

HIS TRUST.

It was a wild, terrible night. The winds sobbed and wailed through the leafless branches of the trees like the wailing of a lost spirit, whose tears, mingled with the rain of Heaven, drenched the shuddering earth and sent a thrill of terror through its stony heart.

Entering the room he is visibly moved at the sight that meets his gaze. The little Elia, whom he had last seen as an infant in her mother's arms, and whom he now hardly recognizes in the tall girlish figure before him, kneels in all the abandonment of frantic grief by the couch of the father who so fondly loves. She calls piteously 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 eyes of the wanderer as he advances slowly to the bedside of the sufferer. Words fail him. He mutely presses the icy hand and in sob sobs 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 hoarsely gasps, "I thank Thee, Lord!" and, with a sigh of infinite gratitude, resigns to his Creator the life that had been lent him.

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 started, Elia 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 flames and sure death awaited any one who entered. Some of the persons, who by this time had arrived on the scene, scrambled by means of a ladder to the eastern window and came 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 realized that "their queen" and her companions would be crowned in Heaven instead of on the mountain side.

or. Days lengthened into weeks before the fever spent its fury and left a wasted little form as a remnant of its pitiless ravages. One bright morning Elia (for it was no other than she) again opened her eyes to earthly objects. Her eyes wandered unquivering around the room and at last rested on the kneeling form of the peasant 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 mute questioning gaze, and the tender lips struggling to form the words that scarce would come.

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OCTOBER MAGAZINES. Walsh's Illustrated Magazine. Walsh's Illustrated Monthly Magazine is a new champion for favor among the Catholic public. The Editor's announcement of the magazine is described as "especially intended for the Catholic people," but unlike the American Catholic magazines, the outside cover is without any distinctive religious mark or emblem.

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. The Canadian Magazine, which has now climbed into an assured place among the periodicals of America, continues to show increasing evidence with every issue of the estimation in which it is held by the public.

the Sacred Heart Messenger published a most interesting and valuable number for October. The number is Father Gazo's description of missionary life in Madagascar. The Jesuits, indeed, seem to be trained journalists, and the style of this paper, like so many we have seen in the same magazine, is admirable for the practical abundance of information and religious lessons that are combined in graceful and entertaining language.

II.

Two years later. In a little quiet town on the banks of the Rhine a stately old convent rears its massive walls. Large groups of majestic trees shade it from the outside world and give 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 Elia, now a charming maiden of sixteen—the life and sunshine of that convent home.

III.

In a tiny room scrupulously neat and clean, stands a snowy bed where a young girl tosses in the height of a raging fever. Her delirious incoherent ravings and the deathly glare of the shining eyes fill the heart of the old woman housewife with a tender compassion, and she murmurs "poor lamb!" as she smooths the pillow and gently soothes the burning brow of the sufferer. A physician steps noiselessly in, and, in a whisper, enquires if any change is discernible.

IV.

The night dragged slowly along, and towards morning the girl slowly opened her eyes with the rapt cry 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 dew of death.

Sacred Heart Messenger.

Messrs. Beniger Brothers have just published their "Catholic Home Annual" for 1896 which should find a welcome in every Catholic family. A book of this kind is a necessity in the home, and when publishers succeed in producing such a book, it is worthy of commendation. The "Catholic Home Annual" is a deserving of every praise, and is far ahead of its predecessors. This year it appears in an entirely new form with new cover, new features, and in-creased reading matter, embracing attractive illustrations of the most artistic writers of the continent, such as Dr. Maurice Francis Egan, historical and descriptive sketches, biographies and readings for the young. It contains also a full page of illustrations on heavy toned paper and over seventy-five other illustrations. It is in every sense a delightful annual for Catholics.