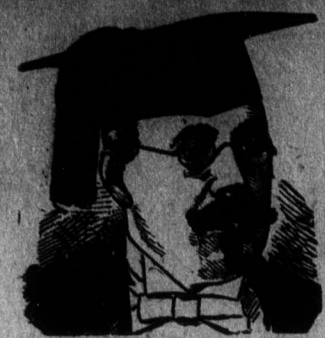


CATARRH OF THE NERVES.



The above is a name of my own. There is no such term in the Medical Text Books as Catarrh of the Nerves, but it is the best I can think of under which to classify the following train of symptoms.

During the seventeen years I have been studying and treating Catarrh in its many and various forms, I have found many whose system was much run down. No organ of the body was working properly, the blood was poor in quality and deficient in quantity, so much so that it did not nourish and tone up the nervous system properly. Such persons are usually debilitated, despondent, always ready to look on the dark side of things. In short life has lost its charm.

Very often such people are misunderstood by their friends, who tell them they are not sick, that they only imagine they are unwell, and that if they just brace up they will be all right. All this is very wrong, it only makes the poor sufferer worse. Instead of this they should receive the utmost consideration, and all gentleness, kindness and sympathy.

It has been my privilege to treat very large numbers of such persons. My heart always seems to go out to them in their sufferings, and when I have once more restored them to health, I feel highly gratified and that my life is not being spent in vain, that it is being given for the good of my fellow human beings, and what a number of friends I have thus gained who were formerly my patients. You would be astonished at the numbers of letters I am all the time receiving, thanking me for the good I have done them, for once more bringing brightness back into their lives.

There is one which I will reproduce as it may be of interest to some of my readers. It is a piece of poetry:

A PATHETIC TALE OF AN RISH MARTYR PRIEST

Sir John Eustace hastily entered his wife's sitting-room one September day in the year 1864. "How now! Mary," he said, "has Father Matthew been croaking as usual?"

Lady Eustace made no answer, and her spouse continued passionately. "Has not the leech said that and yet thou wilt have Father Matthew here daily?"

"Nay, John," Lady Eustace said peacefully, "our good parish priest is no croaker, rather otherwise. If we talk of serious subjects it is at my election."

The speaker was a delicate, refined-looking woman of perhaps eight and thirty years of age. The hectic glow on her thin cheeks, the unnatural brilliancy of her eyes, and the short cough that at times stayed her speech, all spoke plainly of her serious condition. He laid his hand caressingly on his wife's shoulder, and said half in apology for his hasty speech—

"I know, but though Father Lacy is kind and good I doubt he is a trifle indiscreet in a sick room. What was the subject of discussion to-day?"

The flush on Lady Eustace's cheeks deepened. "Well then 'twas this new Test Act that the Queen's ministers have devised. Now, my husband, be not wroth at Father Matthew. Mistress Loftus was here but yesterday, and it was she that roused my curiosity."

Sir John muttered something uncomplimentary regarding womankind under his breath, and Lady Eustace continued—

"She told me how the Lord-Deputy had deprived Henry Lacy of his estates because he would not acknowledge her Grace as head of the Church. Heard you aught of that affair, John?"

Sir John hesitated a moment. "Henry Lacy was always a fool, a stubborn fool," he said at last, and Lady Eustace exclaimed—

"But, John, the oath of supremacy! He could not lawfully subscribe to that."

Sir John shrugged his shoulders impatiently. "Nay, Mary, women know little of the affairs of State. It is expedient at times to disguise one's real feelings. The Pope had not been a great the worse nor Elizabeth the better had Lady mumbled a few words to please the deputy."

Lady Eustace sighed. She had heard and grieved over such reasoning many times. There was a silence of a few minutes, during which a wordless prayer went up from the woman's heart. Suddenly the sound of youthful voices raised in dispute was heard in the garden without, and Sir John said with a laugh—

"Hark! Maurice and Eleanore are quarrelling."

Lady Eustace moved nearer the open window. A youth of twelve or thirteen summers, and a girl who appeared to be somewhat younger,

KEEP your blood pure and your stomach and digestive organs in a healthy condition by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla and you will be WELL.

And are these years of weary pain forever passed away? These seven long years of weary night Turned into endless day?

I sometimes think 'tis all a dream, And I shall on the morrow, Wake up to all my aches and pains, The old, old grief and sorrow.

Oh, no! 'tis true I walk abroad, With peace and heavenly joy, The sweet songs of the summer birds, No more my nerves annoy.

'Tis by thy aid, my gracious friend, That I have found relief; For God has blessed your skillful work, And sent this heavenly peace.

Oh, may thy future life be crowned With blessings from above, And may you long be spared on earth For the great work of love.

How many sickly homes you've cheered, How many hearts made light; For sickness reigns no longer there, And all is calm and bright.

God bless your life, God bless your home, That home across the sea; A thousand, thousand thanks I send For what you've done for me."

Such communications as the above are highly gratifying to me, and are kept among my most valued possessions.

The most common symptoms of Catarrh of the Nerves are as follows:

Do you get giddy? Is your mind dull? Is your memory poor? Are you easily dazed? Do you have headache?

Are you easily excited? Do your temples throb? Do your hands tremble? Does your heart flutter?

Are you easily irritated? Are you always anxious? Do your muscles twitch? Is your temper irritable?

Is your brain fogged out? Suffer from sleeplessness? Are you easily frightened? Do you forget what you read?

Do you have horrible dreams? Does the least thing annoy you? If you have some of the above symptoms mark yes or no to each question, and send it to me, when I will take pleasure in answering your letter to the best of my ability. Dr. Sproule, B.A. English Catarrh Specialist, 7 to 13 Doane Street, Boston.

were engaged in a war of words. Lady Eustace sighed to her husband to be silent.

"A nice head of the Church, verily, is your Queen!" the boy was saying hotly. "Do you know, Eleanore, that your first precious head burned men for believing in some of your protestant articles?"

"Your next head, Edward, or rather Cranmer for him, established forty-two articles of belief. Don't you think your various heads are somewhat contradictory?"

"My father says—" the girl began. "Oh, your father!" Maurice interrupted contemptuously. As the angry tears rose to the girl's blue eyes he regretted his hasty words.

"Nay, Eleanore," he said contritely. "I meant not to be rude. Forgive me."

"No, Maurice Eustace, I won't forgive you," the little maid broke in. "I won't forgive you, and I will tell my father."

"But, Eleanore," the boy said, suppressing a strong desire to laugh at her indignation, "you have not been to see my mother."

The girl hesitated. A strong friendship existed between the wife of the Protestant rector of Castlemartin and Lady Eustace, and Eleanore Loftus had spent many hours in the sick room of her mother's friend. Maurice spoke again as he saw her pause.

"Come now, Eleanore. We—" "No," the girl's anger had died away, "not to-day, Maurice."

"But why?" "My father is at the rectory to-day, and I want to ask him about things."

"What things?" "About the Thirty-Nine Articles and what you said. Good day, Maurice."

The girl disappeared down a walk closely bordered with box and yew, and Sir John laughed loudly. "So even the children grow fanatical. Mary, I'd give not a trifle to hear the maid question her reverend father."

Lady Eustace sighed heavily. "Dost thee ever my levity, wife?" Sir John asked.

"Over many things," Lady Eustace replied sadly; "over my failing health, over—"

"But thou art better, Mary, thou art better," Sir John insisted anxiously. "Thou hast a good color to-day."

Lady Eustace shook her head. "Better I shall never be, John."

"Nay, thou wilt," the man said. "It is the fancy; and we must live thee up. Father Matthew is but a sorry company."

"John, why wilt thou not believe me?" Lady Eustace stretched out her wasted hands. "Look you how the flesh is spent. When the leaves fall I shall die."

Sir John sank into a seat by his wife's side, and seized her thin hands in his own. There was no question of his love for the woman by him, but he was not a very deep nature. So long as it was possible he had tried to ignore the fact of his wife's serious condition, but now she shook

his strong frame as he pressed his lips to the fingers in his own.

"Nay, my husband, such grief is foolish. I shall be started but a few years sooner than you on my journey. But, John, listen to me. Maurice has spoken much lately of his desire to be a priest. You will let him have his way." @

"A priest! my only son a priest!" "Even so. He is anxious to join my brother at Bruges."

"It cannot be," Sir John said, hastily. "It is impossible."

"No, no!" Lady Eustace threw herself on her knees. "See, John, I kneel to you. Let the boy have his will. Let him serve God in the way he wishes."

Sir John did not speak, but he raised his wife from her lowly posture, and moved once or twice across the room.

"John, I have tried to be a good wife to you. You will not refuse my dying request?"

"No," Sir John at length said, "no, I consent. The boy may go to Flanders to-morrow for me."

Lady Eustace raised her clasped hands to Heaven.

"John, John, I thank you; you have—" A fit of coughing interrupted her words; and her husband saw, in alarm, that the handkerchief she raised to her lips was stained with blood.

"Hush, hush, Mary, I beg of you! All this talk of religious matters is bad and wearing. Let me summon your woman."

Sir John left the apartment hastily, and Lady Eustace gazed after him, a sad smile in her eyes.

"Poor John! he would ever do the easier thing. God give him grace and strength for the evil days that are coming! But I think he will keep his word in regard to Maurice; and, though it break my heart, the boy will depart speedily."

An elderly woman opened the door of the room noiselessly. She raised her hands in consternation as she gained her mistress's side.

"Nay, Bridget, be not alarmed," Lady Eustace said, "the attack has passed for the time."

The woman closed the open window vindictively. "The master might have well noted that the air grows chilly," she observed.

"I did not," Lady Eustace said in extenuation of her absent lord, "and we were listening to the children."

Bridget pursed up her lips, and did not speak till she saw that Lady Eustace was not disposed to continue the conversation further. Then she burst forth—

"The children, ay! God forgive me, but it grieves me to see your son and the daughter of black-hearted Adam Loftus together!"

"But Eleanore is a good child, Bridget," Lady Eustace said gently. "It may be so," Bridget admitted doubtfully. "It may be; her mother is not unkindly. Adam is at home to-day for a wonder," the woman added.

"So I believe." "I marvel much how he is wanted in the city yonder," Bridget said sarcastically, nodding her head in the direction of Dublin. "But here comes Master Maurice."

The boy crossed the room to his mother. "Are you worse, mother?" he inquired, anxiously as he knelt by her side, and gazed into her flushed, worn face.

"No, my dear boy, not worse," Lady Eustace said. "Maurice, I have won your father's consent. You can go to Flanders to-morrow."

There was a glad light in the boy's eyes, though his lips trembled.

"At once, mother! But you are so ill—" "Not so very ill, Maurice," Lady Eustace said with a heroic smile. No one save Father Lampert knew her anxiety regarding her son. She had prayed that she might live to see his own eager wish to become a priest gratified.

None knew better than she the weakness of her husband's character, and though her heart ached almost to breaking, she hurried on the preparations for Maurice's departure for the Low Countries during the next few days.

"If I were dead," she confided to the parish priest, "John might naturally wish to keep the boy at home for a time, and after a time he might even forget his promise. It is best Maurice should go and go speedily."

So while the leaves in the woods round Castlemartin were still green, Maurice Eustace bade farewell to his mother. Lady Eustace hept up bravely to the last, but when a turn in the winding avenue hid her boy from her sight she turned from the open window with a heart-broken cry, and fell insensible in her waiting-woman's arms. In the Flemish college Maurice waited long for the sight of his mother's hand-writing,

but the first missive that came from Ireland brought the tidings of her holy death.

"The Chancellor (then Edm. Loftus, Protestant Archbishop of Dublin) offered to set Eustace free, and to give him his daughter in marriage, with an ample dowry. If he would change his faith."

The Chancellor again repeated his offer, and Maurice again rejected it. Finally, this brave soldier of Christ, asking God's help and the prayers of the Catholics, was hanged and quartered."—From Holing's "Compendium."

Maurice Eustace walked slowly up and down the narrow limits of his cell in a Dublin prison. He had been a captive but a week, yet that week had entirely changed his appearance. The horrible vitiated atmosphere, the foul water, and viler provisions had done their work so effectively that even his jailer had been moved to something like pity. As he paced up and down with feeble, uncertain steps memories of his peaceful life in the Jesuit novitiate in far off Bruges came dream-like back to him. He could hear the musical clang of bells from the belfry in the market place, and the voices of his early teachers rising and falling together in Matins or Vespers; and he could recollect more distinctly the day on which it was decided that he should obey his father's command and return to Ireland.

Sir John Eustace, much though he had loved his wife, had not sorrowed over long for her. His second bride belonged to one of the English families of the Pale, and professed the new faith, and it was her continual entreaties that at length induced her husband to abandon the old, and he received Holy Orders some month later. His father had died about a year before, and Lady Eustace, anxious no doubt that one of her own children should inherit the Castlemartin estates, had denounced him to the authorities as a priest and a figure closely enveloped in a dark, heavy cloak. The door closed again with a bang, and as Maurice vainly endeavored to make out in the dim light who his visitor might be, a voice said:

"Come, Maurice, have you no recollection of old friends?" "No, indeed," the priest answered. "It may be that I am growing stupid."

"Odds, man, it would be strange if you did not in an atmosphere like this," the visitor said, throwing aside his cloak and Maurice recognized Adam Loftus, the Protestant Archbishop of the city.

"My Lord," he said, trying to recollect himself, "I know you not of a surety. The authorities make no provision for visitors, so I cannot ask you to be seated."

"Never mind, our interview, of necessity, must be short. Look you, Maurice, art anxious for liberty?"

"Liberty!" Maurice thought of the blue sky, the green fields, and the pure air of heaven. "Yes."

"Then have it," the priest answered. "Renounce your faith—nay, hear me out. Renounce your faith, and freedom, honor and preferment is yours."

"What will it avail a man to gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" Maurice repeated the words rather to himself than in answer to the visitor.

"Folly, my lad," the Archbishop said, "thou must know that I wish thee well, otherwise I had not sought thee out, renounce the ways of Rome and thou art free."

"That with God's help, I shall not do."

"Then take thy own way and see where it will lead thee," the Archbishop said hotly; but I had fain saved thy father's son from the banishment."

The priest shivered, but answered bravely. "Truly I thank thee for thy goodness; but I have chosen."

"So be it then," the Archbishop drew his cloak around him. "So be it," he paused as he reached the door. "Think over my words, Maurice, and they may yet serve you," he said, and the next moment he was gone.

Four days later Maurice was brought to trial. On account of the rank of the prisoner the court was crowded to suffocation, and, as his eyes for a moment rested on the throng of faces, he recognized many of his former friends. His stepmother and her eldest son occupied prominent positions, and Adam Loftus was in his place. Near him a beautiful girl sat, and, as Maurice's gaze met hers a hot flush passed over her face leaving her pale as death. Maurice had but once met Eleanore Loftus since his return from Flanders, but he knew her instantly, and the girl tried to smile in answer to his kindly look.

The trial proceeded rapidly. Maurice was accused of being a Jesuit, an enemy to the Queen, and a friend to those with whom she was at war. He denied the two last charges, but to be a priest was sufficient for the packed jury. He was found guilty of high treason, and sentenced to die. When the sentence was given Adam Loftus whispered a word or two to an attendant, and the court was cleared of all but a few persons; when the Archbishop rose from the seat he occupied.

"I am empowered to offer a free pardon to the prisoner," he said, with a vindictive glance towards Lady Eustace and her son—"a free pardon on conditions."

There was a deep hush till the Chancellor resumed. "Maurice Eustace, your father's estate awaits you; a young and beautiful wife and an ample dowry"—he pointed towards his daughter as he spoke—"are yours if you renounce your faith—if you take the oath of supremacy."

Before the prisoner could make the negative reply that trembled on his lips Eleanore Loftus, quivering with excitement and righteous anger, sprang to her feet.

"Do not heed him, Maurice, do not heed him!" she cried passionately. "Dear friend, dear playmate of happier years, heed him not. I knew nought of my father's intentions; I did not, Maurice."

Her father seized her by the arm, but she shook off his grasp. "I am ashamed, ashamed to the heart that my father should try to influence you thus, Maurice. If your faith—if you think your faith the true one, keep to it!"

"With God's help, I will," Maurice said humbly. "As His Son died on the cross, I desire and hope to die for Him on the scaffold."

"Have thy wish then!" Adam Loftus cried bitterly. Between the Chancellor and the family of the second Lady Eustace a bitter feud had raged for many years; and it was quite as much for revenge on her ladyship as for the sake of former friendship that the Archbishop desired to save Maurice from a felon's death, and to restore him to the family honors. He had counted much on Eleanore's beauty for the furtherance of his plan. It had been a marvel to the gay gallants of the capital why the Chancellor's beautiful daughter had remained so long unmarried. She had been sought by the noblest youths of the Pale, and it was also whispered that she might have been the wife of more than one English noble had she so listed, but all offers of marriage had been firmly declined by her. Loftus himself, indeed, believed that a romantic affection for her former playmate filled her heart, and he turned to her fiercely.

"Hie thee home, girl; Sir Anthony Weyland seeks thy hand. Thy wedding bells shall ring on Maurice Eustace's dying day."

Eleanore did not seem to hear his words. She stood white and trembling by her seat.

"Dost hear me, wench? Is it not enough for thee that thou hast refused honorable offers to be spurned by him for whose sake thou didst so?"

"Nay, father," Eleanore made answer trying to speak calmly. "You wrong me. I have refused to marry because," she hesitated a moment, "because I am, because I have long been a Catholic at heart."

The Chancellor sank back on his seat. "Catholic! You, my daughter!"

"Yes," the girl turned to the prisoner with the shadow of a smile on her lips. "Do you recall the day we quarrelled in the garden at Castlemartin over the oath of supremacy?"

Maurice shook his head; he had forgotten the incident.

"It was seven days previous to your departure for Flanders. On that very day I began to have doubts concerning the faith my father preached."

Of late years I have had no doubts, but I have been a coward, a miserable coward. I have clung to the good things of this world. I have shrunk from the suffering a profession of the Catholic faith would

have brought on me. I have hesitated, but—she stopped. Maurice's earnest eyes compelled her to finish her sentence. "Now, I can hesitate no longer. From this hour I am not a Catholic; I have been that in my heart for years—a practical Catholic."

"Thank God!" the prisoner ejaculated fervently, "thank God!"

The order was given to remove the prisoner. On that very day week he was drawn, as the old chronicles say, on a horse's tail to the place of execution. A great concourse was gathered round the scaffold, and Maurice spoke a few words to the people.

"God has been good to me, my friends," he said, "and my joy is great. I have come here ready with His help to suffer pain and ignominy, and to shed my blood for Christ's sake. I only ask that you who are my brethren remember me in your prayers."

A thrill of horror ran through the crowd as the drop fell. At that moment, in the retirement of her chamber, Eleanore Loftus was on her knees praying for the martyred priest, and for strength to tread the path she had chosen.

When Adam Loftus saw that his daughter was thoroughly determined on being a Catholic, he insisted that she should leave Ireland; and for many years the few British visitors to Nazareth Convent, Lille, were gratified to find an English-speaking nun among the community where, as Sister Veronica, Eleanore Loftus found peace and happiness—Margaret Rock, in the Catholic Columbian.

have brought on me. I have hesitated, but—she stopped. Maurice's earnest eyes compelled her to finish her sentence. "Now, I can hesitate no longer. From this hour I am not a Catholic; I have been that in my heart for years—a practical Catholic."

"Thank God!" the prisoner ejaculated fervently, "thank God!"

The order was given to remove the prisoner. On that very day week he was drawn, as the old chronicles say, on a horse's tail to the place of execution. A great concourse was gathered round the scaffold, and Maurice spoke a few words to the people.

"God has been good to me, my friends," he said, "and my joy is great. I have come here ready with His help to suffer pain and ignominy, and to shed my blood for Christ's sake. I only ask that you who are my brethren remember me in your prayers."

A thrill of horror ran through the crowd as the drop fell. At that moment, in the retirement of her chamber, Eleanore Loftus was on her knees praying for the martyred priest, and for strength to tread the path she had chosen.

When Adam Loftus saw that his daughter was thoroughly determined on being a Catholic, he insisted that she should leave Ireland; and for many years the few British visitors to Nazareth Convent, Lille, were gratified to find an English-speaking nun among the community where, as Sister Veronica, Eleanore Loftus found peace and happiness—Margaret Rock, in the Catholic Columbian.

When Adam Loftus saw that his daughter was thoroughly determined on being a Catholic, he insisted that she should leave Ireland; and for many years the few British visitors to Nazareth Convent, Lille, were gratified to find an English-speaking nun among the community where, as Sister Veronica, Eleanore Loftus found peace and happiness—Margaret Rock, in the Catholic Columbian.

When Adam Loftus saw that his daughter was thoroughly determined on being a Catholic, he insisted that she should leave Ireland; and for many years the few British visitors to Nazareth Convent, Lille, were gratified to find an English-speaking nun among the community where, as Sister Veronica, Eleanore Loftus found peace and happiness—Margaret Rock, in the Catholic Columbian.

When Adam Loftus saw that his daughter was thoroughly determined on being a Catholic, he insisted that she should leave Ireland; and for many years the few British visitors to Nazareth Convent, Lille, were gratified to find an English-speaking nun among the community where, as Sister Veronica, Eleanore Loftus found peace and happiness—Margaret Rock, in the Catholic Columbian.

When Adam Loftus saw that his daughter was thoroughly determined on being a Catholic, he insisted that she should leave Ireland; and for many years the few British visitors to Nazareth Convent, Lille, were gratified to find an English-speaking nun among the community where, as Sister Veronica, Eleanore Loftus found peace and happiness—Margaret Rock, in the Catholic Columbian.

When Adam Loftus saw that his daughter was thoroughly determined on being a Catholic, he insisted that she should leave Ireland; and for many years the few British visitors to Nazareth Convent, Lille, were gratified to find an English-speaking nun among the community where, as Sister Veronica, Eleanore Loftus found peace and happiness—Margaret Rock, in the Catholic Columbian.

When Adam Loftus saw that his daughter was thoroughly determined on being a Catholic, he insisted that she should leave Ireland; and for many years the few British visitors to Nazareth Convent, Lille, were gratified to find an English-speaking nun among the community where, as Sister Veronica, Eleanore Loftus found peace and happiness—Margaret Rock, in the Catholic Columbian.

When Adam Loftus saw that his daughter was thoroughly determined on being a Catholic, he insisted that she should leave Ireland; and for many years the few British visitors to Nazareth Convent, Lille, were gratified to find an English-speaking nun among the community where, as Sister Veronica, Eleanore Loftus found peace and happiness—Margaret Rock, in the Catholic Columbian.

When Adam Loftus saw that his daughter was thoroughly determined on being a Catholic, he insisted that she should leave Ireland; and for many years the few British visitors to Nazareth Convent, Lille, were gratified to find an English-speaking nun among the community where, as Sister Veronica, Eleanore Loftus found peace and happiness—Margaret Rock, in the Catholic Columbian.

When Adam Loftus saw that his daughter was thoroughly determined on being a Catholic, he insisted that she should leave Ireland; and for many years the few British visitors to Nazareth Convent, Lille, were gratified to find an English-speaking nun among the community where, as Sister Veronica, Eleanore Loftus found peace and happiness—Margaret Rock, in the Catholic Columbian.

When Adam Loftus saw that his daughter was thoroughly determined on being a Catholic, he insisted that she should leave Ireland; and for many years the few British visitors to Nazareth Convent, Lille, were gratified to find an English-speaking nun among the community where, as Sister Veronica, Eleanore Loftus found peace and happiness—Margaret Rock, in the Catholic Columbian.

When Adam Loftus saw that his daughter was thoroughly determined on being a Catholic, he insisted that she should leave Ireland; and for many years the few British visitors to Nazareth Convent, Lille, were gratified to find an English-speaking nun among the community where, as Sister Veronica, Eleanore Loftus found peace and happiness—Margaret Rock, in the Catholic Columbian.

When Adam Loftus saw that his daughter was thoroughly determined on being a Catholic, he insisted that she should leave Ireland; and for many years the few British visitors to Nazareth Convent, Lille, were gratified to find an English-speaking nun among the community where, as Sister Veronica, Eleanore Loftus found peace and happiness—Margaret Rock, in the Catholic Columbian.

When Adam Loftus saw that his daughter was thoroughly determined on being a Catholic, he insisted that she should leave Ireland; and for many years the few British visitors to Nazareth Convent, Lille, were gratified to find an English-speaking nun among the community where, as Sister Veronica, Eleanore Loftus found peace and happiness—Margaret Rock, in the Catholic Columbian.

When Adam Loftus saw that his daughter was thoroughly determined on being a Catholic, he insisted that she should leave Ireland; and for many years the few British visitors to Nazareth Convent, Lille, were gratified to find an English-speaking nun among the community where, as Sister Veronica, Eleanore Loftus found peace and happiness—Margaret Rock, in the Catholic Columbian.

When Adam Loftus saw that his daughter was thoroughly determined on being a Catholic, he insisted that she should leave Ireland; and for many years the few British visitors to Nazareth Convent, Lille, were gratified to find an English-speaking nun among the community where, as Sister Veronica, Eleanore Loftus found peace and happiness—Margaret Rock, in the Catholic Columbian.

When Adam Loftus saw that his daughter was thoroughly determined on being a Catholic, he insisted that she should leave Ireland; and for many years the few British visitors to Nazareth Convent, Lille, were gratified to find an English-speaking nun among the community where, as Sister Veronica, Eleanore Loftus found peace and happiness—Margaret Rock, in the Catholic Columbian.

When Adam Loftus saw that his daughter was thoroughly determined on being a Catholic, he insisted that she should leave Ireland; and for many years the few British visitors to Nazareth Convent, Lille, were gratified to find an English-speaking nun among the community where, as Sister Veronica, Eleanore Loftus found peace and happiness—Margaret Rock, in the Catholic Columbian.

When Adam Loftus saw that his daughter was thoroughly determined on being a Catholic, he insisted that she should leave Ireland; and for many years the few British visitors to Nazareth Convent, Lille, were gratified to find an English-speaking nun among the community where, as Sister Veronica, Eleanore Loftus found peace and happiness—Margaret Rock, in the Catholic Columbian.

When Adam Loftus saw that his daughter was thoroughly determined on being