

STORY OF A CHILD'S VISION FROM THE OTHER WORLD.

The convent where I was educated in the southern part of Kentucky, remotely far from the haunts and habitations of man. It is a vast, gloomy structure of irregular outline; its eastern wings are given over to the use and occupation of the pupils, while the convent proper comprises the central portion, and in the western wing are the great libraries, art-rooms, and various infirmaries. Apart from the convent, but facing it, is a beautiful Gothic chapel, and beyond, across the lawn, is the cottage occupied by the resident priest.

I had been quite ill, and now, during my convalescence, I learned to my great sorrow of the illness of my dear godfather, the aged Father Rheinhardt. I begged to see him at once, but I was too weak to leave the infirmary, and he was too ill to come to me. Thus many days passed during which the dear old man grew steadily more feeble. How I loved and revered him! He seemed more to me than man in his saint-like piety, his wonderful intelligence, his gentle kindness, and length, one day I was taken to him; but how changed he was! All that he could accord me was a faint smile, a feeble hand pressure, a whispered blessing, while I knelt at his side and wept.

That night I was awakened from profound slumber by a surprising sense of exquisite happiness. I tried to grasp the meaning of this pure spiritual ecstasy—for, child as I was, I knew it could be no ordinary emotion—and then my heart stood still to listen. About the midnight silence came sounds so sweet, so beautiful, that my very soul was filled with the rapture of melody. I sprang up and ran to the window. The night was dark; not a star in the sky nor a light in the gloomy convent, save the taper that burned dimly in the sick priest's chamber. As I stood there listening to the mysterious music, a faint radiance began to encircle the cottage, and as it brightened, the music became sweeter. Intoxicated by what I saw and heard, I was abruptly recalled to reality again by the convent bell tolling the midnight hour. The next morning I learned that Father Rheinhardt had died at midnight.

After this my fever returned and a month later I was still confined to the infirmary. One night I was awake and nervous. After tossing about on my pillow for some time, I arose and threw myself in an arm-chair by the window that opened upon the lawn. To my astonishment I saw that some rooms in the second story of the convent cottages were brilliantly lighted, and this struck me as peculiar, for I knew that Father Burke—our new resident priest—had gone away on a sick call at sunset, and would not return till the following day. Still he might have come earlier than he had been expected. My heart stopped its throbbing when I perceived that the new priest's rooms were in darkness, while the lighted chambers were those formerly occupied by Father Rheinhardt. Ever since his death these rooms had been closed and barred; now they were open, and the light within was so bright that the interior of the rooms was plainly revealed. As I stood there, lost in wonder and amazement, the figure of the dead priest suddenly appeared at the window of his bed-room. I felt that he gazed earnestly at me a moment, then passing into the next room, he opened his private desk and began searching among some papers. For an hour I knelt there, alone, watching the strange apparition, listening to those divine chords from golden harps, and to the soft tinkling of unscathed angels' wings; then the vision faded, the music ceased, and all was still.

After that for many nights I saw the same wonderful things, and always when the dead priest appeared at my window and looked across to me I felt that his eyes burned with an earnest appeal. I was mystified, bewildered. I could not comprehend why I alone saw and heard these wonderful things, and yet a curious prudence warned me to divulge my secret to no one. I felt no fear, on the contrary, I was strangely happy. I seemed to live only for that brief midnight hour when I heard that heavenly music—ah, such music! Since then I have listened to earth's sublimest melodies, yet in my heart I know how poor they are when compared to the music of my vision; for between them was the measure of the infinite, the difference of things human and divine.

ly brightened until the interior of the rooms became visible. At the same time the light, that on previous nights had encircled the house like a halo, began to lengthen and throw out transverse bars of light, forming thus a vast cross of flaming gold that stood out in relief against the darkness of the night. Its foot upon the earth, its crest on the sky, and its branching arms above the cottage. No words can tell, no mind can conceive its beauty. It awed while, it enchanted. It drowned one's humanity in an overwhelming sense of joy in the possession of a soul. It was sublime. As it swelled in volume, we could hear the clear chords of golden harps, and the air was full of the rhythmic movements of unseen wings.

"Look!" I whispered, as I saw the figure of the dead priest appear at his window. He raised his hand, beckoned to us three times, then he passed into the next room, and began again searching the papers on his desk. Father Sebastian rose quietly from his knees, grasped by the hand, hurried me from the room, down dark, winding stairs, through long, narrow corridors, and out into the night. As he crossed the lawn I glanced back and saw that the entire convent was in darkness, and its long, irregular line loomed up against the shadowy background like a heavy bank of cloud. As we entered the band of light that formed the base of that mysterious cross, I became conscious of a supreme ecstasy, and I stretched out my little childish arms, in vain longing to clasp to my heart some of the radiant beings that I knew were about me in that beautiful light; but Father Sebastian hurried me into the house, and we passed not till we stood on the threshold of Father Rheinhardt's little study.

The quiet figure of the dead priest did not stir at our entrance, and he seemed absorbed in the papers that rustled crisply beneath his nervous touch. I noticed that he wore his old black cassock, and withal he seemed so natural, so lifelike, that I could readily have believed him a creature of flesh and blood, had it not been for a weirdness of appearance which suddenly became visible. Although he was a dignified, perfect reality, yet he was absolutely transparent, and I saw, through his body, the papers within his long, white fingers.

"Father Rheinhardt, I ask you in the name of Jesus Christ, what brings you back to earth?" The dead priest turned in his chair and looked at us. His face—ah, how wonderful it was! I had expected to see it as that of an old man's wrinkled and seamed; instead, it held the freshness of eternal youth, and was dazzling with the beauty of one who had looked on God.

He arose, stood by us, and with his hand on my head, spoke to us in a voice whose music I will never forget—of many things that I am not permitted to reveal. Then he told us his death had prevented his attending to some important legal matters for his brother's children, who guardian he had been, and that, in consequence, they were in danger of being defrauded of their inheritance; however, certain documents on the desk yonder would rectify the trouble.

He put into Father Sebastian's hands some papers, sealed and tied with a crimson tape; charged him most solemnly to go to the little town of B— and these to deliver them to his brother's widow, stating her name and address. After this, fixing his wonderful eyes on me, he said: "I know you would not be afraid, dear child; I knew you would come to me," then whispering somewhat that went straight to my heart, and with a touch that was both a caress and a blessing, he vanished from my sight. I cried out to him to return, to take me with him, but for answer came a burst of melody so sublime, and in comparison, all earthly music seems but direct discord. In the fading of that celestial vision, we walked slowly back to the convent.

One week later Father Sebastian came to me and told me this strange story:

Acting on Father Rheinhardt's ghostly command, Father Sebastian

MOTHER AND CHILD

Let the mother take Scott's emulsion of cod-liver oil for the two; it is almost never superfluous. One can eat for two; but nourishing two is a different thing; it implies a degree of interior strength not often found in woman of either extreme. Luxurious people are not very strong by habit, and overworked people are weak from exhaustion in some of their functions. Between the two is the happy mean; but how many women have plenty of life for two?

The emulsion is almost never superfluous.

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by with her and have all uncertainty as to its baptism removed. Christmas was now at hand. Maccartney had gone out early one morning to look after some horses in the paddock. When he returned he found the table laid for breakfast, but his wife nowhere to be seen. His next thought was of the baby, but he soon convinced himself that the mother had taken it with her. He made inquiries; nobody had seen her go out. Some volunteered to ride along the roads and the bush-tracks and he down by the creek, but the search was in vain. Hugh had little desire for his breakfast this morning. He was now in a country where suicides were common, and the gravest fears took possession of him. He had his trouble, he strolled down to a fellow Ulsterman, named O'Neill, who was the leading blacksmith of the place. O'Neill was a Catholic of the thorough North country type, who was able and ready to give an account of the fait that was in him. Occasionally Hugh and he met, and used sometimes drop into the broad Scotch dialect of the County Antrim, which would be scarcely intelligible to most of our readers, and will not be given here.

A BUSH CHRISTENING.

Some years ago Hugh Maccartney left County Antrim, in Ireland, and came to Australia in order to seek his fortune. A young man, possessing some of the good qualities of his countrymen, he had been brought up a Presbyterian and had become a member of the Orange Society; his prejudices against the Catholics were very strong. However, after having settled down in a bush hamlet in New South Wales, he generally managed for worldly reasons to keep his prejudices to himself. Being a steady, honest, hard-working fellow, he succeeded, after a time, in saving some money, and he opened a store such as is usually found in our country towns. He described himself on his cards as Framingham, Grocer and Provision Merchant. When his business had prospered, the thought of marriage came into his head, and he paid marked attention to little Jennie Mahoney, who, with her parents, had come from the south of Ireland. To her he confided that he had no ill-will against the Papists—as he called Catholics—that he approved of many of their beliefs and practices, and—well, if she consented to his wife, she could have her way in religious matters, and he would have his, Jennie had been somewhat careless as a Catholic, and she became more so after she had met Maccartney. There was no priest resident in the little township. It was part of a vast district which one priest had to look after, and Mass was said in this particular place only about once a month. The priest advised Jennie, but though she made fair promises she did not fulfil them, and she was in a bad way, and it was often given in with little discretion and only made matters worse. At last, Jennie scandalized the good Catholics of the district by getting married to the storekeeper in a Presbyterian church.

After marriage, her husband, who like so many in his part of Ireland, had a turn for a controversy, tried to make her see what he regarded as her error, and she, in return, tried to avoid the priest as much as possible, and when at last he managed to see her, she was sullen and silent and would make no promises. She felt miserable. The light of her eyes was quenched, and the gloom of despair settled on her. The storekeeper persuaded himself that she had lost all love for him, and he began to bully her. To his customers he said he did not know what was the matter with her, and that as far as he was concerned he did not care to take her with him. This hindered her from practicing the Catholic religion. He tried to persuade himself that he was speaking the truth.

When the first baby was born, he had it baptized by the Presbyterian minister. He swore a terrible oath that he would have her life if she got a Popish priest to perform any nunneries over a child of his. Baptism conferred by non-Catholic clergy is sometimes invalid, owing to their not adhering to what is essential. This Jennie knew very well, and she was determined, cost what it might to have her baby baptized by the priest. This could not be done on the Sunday the priest visited the township, for her movements were well watched on that day; and if she attempted to take the baby out there would be a scene, probably violence would be used toward her. At all events, she was persuaded that such an attempt would be unsuccessful. One thing was clear, though her husband might tolerate her own Catholic practices, he was determined, even though his business should suffer, not to allow the Church of Rome to have anything to do with a child of his.

The summer was now at hand. The spring rains had fallen and the farmers' seed-sowing was done. The sun shone with the bright glare of December, and the grass had already turned brown. The baby sickened, and Jennie trembled lest it should die without baptism. Rumors of a mission being given in a far-off town fright away among the ranges had reached Jennie's ears. A strange priest in a strange habit had appeared among the people. His accent was foreign, but he spoke clearly and distinctly and his words had great power; many were the conversions that took place. He knew something of bush life and was gentle with everybody. Jennie thought that if she saw that good Father and made a confession of her whole life to him she would be happy again. She resolved to take her baby

Gully, tired and exhausted, she was able, after a rest, to tell her tale of woe, with tears, to the missionary, who by his words of absolution brought back happiness to her soul and reconciled her to the Church. The good Father spoke seriously but gently with her, pointing out how one false step led to another, until she ended by committing grievous sins. Jennie, on her way back, called at O'Neill's. She received no answer to her knocking. She concluded that they were not home. She called on a few of her acquaintances, and found that they too were absent. Trembling with fear and with beating heart, she now determined to seek her husband and leave the rest to the goodness of God. She met Mrs. O'Neill at the door. "Here, take the baby! He may kill me now he likes. I do not fear for the next life." But her husband had rushed forward and caught her in his arms. "Come back, my brave little woman! I never thought you had such courage, or were so attached to your faith. We will now have a jolly christening! See, all our friends are present."

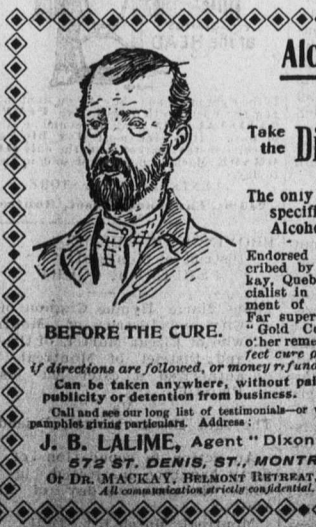
Jennie grew faint, but kind friends took her in hand and in a short time she was well and happy. True, there were the friends present—Protestant and Catholic—there is little bigotry in the Australian bush—and society a "high tea." All praised the little woman's pluck, and the baby was the object of universal admiration. Jennie believed the holy man at Swagman's Gully had had something to do with it all. It took some time before Hugh Maccartney was received into the true fold of Christ. His prejudices were very great and they were removed with much difficulty. It was a relief to him to know that he could still retain his politics, and that his bush neighbors would not persecute him for having become a Catholic.—Australian Messenger.

UNPARDONABLE. When "Bob" Taylor was Governor of Tennessee, he was noted for being a tender-hearted as a woman, and when he was pardoned out, the victims were something awful. He was waited upon by a committee of the Legislature, who very flatly and in no uncertain way told him that this "wholesale pardoning must stop." "Wholesale pardoning must stop," error looked at the committee, who were staring as if they thought he was going mad. "Gentlemen," he said finally, "I am Governor of Tennessee, and if this committee or any other ever again seeks to interfere with my constitutional right to pardon, I'll sign every one of those pardons which the clerk is making out. Good morning."

INVENTOR'S WORK. List of Canadian patents recently granted— 70,505—Sidney G. Brown, London, Eng., notes for use on telegraph cables and other lines. 70,514—William Jennings, Montreal, P.Q., tire fastener. 70,520—Charles Desjardins, St. Pierre, Man., grain drill. 70,521—William Baines, London, Eng., exhaust silencer and vaporizer for internal combustion engine. 70,522—David M. Brear, Picton, Ont., self-closing faucets. 70,542—James G. Clark, Moncton, N.B., car coupler. 70,543—Alcide Latendresse, Ste. Beatrice, P.Q., stump puller.

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"You know Jennie has left me, O'Neill, and I don't know where she is gone to." "Well, all I say is, 'Serves you right,' Hugh. She could not stand your bigotry and your bullying any longer." "Such language I won't allow you to address me. I have always been kind to my wife." "You did not beat her, I admit, but you threatened and bullied her. Her husband is now she has left you, and you'll never see her again." "If you had spoken to me like that another day I'd have struck you; but to-day my heart is sore, and you may say what you please."

He staggered toward a bench by the wall and sat down and buried his face in his hands. His religion and prejudices notwithstanding, he had the tender-heartedness of an Irishman. O'Neill was moved to pity. He took him in a harsh manner in order to open the other's eyes, but he really meant to benefit him. He now said in a kindly tone: "Forgive me, Hugh, for the way in which I have spoken to you; but wait until I have finished this job, and then I have something to tell you."

His words brought a gleam of hope to Hugh's mind. The latter had still his face buried in his hands. His trouble had now made him see a good deal of his wrongdoing, and tears flowed from his eyes. The hammering of the smith ceased. He left the forge in charge of his men, and he led Hugh into his house. "I have been often anxious," said O'Neill, "to have a serious conversation with you, but I've never had the opportunity. I am an older man, and have been longer in this country than you, and you have a good deal to learn yet. I am far from saying that there is no bigotry in this country, but bigotry such as you and I saw in the County Antrim does not exist here. Has it ever occurred to you to find out what Catholics really have got to say for themselves? You must listen to me now. Cheer up, man; Jennie has not drowned herself—in fact, the chances of your ever seeing her and the baby again will greatly depend upon how you take in what I am now going to say to you. But you are trembling all over. Sally! Sally!"—addressing his wife—"make us some tea. I may as well tell you that the missus knows more about your wife's movements than I do; but I should not be surprised to learn that she has taken the baby to Swagman's Gully, where the mission is being held, in order to have it christened."

"Impossible!" said Hugh. "Why the place is closed on twenty miles off. Besides, is not the minister's baptism all right?" O'Neill's reply led to a controversial duel, hard fought and stubborn on both sides. O'Neill produced some well-thumbed manuals of Catholic doctrine, and Maccartney had many texts of Scripture ready by which, he was convinced, he could easily show the folly of Popery. Hugh had to admit that he never before heard the claims of Catholics put forward in such a light; and though he did not acknowledge himself beaten, he felt quite staggered in his own belief, as he admitted afterward.

After tea had been brought in and partaken of, O'Neill had to hurry off to his forge. Then Mrs. O'Neill had something further to say to Hugh by way of advice, and suggested to him a simple and easy way of making amends for the past. Meanwhile, how had Jennie fared? With her babe in her arms, she made an early start. She struck into a bush-track, shaded by the wattles down by the creek. When she had reached Swagman's

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