"We shall have the roof about our heads!" I shouted, rushing to the door, but he gripped my shoulder.

"Listen to those pines falling—do you think you could stand out there?"

A moment later the shrieking wind lessened, the splitting of timber ceased. Another moment and, as is the manner of these swift terrors of the West, the cyclone was gone as suddenly as it had come. Half stunned, we stood staring vacantly, scarcely daring to realize that the power of the air had left us scathless beside the destruction whose extent was our present duty to discover.

Brown opened the door.

The night was cold and still as death—a death which had followed violence. Vague outlines of denser shadows in the darkness showed that other buildings yet remained standing, but there was neither voice nor movement of our companions.

"Hello, boys!" Brown cried, striding forth with a newly lighted lantern. "Speak, some of you! The storm is over!"

As though released from a spell the place became alive with other lanterns, and figures in every stage of undress, the strong-nerved frontiersmen babbling their relief as though they were hysterical women.

It was an instant which discovers a leader to his fellows, and Brown proved himself to be worthy.

He rebuked, he soothed, he worked. Every cabin, every man, every horse was examined with prompt thoroughness; and even the croakers were presently convinced that the camp had been more scared than hurt. Only the cabin next to ours had fallen, and its occupants had marvellously escaped injury.

Close upon our sight the cyclone had cut its wonted swath of ruin, so far as we could judge, along the track the sledges travelled to Laketown. Across the track trees had been hurled, piled at some places into formidable barricades, at others leaving only the wrecks of single shattered trucks.

Brown briefly ended further investigation.

"It's an ill wind that blows nobody any good!" he said, grimly. "We have got a month's work done for us inside of ten minutes, and that you may be ready to profit by it, you shall have a drink, all hands, and go back to bed until daybreak."

The gang filed toward the mess cabin to receive their grog from Watkins, but I heard mutterings which recalled sharply to my mind the scene of the early evening, which recent excitement had blurred in my memory.

Victor Fouche had started to follow the sledge road to Laketown, and, whether he had camped in the shelter of a large tree or whether he had resolved to tramp through the night, the cyclone must have found him in its path.

"I guess the boss feels like a murderer," somebody growled, with a glance over his shoulder. Brown stood motionless, staring into the desolate darkness of the pine woods with stern eyes which demanded the "heart of its mystery.

"Do you fear another storm?" I asked.

"Nothing worse than snow," he said, "I'll turn in directly."

When tardy sleep at length stilled my strained nerves he had not appeared. Nor was he in the cabin when I awoke, hours after.

As I began my toilet Watkins entered with that look of solemn importance a certain type assumes to announce a calamity.

"The boss is missing," he exclaimed. "We think he must have gone off at daylight to plan work for the gang, and has gone astray."

"It was not to plan work he went," I said, positively, as convictions smote the scales from my vision, and I saw into the agony of an unforgiving conscience. "He went to find Victor Fouche."

Watkins shook his head.

"Brown ain't that kind, he began. His hard face softened. "Yet them two was chums once! We are going out in search parties. Will you join?"

I assented, and we set forth immediately in various directions.

The snow which Brown had anticipated had flung a white mantle across the masses of fallen timber, but the sun shone brilliantly now from the wondrous blue of a Northwestern winter sky. Once astray in these vast woods, no fabled labyrinth could be more bewildering, even apart from this new confusion wrought by the cyclone. We pursued our search with so little hope that when we beheld, stumbling toward us, the bowed figure of a man, bearing another on his shoulders, awe mingled with our relief. It was as though we saw a spectre, not mere heroic flesh and blood.

Victor Fouche was unconscious. A wound in his head had been hurriedly bound, a broken arm roughly slung to his side by his rescuer, who was so dazed with exhaustion that we needed force to take Victor from him. Thus made empty handed, he staggered on a few paces and dropped senseless.

We carried them both to Brown's cabin. There Watkins proved proficient in such practical surgery as frontiersmen acquire from experience. He set Victor's arm and dressed his various cuts; but for the stupor which possessed Brown he attempted little.

"He ain't hurt anywhere," he said. "He is worn out. He will come to himself naturally after a bit. And then we shall hear how he found Fouche."

But that is a story nobody ever heard.

Watkins went away finally to join the gang at their noon meal, and I was left in charge.

As I stood near the foot of Victor's couch his dark eyes opened slowly. He gazed up at me with a bewilderment, through which presently pierced a question.

"Denis?" he gasped. "Denis?"

His voice, which intensity of effort had made loud, stirred Brown's sluggish senses.

He struggled to his elbow and stared at the man who had played so many parts in his history—chum, rival, victim.

The cots were not 3ft. apart and as the two haggard faces confronted each other, Brown cried, as if in terror:

"You are dying!"

"No! no!" Victor faltered. "I shall live and you will forgive——?"

"Forgive?" Brown interrupted, dully.

"Yes; forgive me, and Lois—poor Lois—who died without your forgiveness——"

Victor's whisper sank into silence.

Outside the gang had remembered that this was Christmas Day, and some tuneful soul had burst forth into the ancient message of reconciliation.

"Peace on earth, good will toward men."

Victor smiled.

Whether he moved first, or Brown, I don't know; I didn't see quite clearly. But across the narrow space that divided the cots two rough hands met, and I left them thus.

THE BOY, HIS MOTHER AND CHRISTMAS

Written for Catholic Standard and Times by J. F. G.

Say, mister, this is a really truly Christmas story, and it may concern you. Fact! So just listen for a moment and let me do the articulating.

Once upon a time there was a little boy named "Self." I'm not quite sure whether his first name was "My" or "Your." At any rate, this little fellow used to accompany his mother to early Mass on Christmas morning (perhaps you have met him) a long, long time ago. As they trudged along with his hand held firmly by his mother's beneath the great woolen shawl, and the snow crackling under their feet, that little boy used to look up at the stars sparkling in the morning sky and wonder if the Star of Bethlehem still shone among them. How his little heart would beat with delight when, on entering the church, he beheld the lights, and the flowers, and the three priests, and the altar boys (perhaps you were one of them) and heard the organ playing soft and sweet and low. It made the little fellow hold his breath (even the rattling of mother's beads ceased) when a voice, like the far-off call of an angel, began to sing, oh, so beautifully:

Venite adoremus! Venite adoremus!
Venite adoremus Dominum.

Say, mister, just close your eyes a moment and listen, and if you ever were the boy I'm trying to tell you about, you will hear that voice singing just as clearly as your mother's voice calling you on a winters morning. Listen!

There she is, away, way back yonder. Don't you hear her singing?

Venite adoremus! Venite adoremus!
Venite adore—

Say, isn't she a Jim Dandy singer?

Then came the reading of the sweetest story ever told, the story of the shepherds and the angels and the poor little Babe that was born in a stable at Bethlehem a long, long time ago.

When the Mass was ended, that little boy, still holding mother's hand, would join the other children gathered about the Christmas Crib (perhaps you were there), and wonder and wonder at the sheep, and the oxen, and the asses, and the Star of Bethlehem (made of tin), and the shepherds, and the wise men, and the angels, and St. Joseph and the Blessed Mother and the dear little Babe lying asleep in the manger.

But this was long ago, and the passing years have brought many changes. As regards that little boy and his mother, the grave may divide and eternity stand between and the dear, kind hands which held his so fast and warm under the great woolen shawl as they trudged to Mass on Christmas morning long ago may now be folded and at rest forever under the frost and the snow.

Meanwhile that little boy grew up and became a mechanic, or a lawyer, or a doctor, or a priest, or a Bishop, or a man of affairs of some kind, at any rate. During these years this man, who was once a little boy going to Mass with his mother, read a great many books about Christmas and the Holy Land. Some of these books the man did not like at all, because the writers said that maybe Christ was not born around Christmas time, and that Judea was a warm country, hence no snow on the hillsides. Moreover, they said, if there were snow on the ground, it was hardly likely that the shepherds would be tending their flocks in the open country. These things, I say, the man did not like, because, though they did not in any way deny the doctrine of the Incarnation, nevertheless they robbed the Christmas story of a great deal of its poetic beauty. Further, it seemed to reflect upon mother, and between higher criticism and mother-faith the ordinary boy of a larger growth is going to side with the latter every time. Why? Because your modernist philosopher, when guided solely by the light of reason in striving after the truths which pertain to God, gropes helplessly in the dark, while a mother's eyes of faith penetrate the mysterious veil which hides from ordinary vision the City Beautiful. That's why!

The man, however, kept on reading and reading, until at last he found writers who vindicated the old Christmas story in every detail, just as he had heard it in the little church back yonder. A French priest, I think Abbe Fouard is his name, told him in one of his books. "The Life of Christ," not to mind these modern critics; that snow does fall in Palestine around Christmas time, and that the shepherds were really tending their flocks upon the hillsides on the first Christmas night in order to make room for the natives coming to be enrolled each in his own city.

So that man, after years of wandering, returned, at least in spirit, to the little church where he used to go with his mother on Christmas morning, to listen once more with simple childish faith to the reading of the story of the shepherds, and the angels, and the Blessed Mother and the little Babe that was laid in the manger, while the angels sang:

Glory be to God in the highest,
And on earth peace to men of good will.

This is a really truly story, as I said in the beginning, and no doubt you know the little boy to whom I have referred. Mind he may not have been the same identical boy whom I met; he may not have the same mother, or have gone to the same church, or lived in the same town, but I'm pretty sure of your having known him. And somehow it brings tears to one's eyes as the brave little fellow comes back from the past and stands before one with his fur cap pulled down over his ears, his overcoat and scarf, and red mittens, and boots with brass toes impatiently waiting for mother to take him to early Christmas Mass.

"Oh, mom, hurry up! We'll be late. Leave the coffee alone! Fix it when you get back! Hurry, the bell's ringing!"

You know him, did you say? Why, yourself? Why, of course, it is. Your good old mother (God rest her soul!) would have sensed it before I had spoken a half dozen words. Cold indeed is the heart, friend, which is not thrilled by the Christmas memories which cling around the old parish church back home. Man's religious affiliation, be his color or country what they may, are among his most sacred possessions, and hence the church where he received his early spiritual training ever remains dear to him, even if there be no other reason than that of its having been sanctified by a mother's love and faith. If this be true of other Christians, what must be said of those Catholics who have had the holy privilege of attending early Mass with their mothers on Christmas morning long, long ago?

Oh, these good old Catholic mothers! God bless them, every one! Perhaps some of them who we knew have long since grown weary of the burden of the day and the heat, and while the sod lies lightly on their tired frames, their souls are at rest with God. Others, life's duty fairly done, are quietly resting in the gathering twilight of their years. Like one about to start on a long journey, they have everything ready, and are calmly awaiting the summons home. But whether beyond the moaning of the bar or still in the land of the living, I lay this tribute at their feet. No truer, sweeter, holier story was ever told than that told by the Catholic mother to her boy (yes, and his sister, too) as they trudge to the early Christmas Mass. "Those are my sentiments," says he who was once a little boy. Are they yours? Well, I should think so.

For the CATHOLIC RECORD

"THE MANAGER"

"How neat she always leaves everything," said O'Connor to himself as he rummaged through his secretary's desk in pursuit of a postage stamp. It was just closing time and Miss Robinson and the other office hands had left for the night.

"Oh, here we are," observed the manager as he drew forth a tin box from which he extracted a stamp, at the same time noticing a prayer-book in one end of the box. "I'd give anything if that prayer-book were like my own," he sighed, as, without opening it, he replaced it in the box and returned the whole to the drawer.

As he walked to the mail box on the corner, he thought, what, for the last fortnight in all his spare moments, he had been thinking, of the many winning ways of his new secretary, and came to the same annoying conclusion when mentally he would hold up the two names, Robinson and O'Connor. To him, after thirty-five years of Catholic tuition by his loving mother, the two names seemed to clash, and he determined in the future to give this question as little thought as possible.

Winter months are slack months in the lumber business, so very little of the manager's time was taken up at the factories. This necessitated his spending a greater portion of his time in the office. Every day things cropped up demanding discussion between him and his secretary, whose aptitude and clear-sightedness he could not but admire and comment upon. His evenings he spent with his mother, to whom he had revealed, unconsciously at first, and then seeking advice, his "fix," as he called it.

At first his mother chided him, putting it down to sentimentality, but, as time wore on, and the cloud still hung, she became uneasy.

This worried her big boy, but try as he might, he could not assume that cheerful role his mother so longed for.

It was Christmas eve, Mrs. O'Connor sat toasting her little silk-shod feet at the drawing-room fire, meditating on the dreary Christmas in store for her owing to her boy's downheartedness, when suddenly the door behind her was thrust open and in another instant she was held in a loving, though rather crushing embrace.

"What is it, Danny boy?" she at last managed to ask, when she had extricated herself from her son's great arms, "Is it another raise?"

"How on earth did you guess, mother," said Danny, his blue eyes sparkling in the light from the hearth, "Yes, mother, a raise to the distinguished order of Benedict." Then, noticing his mother's worried look, he picked her up bodily and placed her again in her chair, gently smoothing the gray hair with his hand, and, as he sat on the arm of her chair, the dear old head instinctively snuggled against his breast.

"I know, mother," he hastened to say. "You don't understand me. Just place your little feet on that stool and I'll tell you the whole story. This afternoon I let the office hands off at 3 o'clock, remaining to write a few of the old boys, Tom Loughrin and others. When I finished and was getting stamps at Miss Robinson's desk, what did I spy but a pair of beads! Yes, mother, she is a Catholic. Then I thought of the prayer book. Perhaps she had left it! Sure enough—there it was. On the first leaf was her name and address and on the next "Key of Heaven."

"Glory be to God!" exclaimed the old lady reverently as she took her son's face in both her little hands.

I locked up then and started for the address written on the prayer-book. When I arrived there Miss Robinson opened the door and showed me into the drawing-room. She evidently thought I was there on business, and, well—I knew it. When I handed her the beads and prayer book she was delighted, though she gave a little sigh when she told me her father had given them to her the last Christmas he was alive. She remembered having left the beads in the drawer this morning upon arriving at the office after 8 o'clock Mass, but had abandoned all hope of ever recovering the prayer book, and perhaps she never would, as she had been keeping her stamps lately in another drawer. By this time I realized that we were both sitting before the cozy little grate, and when I had explained the false impression I had hitherto held, her eyes seemed to say, 'I wonder what difference that could have made,' at least she did not look so lonely as when she left the office this afternoon. When I arose to go, she took another prayer-book from the mantel. She just bought it this morning. I asked her if I might inscribe her name on it, to which she consented, and, as I showed her the name, "Mrs. Daniel O'Connor," she blushed very sweetly, as much as to say "I knew you were going to do it." When I asked her what date I might inscribe, she answered, Mother with her lips closer to mine than yours are now, "Mr. O'Connor, you are still the manager."

THE OLD MISSIONARY OF ANNAM

A REMINISCENCE BY PIERRE LOTI

In the sinister yellow land of the Far East, during the awful days of the war among the natives that ended in the establishment of the protectorate of France over Annam, our heavily-armored battleship of the French blockade was stationed in a little bay formed by the indentation of the coast of the South China Sea.

With the shore, which presented a charming panorama of beautifully green mountains and fertile rice fields, we seldom communicated. The inhabitants of the villages and of the brush kept themselves, although we knew them to be either defiant or hostile.

Ere long the weather grew oppressively sultry, the skies became a dull gray, and sea and land were nearly shut out from our view by leaden curtains of fog.

One morning, during my watch, the lookout called to me:

"Captain, a sampan is approaching and is, I think, about to hail us."

"Who is in the boat?" I asked.

He raised his lens and inspected the oncoming craft anew.

"Well, captain, I can not exactly say—but a kind of Indo-Chinese bonze or mandarin is seated in the stern of the sampan."

Slowly and silently the little Oriental boat glided nearer over the waters, which were motionless as if oil had been poured upon them. The rower was a young girl clad in a black tunic. Women perform the duties of boatmen in this region.

The man in the stern wore the costume, the queue and the large horn spectacles of the Annam bonzes, but his long beard and large frame were not at all Asiatic.

Boarding the ship he ascended to the deck and saluted me in French, speaking somewhat timidly and with slight hesitation.

"I am a missionary," he began. "I was born in Lorraine, but for more than thirty years I have lived in a village that is situated at the distance of six hours' journey a foot from here. All the villagers are Christians. I wish to ask protection for them from the commander of this ship. The rebels against the native king have menaced them with attack because they have embraced Christianity, and the insurgent mob is in the neighborhood. My people will certainly be massacred if assistance is not promptly sent to them."

Alas, the commander was forced to refuse the aid thus demanded. All the men and muskets we could spare had been sent off in another direction. We had only the number of sailors necessary to take care of the ship. Unfortunately, we could do nothing for the hapless Christians of this village in the interior of the country. They must be left to their fate.

It is now mid-day, the hour when the heat is most intense, when, daily, a torpor fell upon us, so that we scarce seemed alive. The little sampan and the young rower had returned to the shore and disappeared amid the luxuriant, but malaria breeding, vegetation of the lowlands.

The missionary remained with us. Disappointed at our refusal to send aid to his parishioners, he was, naturally, taciturn, but he spoke no word of reproach or blame.

We had invited him to breakfast with us. During the repast the poor man showed not the slightest brilliancy of repartee, nor did he entertain us with any amusing anecdotes or pleasing incidents of his experience. He had become thoroughly an Annamite that he was indifferent to many topics of interest to people of the Western world, and it was difficult to chat with him.

He accused himself only when, after the meal, cigarettes were passed. Then it was, however, only to ask for some French tobacco to smoke in his pipe.

"For twenty years," he said, "I have not had a pipeful of good tobacco."

The tobacco being brought to him, he excused himself from further conversation upon the plea of the long tramp he had taken, sank back among the cushions, closed his eyes and was soon oblivious to the scene around him.

Alack! this dull man, this unexpected guest sent to us by Providence, was, no doubt, to be our companion for several months. He had placed himself under the protection of the flag of his nationality, and we must safeguard him either until we could take him back to France or land him at some port where he would be secure from molestation from the insurgents, who made no distinction between the missionaries devoted to the interests of their race and other foreigners. When he awakened from his short doze I said to him, without enthusiasm, I admit:

"Father, a cabin has been prepared for you. Of course you will remain here on the ship with us until we can send you to a place of safety?"

He looked at me in a dazed way, and seemed not to understand.

"I only intended only to rest a little while—I meant to ask you to send me ashore in one of the ship's boats. Surely before evening you can send me down to the end of the bay in a little skiff, and have the sailors leave me on the strand," he pleaded uneasily.

"Ashore? Why what would you do ashore?"

"I must go back to my villagers," he protested with a simplicity that was verily sublime. "I cannot spend the night here. The insurgents, who hate us because we are Christians, might attack the village this very night. I must be there with my people.

As he spoke he seemed to grow taller and more commanding, and the expression of his countenance changed. He was no longer the heavy, taciturn man, but a soldier of the Cross, and apparently capable of the most exalted heroism. We stared at him in fascinated curiosity.

"But it is upon you, the missionary, the teacher of a foreign religion, that the insurgents will wreak their most implacable animosity, Father," some one suggested

"Oh, that is very probable," the missionary replied, as calmly as the martyrs of old answered those who strove to shake their adherence to the Message of the Gospel.

Ten of the Christians would be waiting for him soon after sunset on the strand at the other end of the bay, the good man informed us. Together they would return to the menaced village and there await whatever was to happen, resigned to the will of God.

In vain we urged him to give up this rash design, to abandon all thought of going back. Since we could not give him the succor he had come to ask, for him to return was but to hasten to death, and, moreover, a death attended by the atrocious cruelties for the infliction of which the lawless rebels were notorious.

But all our arguments made no impression upon him. Gently, without any grandiloquent phrases, without anger, but ingenuously and with unshaken firmness, he resisted our importunities.

"It was I who converted these people to Christianity," he replied in astonishment. "How can you ask me to abandon them when they are persecuted for their faith? They are my spiritual children. Surely you understand, therefore, that it is impossible for me to desert them."

At last, although still protesting, the officer of the watch ordered a boat to be made ready to take our resolute guest ashore.

Regretfully we each in turn clasped the missionary's hand and bade him farewell. When our opposition to his departure ceased he had quickly lapsed into his former manner. He was again a little deprecating, unobtrusive, almost insignificant. Apologizing for troubling us, he confided to our charge a letter to be forwarded to an aged relative in Lorraine, accepted a little more of the French tobacco, and with a simple "Thank you gentlemen, and good-by," embarked in the waiting skiff, which at once headed down the bay.

By this time the mists had lifted. We on the ship, therefore, with tumultuous emotions watched the boat until it disappeared amid the twilight shadows. And for long afterwards, the thoughts of at least one among us yearningly followed the humble apostle going, with such simple fidelity and sublime courage, to his obscure martyrdom.

Unfortunately, we forgot to ask him the name of his village. But from the desolation wrought by the rebels in that part of the country, I fear there is every ground for the belief that he was, indeed, called upon to give testimony of the truth, and that he laid down his life for Christ and for the sheep of his little Christian fold, amid the wilderness of this pagan country of the Orient.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

A Surprise

By Sarah K. Hunt

Two little stockings hung side by side,
Close to the fireplace broad and wide.
"Two" said St. Nick as down he came.
Loaded with toys and many a game.
"Ho, ho!" said he with a laugh of fun,
"I'll have no cheating, my pretty one,
I know who dwells in this house, my dear;
There's only one little girl lives here.

So he crept up close to the chimney-place,
And measured a sock with a sober face,
Just then a wee little note fell out
And fluttered low like a bird about
"Aha! what's this? said he, in surprise,
And he pushed his specs up close to his eyes,
And read the address in a child's rough hand.
"Dear St. Nicholas so it began,"
"The other stocking you see on the wall,
I have hung for a child named Cottie Hall.
She's a poor little girl, but very good.
So I thought perhaps you kindly would
Fill up that stocking for her to-night
And help to make her Christmas bright.
If you've not enough for both stockings there,
Please put all in Cotties; I don't care."
St. Nicholas brushed a tear from his eye,
And "God bless you, darling," he said with a sigh.
Then softly he blew through the chimney high,
A note like a bird's as it soars on high—
When down came two of the funniest mortals
That ever were seen this side of earth's portals
"Hurry up," said Nick, "and nicely prepare
All a little girl wants when money is rare."

Then, oh, what a scene there was in that room!
Away went the elves, but down from the gloom
Of the sooty old chimney comes tumbling low
A childs whole wardrobe, from top to toe,
How Santa Claus laughed as he gathered them in,
And fastened each one to the sock with a pin.
Right to the toe he hung the blue dress;
"She'll think it came from the sky I guess."

When all the warm clothes were fastened on,
And both little socks were filled and done,
Then Santa Claus tucked in a toy here and there,
And hurried away to the frosty air,
Saying, "God pity the poor, and bless the dear child
Who pities them, too, on this night so wild."

The wind caught the words and bore them on high
Till they died away in the midnight sky
While St. Nicholas flew through the icy air,
Bringing "peace and good-will" with him everywhere.

A VALIANT WOMAN

"Surely it should be the earnest wish of every loyal Catholic to see the young women of our day so trained that they shall be truly valiant women, superior to the allurements of the world, earnest, trustworthy, not given to frivolous pleasure or weakly yielding to hypochrondia and "nerves." Very useful is it to set before our mental vision some valiant women of past days, and the Church has but now held up before us the heroic example of Blessed Joan of Arc, a marvelous example which makes one very shy about predicting what the possible careers of our women yet may be. Examples nearer home may be more practically helpful in connection with our present theme however, and we find in the Life of Mother Hardey, R. S. H., some very useful thoughts on which we shall all, of any age and of either sex, do well to ponder.

Even as a young novice—and she was admitted to make her first vows before she was eighteen years old—it was said of her by her superior that she possessed "an upright mind, excellent judgment, great prudence. . . her exterior bearing is amiability itself." When she was not yet twenty-five years old, and the terrible scourge of Asiatic cholera appeared in our land, it was said of her again:

"She went through the plague-stricken house like an Angel of Mercy, cheering the invalids, consoling the dying and preparing the dead for burial. Her delicate charity, presence of mind and efficiency in nursing rendered her invaluable. . . Beginning as mistress in the school, she successively became Mistress General, Treasurer, Assistant, Mistress of Novices and Superior, and amid the multiplied occupations thus entailed, her natural endowments had gained strength while her supernatural gifts had attained a rare maturity."

Did her remarkable gifts and her constant high place in office render this valiant arrogant or overbearing? No. "In the life of Our Mother," writes one of her novices, "we had the lesson of unselfishness constantly before our eyes." We add to this testimony a beautiful one akin to it:

"Repeated calls to the parlor found her always ready to receive her visitors, whatever their station, with that gracious courtesy which put them at once at ease. If a workman, or poor person, asked to see her, she went all the more readily, warning the portress never to keep a poor person waiting, for with them time is money."

This latter remark reminds us of what a far different character, Napoleon Bonaparte, said to a court lady: "Stand aside for the man with a burden."

Every disappointment was accepted by Madame Hardey, not with repining, but "as coming directly from the hand of God." She lifted up the hearts of her Sisters with the watchword: Courage, and confidence." She was strong in her counsel to them, for instance:

"Beware of yielding to a repugnance to your duties in the classroom. Put your whole heart in your work, and thank God for your privilege in laboring for souls. Be of the number of those convenient religious who can be used by superiors in any capacity; whose glory it is to wear out, not to rust out."

We relate a good anecdote as an example of her practical training. It may convey a lesson to some of our "nervous" invalids.

"Madam Galway (when a novice) declared with a certain emphasis that she objected to changing her bed as she could not sleep the first night in a new place. Mother Hardey made no comment at the time, but towards evening, she sent a message to the novice to put her bed in the garret. The following day, a new resting place was assigned, the third day another, and so on for twelve consecutive nights. Madame Galway understood the motive for these repeated changes, and in relating the trial of her noviceship in future years, she remarked that Mother Hardey had taught her how to find rest in every corner of the Sacred Heart."

Madame Hardey loved the poor so devotedly that she did not like to see money spent on flowers for herself or her Sisters. As soon as she received a gift, her heart suggested where it should be sent. Especially did she care for the old and the sick. Prayer was her need and her joy; and God was "the center of her being." In this connection let us mark these important words:

"God was the center of her being, and the constant habit of turning her glance toward Him, by interior recollection, gave a marked composure to all she said and did. . . . Her outward self-possession was a reflection of the serenity which pervaded her soul, and maintained there the blessed peace which St. Augustine defines of "the tranquility of order." If the Spouse came in trail, or desolation, He found peace, He left peace, and the breath of this peace disseminated a holy calm in the hearts of those around her. It used to be remarked by the family of a former pupil of Manhattanville: "Margaret must have seen Madame Hardey to-day, she is so happy and peaceful."

This valiant woman did not like to talk of her sufferings; and as to conversation in general, she used to say with simplicity to St. Joseph, of whom not a word is recorded in Holy Writ: "Dear St. Joseph, to you I consecrate my tongue. Teach me how to speak little, and that little prudently."

Bishop Spalding of Peoria said of this great soul:

She is a strong woman. She was born to rule, but to rule by the power of love and gentleness.

The women of our day, outside of convent walls, have much, very much that they can learn from this valiant woman's life.

Christmas Eve

God bless the little stockings
All over the land tonight,
Hung in the choicest corners,
In the glow of crimson light;
The tiny scarlet stockings,
With a hole in the heel and toe,
Worn by wonderful journeys
The darlings have had to go.

And heaven pity the children,
Wherever their home may be,
Who wake with the first gray dawning,
An empty stocking to see—
Left in the faith of childhood,
Hanging against the wall,
Just where the dazzling glory
Of Santa's light will fall.

Alas, for the lonely mother,
Whose home is empty and still,
Who has no scarlet stockings
With childish toys to fill;
Who sits in the deepening twilight,
With face against the pane,
And grieves for the little baby
Whose grave is out in the rain!

Oh, empty shoes and stockings,
Forever laid aside;
Oh, the tangled, broken shoestrings,
That will never more be tied!
Oh, the little grave at the mercy
Of the cold December rain!
Oh, the feet in the snow-white sandals
That can never trip again!

But happier they who slumber
With marble at foot and head,
Than the child who has no shelter,
No raiment, nor food, nor bed;
Oh, let us help the living
Children of want and pain,
Knowing no food nor pasture,
Out to-night in the rain.

CATHOLIC TRAINING FOR GIRLS

Does our Catholic education always make of our young girls just the sort of noble women that their teachers work earnestly to see them become? A serious and searching treatment of this plain and needful question we would herewith place before our readers, from a small work which is not likely to be familiar to most of them on account of its somewhat restricted circulation. The writer says:

"Does it not concern us that the tastes of our young girls are spoiled by countless devices of sham art; their mental vigor is sapped by endless ennui, or the gossip of the passing literature; their health destroyed—oh, and often their hearts also—by a constant round of artificial excitements, the effects of which none who have their eyes open, none who truly love their children, can ignore. We sit in judgment with an easy grace on the religious educators of our convent schools. Have we given the subject any thought? Are we aware that it is the constant sorrow of those trainers of our youth (who would gladly make virtuous and industrious and truly intelligent women of our maidens entrusted to them for higher education), that they are hindered most of all by the simpering tendencies of Catholic mothers to maintain, or to obtain, what they, in error, consider docile respectability; but which is as false as the hollow tinsel which passes for gold?

No; a Catholic, a thoroughly Catholic education, a devout training of our girls in the duties attached to womanhood, will give us modest, intelligent, and well-bred women incapable of idleness and hollow vanity. It will bring our standard of educated society to a far higher level than that which we can attain by mimicking the outward show of what used to be an accidental mark of greatness when it had the substance within! Such was Catholic society within the last two centuries when men like Fenelon and Bossuet found their equals, if not in acquisition, at least in intelligence and training, among the women of their time.

Dr. Bousset, in his "Life of Fenelon," tells that in those days, not only men of the world, but the most distinguished women of society, were well versed in the solid writings of the Christian Fathers; and that the Letters of St. Jerome, St. Augustine, St. Cyprian, and St. Ambrose, in the Latin tongue, were to be found on their tables in the drawing-room and parlor. And these same lofty souls never disdained to turn skill and labor to the uses of the sanctuary of which we have many proofs in the churches and shrines of Catholic Europe.

As to what such women did for their poor brethren in Christ, let our women of to-day turn to the Life of St. Vincent de Paul and read their story. On such reading may our young girls—and their elders—learn to feed; and by such noble paths to walk in daily life!—Sacred Heart Review.

A Mother's Sacrifice

MADE IN KINDNESS IS OFTEN AN INJUSTICE TO HERSELF AND TO HER FAMILY

It is a common thing for mothers to sacrifice comfort, strength and sometimes life itself, for her family. So common, indeed, that little notice is taken of it.

If anyone else is tired or weak or sick, mother waits on them. But there is no time for mother to be sick or to get the much-needed rest. So she neglects her ailments until she gets beyond the reach of human aid.

This is an injustice to herself and to her family. Health must be preserved. It is a mother's duty to herself and to those about her.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food will restore you. It makes new, rich blood. It creates new nerve force. The feelings of weakness and fatigue cannot long exist when this restorative treatment is used. It sharpens the appetite, improves digestion and removes the cause of headaches.

You cannot get well in a day. Nature's cures are gradual and lasting. Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food works hand in hand with Nature by supplying the elements which go to build up the system.

Mrs. H. A. Loynes, nurse, Philipsburg, Que., writes:—"I was all run down and could not do my own work. Everything I ate made me sick. In nursing others I had seen the good results of Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food and resolved to try it. As a result of this treatment I have gained ten pounds, do my own work alone, and feel like an entirely different person."

Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents a box, 6 boxes for $2.50, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto. Portrait and signature of A. W. Chase, M. D., the famous Receipt Book author, on every box.