IBER 30, 1905.

in the thought that hant snece ust, she would not be

be chaos and ruin irre-o chaos and ruin irre-ited he returned to mined to justify that pe and belief in him. the while work began iskey to charm and the while work began iskey to charm, and sius "trod the prim-sound of flutes." It so agreeable while it ked him; women were genial. It was nice to and would have been otherming themeters c obtruding thoughts of t a little whiskey soon king, while Aloysins mself that all was well. fore the money went it would be a sensible in a chemist's busi-dispense, and there iving to be had that ought of being tied to g pennyworths of this at, was hateful to his d the investment was

ey was gone he drifted , and for a while got here as an unqualified , months was the long. er kept any of these work was hard, and the Then he got too shabby or even these, and de iskey, sent him back t back to were days of dreadful could not get it at all, eks when food was hard andlady pressed for her drifted to the docks, to out with hungry seek t was so terribly hard nim, harder still to do. e the dos house, and night when he roamed eyed the sullen river a chance midnight ac-e on a seat on the em-ble sought sleep and him to an advertising is it was that, a wreck loysius Gonziga Mal elf between two sand between two sandpacing the West-end arily striving to banish

at whose rear he walked at whose rear he wanted waining street, two men arb waiting for it to before crossing the these was a bronzed e same age as Alovsius. a smart young fellow years younger. They he elder a sheep farmer st now on holiday, and civil servant who day, and was guiding ngh London's sights. of the last sandwich er man, Christie Murrother's arm, whispered

rother's arm, whispered ok, look, Ned! There's on." i brother looked round 'here ?" '' said he. ily ?" last man," said Chris-And then in a lower look, don't look. He's fare mar which is face

ere was pity in his face head away. ave one startled glance re between the boards. said he. "Is it pos-

s were the sons of a hin a mile of the town oysius came. Ned was some years with the d the two lads had been They would have been for Mrs. Mullally, who son of "a struggling son of "a strugglin e grass of a few cows. passed between them to Argentina when he and with half a world and with new interests

DECEMBER 30, 1905.

home now, Ned," he went on. "There's the Doss house if I've money enough, and the embankment if I haven't. Home—" And the wavering

haven't. Home—'' And the wavering blue eyes looked away. A few of the other sandwichmen had stopped, and were looking around. "Go away, Ned," implored Aloysius. "Indeed, I will not," said the other man, firmly. "Take these things off." man, firmly. " Take those thin touching the beards, " and let the other fellows take charge of them.

And do you come with me." Alcysius tried to move on, but Ned held him, and the stronger will pre vailed. With bent head and flushed face he went with his resolute friend to where Christie waited, and a passing cab was hailed to carry them home to the latter's lodgings. Somo weeks later a better dressed

and happier locking Aloysius stood with his friend at the counter of a shipping effice in the city. Ned was arranging for two passages for Buenos Aires. When the clerk went away for a moment Aloysius suddenly said-"Ned, I'm afraid you're doing a foolish thing. Go home by yourself and leave me as I aw. Do, for your own sake. The drink is too much for me; I'll

never do any good. Ned smiled at him with a hopeful affection. He took the other's hand be tween his own warm palms, and gave it a good grip. To the weak kindly heart of noor Alovsius there came a blessed sense of comfort and support. Hope stirred in him again as Ned said heart stirled in him again as Ned Said near ily -- "never do any good ! You will man, when you're with me." And somehow Aloysius believed that he would -- (B., in The Leader Dublin, Ire.)

THE THIRTY-TWO NUNS OF BOL-LENE, WHO WERE GUILLO-TINED AT ORANGE, FRANCE, JULY 6-26, 1794.

Translated from Lo Messager du Coeur de Jesus for the CATHOLICIRE CORD During the darkest days of the Reign of Terror, the revolutionary tribunal, which the "Committee of Pablic Safety" had stationed at Orange, under the name of the "Popular Com-

mission," passed three hundred and thirty-two sentences of death. Among the victims were thirty two nuns. They have been called " The martyred nuns of Bollene "because they were either born there, or belonged to one or an-other of the religious communities of the town, with exception of three. It said he. is this affecting page of the martyrology of the Church of France that we are now going to reproduce briefly, for the glory of those faithful spouses of Christ, whose case for bea if ation it has been proposed to introduce into the Roman courts. Besides the similarity of that sad period and of the evil days through which we are passing, cannot fail to suggest painful, but salutary reflections to anyone who stops to reflect. To be surer of hurting the Church

the revolutionists began just as they have done in our day, by dealing a blow at the religious orders. Several successive "liberty" laws proscribed religious vows, conficated ecclesisti cal property for the benefit of the pation enverses of final nation, suppressed, finally, all religious orders.

The great number of nuns who lived expect! at Bollene could not fail to attract the attention of the revolutionary agents. Summoned to take the oath of ad-herence to the law, they all refused, judging it contrary to their con-sciences. They knew that in so doing they signed their own condemnation. But not one of them thought of hiding or fleeing. The opportunity to win the grown of martyrdom was too precious. They had to show a list of their movable and immovable property and a copy thereof was posted upon the parish thereof was posted upon the parish church door, whils another was sent to the Legislative Assembly. Annoy-ances wert on increasing day by day. They were again and again ques ioned as to the state of the community; an inventory of the archives was called for: the place was inspected and measured as though it were to be sold : whilst

outside the convent walls drunken voices were heard shouting so-called patriotic songs and uttering threats. One day as the challain of the sacra-mentines had just finished his Mass a ns broke into th church to seize him. He barely had deviating from His adorable designs time to escape by entering the community through the communion wicket. But the day came when even the sacredness of the cloister was not sufficient to protect its inmates against violence. The nuns received orders to leave their houses, which were to be sold by the administrative extension. authorities. Their position then be-came very precatious. "In spite of their assiduous labors," says a contem-poraneous writer, "they had great diffi-culty in providing for their frugat nourishment and their modest mainten-ance. It would not be easy to describe ance. It would not be easy to describe what they had to suffer from hunger and cold. They gathered by the road side, and on the mountains the little wood and straw they could find in order to cook their soup and do their washing." lived this The unfortunate creatures lived this way for about eighteen months, until the Reign of Terror be gan; their life of sufferings and priva-tions was providential in preparing

THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

great age.

ord.

The night I spent with my aunt in

om was filled with light and ther

and touched my hand in token of good

f you find that My chalice is too bitter, ay only a word and the door of the house

earth would be unbearable; but with Thee as my helper the most painful death will be delightful." Shortly

afterwards the apparition disappeared and we continued to pray in the dark

and the dreadful shouts of : "Live the Nation !" "Live the Republic !" announced that the condemned were going to the scaffold, their sisters communes, and upon the ruins a post Communes, and upon the rains a post was created bearing the inscription:
"Infamous Bedoin!"
Within six months forty-seven sen-tences of death were passed by the Avignon judges. Ma'gnet thought the number was small; he therefore ap-niled to the committee of multiplication. going to the scaffold, their sisters prostrate in the prison recited the prayers for the dying; they then re-mained on their knees, observing a profound silence, until such time as it was presumed their companions had suffered their sentence. Then they arose and congratulated one another that some of their number had been ad-mitted to the numbles of the Lamb. plied to the committee of public safety for the creation of a revolu tionary tribunal. His petition was presented by an intimate friend, presented by an intimate friend, the abominable Coutron. "I must tell you," he wrote, "that in my estimation the number of those who have been ar rested in these two departments (Bouches - du - Rhone and Vancluse) mitted to the nuptials of the Lamb. They sang also the "Te Deun" and the "Landate Dominum, omnes gentes." . . . Finally, they exhorted or e an-other to die in like manner the next (Bouches du - Rhone and Vancluse) must be from twelve to fifteen hundred. They have to be examined — and as they cannot be selected otherwise than by a judgment, everything would have to be done at Paris-you see the impos-sibility. Besides, we must terrify the people, and the execution in ques-tion will not have the desired offect an

day. It would be hard to relate how bene-It would be hard to relate how bene ficial the ministry of these religious was to others who like them were condemned death with intropidity, in spite of her to others who like them were concerned and confined in Le Cirque until the time came for them to be led to ex-ecution. They encouraged those whom death terrified, by inspiring them with the hope of more solid blessings than those of earth. On one occasion they prove the territory and the solution that tion will not have the desired effect un less it takes place before the eyes of those who have known the culprits The convention granted him everything. In regard to terrifying, Maignet was spent halt an hour in prayer with their arms stretched out in the form of a an expert—and the hecatombs began "History," says De Pontbriand, " has recorded many lamentable scenes. In cross, in order to obtain strength for a ather of a large family who was giving himself up to despair, and they had furiated men under the influence of rage have sacked, pillaged, outraged, mass acred; but a tribunal has never yet the consolation of seeing him go with them to death full of Christian sentibeen seen to put to death in cold blood, without consulting the laws, without ments.

IV.

legal proceedings, without investiga-tion, without defence, by hundreds, men and women, young and old, only because they did not welcome a revolu-tion which abolished their religion and trampled under foot everything they loved and respected. "Yet such is the eventual that has been presented by the To these heroic virgirs condemnation was a triumph and death a festival. The day before her excention Sister Gertrude d'Alauzier at awaking felt so full of joy that she could not control her tears. "I feel," said she, "as if were in an ecstacy, for to-morrow spectacle that has been presented by the revolutionary tribunal of Orange (Vanshall die and behold my God.' But after a while she experienced great remores of conscience, lest this utter ance should have been mingled with a revolutionary trionnal of Orange (van-cluse,) called mildly by the name of the Popular Commission. Maignet presided, surrounded by assessors often half drunk. Neither tender years, nor extreme old age had certain amount of presumption. Her companions reassured her, and her joyous firmness in her last hour was proof that she had not been the victim of an illasion.

with compassion. They did not hesi-tate to condemn an old woman, aged eighty four, Mrs Vidaud dola Tour by name. As she had become childish she did not understand what was going on Sister St. Frances, a few hours before her martyrdon, said: "what happiness] we are going to behold our Spouse!" "Oh! how beautiful!" exclaimed Sister Des Arges de Rocher. God had maniabout her. When led to execution she said to her son, who was also condemned to death. "Where are we going ? lested to ber interiorly the day when she would be called upon to make her sacrifice. The day before her death, at the night prayers, she asked forgiveness of her companions and recommended herself carnestly to their prayers for the full writer day when the rest of her Where are they taking us to," "To heaven, mother," he replied. "Bat where shall we sup this evening?" "With the angels, my d ar mother," the following day, when she was to be immolated. And in effect, she was con-As soon as the sentences were pro demned the next day as "unsworn" and as "having been found wearing the rally sign of La Vendée," name'y: the Scapular of the Sacred Hear). The saintly victim thanked her judges for nounced, the public accuser, Viot, with his sleeves rolled up, and carrying a naked sword in his hand led the prison ers to "Le Cirque" (the name of the prison), and there they were relieved of any valuable objects they still might having procured for her the happiness of going to join the argels in heaven.

have about their persons. Towards 6 in the evening Viot returned with a body of soldiery to get the victims, whom he then led to the "Place of Justice," where a scaffold stood per-Before the judgment seat the con Before the judgment seat the con-stancy of this new order of criminals did not faiter. They were all asked by the presiding judge if they had taken, or were willing to take, the oath called "of Liberty and Equality;" and they all unhesitatingly refused. Frequently the judge in that coarse, familiar tone generally adopted by the supporters of the revolution: "You have yet time," said he, "to take this oath, and if you are willing we can let you go free." The invariable answer was equivalent to: "I cannot preserve my life at the expense of my faith." "Who are you?" said the magistrate to Sister Claire Justice," where a scaffold stood per-manently, the drums in the meantime beating the death beat. After each ex ecution, the executioner presented the bleeding head to the populace who shouted : "Live the republic !" III. It was into the hands of these bloodthirsty men that our angelical virgins had fallen, and what might they not

a heavenly communication. Accordingly, the next morning, he said to her: "I know that this God Whose name we Summoned to take the oath of adsaid the magistrate to Sister Claire Dubac. "I am a religious," she re-plied, "and shall be one till I die." are no longer allowed to pronounce, is with you. I have obtained permission to accompany you to Orange and I promise Replying to a similar question, Sister Consolin said: "I am a child of the Church." Sister St. Frances was or fleeing. The opportunity to win the crown of martyrdom was too precious. Some even who had withdrawn into the bosom of their families came back to share the perils and misfortunes of their sisters. Among these was Sister Des Anges de Rocher, who, as she was staying with her father who was eighty more questions, for 1 am only a lay staying with des the stay of t Sister and cannot answer you.

staying with her father who was eighty years old, asked his advice in this critical conjecture. "Daughter," years old, asked his advice in this critical conjecture. "Daughter," said the magnanimous parent, "you can hide if you choose; but weigh well before God if you are not is: "These are the sweetmeats of my nuntial feast. In the meantime until the hour of the execution came, Sister Elizabeth upon you, in case you should be one of the victims that are destined to appease His anger." Sister Des Anges had a great soul and understanding the lan-Pélissier who was gifted with a beautiful voice, saug some verses that she had composed in prison; and on the way to guage of her father, she returned to her companions. On the 2nd of May those saintly the scaffold, she entoned the Magnificat. "We are under greater obligation On the 2nd of May those saintly women were apprehended at their lodgings, packed into carts escorted by militia and sert from Bollene to Orange. At sight of the sorrowful-looking procession, a bystander could not help exclaiming: "Poor creatures, you are going to the slaughter! In the eyes of the revolutionists, com towards our judges, than towards our fathers and mothers," said Sister Justa-mond," for the latter have given us only a temporal life, whilst the former are giving us a life without end." One of the gaolers was moved to tears. A virtuous country man wanted to take her hand in his. "Oh! what happi-ness!" she said again. "I shall soon the eyes of the revolutionist, com passion was a crime. The man was consequently arrested on the spot and taken to Orange. As for the religious, they were locked up in the prison, called " la cure," which for them was to be the vestibule of paradise. be in heaven; I cannot bear all the joy I feel.' The two Sisters Agnes and Jeanne de Romillon were imprisoned in the same apartment, both equally impatient to shed their blood in honor of Jesus The life they led there was a sight for angels. Their exercises of piety, for angels. Their exercises of piety, says the report printed at Rome in 1795, began precisely at 5 o'clock in the morning, viz., an hour of medita-tion in a body, the divine offlee and the exercise of holy Mass At 8 they re-cited the Litany of the Saints, the preparation for death, and general prayers for confession, spiritual Com Agnes was called first. Jeanne Christ. seeing her go, burst into tears and like the holy deacon Lawrence speaking of old to St. Sixtus, she said: "How of old to St. Sixtus, she said: "How ean you go to martyrdom without me? What shall I do here alone without you?" "Be conforted, Sister," re plied the other, speaking in a prophetic tone; "your sacrifice is only delayed." And effectually two days afterwards the bit or area united is glory. Agnesin munion by way of viaticum, and ex-treme unction. They then renewed their baptismal yows and those of Con And effectually two days altervates the Sisters were united in glory. Agnesin dying had displayed a magnanimous heart. "Nothing," says a memoir of the Ursalines of Avignon, "can express the happiness she felt when she received firmation and hely religion. At 9 the hour when they were called up each one prepared jayfully to go before the tribunal. Often they offered of their own accord to go first. From the moment any of them her sentence; and when the moment came to go to the place of execution, she came to go to the pilce of Gato, "Oh! burst into holy transports of joy. "Oh! From the moment any of them were led before the tribunal, the others betook themselves to prayer to obtain the light of the Holy Spirit and the what happiness," she cried, "I shall soon be in heaven; I cannot express the joy I feel." Such were the sentistrength that was required at the mo-ment of such an ordeal. The assistance the joy 1 feet. Such were the bars ments in which she ascended the steps of the guillotine. As she reached the scaffold, she heard the ories of "Live the Nation." She turned around and in the bar weise with that of the

your duty," said she. In this concert of superhuman glad ness, Sister St. Andrew appeared to be arrived in the evening and rapped at the door at the moment when her mother and two sisters were reciting their prayers. On hearing the rap Madeleine got up. 'Who is there?'' said she. "It is I," said Henriette, sounding a discordant note ; but it was only a veil that concealed a sublime sentiment. She was seen to give way to a feeling of deep sadness. It was though first that it was caused by the death of so many of her companions and that she was afraid to share their fate. aid she. "It is 1," shut Henricker 'open quickly." At the sound of hat dear voice the door was opened at once. "Listen," said Henrictic: "our Sisters at d.s. that dear conce. "Listen," said Henriette: "our convent is closed, our Sisters are d.s-persed. Yesterday I was called upon to take the oath and I refused. I know now what I have to expect. God's However, one of those present ventured to ask her what was the cause of se to ask ner what was the poor Siste much gloom, to which the poor Siste replied : "I fear God does not find m will be done !" Henrietto was one of those brave worthy to suffer martyrdom." She was indeed found worthy of that grace, and women that ho danger can frighten She might have hidden ; but knowing to sadness succeeded a tranquil joy, when the next day she was summoned how afflicted her family were she would

how allieded her family were she would rather come and console them, though she knew perfectly well that she would not be left long with them. As she ex-pected, a warrant for her arrest was issued a few days afterwards. Her mother and sisters urged her to flee. " No," said she, " my companions are in prison; it is my duty to die with them." And she kept herself in readi ness. Before calling his faithful scrvants to Calvary, God sometimes permitted them to taste the sweetness of Thabor. Sister Marie Anne Depeyre offers us an instance of this favor having been ness. on a day allowed to hear the concert of

She was seated in front of her house when the municipal efficer came to give her notice of the warrant. "Are you Henriotte Faurie," raid he, "I am," she replied. "You were living in Bollene as a nun? "I was." "Arbern is your father ?" "You know he is in prison at Orange." "And your brothers?" "They are soldiers in the service of the Republic." "Your father is nothing but an aristoerat, and your brothers would rather be in the army of the chouans; and as for you, angels. As she was going on that day to the church of Oar Lady of Roure, in company with another Sister Marie Boudon, she suddenly fell into our ocstacy. The latter, who went before, not hearing her walking behind her, turned around and saw her raised more than a fest about the ground with her than a foot above the ground with her hands joined and her eyes raised to eaven. "What are you doing the ister," she said in smazement. "K Keer army of the chouans; and as for you, you are conspiring against the State ilent," replied the extatic," listen t the sweet harmonies of the heaven! with these senseless prayers of yours Arrested by the Revolutionary Com littee, on the 27th March 1794, Marie we have orders to arrest you; come with us." Henriette arose, calm and serene, and, turning to her sisters, who had burst into tears, she said to them : "If we ought to live for God, we ought Depeyre was brought to Visan where she spent the night in a sequestered minigrant-house in company with a nices aged thirteen. This good child, who later on married a soldier, died in 1835. Up to the day of her death she requestly related the following in sident, which has been placed on reto be able to die for Him also. Pray for me and console our mother." A few hours afterwards, she had met again

at "la cure" her companions of Bollene and together with them she prepared for martyrdom. Little Madeleine did not forget her beloved prisoners. In spite of the dauger there was to have dealings with M. Seguins' house, she was praying near my bedside when suddenly the such coarse men as the revolutionists were, the undaunted child came every appeared a personage all resplendent with glory. Being seized with fear I hid my head under the bed clothes. "Fear not," said my aunt, cluly, "it is our Lord who has come to visit us." The apparition came to me and tonehead my head in totan of sord day with a double supply, one for her father and the other for her sister, exfather and the other for her sister, ex-pecting all the time to see them set free. Henriette was not deceived ; each day the deficiencies in the ranks of the holy captives increased. Her and touched my hand in token of good will. Then it spoke to my aunt, say-ing, "Marie, you have asked to be associated to My passion in order to explate the crimes of the earth, behold you are now in the hands of My enemies. turn came. Sunday, the 13th July, in the morning, hearing her own name called out and that of five others of the

nuns, she said to them : " Have cour age, this is the moment of vistory." Before her judges, her firmness did not falter. The president, moved at her youth tried to elicit from her anything in the shape of a consent to the famous oath. "Here," said he, "take the will be opened to let you pass out." "Lord, she replied without Thee and without Thy cross, the happiest life on oath. "Here," said he, "take the oath. You are yet young. A word, or a sign . . . and to morrow you shall return to your mother." "I have bound myself by osth to God," she replied, "and I will bind my-self to no one else." She en-couraged her companions whilst they were being interrogated. "Have cour-are "ind she "the moter of Have courness. Monier, the guard, had not seen the apparition; but he had seen the floods of bright light which filled the room. He remained convinced that his prisoner had been favored with age," said she, "the gates of Heaven will soon be opened to admit us." When the sentence of death was

passed upon the six nuns. Henriette. took a pear which she had kept from her supper the evening before, divided it into six parts, and gave one to each of her companions. It was their part ing meal.

you that you will be free from annoy-ances on the way." Having reached Orange on the 28th ances on the way." Having reached Orange on the 28th March, the prisoner was confined in " la Cure," there she remained till the 13th July, the day of her execution. On the eve of that day, at the moment when four of her companions were saction the day is the moment when four of her companions were saction College or Aris Course - Preparation 7fe ing called " The Ladies' Prison" in the sorrowful procession was passing. Behind the bars of one of the cells a face suddonly appeared, a We are going to behold our heavenly Spoase !" Summoned again before the tribunal of the mandataries of the people, she heard herself condemned as an enewy of the Republic, as being At the moment the latter ascended At 6 o'clock in the evening the vic

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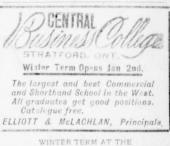
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8

, the correspondence died untimely. This t holiday, and he was w days of it with his condon. Something of ally's downward career t home, but nothing to so sad a sight as this. lamation passed his lips, stared with eyes full of Aloysius looked up. At nt Ned stepped forward th out-stretchel friendly he other had seen the old friend's eyes, and it is last awful phase of his ted but a week, yet in had suffered misery unit this was worse than ing eyes grew hard, he

over boards again, and he had not seen. to his brother. e well enough," said he, ildn't let on. Faith, I Ob Havrahr Esther Oh, Heavenly Father, or a man to bring him-tears were in his eyes again at the retreating

hmen. pped into the roadway. said he, "where's the ? Dick Leavey and I ple of days ago, and he ze us. 'Twas as well, I'm afraid he's done

od on the kerb with his l on the slouching figures or fellow, poor fellow!" n turning excitedly to illed out —"Come here e. I'll go after him, and lo any good. Just wait he hurried away. Aloythe quick footsteps and ap on his shoulder e him. He turned to strong hand seeking his ont sandwich board. ont sandwich board. Ned, for God's sake," '. "Don't speak to me 't bear it.". will I speak to you?" ose hand had found his sld it. "God knows I'm from me heart. Will I'm

from my heart. Will I

you?" aid Aloysius, blankly, as d no meaning. "I've no

them for martyrdom.

11. In order to strike terror into the south-eastern part of France the Con-vention sent there with the title of by the name of Maignet. Speaking of him Robespierre had said before the house of representatives: "Maignet does bis work well; he uses the guill-otine (reely." His proclamations were intercover with such heavylent exinterspersed with such benevolent ex pressions as: "No quarter were moderation !" "Down with the aristocrats, the priests, the nobles, with everything that does not iavor the republic! "This fearful system of murderous clemency," said he in one of his edicts, " must disappear, republican energy must warm every soul, cut down every r head that has not yet been of the Blessed Virgin was invoked by to bow before the level of the recitation of hundreds of Hail haughty head that has not yet been

willing to bow before the level of equality." Mays: innumerable litanies based wise, many others of the "great pro-decessors." At Bedwin, a village of the department of Vancluse, the tree of liberty was thrown down. The pro-consul ordered the tribunal from Avig-non to proceed to the spot and make and example of the effenders: sixty-three persons were guillotined, or shot, the village was set on fire and the inhabit-ants scattered among the neighboring

enemy of the Republic, as being refractory to the law and guilty of pro pagating the most dangerous fanatism After this, she was taken to "Le Cirque" where were made the last preparations before the execution.

Perceiving her friend Marie Boudon in the court yard of the prison, Sister Depeyre ran to embrace her with joy. Taking off her hair-cloth she gave it to ter along with an iron discipline, say ing: "The most precious of my jewell have escaped the rapacity of the the

judges. Take them; I bequeath them to you." Towards 5 o'clock in the evening

when they were being hand caffed be fore going to be executed, one of the saintly victims remarked: "O, we have

VI. We shall bring these heroic episodes to a close by giving the history of Hen-rietta Faurie, the youngest of the nuns who were guillotined a) Orange. Mis-fortune had befallen her family. Her three brothers had been compelled to enlist in the army : her father was in prison : her mother was alone at home having no other support than her two daughters, the younger of whom was only eleven years old.

The day after the arrest of her father, Madeleine with a basket on her presented berself to the gaoler, saying " Is citizen Faurie here? I would like to see him." "And who are you?" "I am his taughter, Madeleine; I am bringing him provisions." "Your father is kept in close confinement, he cannot be seen, leave me the provisions and I will give them to him." "Thanks, tell my father I will come and bring him provisions every day, until they let him come back home; for I know they will let him come back to us, will they not? He is not guilty. Will they not let him come back soon ?"

The man said nothing. Madeleine re turned to her home, and every day afterwards she was to be seen on the road going to Orange with a basket on her arm for the beloved prisoner. Having heard of the misfortunes of

her family, Henriette Faurie left Bollene

At the moment the latter ascended the steps of the scaffold, a young girl burst through the crowd and exclaimed : "Henriette ! Henriette !" It was Madeleine. The virgin martyr knew the voice of her dear sister : she cast a

last look at her; then raising her eyes to Heaven, she said: "Adieu, Mad eleine, kiss our mother for me, we shall meet in Heaven, whore I am going to wait for you!"

More than thirty years ago, Mgr. de Segur, in his little work on confirma tion, said : "Every thing predicts

great upheavals and great storms. . . . A terrible persecution is in truth sus-pended above the Church. And when I say the Church, I mean not only the Pope, the Bishops, the priests, the re-ligious orders both of men and women, highest orders both of hen and wollen, who are always the first to suffer, but all Catholics whether men, women, children, rich or poor. All who are true servants of God, must expect to share with the clergy the misfortune

which the ministry of the impious will

which the ministry of the implous will bring upon them." These prophetic words are now being fulfilled. May the example of the magnanimous nums of Bollene teach us how to resist impious laws and, if need be, to die for God !

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