A TRUE STORY BY THE REV. JOSEPH SPILLMAN, S. J. CHAPTER IX.

THE DOMICILIARY VISIT. Father Montmoulin accordingly, lamp in hand, preceded the little party of searchers along the corridor to the principal staircase, lighting up every corner. Not the slightest trace of any last dead could be found all was just dark deed could be found, all was just as usual. They descended the stairs, examining each step; they light to the stone gutters of held the light to the stone gutters of the cloisters, they searched every angle, they looked behind every post and pillar, but nothing extraordinary was discernible. At length they reached the vaulted porch before the gates of the Convent. There stood the policeman, and the innkeeper with his lantern. At the sight of the former the priest turned pale, and the man noticed that he did so, though he made no remark at the time.

"This is where the sacristan lives, is it not?" inquired the mayor. On being answered in the affirmative he tried to open the door, but found it

"Here is the key," said the inn keeper, stepping forward officiously. "I think I have already informed Your Worship that Loser went off to Mar-seilles yesterday evening, and left his

keys in my charge."
"True. Were you aware of the sacristan's departure?" the mayor asked, addressing Father Montmoulin.
"Certainly. He requested me to give him leave of absence for a week."

"And he has not been here since?'
Father Montmoulin hesitated Father Montmoulin hesitated a moment before replying. He had seen and that cer-Loser come into his room, and that cer-tainly he was not bound to conceal; but the reason for which he came was only to go to confession, and were he to mention the fact, it might under the circumstances, touch upon the seal of confession. On the other hand he could not but perceive what a weapon against himself he was putting into the magis trate's hand, by concealing Loser's return. However he judged it best to de so, lest otherwise any danger should arise of betraying the reason which led

the murderer to his room. So he answered: "Not to my knowledge."
"How very strange your behavior is, Sir! Surely it was not necessary to bethink yourself so long before giving such a very simple answer!"

Father Montmoulin tried to excuse himself on the plea of indisposition; his himself on the plea of indisposition; his head ached, he said, and he was afraid of the draught under the open archway. The mayor said it was useless to linger down there any longer, since the sacristan had gone away, and, according t the priest's testimony, was still absent. It was very cold and draughty there. He then inquired whether there was no other way out of the convent than by

There was another door at the back of the cloisters, the policeman replied, but that was locked, he had already

Very good," said the mayor. "But is there no other staircase leading from your rooms to the ground floor?" he asked Father Montmoulin.

There is a back staircase at the far end of the other wing, which takes down into what used to be the kitchen, but now contains an oil press. But as that way is generally locked, it is most improbable that Mrs. Blanchard made of it. She is much more likely to have gone through the tribune, to pay a visit to the Blessed Sacrament, and then descended by the sacristy stairs then descended by the sacristy stars out into the cloisters." It was with the greatest difficulty that Father Mont-moulin uttered the last sentence; for he knew full well that it was there that the murdered lady would be found. The mayor desired him to show them the way immediately. He accordingly proceeded along the cloisters in the gentlemen following him in silence He meanwhile repeated the De Profundis to himself, trying to brace himself for the terrible sight which he knew ere long must meet his eyes. As they went along, they held the light to every corner, looked behind every column in the cloisters, but without discerning anything. From the old masoury fanciful heads of animals and grinning demons looked down upon them, and the three visitors could not resist the weird influences of the dark, silent, stone flagged passages, in which no sound was heard but the echo of their own footsteps. Each one felt he would not like to find himself alone, at that time of night in those desolate cloisters, but neither of them spoke his

Is not that some one walking overd?" inquired the mayor.

It is only the echo of our footsteps head ?

the clergyman replied. that you hear,' oppressive silence was next a by the town-clerk, who asked

what the time was?
"It must be just midnight, you will hear it strike directly," said the notary, adding by the way of a jest, "you surely are not afraid of ghosts?"
"As though any man of education "As though any man of education was afraid of ghosts!" retorted the

town-clerk scornfully.

The mayor then asked what use was

formerly made of the space enclosed by the cloisters.

The priest replied that it was in

The priest replied that it was in other days the nuns' burying-ground.

"Along this way through which we are now walking, the bodies used to be brought out of the church, and this which we are now coming, was called the gate of death. Look at the carving over the portal." He held the lamp aloft so that a Death's head sculptured in stone might be seen, with the inscription : Hodie mihi, cras translating the words as he did so

Thy turn to-day, mine to morrow!

"We know enough Latin at least to understand that," said the mayor testily, for he was not very fond of hearing ly, for he was not very death talked about. Father Montmoulin opened the door, and they found themselves in the belfry.

"Is that door always unlocked?" in-

quired the mayor. "All the doors in the interior of the

convent are left unlocked. This is where the Angelus is rung three times a dsy," the pastor answered. "Who rings it when the sacristan is

away ?" ir rang it myself in the early morning to day," replied the priest; "the other two times it was rung by a neighbor, who generally acts for the sacristan when he is absent."

Then at midday all must have been as usual here, or he would have remarked it," continued the mayor, looking about him suspiciously. He then crossed over to the door of the sacristy, opposite to the one by which they had entered, and endeavored to open it.

open it.
"That door is only open during the times of service. I closed it myself after Mass this morning, and took the key with me up to my room," the clergyman explained.
"It is useless to look for our missing

friend in there, then," said the mayor, turning towards the winding stairs, which were so narrow that they did not which were so narrow that they did not admit of two persons going up abreast. Father Montmoulin went up first, holding the lamp aloft, in order that the others might see their way; the mayor came next, the two others brought up the rear. And now the landing on the stairs was reached where the door of the sacristy-room was situated. Involuntarily the priest paused and cast a glance at the door, while an almost unperceptible shudder ran over him. The mayor intercepted his glance, and immediately sked where that led to. "It is the door of a room where the sexton his implements, and all sorts of lumber is put out of the way," Father Mont-moulin answered. He was about to moulin answered. He was about to ascend the rest of the stairs, but the nayor, seizing the handle of the door, mayor, seizing the handle of the door, threw it open. For one moment the light fell upon the body that lay there covered with the pall; the next instant all was darkness, for the lamp was extinguished by a gust of wind which came through an open window within, on the door being suddenly opened. A cary of herror, ascaned the line of the cry of horror escaped the lips of the The mayor was the first to re

cover his self-possession.

"What was that lying upon the ground?" he demanded.

"There was a pall, and something under it," exclaimed the notary.
"I believe this infernal old convent is hamted!" circulated." is haunted," ejaculated the town clerk, no longer concealing the terror he felt. "We had better postpone our search until some more suitable time; I think I heard midnight strike just as we began

to ascend these stairs."
"What have you to say, reverend sir? Did you see nothing?" said the mayor, addressing Father Montmoulin. "I did indeed," was the compara tively calm reply. "And I greatly fear what I saw was the object of our

search."
"Merciful heavens! And here are we standing in pitch darkness close to the lifeless remains of my poor sister!" cried the town clerk in piteous tones.
"We must go back, and fetch the
police-constable and the lantern. For goodness sake, come with me," he said to the notary, "I am half dead with fright, and I could not for anything in the world venture alone in those dark oisters.

Yes, go and fetch the lantern, said the mayor. "If you call out from the door to the cloisters the man will

bear you."
During this time Father Montmouling had entered the chamber of death, into which a faint ray of light fell from the lamp in the sanctuary. He knelt down, and prayed silently beside the pall, and prayed silently the outline of which he could perceive, as his eyes became accustomed to the darkness. He prayed for the soul of the woman who had been so cruelly murdered, as he had done already, and ne felt himself thereby recovering to some extent calmness and fortitude, though every moment made it plainer to him that a terrible trial had over

taken him.
The mayor remained standing on the the cloisters in the e church, the three stairs, turning over the events of the stairs, turning over the events of the stairs, turning over the events of the that it was no fatality, as he had till then imagined, but a serious crime with which he had to deal. If, as the light in his mind. priest suggested, that pall actually covered Mrs. Blanchard's body, whose hand had spread it over the corpse ?
And how was it that he seemed to know by intuition, that she lay beneath it? Why had he looked with such a peculiar expression at the door of that out of the way room? His whole demeanor had been very odd when the mayor and his colleagues found him in his room, and when they proposed to search the house. Again how strange his manner was when he was questioned about the return of the sacristan. Every thing seemed to indicate that he was privy to the crime. Was it possible that he nimself ?-No, no, the mayor could not entertain such a thought; that young priest, of hitherto stainless reputation, guilty of murder! Yet after all, it might be so. Father Montmoulin was known to be poor, and his relatives were poor also; might not the sum of money, which doubtless appeared large to him, have been a temptation? Besides on whom could suspicion fall but on him, since it appeared that no one out he was in the convent when the un fortunate lady went there. Such were the thoughts that passed through the ind of the mayor whilst he awaited the return of his comrades, and he came to the conclusion that the priest lay under grave suspicion, at any rate and that he must certainly be examined before the magistrate. He was glad to think of this being the He was almost here was the scandal that they had been talking about a few hours ago over their wine, and it would furnish them with a formidable weapon against the hated clericals. "Good use shall be

hated clericals. "Good use shi made of this," he said to himself. Voices were now heard in the cloisters, and almost immediately the glim ters, and almost immediately the game of the lantern was discernible. A moment later, and the police constable stood on the landing, lighting up the room as far as possible. The pall was now clearly visible, and from it, towards the door, the feet of a woman protruded. Father Montmoulin was kneeling immovable by the side. All the others broke out into cries of dismay and horror. There was no longer

any room for doubt—Mrs. Blanchard had been cruelly assassinated. It might have been imagination before when in the flickering light of the expiring lamp they fancied they saw a human form under the pall, but there was no possibility of illusion now.

"Give me the lantern," said the mayor, when the necessary silence was

mayor, when the necessary silence was obtained. "Now lift up the cloth carefully, so as not to disarrange any

The man raised the pall so far as to allow the face and shoulders of the allow the face and shoulders of the corpse to be seen. The spectators shuddered at the sight of the ashy countenance and glazed eyes.

"She has been strangled," said the

mayor.
"She has been stabbed," said the policeman, pointing to the blood on her dress, and the pool of blood on the floor

in which lay.

"I suppose there can be no doubt that she is really dead?" inquired the "Cold and stark," replied the police-

man.
"You can identify this as your sister?" said the mayor, addressing

the town-clerk.
"Only too surely! But pray cover up the body again. I cannot bear the

sight of it."

"Yes cover it up," urged the innkeeper, averting his countenance.
"This will havnt me in my dreams.
If I had anticipated the horrible sight

that awaited us here, I certainly would not have been one of the party." "Wait a moment," said the mayor, as the policeman was about to replace : then turning to Father Mont the pan; then turning to Father Mont-moulin who was still upon his kness beside the corpse, and fixing his eyes on him, he said sharply: "And what have you got to say about this terrible occurrence, sir?"

"I can only pray for the victim and her murderer."

er murderer. That is all very well, but who is

"I cannot tell. You surely would

not deem me capable—"
"I have expressed no opinion. But
the suspicion which forces itself upon
all our minds is that you must be in
some way an accomplice in this murder, as your own words prove. At any rate you will have to be examined before the magistrate. It is my duty to report the matter to the poli-authorities at Aix without delay. Y authorities at Aix without delay. You will, if you please, accompany us ty your room, reverend sir. Cover the body over carefully, so that all should be left just as it was. You bear me witness, gentlemen, that nothing has been disturbed? Very good. Grisable, you can remain here and keep watch by the corpse. Carillon, will you have the goodness to take an you have the goodness to take an official telegram, which I will give you directly, down to the post. It must

be sent off to night."

The police constable observed that
the door of the chamber might be ocked, so as to leave him free was wanted for any service, and the mayor assented to the proposal. The door was accordingly mayor putting the k key into cket, and all the party ascended the winding stairs in silence, passing through the tribune and along the corridor to the priest's apartme Montmoulin crossed th tribune, he cast a sad, wistiul look at he choir of the church. sorrowful foreboding that he should have to leave that spot, perhaps never eturn; but the remembrance of ou Lord's presence in the tabernacle afforded him support and solace in his

"He knows my innocence. He will intercede for me. He will stand by me, and not allow me to violate the sacred obligations of my calling. Whatever happens, I am in God's hands." Such were the good priest's thoughts as, feeling himself already a prisoner, he repaired to his rooms, accompanied by the other men, of whose hostile dispositions towards him he was only too painfully aware.

## THE COWARD

A FRENCH CANADIAN STORY "He is a coward," the people of Brillon used to say, pointing to Adolphe Canelle as he passed down the one street of the French Canadian village trailing a string of freshly caught dore. "He has been so village trailing a string of freshly-caught dore. "He has been so coddled by his mother, the Widow Canelle, that a young calf has more pluck. He is afraid to go to the lumber shanty in the winter-can do nothing but eatch fish. He has no

ourage—he is a poor cur."
And Adolphe stood as the village

During the open season most of his time was spent in his cance on the river, fishing or gathering driftwood. and his mother were sometime given odd jobs by summer visitors and ccasionally he got a day's employmen from the contractors building a cana below the enormous dam which stretched across the Ottawa at Brillon. In the autumn most of the village men and boys of Adolphe's age went to the lumber shanties, whence they re turned in spring as capitalists with their winter's wages.

Adolphe would not go. "I cannot leave my mother; I must stay with her," he told the foreman then he asked him to join. Jeers greeted this, for it was a set idea in Brillon that boys should go to

the woods at seventeen.
"You must not leave me, Adolphe," his mother used to say. You are my ally child. You must stay with me.
to not mind what the people say."
"No—no, mother. I love you too only child.

And he never gave her a sign of the hunger for adventure that was some-times sore in his heart. It was not all a girl's heart, though simple and loving

and afraid to give pain.

Often as he paddled up the river toward the dam he would wonder why the villagers ridiculed him, for he knew that few ran such risks in getting a

living as he.

In the eddies of the rapids below the dam were the best fishing grounds of the whole sweep of river near Brillon,

and Adolphe would spend days among them, anchored in his canoe, or fishing

them, anchored in his cance, or fishing from some bare rock.

He was well grown, and so expert with the paddle that often he would work his cance across currents and up eddy after eddy to the very foot of the light of the whole mighty dam, over which the whole volume of the Ottawa plunged its halfmile of width with a roar which could be heard far down the calm expanse of

The dam greatly fascinated him. When in the uppermost rapid he eagerly studied the rush of the flood from the crest and noted how it broke below, the crest and noted how it broke below, while countless were the logs, slabs, trees and stumps which he had watched whirl over. Suppose some day a boat should take a plunge—could it live?

Not there, nor there, nor there—Adolphe's eyes roamed the torrent—but there, toward the Brillon shore, if

but there, toward the Brillon shore, if the imaginary boat could jump clear of the back curling water at the very foot, there surely it might escape. But Adolphe shudde ed at the fancy; he thought he would not be in the boat for all the world. The season had not been a good one for the Canelles. Fish had been scarce, summer visitors had been few. To crown all, Mme. Canelle had seized with illness which gree worse as autumn advanced. She was without medicine, without suitable food, and Adolphe became frantic with grief and terror as he saw his mother failing

day by day.

If only he could have Monsieur the doctor from Ste. Therese! But that would cost \$3. And food—his mother constantly turned away uncomplainingly from pork and fish—if only he could get some food from the store. But curses net him when he asked for credit.

"Get out, you worthless good for nothing!" snarled storekeeper Charlebois to his plea. "If you had the pluck of a water-rat you'd go to the shanty, Adolphe turned to the Ottawa, his

iend, and paddled out on its brown arrent. His mother was worse; she uch die unless he could get money. current. "O Jesu, do not let her die nurmured in numb hearted agony.

With each stroke his paddle gleamed

in the meliow of gold of the northern autumn sun. The boy saw only the gray of death. He paddled on, as a "Canelle-Canelle!" suddenly broke

a shout.
Adolphe was near the canal There stood big Sandy Macdonald, the

oreman, waving to him.
"Work here for you this afternoon,"
an the voice. "Come ashere."
Ashore? Adolphe could not paddle fast enough.

ough. A half-day's pay! Fifty
With that he could buy white
Ah! the good Virgin. The bread. blessed Virgin! He stumbled up the rocky bank to

" Join the construction gang just be

low the dam," said the foreman.

And Adolphe had shot away to find the gang before Sandy had fairly fin-ished the order.

It was fifty yards from the dam that

he passed a group of civil engineers. In their centre stood John Cameron, the contractor, who held this rich Gov-To village eye nment contract. Cameron was the biggest man betwee Adolphe halted Brillon and Montreal an instant to stare at the demigod.

"You should have seen the old barge Elsie go over two years ago," one enineer was saying, as he indicated a point geneer was saying as he indicated a point of the dam. "She missed the canal piers, and I tell you her plunge was a great sight. She hit the pike's head teef and was smashed to splinters. But what I'd like would be to see the dam

shot by cance. It might possibly be done in one or two spots."
"Well, if any reckless riverman wants to make \$50," broke in Cameron, wants to make \$59," broke in Cameron, with a laugh, "I'll give it to see him

go over in a canoe."

Adolphe heard. Fifty dollars! His eyes darted to the dam, while his face flamed scarlet. Then he went pale. The thought bewildered him. He to run the dam? But—\$50. It was his mother's life. She could have Monsies the doctor. She need not die.

But to go over the dam! Yet how often he had thought that it might be done. But now, how angry was the foam! What a horrible height it was! gh! He shivered—and yet—\$50— is mother! He knew well that place where there were no rocks and a smooth swoop of water after the curl-back

moder the plunge.

He wheeled and hurried to where Cameron laughed with his friends.
"M'sieu Cameron," he began with shaking voice, "you give feefty dollar for run de dam? I run de dam—me,

my canoe. You give me feefty

dollar 1 "Who is this fellow?" demanded

Cameron.

"Oh! he's a chap from the Brillon side. Sandy has him working here sometimes. He run the dam? Bosh!"

"He's making a bluff," laughed Cameron. "Wants glory, cheap. Wants to say he offered, eh? I know these French fellows." Then he looked at Adolphe. "Nonsense! Go back to your work and don't be silly," the great man said, not unkindly, for something in the boy's face had suddenly moved

him.
"You say you give feefty dollar for run de dam? You mean dat? Den I run de dam for feefty dollar. M'sieu Cameron," repeated Adolphe.

The engineers laughed. He's got you, Cameron,' said

It nettled the contractor. He would be made to retract his offer by this quavering scareerow of a boy.

"Oh, yes," he said, coldly. "Fifty dollars—why, certainly. After you run it. When will you go?"
"Right off. I go 'cross on de oder side. I go now."

side. I go now."

Adolphe turned to the river.
"He seems to mean it," said
Cameron, somewhat aghast.
"Pooh! He's just keeping up his
bluff," insisted the engineer, and

Yet it became known almost at one

along the works that Adolphe Canelle intended to run the dam. Men gathered in knots to discuss the thing.

But keener was the wonder on the

Brillon side of the river. Adolphe Canelle—that coward—to run the Bril-lon dam and rapids! Not Indian Minette himself, greatest of voyagers, whose name was known from Quebec city to Lake Temiscamingue, would dare such a thing. It was death, almost certain. Adolphe Canelle! In-

credible!
But no! There was no mistake.
Soon Adolphe passed up Brillon's
street, carrying his canoe over his head.
The village turned out and went behind him. For once he was followed with

At the dam most people halted.
Adolphe went on half a mile above, for ne needed a long course from the draw " of the dam in order to go

ver at the place chosen.

He kicked off his boots, and then, kneeling in his canoe a trifle aft, pad-dled her far out and pointed her down

His body felt cold. His head dizzy. Everything seemed unreal. An uncanny numbness had possession of him. There was a sickening tightness cross his heart. He paddled mechanically. Was he

actually going over the dam? Yes, he was on the water. There was the booms to his left. He vaguely noticed Pierre Latour standing on the third—the one where he caught the big catfish last spring. This was his own little cance. Yet how strange things were

paddled slowly-he might still return to shore. But he was here the sake of his mother. He would How happy they would be when she

got well! His darling mother!
"Is the water cold to day?" he won-No! no! he will not be in the He will be in his own canoe. He must paddle well. He must hold her straight for the big pine beyond her straight for the bar. There—that is it!
Durocher's wharf. There—that is it!
That is the place to take the jump.

How the current runs Now he must paddle—hard, hard! Speed, speed—that is what will save his life! It rings in his ear. Speed! Paddle, Adolphe! Force her! The water bubbles from the bows. Lift her ow! Lift-drive her through it!

His face is vivid. He pants between clenched teeth, giving a queer, strained gasp with each of those wild strokes. All his skill and experience, all frantic strength of desperation i desperation is in

Tractic strength of acceptance withis battle for speed.

The twelve feet of bark leaps with each stroke. She far outspeeds the whirling current, and yet is she held on the stroke of th even keel and rushed straight as a bul-let for the picked spot. Never before was such a paddling seen said old river-

men afterward. Now it is but a few more How deafening is the roar! How the smooth "draw" swirls here! But the cance must not swerve. The pine tree

-that is it. A few strokes! Quick Fierce ones! her through ! Drive ! Drive !

In the one instant that he was on the in the one instant that he was on the brink Adolpte was conscious of the scene—the water falling away from him and boiling back immediately beneath; the people to his right on the Brillon side yelling with excitement; the groups of man on the carel in the significant control of the side. groups of men on the canal in the distance to the left; in front of the white seething of the rapids, and beyond that the quiet water of the lower river stretching far away, snimmering in soft haze of the September afternoon.

He is on the very edge; the bow is

He is on the very edge; the bow is already past it—there it is! Notre Dame, what a leap! The good God help him—and his mother!

Then it happened as Adolphe hoped it would if he could get enough speed. Instead of pitching with the water down into that black-curling roll of death directly below the dam, the light what are clear heyond the fall. cance shot out clear beyond the fall.
As he drove the last stroke home he grasped either gunwale with a hand, and squatted lower to save the boat

from turning over as she fell. The drop lasted—lasted—how long ? The canoe struck the clear surface just beyond the line of back tow, shipped water, was righted on the s tore on down the torrent of the river

He has done it! Blessed Mary Now only the rapids are ahead. His mother is saved! He will get the money. The air seems to be full of human sound, mingled with the roar of the water. Most wonderful—it is cheer ing! It is for him! Adolphe's whole body thrills. He feels what it is to win.

Adolphe? This was not the old Adolphe. He had a new spirit in him. He was no longer a poltroon. It was a man who paddled, who guided the canoe with wonderful skill through the mad swhirl of rapids on to Brillon! On Oa to his mother! To money! friendly village proud of her so son! To the fame of the greatest feat of canoe ing known to twenty countries!

"By thunder! you're a brave lad." said Contractor Cameron, as he paid the morey. "But don't ever do that the money.

"The Bon Dieu. He must love that boy," the people said.

And Adolphe became the hero of the

whole riverside. whole riverside.

To this day the old voyagers of the Ottawa, when recounting deeds of daring, tell this very story of how Adolphe Canelle ran the great dam of Brillon and saved his dear mother's life.—Illustrated Bits.

## A MODEL LEPER COLONY. OPENED BY U. S IN THE PHILIPPINES

HAS ITS FATHER DAMIEN. A model colony for lepers has been stablished on one of the small islands of the Philippines. Strangely enough the lepers of Culion will have the distinction of occupying the only model up to date town the archipel-

According to the recent canvass made of the Philippine Islands there are about 4,000 lepers in the archipelago. Estimating that is would cost the government twenty five cents a day to care for lepers the annual cost of maintaining the entire number would

About one hundred and fifty cottages have been erected in Culion, which

counting four persons to a cottage will accommodate six hundred patients. Other cottages will be built as fast as funds are available. When vacancies are created by deaths other lepers will sent to the colony from various

The object of the government in the The object of the government in the establishment of the colony is to rid the islands one at a time of lepers. When one island is clean another will be dealt with, and thus it is hoped gradually to stamp out leprosy fro

the Islands. Culion has an up-to-date sewer and water system. It is one of the most fertile islands of the archipelago, so that those who are able can find diversion in tilling the soil and thus help to lower the expenses of maintenance. The island is adapted to cattle raising. Animals are not liable to leprosy. Consequently the plan is to raise cattle for the market and in this way if ssible make the colony self susta

ing.
Culion will have its Father Damien
in the person of Father Valles, who
has volunteered to devote his life to work in the colony. Several Sisters of Charity also have consecrated their lives to the attempt to relieve the condition of the lepers. — Catholic Universe.

## ZEAL FOR SOULS.

SERMON DELIVERED IN ST. PETER'S CHURCH, DORCHESTER, JULY 1, 1906, BY THE REV. WM. J. CARTRIGHT,

Today, as you know, my dear brethren, we celebrate the patronal feast of our Church, the Feast of St. Peter the Apostle. What a happy occasion it is for us all! What opportunities it offers for returning thanks to God that He has founded His Holy Church, or for recalling the glories of the primitive days of Christianity, or again for extolling the virtues of its first apostles martyrs; and, above all, what an its first apostles and sion it is for a word or two on a virtue dear to St. Peter's heart—zeal for souls. If the feast day of our apo patron means anything to us, it should at least inspire us with the desire to spread those truths which St. Peter r ceived from our Blessed Redeemer and in defence of which He gave His life should prompt us to use our best deavors to make the teaching and example of Christ better known It should animate our hearts with generous love for all God's children and waken within us a desire to share them all the blessed privileges which

Almighty God has ordained that there should be set apart an order of men, of whom St. Peter was the first, whose work has been and ever will be to labor for the salvation of souls. But brethren, have the people no part in this work? Are they to hold aloof, will this work? Are they to hold aloot, whit they pass by, when there are souls hun-gering for the bread of life, thirsting for the spring of living water? The priest of the Church meets thousands of his parish; but you, my people, come in contact with the tens of thousands in the world; and you, as messengers, as ministers, as apostles, should be the willing instruments in the hands of God to carry the words of truth, of hop and of everlasting life, with which yo souls have been nourished, to fellow men, to your brothers

CHRIST DIED FOR ALL. By the grace of God, I have been called to an order in the priestly the reason for whose existence in external order may these words of our Divine Savio Other sheep I have, that are not of this fold ; them also I must bring, and they shall hear My voice, and ther shall be one Fold and one Shepherd. And brethren, I would not be true to my vocation if I did not use every opportunity to dent desire of the Good Shepherd So, this morning, I intend to point out what possibly He, the Good Shepherd, calls upon you to do in the great work of saving souls. Was St. Peter dismayed when, on

the first Pentecost morning, he looked abroad over the great Roman Empire with its uncounted millions ? Did he fear to lift up his voice, and speak to the multitudes of Christ Whom they had crucified? Not he. Neith should we fear, we the children of Peter, as we look abroad over this great country of ours with its eighty millions of people. Brethren, of these millions of people. Bretaren, of these eighty millions, only thirteen millions are Catholic; of the remaining sixty-seven millions, about one half are non-church-going. Here, then, is a great multitude of souls right at our doors, whom Christ claims as His own, but we have not as yet heen brought into who have not as yet been brought into

Let us bear in mind that Christ died for all mankind. With Him was neither Jew, nor Greek, nor Gentile. All have the same right to Gentile. All have the same right to raise their hearts to Him in prayer; all, all without exception, can say: "Our Father." The whole world can look to Calvary and cry out with Isaias: Surely He hath borne our infirmities and carried our sorrows; He was wounded for our iniquities; He was bruised for our sins." Here then is the fountain of everlasting life, but not all have drunk from these living waters. And, because God in His infinite mercy has so ordained time and circumstances that we enjoy all that Christ has merited for us, we should not, therefore, bring ourselves to be-lieve that these semajors and consolalieve that these same joys and consolations are to be denied for all time to our separated brethren. God forbid!

CATHOLICS OUR BLESSINGS AS OUR BLESSINGS AS CATHOLICS.
Have you ever thoughtfully considered all the countless blessings which we enjoy? Consider how often we have come to this church, our souls bowed down with a burden too heavy for them to bear, with sins and imperfections, rebellious against our God fections, rebellions against our which have humbled us even t which have humbled us even to the dust, with sorrows that no one could assuage . We have assuage; we have come here, and have cast ourselves before God's minister of pardon and love, and poured out our souls in accents of deep contrition, begging that help and peace which the world could not give. The word of peace was spoken, the merits of our Redeemer were poured into our souls, and we are ship, strong psalmist w His tender O my soul bless His deed a ho the senti nnited wi lasting Gout of the mouth spe God, show and praise mighty c can not e soul; for silent, un God. An here on e and moth lead thei there, kn Bread of Are y ness to not you Sacred I

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