HIS TRUST.

In Congred Stry By Slay Carrell Charlettel.

It was a wild, torrible night. The winds sobbed and wailed through the leafless branch-s of the tree like the mournings of a lost spirit, whose tears, mingled with the rain of Hoaven, dreuhed the shuddering carth and sent a thrill of torror through its stony leart. Men, who had braved in many stages the inelemency of the weather, azing into the black awful depth of the night ere they closely barred their cottage door, breathed a prayer of thanksgiving to God for the roof that sheltered them from the raging storm. In only one home are the inmates oblivious to the tempest without, for through the halls of that mansion Death stalks in funereal garments, and laughs in hideous glee at the thought that, ere many hours another will be added to his ghastly phantom train. Within the sick room the night lamp flickers sadly, as though in sympathy for the life so eoon to be ended No sound is heard save the painful breathings of the sufferer, or the monotonous ticking of the sufferer, or the monotonous ticking of the little clock that counts away the last few moments of life that the sufferer, or the monotonous ticking of the little clock that counts away the last few moments of life with merciless accuracy. On a luxurious couch, awaiting the call of his Creator, lies the almost lifeless body of Edgar Churchill. England owned him as a shining light, his parlia montary career was one of the most brilliant recorded in history, and England's Queen amid the unanimous praise of her subjects had crowned his brow with laurels. Scarce forty years had marked his life, and, with wonder that he found it hard to resign the life that had been lent him. He stirs uneasily and a little kneeling form which had hithorto been mobserved riese and approaches the bod. The coyes of the dying man, now almost glassy in death, glow with unwonted tenderness as he gazes on the pale young face of the child he loves so dearly. She is a sweet-faced

the pale young face of the child he loves so dearly. She is a sweet-faced little creature of fourteen summers— the only human tie that blads her father's heart to earth; and in her he ever beheld the loving image of the wife he loved so dearly and whom, e'en now, he can see on the banks of that beautiful rivor strothing forth her angel hands to belp him o'er its rolling tide.

when he have a dearly always and whom, he can now, he can see on the banks of that beautiful river strotching forth her angel hands to help him o'er its rolling tide.

The child's face bears evidence of intense suffering, as with brimming eyes she gently strokes the clammy looks, and, bending tenderly, imprints a kies upon the dampening brow.

"Dear papa," she murmurs, "do you feel any easier?"

"My darling Eles," the dying man gasps, "my hours of suffering are almost ended; already I hear the heavenly murmurings of harp-strings touched by angel flugers. My barque almost touches the blessed shore and the soft welcoming echoes of the silver-voiced band have fallen as balm on my weary spirit and bidden me ejoice. But, my darling, what will become of you when I am no more?"

With a heart-rending sob she throws herself on her knees while her wail of anguish echoes through the silent halls. "Oh! papa, papa, dearest papa, do not leave me alone. Take me with you to Heaven sand mamma, I can not live here when you are gone! "A nurse, with noiseless tread, approaches the little kneeling form and softly reminds her that "papa" must not be excited.

The dying man feebly raises his hand with an unspoken petition not to dicturb her. He saks the hour.

"Ten o'clock! the woman answors.

"Ten o'clock! and he has not yet come! God grant I may see him eer I die and entrust my darling to his care."

I die and entrust my darning to mo care."

While yet he speaks the rumble of wheels is heard as a carriage rolls o'er the gravelled path. From out it springs a man closely mulled, yet, withal drenched to the skin. Bidding the driver see to the horses, he enters the building just as a desfening crash of thunder almost shakes it to its foundation. Hastily finging aside his dripping garmente he bids a servant conduct him to the room of his reaster.

But—a word concerning this man. He was of medium stature, rather thickly built, dark hair and eyes, and skin tanned to almost an olive hus from exposure to Southern suns. At a glance it can be seen that he is a brother to the dying man, for the resemblance between them is too strong to admit of more distant relationship. Yet his face lacks something. Where in the one is plainly read determination and strength of character, Roy Churchill, our new acquaintance impresses one at once as a good natured man, but of no force or resolution; weak, too sasily led. -a word concerning this man oquaintance impresses one at once as good natured man, but of no force or resolution; weak, too sanily led. its life since he left College was nerely an aimless existence; being reall provided for by bis father and modern op resessing need to work for his iving, he spent the most of his time; no travelling from place to place, pending as he went, and with but title thought of the higher and holier utiles of life. He had never married, seming it probably too great an exertion (on his part) to rouse himself from the careless life he had been sading. He was in Spain when the sleggam reached him announcing his roether's illness and summoning him to his deathbad. Our introduction tow complete we will follow him up to the chamber of death.

Entering the room he is visitly moved at the sight that meets his gaze. The little Elaa, when he had last seen as an infant in her mother's arms, and whom he now hardly recognizes in the tall prilish figure before him, kneels in all the abandonment of frantic grief by the couch of the father she so fondly loves. She calls pitcously to him to send mamma back if he cannot stay himself; but—can that really be his brother, the loved companion of his boyhood? A mist dims the oyes of the wanderer as he advances slowly to the bedside of the sufferer. Words fall him. He mutely presses the boy hand and in sobs sinks on his knees. There, with his arm around the shivering child, he pledges his word that he will protect her and never let her feel the want of a father's care, The dying man hearsely gasps, "I thank Thee, Lord' and, with a sigh of infinite gratitude, resigns to his Greator the life that had been lent him. The last sight that meets his earthly gaze is the kneeling forms of his orphan child and lately-found brother. The clock tells "eleven," his earthly gaze is the kneeling forms of his orphan child and lately-found brother. The clock tells "eleven," his earthly gaze is the kneeling forms of his orphan child and lately-found brother. The clock tells "eleven," his earthly gaze is the kneeling forms of his orphan child and lately-found brother. The clock tells "eleven," his earthly gaze is the kneeling forms of his orphan child and lately-found brother. The clock tells "eleven," his earthly gaze is the kneeling forms of his orphan child and lately-found brother. The clock tells "eleven," his earthly gaze is the kneeling forms of his orphan child and lately-found brother. The clock tells "eleven," his earthly gaze is the kneeling forms of his orphan child and lately-found brother. The clock tells "eleven," his brother meets the same share, and the flower meets that eleven, and the flower meets that eleven her meets the same share, the palace and the cottage, sid yet "its something to which we can never become and

day we too must share the same fate.

II.

Two years later. In a little quiet town on the banks of the Rhine a stately old convont rears its massive walls. Large groves of majestic trees shade it from the outside world and give to it an air of charming seclusion. A crowd of young girls stand together in one of the garden walks, their happy, rippling laughter, floating like a refreshing breeze through the sultry heat of the Summer day. We recognize among them our friend Elsa, now a charming maiden of sixteen—the life and sunshine of that convent home.

home.
"Oh! Elsa," one of her companions "Oh! Elsa," one of her companions cries. "What glorious fun 'twill be! Just think of a whole long day to roam at will through the wools; and Sister Alphones says that we will all sleep to-night at the Chateau so that there may be no delay in the morning. I am going to gather enough nuts to last till Christmas, and —"
"Yes," excitedly broke in another, "and I home a anot far up on the

"Yes," excitedly broke in another,
"And I know a spot far up on the
mountain side where the most beauti ful wild flowers grow in profusion.
We will gather enough to make a
crown, and Elsa, as our queen, shall
wear it."

wear it."
"Oh! Yes, 'tis a grand idea!"
came in chorus from the rest, while
Elsa modestly demurs and begs that
another more worthy might wear it in
her stead.

another mure warm,
her stead.
Their lively chatter is intercupted by the approach of Sister Alphonse, who bids them prepare for their pleasure trip, as the carriages will be there in an hour to convey them to the Chateau.

Such merry shouts, and happy,

Such merry shouts, and happy, playful words, ring through the air as they gaily trip towards the convent, and such lurrying and breathing before all are comfortably seated within the spacious vehicles! A drive of three miles through the most delightful German scenery did not, we may be sure, dampen the exuberance of their youthful spirits; and, when at last, the Chateau appeared in view, their excitement had reached huch a pitch that even the gentle voice of Sister

the Chateau appeared in view, their excitement had reached huch a pitch that even the gentle voice of Sister Alphonse could not reduce them to quietude. A ringing shout rent the air, and their happy hearts overflowed with keen enjoyment of the delightful holicay that had been granted them. "The Chateau," as they all familiarly called it, was an old building of quaint and unique design. The former ower, dying childless, had willed it to the Sisters of Mercy, and here, on special occasions, the pupils of the convent were treated to a rural holiday.

holiday.

This time the old housekeeper had This time the old housekeeper had called forth all her skill and a tempting supper swated the hungry crowd of girls on their arrival there, to which, needless to say, they did more than justice. The shades of night fell all too soon, and with glorious plans for the morrow and fervent prayers for the avoid and their syslids and happy dreams floated that eyelids and happy dreams floated past the mental gaze of each saugly pillowed head that slumbered on, peacefully oblivious of the awful fate that awaited them.

A smothered cry of "Fire" a few

that awaited them.
A smothered cry of "Fire" a few
hours later broke abruptly on their
repose and struck terror to the hearts
of all; and ghastly frightened faces
rushed frantically to and fro, madly

searching for some passage by which to escape the awful death that stared them in the face. In the eastern wing of the building, where the fire them in the face. In the castorn wing of the building, where the fire started, Elsa and two of her companions slept. In the frenzy that seized all they were forgotten until a panting crowd stood safely outside the burning building and realized with horror that their three dearest ones were missing, and with no possibility of rescue; for all the building was in tames and sure death awaited any one who entered. Some of the peasants, who by this time had arrived on the scene, serambled by means of a ladder to the castern window and canno down bearing one fainting form; but before the ascent could again be made the floor had fallen, and, with a wail of anguish, the terrified girls calized that "their queen" and her companions would be crowned in Heaven instead of on the mountain side.

Heaven instead of on the mountain side.

Morning slowly dawned, and the sun gazed down on as ghastly a sight as ever marred this fair earth. Ifuddled togother in horror-stricken silence this light-hearted girls of yesterday behold their beautiful mountain home a mass of smoking ruins, with not a timber left to remind them of what had been but one short day before.

Soon began the frightful task of searching for the dead, and 'mid monas of anguist there were brought forth the charred remains of what all supposed to be the two unfortunate girls.

It was with sad and weary hearts

income or aguing there were brought forth the charred remains of what all supposed to be the two unfortunate girls.

It was with sad and weary hearts the happy crowd of yesterday slowly wended their way back to the Convent, weeping bitter tears of grief for the dear companions whose faces in death no syo could see. A ghastly-looking pall covered the, few hones that remained of what but a few short hours before was all life and vivacity; and moans filled the hearts where once mirth and laughter roigned supreme. At the Convent, where the news of the disaster had preceded them, the sisters moved along with white scared faces, scarcely trusting thomselves to speak of the dread catestrophe that had overtaken their merry band; and when the mournful cortege reached its destination the hour of affliction was indeed a bitter one.

A telegram brought Roy Churchill, the uncle and grardian of Elsa, in a frenzy to the spot, wildly calling on the Lord to take hie life in reparation as he cursed himself for bearing the evil cause of Elsa's fatal death. The poor charred bones, that no could possibly identify, were quietly laid to rest 'neath the shadow of their Convent home, and bitter briny tears steeped the sold turf above them, while fervent prayers rose like incemes from the depths of pure innocent hearts. Roy Ohurchill, after the last sad rites were over, rushed to Paris and there plunged into the wildest career of dissipation, thinking to obtain relief from the sickening terror that was gnawing even to his heart's core. We leave him and trace our steps to a humble cottage—the home of a German peasant and his family.

III.

III.

In a tiny room scrupulously neat and clean, stands a snowy bed whereon a young girl tosses in the height of a raging fever. Her delirious incoherent ravings and the deathly glare of the sightless eyes fill the heart of the sightless eyes fill the heart of the sightless eyes fill the heart of the old German housewife with a tender compassion, and she murmurs "poor lamb!" as the smoothes the burning brow of the sufferer. A physician steps noiselessly in, and, in a whisper, enquires if any change is discernible. "None whatever," the woman replies. "She raves incessantly and nothing can be gathered from what she says but 'uncle Roy' and 'England.' If I knew to whom the poctlamb belonged I would gladly find her her people; but, as it is, I must be faithful to the trust the Lord has placed in me, and tend her carefully till she herself can tell me her story. "And you do not her?" the doctor questioned in visible surprise. "How then came she here and in your care?" "Well! "Tis rather strange how it all came about. My husband, who has been working in the stone quarries of E— while on his way to the mountains, passed a building that had been lately burned, for a few faint wreaths of smoke still howered over

has been working in the stone quarries of E.— while on his way to the mountains, passed a building that had been lately burned, for a few faint wreaths of smoke still howered over one corner of the ruined pile. About the only thing that the fire had left was a large iron box—a sort of wardrobe, and this at once attracted his attention. Approaching it, he examined the rude workmanship and, putting forth all his strength, he lifted one corner and beheld the unconscious form of a girl beneath. No house was in sight, and help was far from him, so he just lifted the poor young thing into his cart and brought her to me, knowing she would be well cared for here.

"Now are singuines oben made? Plass no one searched for the girl?"

"No! Nor do we even know who who owned the place where she was found; but, use your utmost power. Doestor, and sure her as soon as you can, for I know she is mourned by some one, and, till she herself can tell us, I fear her name will be untold."

Through days and night of interest.

ner name will be untold."

Through days and nights of intenes suffering the patient woman wakehed by the bedside of the sick girl, but no words passed the parched lips awe the ravings of a fevered brain—no giange of recognition greeted the tired watch-

er. Days lengthened into weeks be-fore the fever spents its fury and left a wasted little form as a remnant of its

wasted little form as a remnant of its pittless ravages.

One bright morning Elea (for it was no other than she) again opened her eyes to earthly objects. Her eyes wandered enquilingly around the room and at last rested on the kneeling form of the pessant woman, but all seemed strange, and, try as she would, she could not remember the place. The woman rose from her knees to find the large lustrous eyes fixed on her with a runte questioning gaze, and the tender lips struggling to frame the words that scarce would come.

come.
"Yes, my dear," the woman come.

"Yes, my dear," the woman cried,
"I know what you would ask me.
You have been ill a long, time, but I
trust in God that the danger now is
over. Do not try to think of it. You
will remember all through time, and
be ablo then to tell us where we may
find your friends."

"Oh! I see it all again!" the suck
girl gasped. "That awful fire! How
was I rescued? Are the others sufe?
Oh! Sister Alphonse, when will you
come?"

The strain was too gwall for her.

was I resound? Are the others sufe? Oh! Sister Alphonse, when will you come?"

The strain was too much for her, and with a quivering sigh she again relapsed into unconsciousness, just as the doctor entered the door.

The woman repeated to him the words of the girl and her call for Sister Alphonse.

"Why," he said, "some of her friends must be in a convent—the nearest is ten miles away. Send at once and ascretain if there is a Sister Alphonse among them, and if so, bid her come at once, for at the most 'tis but a matter of a few days with our patient. This last shock, I fear, has been too much for her, and I can see no hope of her recovery."

With all speed a messenger was despatched to the Convent of the Sisters of Mercy, and Sister Alphonse informed that a dying girl asked for her, adding an urgent request to come and make happy her last hours. The kind sisters were somewhat puzzled at the strangely delivered message, but, faithful to the voice of duty they set forth—Sister Alphonses and the Superioress of the Order, and lots no time in reaching the bedside of the sufferer.

They entered the room, and Sister They entered the room and the Superior the sufferer.

time in reaching the bedside of the sufferer.

They entered the room, and Sister Alphouse, with a low cry of terror, sank on her knees as ahe recognized in the emacisted form before her Elsa, the treasured darling of her heart.

The dying girl moved not. No sign of consciousness was visible in the set, expressionless face, but the lips of the Sister's moved in silent prayer while the doctor tried every means in his power to restore even a few moments' consciousness. The peasant woman, seeing that the girl was recognized, proceeded to relate the circumstances which led to her being there, and the finding of her unconscious body beneath the iron wardrobe, while the Sisters listened with blanched faces to the tale of her long siege of suffering when they mourned her as dead, and resting calmly in the quiet convent resting calmly in the quiet convent

churchyard.

The night dragged slowly along, and towards morning the girl slowly opened her eyes with the raptured ory of "Mama, Papa, I am coming. Wait for me!! The swift return to consciousness was but of short duration. A grateful glance of recognition she beamed on Sister Alphonse, and lay back peacefully in her arms, while a smile of calm, heavenly contentment, settled on her marble brow, now damp with the dews of death.

Faw words were uttered, the scene

settled on her matols orow, now camp with the dows of death.

Few words wore uttered the scene being too holy to be marred by lanquage. Elsa lay like a beautiful vision approaching the "Great White Throne," her confessor on one side and Sister Alphonse on the other. They had found her but to lose heryet not for aye. In the happy home to which her spirit journeyed they would meet again and parting pangs no more they would suffer. She sank, slowly sank, and when the rays of the sun beamed upon the cottage window she had opened her eyes in the bright land beyond.

The news of her death reached Roy

of the sun beamed upon the cottage window she had opened her eyes in the bright land beyond.

The news of her death reached Roy Churchill on his arrival at the Hotel—, Paris, after leaving the greater part of his fortune in a notorious gambling den. Scarcely knowing they, he packed a few articles of apparal and set out for F——, his heart full of remorne for his sinful deads. The mystery attending the discovery of Elsa had been explained to him, and as he journeyed along he felt a thrill of repentance steat through his heart, and to this inspiration of graces he gave heed.

Kneeling humbly by the bier of the dead maiden he bitterly thought of the trust his dead brother bad reposed in him, and asked pardon of the Lord for the simless, reckless life he had been leading. With what remained of his once princely fortune he settled down in a quiet corner of the old German town where he might daily wist Elsa's grave; and there he spent his life in performing deeds of charity, and laying up stores of good works, by which he won the fervent prayers and gratitude of all the poor and afflicted. As he grew old and death draw near, loving hands were ready to minister to his wants and "God blees the kind Englishman and rest his soul in Heaven" was the prayer that speal him on his voyage to the other shore where Else wasted, with Lapa and Mama, to welcome "Uncle Roy."

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OCTOBER MAGAZINES.

Walsh's Illustrated Magazine.

Natural Illustrated Magazine
washir Illustrated Magazine
is a new claimant for favor among the
Catholic publications of the Dominion.
In the publications of the Dominion
in the publications of the Dominion
in the publications of the Common the
In the publications of the Common the
In the publications of the Catholic people." but
unlikethe Amorican Catholic magazines,
the outside cover is without any distinctive religious mark or declaration
of Catholic principles. The intention,
therefore, is the launching of an enterprise into the field of periodical literature not strictly confined to Catholic
discussions and this is a praiseworthy
feature. We hearthy welcone the new
comer, and bespeak support for to nthe
broad ground that overy fresh ovadence
of the capacity of our people for good
literature dese ves, and should receive,
encouragement. We are well pleased
too, with the initial number which
contains amongst its contents two
articles of merit and interest. Rev. Dr.
Treacy contributes a paper on the
subject of 'Cirristian Duty' which has
engrossed the world of religion since the
publication of the Holy Father's Lotter
to the English people, and which is
certain to develop more and more
carnest, intelligent and profitable attention in the future until the happy day
when all Cliristian But once more acknowlego-ous/fold and universal Church.
Dr. Treacy looks to the press and public
for the furtherance of the great project of
union, declaring that: "where comment
can and should be made; where praise
and without disparagement to the
stances; where un Christian charity, here
is the place operation in what is professcelly opposed to Christian charity, here
is the place operation in what is professcell opposed to Christian charity, here
is the place for the newspaper to cry out
and spare not, and to show itself not so much the servant of the public mind as
the leader and modeler of public opinion."
This is strong and referedning writing,
and it may be added that the writer much the servant of the public mind as the leader and modeler of publicopiation. This is strong and refreshing writing, and it may be added that the writer takes occasion oven now to compliment the Globe and World newspapers for what they have already done in this regard. The other article is contributed by Mr. W. H. Higgins a veteran journalist, who writes some "Personal Remissecuces of Thomas D'Arcy McGee." This is a very readable and deeply sympathetic sketch of McGeo's character as a patriot and a kind hearted loveable man. Mr. Higgins writes with ease and graco, and he will be welcomed back by many admirers among the literary assembly where for so many years he was a familiar figure.

Walsh's Magazine contains sixty pages of letter press or about 40 newspaper columns and is issued at \$1,00 a year.

The Canadian Magazine.

pages of tester pages of a space of pages of tester pages of tester pages of tester pages of the pages of the

tound the life led by these people was so thorough and sincere I grew to be very for I of the m, and to give you some idea of how it indiancied my after life I sent two of my sisters to this place, where there was a very fine girl's school is pt by the naise, and they became Catholice. Yet, through all these years the old priest never asked me to become a Catholic, though the Archib-idop of Rome once sent for me and asked: Are not your people afraid of your becoming a Catholic.

Resiew of Resieva.

Mort ou vivant diton,
A Saiste Anne, use fols dolt
Always in the lead of our Catholic periodical literature the Catholic World this mouth maintains its place with papers that have all the value of belonging to what the world is thinking on.

papers that have all the value of belonging to what the world is thinking on.

The Atlantic Menthly.

The broad cultured mind of the late Mr. Honry Oscar Houghton cleared for the Atlantic Monthly a distinct place in literature, not in America only, but in the old world as well. This position it casily continues to hold, and there is an attractive free about the magazine altogether which Canadian fload in a nore intelligent way than any other periodical we know of. The October number is rich and varied in its contents, a particularly instructive article having the property of the contents of the cont

Catholle Ilone Angel, 1896.

Messrs. Benziger Brothers have just published their Catholic Home Annual for 1896 which should find a welcome in every Catholic family. A book of this kint, is a necessity in the home, and when publishers succeed in producing an annual that is worthy of commendation Catholics ought to know it. Benziger's is deserving of every praise, and is far ahead of its predocessors. This year it appears in an entirely new form with now cover, new features, and increased reading matter, embracing attractive illustrated stories by the best Catholic writers of the continent, such as Dr. Maurice Francis Egan, historical and descriptive sketches, biographics and reading for the young. It contains also seven full page illustrations on heavy toned paper and over seventy, dive other illustrations. It is in every sense a delightful annual for Catholics.

The Campapittae.

Rudyard Kipling makes his last ap pearance as a teller of Jungle Stories in The Cosmopolitan for October, "Mowgl Leaves the Jungle Forever." The Cos Loaves the Jungle Forever." The Cos-mospolitan announces that it will begin the publication in January of Yhe Agriculturist's Illustrated Magazine, to be fully the equal of The Cosmopolitan, but containing from sixteen to twenty pages by the ablest agricultural writers of the world, upon subjects of importance to the agriculturist, horticulturist and stock-growing interests.