THE CATHOLIC RECORD

"I really did," he said, looking at 'There now, wife! Don't carry on said he soothingly, a her, unaware that his face had grown strangely tender, for the impulse was Arthur thought he had never heard a strong upon him to take the slender man's voice so tender. form in his arms and close the blue Arthur's here to decide all your eyes with his kisses. Then, like a doubts for you, so go on and tell him blow from a strong hand, came the about Milly.

'Yes, Steve, I haven't forgot Mr. Arthur's here and that he is my judge," and as she spoke she turned made to himself on the spot only the day before. He flung mood and recollection from him, and to escape her burning eyes upon the young man on the other side of the bed. from them, he plunged into a differ You've been a good friend to us all

"Milly's mother is very sick," he along, Mr. Arthur, and if you think "I do not think there is any when I am through that you gave your kindness to one that was w chance for her recovery. She thinks so herself, I fear. She asked that I and undeserving, don't let that turn you against my old man. He had no should not go to town this morning, until after she had the opinion of the hand in it, except that he shielded And that is the reason, I reckon, doctor. There seems to be some me. thing on her mind besides the condiwhy he's been so unlucky. He ought to have made me confess the wh tion of her health. There was always something peculiar about this thing. He would have done so, Mr. Arthur, for he is a right-living man, woman to me. She gave me the impression of one whose conscience was if he had not loved me so much. hard to strike down the love of your troubling her. If that should be the case, it is a minister she needs, not a heart. sir."

So opposed to nature is the act," said Arthur, "that there is always a doubt left in the mind of those witnessing it if that one's love were deep and true."

"I knew you would not blame him," said she triumphantly. knew he had lived too long under your eyes for you not to understand him. And now I can tell you everything and take your opinion whatever it may be, since he will not have to share it.'

She paused for a minute, during which she breathed heavily, then she began her story. "I was born in the West Virginia

mountains," she said, "and worked hard with my father all my girlhood. When I married my husband came to live with us. The year after our marriage the war broke out. father took up arms against the South, and my husband fought for it, and with this division, you may judge what I suffered. They left within a week of each other, and my father never came back. That year my first child was born, and neither father nor grandfather ever saw it. When it died and I had to bury it with my own hands, I thought my

heart broke. Now I believe it did. for I became a changed woman, and though I have two other children, I never loved them as other mothers love their offspring, as I had loved she my first baby.

'When the war was over, my poor husband came back, broken in health and to a ruined home. Our place had often been visited by raiders from both sides, one revenging themselves because of my Union father, other because of my Confederate husband. Stock, crops, the little money we had saved, everything but the land and house was gone. We had not the heart to take up life bravely, and yet we had not the courage to quit it. For several years we dragged on this sort of an existence, and then that came to us, brought by me, which sent us far

from the mountains. 'The two wealthiest men of the neighborhood lived in the village in the valley. They were brothers, and between them there existed the deadliest hate. Like my husband and father, they had been on differ ent sides during the war, and though when it was over they laid aside their guns, they brought back their enmity. The brother who had been on the Southern side, had married a Virginian lady whom he had met She was yery beautiwhile a soldier. ful and of good family, but of course she had lost everything, and was fortunate in finding a husband who was fairly well off. You see when

the war began, the father of the two men turned everything he possessed, cent the land, into gold, and went

TO BE CONTINUED.

SIR THOMAS MORE AS MASS

SERVER

The story is told that Blessed

Thomas More, the Lord Chancellor

could so lower himself.

A MYSTERIOUS SICK CALL

The incident I am about to relate is a true one; it was told me by the priest to whom it occurred, although said the priest. am not giving his name nor that of situated.

In a certain large English town where poverty and destitution were rife, was a crowded court in which none but the most indigent lived. All the houses in it had a squalid, forlorn appearance ; some apparently falling down and leaning one against the other as if for support, and most of them having broken windows ; the missing glass being replaced, many of the inmates, probably the more chilly ones, with brown paper or bits of rag. These houses were let to several families, each room It's being so over-crowded that it was a wonder fever and disease of every description were not more busy in supplementing what semi-starvation was daily doing — decreasing their number by death. Half clothed and

their mimic boats of wood or paper met on the stream of dirty water which sir." Hardly any but its inhabitants passed through the court. Even the costerongers seldom visited it, excepting perhaps on a Saturday night when ey wished to get rid of their refuse stock. Poverty was too apparent to make a sale a likely event.

In a tiny attic of one of the houses, on a little truckle bed, lay a poor woman, old and sick. Her surroundings, poor as they were, were scrupulously clean, and the room tolerably airy, for being at the top of the house (the highest the court could boast of) its little open window let in air. Seated by the bedside on the only chair which the room possessed was earn a little girl, who from her size day. appeared seven or eight years of age, although she bore upon her face that look of premature age so noticeable amongst very poor children, more especially girls. On a rickety table standing near the bed were a few slices of dry bread and a cup contain ing some very weak tea, which the now and again held with evident solicitude to the woman's lips.

" Drink some yourself, Nellie," said she at last, with an effort, as if talk-

ing pained her. "Oh, no, Grannie," replied the child, "I'm neither hungry nor thirsty. Don't you know that kind man at the milk shop gave me such a nice drink of milk this morning. when he bought those flowers of me. wanted to bring it home to you, but he made me drink it."

"He saw you were tired, dear," the yoman said ; " but take a piece of bread with you when you go out, for you may get hungry before all your flowers are sold; and I'll try and sleep whilst you are away." Upon this Nellie proceeded to tie

up in bunches some cowslips, bluebells, and other field flowers, which were in a basin of water, and arranged them in a little shabby hand basket. This done, she put on her tattered straw hat, and gently kissed the old woman, who was now asleep, she stole quietly out of the room.

A few weeks later a Catholic priest might have been seen returning to home after an evening spent in making sick calls amongst the poor. His church was the only one in the town, and he was the sole priest.

He was tired and longing for a

The man said this at intervals with his pipe between his lips, and puffing away as he spoke, and in a sullen,

rather rude manner. "But I was sent for, so I suppose " I don't know nothing about your

town where his church was being sent sir," replied the man; "and as to sickness, there's always some one sad, sick or sorry here; but there's an old woman up top that's mortal bad I believe—the child Nellie was crying about her this morning."

This was enough for Father Browne who, after ascertaining which was the poor woman's room, climbed the stairs to find it.

A knock at the door brought our by little friend Nellie, and the priest walked to the bedside of the sick woman, who, to his question if she had sent for him, replied feebly that she had not. "But you are a Catholic I sup-

pose?" said Father Browne. "No. sir. I am not : I belong to no religion in particular, and there's so number by death. Half clothed and sickly-looking children played list-lessly on the doorsteps, or floated ne to do His will; I want to do it

on the stream of dirty water when from time to time took its course down the center of the ally; but all own the center of the ally; but all priest waited a few minutes before addressing her. He then quietly spoke of religion in a general way-of God's love for His creatures etc., and not only this, but he in quired into her position, for, from what he saw of surroundings, he feared that she must be suffering from the direst poverty, and that

probably she was needing even food. It was too late then to buy anything, but he told Nellie to come to the Presbytery early in the morning,

when his housekeeper should have a few things ready for her to take to her grandmother. He then left, after promising at the sick woman's earnest request to come again next

His visits after that were frequent for he here saw a soul longing to be saved, and nothwithstanding his first hope that the food and comforts he was now supplying her might event-ually restore her to health, he soon saw that her end was not far distant. Her spiritual condition was, however, a great consolation to him. She took in with avidity and childlike confi dence all that he taught her; her

simple faith was most touching, and when at last, after instructing in all that was necessary, he baptized her and brought her into the true fold, her expressions of gratitude for her new found happiness were a cause of great thankfulness to the priest, who had been God's instrument

From time to time he had learned all her circumstances. She had been the wife of a clever, well-to-do work man, but one who had met with evil ompanions and lost all through drink, so that when he died he left her penniless, and she had to support herself as a charwoman, until from age and sickness she lost most of her work, and was at length so reduced

as to be compelled to rent that poor little room in the cheapest and worst neighborhood of the town. A neighbor in an adjoining room had been very kind to her and helped her much although nearly as poor as herself. When this good neighbor died and left her little girl quite destitute and without kith or kin to take her,

had adopted her, though the little one was then only five years old, and needing food, which often she could scarcely give her. The latter part of her history the rest, so that his house keeper's words when she opened the door were a anything that might redound to her credit : but when she came to Nellie's care of her, then, indeed, she was "For didn't Nellie," eloquent. she said, "provide for her now?"-Grannie, as she had taught her to call her-going out every morning into the fields, when the flowers were in bloom, and making up pretty In Recket's Court, Father ; the little nosegays and selling them. And then when there were no flowers 'Oh, I know the court," said the to be had, she would go to the small houses on the outskirts and find employment cleaning doorsteps, running errands, etc. There never was such another little maiden, by the old woman's account, and she her as though she were a child of he own. Now that she knew herself to be dying the little girl became her one anxiety. "What would become of her?" Good Father Browne soon eased In a short time Father Browne had her mind in that respect. He had been interesting himself about the way to Recket's Court. The town was child before her Grannie broached a very non Catholic one and dissent the subject, and had found a kind lady amongst his parishioners willing to befriend her. It was not long before this lady came and made friends both with Nellie and the dying woman. Nor did she content herself with one visit, but might those outside the Church, so that have been frequently seen with

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THE WATERS OF CONTRADICTION Author of " Cardome," " Borrowed From the Night " CHAPTER XI-CONTINUED single thought.' A passion of revolt took possession

of the girl's heart. She was not one tamely to submit to injustice, and so she termed this interference with her inclinations. Arthur was and had long been the friend Jasper could never be. Companionship with him, even when in his worst mood, was more congenial than with any one she had ever known; and while she might be ready to make other sacrifices, she withheld this knowing she thereby preserved her own happiness. For this once, she told herself in the

BY ANNA C. MINOGUE

TWO

calm that followed, she would submit; afterward-Recalling this determination, a blind rage seized her as she flung herself on the piazza bench that Sunday evening, while down the road sounded the feet of the departing horse, bearing Jasper to his home. With the power of decision in her own hands, she had deliberately chosen to continue to be the tool of her mother's dislike and ambition. him to you when your eyes got tired, Nothing could have been easier than for her to show Jasper she did not desire their acquaintance to pass the bounds their school days hud estab He would have understood lished. her and thanked her for the regard

for him such an act showed. To the high-minded young man nothing been more painful than could have the thought that he was causing her unhappiness. 'He will come again," she told light would have made another

herself, while the beat of the horse's, shrink. hoofs sounded on her ears like a and calmly said : knell, "and Arthur will not. Then I "The poet wo shall get angry some day and offend Jasper, and I shall lose both my friends. I wish I had gone to White Sulphur. They do not need me here as I imagined. Father wants no one but brother, and little sister is more to mamma than I ever was or may hope to be. The only ones who really need me are Aunt Jenny and Uncle Major.'

She broke into tears overwhelmed by the thought that only to the appiness of two old negroes was she necessary; for to youth the belief that the world revolves around it is the most vital of its superstitions. The pathetic thought recurred to her the following morning and sent her to the pantry to prepare a basket for her black friends.

'Aunt Jenny is getting very feeble" she said to her mother, "and able to cook as she used to do." and not

Why not send for Joe to carry down the basket ?" said the mother. It is so warm for you to go.'

"I do not mind the heat," said Lucy, tying on her garden hat. "And

they like to see me." "But you must not forget, Lucy," said Mrs. Frazier, "that you are no longer a little girl. What is permissible in a child may be questionable

in a young woman. What is wrong in carrying a basket of food to two poor negroes?"

cried Lucy in astonishment. "Nothing in that!" replied Mrs. Frazier quickly. "But have you not met Arthur Stanton there as you used "But have you not to do in childhood ?"

Yes, but the meeting was purely accidental, as far as I am concerned,' said Lucy, getting pale. "I know that !" said she. "Never-

ings." "You mean I should give up going to tast Jonny's" cried Lucy. "I had broke loose an was hound into, de way yoh holered an' poked me wif yoh stick." "Yes," said A to Aunt Jenny's," cried Lucy. "I can not do that, mamma! They need me—they fove me—and long instaid uv jus' pokin' yoh wif it," ago you told me to treasure affection no matter who offered it to me."

your desserts in having such a Lil'l You ought to show your gratitude to the good Lord by being kind to other poor wretches to whom Lil'l Miss could not be induced to give a recollection of the promise he had "G'long, Marse A'thuh, an' quit yoh foolin' de ole woman!" she exclaimed. "Lil'! Miss is good to

folkses what is deservin'; an' dem dat ain't, ain't got no claim on huh." "How did you enjoy your drive?" inquired Arthur, smiling up at her as Lucy, havidg deposited the things on

It fell in with her own new mo said, her words getting tangled in a

oak tree were more enjoyable."

"Perhaps it is for the lawyer to decide if she need the minister," said "Tennyson-and no one else ?" he asked, trying to catch the blue eyes Lucy, with constraint. She could resolutely fixed on the top of the not feel at ease in discussing Milly or her family with him. "Her father is failing, too," she added. pear tree

"Well, if there were one to read "I have always felt," he said, "it of course that one would be an availwould be infinitely better for Milly if she were released from her care of able part of the company, but not necessary, you understand ?'

are such, but not for me.'

voice.

stick.

She must find her position them. "I understand, thoroughly ! And painful in the extreme, and if she when will it next suit your pleasure were not burdened by that helpless to permit the willing reader to rest your eyes? 'Sweetest eyes were ever seen!'" he finished, half singcouple, she could better it. But you not answered my question, Lil'l Miss," he broke off, not finding ing the quotation. the subject interesting. The eyes in question were now

"Don't you think I can read Tennyturned fully upon him, and their son alone?" she asked, pulling a green twig from the bush. He only looked up at them, Yes, but it would be better if you

didn't," he replied, laughing. "May I come up Wednesday evening and "The poet would not thus have written of the other woman's eyes, read to you on the piazza by the light of the moon ?" had he seen yours, Lil'l Miss! yet I have no reason to call them so.

'You forget the vines," she said I could count on my fingers the times with a little laugh that was so full of they have been 'sweetest eyes' when bent on me. For Jasper and Milly gladness it half shamed the man. 'But I bring the light of memory

and Aunt Jenny and everybody they "And I may with me," he said. come ? "It is better to be singled out of the She nodded, and he said :

crowd even if for disfavor," she observed, but there was a smile lurk. "Give me your hand on it. And there will be no later engagement to ing at the corners of her mouth, disappoint me again ?" he added, softening the indifference of her his hand still clasping hers. "You don't understand,"

"But I desire not to be made the faltered, trying to withdraw her exception in this case," he answered. "I'd rather be a weed that Lucy refingers. garded kindly, than a prince of the

"Perhaps I do, Lucy," he said, so gently that her hand lay quietly in his for a moment, for if Arthur understood and did not blame her, world if scorned by her. You don't believe me, I see, although I am bent on proving it to you. When are you going to answer my question ?" what did the efforts of her mother matter? Then they parted, but as "Which question? You have asked me so many. You talk in Arthur went down the green valley, instead of feeling elation over the

interrogation marks. Here is Joe !' auspicious opening of his plans, he was lost in the memory of the moment when the suddenly stilled "Rounded him up all right, Marse A'thuh !" exclaimed the old man as he came up leaning heavily on his hand had lain in his

> CHAPTER XII Arthur lingered on the rear ver-

cut down foh him today ! Tell yoh, Marse A'thuh, ef something ain't anda until he saw the doctor emergdone wif dese wor'flus nigabs, dey'll go to de debbil shor's yoh bohn. Ketch me sleepin' in de eldah patch ing from the sick woman's home when he joined him. Declining the invitation to enter and rest before when I wus his aige! Ole Marse 'ud continuing his long journey through

a-leathahed my black back in good the country, the doctor said, in fashun. Times is changed, Marse answer to Arthur's inquiry : A'thuth, times is changed, when a She is pretty bad, my boy. boy goes to sleep at his wo'k, an' den not think she will be living this time grumbles at his ole gran'daddy foh

tomorrow. And her husband will not be many months after her. The man has held out a little longer, wakin' him up to go foh de doctah "I ain't a grumblin' kaze uf dat. because he felt he must, while the theless, you should avoid the possible recurrence of those accidental meet-ings."

"Yes," said Arthur, slowly, "very

as I live, and made, I'll warrant, by her own little hands! I tell you, Aunt Jenny, you are blessed beyond

ent subject.

said.

the table, came back to the door. There was a change in his demeanor, so subtle another than the intuitive Lucy might have missed it.

and instead of the answer she would on another day have given him, she

soft laugh : "An hour with Tennyson under the lawyer.

matter who offered it to me. 'Nor do I bid you to do differently,'' Mrs Frazier hastened to reply. simply am pointing out to you that how prudence must guide your actions, where before inclination or the command of others directed them.

Lucy made no response, but took said the basket and set forth. She read the suspicion her mother had tried to conceal, and could have laughed bitterly at the implication that Arthur Stanton cared sufficiently for her, Lucy Frazier, to trouble himself her. But if he did! Her heart grew tremulously happy at the suggestion and the tears suffused her eves, so tenderly sweet and precious was the thought that Arthur should care for her.

With it still holding her mind, she passed around the corner of the old nouse, and saw him standing by the door, his straw hat pushed back from the arched white forehead. The color deepened on Lucy's cheeks. Attributing her embarrassment to another cause, Arthur hastened to

say : "I don't suppose you saw anything of Joe on your way down the hill? Milly's mother is sick and I want to send him for the doctor."

Lucy had seen nothing of the boy, and entered the house to give the basket to Aunt Jenny, who was complaining audibly about "po'r white trash being so much bother to other folkses."

'Aunt Jenny is in a dreadfully bad humor, Lil'l Miss," he then said, looking in on them. "You see I induced Uncle Major to go forth and try to locate Joe, and she thinks I want to kill her old man by sending him out in such a sun," and he laughed at the idea of heat affecting the old negro. "There is not a bit of Christian charity in all Aunt Jenny's body, and I don't know why you are so good to her. Now look at that so good to her. Now brought you, and the pie-cherry pie, eyes on him.

declared Uncle Major, dropping into "Go an' fotch me a tinthe bench. cup uv watah, son, an' be shore yoh drop a red-hot coal in it. It's bad foh de system to drink cole wattah when voh's wahmed up wif a walk. When Joe returned with the drink, Arthur dispatched him for the physician ; then, turning to Lucy, he

"Found him lyin' in de eldah

patch fas' asleep, an' shim promisin' Marse Frazur to have all dem bushes

foh a po'r sick woman."

"If your St. Elizabethan mission is finished, let us start, Lil'l Miss! I have a mind to walk with you as far as the pivet bush. Do you remember the day," he began, as they went forward, "we played it was a castle, and the brook a mighty torrent which I had to cross to rescue you? You were held a prisoner in the green castle, you remember, watched by a grim uncle who was a king, and who had designs against your life, because of your right to the throne. I was a knight sent by another king to release you, and bring you in safety to him, as he desired to make you his bride. You were always high and mighty in now feeling.

your opinions of yourself, Lil'l Miss.' "But you did not obey the order of your king, you remember ? · Milly came for you to go on an errand for

your mother," remarked Lucy. 'And because I would obey mother who was real indeed, instead

of a king who was purely imaginary, the angry princess refused to come out of the green castle. The knight was so tortured by the thought that she might still be there, he could not sleep when he went to bed, and so he rose, dressed, and ran as fast as his feet could carry him up the dark

valley haunted by Indians as the negroes said and as he in that hour firmly believed. When he came to Becky," the old man hastened to say. the green castle and found it deserted he did not know whether to feel life.' wholly glad or wholly angry, so he

made a compromise, and when next answered, "and probably isn't much the little princess met the gallant of a comfort, seeing what Milly has knight she was greatly perplexed by his mood."

"Did you really do that, Arthur ?" fried chicken Lil'l Miss has asked Lucy, fixing her wondering things.'

'Then perhaps you can tell me if to Mexico until peace was restored. she has ever been seen to show any outward indication of the feeling during his years of exile, and he was presupposed in a woman with such a able to give his sons more than they nature as hers? would have had if the war had not 'I have always seen her self-conbroken out.

tained." answered Arthur. the federate soldier was always his favorite, and this made his brother "If it should ever escape

bounds," said the doctor, and then paused effectively. "It never will," said Arthur, well knowing the intense feeling the old man's wealth. Then the other

doctor was giving the girl had no son had married a native of the foundation outside of his own mind. valley, who had neither the beauty A doubt of this belief came to him nor breeding of her sister-in-law. a little later, when the interview to And they were childless, while the which he was summoned by Milly's father was ended. As he entered the daughter. But the mother died daughter. But the mother died. room, he saw the woman sitting upon the bed with pillows carefully was due to natural causes, but if was due to natural causes, but it propped around her. Her eyes wore drove the husband half crazy, and he a burning brightness, accentuating accused his brother and his wife of the deadly pallor of her skin. Her having poisoned her. The charge husband sat on a chair on the other brought on a duel, and the Confeder side of the bed, but Milly was absent. ate brother was killed. Arthur took the place that had been the doctor's, and asked how she was

Very bad, Mr. Arthur," she said. "I have not long to live, sir, and I want to tell you about Milly."

"Yes," said Arthur, feebly, and then he realized that since the message had come of the sick woman's desire to see him, he had known that her words would be of Milly and he had shrunk from hearing them

'I cannot die until I have told vou about Milly," she continued. "You will then tell me if what I did was wrong, for I do not know. I am an ignorant mountain woman, and what | and was surprised and even shocked ooked right to me may be wrong to one who knows.

'You did not think it was wrong, You probably saved the child's

probably, "Only Steve," she been to us, when our own children broke away and left us to live or die. Probably looks mighty poor when life's about over and you can't undo

The Liguorian.

little disappointing to him.

There's another sick call for you, Father," said she, " and the young man who brought it said he hoped you would go soon.'

Of course, I'll go at once, then ; "The son who had been the Con but where is it ?" inquired Father Browne.

other end of the town."

'I once visited an old man priest, there, but he is dead, and I did not think there were any Catholics there now. Did the messenger say the sick was in danger of death?"

"No, Father, nor did he give a name," replied the house-keeper, referring to the slate on which she had written the address; "he only said there was a woman ill at No. 4 Recket's Court, and he hoped you would go soon.

left the house again, and was on his was rampant in it, but even those who were the most bigoted in matters of religion felt a respect for the priest vho was so universally known for his kindness and benevolence, not only to his own flock, but also to

of England in the days of Henry VIII., was accustomed, even as many a hat was raised, and many a Chancellor, to serve the morning word of greeting spoken to him as he made his way along the streets. Mass in the church at Chelsea, and to take part in all the public celebra

coming on, so that when he got to child to her own home. tions in that church. One day the Duke of Norfolk came to Chelsea Recket's Court, which was devoid of lamps, he could not find the number to see the Lord Chancellor dressed in he sought, and had to inquire of a man who was leaning against a doorsurplice and gown attending a procession. The Duke could not under post smoking his pipe.

Oh! this is No. 4," replied he to stand how a man in More's position the question.

Then it was to this house I was 'Why, you are dishonoring your office and the king's service by thus playing the parish clerk," said the sent for," said Father Browne. here ?

"Catholics," echoed the man "there More's answer was worthy of the true Catholic that he professed to be: 'It is the greatest of honors, my b'aint no Catholics here ; leastways I don't know of none, nor if it come to Angel Guardian was the messenger. Lord, to serve the King of kings." that not of any other religion neither bit o' rest.

Father Browne at the poor woman's bedside, trying to make her last days It was spring time, but night was she took the half broken-hearted

It was never discovered who brought the sick call although Father Browne was most indefatigable in his search and inquiries. He at length began to look upon it as miraculous, for he said that if we are to believe that God would an angel into the desert to baptize rather than allow an earnest Can you tell me who are Catholics lose salvation, might it not be that this poor woman, striving as she did to do God's will, was saved in like

manner? He used to say that her

-F. C. Davis in the English Mes

senger.



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