

I may return here and I may not. It makes little difference anyway.

His mother died in his first month of his absence. He had not learned of her death until his father, written after securing work in the drug store, had been returned to him with the word "deceased" written appropriately in blue across his face.

"I may as well tell you where I am going," he said. "Possibly some of my old friends will inquire for me. You can tell them, if you wish, that there was a post in the South stricken by yellow fever, and that I went there to do what I could—at my own request. I would rather do it than not. They will be glad to see me, you know—these poor chaps from whom the others have run away. Ah, it is worth while to have some one glad to see you! You can't imagine what it means to a fellow like me, who was missed somehow when the qualities of personal charm were distributed. It is so glorious when one's motives are understood and appreciated!"

"I suppose it is," said the other. He was thinking of the time when this man was the butt of the village fun, and he was conscious of a feeling of shame for the part he had taken in the cruelty. "Jones," said he, extending his hand suddenly, "forgive me."

"Forgive you?" Jones was quite astounded. "Yes, for— not knowing you. You are worth in the sight of heaven more than all the rest of us put together."

"Bosh!" said Jones. But his lips quivered again, and the clasp of his hand was exceedingly warm. "It is good of you to say so. It is very gratifying to me to have one of my old friends that, even if it is not true, I am no more worthy than I was seven years ago."

"It was not reproach, and yet it was. The other hung his head. "Don't let us talk of it, Jones," he said. "Don't let us speak of those times."

"Very well," said Jones. And then, with a suggestion of hunger in his eyes, he said good-bye.

Six months later the two men met again. Jones bore the appearance of one to whom physical rest has been long unknown, but there was a sparkle in his eyes that the other had never before seen there, and he carried his chin high, as one who is satisfied with himself. He greeted the other with something like effusiveness, and the other wondered, and said so frankly whether he was in the habit of assuming a new character twice each year.

"God is very good," said Jones, in explanation of the lightness of his heart. "Those people down there were more glad to see me than I expected. They actually showered me with blessings—regular honest blessings that entered into my life and lifted me up. I shall never look upon yellow fever with horror again. I don't know when I have enjoyed myself as I have during the last six months. There would be little to dread—little or none—in the world were it not for human ignorance. Possibly it is better so. Man would be a wild, dangerous sort of animal if his spirit were not subdued with occasional hot irons. The keenest delight known to us is that which comes with calamity unrelieved. Yes, yes; it is well that we are ignorant."

"You are a philosopher, Jones." "Don't call an old friend names," said Jones, gravely. "One day down there word came from you in the country that a family—a whole family—was down with the fever. There was no one to give them care. The messenger, a negro boy, asked if we could not send some one to them, and it just happened that I was so situated that I could go. It was too good an opportunity to lose. It was worth the long ride under the broiling sun and through the choking dust to meet an honest, heartfelt, fervent welcome from some one's fellow creatures. It was worth—the whills—and—more."

He repeated the words slowly, moistening his lips the while, as one does when the memory of something pleasant lingers. "It was well that I got there when I did. There were three in the family—a man, a woman and a daughter—for the sake of the mother's health. Their small plantation was practically isolated, and they had not feared the fever. They were quite unprepared for it. It was not necessary for me to tell you of the struggle we had; it is sufficient to say that they all lived. And one afternoon, when they were convalescent and I was able to remit the care, which until that time had been constant, I seated myself in a rocking chair, with the family photograph album upon my lap. I did not remain seated long, for among the first portraits in the book was that of a girl—a girl who had known at home. I knew—my feet excitedly and carried the book to the woman, pointing with a finger that shook disgracefully to the portrait.

"Who is it?" I asked. "My brother's daughter," she said. "And her name is—"

"Mary Brown?"

"My legs went out from under me then, and my head buzzed. I was tired out, I suppose. I collapsed into a chair, and the woman, in her weakness not noticing, went on talking as some women do."

"My maiden name was Brown," she said. "I haven't seen my brother's folks for ten years or more, but we have never ceased to correspond. Poor Mary was sick a while ago. The

doctors called it galloping consumption. But it wasn't. It had been, she'd have died. The doctors don't always know, begging your pardon, sir. 'Twas something else, like a decline, a kind of pining away, that was a mystery. Her mother thinks now 'twas love for a younger fellow—one of the harum scarum sort—that lived in the village once. She thinks so because the girl got into a way after a while of talking in her sleep—repeating over and over the fellow's name, which was Jones. It seems that Jones was her whole life, and yet, after he'd flirted with her for a time he went away, and has never been heard of since. He must have been a heartless scamp. Poor girl!"

"And she isn't married yet?" I asked. My throat was so dry that I had to exert all my strength to make my voice audible. "No."

"And you think that, bad as he is and shameful as was his treatment of her, she'd be glad to see Jones?" "There's no doubt of it. Poor girl!" I left the room then. I couldn't stand it any longer. I went and threw myself upon the ground and sobbed and laughed like one gone daft. She had spoken my name in her sleep! She wanted me! She would be glad to see me!"

"The quarantine was raised four weeks later, and I went North. It was all true. She was glad to see me. She reproached me for going away from her, and I was sorry clear down to my feet. But after all—and there's comfort in it, as I told her—I'm more worth marrying now than I was then."

"You are going to remain in the service?" inquired the other. "No, I'm going home to settle down at last—home—home!"

There was a rapt expression upon his worn face, and he raised his eyes reverently to the sky.

"Home," he repeated softly, "home—home."

A REMARKABLE SICK CALL.

From St. Anthony's Monthly.

The short October day had drawn to a close. Sunday, the day of peace and rest, had been unusually quiet at St. Joseph's industrial school for colored boys, Clayton, Del. For already the inhabitants of the industrial village (it may really be called a village) are becoming accustomed to the new order of things, brought about by the important changes in the governing staff of the institution.

The newly-appointed rector, who, it may be said, has graduated upwards to his present office, is already becoming accustomed to wearing the mantle of authority. He had announced at the morning Mass that he would preach the usual Sunday sermon in the evening, but in this he will have to desist. A telegram is brought to him summoning him to the bedside of a sick person. As to who is sick he is not informed. Whether he is to go he does not exactly know. Is the person sick unto death or only slightly ailing? May he not wait a few more hours and take a train early in the morning? Is the patient a man or woman or young person? Is it a contagious disease or some other sickness less to be dreaded?

These questions are not answered for him by the telegram. All he knows is that some one needs his priestly services, and that a guide will be waiting for him at Blackbird, a station on the railroad. But what of his promised sermon, to which, doubtless, he has devoted considerable thought during the day? Has not his little congregation a right to expect the fulfilment of his promise? And then it is night time, and a dark, chilly night it promises to be.

Those who have had such experiences know what a dreary prospect is a solitary night ride of eight or nine miles and return on a cold, dark night. Surely he can find sufficient reasons for waiting for the early morning train. Such thoughts cannot find lodgment for a moment in the mind of the zealous young priest.

One desire only is paramount, to get there as soon as possible; one anxiety harasses him, perhaps he may be too late. In such cases does the Catholic priest prove himself the true shepherd and not a hireling. No fear of contagion deters him; no physical suffering is to be undergone in reaching the sick one daunts him.

Nothing must stand as a barrier between him and that soul soon to enter into eternity and needing so sorely those graces which God's chosen minister, alone can convey to it through the holy sacraments for the dying. The priest may be naturally a timid man. Now he has become, when necessity requires it, heroic in his courage. Now for the time being he seems endowed with supernatural strength. He may be by nature somewhat easy going. Now he is all energy and resolution. A soul on the brink of eternity to be saved, and he, the priest having power to render spiritual assistance and knowing it to be his duty to use that power, can anything come him to hesitate for a moment? What sort of a man would he be who, seeing a fellow creature about to die, and knowing himself to be able to swim and to rescue the one in danger, would not make the effort to save a human life? And more especially would such a man be a monster if the life about to be lost was one especially committed to his protecting care. That such is the idea of sick calls imbibed by priests from their seminary days and as the years grow space becoming more and more fixed in their minds is proved by the accounts which we so frequently read in the newspapers of the heroic acts of self-sacrifice

performed by priests to bring spiritual succor to the dying. But the cases which are brought prominently to notice are only a few out of many which are happening daily in some place or other. How many a priest has left his sick bed to visit one scarcely more sick than himself, and then returned home to die? Every Catholic turned of such instances. How many a priest, full of promise, yet feeling himself a probable subject for disease and instinctively dreading it, has visited the pest house, filled with the germs of cholera, small pox or yellow fever, as the case might be? The day of judgment will show us the shepherds who have laid down their lives for their sheep.

Soon Father Sico is on his way to Blackbird. Arrived there, a man whom he does not know inquires if he is the Catholic priest, and upon receiving an affirmative answer, volun- teers to show him where the sick person is. After driving about two miles more they arrive at a hut in the woods. Then the priest's guide walks outside and Father Sico knocks at the door of the hut. A faint voice from within says: "Come in, Father," and soon he beholds the interior of the little cabin, certainly not the most inviting room the young priest has ever seen. Cleanliness under the circumstances could not be expected. The furniture, of course, was of the scantiest.

The cot, upon which rested the sick man, a stove, a rickety chair, some buckets and a few of the other usual accessories of such a place was the summing up of it all. The ornaments of the room consisted of a very few begrimed sacred pictures and a crucifix. A rosary of well worn beads seemed now the most valued possession of the sick man. A hasty glance reveals all this to the anxious priest. But can he find nothing attractive or pleasing in this solitary spot in the woods? Nothing to recompense him for the effort he has made and for what he would do did the necessity for further exertion exist? Truly here was a sweet surprise for his zealous heart. Upon the cot lay a poor colored man, the only occupant at the time of the hut. A long white beard descended upon his breast. His hair was the color of snow. A beautiful calmness seemed the prevailing characteristic of his features.

He appeared a veritable patriarch translated from the ages gone by and now about to return to the bosom of Abraham. His baptismal name, as he afterwards informed the priest, was Abraham, and surely he had imbibed deeply of the virtues of that ancient type of faith. The good priest, wondering that, even before he had opened the door, he had been addressed as Father by the old man, asked who had sent for him. The old man said he knew not, but supposed it was the good Lord. He said: "I have been praying all day for you to come, and I knew that you would." Father Sico said: "You do not look to be very long of this world, do you?" "No, no," said the old man, looking at the good Father, and his face, which he called "Father," hasten; my Father calls. I go when you give me my soul's delight. Had you not come until morning I would still be waiting for you in this valley of tears. But God has heard my prayer and brought you to night that I may awaken at the dawn of day in heaven."

Of course this was said in the old Negro's own peculiar dialect. As astonished and edified at such pure, simple faith, the priest heard him the man's simple confession, gave him the Viaticum, comforted him, and bestowed upon him the last indulgence. After having received in the most reverent manner these last sacraments and blessings of Holy Mother Church, the old man said: "Good-bye, Father; I have nothing to give you. But the next morn, before the sun rises, you shall have many prayers said for you before the throne of God by old Abraham, for that is my name." Then he closed his eyes, and the humble, faithful spirit winged its way to the palace of the Eternal King, who searches the hearts of men, and amongst the little ones finds His best beloved friends. "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?" Truly a beautiful death, fitting reward of great faith and a manifest answer to humble, earnest prayer. Whilst the good Father was exercising his priestly functions for the dying man an old colored woman came in, and was probably one living in the neighborhood who, out of compassion, had lit the fire in the stove and, as far as she was able, had made the old man comfortable.

But she was not a Catholic. For she gave Father Sico to understand that when she became sick she did not want the priest's ministrations, for when he did those things the sick one surely died. Father Sico, when he could do no more in the abode of death, sought out his guide and made arrangements with him to have everything done for the decent burial of the good old man.

EVER FAITHFUL IRELAND.

"Ireland, Ireland, cara Ireland, sempre fidele." "Ireland, Ireland, dear Ireland, ever faithful." These words fell from the fatherly lips of Leo XIII, as his eyes rested upon the Irish pilgrims who recently visited Rome to renew the allegiance of themselves and their country to the Holy See. One correspondent refers to the "careless" tone of the Holy Father's voice as he spoke to his children from Erin. Well, indeed, O beloved, illustrious and venerable Pontiff, surely your sweet musical voice have softened for those Irish sons and daughters that were gathered round

your sacred person. In all the world you have no more devoted adherents—none who would do or suffer more danger from you, or more rejoice in being able to bring every consolation to your aged heart, or more gladly lay down their lives for the cause in which you are the Great Leader.—The Union.

A FEAR AND A HOPE.

Our esteemed non Catholic contemporaries are ordinarily so much given to find fault with the Church and with Catholics, and so much inclined to misunderstand and misinterpret our actions, that it is pleasant to find them, occasionally, uniting in praise of some deed or incident which, whatever way they may view it, must appeal to them as the outcome of Catholic faith and Catholic practice. For instance, the heroism of the nuns at Galveston has received attention from a number of Protestant journals, some of them speaking in the highest praise of the Sisters in charge of the Catholic Orphan Asylum, who, when they found the building in danger of being washed away, tied the children in bunches, and then each Sister fastened to herself one of these bunches of orphans, determined to save them or die with them. We say it is pleasant to see such sympathetic recognition of the loyalty and heroism of the Church's members, and yet we have a well founded fear that the very papers which prize the Sisters for their faithfulness—which was a faithfulness to the death—may in a week or two be attacking editorially, or allowing their correspondents to attack, the Church which teaches and inspires such truly Christian charity and fidelity. Even these Sisters, themselves, and such as they, leading holy and consecrated lives, will not be immune from the slurs and insinuations of ignorant or malicious scribblers, in the very papers that have been giving testimony to the bravery and nobility of soul which prompted them to lay down their lives for the children under their care. We fear that this may be so. We earnestly hope it may not. The brave nuns of Galveston will not have died in vain if by the manner of their death, so pathetically heroic, in some measure tends to dispense the clouds of prejudice and bigotry that blind the eyes of so many Protestants to the real truth and beauty of the Church of God.—Sacred Heart Review.

GOD'S WONDERFUL WORKS.

The world's history is filled with examples that show how many wonderful works for God's glory are accomplished by earnest, fervent and persevering individuals, who have consecrated themselves to the work, and who have prayed daily for divine assistance. Often these were persons of only ordinary ability, not being gifted with special talents of any kind, as the following illustrations will show. Don Bosco, an Italian priest of very ordinary ability, a few years ago lived in Turin, Italy. After his ordination he became interested in the young homeless vagabonds that roamed the streets of that city. He commenced by taking charge of three or four of the boys and taking them to his humble home, and fed, clothed and instructed them; in a short time he had so many boys on hand that he had to rent a stable to hold them. He begged and borrowed to get means. He was met with opposition in his work; was opposed and derided and told his scheme was wild and foolish and was bound to fail. He kept on in his good work and succeeded so well that he compelled those who derided him to come to his help. His great work was at last recognized by the ecclesiastical and temporal authorities and they assisted. A number of fervent souls joined him in the work and in the course of time he founded a society to carry on the work and placed it under the patronage of St. Francis de Sales. From the small school of boys grew and prospered until schools were started in Rome, London, Paris, and all the principal cities of Europe and South America. Thousands of boys were given good educations and learned useful trades. Out of the multitude of the boys thus saved, over a thousand have become priests, and a number have prominent positions as business men, artists and professional men.

THE HAZERS HAZED.

There is an unknown here somewhere in the United States—if he is not dead. The Weston Investigating Committee has brought a small but interesting part of his record to the surface, thus: "Did you ever know of a cadet to go through this academy without being hazed?" asked Mr. Wanger. "I heard of one; I can't remember his name, but think he was a 'plebe' in 1888."

WHAT THEY MEAN.

Sacred Heart Review. When many of our separated brethren talk about the necessity of keeping Church and State separate they always mean the Catholic Church. Nearly all infants are more or less subject to diarrhoea and such complaints while teething, and as this period of their lives is the most critical, mothers should not be without a bottle of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial. This medicine is a specific for such complaints, and is highly recommended by those who have used it. The proprietors claim it will cure any case of cholera or summer complaint.

NEARLY ALL INFANTS.

Mr. Thomas Ballard, Syracuse, N. Y., writes: "I have been afflicted for nearly a year with that most to be dreaded disease Dyspepsia, and at times went out with pain and want of sleep, and after trying almost every kind of medicine, I tried one box of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills. I am now nearly well, and believe they will cure me, if I would not be without them for any money."

INDIGESTION.

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THE HAZERS HAZED.

One West Pointer Who Turned the Tables.

There is an unknown here somewhere in the United States—if he is not dead. The Weston Investigating Committee has brought a small but interesting part of his record to the surface, thus:

"Did you ever know of a cadet to go through this academy without being hazed?" asked Mr. Wanger.

"I heard of one; I can't remember his name, but think he was a 'plebe' in 1888."

"Why did he escape all hazing?"

"He whipped every man who was plighted against him, sir. He fought five men in one day and in all he licked about thirty," said Binton.

"Is there a monument erected to his memory?" asked Mr. Wanger.

"No, sir."

"Not even a tablet in memorial hall?"

"No, sir."

"Well, then, there should be."

This "plebe" had to fight thirty battles to protect himself from the series of insults called hazing. It is a great relief to one's feelings to know that he whipped every man who was plighted against him.

It is worth while to be interested to know what has become of him.—Fessenden's Journal.

A sad cloud of misgivings must hang over the memory of him whom Jesus invited to follow Him, and who turned away. Is he looking up at Heaven upon the Face from whose mild beauty he so sadly turned away on earth?—Father Faber.

It is the fate of those who play with their consciences that they maintain the reserve moral force of their nature. We need not only moral power for the ordinary temptations of daily life; we need reserves of moral strength for the hours of exceptional trial. The habit of moral and spiritual integrity provides these reserves. Those who possess them may stumble, but they will fall; or, if they fall, they may arise, because they have not let go of the hand of Heaven.—Carpenter.

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