

ly, she said, "I beg your honor's pardon," said Nora, unable any longer to keep silent, and leaning eagerly forward, "but Mr. Halloran has a friend in Boston who will be broken hearted intirely to hear of his illness; an' it's Mr. Donahoe, your reverence, at the Pilot Office."

Mr. Mallow was only affected with a sudden violent cold in his head. He, odd in everything, had always felt the deepest interest in the history of ill-fated Ireland, and by way of obtaining the most reliable news concerning her ever-agitated and gloomy affairs, had for many years been a subscriber to a leading Dublin newspaper. He therefore knew all about John Halloran, and how like a martyr he had immolated his affections and fortunes on the sacred altar of his country; and he had learned from the same source that the nobility and worth of his character were without reproach. So it was with no ordinary emotion that this eccentric but true-hearted old man exclaimed: "And you are sure it is John Halloran, the Irish patriot, who is lying ill, insensible, at the house of a poor widow who lives in an alley?"

Nora would sit watching every symptom and almost every breath of the sick man. To the moment, she gave him his medicine, and regulated the temperature and light of the apartment with instinctive judgment. When there was nothing else for her hands to do, she would sit beside the fire, gazing down into the embers, while her imagination like a prophet, foretold many beautiful and happy things. She saw under grand old trees a stately home, where were once more united all that she loved on earth. She heard the sound of Mary Halloran's harp, and the clear, wild cadences of her sweet voice, ringing down through the magnificent woods, as the sang strains of the land of their birth. She saw John Halloran, his face pale, thoughtful and noble, walking with a stately step through those handsome halls and lofty rooms, and heard his kind voice speaking gently and cheerfully to all. Then, floating up through the vision came sweet, fate-like tones. Little children were at play, and Gracie's gentle tones mingled softly with Desmond's merry laughter. Dream tones indeed of the one who was gone, which would never more be heard on earth, for far away, beside the shining water which flows from the throne of God, her voice was blending sweetly with the angel melodies that make glad the celestial City. Then came a softer spell—the soft light of the day's toil over, and a quiet stroll with Dennis Byrne through the old woods; and many a heart-felt word and bright anticipation seemed to be whispered in her ears, while ever and anon their thoughts fled back to "Holy Ireland" and lingered lovingly amid the scenes and beside the graves they loved. The entrance of Dr. Bryant or Mr. Mallow, or perhaps the crumbling of a coal, or a low moan from the invalid, dispersed the rainbows of her fancy, leaving only to her aching heart the stern and sad reality.

Tom Donnellan's Rosary. The Donnellans lived in a comfortable farmhouse set in a beautiful locality, just at the base of the Wicklow hills, with a distant view of the shimmering blue through the trees and shrubs that grew before the porch of the hall door. They held a broad farm of many acres, and the trim little home, with its certain windows framed in flowering roses and woodbine, its flowerbeds filled with blossom of every hue and variety, gave a safe index to the neatness and cleanliness prevailing within the house, as well as to the care and unremitting labors bestowed on the farm outside.

When Eily was about fifteen, a great sorrow, the keepest he had ever known, came into Tom Donnellan's life. The child was suddenly stricken ill; some strain or hurt, contracted they could not tell how, affected the spine, and kept her in bed week after week, month after month. That happened to be a very warm summer and the great heat and the close confinement to her room weakened and wasted the frail young body, till at last she seemed the merest shadow of herself. With anxious, miserable forebodings, her father watched her from day to day. There was the faintest glimmer of hope, but it faded as the week passed. When about Eily's age, had faded out of life just in the same way that his dear little girl seemed now likely to do. The big dark eyes, the little white transparent hands lying so quietly out side the coverlet, the pale, bloodless lips that smiled so bravely at his coming, each sent a sharper stab of pain to the father's heart. He had always known she was too sweet, too good and lovely to stay with them; why had she ever come to leave their hearts thus desolate at her going? And yet, God knows, it had been much to have her, this dear loving treasure, even for a few short years.

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Advertisement for Galt Steel Siding and Scott's Emulsion. Includes an illustration of a man working on a building and a small image of a Scott's Emulsion bottle. Text: 'Galt Steel Siding', 'The Galt Art Metal Co., Ltd., Galt, Ontario.', 'ELECTRO-CHEMICAL Rheumatic Rings'.

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A METHODIST TRIBUTE TO A CATHOLIC SOCIETY.

The following tribute to the work of the Holy Name Society is from the Christian Advocate (Methodist), New York: Bishop McPaul (Catholic) of New Jersey, addressing 14,000 members of the Holy Name Societies said: "No people can assert themselves unless they manufacture public opinion. Read your Catholic publications. If you don't support a Catholic paper, how are you going to be abreast of the times on Catholic questions?" (As true for Methodists as for Catholics.) The Holy Name Society is a protest against profanity. Every man in line carried a small flag of the order with white letters "H. N. S." The houses were decorated with American flags. At Newark 20,000 men, members of the Holy Name Society, with bands of music and banners bearing their mottoes and flags, marched for miles through the streets. It is estimated that about 50,000 persons participated in the Benedictine services. Two thousand members of Holy Name Societies, from Morristown and several adjacent towns paraded. All over the country this society is doing good work and another Catholic society devotes itself to total abstinence. Every person must approve these efforts. Profane swearing demoralizes the moral sense when it is begun, shocks those that hear it for the first time, and when it has become spontaneous and almost automatic, disgraces people in society in which on no account they would be guilty of such speech. Worst of all, it undermines reverence, takes the sympathy and love out of the name of Jesus and the majesty and authority out of the name of God. None who profane the name of God and Christ habitually are in the habit of sincere prayer, though they may count their beads or utter in public or to themselves stereotyped Methodist phrases. -Sacred Heart Review.

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