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WILL SHAKESPEARE'S

LITTLE LAD. BY IMOGEN CLARK.

CHAPTER V. Welcome hither
As is the spring to the earth.
A Winter's Tale

O, this boy Lends mettle to us all! Henry IV. (Part I.

"Art all alone, good Grandam?" "Art all alone, good Grandam?
"Yea, dear lad, all alone. Thy grandfather hath gone to Snitterfield to see
Uncle Henry, and I have been by myself
since early morn. But come hither, since early morn. But come hither, come hither; thou'rt welcome, and Silver

"And hast thou missed us much?" the boy asked, as he leaned over Mistress Shakespeare's chair to kiss her. "What, Master Vanity, dost think I've

been sighing here all this while for a glimpse o' thy bright eyes? I've other

"La! Silver and I know better," Hamnet cried, triumphantly. "I'll warrant me thou hast looked up the road and down the road a score o' times this day to see us coming. And now thou art so glad, eyes and mouth laugh for

"Go to, for a mass o' conceit! As if thy coming meant so much to me! -why-thou art a very wizard, then, and canst read a body's thoughts."

She put her arm about him and drev se, stroking his bright hair and

plowing cheeks fondly.
"Methought thou wouldst never come," she said, with a little catch in her voice. "A score o'times, didst say? Marry, I kept no count, though methinks 'twas liker an hundred. Up and down—
up and down—I could not stay at my
work, and every tiny speck in the distance methought was thee. 'And this
time surely,' I would say; but the speck would come nearer and nearer and be some neighbour, or may hap a stranger, or a child. 'O' Thursday he promised to be here,' I told myself, 'and this is Thurs-

day-and-and-"
"Trou hadst me drowned in Avon, or

away by the fairies, I wis!"
"Never mind what I thought so that thou art here at last. But art borrowing manners from the Court? Art going to leave a fond lady to sigh for thee so that she will love thee the better for her longing? Thou'lt never be a promise-breaker, I trow, with those onest eves.

'Never, Gran, never. I would have come faster, but there were these flowers to gather for thee; and then I met good Sir Richard i' the woods, and I needs must stop and talk with him."

"And what said he?" "Nay then, I must borrow me that giant's mouth father told us of to tell you all. But chiefest was this: he hath some new books come from London town, and I may go to look at them and read them, an I list, any time I may come, and Silver too; he likes to have us by."

"Ay, I warrant me he doth, and so do other people. But how didst leave thy other grandam, good Mistress Hathaway

w be the rest?" "Why, well, passing well. Judith would have come with me this day, but my grandmother is e'en showing her how to make a gooseberry tart—she will make it with the lattice-work, like the meat pies at Christmas—and Susanna stayeth to help her.'

'And thy mother?" "My mother sitteth in the arbour and

singeth at her stitchery. 'Tis very pleasant there."
"Paint me a picture o' it all." The boy knelt down at the woman' side and threw his arms across her lap, looking up into her face with a laugh. Silver lay at a little distance, his head resting between his paws, his large, sad eyes fixed upon his master. The casement was open and a climbing rose turned from the sunshine without to peer curiously in at the pretty scene. It was very cool and pleasant in the low room. The vine at the window cast a graceful, flickering pattern of dark, nodding leaves upon the stone flagging, which had been freshly scoured only that morn and then finished off with a washing of milk. The pattern was prettier by far than the simple border of chalk which ran round the floor. There was no fire in the wide firep'ace, though it was laid ready for lighting from the guy-pole in the chimney, its cheery, sputtering voice silent for the At one side was an oaken dresser, where the pewter mugs and platters where the pewter mags and platters with some treen trenchers and bowls stood a-row. There was little other furniture in the room — a long settle, whose wooden hardness was concealed by a cushion stuffed with rags; several joint stools; a chair or two, and a table of the plainest construction, with the flan laid do n. In one corner stood Mistress Skakespeare's spinning-wheel, and on the window ledge near the small willow cage, wherein a bird chirped conhalls of different colored crewels.

The walls were freshly whitened, and on them hung some samplers—the work of Mistress Mary Shakespeare and her favorite sisters, Alys and Joyce — dim-med by the touch of the passing years One a trifle less faded - the first that had been wrought by Joan Shakespeare -was placed by the side of a half -com pleted one which little Anne had never had the time to finish, and just below them, glowing with bright, fresh colors, like a bit out of their own young lives, were the latest examples of the skill of Susanna and Judith. The walls, besides Susanna and Judth. The walls, besides, were adorned with "painted cloths" illustrating the story of Joseph's rise to power and the Seven Ages of Man—this latter a portion of Mary Arden's dowry. There were maxims, coo-"Do no man any wrong," "Be good unto the poor." Hamnet scarcely ever regarled these now, though there was a time when he had delighted to read

The little street without was sweet with the perfume of the flowers in the garden and the scent of bay from the fields. There were movers at work in a near by meadow among the clovers. a near by meadow among the clovers. Twas very still save for the singing of the birds in the orchard-trees, the hum being still early of the birds in the orchard-trees, the hum being still early in the birds in the orchard-trees, the hum being still early in the birds in the orchard-trees, the hum being still early in the birds in the orchard-trees, the hum being still early in the birds in the orchard-trees, the hum being still early in the birds in the orchard-trees, the hum being still early in the birds in the orchard-trees, the hum being still early in the birds in the orchard-trees, the hum being still early in the birds in the orchard-trees, the hum being still early in the birds in the orchard-trees, the hum being still early in the birds in the orchard-trees, the hum being still early in the birds in the orchard-trees, the hum being still early in the birds in the orchard-trees, the hum being still early in the birds in the orchard-trees, the hum being still early in the birds in the orchard-trees, the hum being still early in the birds in the orchard-trees, the bum being still early in the birds in the orchard-trees, the bum being still early in the birds in the orchard-trees, the bum being still early in the birds in the orchard-trees, the birds i

of bees among the straw-bound hives by the garden-wall, and the occasional burst of song or laughter from the men pausing in their task.

Mistress Shakespeare looked at the merry unturned force.

merry upturned face.

"Nay, laggard, begin, begin," she said, fondly.
"Shall I so? Then first — but thou know'st the place as well as I, 'tis only to keep me talking—there is a little path that leadeth through the garden past the well, where the water is the coldest o' any in Warwickshire, I trow and oh, Gran, the garden is pranke fair with growing flowers — roses and the maiden's blush and woodbine, columbine, the crown imperial, lad's love, and lilies o' all kind, and rosemary—here's some for thee; 'tis for remembrance, so keep it close. Then cometh the apple keep it close. Then cometh the apple orchard, all filled with knolls and hollows and it goeth up the hill a little ways then next is the cottage garden, where the melons are ripening and the apri the melons are ripening and the apricots along the sunny wall are almost
ready for picking. And beyond that is
the other orchard — oh, thou know'st
how the tiny path goeth like a bit o'
yellow inkle between the box-hedges
and amongst the long grasses. There
are many goodly herbs on all sides: are many goodly herbs rosemary again and celandine — how blue it is! 'tis like the sky, methinks, at mid day—and fennel and mint, and herb o' grace. There's a bank o' thyme, too, and dew - berries. Gran, the dew-berries than anywhere.

" Methinks there are as fine dew-berries to be found here in Stratford and out Wilmcote way; but I know how it is with thee, there's no place so brave as Shottery garden.'

Hamnet laughed exultantly. "And my Grandmother Hathaway chideth me for thinking the Henley Street garden the best. She is ever plaguing me to say which one I hold the liefest, and when I put her off and say 'I cannot tell, she frowneth and saith that is no answer; but she is only in jest, for she laughs the next minute. And which dost love the best?

"Nay, thou'rt like my Grandam Hatha way, and -I cannot tell-I love them "But where wouldst rather be-here

"But where wouldst rather be—here in Stratford, or over in Shottery?"
"Now Gran, sweet Gran — 'twas only last night my other grandmother asked that very question, only she said she knew

-she's wiser than thou art.' " And what said she?" "She said she knew I would liefer be

here with thee."
"And then, what didst thou say—thou wert not unmannerly?"
"I, faith not I, when she was so good as to bake me a whole batch o' little seed-cakes; she would not les Gillian so

much as touch one — she made them all with her own hands, and brought them But what saidst thou ?"

" Give thee good thanks, sweet Mis tress Hathaway."
"Nay, I meant not that. How didst

answer her question?" 'I told her I loved her cakes.' "Mistress Hathaway was ever skilled for her cookery; but stir thyself, and there on the dresser thou't find what thou wilt find. "Tis beneath that nap-

kin there."
Hamnet came back to his place a moment later bearing a bowl filled with pepper gingerbread cut out in fantastic hapes. Silver sat up on his haunches a sudden interest dawning in his melan

choly eyes, as if, after all, life were worth the living; he licked his chops with a quivering, expectant tongue, and the next instant his jaws closed over a toothsome morsel. "Tis good, isn't it, Silver?" Hamnet mumbled, with his own mouth full. He deposited the dish on the floor and sat down again by his grandmother's knee, reaching up the prettiest device to her. He drew it back and inspected

Twas a little fat bulging it closely. 'Twas a little fat bulging heart, with two letters intertwined on Mistress Shakespeare regarded him with shining eyes.
"'Tis an 'H,' the boy said, following the lines with his finger, "and this other is an 'S.' And what may they stand for, good Grandam — Hamnet Shakes-

peare? Methinks, sirrah, thou didst offer

"The 'S' cometh first? Oh, ho! What but sunny and gentle and honest."

thy criss-cross row? "They signify 'Sweet Heart.' Here, give it me, and now take it from my hands, and, an thou wilt have the etters come in their rightful order, let the reading be 'Her Sweet-heart!' doth it taste? Is it as good as the seedcake? I do remember me what excel-lent seed-cakes thy Grandam Hathaway naketh. And were they brown and crisp When I did eat they were the best cakes that e'er I tasted," Hamnet declared, in a muffled tone; then he added, as her face fell,

and now methinks these are the best. Tis like thy feeling for Shotterywhen thou art there 'tis thy favourite place, and when thou comest to live i' Stratford this is thy favourite. Verily thou hast a man's heart in a boy's body,

I trow. It taketh on many images, and the last is always the best." "Nay, not so, Grandam. Here, Silver old fellow, catch! I love Shottery with one part o' me, and that for many Imprimis: because 'tis where I was born, and where my dear mother was born. Secundis: because 'tis so beautiful. I love all the country about the village; there are so many birds in the hedges, and the flowers are so fair they are the children and the grandchildren o the flowers my sweet father oved, when he used to wander through those self-same fields. Sure, never did birds sing sweeter than in the Shottery lanes, and he, away in London town can hear them singing still-he hath

told me so himself. Tertias-"Thy talk soundeth like the sermon which they say the preacher gave from the Market Cross o' Sunday."

"And I meant it to, but an thou

to be the first to tell it thee, and thou must tell it to my grandfather when he cometh home. Thomas Whittington was there, and he told us the tale—how that Sir Preacher was slow o' speed that Sir Preacher was slow o' speech, and monstrous dull, so that the people were fair nodding with sleep. And he paid no heed to the hour-glass by 's side, but went on wi' his firstly, and his secondly, and his thirdly, and never a word that the people could take home to themselves. So that at last a voice called out: 'Give us the mate-give us the mate!' At which Sir Preacher leaved him forward and fixed Deacon eaned him forward and fixed Deacon Barneshurste with a mighty frown, like this, and quoth he, in a voice o' thunder I'll gi'e ye the mate, I warrant, but I'll those were his very words. So thou must e'en let me take my own way in telling my story, Gran, and hearken to my thirdly, 'tis most important.'

He sank his voice to a whisper. tend to the carving myself.'

"I'm sure and Judith is sure and so

sanna that the fairies come nights to the upper orchard; we have seen the rings on the grass there—the marks their little feet make as they trip it in a circle. Bend thine ear down close, for they can't abear a tell-tale; we found a mushroom table, and, as true as true, there was a tiny, tiny crumb a-top it might have been from tart!-and on the ground there was an o' grace. There's a bank o' thyme, too, acorn—and there's never an oak-tree in and dew-berries. Gran, the dew-berries the whole o' the orchard, so how came it there? 'Tis the fairies' drinking cup, thou knowest. And Gillian tells us tales o' Robin Goodfe'low and the made pranks he's played in Shottery. She always sets some white bread and bowl o' milk for him i' the buttery, s that when he cometh at midnight t sweep the house and grind the mustar he will find something for his pains. she should forget to set them forth, now, or idle about her work he'd pinch her black and blue. And Grandam Hathaway hath many stories about the fairies and how they live, and sometimes how they help people, and then again how they harm the travellers, showing false lights at night and laughing ho ho-ho! when they go astray in the Soloton I love—love—Shottery for a thousar o-ho! when they go astray in the bogs. reasons besides, and I love Stratford too. I love the river and the bridge and the streets o' the town, vea the very streets, and the Guild chapel-I wish they held the school there now, I liked to look at the wondrous pictures on the ceiling when I went up my lessons. And I love Trinity, too and the pleached alley, and the rooks that are so good o' Sundays Then I love the people here-Sir John Colton, h'm! not overmuch; his ferula hurteth and his great brows are so shaggy: but I like him when I know my

"And that is often, I hope, lad, else

wilt thy father be sore vexed."
"Tis pretty often, Gran. I do study generally, but in summer when the meadows are so sweet 'tis pleasanter to lie wi' Silver and watch the clouds sail by in the sky and dream and dream, or to play at lastibat or prisoners' base in the school-field, or 'Hide Fox and all after' in the Weir Brake.

"Marry, sweetheart, I know 'tis pleas anter, but an thou wilt be a scholar thou'dst best be getting thy lessons nemoriter. Romping and dreaming never helped any lad through the never helped any lad through Fables! Thou must e'em study first

"All these I love and more besides," the boy went on, not heeding her cour sel, save with a merry twinkle in his eyes to show that he had heard her the Sadlers, and the Harts—dear Aun had heard her: Joan and my Uncle William—and then my grandfather and my uncles, too, though Ned need put on no such airs even if he is going to London soon, he's oven if he is going to London soon, he's not so much my elder!—and—and— someone else"—he reached up and touched her cheek softly—"and this dear house. In truth I love Stratford best, for 'twas here my own sweet father was born. Tell me about him, Gran, dear."

"Thou'rt very like him." "Mother saith so, and my Grandam Hathaway thinks I favour him mightily. How glad I am! I'd rather be like him

stand | than anyone else in the varsal world.' "He hath ever been a good son and the light o' my eyes when the way was dark and bitter. 'Fore God, I'm proud ' his wit and fancy, but I'm proudest o the true heart that hath helped us in all that cake to me, and, as 'tis mine, I read the letters with a difference. The 'S' cometh first."

our troubles and the kindly words he hath ever given. Only grow up like him, Hamnet, wise an it be God's will,

> "My father saith he learned all that from thee.

"Hush thee, now! thy father bath sad flatterer sith he bath met those London gallants, though he had ever a winning tongue."
"Tell me about him—begin, 'tis thy

turn now to do the talking. Come, 'twas on Saint George's day—" "Thou'rt like the prompter at the

tage-play, sweeting; thou caust tell the ale thyself, from start to finish. But there ! I'll humour thee. Art comfort-

Hamnet stretched himself at full enoth at his grandmother's feet, resting on one elbow and facing her, while Silver came close and curled against his master's breast.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE LADY IN BLACK.

The house was very still. In the little room over the porch the Lady in Black sat alone. Near her a child's white dress lay across a chair, and on the floor at her feet a tiny pair of shoes, stubbed at the toes, lay where an apparently hasty hand had thrown them And everywhere was silence-the peculiar silence that comes only to a room where the clock has ceased to tick.

The clock-such a foolish litt'e clock of filigree gilt—stood on the shelf at the foot of the bed, and as the Lady Black looked at it she remembered the wave of anger that had surged over her when she had thrust out her hand and silenced it that night three months had been silent before. since, and it should remain silent, too. Of what possible use were the hours it would tick away now? As if anything mattered with little Kathleen lying out

The lady in Black stirred restlessly and glanced towards the closed door. Behind it she knew was a little lad with wide blue eyes and a dimpling mouth who wanted her, but she wished he who wanted her, but she wished he would not call her by that name. It only reminded her of those other little

lips, she... "Muver!" silent now. Iuver!" The voice was more in-

The Lady in Black did not answer He might go away, she thought, if she

did not reply.

There was a short silence, then the door-knob rattled and turned half around under the touch of plainly unskilled fingers. The next instaut the door swung slowly back on its hinges and revealed at full leng in the Russian suit. aled at full length the little figure

"Pe-eek!" It was a gurgling cry of joyful discovery, but it was followed almost instantly by silence. The black-garbed, unsmiling woman did not invite approach, and the boy fell back at his silence. The black at his beside the specific of th first step. He hesitated, then spoke

tentatively: "I's-here." It was, perhaps, the worst thing he could have said. To the Lady in Black it was but a yet more bitter reminder of that other one who was not there. She gave a sharp cry and covered her face

"Bobby, Bobby, how can you taunt me with it? aned, in a frenzy of un reasoning grief. "Go away—go away want to be alone-alone

All the brightness fled from the boy's face. His mouth was no longer dimpied, and his eyes showed a grieved hurt in their depths. Very slowly he turned away. At top of the stairs he stopped and looked back. The door was still open, and the Lady in Black still sat with her hands over her face. vaited, but she did not move; then, with a half-stifled sob, he dropped on the top step and began to bump down the stairs

one at a time.

Long minutes afterward the Lady in raised her head and saw him through the window. He was down in the yard with his father, having a frolic

inder the apple tree.

The Lady in Black looked at them with sombre eyes, and her mouth har-dened at the corners. Bobby down there in the yard could laugh and dance and frolic. Bobby had someone to play with him, some one to love him and care for him, while out there on the hillside Kathleen was alone-all alone.

leen had no one— With a little cry the Lady in Black sprang to her feet and hurried to her room. Her hands shook as she pinned on her hat and shrouded in the long folds of her black veil, but her step was firm as she swept down stairs and out through the hall.

The man under the apple tree ros

"Helen, dearest-not again, to-day, he begged. "Darling it can't do any good.

"But she's alone—all alone. You don't seem to think! No one thinks-no one knows how I feel. You don' with me. You wouldn't ask me to stay—here," choked the woman.
"I have been with you dear," said the man gently. "I've been with you to-day,

and every day almost since—since she left us. But it can't do any good, this constant brooding over her grave. It only makes additional sorrow for you, for ne and for Bobby. Bobby is here, you know dear."

"No, no; don't say it," sobbed the woman wildly. "You don't understand -you don't understand!" And she turned and hurried away, a tall, black shadow of grief, followed by the

anguished eyes of the man and the wistful, puzzled eyes of the boy.

It was not a long walk to the tree mbowered plot of ground where the marble shafts and slabs glistened in the sunlight, and the Lady in Black knew the way; yet she stumbled and reached out blindly, and she fell, as if exhausted, efore a little stone marked "Kathleen." Near her a gray-haired woman, with her hands full of pink and white roses watched her sympathetically. She hesitated, and opened her lips as if she would speak; then she turned slowly and began to arrange her flowers on a grave

near by. At the slight stir the Lady in Black raised her head. For a time she watched in silence, then she threw back her veil

and spoke. "You care, too," she said softly. "You understand. I've seen you here before, I'm sure. And was yours a little girl?

The gray-haired woman shook her "No. dearie, it's a little boy—or he

was a little boy forty years ago."
"Forty years -so long! How could you have lived forty years without

Again the little woman shook her head. 'One has to, sometimes, dearie; but this little boy wasn't mine. He was none of my kith nor kin."

"But you care; you understand. I've seen you here often before." You see, there's no one else to

care. But there was once, and I'm caring now for her." "For her?"

"His mother."

"Oh-h!" It was a tender little cry, full of quick sympathy. The eyes of the Lady in Black were on the stone marked "Kathleen.

"It ain't as if I didn't know how she'd feel," murmured the gray-haired little woman, musingly, as she patted her work into completion and turned toward the Lady in Black. "You see, I was nurse to shall enter immediately upon the sub-ject which I have prepared for this the boy when it happened, and for years afterward I worked in the family; so I know. I saw the whole thing from the beginning, from the very day when the little boy met with the accident."

"Accident?' It was a sob of anguished

sympathy from Kathleen's mother. "Yes. 'Twas a runaway, and he didn't

live two days.' "I know! I know!" choked the Lady in Black. Yet she was not thinking of the boy and the runaway.

"Things stopped then for my mistress," resumed the little gray-haired woman, no mean proportions. It has become after a moment, "and that was the beand will remain the metropolis of Canafter a moment, "and that was the be-ginning of the end. She had a husband

this little grave out here; and she came and spent hours over it, trimmin' it with wers and talkin' to it."

The Lady in Black raised her head suddenly and threw a quick glance into the other's face, but the gray-haired woman's eyes were turned away, and

after a moment she went on speaking.
"The house got gloomier and gloomier, but she didn't seem to mind. She ned to want it so. She shut out the seemed to want it so. She shut out the sunshine and put away lots of the pictures, and she wouldn't let the pianer be opened at all. She never sat any-where in the house only in the boy's room, and there everything was just as 'twas when he left it. She wouldn't let a thing be touched. I wondered after ward that she didn't see where 'twas all leadin' to, but she didn't." "Leading to?" The voice shook.

"Yes. I wondered she didn't see she was losing 'em—that husband and daughter. But she didn't see it."

The Lady in Black sat very still. Even the birds seemed to have stopped their singing. Then the gray-haired by the stopped their singing.

woman spoke:
"So, you see, that's why I come and put
flowers here. It's for her sake. There's
no one else now to care," she sighed,

rising to her feet. "But you haven't told yet what happened," murmured the Lady in Black

aintly.
"I don't know myself—quite. I know the man went away. He got something to do travelin,' so he wasn't home much. When he did come he looked sick and bad. There were stories that he wa'n't bad. There were stories that he want quite straight always, but maybe that wa'n't quite true. Andyhow, he comes less and less, and he died away. But that was after she died. He's buried over there, beside her and the boy. The girl—well, nobooy knows where the girl is. Girl slike flowers and sunshine and laughter and young forks, you know, and she didn't get any of them at home. So she went where she did get 'em, I suppose. Anyhow, nobody knows just where she is now. There, and if I haven't gone and tired you all out with haired woman, contritely. I'm sure

don't know why I get to running on so."
"No, no. I was glad to hear it,"
faltered the Lady in Black, rising unsteadily to her feet. Her face had grown white and her eyes showed a feet. Her face had sudden fear. "But I must go now.
Thank you." And she turned and harried away.

was very still when the The house was very still when the Lady in Black reached home, and she shivered at the silence. Through the hall and up the stairs she went hurriedly, almost guiltily.

Long minutes later the Lady—in Black no longer—trailed slowly down the stairway. Her eyes showed traces of tears and her chin quivered, but her line work hered. lips were bravely curved in a smile She wore a white dress and a single white rose in her hair, wa le behind her, in the little room over the porch, a tin

"Muver! It's muver come back! cried a rapturous voice. And with a little sobbing cry Bobby's mother opened her arms to her son.-Exchange.

THE CONGRESS IN WASHINGTON. AN INTERESTING PAPER ON CANADIAN MISSIONARY WORK,-FATHER CAL-

LAGHAN AND THE CHINESE OF MONTREAL. The American nation is justly deservng of being universally admired and congratulated. It gloriously stands in the forefront of all the nations upon earth. It is governed by a constitution which is unequalled, and still less unsurpassed, in its practical adaptability to the conditions and exigencies of modern times. It is deeply imbued with a spirit that is congenial to the tastes and responsive to the aspirations

flag floats in the breeze so triumphantly as the Stars and Stripes. Catholic America enjoys a prestige of unprecedented character. It wields an influence that is keenly felt and proudly acknowledged over all points of the globe, and, particularly, in the country from which I hail and which is the history. Most strikingly is the provi-dence of God manifested in the diversity of ways He looks after the destiny of the United States. What a potent factor the Missionary Union is proving to be in all that concerns the salvation of souls! It may be regarded as a heaven-born inspiration, which in the realization of its aims, is producing the most un reamt, the most untold and lasting results. Strenuously does it advocate the cause of religion—the most important cause that could appeal to humanity. What ingenuity and skill it displays in preserving and propaga-ting "the faith once delivered to the saints!" I am greatly pleased to lend this union my co-operation, however inconsiderable it may be, by attening the Congress in session and by figuring at this imposing assembly held under the presidency of a cardinal who is reputed to closely walk in the footsteps of St. Francis de Sales, the illustrion bishop of Geneva, and to largely share in the qualities of mind and heart conspicuous in the person of the reigning Sovereign Pontiff—the vicar of Christ by excellence, and the living picture of the Good Shepherd in devotedness to

It is a blending of personal ideas, impressions and experiences.

the flock under his pastoral staff. I

My home is located in a singularly favored land of which I am not in any sense ashamed. This land has a popu lation of seven millions (7.000.000) 2,500,000 being Roman Catholics mostly of French or Irish descent. I am a native and resident of Montreal since my birth. The city with its 400 000 inhabitants is built on the left bank of the habitants is built on the left dank of St. Lawrence river and dedicated to Our Lady. It is a miniature Rome of which is a miniature Rome of the converts of th ada. It is immeasurably in advance of and a daughter, but they didn't count, all the other cities in the Dominion on cially under their care, I have not form of either of 'em. Nothin' counted but account of its commercial and educa-

tional facilities and activities. a period of thirty-two years I was con-nected as curate or pastor, with St. Patrick's parish, the mother Englishspeaking parish. I was continually kept on the alert and in the harness, l had to preach and catechise, to con-fess, baptize and marry. I was charged with sodalities, hospitals and institutions. Many other things divided my attention during the course of my sacred ministry. I was occupied as it was expected by my superiors I ought to be, Whatever good I did non-Catholics might have been done them by any other priest similarly circumstanced. endesvored, not to repel them, but to attract and hold them. I knew they had a soul to save; and I deemed it a portion of my ordinary duty to con-tribute my share toward its salvation, was not gazetted, or supposed to be a specialist. I was at all times deeply inspecialist. I was at all times deeply interested in the question of converts, Why should I not be? How could I afford to be indifferent to the "other sheep" that should be brought into the fold? They were running every risk of perishing everlastingly! ministrations placed m ministrations placed me in frequent contact with non-Catholics, and I develcontact with non-Catholics, and I developed a taste for controversial literature with which I made myself familiar. I learned what I should emphasize and how to defend it by dint of studying the lectures of Father Damen, the chisms of Doctor Keenan and Arch-bishop Lynch of Toronto, "The Sure Way," "The Short Line," Facts," "The Catholic Bell Way. Belief," The Faith of Our Fathers." did I anticipate the number of conver-sions I reached and registered: and no serious difficulty did I appreh realize in the task which it involved. The number may appear next to an im

possibility; and yet in my opinion it is a real and unsurpassing fact. I was not beyond reproach. I was not free not beyond reproach.
from blunders, and I am not unconscious
of my own drawbacks. Through my
of three thousand non-Catholics, two hundred and sixty happened to be "Celestials."

THE CHINESE CATHOLIC It seemed as if Almighty God ordained that the Chinese of this ent should be under the special tion of the virgin mother of Their conversion started eight was my chief auxiliary. He w sixty-second year. I could trust him. He was the pink of and loyalty. He was intellig affable, active and influential, spoke English tolerably. I made acquaintance through an elder devout Irishman by the name of l Walsh, whom he requested to ask I would baptize his son of eighteen. He did ask me, and I promised I would. I then asked him why the father did not wish me to baptize himself. In answer he said: "He wi'l not object. I

guess you will have him, too."

I appointed the day when the old There came the sound of running feet in the hall below, then:
"Muver! It's moves."

A appointed the day when the old gentleman called at the presbytery with his son and with one of his employees. He pleaded by word and gesture for his countrymen. He complained that they were ignored and abandoned. He stated that a great many were in-clined to embrace Christianity, but were despairingly puzzled as to the steps they should take. He could tes-tify that they were alive to the necessity of a priest who would prove their friend and guide. "We wish," said he "to know your religion. Nobody will tell us anything. Teach and baptize us. Many, many chinamen will become

Catholics. After due instruction, I baptized him, along with the two others by whom he was accompanied. It was he who introduced me to the majority of all those whom I afterwards received into the Church. He picked and guaranteed them. They had emigrated from the region of Canton and were working in laundries. I had them instructed l of all races under the sun. No other interpreters, whom I directed and superintended. I supplied them with imported catechisms, hymnals, and prayer-books in their own language. At one of their gatherings, myself violin and a priest at the piano, sprang an impromptu musical programme which they relished and did not for get. I keep a record of the names and grandest republic in existence or in signs. It was shown to a Papal Dele gate and a French Bishop on a from China, Bishop Merel, of Canto

The condition of the Montreal Chinese has notably altered. They used to dread any appearance in public lest they might be plagued or insulted. At present, they are less socially ostracized or depreciated. In very truth they are preferred to any other class of foreigners. Formerly they were mo opolized by Protestants. Now mingle in Catholic worship. The the hat as a priest is passing by, shake his hand, or greet him with a smile and a bow. They are far from disowning disguising their faith. They boldly profess it. If questioned as to his re-ligion, a convert Chinaman will answer: " I am not a Chinaman I am an Irishman. I go to St. Patrick's Church.'

Last year, Catholic Chinese tendered a magnificent banquet served up in Oriental style to Bishop Merel, who was posted in all the ins and outs of their native country. At the table sat the Archbishop of Montreal with a score of clergymen. Eighteen Chinamen acted as waiters in a manner which did them credit. The guest of honor mastered the language in which he addressed them and delighted them beyond ex-

Two Chinese lie buried in consecrated ground, and one of them had a olemn Requiem Mass. Every Chinanan carries the beads and badge. When quitting the city, he is given a letter signed by a priest. On arriving back in China, he is received with open arms by the Catholics, furnished with the best opportunities to learn the catechism thoroughly and comply with his duties; and instead of being tempted to support the Protestant cause, he is inclined to further the

Though the Jesuits have them offi-