

A CHANGE OF HEART AT NINETY.

OLD AUNTIE GREEN was still waiting for a change of heart. Her well-worn Bible showed how faithfully she had sought light from the sacred pages, while within a neat little writing desk, inlaid with mother-of-pearl, were stored various thoughts and notes from her readings, written in a delicate, old-fashioned hand, and treasured carefully for future use. Uncle Green had been a staunch Baptist and a shining light in the church. When Auntie married him, she had tried hard to follow in his footsteps, had prayed and earnestly attended service, but she had never felt that inner consciousness of a "change of heart," which she felt necessary for baptism. When her sister died leaving two little children and her brother-in-law had shortly married again, Auntie, childless herself, took the little ones home. She surrounded them with heavenly care and strove to bring them up religiously and well, hoping that they would experience that call to religion which she failed to receive.

What a shock it was when a Catholic lover presented himself as a suitor for the hand of her elder niece; how sternly Auntie had refused his attentions, with horror of Papist influence! All in vain, however, for love had won the day. After years of patient wooing, Thomas Dale led his bride to the altar, baptized in the Catholic faith; Auntie, though keenly disappointed, was yet gentle in her denunciations. She had done all she could to prevent it; she would say nothing to make her niece unhappy; so when some years later, a merry little grand-niece spent the summers with her in the country, Auntie would herself hear her say her prayers morning and evening, and teach her a page of catechism on Sundays. She would allow no one to say a word against the child's faith, and when Uncle Green would laughingly tease her to go to Baptist meetings, Auntie would say: "Come, come, Nathan, let the child alone; her mother does not wish it. She shall say her prayers at home. Better a good Papist than a poor Baptist!"

Years had passed; Uncle Green had long been dead; their pretty country-place was sold, and Auntie lived with the widowed niece to whom she had been a mother in days gone by! The house had been lively with the voices and play of children, had been silent in the presence of death, had seen joy and tears, as one by one, the sons and daughters had left it for homes of their own till only Auntie and Mother, who was grandma to many little ones, were left in it. Day after day they lived their quiet life, only varied by the family visits. Grandma's unobtrusive piety and deep faith had not been without influence; many years ago Auntie had borrowed her Manual of Catholic Piety, and two or three times a year would accompany her to Mass, always remarking on her return, however, that she did not understand it all, though there were doubtless much that was beautiful. But the borrowed book was not returned; it found its place beside the Bible. The Baptist minister making his periodical visits found her less and less inclined to listen to him when he spoke of attending church, and at last he dropped the subject, making only ceremonious calls. Wrinkled and worn was she now; but the heart was warm and loving, and the bright, kind eyes never failed to smile a welcome to the children who loved her dearly, always finding it great fun to mount the stairs to pay Auntie a little visit. How strange the room seemed to them with its high post-bedstead, and straight-backed chairs. The patchwork quilt was carefully folded for the convenience of the great Maltese cat, which always spent the night on the bed, and most of the day purring contentedly at Auntie's feet, and the mahogany chest of drawers was a constant source of interest and speculation for their curiosity.

It was cold up there; but Auntie never seemed to feel it; the stove was seldom lighted, though the sunshine had ample chance to enter in, and in its warmth and brightness the magnonette and geraniums flourished—and Auntie was happy.

Auntie's eyes were growing dim, but she still did fine sewing and laundried with her own hands her wonderful wide collars and ruffs and the caps which were worn on "occasions," as when company came to drink tea or when she went to pay her summer visits to the country; for it was Auntie now who went, in her turn, to visit the little niece, grown to womanhood and mother of half a dozen children. How Auntie enjoyed those visits; how she loved that square, old-fashioned flower garden with its paths bordered with bosky box, and revelled in the bright summer mornings, picking her bouquet of fresh roses and fragrant heliotrope, or many-hued dahlia, looking fresh and sweet herself despite her ninety years. Everything interested her; she visited poultry yard and pig pen, the dogs and the cows, and enjoyed the rich milk and fresh-laid eggs. Sometimes she thought for hours under the shade of interlacing trees, or moving gently in the low swing—thoughts that somehow turned often to the religion so loved and venerated by all that household and such a source of happiness to them. Crooning snatches of old-time songs she sighed for that "change of heart" for which she had waited all her life, while memories of many years crowded upon her. On Sundays when the family carriage had driven off to Mass, the old lady would look wistfully after it, and turn for consolation to her Bible and her prayer-book.

For three summers one of the priests of the village had called on her. With his kindly jests and bright anecdotes he had made himself a welcome visitor, but it troubled him to see the gentle soul nearing eternity unbaptized and having no right to see God.

"Well, Mrs. Green, has the 'change of heart' come yet?" was his customary greeting; then cautiously bringing in some point of doctrine or practice and giving a few words of explanation, he would make his visit short, trusting to the working of grace that the few words might sink deep. "This summer she seemed more than usually feeble, and Father F— saw that there was no time

to lose if that soul was to receive the priceless gift of faith. He begged prayers from religious and from his congregation, and especially from the Sisters of Charity and their orphan charges, knowing that the Sacred Heart of Jesus could not resist the prayers of the little orphans.

"Nothing ventured, nothing won," thought he, as he took his hat and stick for a farewell visit. Auntie was to go back to town that day; the carriage was already at the door, and Auntie sat, with shawl and bonnet, laden with baskets and packages, slips of geraniums, sprigs of parsley, elderberries for wine—all the country treasures!

"Good-bye, Mrs. Green, good-bye! When may I come to see you in the city?"

"I will be pleased to see you, sir, whenever you may call," was Auntie's answer, made with old-fashioned formality.

"Then this day week you may expect me! And here is a little book to look over before I come. Will you read it?"

"I will, indeed!"

Many and long were the talks that followed. Auntie read and prayed, and at last the floodgates of God's mercy were open, and the "change of heart" had come, though as yet she knew it not! Like a little child she listened to the teachings of the good Father, and in humility of spirit prepared to enter the Church. One great difficulty, however, presented itself; she could not accept the doctrine of confession. The Father tried every possible method of making her understand, but Auntie only shook her head, answering—"You don't convince me, Father."

"Pray harder, pray harder, little children," said he to the orphans, "and pray every day till next Friday," and the zealous priest, not discouraged, said his Mass for her on the first Friday, feeling sure that he would not ask on that day in vain.

The old face was a little worried and the eyes were troubled as she sat propped up in an easy chair in the parlor. She had had a severe attack of asthma, but she somehow felt that she must see Father F— when he called. Grandma, sweet and placid, dusted and straightened the books and pictures, poked up the fire, praying silently all the time; then, hearing the Father's step, slipped away to attend to household duties. Auntie, in reaching out a slim, wrinkled hand in greeting, dropped her handkerchief, and Father F—, stooping to pick it up, heard whispered from heaven the counsel he had sought.

Chatting quietly for a few minutes he suddenly said: "Auntie, how beautifully white this handkerchief is!" Auntie was delighted. "But what do you do with it when it is soiled?"

"Why, I wash it, of course," said she.

"But when it becomes soiled again?"

Auntie looked surprised. "Why, I wash it again!"

"And is it just as white each time?" asked the Father, innocently.

"Just as white, Father."

"Are you pretty sure?"

"Indeed, Father, I wonder that you do not know that! Of course, if it is well washed, it will be just as clean and white."

"Now, Mrs. Green," said the priest, eagerly leaning forward, "that is just what we do with our souls. When they come from the bleaching waters of Baptism, they are pure and white, but they become soiled by sin, so we wash them again and again in the sacred tribunal of Penance, and each time, if they are well washed, if we have carefully looked for the ugly stains, and with humble contrition have sinned them in God's merciful love, our souls are again clean and pleasing to God."

A new light entered Auntie's soul; a great peace shone in her countenance, and after a moment's pause she yielded to grace, saying simply:

"Father, when may I receive Baptism?"

"I will be here to-morrow, Mrs. Green; pray earnestly and trust in God."

What was the good Father's dismay, on arriving the next day, to hear Auntie bring out the old words:

"Father, I do not feel the 'change of heart.' I fear to be baptized!"

Mrs. Green, you must believe me; the 'change of heart' will come after baptism," and he hurried to prepare for the Sacrament, knowing that the enemy was making a final effort to keep the citadel he had held so long.

"Ann, wilt thou be baptized?" sound the potent words; then those others, so full of wonderful strength and meaning: "Ann, I baptize thee, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."

Clothed with the white robe of innocence, the light of faith in her hand, Auntie's ninety years left her soul stainless and pure, while doubt and fear fled away as she repeated fervently: "I believe, I do believe."

Soft tears of happiness glistened in Grandma's eyes as she thanked God for His mercies, having no consciousness of the influence of her saintly example which had been the beacon light to draw Auntie to the haven of faith.

A month later Auntie made her First Communion; the children from the country had made the room bright with flowers and greens for the coming of the King of Heaven. Auntie's attacks of asthma had grown more frequent and she rarely left her room now.

"Dear Auntie, are you very happy?" whispered one of them. "Has the 'change of heart' come at last?"

"Yes, it has come, little one; my heart is at peace, for the Lord Himself has come to take possession of it."

"Auntie," continued the curious child, "what first made you think of wanting to be a Catholic?"

Dramatically the old lady closed her eyes, and went back over the scenes of her life. When had she had the first thought? Was it when the little servant maid, whom she had taken from the ship, refused to eat meat on Friday, and when Auntie, in her blindness, would not allow her to have anything else, answered—"I am a Catholic, and it would be a sin for me, and I would rather leave you than offend God?" Or was it when Thomas Dale, in spite of his chivalrous wooing, would not marry her niece, the prettiest girl in all the country round, until she had been baptized and promised to bring up her children Catholics? Or was it when she heard little Ann say her catechism, and child though she was, saw

her resist even the temptation of a festival at the Baptist church? Or was it the daily life of Mrs. Dale, in very truth, the "valiant woman" of the Scriptures—always busy, always gentle, firm in her principles and in her faith?

"Forgotten were the curious little children and unanswered their questions as she pondered on God's mercy to her "after many days!"

"Auntie, the roses are blooming—the bush near the house has spread so that the fence is all hidden. Wouldn't you like to see it, Auntie? Your birthday comes in June; I wish you and Grandma could spend it with us in the country; don't you think you will be well enough?"

Auntie smiled at the happy little children; the great cat was nesting at her feet; the flowers in the window spoke to her of the summer; the sunshine was warm and genial, and she wondered if she should be better soon, and able to sit once more beneath those chestnut trees where it seemed easier to breathe than in this city room.

When the birthday came, Auntie's summons came also, and her soul was borne by angels to the land where the heart can change no more—where joy and peace are eternal in the possession of God!—*Little Messenger of the Sacred Heart.*

IRISH EVENTS.

THE QUESTION OF FACTION DISCUSSED.

THE EFFECTS OF THE SOUTH KERRY ELECTION; AN INDICATION OF THE FEELINGS OF THE PEOPLE.

Mr. P. O'Neill Larkin, the widely-known Irish correspondent, in a letter to the *Hibernian*—the official organ of the Ancient Order of Hibernians—speaks as follows of the situation in Ireland:

Doubtless to many of my readers the situation in Ireland seems perplexing, if not disgusting, at the present moment. They see nothing but the deplorable spectacle of contending factions; they hear nothing but the bitter controversies carried on in public by the rival leaders, and they make up their minds that the whole thing is an inexplicable muddle. And yet this is in a wretchedly false view, although it is supported by the surface indications; underneath the surface, which appears so vexed and perplexing, the strong pulsations of the national aspirations are as palpable to me as the granite monument on the top of Bunker Hill is to the people of Boston.

The current of the sentiment of Irish nationality is deeper and stronger and more intense at the present time than it has been at any time during the past fifteen years, which opens the date of my first visit to Ireland. The current is all right, moving steadily onward, however the rocks and eddies of faction may vex the waters and impede their course. Don't forget that the political education of these people on democratic lines commenced less than twenty years ago, in 1879, when the Secret Ballot Act was extended to Ireland, which broke the power of the landlords and land agents over the agricultural tenants on election day. Prior to that time the latter, under the threat of eviction, were obliged to vote as the former dictated. Don't forget that the people of Ireland were prohibited by law from 1793 up to 1879 from holding a convention of delegates in any part of their country. They could not, consequently, take counsel together on questions affecting their most important interests by such representatives as they might choose. These were the days when the idea of the leadership of some one or other got so firmly implanted in the mind of the people that it is not yet eradicated, and hence it is that faction—the following of some man, who has rendered service to the cause of nationality—has been able to make such headway. It couldn't be otherwise. You can't educate a whole people in a few years from the conditions under which the Irish people were brought up to the full recognition of the cardinal democratic principle that the majority must rule.

Hence the following which Mr. Farnell had, notwithstanding the divorce court disclosures, and the faction which Mr. Timothy Healy has nursed and fostered for the past two years. The latter has, however, overdone his work. The sound, sober sense of the country, to which I have referred again and again in my letters, is coming rapidly and forcibly to the front to stamp out Healyism. I can feel this healthy pulse on every hand among men who on my arrival last June in Ireland were pronounced partisans of Mr. Healy, who were ready to indorse that gentleman's course, using all the subtle sophistry with which he furnished them to justify his conduct.

VERDICT OF THE VOTERS.

You have had the result of the South Kerry election by cable. At that election Healy and Healyism boldly coming out into the open was scorched into insignificance by the sound, sober sense of the voters at the polls. His candidate, Mr. William H. Murphy, of this city, whom I first met during the general election three years ago, received 474 votes in the constituency, to 1209 votes for the candidate, Mr. Farrell, only selected by a delegate convention of the parliamentary district. Mr. Murphy got the votes of nearly all the Redmondites and Tories of the district. Factionists, like heretics, make common cause against the principles of unity. One of the leading Redmondites in Kenmare, the most important town in the constituency, on the day of voting, on coming to the polling booth made a speech in which he declared that he had been in the front ranks and intended to remain one, "but," said he, "I will now vote for Murphy." This gentleman's name is William McCarthy. He attended on the platform from which Mr. Murphy addressed his first public meeting of the voters.

Prominent in the list of names at the same meeting which this staunch Red-

mondite attended was the name of Mr. John Brennan, the Marquis of Lansdowne's sub-agent, and the clerks in the agent's rent office made up nearly the rest of list.

A LIGHT VOTE POLLED.

Only about one-third of the registered voters of the district came to the polls. No doubt some remained at home disheartened and disgusted, but the chief cause of the small vote was the frightfully bad weather and the long distances which many of them would have to travel to get to the polling places. Some of the voters would be obliged to travel twenty miles to record their votes. Many brave hearts sound for Ireland faced the journey through the pelting rain storm to rebuke Healy and Healyism in the person of Mr. Murphy. Think of a journey of forty miles along the rugged mountain sides of South Kerry for the purpose of voting against faction and you'll get some conception of the splendid victory which sound Irish nationality achieved three days ago.

Mr. Healy himself was at hand and spoke during the campaign. A word on this point: You may recollect that I ventured to say some time ago that the Irish party, on reassembling to organize for the new Parliament, would expel Mr. Healy from the party for his conduct at Omagh. A number were in favor of doing so, but it was thought best by the majority to pursue a policy of conciliation and unity, and so instead of expelling him they elected two of his partisans, with himself, on the Executive Committee of the party. I doubted the wisdom of that course when it was suggested to me by some of the members, and subsequent events have proved conclusively that my estimate of Mr. Healy was the correct one.

The Executive Committee of the party decided upon the convention in South Kerry; it was called properly, in the usual way; it selected its candidates unanimously, as I observed in my last letter, but Mr. Healy's man, Murphy, from this city, went down to the district and claimed that the convention was not properly called, that it was packed and that it was not representative of the voters. These are the characteristic dodges of Healyism used for the purpose of justifying the crooked course before the people. Murphy got himself nominated, not by a convention, but by the number of voters required by law on nomination papers, and he immediately commenced an aggressive campaign in the interests of Healy. Dr. Fox, one of the Healyite members of Parliament, joined Murphy. Then Mr. Healy hurried over from London to lend support. The challenge before the voters was accepted by the majority of the party with the result that Healyism has been whipped from South Kerry as it will be from every constituency in Ireland whenever the opportunity arrives. Ireland is getting on its legs, so to speak. It is acquiring political education by the sharpness of all ways—experience—and it is learning rapidly.

HEALY'S NATURE GROWS MORE MALIGNANT AND MALICIOUS AS HE GROWS IN YEARS. He has made life a burden to every sensitive public man in Ireland for the past three years. By innuendo and insinuation, by whisper and by loud voice, his ribald tongue has attacked every one of his colleagues who opposed him both in their private and their public lives until life has become a burden to them.

A few months since, over in the House of Commons, not in public but private, he charged Thomas Sexton with urging Sir William Vernon Harcourt to oppose a County Councils bill for Ireland. He spread the report around that Mr. Sexton did so. Mr. Sexton, whose nature is as tender as a woman's but as brave as a lion where Ireland's cause is concerned, was goaded beyond control, but to this last of a series of vile insinuations of a similar character retorted by saying "you are a liar." I had a lengthy interview with Mr. Sexton two days since. He will not enter public life again unless the people of Ireland sit on Healy and his methods. The South Kerry election shows what Ireland will do.

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COMMERCIAL.

FLOUR AND GRAIN.

FLOUR.—Spring Patent, \$4 to \$4.15. Winter Patent \$3.75 to \$4.05. Straight Roller, \$3.05 to \$3.40. Extra, \$3.00. Superfine, \$3.00. Manitoba strong bakers, best brands, \$4.00 to \$4.00. Manitoba strong bakers, \$3.40 to \$3.75. Ontario bags—extra, \$1.40 to \$1.50. Straight Rollers—bags \$1.00 to \$1.70.

GRAIN.—Rolled and granulated \$3.75 to \$3.80; standard \$3.70 to \$3.75. In bags, granulated and rolled are quoted at \$1.80 to \$1.85, and standard at \$1.70 to \$1.80. Pot barley \$1.25 in bbls and \$2.00 in bags, and split peas \$3.50.

BRAN, ETC.—During the past week there has been fair enquiry for bran, with sales of car lots at \$14.75 to \$14.75 and \$14.25, and we quote \$14.25 to \$14.75. Shorts have been placed at \$16 to \$17.50 as to grade. Moultrie is quiet at \$20.00 to \$21.50 as to grade.

WHEAT.—Sales of New No. 1 hard Manitoba are reported at Fort William at 61c, which is equal to about 70c laid down here.

COTTS.—The market is quiet and steady at 38c to 39c in bond and at 47c to 48c duty paid.

PEAS.—Advices from Stratford state that sales have been made at a decline of fully 1c on the week, about 8,000 bush, being reported sold to one firm at 42c per 60 lbs. L.O.B. Here the market is quiet and unchanged at 46c per 60 lbs. in new.

OATS.—The sale of 600 bushels is reported at 30c and a car at 29c. Mixed oats are quoted at 28c to 28c.

BARLEY.—The sale of a car lot of malting barley reported by us last week at 55c should have read feed barley at 48c; but no such figure could be got for feeding barley to-day. Malting barley is quoted at 52c to 55c.

RYE.—Prices nominal at 51c to 52c. A sale of 2 cars is reported in the West at 42c.

MALT.—Prices are steady 70c to 80c as to quality and quantity.

PROVISIONS.

PORK, LARD, &c.—Canada short cut pork, per barrel, \$15.50 to \$16.50; Canada thin mess, per bbl, \$14.00 to \$14.50; Mess pork, American, new, per bbl, \$13.50 to \$14.00; Hams, per lb., 9c to 11c; Lard, pure, in pails, per lb., 8c to 9c; Lard, compound, in pails, per lb., 6c to 7c; Bacon, per lb., 9c to 11c; Shoulders, per lb., 8c to 8c.

DAIRY PRODUCE.

BUTTER.—Creamery, finest August, per lb., 17c to 18c; Creamery, fair to good, 16c to 17c; Townships, 15c to 16c; Western, 13c to 14c.

CHEESE.—Finest Ontario, Sept. 8c to 8c; Finest Ontario, Aug. 7c to 8c; Finest Townships, 7c to 8c; Finest Townships, Aug., 6c to 7c; Finest Quebec, Sept., 7c to 8c; Undergrades, 6c to 7c.

COUNTRY CHEESE MARKET.

Utica, N.Y., Sept. 23.—Sales at 6c to 6c to 7c.

Little Falls, N.Y., Sept. 23.—Sales at 7c to 7c.

Ingersoll, Ont., Sept. 24.—No sales.

Peterboro, Ont., Sept. 24.—Sales at 7 1/2 to 8c.

Belleville, Ont., Sept. 24.—No sales.

Madeo, Ont., Sept. 24.—Sales at 7c to 7c.

Pictou, Ont., Sept. 25.—No sales.

Woodstock, Ont., Sept. 25.—No sales.

Napanee, Ont., Sept. 25.—Sales at 8c.

COUNTRY PRODUCE.

EGGS.—Receipts fully 1c to 2c more money than a week ago, sales in 50 to 100 cases of choice candled stock being reported at 11c to 11c, and in smaller lots at 12c to 12c. Ordinary stock brings 10c to 10c.

GAME.—Partridge are steady at 50c to 60c per brace.

HONEY.—Old extracted 5c to 6c per lb. New 7c to 9c per lb. in tins as to quality. Comb honey 10c to 12c.

MAPLE PRODUCTS.—Sugar 6c to 7c, and old 5c to 6c. Syrup 4c to 5c per lb. in wood and at 50c to 60c in tins.

BEANS.—New Western medium beans are offered at \$1.10 to \$1.20 in round lots; but small lots are quoted at \$1.30 to \$1.50 as to quality.

BALED HAY.—No. 2 shipping hay, \$9.50 to \$10.00. No. 1 straight Timothy, \$10.50 to \$11. At country points, \$8.50 to \$9.00 is quoted for No. 2 and \$9.50 to \$10.00 for No. 1, according to position.

HOPS.—Market unchanged at 9c to 10c. Yearlings are quoted at 3c to 6c.

TALLOW.—Market is firm at 6c to 7c for choice and 5c for common.

FRUITS.

APPLES.—Fancy, \$1.25 to \$1.75 per bbl; Snow and Fameuse, \$2 to \$2.50 per bbl; Dried, 5c to 6c per lb.; Evaporated, 6c to 7c per lb.

ORANGES.—Jamaica, \$7.50 to \$8.00 per bbl.

LEMONS.—\$10 to \$12 per box; \$12 to \$15 per case.

BANANAS.—75c to \$1.25 per bunch.

GRAPES.—Concord, 5c to 6c per lb.; Delaware, 4c to 4c per lb.; Niagara, 3c to 4c per lb.; Tokay, \$1.75 per basket.

CALIFORNIA PEACHES.—\$1.25 to \$1.50 per box; Canadian Peaches, \$1.00 per basket; Michigan Peaches, 50c to 60c per 10-lb. basket; Do., \$3.00 per bushel bkt.

CRANBERRIES.—\$9.00 to \$9.50 per bbl.

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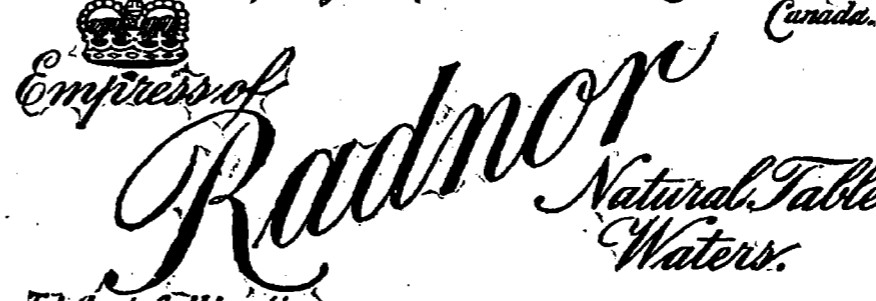
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