TAE TRUE WIINESS AND CATEOLIC CHRONICLE

...An Evening in Chambly...

to the cosey parlor of our reverend host—which none can ever forget who has once participated in its genial warmth, and inhaled the kindly atmosphere of its old-time hospitality—and settled ourselves for a long winter evening of social delight.

delight. Our chat was opened by eager in-quiries of the friend, whom we had known as Dr. Morris, touching the change in his ieligion and profes-sion. After some hesitation, and smilling at the urgency of our re-quest for his narrative, he complied, saying :

"Should the tale tire you, let this challenge stand

For my excuse.'

My medical course was completed in a Scotch university at an earlier age than was usual with students of the profession.

the profession. Immediately after receiving my di-ploma. I joined a colony of my coun-trymen who were leaving for the wild regions of Upper Canada. After our arrival, not relishing the rough life in "the bush," I decided to set-tle in the little village of. Brock-wille, instead of remaining with the schony.

Some years ago, upon occasion of a visit to Rev. F. Mignanit, at chambly, we were most agreeably surprised to meet an old and valued friend whom we had not seen or seen heard from for many years. We had known him as a Protestant phy-sician in Upper Canada, and our surprise was none the less to see aim now in the habit of a Catholic yriest. Mate agree in history is turned, and though the mazes of the Thou-send Islands that will never thread through the mazes of the Thou-send Islands that will never thread through the mazes of the Thou-send Islands that will never thread through the mazes of the Thou-send Islands that will never thread through the mazes of the Thou-send Islands that will never thread through the mazes of the Thou-send Islands that will never thread through the mazes of the Thou-send Islands that will never thread the fairly dance again, and the water, so pure below, are already waters, so fure below, are already the cosey parlor of our revered host-which none can ever forget to the cosey parlor of our revered hospitality-and settled ourselve to a long winter evening of social-tingtr. Tor chat was opened by eager in furned to the friend, whom we had frown as Dr. Morris, touching the hispering to my mother in the In-

him?" "I know not; only I heard her "I know not; mother in the In-

of him?" "I know not; only I heard her whispering to my mother in the In-dian tongue, and was sure she ut-tered the name of the Lightfoot more than once." "Well, I will go with you, and hear whatever news she has for me." "Will my sister venture through the Vale of the Spirit-flowers, by crossing which the distance of the wigwam is so greatly shortened?" "Yes, if you ure sure you know the way perfectly; for I have never traversed its dreary depths myself." "Were fear! The dove shall be as safe in the home of the wild bird as in the nest of its mother." Say-

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upon which the eye rested with ever-increasing satisfaction and delight.
I had loitered on, absorbed in the source of the so

arrested by a rustling sound a little in advance of me. Peeping cautious-ly through the leafy screen of my secure hiding-place, I saw what secemed to my excited fancy more like an apparition from another world than aught that belonged to this. Upon the grantle slope of a hili which descended to the water, and close upon the bank, stood a gigan-tic tree that threw its shadows far into the stream, and at the foot of it sat a youthful maiden with a book in her hand, tha rustling leares of which had first attracted my at-tention. She segned at times to pore intently over its pages, and at thing of events which are taking bother place far up the wilderness of wat-ers." "And if the Honey Bee knows, and and should fil your ear with tales of bitterness, would not the pale-face say she was more ready to sting the child she loves than to nourish her with sweetness? No, my way withe Dave return to the nest of thy mother, and seek not to hear of this for which there is no cure!" "I must know, and I will not go until you have told me!" she vehe-and mently criged. "For the love of heaven! my mother, if you know aught of the Lightfoot. tell me, for to un-to "Even so; if the Bee must wound the heart she would rather die than ore." "Even so; if the Bee must wound the heart she would rather die than ore." "Even so; if the Bee must wound the heart she would rather die than ore." "Even so; if the Bee must wound the heart she twictors. The man drive, even so; the will of the Great Spirit must be done, and may be heal what he has broken 'There has been a mighty battle; the fres and at the triumph of his foces, how was dat the fight. The Lightfoot was dat the triumph of his foces, how was dat the triumph of his foces, how my heated for his bravery in their chuse, for his religion, and for the love the young brave had won from the only daughter of the old man's heat and home." the only diagner of the old man's heart and home." How my bosom throbbed in 1 ain-ful sympathy with the moans and stilled sobs that burst from the young heart, crushed under the weight of this series of dire calani-ties, knowing that no human aid ar pity could avail for its relief. Attav some time she whispered faintly. "Is there, then, no hope for the peor broken heart, so suddenly bereft of its betrothed? Oht tell me, my good mother of the wilderness, 'is there no possibility that he may have es-caped? If I could but see him, and hear his gentle voice atter one as-surance of constancy and affection, even if it were his last, I think I

ble unlooked-for parting! Say, me-ther, may he not have escaped? May I not see him once again in life?" "The hand of the Great Spirit is powerful to heal as to bruise! Since it was not raised to protect and smatch thy beloved from death when no other could have saved him, bock to it alone, my child, for the com-fort thou wilt seek elsewhere in vain! Were there not hundreds of my brethren who would gladly have given their heart's blood for the life that was dearer than their own, and had been offered in many conflicts to shield them and theirs from dan-ger? I tell thee, pale daughter of a cruel foe, that wailing and hameat-ation went up from the camp of the red men when the eyes of its fiercest warfors were melted to women's tears at the sight I have toid thee of!"

of!" Nothing more was said, and soon after the younger stranger departed, ofter the younger stranger accompanied by Magawiska

Nothing more was said, and soon after the younger stranger departed, accompanied by Magawiska. A few days later I was summoned in the night to attend upon a wounded soldier on the American shore of the St. Lawrence. I entered a bark cance with a tail Indian, whose powerful arm soon impelled the light vessel across the broad, swift stream. After landing, he con-ducted me into a dense and path-less forest, through which I had ex-treme difficulty in making my way with sufficient speed to keep within ear-shot of my guide. To see him was out of the question: the inter-laced and over-hanging foliage, though the moon was shining, ex-cluded every ray of light, so that my course was buried, in bewilder-ing darkness. A long and fatiguing tramp through the woods brought us at length to a cluster of wig-wams, and I was conducted so the ""Lander of Prayter"-where I found a remarkably fine-looking young of-ficer lying, faint from loss of blood and the fatigue of removal. A Cath-olic missionary, whom I had fre-quently met by the bedside of the sitting by him. bathing his hands and face in cold water, and whisper-ing wong of encouragement and con-solation during every interval of momentary consciousness. From him I iaurned that the In-dians from the scene of action up

solation during every interval of momentary consciousness. From him I isarned that the In-dians from the scene of action up the lake had brought the wounded man thus far on the way to his friends at his earnest request. So anxious was he to reach home that he would not consent to stop for rest after they leit their boat, al-though the nereased motion re-newed the bleeding of the wound, which had been partially checked until he was so far exhausted as bo become wholly unconscious when they halted here, having brought him through the woods on a litter. The priest had given him some re-storatives, but had been unable to check the flow of blood, which was fast draining the vital current. He had administered the last sacre-ments to the young man, who be-longed to a family of Catholics who had recently removed from Utica to a new settlement on the boarders of Black Lake.

I made a hasty examination, and soon discovered the position of the bullet. I succeeded in extracting it, after which the biceding was speed-ily and in a great measure staunchbullet.

From the moment I looked From the moment I looked upon him, however, I regarded his recov-ery as more than doubtful. Had the case received earlier attention, and the fatigue of removal been avoided, there was a possibility that youth-ful energy might have carried him through the severe ordeal; though the wound would have been critical under the most favorable circum-tiances. stances. When he became conscious for a

when he became conscious for a moment during the operation, and looked in my face, he comprehended the office I was performing, and read in my countenance the fears and doubts which possessed my mind.

"Do not leave me, doctor, until all is over," he faintly said. "This reverend father will acquaint my friends with my fate, for he knows them." I assured him I would remain with

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was the same. Oalmiy she approached and knelt by the sufferer, taking his hand and bowing her fair forehead upon it. Thus she remained for some time in speechless agony, when my cure caught the whispered prayer: "o my Godl if there is pity in heaven for a poor broken heart, let unta look upon me once more ! Let me hear his gentle voice once again." Then, placing her mouth to his ear, she said clearly, in a low, pleading tone":

Then, placing her mouth to his ear, she said clearly, in a low, pleading tone: "Will you not speak to me inco again, my own betrothed?" Slowly, as if ty a painful cflort, the drooping eyelids lifted the long hashes from his cheek, and his eyes rested with unutterable tendernoss upon the pale face which was bend-ing over him. "Ohl speak to ris! Say if you know mel" she pleaded, with convulsive carnestness. Repeatedly did the colorless his vainly essay to speak, and at length the words were wrenched from tham, as it were, in broken sentences, by the agoized endeavor: "My own, my best beloved! May God bless and comfort you! I leave you with Him! He is good to the living and the dying. Trust in Him, my own love, and He will never fail you. I am going to Him, but I will pray for you ever, ever!" 'then, with another strong effort, while a sweet smile stole over the features upon which death hnd set his sea! "Tell your father I forgive all !" A gungling sound-a faint gasp --and the light went out from the large, dark eyes, the hand which had held hers relapsed its grasp, and, before the holy priest had closed the prayers for the departing spirit, all was over! It was the old, old story, repeatwas over! It was the old, old story, repeat-

projects for the departing spirit, an was over! It was the old, old story, repeat-ed again and again, alike in every will use and hamilet, on the bosom of old ocean, in the city, and in the wilderness, through all the ages since the angel of death first spread his wings over a fallen world, and carried their dark shadow into hap-py homes, barishing the sunlight, leaving only the cloud. The same story, "ever ancient and ever new," which will be repeated again and again for every inhabitant of earth until "time shall be no lonber," jet will dways fall with new surprise upon the ears of heart-stricken sur-vivors, as if they had never before heard of its dread mysteries! Thank God that it closes for those souls whose loved ones "rest in hope" with consolations that become, in time, ministering angels over life's dark pathway, smoothing the rug-gedness, lighting up the gloom, even unto the entrance of the valley whose shadows are those of death, and supporting them with tender aid through the dread passage. Long did we remain in a silence broken only by bitter sobs pressed from the bleeding heart of that youthful mourner. One by one the Indians, each with his rosary in his hand, had entered noiselessly and roverently kneit, unit the lodge was filed with a pious and prayerful as-semblage. In the course of my profession, I

filed with a prous and profession, I semblage. In the course of my profession, I had witnessed many death-bed scenes but had never become so familiar with the countenance of the pallid messenger as to be a mere lookerwith the countenance of the pallid messenger as to be a mere looker-on. A sense of the "awfulness of life" deepened upon me with each repetition of the vision of death. But I had never before been present at one that so entirely melted my whole being as this—so striking in all the attributes of wild and touch-ing pathos! God forgive me! I had hitherto

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The anguish of her haughty fa-ther was pitiful to see! Determined not to yield to the pressure of a grief which was crushing his proud not to yield to the pressure of a grief which was crushing his proud and dignified demeanor unsustained by any aid, human or divine, was a spectacle to make angels weep. Alast for the heart of poor humanity! In whatever petrifactions of paltry pride it may be encrusted, there are times when its warm emotions will burst the shell, and assert their own with volcanic power! When the at-tending physician announced the re-sult of the consultation, in the un-animous opinion that no further medical aid could be of any avail, he stalked up and down the room for some time with rapid strides; then, pausing before me, and fixing his bloodshot eyes on my faco, ex-claimed violently. 'It is better soit I tell you, it is better even so, than that I should have seen her mar-ried to that Yankee Jacobin and Papist! At least, I have been spar-ed thet discrace!

I tell you, it is better even so, than that I should have seen her mar-ried to that Yankee Jacobin and Papist! At least, I have been spar-ed that disgrace! But my daughter! Oh! she was my only one; perless in mind, in person, and irgoodness; and must she die? Hait it is mock-ery to say so! It cannot be that such perfection was created only to be food for worms! As God is good, it may not, shall not, be!" While he was uttering these fran-tie exclamations, a thought struck me like an inspiration. The imarco of old Honey Bee arose suddaniv he-fore my mind. I remembered that she had gained the reputation have an of the perfections as her knowledge of all the productions of the fields and forests and their medicinal proper ies had enall dher to obtain and apply. Therefore, when the haughty offi-cer paused, I ventured to suggest to his ear and her mother's only, that the Indian woman might possibly be able to make such applications as might at least alleviate the violence of the painful and alarming wmp-toms. He was at first highly indig-mant at the proposal of even bring-ing one of that hatred race into bis house, much less would he permit one to minister to his daugitor. But when I respectfully urged that she be foroght merely as a nurse, in which tocation many of her peo-ple were known to cxcel, and which great skill in the course of my prac-tice, failing not to mention her love and admiration for the sufferer, the entreaties of the sorrow-stricken, anxious mother were joined with mine, and prevailed to obtain his whole being as this-so striking in all the attributes of wild and touch-ing pathos! God forgive me! I had hitherto lived without a thought of Him or His requirements, and wholly indif-ferent to all religion. My life, though unstained by vice. had been regulat-ed by no religious motives, and, so far as any interest in religion was in question, beyond a certain meas-ure of decent outward respect, I might as well have claimed to be a pagan as a Christian. I resolved by that death-bed, while I held the cold hand of that lifeless hero in mine, and mingled my tears with those of the broken-hearted mourn-er, that it should be so no longer t Then and there I resolved to begin a new life, and offered myself to God and to His service in whatever paths it should please His hand to point out to me. <text> SAVE owing pre ARVIN, 10 & 13 Blenry st.

Saturday, November 16, 1901

Society Directory. O.H. LADIES' AUXILIARY, DL

O.H. LADLES' AUXILIARY, Di-vision No. 5. Organized Oct. 10th, 1901. Meeting are held on 1st Sunday of every month, at 4 p.m.; and 3rd Thurgday, at 8 p.m. Miss Annie Donovan, president; Mrs. Nora Kåvanaugh, recording-soore-tary, 155 Inspector Street, Miss Emma Doyle, financial-secretary ; Miss Charlotte Sparks, treasurer. New, Father McGrath, chaplain.

ST. ANTHONY'S COURT, C. O. F., meets on the second and fourth Friday of every month in their hall, corner Seigneurs and Notre Dame streets. A. T. O'Connell, C. R., T. W. Kane, secretary.

ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY.-Estab-lished March 6th, 1856, incorpor-ated 1863, revised 1864. Meets in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexan-St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexan-der street, first Monday of the month. Committee meets last Wed-nesday. Officers : Rev. Director, Rev. J. Quinlivan, P.P. President, Wm. E. Doran; 1st Vic?, T. J. O'Neill; 2nd Vicë, F. Casey; Treasurer, John O'Leary; Corres, ponding Secretary, F. J. Curran, B.O.L.; Recording-Secretary, T. P. Tansey. Tansey

A O.H., DIVISION NO. 8. meets on A O.H., DIVISION NO. 8, meets on the first and third Wednesday off each month, at 1863 Notre Dame, street, near McGill, Officers: Ak-derman D. Gallery, M.P., Presi-dent; M. McCarthy, Vice-President; Fred. J. Devlin, Rec.-Scretary, I528F Ontario street, L. Brophy, Treasurer; John Hughes, Financial Secretary, 65 Young street; MI, Fennel, Chairman Standing Com-mittee; John O'Donnell, Marshal.

ST. ANN'S YOUNG MEN'S SOCIE-37. ANN'S YOUNG MEN'S SOCIE. TY organized 1885.—Meets in ite-hall, 157 Ottawa street. on the-first Sunday of each month. at. 2.30 p.m. Spiritual Adviser, Rev. E. Strubbe, C.S.S.R.; President, D. J. O'Neill; Secretary, J. Murray: Delogates to St. Patrick's Leaguer J. Whitty, D. J. O'Neill' and M. Gasav Casey

ST. PATRICK'S T. A. & B. SO-CIETY.-Meets on the second Sun-day of every month in St. Pat-rick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander St., immediately after Vespers. Com-mittee of Management meets in same hall the first Tuesday of every month at 8 p.m. Rev. Father Mo-Grath, Rev. President ; James J. Costigan, 1st Vice-President ; Jno. P. Gunaing, Secretary, 716 St. An-toine street, St, Henri.

C.M.B.A. of CANADA, BRANCH 26,--(Organized, 13th November, 1883.-Branch 26 meets at St. Pat-rick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander St., on every Monday of each month. The regular meetings for the trans-action of business are held on the 2nd and 4th Mondays of each month, at 8 p.m. Applicants for membership or any one desirous of information regarding the Brasch may communicate with the follow. ing officers : Frank J. Curran, B. C.L., President; P. J. McDonagh, Recording Secretary : Robt. War-ren, Financial Secretary; Jno. H. Feeley, jr., Treasurer.

ST. ANN'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY. established 1863.-Rev. Director, Rev. Father Flynn. President, D. Gallery, M.P.; Sec., J. F. Quinn, 625 St. Dominique street: M. J. Ryan, treasurer 18 St. Augustic street. Meets on the second Sun-day of every month in St. Ann's Hall, corner Young and Ottawa streets, at 3.80 p.m.

GABRIEL'S FI

~ O1 MOTHER W good test of a the way he trea rule, this best of

rule, this best of cheerfully endur sake of her boy ward she seeks ness. A little attention on h heart with delig mentioned below many imitators, ther, boys 1 One of our writ boys talking tog for spealing the proposed, and o fused to join the mised to be at time. The rest cuse.

se. "No," he said to be at home a

to be at home a ry." There were ma ther's nerves, an old-maidishness, firm; he would m his mother. She excritions to give tion at a college noble fellows and forts. Their grea success was the ther; " their bes hard study was a Whenever she wa the store or mari-usually the youn side, carrying he upon her into the his pleasure in w face. The college three sons, " three sons, ' Knights.'' It proud of, and it idea to start an with some such n was afraid of m worry was the his class, fond of boy generally

his class, fond of boy generally, am compense all his his successes. He willingly cause pain. Happy the boy REGULARITY -

only regular in he dawdles systemati late to meals, ar when Mass is near asleep when she or at work long ago. it is time to be in it is time to be in all her occupation sion, and everyond with her is put ou keep time seldom a world leaves them not put off till er can and ought to ing; if you want a not necessary for

not necessary for wait for a more co not delay to the to come first. Hav for eating and dr and rising, going home, praying and means a great doal

TOLD THE TRU know that you will much with him," s the principal of a he had brought his "he is so full of mi

"Does he tell the principal. "Ce the principal. the principal. "CQ pend upon his wor" "Oh, yes," suid t honest. He will te when it is against may depend upon t "Then we can me the principal. "He manly man." And he did.

so many

of which had first attracted my at-tention. She seemed at times to pore intently over its pages, and at others to be lost in reverie, while her eyes roamed anxiously up and down the river. As she reclined on the bank, her slight form enveloped in the cloud-like folds of a white morning-dress, it was easy to imagine her the Un-dine of those wild solitudes, cou-ning the mystic page that was un-folding to her the mysterious 'ore, hidden from mortal ken, through which the power of her enchantments should be gained and exercised. While I gazed with admiring wonder upon the serene intelligence and warying light which played about ther fair features, and rested like a glory upon her uplifted brow, I was surprised by the soft tones of a woice proceeding from the tangled underwood that clothed the upward sweep of the hill : 'Sits the pale face alone on this bright summer morning''

are alone on this bright summer morning?" "O Magawiskal how you startled me, breaking so suddenly upon my freams! I was indeed sitting alone inder the shade of this old tree, oundering over a page in history : ounting the white sails far up and town among the Thousand Islands, watching the boiling whitepools in he waters of our dear old St. Law-ence, and thinking of more things than I should care to enumerate, then your voice broke the spoll, and isenchanted me. How is it, Maga-riska, that my sisters of the wild-reew always approach so softly, aktor us, as it were, mawares?" "In that, we do but follow the ex-mple given by all things which the inset Spirit has created to inset the

friends with my fate, for he knows in the m." I assured him I would remain with him, and he rolapsed into the stup-or which I feared would be inal. We watched by him with silent so-licitude. While the priest was deep-ily absorbed over the pages of his breviary, my thoughts wandered from the painful present back to the dear oil and from which I was schede over the pages of his breviary, my thoughts wandered from the painful present back to the dear oil and from which I was schede over the pages of his scheder of the past, fond memories of which neither time nor absence could oblitanate, and drew a vivid con-trast between them and the circum-trise between them and the circum-trise between them and the strict friends with whom I had parted for ever think if they could see me in the midst of this wild and dismal scene, surrounded by the rudest fea-tures of surge life? With what dis-may would they not listen to the howing of wolves and the shrieking of catamounts in the woods around by repeated plant of the whippoor-will fall upon their ear: while, to highten the gloomy effect of the were concert, the echoing forests and in upon their ear: while, to highten the gloomy effect of the sceecehowl, answered as if in darision, by their multitudinous and hal Ma'' seemed like the ear-ulting mockery of a thousand demi a slight movement near the entraneo of the lodge urrested my attention, if and aroused me from my reverse turning my eye in that direction, I mand the light deil upon her face. I mond and why the dim light the form of old Homey bee entering softly, neompanied by a female, in whom but on the change a few short but, old the change a few short but, on the change a f

paths it should please His hand to point out to me. As the morning dawned, old Honey Bee, with gentle persussions and af-fectionate urgency, drew the afflict-ed maiden away, and I saw her no more. I assisted the good priest to prepare the remains of the young officer for the removal, which he was to conduct, and then sought his ad-

CARRIES THE STRAIN

Quite a strain on a child to grow. You find it about all you can do to live along as you are and keep well. Your child has to do all that and grow besides. Some children can't stand the extra strain. They get weak and sickly as a result of it.

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SYMINGTON'S

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from under a thatch hair. His large n Why should I descri ugly, and he knew if for it somewhere de honest heart, just a for being blundering and slow. He had upon all not a single fried. Ad been laughed at knew of no different he accepted his de complaint. But, had it, he possetsed a fi no thought to his looked into his soul beautiful. And this his heart was ever g ing, as well as very ind compassion on b in His own mystorior friend. It is the sto boy that I am goin perhaps it is only is true. Gabriel had never ther. From babyhood from other happier had mothers who be and cased for them, foor, forlorn Gabrie never been any one y or believed in him in the tears in his wist comfort the ache heart. Of his father very little, except th site at sen, Gab five years old. The people with wu sont him to school, v and inbored with sue