty had a local Seldom has Her Majesty had a less promising recruit, for his hot Celtic blood seethed with hatred against Britain and all things British.

The sergeant, however, smiling complacently over his six feet of brawn and his forty four inch chest, whisked him off with a dozen other of the boys to the depot at Fermoy, whence in a few weeks they were sent on, to the first battalion of the Royal Mallows at the

top of the roster for foreign service.

It was the darkest hour of the land struggle, when the one side came out with crobar and battering ram by and the other with mask and with shot-gun by night. Men driven from their homes and potato-patches found their way into the service of the Government o which they ascribed their troubles, and now and then they did wild things

before they came.

There were recruits in the Irish regiments who would forget to answer to their own names, so short had been their acquaintance with them. Of these the Royal Mallows had their full share; and, while they still retained their fame as being one of the smartes corps in the army, no one knew better than their officers that they felt bitter hatred for the flag under which they

And the centre of all the disaffection was C Company, in which Dennis Conolly found himself corolled. They were of the tenant class to a man; an their whole experience of the British Government had been an inexorable landlord, and a constabulary who to them to be always on the

side of the rent collector.

Dennis was not the only moonlighter in the ranks, nor was he alone in having an intolerable family blood feud to harden his heart. Savagery had be-gotten savagery in that veiled civil var. A landlord with an iron mort age weighing down upon him had nall bowels for his tenantry. He did but take what the law allowed; and yet, with men like Jim Holan, or Patrick McGuire, or Peter Flynn, who had seen the roofs torn from their cot tages and the folk huddled among their pitiable furniture upon the roadside, it was ill to argue about abstract law. A stricken man can only feel his own ound, and the rank and file of the C Company of the Royal Mallows were sore to the heart.

There were low whisperings in bar rack-rooms and canteens, stealthy meetings in public-house parlors, bandying of passwords from mouth to mouth, and many other signs which made their officers right glad when the order came which sent them to foreign and better still, to active service.

For Irish regiments have before nov been disaffected, and have at a dis tance looked upon the foe as though he might, in truth, be the friend; but when they have been put face on to him, and when their officers have dashed to the front with a wave and a halioo, those rebel hearts have softened and their gallant Celtic blood has boiled with the mad joy of the fight, until the slower Britons have marveiled that they ever could hade doubted the lovalty of their Irish comrades.

It was a March morning upon the eastern frings of the Nubian desert. From the coast inland stretched dreary sand plains, dotted over with thick clumps of mimosa scrub and mottled patches of thorny bush.

No tree broke the monotony of that vast desert. The dull, dusty hue of the thickets and the yellow glare of the sand were the only colors, save at one point where, from a distance, it seemed that a landslip of snow-white stones had shot itself across a low foot But as the traveller approached he saw, with a thrill, that these were no stones, but the bleaching bones of a slaughtered army. With its dull tirts, gnarled viprous bashes, its arid, ren soil, and this death streak trailed across it, it was indeed a night mare country

Some eight or ten miles inland the rolling plain curved upward with a lope until it ran into a line of red basaltic rock which zigzagged from north to south, heaping itself up at one point into a fantastic knoll. On summit there stood upon that March morning three Arab chieftains the Sheik Kadra of the Hadendowas, Moussa Wad Aburhegel, who led the Berber dervishes, and Mamid Wad Hussein, wto had come northward with his fighting men from the land of the

Baggaras.

They had all three just risen from their praying carpets, and were peering out, with fierce, high-nosed faces thrust forward, at the stretch of coun-

try revealed by the spreading dawn.
At one point lay a huddle of white walled houses, a mere splotch in the distance; while four tiny cock-boats, which lay beyond, marked the position of three of her Majesty's ten-thousand ton troopers and the Admiral's flag-

ship.
But it was not upon the distant town nor upon the great vessels, nor yet upon the sinister white litter which gleamed in the plain beneath them, that the Arab chieftains gazed. Two mites from where they stood, amid the sand hills and mimosa scrub, a great parallelogram had been marked by piled up bushes. From the inside of this doz-ens of tiny blue smoke-reeks curled up into the still morning air; while there rose from it a confused deep murmur, the voices of men and the gruntings of camels blended into the same insect

The unbelievers have cooked their morning food," said the Baggara chief, shading his eyes with his tawny sinewy hand. Truly their sleep has been but hand. Truly their sleep has been but scanty; for Hamid and a hundred of his men have fired upon them since the

rising of the moon. rising of the moon.

"So it was with these others," answered the Sheik Kadra, pointing with the old is sheathed sword towards the battle field. "They also had a day of little water and a night of little rest, and the heart was gone out of them, ere ever the sons of the Prophet had looked them in the eyes. This blade drank deep that day, and will again before the sun has travelled from the

"And yet these are other men marked the Berber dervish. know that lilah has placed them in the clutch of our fingers, yet it may be that they with the big hats will stand firmer than the men of Egypt."

sea to the hill.

"Pray Atlah that it may be so. cried the fierce Baggara, with a flash of his black eyes. "It was not to of his black eyes. "It was not to chase women that I brought seven hundred men from the river to the

See, my brother, already they are form-ing their array."

A fanfare of bugle calls burst from the distant camp. At the same time the bank of bushes at one side had been thrown or trampled down, and the

littlearmy within began to move slowly out on to the plain.

The three chieftains still lingered upon the knoll, looking down with hungry eyes and compressed lips at the dark steel-tipped patch.

"They are slower to start than the men of Egypt," the Sheik of the Hadendowas growled in his beard.

"Slower also to go back perchance my brother," murmured the dervish And yet there are not many-three

thousand at the most."
"And we ten thousand with the Prophets grip upon our spear hafts and his words upon our banner. See to their chieftain, how he rides upon the right and looks up at us with the glass that sees from aiar! It may be that he

The Arab shook his sword at the smail clump of horsemen who had spurred out from the square. "Lo, he beckons!" cried the der-

Lo, he beckons!" cried the der-h; "and see those others at the vish: corner, how they bend and heave. Hal by the Prophet I had thought it!"

As he spoke a little woolly puff of moke spurted up at the corner of the square, and a seven-pound shell burs with a hard metallic smack just over their heads. The splinters knocked enips from the red rocks around them if the gun can carry thus far, ther ours can answer to it. Ride to the the skin from the Egyptians if the annot hit yonder mark. And riamid to the right, and see that thre thousand men lie close in the wady tuat we have chosen. Let the other beat the drum and show the banner of the Prophet; for by the black stone their spears will have drunk deep ere look upon the stars again.

long, straggling, boulder strewn plateau lay on the summit of the red nills. Along the edge of this position lay the Arab host, a motley crew of shock-headed, desert clansmen, fierce predatory slave-dealers of the in eror, and wild dervishes from Upper Nile, all bent together by their common fearlessness and fanaticism Two races were there as wide as the poles apart, the thin lipped straight naired Arab, and the thick-lipped curly negro; yet the faith of Islam bound them closer than a blood tie.

Squatting among the rocks or lying thickly in the shadow, they peered out at the slow moving square beneath them, while women with waterskins fluttered from group to group, calling out to each other those fighting texts from the Koran which in the hour battle are maddening as wine to the true believer. A score of banners waved over the ragged valiant crew and among them, upon desert horses and white camels, were the emirs and sheiks who were to lead them against the English.

A deep roar on the right, and then a second one, showed that the Egyptian hawk eyes saw that the far beyond the mark, and he spurred his horse along to where a knot of mounted chiefs were gathered around the two guns, which were served by

their captured crews.
"How is this, Ben Ali?" he cried. "It was not thus that the dogs fired when it was at their own brothers in faith at home they aimed !'

A chiettain reined his horse back, and thrust a blood-smeared sword into its sheath. Beside him two Egyptian artillerymen with their throats were sobbing out their lives upon the ground.

Who lays the gun this time?' asked the fierce chief, glaring at the frightened gunners. "Here, thou frightened gunners. "Here, thou black browed child of Shaitan, aim, and aim for thy life !"

It may have been chance, or it may have been skill, but the third and tourth shells burst over the square Sheik Kadra smiled grimly and gallope back to the left, where his spearmen were streaming down into the gully As he joined them a deep growling rose from the plain beneath, like the snarling of a suilen wild beast, and a little knot of tribesmen fell in a struggling heap, caught in the blast of lead from a Gardner. Their comrades pressed down over them and sprang down into the ravine. From pressed all along the crest burst the hard sharp crackle of Remington fire.

The square had slowly advanced rippling over the low sand-hills, and halting every few minutes to re-arrange its formation. Now, having made sure that there was no force of the enemy in the scrub, it changed its direction and began to take a line parallel to the Arab position. It was too steep to assail from the front, and if they moved far enough to the right the General apped that he might turn it. His men perieved in him, and he had good reason to believe in them, for he had excellent stuff under him that day.

The left front of the square was formed by four companies of the Royal Wessex, and the right by four of the Royal Mallows. On either side the other halves of the same regiments other halves of the same regument marched in quarter column of companies. Behind them on the right was

a battalion of Guards, and on the left one of Marines, while the rear was closed in by a Rifle battalion.

Two Royal Artillery seven-pound screw-guns kept pace with the square, and a dozen white-bloused sailors, under their blue coated, tight-waisted officers, trailed their Gardner in front. turning every now and then to spit up at the draggled banners which waved over the cragged ridge. Hussars and Lancers scouted in the scrub at each side, and within moved the clump of

The square was now moving slowly or a line parallel with the rocks, stopping every few minutes to pick up wounded, andt o allow the screw-gurs and Gardner to make themselves felt. The me looked serious, for that spring on to the rocks of the Arab army had given them a vague glimpse of the number and fer ocity of their foes; but their face were set like stone, for they knew to man that they must win or they must die—and die, too, in a particularly die-and die, too, unloyely fashion. But most serious o the General, for he had seen that which brought a flush to hi cheek and a frown to his brow.

"I say, Stephen," said he to his gal oper, "those Mallows seem a triffe loper,

"Youngest troops in the square, sir," murmured the aid, looking at them critically through his eye glass. "Tell Colonel Flanagan to see to it, Stephen," he concluded; and the gal-loper sped upon his way. The Colonel, a fine old Celtic warrior, was over at C

Company in an instant.

"How are the men, Captain Foley? "Never better, sir," answered the senior captain, in the spirit that makes

a Madras officer look murder if you suggest recruiting his regiment from the Punjaub. "Stiffen them up!" cried the Colonel. As he rode away a color-ser-geant seemed to trip, and fell forward

nto a mimosa bush. He made no effort to rise, but lay in heap among the thorns. Sergeant O'Rorke's gone, sir.' cried a voice.

"Never mind, lads," said Captain oley. "He's died like a soldier, Foley. fighting for his Queen.' "Down with the Queen !" shouted a

hoarse voice from the ranks. But the roar of the Gardner and the typewriter-alike, clicking of the hop-perburst in at the tail of the words. Captain Foley heard them, and Subalterns Grice and Murphy heard them but there are times when a deaf ear is a gift from the gods.
"Steady, Mallows!" cried the Cap-

tain, in a pause of the grunting machine-gun. "We have the honor of "And well we know how to guard it, Captain!" cried the same ominous

oice; and there was a buzz from the length of the company.

The Captain and the two subs came

ogether behind the marching line. "The first man that turns, my sword is through him," cried Foley, loud enough to be heard by five files on either side of him. Then, in a lower voice. "It's a bitter drop to swallow, but it's my duty to report to the Chief and have a company of Jollies put be hind us." He turned away with the safety of the square upon his mind, and he had reached his goal the square had ceased to exist.

In their march in front of what looked like a face of cliff, that had come opposite to the mouth of the gully, in which, screened by scrub and boulders, three thousand chosen derunder Hamid Wad Husein of vishes, the Bagarras, were crouching. tat, tat, went the rifles of three mounted infantrymen in front of the left shoulder of the square, and an instant later they were spurring it for their lives, crouching over the manes of their horses, and pelting over the sandhills with thirty or forty galloping

chieftans at their heels. and scrub and mimosa Rocks warmed suddenly into black figures came and went in the gaps of the bushes. A howl that drowned the shouts of the officers, a long quavering yell, burst from the Two rolling volleys from ambuscade. Two rolling volleys from the Royal Wessex, one crash from the screw gun firing shrappel, and then be-tore a second cartridge could be rammed down, a tiving, glistening, black wave tipped with steel had rolled over the gan, the Royal Wessex had been dashed back among the camels, and a thousand fanatics were hewing and hacking in the heart of what had

been the square. Some of the Wessex had fired back at the Arabs who had passed them, as oxcited Tommies will, and it is whis-pered among doctors that it was not always a Remington bullet which was cut from a wound that day. ied in little knots, stabbing furiously with their bayonets at the rushing

spearsmen. Others turned at bay with their backs against the camels, and others round the General and his staff, who, revolver in hand, had flung themselves into the heart of it. But the whole square was sidling slowly away from the gorge, pushed back by the pressure at the shattered corner.

The officers and men at the other

faces were glancing nervously to their rear, uncertain what was going on, and unable to take help to their comrades without breaking the formation.

"By Jove, they've got through the Wessex!" cried Grice of the Mallows. The ranks were breaking and crowding towards Private Conolly, all talking together as the officers peered back the veil of dust. had run their Gardner out, and she was squirting death out of her five barrels into the flank of the rushing stream of savages.

"Oh, this confounded gun!" shouted a voice. "She's jummed again." The fierce metallic grunting had ceased, and her crew were straining and hauling at the breech.
"This blessed vertical feed!" cried

boys, or they're into us."
His voice rose

been buried in his chest! A second wave of dervishes lapped over the hil-locks and burst upon the machine-gun and the right front of the line. and the right front of the line. The sallors were overborne in an instant; but the Mallows, with their fighting blood aflame, met the yell of the Moslem with an even wilder, fiercer cry, and dropped two hundred of them with a single point-blank volley. The howling, leaping crew swerved away to the right, and dashed on into the gap which had already been made for them.

But C company had drawn no trigger to stop that flery rush. The men leaned moodily upon their Martinis. the ground. Concily was talking fiercely to those about him.

Captain Foley, thrusting his way through the press, rushed up to with a revolver in his hand.

This is your doing !" "If you raise your pistol, Captain your brains will be over your coat," your brains will be over your coat,' said a low voice at his side.

He saw that several rifles were turned on him. The two subs had pressed forward and were by his side. "What is it, then?" he cried, look ing round from one flerce mutinous face to another. "Are you Irishmen? Are you soldiers? What are you here for, but to fight for your country of ours," England is no country of ours, but to fight for your country?

cried several.
"You are not fighting for England."

You are fighting for Ireland, and for the empire of which it is part."

A black curse on the Impire!" shouted Private McGuire, throwing down his rifle. "Twas the Impire that backed the man that dray me onto the waddide. May me hand stiffen the roadside. May me hand stiffe before I draw a trigger for it.'

"What's the Impire to us, Captain Foley, and what's the Widdy to us ayther?" cried a voice. Let the constabularly fight for

her. "They'd be better employed than pullin' a poor man's thatch about his "Or shootin' his brother, as they

"It was the Impire that laid my groanin' mother by the wayside. Her son will rot before he upholds it, and ye can put that in the charge sheet in the next coort-martial."

In vain the three officers begged, menaced, persuaded. The square was still moving, ever moving, with the same bloody fight raging in its entrails. Even while they had been speaking, they had been shuffling backwards, and the useless Gardner, with her slaughtered crew, was already a good hundred yards from them. And the pace was eccelerating. The mass of tormented and writhing, was trying, by a common instinct, ome clearer ground where they could faces were still intact reform. Three but the fourth had been caved in and badly mauled, without its comrades being able to help it.

Would it break, or would it reform The lives of five regiments hung upor the answer.

Some, at least, were breaking. The company of the Mallows had lost all military order, and was pushing back in spite of the haggard officers, who cursed and snored and prayed in the vain attempt to hold them. Their cao tain and the subs were elbowed an ostled. while men crowded toward Private Conolly for their orders. The confusion had not spread, for the other companies in the dust and smoke and turmoil had lost touch with their com rades. Captain Foley saw that ever now there might be time to avert a dis aster.

"Think what you are doing man," he yelled, rushing toward the ring leader. "There were a thousand Irish in the square, and they are dead men if we break.

The words alone might have had little effect on the old moonlighter. It is possible that he had already planned how he was to club the Irish together and lead them to the sea. But at that the Arabs broke screen of camels which had fended them off. There was a struggle, a screaming, a mule rolled over, wounded man sprang up in a cacole with a spear through him, and then through the narrow gap surged a stream of naked savages, mad with battle, drunk with slaughter, spotted and splashed with blood-blood driping from their spears, their arms, their

ices. Their yells, their bounds, their crouching, darting figures, the horrid energy of their spear thrusts, made them look like a blast of fiends from the pit. And were these the allies of Ireland? Were these the men who were to strike for her against her enemies? Conolly's soul rose up in

loathing at the thought? He was a man ot firm purpose, and yet at the first sight of those howling fiends that purpose faltered, and the second it was blown to the winds. He saw a huge coal-black negro seize a shricking camel driver and saw at his throat with a knife. He saw a shock headed tribesman plunge his great spear through the back of their

own little bugler Millstreet.

He saw a dozen deeds of blood the murder of the wounded, the hacking of the unarmed-and caught, too, in a glance, the good wholesome faces of the faced-about rear rank of the Marines. The Mallows, too, had faced about, and in an instant Conolly had thrown himself into the heart of C company, striving with the officers to form the men with their comrades.

But the rank and file had no heart in their work. They had broken before, and this last rush of murderous savages was a hard thing for broken men to stand against. They flinched away from the furious faces and drip

ping forearms.
Why should they throw away their lives for a flag which they cared no-thing? Why should their leader urge them to break, and now shriek to them to reform? They wanted to get to the sea and salety. He flung himself among them with outstretched arms, with words of reason, with shouts and

set for the coast.
"Boys, will you stand for this?" "Boys, will you stand for this?" sereamed a voice. It was so ringing, so strenuous, that the breaking Mallows glanced backwards. They were held by what they saw. Private Conolly planted his rifle stock downwards in a mimosa bush. From the fixed bayonet there fluttered a little green flag with the crownless harp. God knows for the crownless harp. God know what signal of revolt that flag had treasured up within the Corporal's tun-ic! Now its green wisp stood amid the rush, while three proud regimental colors were reeling slowly backwards,
"What for the flag?" yelled the pri-

"My heart's blood for it! and mine! and mine!" cried a score of voices. "God bless it! The flag, boys, the flag!"

C company were rallying upon it. The stragglers clutched at each other The stragglers clutened as calculation of the stragglers of the McGuire, Flynn o'Haral' ran the shoutings; "Close or o'Hara!' ran the shoutings; "Close on O'Hara!' The three the flag! Back to the flag!" The three standards reeled backwards, and the seething square strove for a clearer space where they could form their shattered ranks; but C company, grim and powder-stained, choked with enem ies and falling fast, still clo the green ensign that flapped from the mimosa bush.

It was a good half hour before the square, having disentangled itself from its difficulties and dressed its ranks, began to slowly move forwards round, across which in its labor and anguish it had been driven. The trail of Wessex men and Arabs showed "How many got into us. Stephen?"

asked the General, tapping his snuf "I should put them down as a thou

sand or twelve hundred, sir."
"I did not see any get out again.
What the devil were the Wessex thinking about? The Guards stood well, though; so did the Mallows."

"Colonel Flanagan reports sir, that Company C took the whole brunt of the attack, and gave the square time to re-

'Tell the Hussars to ride forward, Stephen," said the General, "and try if they can see anything of them. There's no firing and I fear that the Mallows will want to do some recruit-

the right, and then advance."

But the Shiek Kadra of the Hadendowas saw from his knoll that the men with the big hats had rallied, and that they were coming back in the quiet business fashion of men whose work was before them. He took counsel with Moussa the Dernish and Hussein the Bagarra, and a woestruck man was he when he learned that the third of his men lay dead on the field of battle. So having still some signs of victory to show, he gave the word, and the desert warriors flitted off unseen and unheard, even as they had come.

A red rock plateau, a few hundred spears and Remingtons, and a plain which for the second time was strewn with slaughtered men, was all this day's fighting gave to the English Genera

It was a squadron of Hussars which came first to the spot where the green flag had waved. A dense litter of Arab dead marked the place. Within the flag waved no longer, but the rifle still stood in the mimosa bush, and round it with their wounds in front, lay the Fenian private and the silent ranks of the Irish company. Sentiment is not an English failing, but the Hussar Captain raised his nilt in a salute as he rode past the blood-soaked ring.

## "LITTLE BLIND MARY."

INSTANCE OF THE WORK OF THE GREY NUNS IN THE HOME FOR THE BLIND, MONTREAL.

Some years ago the Grey Nuns o Montreal, obedient to the interior mis sionary voice, came to our fair land as ministering angels to those of her chil dren who were afflicted and suffering. Our day while visiting a tene

house in Toledo, Ohio, they heard a litthe child crying. Proceeding, to the door whence the sound came, they found it locked, but calling a policeman, soon succeeded in having it opened. There in a poverty stricken room, with rem nants of food strewed over the floor, they beheld a beautiful little golden-haired girl, about five years of age, and a rather disreputable looking dog.

The mother, obliged to labor daily, was in the habit of leaving the little

girl and the dog locked up there in the room. As the sister drew the child to her to console and to question, she looked into her eyes and saw that she was blind! God had veiled her large and beautiful eyes with a heavy white film through which their deep blue might yet be faintly seen. The Sisters arranged to have her received at their institute for the Blind in Montreal, and thither one of their number took her

This Home for the Blind, an impos ing red and white edifice facing Catharine Street, comprises not only a home for one hundred and fifty blind of all ages, but a weil equipped tal for diseases solely of the eye, ear and threat; an orphanage of one hun dred and fifty bright boys; a kinder garten of three hundred little waifs and apartments where about twenty lady boarders may lead a life of prayer ful retirement in the shadow of the Tabernacie.
This Home for the Blind resembles

a beehive more than anything else All are busy; the little ones absorbed in play, the middle-sized deeply in ear est about learning the braille in order to read and write and acquire a certain proficiency in the ordinary branches the young men and women hard at work at the various occupations of transcrib ing, typewriting, caning chairs, tuning planes, knitting, dressmaking, bead work, practicing for their fine stringed band, music and singing. In the three last mentioned branches they have reached a perfection that draws crowds of the citte of Montreal to their Bene-dictions on Sunday afternoons, and to their annual concerts and donners. fine tenor soloise of the great Notre Dame Cathedral is a student of this Inspanner! Stand to your etclasses, boys, or they're into us."

His voice rose into a shriek as he ended, for a shovel-headed spear had ding out into the desert with their faces | States has been their "Jenny Lind" for

years
Those of the inmates too old for the pursuits named above find many things to do in the wash house, in the furnace room, shoveling snow, wiping cups and plates, not only for the great refectory, but for the fifty to sixty poor tramps who seek a bite and a hot drink here every morning during all the long hard

So well do the good Sisters develop the spirit of faith in these souls that in-stead of being depressed and sad be-cause of their affliction they are so oright and joyous that the cheerfulness of the house strikes a visitor at once. Always, at every hour of the day, may be found ardent adorers before the Blessed Sacrament in quiet meditation, or with our Lady's chain in their hands.

or with our Lady schain in their hands,
Of this happy community little Mary
now became a member. She was unbaptised, untaught. However owing to
the naturally wide awake American
spirit that she brought to Canada with her, she learned very rapidly. On all occasions she would not only declare ner nationality, but take first place as

hers by right.

An American lady boarding there some time ago took the greatest pleasure in having the child visit her in her room. Mary would sit perched on her friend's knee, delighted and happy for hours, repeating all she had learned. She is naturally a very intelligent child and remembers easily, as do all whom God has deprived of sight. At this time she could repeat page after page of her Catechism; recite grammar and spelling lessons; sing our beautiful church music in Latin, also French and English hymns; read and write the braille, and end it ail by playing wonderfully well on harmonica and accor-dion. Then after thus giving her friend samples of all she knew, with a funny little hop, skip and jump she would dance out of the room.

Little Mary loved to walk out, to ride and to visit, so her friend would often take her and Rosie, another little afflicted one of about the same age, to walk, to ride, or to visit the stores. When the trio would stop before crossing the rack to wait for an electric car to go noisily by, little Mary would cling to her friend, and, trembling from head to foot, exclaim in a frightened voice, "Oh, is it coming right over me? I'm so afraid!" One day in winter Rosie slipped on one of the trozen sidewalks. and as she held on tightly to her friend's hand, all three fell flat, but fortunately managed to pick themselves up with nothing hurt-except their

eelings.
Just before Christmas that year the trio paid a visit to the wonderful five-cent store of Montreal. How the little girls did enjoy feeling the different toys and finding out what they were; they squeezed anything that would squeeze; blew anything that would blow; shook anything that would shake; pulled any-thing that would pull; rattled anything that would rattle; and in general had a grand time without doing much damage, wing to the watchful eye of their

friend As the store was full of Christmas shoppers, of course these little blind girls attracted much attention, and nany a charitable Christmas heart, knowing them to belong to the Insti-tute, slipped cents and nickles and nes and quarters into their hands and were quickly lost in the crowd, not waiting a word of thanks. Upon counting, over \$2 was found, to the great joy of the girls, who said, again and again 'We'll pray for those kind ladies who

gave us the money. In anticipation of a Christmas visit to Ladies of the Sacred Heart in their large academy near by, they prepared a long programme of hymns, songs and recitations they knew, and tied it with a red ribbon. The Mother Superior received them most graciously and conducted them to the recreation hall with program, red ribbon, harmonicas, accordions and all, and for one hour they amused and delighted the interested

Mary is now a tall, frail girl of four lity, very sweet to look upon, but if one may judge by the delicate state of her health, destined for only a brief so-journ in this world of ours. But no one who knows her doubts that when the time comes she will pass to the same beautiful spirit that she displayed on a certain occasion some months ago. Coming one day to her friend, greatly excited, she exclaimed, "Sister Rose says I may go to St. Anne de Beaupre, I know she'll cure me, l know she'll make me see! Oh, won't I be glad!" Then after a pause, she raised her pathetic eyes, and said, in her earnes, thoughtful way: "But Sister says if I'm not cured I must not be sorry, because little girls who can't see on earth will see a great deal better and a great deal more when they get to heaven. So I'll be willing to wait. God knows best, doesn't He?"—V.O., in the Guidon.

## MINISTER CONVERTED,

Rev. George Albert Cain, lately a curate of the Protestant Episcopal church of the Holy Innocents at Hoboken, N. J. has announced his conversion to the Catholic faith, and expects soon to begin his studies for the priesthood. He was received into the Catholic Church by Rev. Hubert D. Gartland, chaplain of Newman school, a preparatory school for boys con-ducted under Catholic direction at this place.

Mr. Cain upon his ordination as an Episcopal clergyman became a curate at Grace Church, Broadway and Tenth street, New York, leaving there later to become rector of St. John's Church, Long Island City. For the last year he had been curate of Holy Innocents, Hoboken, the church erected by the Stevens family. Mr. Cain's father, the Rev. Albert

Cain, of Andover, N. J., and his brother, the Rev. Charles Cain, are Methodists.

The Church of the Holy Innocents is classed among Episcopalians as a very high church. When Mr. Cain resigned as curate it was given out that he intended to give up the ministry and betake your coit into a M received th that trans from a resp dered us v mission. I tenantry a during thos God those out a very Adairs, the

JANU

DONAL

AN INCL

RY THE REV

On the day

the scene of test

hapel in con

one of those

ways took a agent in

the priest.

l door?" "

lordship.

our people, they have er

orial of wha

Lordship, 'thing of tha

out my sanc here, if I pa I hear you

the sacristy

chapel, wit

know well

Father Ka

ship's order

bout the t

old to tell

ralled down

nongst the

omething t

driving awa

cross stop

history of LAS On Thu Stephen of pondent Times. ninety thi brothers, earning a

Church a

movement College, a 1846. Th lasted wh ine-strick sands to of a mill untold ha mined tha ings show joined as Quebec. of the u their nu On arriv Stephen those wh unfortung strong e On retur letter, in rible su grants.

grants.

Aubrey

baronete

the auth

Horace.

series of

T When they us They ca agony, chappen chase a of their This is given commit

dured-

little fa

the wa

without when o untime So t cause t accept God to as a sa to eter Usua patien is, as

respon suppor Cath Sacran when ' en 'ou So, is don the su Most have

incre less a there stowe