### 7, 1907.

I'm going to ter Margaret watching the her Margary.' fter our little

y polite Irish

t Marguerite Luke. be child. Be thou," he of unwonted

said the Cathchild.

ver he had a

flize and a few as absorbed the morning thare. They rom their hot, ad passed him h a mauan , And he was ighty problem, attention than problems of the hat is it ?-- the oxication that the race? What is it? calumny ? ernating rapidly tion, came the st home? Have Why, it is Irish g here in Ply-England. What that the same ter here than at overlasting serfys crouching at or, always lessen its own large alone, Luke, let deed, as an ex-

a long afternoon , and to soothe dull mechanic that are forever ding an answer, one! But Luke He had a great ng he heard the reely in French,

ease of a native, ess who was re rom Ireland. He riosity, but just inguish one word. e got a prize in year. "Harg Monophysites,"

to know where is een Wegscheider man, and people turies ago Bnt lobes of the brain ideas, not always n relevant, especi-naster is in a pastoo much work at pupils. sel had swung into

orld-that mighty retches from elands rigb's up to or this was a pathengers had to pick along the banks at e plastic hand of es and quays, there bare masts and sky; and now and mer loomed up out e, and grew and al blackness; then into the din troubles the tran wift alarm. Bound laden with freights m the mechanism of Brummagem-made y; bound for the en to the water's hock full with rolls oms of Manchester ; ring Cape and the Pacific ; nd the Bermudas, s tried in vain to her explosive earth-ad artillery of her ward from far clim rusty marks of the ls, and their sailors familiar sights on ike fairy shuttles, across the woof of fleets of the empire nd Luke fancied he world as in a magic ask of the gardens of ly argosies swept by. t panorams, and re-when the Mare Magy the oars of the ad dusky Ethiopians lleys of their Roman of an exceptionally oked down at the river, and came face e squalor and feetor of

### JULY 27, 1907.

nonplussed, when his former interrogaof brown gravy on the thirsty table nonpinesed, when he found that for the register dinner to show him the slums, and cooly told him on returning that he was to preach

to show min the third, the was to preach him on returning that he was to preach to a confraternity that evening. But what struck him most forcibly was, the calm independence with which each individual expressed his opinion, and the easy toleration with which they differed from each other, and even contradicted, without the slightest shade of asperity or resentment. This was a perpetual wonder to Luke during his whole career in England. The following Friday he was sub-mitted to a brief examination for facul-tion. His examiners were the Vicar-

mitted to a brief examination for facul-ties. His examiners were the Vicar-General and the Diocesan Inspector, a convert from Anglicanism. "In the case of a convert," said the Vicar, without preliminaries, "whom you ascertained to have never been baptized, but who was married, and had a grown-up family, what would you do ?" I should proceed with great cau-

"I should proceed with great cal-tion," said Luke, to whom the question seemed rather impertinent and far-fetched. He had been expecting to be asked how many grave professors were on this side, and how many excellent writers were on that side, of some

iters were on that side, or action of the solution of the solu then ?

Luke. "Very good. But these good people are not married. Could you allow them to re nain so?" "It depends on whether they are bona fide or mala fide," said Luke, red-

dening.

dening. "Of course they are bona fide," said the Vicar. "Look it up, Delmege, at your convenience." "How would you refute the argu-

How would you refute the argu-ments for continuity amongst the Angli can divines ?'' said the Inspector. "How would you prove to a lunatic that black is not white, and that yester-day is not to-day ?'' said Luke. Ab, Luke ! Luke ! where are all your re-Luke ! Luke ! where are all your re-solutions about interior recollection and self restraint ?" You are far from

and sell restraint ? You are far from the illuminative state, as yet ! "That will hardly do," said the In-spector, smiling courteously; "re-member you have to face Laud and the Elizabethans, and Pusey and the host

of Victorian divines, now." "We never thought of such things," said Luke "we thought that the old doctrines of Transubstantion, Pargasaid Luke coerrises of Transmostantion, Furga-tory, Confession, etc., were the sub-jects of controversy to day. No one in Ireland even dreams of denying that the Reformation was a distinct secon-

sion." "Very good, very good," said the Inspector. "One word more. In cas you had a sick-call to St. Thomas you had a sick-call to St. Industry Hospital here; and when you arrived, you found the surgeons engaged in an operation on a Catholic patient, which operation would probably prove fatal, what would you do ?" Hospital

what would you do ?" "I would politely ask them to sus-pend the operation for a few minutes--" "And do you think they would re-

"And do you think they would re-move the knives at your request, and probably let the patient collapse ?" "I'd give the patient conditional absolution," said Luke, faintly, "Very good. You wouldn't — a— knock down two or three of the sur-geons and clear the room ?" said the

geons and clear the room ?" said the Vicar with a smile. "N no," said Luke. He was very angry. Dear me ! no one appears to have heard of Wegscheider at all. "That's all right," said the examin-ers. "You'll get the printed form of faculties this afternoon. Confessions to morrow from two to six, and from seven to ten. Good-day." Luke went to his room. He was never so angry in his life before. He expected a lengthened ordeal, in which

expected a lengthened ordeal, in which deep and recondite questions would be introduced, and in which he would have some chance at last of showing what he

cloth. Saturday came, and Luke braced hin self for the second great act of his ministry—his first confession. He had scampered over the treatise on Pen-ance the night before; and just at 2 o'clock he passed, with fear and trembling, to his confessional. He had seid a short treamlong prever before

said a short, tremalous prayer before the Blessed Sacrament; had cast a look of pitcous appeal towards the Lady Altar, and with a thrill of fear and joy comminged he slipned output past Altar, and with a thrill of fear and joy commingled, he slipped quietly past the row of penitents, and put on his surplice and stole. Then he reflected for a moment, and drew the slide. A voice from the dark recess, quavering with emotion, commenced the Confiteor in Irish. Luke started at the well-known words, and whispered Deo grat ias. It was an ancient mariner, and the work was brief. But Luke recol-lected all the terrible things he had heard about dumb and statuseque con-fessors; and that poor Irishman got a longer lecture than he had heard for

lecture than he had heard for many a day. "I must be a more outrageous sin

ner even than I thought," he said. "I never got such a ballyragging in my life before !" Luke drew the slide at his left; and

land, and I kem to arsk assistance to tek me out of 'ell!"

"By all means, my child," said Luke, shivering, " if I can assist you in any way; but why do you say that

you are not going to confession?" "I ain't prepared, Feyther. I ain't been to confession since I left the convent school, five years are gone." "And you've been in London all

this time?

this time?" "Yass, Feyther; I've been doin" bad altogether. It's 'ell, Feyther, and I want to git out o' ell !" "Well, but how can I assist you?" "Well, but now can I ashet you?" "Ev you gi' me my passage, Feyther to Waterford, I'll beg the rest of the way to my hancle in the County Kil-kenny. And so 'elp me God, Fey-ther—"

dozen its warmin, but that that and the terfere with her pace, which was as slow and lifeless as if Jinny had been wide awake. The Pennsylvania border was passed at last, and Tony felt more at ease as time went on and brought face to face with the dread embodiment of vice. His next penitent was a tiny dot, with a calm, English face, and yellow ringlets running down almost to her feet. Her mother, dressed in black, took the child to the confessional door, bade her enter, and left her. Here even the mother, in all other things in-senarable from her child, must not

separable from her child, must not accompany. The threshold of the con-fessional and the threshold of death are sacred to the soul and God. Unlike the Irish children, who jump up like jack in the box, and toss back the black

jack in-the box, and toss back the black hair from their eyes, and smile patron-izingly on their friend, the confessor, as much as to say, "Of course you know me?" this child slowly and distinctly said the prayers, made her confession, and waited. Here Luke was in his ele-ment, and he lifted that soul up, up into the empyrean, by coaxing, gentle, burning words about our Lord, and His love, and all that was due to Him. such odds ! burning words about our Lord, and His love, and all that was due to Him. The child passed out with the smile of an angel on her face. "Wisha, yer reverence, how my heart warmed to you the moment I see you. Sure he's from the ould counthry, I sez to messil. There's the red of Ireland in his cheeks, and the scint of the ould sod hanging around him. Wisha, thin, yer reverence, may I be boald to ask you what part of the ould land did ye come from ?"

land did ye come from ?" Luke mentioned his natal place. "I thought so. I knew ye weren't from the North or West. Wishs, now

from the North or West. While, How thin, yer reverence, I wondher did ye ever hear tell of a Mick Mulcahy, of Slievereene, in the County of Kerry, who wint North about thirty years ago?" Luke regretted to say that he had never heard of that distinguished had learned in the tamous mans of mis college. And lo! not a particle of dust was touched or flicked away from dusty, dead folios; but here, spick and span, were trotted out airy nothings rover. "Because he was my third cousin by span, were trotted out airy nothings about ephemeral and transient every. the mother's side, and I thought yes reverence might have hard of him - " reverence might have hard of him — " "I am hardly twenty-three yet," said Luke, gently, although he thought he was losing valuable time. "Wisha, God bless you; sure I ought to have seen it. I suppose I ought not to mintion it here, yer reverence, but this is an awful place. Betune furri-ners, and Frinchmen and Italians, and Jews, and haythens, who never hard the name of God or His Blessed Mother" 'tis as much as we can do to save our day existences; and he had not got on day existences; and he had not got one chance of saying—" Sic argumentaris Domine !" Evidently, these men had never heard of a syllogism in their lives. And then, everything was so curt and short as to be almost contem-ptuous. Clearly, these men had some thing to do in the workaday world be-aidea sultiting hairs with a young thing to do in the workaday world be-sides splitting hairs with a young Hibernian. Luke was angry with him-self, with his college, with that smiling ex parson, who had probably read about two years' philosophy and theology be fore his ordination; and with that grim, sardonic old Vicar, who had never opened a treatise since he gradu-ated at Douai or Rheims. Hence it happened that at dinner, when a strange priest asked simply what per-centage of illiterates were in the dio-cese, and the old Vicar grimly an-swered .--'tis as much as we can do to save our poor sowls-' "You ought to go back to Ireland," said Luke. "Ah ! wishs, thin, 'tis I'd fly in the morning' across the say to the blessed and holy land; but sure, yer rever-ence, me little girl is married here, and I have to mind the childre for her,

'yo'll kyar it sale, it saie, won' yo'? An'he's his maw's onliest son, ge'm men-de onliest one what's left." HOW UNCLE TONY "FIT" AT GETTYSBURG.

men-de onliest one what's left." "Well, we all is onah maw's onliest sons," chaffed the stout man. By this time the cake was gone and a heavy inroad had been made on the other good things. After much oursreling among thomselves the men Boom - boom - it was the second day the eminous growing of those far-off guns had come down across the Maryland border. Somequarreling among themselves the men agreed to save the rest of the chickens and what remained in the basket for across the Maryland border. Some-times it was one long rumble and roll, then the gruff voices muttered inter-mittently and again they died out en-tirely, and left the mother and sister wondering how the battle had gone. They knew the fighting was over the Pennsylvania border up Gettysburg way. They knew Pickett's was there. So much had come down to the Trevor planation. And all this meant to them that Dick Trevor, their Dick, was their and so they prayed and listened. It seemed at times they must go to Dick-perhaps he was wounded and their supper. Tony was pulled off the mule and made to carry the basket and the stout man's knapsack, while the fel-low himself mounted the mule, and the little company, with the heart-broken Tony, took up its march toward Getty-

left on the place. Tony was not a willing messenger by Tony was not a willing the remaining

Tony was not a willing messenger by any means. He gave a hitch to his ragged tronsers with the remaining half of his suspenders, as he shifted his well ventilated hat from hand to hand -he "mout be shot by de Yanks" and

A sharp turn in the road brought him

close upon three men in uniform. They were on foot, dusty and red-faced, and

neart was in his mouth. His first thought was to turn Jinny about and make the best escape he could. But he was too late; they had seen him and, more than that, they had muskets, so what chance had he and Jinny against

burg Before they had gone far, there was a pounding of hoofs on the pike behind them, and an officer came up with them them, and an officer came up with them on the gallop. He pulled in his horse beside them. "What are you fellows doing in the Dick-perhaps he was wounded and needed them-but there was no way to go; and then the idea came to Barbara

rear? he called out. "There's a fight up yonder, and if you don't get into it lively I'll have every man Jack of you send to him. They could at least sond a message, and something for a hungry young soldier to eat. The mes-senger was to be old Tony, the cnly man shot. "Look a heah, Mistah Cannell,"

broke in Tony; "dat's my mule dee's took fum me! Ah's taking sump'n to Marse Dick in de Confedrite ahmy-Cap'n Dick Trevor, o' Trevor Oaks, Car'll County, Mahylan', suh-an' dese heahuns have eat de cake an' took de mule, an'

"Trevor of the Thirtieth ?" asked

rolled up their sleeves and went into the kitchen to fry chicken and to bake corn bread and pies and cake. Early in the morning, long before day-light, Uncle Tony, mounted on his mule, a switch in his hand, and the basket on his arm, set ont on the road toward Gettysburg. It was for Marse Dick's sake he was going. That was the thought that put courage into him as he jogged along. The sun came up and began to climb into the heavens. It beat throu h the gaping holes in his old straw hat, and Jinny seemed to doze in its warmth, but that didn't in-terfere with her pace, which was

and I've a great mind to shoot the whole lot of you right now." The stout man, sided by a slap over the back with the flat of the officer's the back with the flat of the onders saber, lost no time in getting down. Again Tony, with the remnants in his basket, mounted Jinny, and the officer saw him safely out of reach of the

stragglers. "By the way," said the officer, peering over into the basket, little something in there you can spare, uncle, I wouldn't mind a bite myself;

I haven't had any breakfast." I haven't had any breakfast." Tony looked on dubiously while his guardian helped himself pretty gener ously from the basket. "Deed yo' mus' be pow'ful hungry, Mistah Cun-nel," the old man ventured, as he watched the things disappearing. "I am, uncle, I am. Well good-by; I'm going to leave you now. I'll take

generally unprepossessing. Tony's heart was in his mouth. His first

Watched the things disappearing.
"I am, nucle, I am. Well good-by;
I'm going to leave you now. I'll take just one more of those fried cakes."
"Why, dyah's only two o' dem lef, suh !" gasped Tony; but before the words were out of his mouth the officer had driven the spurs into his horse, and he and the fried cake disappeared

in a whirl of dust. Now Tony was nearing his journey's end. The stillness was broken by a gun He rode on all of a tremble, touching He rode on all of a tremble, touching bis hat respectfully as he attempted to pass. "Fine mawnin', ge'mmen !" For the first time he realized that the uniforms were gray, and heaved a sigh of relief that he was among friends and had not fallen into the hands of the dreaded Vanka end. The stillness was broken by a gun thundering out its challenge, a second roared, and then began a cannonade that made Tony think the end of all things was at hand. For a minute he hesitated, wavering in his purpose to go forward. But those stragglers were behind, and Marse Dick was up ahead here the gune man here here here here dreaded Yanks, "Hold on theah !" called one of the bebind, and Marse Dick was up ahead where the guns were, and he pushed on. Louder and louder came the roar of the battle. He caught sight of gray uniforms among the trees. He passed a train of baggage-wagons. A troop of calvary swept down a cross-road ahead of him. Not a hundred feet away the "Hold on thean !" called one of the men, seizing the bridle, bringing Jinny and Tony to a standstill. "Wheah you goin' so fast? An' what you got in that theah basket?" that theah basket?" "Yo' jes' let dat basket alone," said Tony, and jerked it angrily away from the man, but the soldier kept his hold. "Now, now, don't be techy, Uncle "Rastus. Ah'll bet you's got sump'n and theah !" top of a tall tree broke with a crash and came tumbling down, while some-thing high in the air sailed over Tony's head with a whirring scream and ex-

ploded in a neighboring meadow. The next shell struck the road in front of him. There was a terrific con-cussion on Tony's ear-drums, an avalanche of earth was thrown over and he was thrown to the ground with stunning force. When he opened his eyes he was lying with the ill fated basket hopelessly crushed under him, and Jinny was nowhere to be seen. An and Jinny was nownere to be seen. All orderly coming by good-naturedly helped him to his teet and picked up the flattened basket. He was a hungry orderly and made bold to help himself, unasked, to the one remaining fried-cake, now a shapeless wad of dough, cake, now a snappiess wat of doug, and a chicken wing. "Oh, say, mistah," Tony groaned aloud in his disappointment and his pain, "dyah won't be nuffin lef! — nuffin tall. Ah'm tryin' an' tryin' de pain, "dyan won't be numa lef — nuffin tall. Ah'm tryin' an' tryin' de ve'y bes' ah know how to git sump'n to Marse Dick' an' dee all keeps a-satin' an, a-satin', an' dee won't. It to him nohow, 'deed dee won't. Do you know him, mistah — Cap'n Dick Trevor, o' Trevor Oaks, Carr'll county, Mabylan', suh?" " No, I don't. What's his regi-ment?" " He's wid Gin'l Pickett." " Weil, you'll find Pickett's men right in among those trees, and if you want to see anyone you had better be quick about it. They're going to make a obarge right away." " While they were speaking, the can-nonade by the Confederate guns stopped, the bugles rang out, " For-ward !?"

"Now yo' ge'mmen wouldn' go an' eat dat all. Why, his maw an' Miss Bar-in and around the three gray lines. On the lines went, broken in great gaps. On the lines went, broken in great gaps. They wavered an instant, then on again while from above a rattle of musketry broke on them, and all along the heights the white smoke was ripped by lines of spitting fire. Tony lay behind his log almost par-

Tony lay behind his log almost par-alyzed with fear. On the heights everything was swallowed in the heavy hanging smoke. At times he could see a flag waving, or a line of rushing men; then the drifting smoke hid them again. The thundler of the guns died down a little. He saw men in gray, not in lunes now, coming back slowly, stead ily, stubbornly turning now and again to fire. It was pitiful to see the wreck of that gallant charge drifting back to its old position. Suddenly Tony started up. His eyes

were fixed on a man on horseback. The cap was gone, he was covered with dust and blackened with powder, but Tony knew the pale, grimy face, and dark curls — "Marse Dick, Marse Dick!" he cried. Tony saw the horse fall and Marse D.ck go down like a

log. Touy forgot the big guns and the bullets, forgot everything but Marse Dick. He jumped up from behind his log and, still clinging to the crushed basket with the three pieces of fried chicken in it. ran out among the re-

treating soldiers. In the crowd he soon lost sight of the place Marse Dick had fallen. A horse ran against him and knocked him down. The next thing he knew the stars The next thing he knew the stars were out and he was lifting his bruised and aching head from the ground all wet with dew. There were no bones broken. When Tony had assured himself (this human to be large weight) of this he got on his legs, painfully, to look about him. Not ten feet away from him, propped up against his dead horse, was Marse Dick. He seemed in a heavy sleep. He opened his eyes as Tony laid his hand on him.

"Tony ?" "Yes, suh, hit's me." The faithful old slave who had carried Marse Dicl in his arms a baby laid his hand on the white forehead and smoothed it as ten-derly as Dick's mother might have done.

In the midst of it he stopped short For de lan's sake, Marse Dick, whah in de name o' goodness am dat ar bas ket? Ah've bin 'deavorin' all day to kyar it to yo' jes' like yo' maw tole me dis mawnin', when she stan' in de do'— but dee ali took it away fum me, an' kep'a-pickin' an' a-eatin' at it till dyah wan' nuffin lef' — an' now dat's gone,

too !.' "Never mind, Tony. I wonder if you can help me out of this? I could walk, I think, if you can help me." "Ah'll try, suh; but tell de truf,

Marse Dick, a'm only tolerbul spry But Tony got Marse Dick to his feet, and slowly and psinfully, and after many rests, the two reached a deserted cabin at the edge of the wood. "We must stop here," said Dick, "I can't go farther."

If yo'll lie heah on de flo', suh, ah'll gib back to de plantation some how, or to somewhahs whah ah can git somebody to help tote yo.' Sho' as yo' bawn, Marse Dick,' exclaimed Tony, excitedly, "heah's a laig o' dat chicken

in my pocket !" The chicken leg was gritty with THE The chicken leg was gritty with sand, but Dick gnawed at it hungrily while he lay there waiting for help to come. He was just waking out of a feverish sleep when Tcny's voice was

hearl. "Hi, Marse Dick, we's all right now. Heah's Jinny. Ah foun' huh down de road a piece. Didn' yo' heah huh a hee hawin' when she met up wid me?'

It was night again, and the two an It was night again, and the two an xious ones at the Oaks still waited for news of Dick or Tony. They knew of the defeat, for a baggage train had pussed the plantation in its retreat. They would not go to sleep-suppose are of Dickett's men should sume the

A story.

style.

Catholic.

" He's not here, Tony ?" sobbed thes

3

"'Deed he is, Miss Ca'line ! He's right out heah, Marse Dick is, waitin' you all to come an' help me tote him in." He turned, and his voice quav-ered out into the darkness, " Ain't yo Marse Dick ?" And this is how Tony came to tell,

long years after, to a cluster of wide-eyed, open-mouthed little Sams and Billys and Dinahs, with a pickaninny or two balancing on his knees, of how he fit at de battle o' Gottysbu'g right 'longside Marse Dick Trevor, o' Trevor

Oaks, Carr'll county, Mahylan'. "An'who win dat fight, Uncle Tony?" one of the Sams or Billys was always sure to ask. "Who win dat fight !" Uncle Tony's

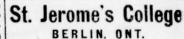
"Who win dat fight!" Uncle Tony's voice would crack and tremble with his emotion. "Who win dat fight! Why, boy, we did-Mars Dick an' me, an' de udder ge'mmen, we win that yuh fight. Driv' dem Yanks clar up Norf agin. Lor', boy, ah 'lows some dem Yanks is running yit."-The Interior.

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# THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

Luke Delmege ont off his surplice and stole, after a hard afternoon's work, and knelt and blessed God for having bara, dee sot up mos' all night a-zook-in' dat ; an' dee said, 'Tony,' dee said, him a priest. TO BE CONTINUED.

but courteously resbytery attached to d it is surprised him beive that his arrival an event of as ordin-the closing of a door a clock. He took hi table; and he might there for the last ittie notice was taken

e surprised when he

you want bread, you side board ; but cut ase." e amused when some

e, is it a fact that the

"I have dined with n with parish priests linner did not cost a

the marines," was the

nost edified, yet partly

and 1 nave to mind the difference of her, whin she goes out to work, shoreing and washing to keep the bit in their months—' In the name av the Father, and av the Son, and av the Holy Ghost. "About fifty per cent-mostly Irish and Italian" - Luke flared up and Ami

"We weren't illiterate when we "Father," said a gentle voice, as Luke drew the other slide, "I am ever so grateful to you for your kindness to my little one. She's gone up to the Laiy Altar; and I never saw her look brought the Faith of old to your an brought the Faith of old to your an-cestors, who were esting acorns with the boars in your forests, and painting their dirty bodies with woad; and when your kings were glad to fly to our monasteries for an education, no where else obtainable on the planet." The stranger native luke on the where else obtainable on the planet. The stranger patted Luke on the back, and said "Bravol" The Vicar pushed over the jug of beer. But they were friends from that moment. A

Laiy Altar; and I never saw her look half so happy before. You must have been very gentle with my dear child." Luke's heart was swelling with all kinds of sweet emotions. Ah, yes ! here, above all places, does the priest receive his reward. True, the glorious Mass has its own consolations, sweet and unutterable. So, too, has the Office, with its majestic poetry, lifting the soul above the vulgar trivialities of life, and introducing it to the company gnarled, knotty, not in any sense of the word euphonious old Beresark was gnaried, knotty, hot in any scherk was the word euphonicus old Beresark was this same old Vicar— his steel-blue eyes staring ever steadily and with anxious inquiry in them from the incord every events. the soul above the vulgar trivialities of life, and introducing it to the company of the blessed. So, too, has the daily, hourly battle with vice the exhilara-tion of a noble conflict; but nowhere are human emotions stirred into such sweet and happy delight as when soul speaks to soul, and the bliss of forgiveness is almost merged in the ectasy of emancipation, and the thrill of determination to be true to promise and grateful to anxious inquiry in them from the jagged penthouse of gray eyebrows; and his clear, metallic voice, never toned down to politeness and amenity, but dashed in a spray of sarcasm on bishop, and canon and curate indis-oriminately. He would blow you sky high at a moment's notice; the next minute he would kneel down and the the latchets of your shoes. A wonder-ful taste and talent, too, he had for economies; not ungenerous by any sul taste and talent, too, he had for economics; not ungenerous by any means, or parsimonious; but he ob-tion of jam on the sleeve of your sou-tane, or any too generous distribution with something akin to rapture, with something akin to rapture, to be true to promise and grateful to heahed o' de Trevors o' Carr'll county, Mahylan'! Why whah in de name o' goodness do yo' come fum, anyhow?' "Fum a place wheah theah ain't no sech chicken as this heah." Then Tony turned to pleading. and the thrill of determination to be true to promise and grateful to God." Here is one thing that Protes-tantism—the system of individualism and pride—never can, and never will, fathom.

"Tain't to' you uns if it is," said Tony. "Git yo' han's out'n dat!" There was a loud gudaw from the men, as **they** succeeded in pulling the basket a way from Tony. The clean white napkins were whipped off and thrown in the road, and the three be-grap to examine the contents. gan to examine the conten

gan to examine the contents. "Say, fellahs look at the chicken," roared the stout man; "an' look a heah," he punched his grimy thumb through the icing on the cake. "Jes' stick youah finger into it an' see how nice an' squashy ! Say fellahs, this is puddin', ain't it ?" " Puddin' !" echoed Tony, contemp-tonely. " dat ain't no puddin'. dat's

"Puddin' !" echoed Tony, contemp tously, "dat ain't no puddin'; dat's cake

good theah !" " 'Tain't fo' you uns if it is," said Tony. "Git yo' han's out'n dat !"

Well. it's puddin' to us, ain't it, fellahs ?'

fellahs ?" "An' yo' stickin' you alls fingahs into it," Tony's voice rose excitedly--"dat ain't no way to treat a lady's cake

ake !" "Ah sut'n'y ain't had a piece o' cake ence befo' the wah," said the stout

"O doan'! doan' yo' do dat !" almost screamed Tony, as the man broke off a handful of cake and crowded

"Shet up, niggah ; eh'm eatin' this heah cake. We ain't huntin' you. heah cake. We ain't huntin' you. You ought to be thankful we uns ain't shootin' youah coat full o' holes 1 Yo' ah the most ungratefullest crittah ah evah see !"

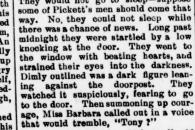
evah see !" The sight of the white mapkins lying trampled in the road, and the three worthless-looking stragglers gorging themselves on the things that had been so carefully prepared by Miss Barbara and her mother wrought Tony up to a fever heat of anger. His eyes blazed and bis white beard fairly trembled on his chin.

his chin. "Yo' look heah ; dat cake an' chick-'n's fo' Marse Dick-Cap'n Dick Trevor of de Confederite ahmy, suh. Trevor of de Confederite ahmy, suh. An' ef you eat dat all up hel'll hab yo' put in the gyardhouse, deed he will !'' "Shet up, niggah; do you heah? We don't know no Oaptain Dick Trevor, an' we's goin' to eat this cake ef we want to—an' ah guess we does.'' Tony's eyes opened wide, "Yo' doan' know Capn'n Dick Trevor ! Why he's one o' de Trevors o' Trevor Oaks, Carr'll County, Mahylan', suh.'' " Nevah heahed of 'em," said one of the others.

one of the others. "Nevah heahed of 'em-nevah heahed o' de Trevors o' Carr'll county,

Tony hurried in among the trees in time to see three long gray lines sweep-ing out across the open, and up to-wards the heights which were flashing

The shells had been crashing among the trees around him; now, as he peered over the log behind which he



His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons-Reminis "Yes, Miss Barbara, hit's me," said Katherine Tynan-Queen's Rose. A Poem.

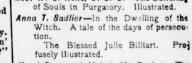
"Yes, Miss Barbara, hit's me," said Tony. He spoke in a feeble, tired voice, as if every breath might be his last. Barbara opened the door hur-riedly, and looked out on the woe-be-gone object before her. "Ah tole you ah couldn't git the basket to him. Dee all tuk it away, an' sticked dey duhty fingahs in de cake, an' dee mos't kilt me. Ah feel 's if ah had de rheumatiz fo' a hundred yeahs. Ah's mos' dead, 'deed ah is !" "Poor Tony !" " Miss Barbara, ah reekon 'tain't too late to fix up sump'n in de kitchen Rev. Morgan M. Sheedy-The Blessed Virgin in Legend. Illustrated. P. G. Smuth-A Breath of Irish Air.

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" Miss Barbara, ah reokon 'tain't too late to fix up sump'n in de kitchen dat'll taste right good — de chicken laig was de onliest bit dee let'." "Yes, Tony, I know you are hungry; come in and you shall have something." The hope was gone from Barbara's voice, and there was a sinking at the mother's heart; they had longed so for just a word from Dick. "He didn't see Dick?"

Rev. W. S. Kent, O. S. C .- The Suffering "" He didn't see Dick?" "No, mother," and Barbara squeezed tightly the hand that stole into hers.

"Why, yes ah did," groaned Tony "Dat's what ah want yo' to fix sump'n to eat fo' Who yo' t'ink gwine eat it?"



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