In Catholic countries on the Continent th Holy Viaticum is carried to the sick under acity Viaticum is carried to the sick under a rich canopy in solemn procession. The bells of the church give notice to the public; the priest, vested in his holy robes, is accompanied by acolytes bearing lighted torches; one rings constantly a little bell to admonish the people that Jesus is passing by, and crowds of the faithful, especially members of the Confraternity of the Blessed Sacrament, join the procession and carry lights.—The Dove of the Tabernacie.

Waves of holy sound are floating Through the vesper, Belgian dell; "See! the Priest is bearing Jesus," Sweetly sings the silver bell.

Rays of gold fall down from Heaven, Crowning acolytes and Priest; Wells of illies pure are springing Up to cheer the Last, Grand Feast.

Roses line the pathway, sighing As the Savior passes by; 'Neath the grass the violets humble Strive to meet their Maker's Eye.

Peasants kneel, with burning tapers, Burning hearts and loving eyes; "Mercy, Jesus, on the dying— Mercy Thou dost highly prize!"

Lo! the cot, so poor and lowly, Where a parting child doth dwell: "Comfort, dear one, here is Jesus," Softly sings the silver bell.

Jesus loves the simple cottage, Where no pride can ever be; There He thinks of His dear Mother, And His Home in Galilee!

"Welcome, Jesus! Welcome, Master!
"Cleanse my heart," the sick boy sig"
"Jesus, Jesus, I adore Thee,"—
Breathes the child in Paradise!

THE WIZARD OF SAINTE MARIE.

-Treacy in the Boston Pilo

Wm. Seton in The Catholic World. CONTINUED.

"Look!" said Weepanee, after he had kissed her-"look! I have brought you some pounded corn and a fish which I caught myself to-day. I should have come sooner, but there is a medicine-man who watches all my movements; I was afraid lest he might follow me, and I could not get away until now." "Not the pale face, I hope?" said Atsan. "Oh! no, indeed. I like Father Daniel ever so much; he never annoys me; for do you know, dear boy, he says that we Hurons must love your nation—aye, love those who wage constant war upon us." "Well, I am sure there is one Iroquois who you do not hate," said

Atsan, smiling.

"I hate you so little, you who saved my mother's life," continued Weepanee, "that I will not pray to the God of the save and the god of t "that I will not pray to the God of the pale-faces, although my father does, and although the Blackrobe in the kindest manner urges me to be like my father. But I wish in all things to be like you." Here Atsan again pressed his lips to hers and said: "When my nation sweeps down like a hurricane upon Ossossane, Weepanee shall be spared; she shall be adopted and become an Iroquois."

become an Iroquois."

At these words the maiden bowed her and on his shoulder and heaved a sigh. head on his shoulder and neaved a so.
"Do you believe that your nation will so attack us?" she asked presently, with tearattack us?" she asked presently, with tearful eyes. "I know not how soon we may be on the war-path," replied Atsan. "To-night I must leave you for what will seem an age to me. I am going away for the space of one moon in order to obtain fresh tidings of what my people are doing."

ing."
"And then you will hasten back and tell
me?" "Indeed I will." "O my beloved! me?" "Indeed I will." "O my beloved! if I could only feel sure that my father would survive the last fight, that he would not be put to the torture and die in the "Ontitarho will kill many an Iroquois ere he chants his death-song." "If they burn him I will never, never, become a member

of your tribe," pursued Weepanee. "Oh!
why cannot all red men love one another,
as Father Daniel says that they should?"
"Would you have the Huron and Iroquois braves turn squaws? Would you
have them do nothing but plant corn?"
said Atsan.

tainty."

For about a minute Atsan remained silent. Her last words had moved him deeply, and he, too, Iroquois though he was, felt a strange yearning for peace, lasting peace and quiet, which he had never experienced before. Presently turning toward the hollow oak, he pointed to a figure cut deep in the bark about five feet from the ground. "Very early this morning," he said, "I heard somebody at work on the outside of the tree. Look what an odd figure he has cut. What means it?"

"That any thanked her warmly and said: "I hope one of these days to see you praying with us in the chapel. Many of your friends have been baptized. Why do you hold back?"

Weepanee sighed. "Pray tell me what the difficulty is," continued Father Daniel. "The fireflies are now all ready to ham gup before the altar. Look! look! how beautiful they are," said Weepanee, handing him the fantastic, flashing wreath of light. Then, before he could do more than express anew his thanks, she turned and walked rapidly and said: "I hope one of these days to see you praying with us in the chapel. Many of your friends have been baptized. Why do you hold back!"

Weepanee sighed. "Pray tell me what the difficulty is," continued Father Daniel. "The fireflies are now all ready to ham gup before the altar. Look! look! how beautiful they are," said Weepanee, handing him the fantastic, flashing wreath of light. Then, before he could do more than express anew his thanks, she turned and walked rapidly.

"That is a cross," answered Weepanee.
"Father Daniel calls it the sign of salva-"Father Daniel calls it the sign of salvation; he has such a totem, made of two big sticks, stuck on the top of his prayer-house. He likewise wears a small one round his neck. It must have been he cut that cross yonder." "I hope to meet him again some day," said Atsan. "Although we were only a few hours together, we parted excellent friends. The words he spoke were so different from the words of our medicine-men: and I no words ne spoke were so different from the words of our medicine-men; and I no longer wonder that he and the other Blackrobes who have come to preach among your nation have succeeded in winning the hearts of so many Hurons."

"Could Father Daniel win a certain Ironeis" heart he'd win wins with it."

quois' heart he'd win mine with it," said Weepanee.
"Well, what the pale-face medicine-man

teaches may be true—it may," pursued Atsan, after reflecting a moment. "Yet to love our enemies is something beyond my wits to conceive. I find a delight, a rapture in the war-path which all the sunny days of a long life of peace could not equal."
"Not even if you spent that life with

me?" said Weepanee, gazing fondly at Atsan's breast heaved, but he made no

by the time the fireflies appear." "Dear fireflies! may they come very soon," mur-mured Weepanee. And with these fare-well words she turned and walked sadly

back to her home.

For more than six weeks Weepanee saw

For more than six weeks Weepanee saw nothing more of her Iroquois lover, and during this time Father Daniel did good work among the Hurons of Ste. Marie and its neighborhood, just as other Jesuit missionaries were doing in the Huron country further east. The zealous priest's heart was filled with holy joy as he pictured to himself the whole of this heathen land preserved and redeemed the land penetrated and redeemed before many years by the light of the faith. Nor was there a more edifying member of his flock than Ontitarho. But Weepanee, much as she loved her father and esteemed the missionary, always shook her head whenever the latter spoke to her about being baptised. Yet near the sachem's corn land she had diligently tilled another piece of ground and sown it with wheat wherewith to make for the Blackrobe sac-ramental bread. Needless to say that the ramental bread. Needless to say that the wizard was greatly pleased to see Weepanee hold aloof from Christianity. Nevertheless her conduct in some things puzzled Okitori. "She retuses to have water sprinkled on her head and to make the sign of the cross," he muttered. "Nor will she enter the prayer-house and pray with her father. Yet she labors industriously to raise wheat for the pale-face magician. raise wheat for the pale-face magician, and whenever she hears me flinging gibes at him, and trying to confuse him when he talks about his God, she turns on me

like a wild cat."

But if Weepanee often saved Father Daniel from Okitori's insults, the wizard at night would have his revenge. Rising from his couch when all the others were from his couch when all the others were asleep, he would wander about among the houses, crying aloud in a voice which raised the soundest sleeper: "Awake, brothers, awake! Be watchful, brothers, be watchful? The Blackrobe preacher is in league with the Evil Spirit; the crosses which he cuts on the trees are meant to woo the demons of the forest. He bids us love the Iroquois, who have never spared a Huron. One day the Iroquois will rush out of the forest and spring on you like wild beasts. O men who have turned squaws! be braves, be warriors again. Awake! awake! awake!" And these words, uttered in shrill accents, these words, uttered in shrill accents, which sounded shriller and more unearthly for its being night-time, always wrought a baneful impression on Ontitarho, who for an hour afterwards would lie awake rean nour atterwards would lie awake repeating the prayers which Father Daniel
had taught him, and try sincerely to say:
"I love my enemies." But his prayers
did not always bring relief, and then,
jumping to his feet, he would curse the
Iroquois and cry out: "If my tongue
says that I love them it lies, it lies!" Between the chief and the wigned a collecween the chief and the wizard a coolness had naturally sprung up, and now they seldom exchanged a word. Indeed, Oki-tori secretly hated Ontitarho, for only for his influence Father Daniel would not have had so pleasant a time in Ste. Marie. "But the day may come," murmured the wizard, "when Ontitarho will crouch at my feet and beg me to be merciful." For Okitori remembered that the missionary

Oktion remembered that the missionary had seen an Iroquois journeying hither-ward; nor had he forgotten the dead pan-ther which he had once found by Wolf Spring, and he remembered Weepanee's plood-stained moccasin and her confusion when she had seen him suddenly rise up out of the bushes. Every man, young and old, in Ste. Marie he had questioned about that panther. Not one said that he had killed the beast. "Who, then, did kill it?" was a question which Okitori had often asked himself. But, shrewd as he was, it was not until he had long meditation." Wesperger's odd behavior that he when she had seen him suddenly rise up ted on Weepance's odd behavior that he could bring himself to believe that his first suspicion was correct, and then he chuckled and said: "The sachem's daugh-

"Would you have the Huron and Iroquois braves turn squaws? Would you have them do nothing but plant corn?"

"Well, I begin to think that Father Daniel may be right," pursued Weepanee. "If we buried the hatchet for ever my heart would be at ease, and you and I might have our wigwam together immediately. But, now, alas! all is cruel uncertainty."

"Well, I begin to think that Father Daniel found Weepanee engaged in tying together a number of fireflies. "Look!"

"These are the first fireflies of summer. Oh! I am so happy, so happy. And I am going to weave them into a shining festoon to hang before your altar, where you say God is ever present." The mission-thickled and said: "The sachem's daughter is at my mercy."

hang up before the altar. Look! look! how beautiful they are," said Weepanee, handing him the fantastic, flashing wreath of light. Then, before he could do more than express anew his thanks, she turned and walked rapidly away.

"Strange, tender-hearted maiden! where may she be going?" thought the priest when, a quarter of an hour later, he saw her passing through the main gate of

saw her passing through the main gate the town. It was growing dark. moon would soon be up. Might she be going into the forest?

The full moon was just rising when Weepanee got to the hollow oak. She gave a peculiar cry, and in a moment Atsan crawled out of the dark cavity at its base. "How true you are to your pro-mise, dear boy!" she said, as he caught her in his arms. "The fireflies are flashing this evening for the first time, and here you are.'

"I might have arrived a little sooner. replied the Iroquois, "only that I wanted to obtain better information as to what the warriors of my nation are meditating." "And what have you learnt?" in-

"And what have you learnt?" inquired Weepanee anxiously.

"That before the snow falls deep enough to track a rabbit they will be on the war-path." "Alas! falas!" sighed Weepanee. Then for more than a minute she did not open her lips, but leaned heavily on his shoulder.

It was with no intention to spy Wee-

panee's movements that Father Daniel in a little while entered the forest too. The Atsan's breast heaved, but he made no response.

At length, running his fingers through her long, black hair, "No Iroquois maiden had ever hair so beautiful as yours," he said. "I could toy with it all day and never grow tired. Oh! would that I might carry it with me." "What a fine scalp mine would make to grace an Iroquois war-feast!" answered the maiden. "By the great Manitou! never—never," exclaimed Atsan. Then, pressing her to his heart, "But I must now bid my love goodby. I must depart. Look for me

Scarcely had Father Daniel begun again to tell his beads—which he did facing the venerable tree in whose bark he had carved the deepest cross of all—when he was startled by a hand clutching his many though the discount of the startled by a hand clutching his arm, and, turning, whom should he discover but the young Iroquois that he had met three months before, while behind him stood Weepanee.
"I am delighted to meet you again," spoke the priest, shaking his hand.
"You have found out our love secret, but my dear Weepanee assures me the."

"You have found out our love secret, but my dear Weepanee assures me that you may be trusted," said Atsan. "Implicitly," said Father Daniel. "Well, I once told an untruth," spoke Weepanee, stepping forward. "I once said that I did not love any Iroquois. I now ask forgiveness for telling an untruth."

not love any froquois. I now ask forgiveness for telling an untruth."

"Would that your whole tribe might do
as you are doing; would that every
Huron loved an Iroquois!" answered the
missionary. "For then would reign unbroken peace, and our missions would
flourish everywhere in this benighted
land." Then, addressing Atsan, "Why,"
he added, "do not you red men bury the
tomahawk? Why do you exterminate one ne adea, do not you can hen bufy the tomahawk ? Why do you exterminate one another? Think how much happier you all would be if Hurons and Iroquois lived like brothers."

"Ay, how much happier!" murmured

Weepanee, gazing with tender eyes on her lover. "You speak golden words," said Atsan. "But the Happy Hunting-Ground is not in this world; it is somewhere far, far amid the stars." "Father where far, far amid the stars." "Father Daniel preaches peace and good-will to others," said Weepanee. "He is not fond of bleeding scalps and tortured prisoners, like our loathsome wizard, Okitori. O Atsan! if we were all like Father Daniel -and we might be, if we tried-then the Happy Hunting-Ground would not be so

Encouraged by her words, the missionary now went on to speak in fervent ac-cents of the holy Catholic religion, while the Iroquois listened without interrupt-ing; until, at length, warned by the height ing; until, at length, warned by the neight to which the moon had risen, he was obliged to stop, for it was time to go back to the mission-house, where his flock were no doubt waiting for him to say the even-

ing prayers.
"May I return to-morrow?" he said. "Yes, indeed; come and talk to us again to-morrow," said Atsan and Weepanee at one breath

The following morning Ontitarho found his daughter sauntering alone by the edge of the lake. Ever and anon she would pause and cast her eyes over the sparkling water; then she would frown, for she saw Okitori watching her from a canoe a little distance off. "Why are you canoe a little distance off. "Why a not at work?" inquired the chief. there no weeds in my corn to weed out? Have I no moccasins which need mend-

"A heavy weight presses on my spirits to-day," answered Weepanee, "and the fresh breeze from the lake soothes me. "Tis why I am here." "A weight on your spirits!" exclaimed Ontitarho. "Ah! my daughter, why do you not become a Chris-tian? Why do you not let Father Daniel baptize you? Then you would never be melancholy.'

melancholy."

Weepanee made no response.
"Is it the wizard," he continued presently, scowling at Okitori—"is it that plaguing, devil-worshipping, wizard yonder who has persuaded you to remain a heathen? Why has he more influence over you than your father?" "Okitori has no power over me for good or evil," answered Weepanee in a firm voice, "I detest him. Look at him cronching in "I detest him. Look at him crouching in his canoe like a wild animal. I can see his eyes glistening from here. I believe there a demon in him." "Well, I wish with a demon in him. Marie," pursued Ontitarho. "He never ceases to annoy good Father Daniel. Did you hear him last night howling through the city and crying out that the priest was in league with the devil?" "I never knew better man than Father Daniel," Weepanee. "And I always take his part against Okitori, who calumniates him. But, dear father, while we may love our nes, as he bids us to is it wise to de vote so much time to prayer? Oh! I be-seech you, do not forget how to use the tomahawk and war-club; our warriors must not become squaws. The Iroquois must not become squaws. Ine frequents may appear before many moons, and we should be ready for them. Let the palisade be strengthened; let our warriors practise with their arms. Let them pray practise with their arms.

but at the same time they must not forget how to fight." "Verily, you presume to address me as if you were old in wisdom," answered Ontitarho somewhat harshly. "It is not thus that you used to speak to your father. How dare you insinuate that I pray too much?" At these chilling words Weepanee bowed her head and began to cry. The sachem, whose heart was easily moved, bowed her head and began to cry. The sachem, whose heart was easily moved, and who loved her dearly, was trying to calm her when Father Daniel approached and asked what fault she had committed.

to the God of the pale-faces, if they will,

"I do not find her at work this morning as usual," answered Ontitarho. "But sh s a good girl and will now go to work. There are some weeds in my corn, Wee

panee, are there not?" "Well, methinks Weepanee is a pretty good worker," said the priest. "She is raising for me as much wheat as I shall need; she keeps me well supplied with fish and Indian meal, and every evening she has promised to make me a fresh wreath of fireflies to hang before the Blessed Sacra-

"Thanks for taking my part," spoke Weepanee, smiling through her tears. "I like you ever so much even if I am not one of your flock."

An hour later Weepanee might have been seen in the school-room of the mis-sion-bouse, where Father Daniel had invited her. "I have been praying for you a great deal to-day, my child," said the

"Your prayers will do me good," answered the maiden. "You comfort me; Atsan likes you, too."
"I wish that your Iroquois lover would

"I wish that your Iroquois lover would listen to my instructions for a few days—or rather nights, for 'tis only at night we can meet. He might then become a Christian," continued Father Daniel. "If he does, then so will I," said Weepanee. "The faith which you preach has much in it that is consoling To love the Iroquois seems less difficult for me to do now than when I first heard you say we ought to

sneaked into the house a few minutes be fore the priest and concealed himself under a pile of beaver-skins, a gift to Father Daniel from Ontitarho. "Ha! ha!" Daniel from Ontitarho. "Ha! ha! chuckled the wizard, "my shrewd suspic ion turns out to be quite correct; Weepaned has an Iroquois lover." And so elated was Okitori at what he had heard that he could scarcely keep quiet in his hiding

As soon as Father Daniel had finished As soon as Father Daniel had finished evening prayers this evening—which he always said aloud in the midst of a throng of fervent neophytes, of whom none were more prayerful than Ontitarho—he bent his steps toward the forest, not expecting to be back until morning; for all night he would instruct Atsan if the Iroquais would listen to him.

night he would instruct Atsan if the Iro-quois would listen to him. His face wore a bright smile when he approached the moon-lit trysting-place where Weepanee and her lover were awaiting him. But presently his counten-ance fell, for he discovered the young

ance fell, for he discovered the young woman was in tears.

"Atsan says he must depart ere the moon wanes," sobbed Weepanee. "Why, he makes you a very fleeting visit. What has happened?" said the priest, who was chagrined, too. "Another Iroquois, a spy sent in advance of the war-party, is hovering about Ste. Marie," answered Weepanee; "and Atsan does not wish this spy to find him holding converse with a Huron maiden; otherwise it might fare ill with my lover." It had been well had Atsan departed ear

lier than he did, before the moon had risen so high; for the guileful wizard, who seemed never to sleep, had spied both Weepanee and Father Daniel quit the town, and immediately seeking Ontitarho, he had said: "O chief! I know that the friendship which you once had for me is dead; no Huron in your eyes is so detestable as Okitori. But if I have refused to become a Christian like yourself, if I am bitterly opposed to the Blackrobe medi-cine-man, who has turned the once warcine-man, who has turned the once war-like Ontitarho into a praying squaw, 'tis because I dearly love my tribe and wish not to see the Hurons destroyed by the Iroquois." "What mean you?" exclaimed Ontitarho. "Father Daniel bids us to love our enemies, but he goes no further; we may defend ourselves if they attack us. He is not partial to the Iroquois. We have no truer friend than Father Dan-

At these words there spread over Okitori's ugly visage a demoniac grin. Then lifting up his hand, he merely answered "Follow me."

And now behold the wizard leading Ontitarho with cautious stealthy step toward Wolf Spring. You could hardly hear a leaf rustle as they made their way through the trees and underbrush. At length Okitori paused and whispered "Look! yonder in the moonbeams are three persons—your daughter, an Iro-quois brave, and holding each of them by the hand is your darling Blackrobe."

Ontitarho's straining eyes rested with Onttarno's straining eyes rested with savage glare on the group a little distance ahead, and he discerned, sure enough, the priest and Weepanee, the latter greatly distressed at something, while beside her was undoubtedly an Iroquois. Scarcely breathing, Okitori and the chief now crawled nearer. crawled nearer. TO BE CONTINUED.

ARNOLD'S LANE.

A Tale of the Shrine of St. Anne Do Beaupre.

BY JOAQUIN MILLER.

"The cannon balls tore the corner of that house off, sir." Down from under my feet came a cracked, piping little voice, and oddly enough in English, too, from the swarm of children there. And of all the extended hands, imploring pennies, her thin hands were not seen except to crutch nervously about the little child, but the face was old. The little cripple held on to the side of a low bench with one hand as she looked up at me with her great pitiful eyes from under the most wonderful growth of hair ever seen. It looked as if this child, buried here in this place, had stopped growing long, long before, and that her hair had kept on growing as it is said sometimes of person buried in a grave.
"What, you will not take a penny like

the others, my child ?"

"No, because I ain't a beggar, if I be a cripple."

"Then sit here on the low bench with don't be ashamed to do it either, for I shall write it all out for a paper, and I shall sell it and get 100, may be 1000 sixpences for it. Yes, I work; I am poor, too. I must go in queer places all over the world like this and get stories, and sell them to pay for bread for my little kids, left alone, like you are, while I work and wander." and wander.

On to the bench she clambered instantly. I, too, was poor, and so we were on a level, looking each other pitifully in the face. The dogs lazily crept away into the face. The dogs lazily crept away into their corners, the children looked at us curiously and then slid away to spend their pennies. The wash-boards kept up their muffled sounds, and the coopers charged away like a far, faint echo of the roar of musketry more than 100 years ago, here in Arnold's Lane. And what a history was hers! She had been born away up at the top on the heights of away up at the top on the heights of Quebec. Then her father lost his ship, and went away around Cape Horn as mate. The mother then died, and then she began slipping down, down, down, till this little cripple, with no legs to speak of, no shape or form, only the great big soul that was in her little body to help ner, till she slid down, down, down, into this

"But papa will come from around the Horn; and he will take me down to St. Anne's, to good St. Anne's." And here she touched her brow, her breast, left, right, crossing herself devoutly on the mention of the good saint's name, and however her breast of the good saint's name, and however here here. from around the Horn, and will take me to good St. Anne's—brow, breast, left, right,—"and there will be a miracle, and my legs will be straight and strong, and long like anybody's."

"And you have never been to the shrine of good St. Anne, my child? When the little one again in my arms.

"Oh, I am as light as a feather," she head and I passed out of the church, "and I know that my papa will come from around the Horn, like the good woman said, only I shall rise up and be straight and strong, with legs like anybody the straight and strong, with legs like anybody and the straight and strong, with legs like anybody the straight and strong, with legs like anybody the straight and strong, with legs like anybody the straight and strong the straight and

when I first heard you say we ought to love our enemies." Every word of this conversation, which lasted for half an hour, was overheard by Okitori, who had you have never been to the shrine of good St. Anne, my child? Why it is only twenty miles away. You can see the hour, was overheard by Okitori, who had

looking away down the St. Lawrence to the dim little white dot on the bank, which is the distant shrine of St. Anne, a place that has been visited by cripples for 250 years; a shrine which more than 100,000 people sought last year. Crutches that have been left behind are piled up in little pyramids. Such, in brief, is the shrine of St. Anne, which this little cripple, now praying silently at my side in the carriage, so longed to see.
"I feel lighter and better than for a

long time, ah, good sir, and good St. Anne"—brow, breast, left, right—"and when my papa comes from around the Horn I know he will take me all the way down to the shrine of St. Anne"-brow breast, left, right-"and she will make my

breast, iert, right—and she will make my legs long, and strong, and straight like anybody's."

But for all her faith, it was clear to me, as I took her back at sunset and set her down in the darkness, amid the roar of washboards and mallets, that she was sorely disappointed. Her voice was feebler than before, as she told me in a whisper that it before, as she told me in a whisper that it was all her own fault that she had not was all her own fault that she had not been out of this dark place for so many years. She could not help looking at the sunshine and the great big houses, and the clean people, and so could not keep her mind and her eyes and her heart all the time on the shrine far away down the bank of the river

"But when my papa comes back from around the Horn he will take me in his arms and lay me down in the little bed on the boat where they lay crippled chil-dren when they take them to good St. Anne's"—brow, breast, left right—"and I will hide my face in my hands and hair and pray all the way down. Then he will carry me on shore and into the church, and I will lay down at the feet of good St. Anne"—brow, breast, left right—"and pray, and pray, until I am as light as a feather, and I raise right up and my legs are long, and strong, and straight, like anybody's.

Then I asked her all about her father. Then I asked her all about her father. She told me all she knew, and that was so little. However, I got the name of the ship and the date of sailing. It was long before. The child seemed to have no idea of the lapse of years down there in the darkness. And as for Cape Horn, she seemed to think it was only some bend in the river a little distance off. I kissed her, crowded a shilling into her bony and unwilling hand, as I hurried away, and unwilling hand, as I hurried away, and unwilling hand, as I hurried away, and left her there in the damp and darkness with her crutch. I went to a good lady whom I know—we all go to women somehow when we wanta good deed done—and told her about this little girl with her boundless faith in the miracles of St. Anne.

"There will be a miracle; there shall be "There will be a miracle; there shall be a miracle!" cried this stout-hearted Protestant lady, with tears in her eyes, as I told her how eager the child was to go down to the shrine of St. Anne. "But," continued the Protestant lady, "It will not be such a miracle as these faithful Catholics believe in; but I will tell you what it will be;" and here she lowered her head and whispered slyly: "Her father shall be found. Yes, her father will come to her, and that will be the miracle. Oh, do not fear me, or doubt for an instant that there is a good God. We will take this little girl. good God. We will take this little girl, take her to-morrow, to the shrine of St. Anne, and my word for it, her father will come for her from his long voyage around the Horn; for this is the only kind of miracles we have now.'

"Then sit here on the low bench with me and tell me all about yourself, and I will give you a whole bright sixpence all for yourself. Oh! don't be afraid; and don't be ashamed to do it either, for I shall write it all out for a paper, and I bench reserved for cripples, before the bench reserved for cripples, before the bench reserved for cripples, before the lamp burning at the feet of good St. Anne. The good Protestant lady, lean-

Anne. The good Protestant lady, leaning over her, said:
"My child, pray for your father to come to you. I know he will come for you soon, may be to-day, and he will be your legs, and that, my darling, will be the miracle."

"If my papa comes to me from around the Horn," yield the side of the said.

the Horn," piped the pitiful, failing voice from down there in the white pillows and from under the clouds of black hair, "if my father comes for me after I have come to the shrine of St. Anne"—brow, breast, left, right—"why, he won't have to carry me at all, for I will run at his side as light as a feather, ma'am, and my legs will be long, and strong, and straight as any-body's."

And so I carried her ashore and into the church, and laid her praying at the pitiful feet of the mother of the Holy Virgin, full of faith, and hope, and peace; of bound-less belief that a miracle should restore her, and make her strong and straight like others.

An hour later we came back. She still

lay there before the shrine between the two tall pyramids of crutches, left there by the thousands who had been healed. by the thousands who had been heated. But her little crutch still peeped out over the little shoulder through the clouds of hair. It was time to go, and leaning over, I took the little one again in my arms.

around the Horn, like the good woman said, only I shall rise up and be straight and strong, with legs like anybody's."

We laid her down on the little bed in the boat as before. She was, indeed, as light as a feather. Her faith was not shaken. She assured the good Protestant

"No, no, no, and if only I could get up lady that we would not have to carry her

"No, no, no, and if only I could get up there and see it away off, may be that would straighten my legs and make them strong and long like anybody's. Ah, if I could only get up there and look at the shrine of good St. Anne"—brow, breast, left, right, and a bowing of the little head till hidden in the black mantle of hair. "Oh, if I could only get there and see out and look once down on the shrine, I know my legs would be strong and straight like anybody's."

I took her in my arms after much coaxing, for I did not care to talk much now, and carried her out to the light of the sun. Then, climbing into a carriage, in half an hour we were on the summit of the heights looking away down the St. Lawrence to way out of it all. The father has not been lost at sea, but he has returned from around the stormy cape, and is waiting for

The boat ground against the wharf, and The boat ground against the wharf, and we went in to get our little charge, after looking in vain among the crowd for one who might possibly be her father. The woman approached, held back the sheet, touched the clasped hands, and drew back with a cry of pain and terror.

The Father had indeed come to take His child to shore, to that better shore beyond the stormy cape of earth's

shore beyond the stormy cape of earth's unrest. She was dead.—Texas Siftings.

The Trappists.

The following observations by a Trap-pist will give the reader some idea of the austerities practiced by this great order: Silence is perpetual. It is allowed when necessary, to speak to the superior or novice-master with regard to spiritual matters. Guests speak to the porter; the teachers and laborers make themselves teachers and laborers make themselves understood at their work by signs. The transgression of the rule of silence is severely punished: novices may be dismissed for transgressing this rule.

Manual labor takes the place of discip-

line; it is, of course, in proportion to the strength of the individual.

The food is strictly vegetarian; it consists principally of rye bread, beans, peas, potatoes, vegetables, milk, without fat, fish. The drink of the Trappists is beer, and wine in wine-growing countries, in

small quantities.
Seven hour's sleep is allowed by the rule; the hour for rising is 2 a. m., on working days, at an earlier hour on Sundays and feast days. The bed of the Trappist is simply a straw sack, with a bolster and cover. They all sleep in a

common dormitory.
The clothes are all wool. Vows.—Poverty is strictly observed. Not even a picture can be called one's own property. Modesty serves as a guard to chastity, and the simple fare asguard to chastity, and the simple fare as-sists in observing the vow. We also make the vow of stability, i. e., to remain in the same character till death, the great-est and most difficult of all vows.

Obedience is strictly enforced The novitiate lasts two years, after which the postulant is admitted to simple vows. The solemn vows are taken after three years. A condition for reception is that one makes no conditions, but simply places himself at the disposition of the superior. It is allowed to wish for Holy Orders and to exercise one's trade; but this may not be demanded. He who makes conditions about the disposal of himself does not offer himself entirely to God.

Mother of the Sullivans

When the sturdy Irishwoman to whom the Sullivan family may well look back with pride was crossing the Atlantic on with pride was crossing the Atlantic on her way to the new country, and was asked, "Why do you come to America?" she answered, "To raise Governors for them," little dreaming that she would live them," little dreaming that she would have to see one of her sons Governor of New Hampshire and another Governor of Mas-sachusetts, though I am sorry to say the third did not do much honor to his family, third did not do much honor to his fa and was known as "Devil Jim." story goes that soon after John Sullivan rose to be Governor of New Hampshire he desired to give a grand dinner to a number miracles we have now."

And so it was agreed that we two should take the child to the shrine together. Meantime, the practical Protestant, who did not believe in miracles of to-day, busied herself in trying to get track of the poor absent father. It was nearly a week, however, before we got off, for the days were wet and dreary, and the child was hardly strong enough to make the journey there and back on a bad day. We got off at last. It was a great occasion for family at the same time was his mother the dinner table. Approaching the matter as gently as possible he soon succeeded in making the quick-witted old lady under-stand the drift of his diplomatic talk, and in convincing himself that he had miscalculated the pride of the mother of the Sullivans. Rising, in all the majesty of her Irish wrath, "John Sullivan," exclaimed the old lady, "I have hoed potatoes in the field with the Governor of New Hampshire at my breast, the Governor of Massachusetts at my side, and the devil tugging at my skirts, but never yet have I allowed one of my sons to be ashamed of me—order the chiase and send me home." Remonstrances were of no avail, and home went John Sullivan's mother in all the majesty of her righteous indignation.

> A Catholic friend of ours, in traveling A Catholic friend of ours, in traveling recently, fell in company on the railroad car with an inquisitive Yankee, who, on learning incidentally that he was a Catholic, seemed quite disposed to have a talk on religion. But our friend very candidly told him there was no use in their discussing the subject of religion, because they could not do so on equal terms. "Why not?" said the Yankee; "what do you mean?" "Why," said our friend, "the difference between you and me is that I have a settled fixed faith and know exactly what I believe, while you have no fixed faith and don't know what to believe. Now, is it not so?" The Yankee hung his head for a moment with a puzzled air, and then looking up with the utmost frankees. his nesd for a moment with a puzzled air, and then looking up with the utmost frank-ness, exclaimed: "Darned if it ain't!" And he at once became a docile pupil and learned a number of things he never knew before.

ANSWER THIS .- Is there a person living Answer thus.—Is there a person living who ever saw a case of ague, biliousness, nervousness, or neuralgia, or any disease of the stomach, liver, or kidneys that Hop Bitters will not cure?

Jacob Loockman, Buffalo, says he has been using it for rheumatism. He had

been using it for rheumatism. He had such a lame back that he could do nothing; but one bottle entirely cured him.

Though numerous causes may operate to turn the hair gray, all that is needed to to turn the nair gray, all that is needed to restore the natural color is Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair renewer. For more than twenty years its sales have been enormous, but we have yet to learn of its first failure.

"Rejoice, Virging troyed every heres Though the mal the Church of God same, yet its mani ized by an unlim of the power that plate, and endowe intelligence, he fit ends he aims at visdom and endl one point he renew driven out from a

and wearing new c

OCT 26, 188

ROSAR

When after three struggle the faith blood of martyrs paganism by which troy the work of troy the work of with stirred up a heresies, each of malicious purpose tunity and power these heresies app hateful and revolti natural laws of me the universal conanother, they put piety, professing than to reform a pristine purity and lowers of Christ. form or profession, in their hearts the and the basilisk, an to undo the work Sometimes these from the world fo they suddenly can life and refreshence heresy which appear adherents went by was confined mostly These heretics not the Church, but gainst the civil au one: it was almost the Manicheans, w tellect of St. Aug under the influer became afterwards successful antagoni In the very co heresy had its new great saint to com The saint's name w heresy of the Albige intended to frustra carnation of the So

tery of Christianity out all eternity. was the cause of t devout servant. S rosary, instructed 1 to teach it to other ence of this devo heresy melted away Mary as the unfai wondrous favor an fraternities of the r in one place after a tion became as uni

turned for assistan

God's providence is ness and defense of

This was early in tury, and as time v them to win new a the Christian cause the Sixteenth centr rosary was the mea which was then be of Christian Euro known under a ne of Christians.' St. Pius V., who

sal Church at the of Victory, and fix the first Sunday in which was fought battle of Lepanto. TWO YE Gregory XIII. ch festival substitution tory." In 1716, on triumph of the Ch this devotion of the as the "Solemnit Rosary of the Bless

our present great just issued a speci that the feast be c unwonted pomp a devoted to Our Bl ary, granting, bes special indulgence ply with his inten-is the history of the stitution of to-day IN WHAT THE The essential pra the Our Father Glory be to the I peated each fiftee Mary or Angelic times. No other neither the apost

usually serve as a the Hail Holy Qu wont to terminate The number of tir peated in the ros number of psalms the devotion is psalter of the Ble ever, in this coun from one or oth of the psalms, the tute the rosary in The 150 Hail

are divided into as the word indica Marys. The Oubeginning of each be to the Father cade ought to be tation on one of the life of our

Lady. These mysterie equal parts, eac mysteries; and t Sorrowful and